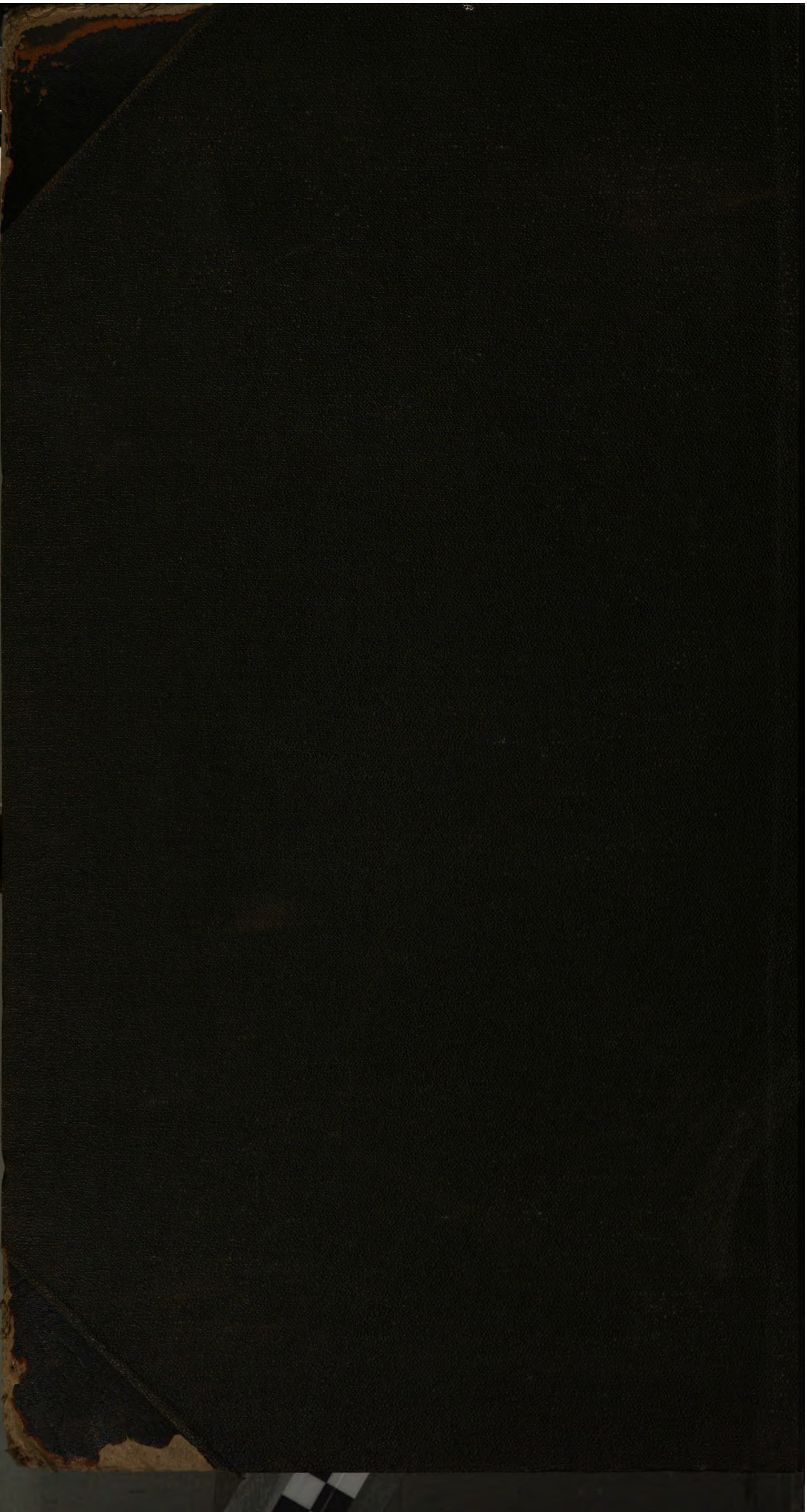


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COMFORT

The Key to Happiness and Success in over a Million and a Quarter Homes

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COMFORT EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

Some of the Many Blessings Our People Have to Be Thankful for in This Favored Land

NOTWITHSTANDING my expectation that the Thanksgiving proclamation soon to be issued by President Harding will be far more illuminating and inspiring than the thoughts here expressed, I cannot refrain, at the present writing, from calling attention to some of the notable blessings for which the people of this favored land of ours should be devoutly grateful to Divine Providence. Although conditions here are far from ideal they have already begun to mend and will improve rapidly provided we cast out greed and graft, cease from industrial, social and political strife, and work together in a spirit of mutual helpfulness and confidence. Our worst troubles are of our own making and are somewhat exaggerated by the pessimistic mental attitude that has become prevalent; even at that they are small in comparison with the ills that are oppressing a large part of the world and darkening the future prospects of Europe and Asia.

We have to be thankful that our country is at peace with all the rest of the world; that because of having avoided foreign entanglements by keeping out of the League of Nations we have retained the natural benefit of our geographical remoteness from the wars that are still devastating large sections of the old world, and so have been able to reduce our army to a minimum peace footing and cut down military expenses in proportion; that despite frost in some localities and drought in others the country as a whole has reaped an abundant harvest of the staple crops to feed our people and leave a goodly surplus for export; that during the past year we have not suffered pestilence or other nation-wide affliction; that in the vast and varied natural resources with which our land is endowed we have a secure foundation for unbounded prosperity if we will attend to business and conduct ourselves aright.

This all-important *if* needs to be emphasized and repeated until the public becomes impressed with the fact that the general disregard of this *if* in the near past is the root of our present troubles both moral and material; those of the former class being alarmingly manifest in the rising wave of vice and crime due to lowered standards of morality and integrity, while those of the latter category include commercial and industrial depression resulting in a disquieting extent of unemployment of labor. The common way of accounting for these embarrassments is to lay them *all* to the war, which is an easy but unfair way of dodging our individual and collective responsibility. The undesirable conditions prevalent in this country are partly, but by no means wholly, the direct and necessary consequences of the war. The fact is that the majority of our people, with the Government leading off and setting the pace, jazzed a merry dance of unprecedented extravagance, graft, profiteering, high prices and high wages through the war and as long afterwards as they could keep it up; and now that the jig is over we are paying the proverbial fiddler for our riot of fun and folly.

Most people, including many big business men who should have known better, acted as if they thought the war-time financial and industrial bubble, because it put in circulation a great volume of inflated currency and sent prices and wages chasing each other skyward, was wealth-creating prosperity and could sustain its flight at dizzy heights indefinitely. On the contrary it really meant a tremendous waste of resources coupled with a reckless piling up of public and private debts that involved an inevitable day of bitter reckoning not far off. The large additional amount of money that was put in circulation consisted of Federal Reserve notes which represented an increase, not of wealth, but of debt, for they were issued through the Federal Reserve Bank to the local banks in rediscount of loans made by the latter to individuals or corporations on Liberty Bonds or other satisfactory security.

To explain what this rediscount means let me illustrate. When the Government was selling Liberty Bonds anyone who had ten dollars to pay down could buy a hundred dollar Liberty Bond at a local bank by paying in the ten dollars and giving his note for ninety dollars and depositing the bond as security. The bank that did the business had to pay the Government the full hundred dollars for the bond; but if the bank needed the money in its business it could send the note and the bond to the nearest branch of the Federal Reserve Bank and get a loan in the form of Federal Reserve notes. With a thousand dollars to pay down one could have bought ten thousand worth of Liberty Bonds by giving his note for nine thousand, and so on up to any amount, and his note could have been rediscounted in the same manner by the Federal Reserve Bank, resulting in so much more newly made, debt money being put into circulation. This device served a useful purpose, for by means of it the Government sold hundreds of millions worth of bonds that could not otherwise have been disposed of, and got quick money for them, needed for war purposes; but the money obtained in this way consisted largely of new Federal Reserve notes made for, and issued and put in circulation by, the rediscount process, as above described. The local banks did not get these Federal Reserve rediscount loans free; they had to pay the going rate of interest determined by the Federal Reserve Board, which usually was a little lower than the rate paid to the local banks by their customers on the original loans, although often the local banks made no profit on rediscount transactions. The point to be observed is that Federal Reserve notes (ranging from five dollars up) although designed to pass for money as they do, are not dollars; as you will see by reading one, it is the Government's promise to pay a specified number (according to the denomination of the note) of real dollars in gold; every one of them is a Government note, an evidence of Government indebtedness to the amount of its face. In other words the Government issued its evidences of debt in the form of Federal Reserve notes to pass as money, and indirectly, through the instrumentality of the Federal Reserve Bank, loaned them as money and accepted them as money in payment for Liberty Bonds, themselves evidences of Government indebtedness in another form. This verifies the previous assertion that the large additional amount of money put in circulation in the form of Federal Reserve notes represented an increase, not of wealth, but of debt.

But the issue of Federal Reserve notes was not restricted to providing the wherewithal to buy Liberty Bonds and pay Government war expenses. Munition factories, shoe factories, textile mills and other necessary industries required additional funds for working capital or to expand their plants to meet the demand for increase of production called for by the exigencies of war, and much of this extra money was provided through bank loans rediscounted by the Federal Reserve Bank, which, of course, involved still further inflation of the currency by large issues of Federal Reserve notes for the purpose; this money represented debt, and unfortunately in too many instances debt imprudently incurred and funds unwisely expended. In this the Government was the greatest offender, wasting millions upon millions if not billions through stupendous mismanagement, inefficiency and graft under its cost-plus war contracts and in its construction undertakings of which its ventures in house-building, shipbuilding, aeroplane manufacture and camp construction are monumental scandals equaled only by its gigantic fiasco in operating the Government-owned merchant marine, to say nothing of the mess it made of running the railroads.

The Government was the largest factor in the market for materials and labor, and as there was hardly a pretense of giving the Government an honest equivalent in either, the demoralization which began with Government contracts and Government works soon extended to every line of business; profiteering became general, prices and wages began to climb in a competitive race, and labor, under the spell of the enticing example displayed in Government employment, declined in efficiency to a point estimated by competent authority to have been sixty-six per cent. of normal at the close of the war. In other words it was taking three men to do the work that two men should have done and formerly did do. In most employments this particular element of increased cost of labor has since been eliminated or considerably reduced, but the railroads are still suffering intolerably from labor inefficiency through working hours and conditions, imposed by the Government, which require the employment of an unnecessarily large number of railroad hands. We are all taxed in the form of high freight rates to pay this unnecessarily high cost of railroad labor.

Money that came easy through profiteering or high wages went easy and kept the merry-go-round of rising prices and wages going for a while. But a large portion of the people were neither profiteering nor earning big war wages, and the high prices that had reduced the purchasing value of the dollar to forty-seven cents were burdensome beyond endurance to them. So a year ago last spring they suddenly stopped buying and initiated the nation-wide movement known as the "consumers' strike" for lower prices. This punctured the gas-bag of fictitious war-time prosperity, and its collapse was painfully sudden and complete. It had to come and the regret is that it did not come sooner, before the gas-bag got so big and so high up. When the people stopped or largely curtailed buying the retailers and wholesalers cancelled their factory orders for new goods, and this closed many factories and put others on half time, which, of course, threw many laborers out of employment. There was need of general reduction of prices and of costs of production with a corresponding readjustment of wages and liquidation of debts in order to restore normal conditions and start up the country's business anew on a sound basis. Deflation had to be gone through with, high-cost goods had to be sold at a sacrifice and high-cost raw material had to be manufactured at a loss. Many large commercial and manufacturing concerns have lost during the liquidation of the past year as much or more than their entire profits during the war.

It has been a drastic but effective remedy, for reports from all quarters show improved conditions and indicate that business has turned the corner and is unmistakably on the upward trend. The Federal Reserve Board reports a marked improvement in the credit situation resulting from a strong liquidation of debts. There is a better wholesale and retail demand for goods, and this in turn is starting the factories going, especially in the shoe and textile lines; the cotton market has greatly strengthened and there is a good export demand for our surplus grain. Secretary of Labor Davis gives facts and figures to show that the unemployment situation, though serious, is not so bad as "exaggerated" newspaper statements and editorial comments make it appear, and confidently predicts that it will soon be relieved by the general improvement in business which has already begun. The present administration is faithfully redeeming its pledge to cut out extravagance and reduce the unnecessarily high cost of Government; President Harding has introduced various economies and is arranging, with the consent of Congress, to sell the Government-owned merchant ships and close the Government's most scandalously rotten and costly business venture. So let us be thankful that without incurring any dire calamity we have passed the crisis in readjusting business and Government from their demoralized war status to a normal peace condition, and that a new era of prosperity is knocking at our door. The threatened railroad labor strike, the fly that would spoil the precious ointment of returning prosperity, will not be tolerated by the long-suffering public.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

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BY PROXY A Thanksgiving Story

By Ernest L. Thurston

See front cover illustration.

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"THIS is my daughter Nancy's," said the farmer's wife, returning with a dainty, old-fashioned dress. "Do slip off that soaked riding habit and put this on while I dry your things. Please do," forestalling objections. "You have Nan's coloring and height. I'll pretend for the moment that you *are* she," —her voice thinned—it will be a joy to do for you."

"I'll pretend also," said Janet Markham quickly. "It will be dear to be mothered. My own was taken away before I really knew her."

Slipping on the dress, she dropped gratefully into a roomy armchair before the living-room fireplace. A sense of comfort stole over her as the older woman touched a match to the ready-laid material and a quick-mounting blaze radiated its warmth. The raging wind and chill October rain which, cornering her unexpectedly on the open highway, had sent her wind-blown, breathless, drenched from its sudden onslaught, to this farmhouse shelter, now seemed to retire into the distance.

"Is Nancy far away?" she asked the sweet-faced woman after a moment.

"One year married—and across the continent."

"Oh, I'm sorry. And no children here with you?"

"All away—another married daughter, and two sons, one married."

"Tell me about Nancy and the others."

To the accompaniment of the crackling logs, the mother told the familiar story of a scattering American family, but with vivid personal touches that etched the individuals clearly. The sun was shining low through the windows as she said:

"——And finally there is Robert. He is an engineering expert."

"Where does he live?"—Janet looked up, the other noting interest, and a little more in her eyes—"I met a Robert Keene last summer, a Chicago railway man. A splendid fellow. Could he be your son?"

"No, dear, Robert lives in Kansas City, though he travels much. Strange, he is a real home boy, yet he is unmarried. Of all, he will miss most the old Thanksgiving here."

"Do you mean," Janet looked around the bright, low-studded room, "none will be here for Thanksgiving? Why, this place is *made* for reunions."

The gray-haired woman started to reply, but choked and turned silently to the window. Impulsively Janet followed and put an arm about her. Then, suddenly, the girl's eyes danced. Ideas developed full-fledged in her keen mind.

"Look, M-Mother," with a little smile. Why not a thanksgiving reunion by proxy? Of course it couldn't be *the same* to you, but I, and some of my friends I'm sure, would *love* to do it. Let me choose them to represent your missing ones. We will fill the vacant chairs and see to the dinner—it would have to be late because our homes have reunions, too. Do! Do!! Do!!!"

The woman hesitated, studying the eager face. Then suddenly her eyes sparkled and she spoke with a decisive air,

"I'll *do* it, dear child, if you really wish it. I've dreaded unspeakably the thought of an empty house that night. But who ever heard of anyone but the mother attending to the Thanksgiving dinner? Leave *that* to me; just bring your dear selves."

Enthusiastically they drew plans until Janet was forced to leave, and Mrs. Keene summoned her husband to bring her mount. Then the girl talked so brightly with *him* at the gate, that later his wife remarked, reprovingly but with twinkling eyes,

"John, that was a very sprightly conversation for a man of your age to have with so attractive a young girl."

"Sure," he chuckled. "Who wouldn't enjoy it! She's sweet, but there's a lot of her live-wire father in her, too. Markham, the banker, you know."

"Not *the* great banker!"

"Surest thing you know."

"Well, my lands! And I—shucks—what's the odds? We're just what we are inside. She's a dear girl, but I wonder if it was only impulse. Will she carry it out?"

"Ralph Markham's daughter will do what she undertakes, or she's not of the old stock."

In this he was right. Janet did not delay, although Thanksgiving was weeks distant. She told her father that night, for few confidences were kept from him.

"You keep your regular Thanksgiving meal with me, young lady," he laughed. "Then, if you are good for two doses, go ahead. John Keene banks with me—a good man and a fine farmer. I understand his children have done well. The youngest boy is a brilliant engineer."

"Do you know him? I met a Robert Keene at the seashore last June."

"Only by reputation. Probably not the same. He's too much in demand to spare time for that. But, go to it, girlie. Your mother would like it." He gave her a quick hug.

So the girl took her chum, Helen Gates, into her confidence. Helen agreed to "proxy" Mary Keene, while Janet took Nancy. Then from among their acquaintance they chose Parker Collins to proxy the married son, John, Jr., and Porter Kent to represent Robert. To study personalities, they borrowed photographs of the daughters, but Mrs. Keene said she had only childhood pictures of her sons.

Janet's enthusiasm fired the spirit of her friends. Each wrote the member of the family assigned for proxying, explaining the plan and asking for a letter of authorization to act and for a word of greeting. Suggestions were sought.

Responses were prompt, enthusiastic and sincere. Nancy's grateful, homesick letter from California touched Janet's heart. At, the end she wrote:

"I know from mother, as well as by reading between your lines, what a *dear* you are. I feel as if you were my own sister. I know you will be a real *me* to mother, that night. So I am sending by mail my dress and pin that mother loves best, for you to wear at the reunion."

And Mary, writing to Helen said:

"Two things more. Mother always wished me to make her fruit cake. I shall send it before long.

"And the other. I've no voice, but just before dinner mother loved to have me go to the piano and sing the old Thanksgiving hymn I enclose. Can you do that?"

The listeners smiled, for Helen was a singer.

"Then, later, we all gather around and sing the old familiar songs and hymns. And, by the way, father likes to lead *that* singing. Ask him."

Parker Collins, in his turn, read from John Jr.'s letter from Minnesota:

"Great work, old man! There's no holdback with my proxy. I shall send a real part of my own Thanksgiving,—John 3d. He travels with old friends coming to your city for *their* reunion. It may shock you to find yourself unexpectedly father of an eight-year-old. You got yourself into it so make the most of it. God bless you!

"And, say, when mother met me at the door on these occasions I always said, 'Well, Mother, here's John.' Then I'd pick her up and carry her back to the living-room. It's up to you."

Finally Porter Kent contributed a bit from Robert's letter:

"For years," he went on to say, "I've provided the turkey, wild if possible. It will be along, as usual, with fixings besides.

"Furthermore, I'm supposed to be the curly-haired joker of these occasions, so if you're sober as an owl"—straight-haired, serious Porter colored at the shout that went up—"why get busy and develop a new nature by Thanksgiving time or I'll haunt you forever after."

Janet slipped out to the farmhouse early Thanksgiving morning and helped decorate the living-room, with cornstalks and pumpkins, vivid, late, red oak leaves, and great chrysanthemums sent by the daughters. Then, after helping with other preparations, she hastened back to her home reunion. Here, in her own room, she found awaiting her a little box containing exquisite forget-me-nots. In the box was a card marked "Brother Robert."

Again, she was first to arrive in the evening, dainty, a somewhat old-fashioned figure in delicate lavender. She threw her arms around the older woman, whose eyes sparkled mistily as she hugged the little figure.

"N-Nancy! That dress and pin! Even the way you do your hair, you little witch! There's been method in the correspondence my Nancy writes she has had with you. I——"

A loud knocking interrupted and called her to the door. The hall light shown on a tall figure when she opened it. It hesitated only an instant. Then its arms went around her and she felt a kiss square on her lips.

"Well, Mother, here's John," rang in her ears, and she found herself lifted and borne quickly to the great armchair.

After a moment, proxy John jumped up and opened the hall door, crying,

"By Jove! I almost forgot. Come on, you kid."

There followed the clatter of small feet in the hallway. A boyish figure flashed by the fire and plumped itself into Mother Keene's lap. She stared amazed.

"Why you are! Are you real? It is; it is Johnny himself." She drew him tight——"Oh, you dear, dear people!"

By now the two older people were entering into the spirit of the evening. Their color brightened and their eyes sparkled. They greeted "Mary" and "Robert"—the latter somewhat shy—as if they were their own. The little stiffness remaining was fast wearing off when Robert shattered it utterly, stepping into the firelight and sticking his head down.

"Mother,"—he colored high—"you *never* let so many minutes pass without pulling my hair."

Mother Keene laughed, hesitated, then putting a hand into the wavy mass, gave it a stiff yank. "You know," she spoke half apologetically, "Robert's hair *is* tempting and he's *such* a tease. I never *could* resist."

Three young people burst into shout on shout of laughter, while young Kent grew brilliant red under his wavy black locks. Janet recovered first.

"Oh, Mother, Mother!"—she giggled again—"this retiring Robert's hair *never* had wave or curl. Nothing *could* be straighter. And now *see* what he's done. Oh, could I but have seen the transformation in process! Porter, Porter,"—she put out her hand cordially—"you're a true sport! A *r-eal sport!*"

Soon the dinner call came and all trooped to the table, laden in old-time Thanksgiving style. But as the others seated themselves, Helen stopped at the piano and sang softly, in her exquisite voice, the old Thanksgiving hymn. After that they were indeed one big family.

The meal proceeded with many interludes. Helen and Parker read letters from the absentees they represented. Porter did his best to keep the fun going. Then the telephone rang and Janet called Mrs. Keene to take the receiver. There was an instant of surprised silence as she listened. Then——

"Nancy! Nancy, dearest, it's your voice. I know it, I——" and the others tried not to "listen in" as mother and then father talked across the continent.

"It's Dad's part," whispered Janet.

Other letters were read and other phone calls came from the children and from close friends. Responding to the last call, Janet heard a voice that seemed familiar,

"Nancy Keene, please."

"Yes, no. She isn't; she lives——" She hesitated.

"Yes, sister Nancy lives in California, but another sister Nancy is at home," the voice teased. "She's on the wire now. How are you, sister?"

"Why, Mr. Keene! I half suspected, and yet you live west——"

"Brother Robert, not Mr. Keene. I can just picture you there, Nancy. But, not to keep Mother waiting, I'll phone you later."

"Robert, Mother," Janet passed the receiver. "And, strange to say, I *do* know him." But Mother Keene only gave her a little hug as she took the instrument.

All helped in serving the dinner which was now moving to an end. A moment came when Mrs. Keene and Janet were both out of the room, and Porter Kent had slipped out, too. But his place was vacant only a moment. Mrs. Keene, coming back, touched him lovingly on the hair as she passed his seat. He glanced up, smiling straight into her eyes. She stopped as if stunned, staring, unbelieving. The young man rose and caught her up, chuckling,

"It's a strange little mother who doesn't know her own son."

"Robert, Robert, but it's good to have you! But I don't understand. You were—you just telephoned——"

"From the first house down the road. Finding I could make it, I arranged with my proxy for a late arrival. Hello, sister Nan," he caught her hand as she stood amazed, "you're solid gold." His look said more, but he turned at once to greet the others, including proxy Robert who now reappeared with a "Thanks be! *He* can do the joking now."

"But you can never be *as* serious again," laughed Helen.

"Nor wish to be," he rejoined.

Dinner ended, "Mary" put her arm through Father Keene's.

"Dad! It's time for the old tunes, isn't it? You lead and I'll play."

Surrounding the piano, they sang the old familiar songs. But, after a few moments, the real Robert drew Janet out of the circle and over to the great settee in the fireplace corner.

"But, how Kansas City?" asked the girl after a while. "I thought you were in Chicago."

"I could not have made myself clear. I was there temporarily on expert work. I was called East to the shore for a professional conference. When the floods came West, and I was needed, I left on a half-hour's notice. But I wrote you."

"I never received it."

"That I know, also. You left before it arrived and it was carelessly forwarded. Then it began the slow trail back to me for I was moving. It caught up with me the day I learned from Mother of the identity of a young lady who was planning a lovely time for her. Finding I could get here, I decided to wait—hard work, I can tell you. I was here three days ago for an hour with your father,"—he laughed at her surprise—"I wonder if you will mind if I settle in your city. I'm tired of constant motion. I am to be an officer of a construction company he is organizing. I——"

Helen's clear voice broke in between tunes.

"Why, where are Robert and Nancy? Here, you deserters, come back. No? Then *we* gather round the fire, too."

Mother Keene laughed softly.

"Father, that is the last touch needed. Do you remember how, when the youngsters were growing up, couples were always courting on the old settee? It's a real, wonderful, old-time Thanksgiving, you dear young people have given me."

Janet smiled, looking mischievously at the man beside her.

"Oh, this is just a brother and sister act, Mother. Robert insists, even on the phone, that I am Sister Nancy."

Robert looked down into the warm, starry-eyed face.

"Sister, *nothing!*" he said softly.

What Hast Thou in Thine House?

By Frances L. Garside

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NOW there cried a certain woman of the wives of the sons of the prophets unto Elisha, saying, Thy servant my husband is dead; and thou knowest that thy servant did fear Jehovah: and the creditor is come to take unto him my two children to be bondmen.

And Elisha said unto her, What shall I do for thee? tell me; what hast thou in the house?

* * * * * * *

Mrs. Elva Schappell has been guarding lives for many months at a crossing of the Lackawanna Railroad in East Orange, N. J., earning seventy-five dollars a month for a job that begins at 7 A. M. and ends at 3.

She had lived with railroad folks all her life; she had to have work that would give her leisure to sew for herself and to do the work of her home. She was reliable; she knew the importance of having one's mind on one's work; she knew, because it had been told to her by the experiences of others all her life, how vital this attention to duty was. She had it "in her house."

She likes the work; she is one of the most reliable "watchmen" the Lackawanna has on the entire system.

When the husband of Susannah Bell, of New York City, died, she had in her arms to comfort her a large Persian cat, and that she found comfort in it no one doubts who has sobbed out one's sorrows on the back of a cat or a dog. Their name is legion.

The luxury of grief was one Mrs. Bell could not afford, for she hadn't more than a few dollars to her name. But she had the cat, and he was of fine breed. He became her inspiration. This was less than ten years ago, and now "Susannah Bell, Kittens" adorns a sign hanging up in New York City, and under it is the information that the pleasant little woman within "house-breaks, conditions and breeds dogs, cats and monkeys," carrying such a large stock of fine pedigreed animals that the income tax collector does not pass her by.

Mrs. Bessie Frey, of New York City, had the knack in her fingers of making attractive toys for children, and unusual little ornaments for the home. She had used this talent in making the most unique and original gifts for her friends. When the day came when she had to earn money—as it often comes to many unexpectedly—she utilized this talent; she made unique little toys for the kiddies and odd little novelties for their elders, and sold the first from her own home. Now, still making, still planning, she has a Gift Shop on Fifth Avenue that leads in novelties; one might almost say, from the nmber of "originals" one sees there, that all other gift shops follow.

Cora Minerva Lowe, of a little town in Ohio, made her own face cream. With a skin and complexion that were the envy of her friends, she made up gift "batches" for them. Then, one day, her creams and face lotions appeared on the market. She had not gone out seeking ways and means away from home when her hour came; she had put into practical use that which she had in her house.

Three children should be an inspiration to any one. They were to Helen Speer. She had made their toys; she had decorated a playroom for them that was the delight of the neighborhood. If she could please the kiddies in her family, in her block, she could—since God made kiddies the same all the world over—please the children everywhere. She began by decorating a playroom in a New York hotel. It was the first. Now she travels from place to place decorating playrooms and nurseries; making playrooms of roof tops; turning attics and barn lofts into toyland for children. She is making their dreams come true from coast to coast, not without pecuniary profit to herself, for one of her recent orders entailed the expenditure of over two thousand dollars for the decorating of just one room for just one child.

Miss Aletta Crump had her name. She didn't think it was specially pretty, or attractive, but it proved to be a fairy wand. She used it in a sign over a little tea room: "The Crumperie."

"Oh, we want some crumpets," her patrons began demanding. "This is the only place we know where they serve crumpets."

"But I don't serve crumpets; I gave that name to my tea room because my name is Crump."

Such disappointed faces! And there was one after another of them in the first few weeks, so many Miss Crump was compelled to serve crumpets with tea and coffee. And it is these crumpets that have put Miss Crump of the Crumperie in a position to open a string of Crumperies. She had "in her house" a name; and, it proved a magic one.

Mabel J. Gray, of Tonopah, Nev., grew up with the mines. She is now the only woman president of a mining company. She wears man's clothes when on a prospecting or mining trip; she thinks not of herself, but only of her job. She did not know when she felt greater interest as a child in a rock by the wayside than in one set in gold on a dressing table, that this would some day prove to be the oil she would pour into vessels.

Antoinette Vonasek is the only licensed woman engineer in the state of New York. She had always been mechanically inclined, and when appointed matron of a public school the work did not appeal to her because there were no broken pipes to mend, nor tools to handle in the job. The assistant to the fireman quit; she asked for the job, and the need was so great she was given it. She later made application for a license to handle boilers, taking charge of two high-pressure boilers in a large office building.

She is not a "clock watcher." In her present position as janitress-engineer in a public school, she works all hours of the day and when the weather is extremely cold she stays on the job all night.

"I like it," she said; "I had to earn my living. I think women make the mistake of taking up work they don't like because that which attracts them is in a field in which women have never trod. It is a question of ability, I think, not precedence."

It is a question of what one has in "the house".

Alice Foote MacDougal is the only woman coffee importer in the United States. She knew the business through her husband; when the time came for her to meet the daily demands of a family of three she utilized her knowledge by becoming a coffee importer on a most modest scale. Fourteen years ago she had just thirty-eight dollars *and her knowledge of the importing of coffee;* now she is doing a business of five thousand or more a month.

Elsie Shaver, of a little town in Arkansas, dabbled in paint, and somehow, no matter what she started out to draw, it wound up in being a funny looking doll. Her Little Shaver dolls are now being hugged in the crooks of dimpled arms from one end of the country to the other, and Miss Shaver has only just begun.

Rose E. Boyd is an expert employment counselor. It didn't just happen; she had to find an outlet for the knowledge she gained while in the employ of the Panama Exposition. She dealt with strange folk from strange lands, and when the hour came for starting out for herself, what more natural than to use this knowledge? It was her oil, and "of vessels she borrowed not a few," making her name a familiar one wherever a large mercantile concern wishes to establish a representative in a foreign land.

For the last six years the second highest record in the individual sales made by traveling representatives of a large milling concern of Kansas City have been made by a woman.

Her name is Emma Brennan, and she built up her clientele on her smile, and happy way of being interested. No order was too small to receive her attention; she formed a personal acquaintance with every miller, baker and grocer; a spirit of friendliness brought her the success that is putting her among the best-known traveling "salesmen" of the Middle West. It was what she had in her house.

Annie May Bryan, of Kansas City, found a piece of yellowish green felt in her possessions. Her fingers were skilled, and somehow, almost before she knew it, she had made that felt into a green turtle bean-bag. This was the first of thousands of "Bryan animal bean-bags." Her little studio has become a humming toyshop, and thousands of her animal bean-bags are being thrown into the air with shrieks of laughter all the way from California to Maine. Because no one else had made animal bean-bags she might have become a stenographer, a most highly-approved vocation for girls. But she was original. And she was not afraid. Are you?

Miss Marie Dahm, of New York City, had a love for the exact, the minute, the detail. Where would such a tendency place her, do you think? This is what it did: She has one of the most important positions in the Identification Bureau of the Navy, and over her desk there have passed the finger prints of more than 600,000 men. Though only twenty-two years of age, she possesses the ability to recognize the different points of identification as no man possesses it.

She might have used this love for detail in embroidering—and getting nowhere—had she been afraid.

The surf brings up high palmetto logs on the beach in a little town in South Carolina. They are swept almost to the door of the home of Mrs. James Townsend. Surely that meant they were for her.

There is a wonderful white pith in these logs; Mrs. Townsend began collecting it and making it into delicious pickles. Her ability to make enough to supply the orders from hotels, grocery stores and yacht clubs in the South depends solely upon the in-coming tide, which, so far, has been good to her.

Nellie M. Scott was at one time stenographer to the president of the Bantam Ball Bearing Company of Bantam, Conn. She realized that she must earn more money; she could not do the work of her present job and do work outside, too; there was only one thing to do, and that was to study the work that lay at hand; to become familiar with the things she wrote about for her employer. She is now at the head of the firm.

When a man of genius dies, his dreams die with him. This is the general result, and the world is poorer. When Augustus St. Gaudens died, his brother Louis completed many of his wonderful statues and reliefs. Louis died five years later. His wife picked up his tools. They were at her hand; she must do something. She finished his last task recently, giving to our country the heroic figure, "Painting".

"It was hard work," she said, "too hard, but I had to do it. None saw his dream as I saw it; its character, its spirit. It took two years and much money. I did rough work, not the mere finishing. I have worked hard, but it is done, and I am proud of it."

Florence Krag Reynolds, of California, had to have a large sum of money to pay for an operation for her son who had been on crutches fifteen years. She had sold quaint little baskets containing Driftwood Powder that made colored flames leap up like sprites in the fireplace. But she must earn more than they could bring her. Then she had a vision!

A set of blue enamel shelves with a small-paned casement window above a settle, and fluttering blue curtains with tall pink hollyhocks stenciled on. On the shelves in shining rows were little squat jars of jams, jams, jams. The name: The Martha Jane Pantry Shelf.

She had the vision; she was not afraid. This was two yearsa go. Now she has an interest in a plant in the Santa Clara valley where thousands of jars of jam can be put out in a day. And almost every city in the United States boasts of one establishment (there cannot be more) where there is a blue-and-white Martha Jane's Pantry Shelf.

She knew how to make jams; the knowledge of jams was what she had in her house.

Olive Earl worked in a gift shop. One night she had an idea. The next day she bought a Turkish towel for ten cents in a ten-cent store and cut out a sheep. This she stuffed, and now her stuffed animals are cut out by a corporation, and this one little sheep is the bell-wether of a flock of sheep that is advancing wherever there are children to be made happy, and that means all over the world. "I love children," she says: "I thought only of what might please them."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

Stella Rosevelt

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



"In other words, she intends to make a servant - a slave of me."



"Goodness gracious! are you Stella Gladstone?"



"Well what was it? I should like to know."

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A terrible storm at sea and from a steamer running between Liverpool and New York only five escape seasickness. Among them is Stella Rosevelt Gladstone, an orphan and on her way to some distant relatives in New York. She is befriended by an elderly man, Jacob Rosevelt, who is startled when he learns her mother called her "Star," her grandmother giving her the name. A fire breaks out and she saves valuable papers. The boats are rapidly filled. Stella refuses to go unless room is made for Mr. Rosevelt, who the next day suffers from an ill turn and is carefully nursed by Stella. The sixth day they are rescued. Mr. Rosevelt is told of the care Stella gave him during his illness and while thanking her a young man approaches and Mr. Rosevelt introduces Archibald Sherbrooke, whose home is in Derbyshire where Star's father preached. Star's shawl becomes loosened and not finding the pin, Mr. Sherbrooke draws one, an exquisitely carved stone, from his necktie, and Stella pins the shawl and then tells the story of the wreck and her endeavor to save Mr. Rosevelt's life. As they near New York, Mr. Sherbrooke regrets he must soon bid her good by and assures her some of her relatives will meet her.

CHAPTER IV.

MRS. RICHARDS.

IT was very late when the stately ship rolled slowly up to her pier, too late for the customs officers to visit her that night.

But early the next morning the hurry and bustle began, and there was the usual rush to claim baggage and get away as soon as possible from the place where they had spent so many monotonous days.

Star had no baggage to claim, and, not knowing what else to do, she sat still in the saloon and waited, watching the departing people with mingled feelings of curiosity and sadness.

Mr. Rosevelt had told her not to be anxious about her own fate, for he should see that she was kindly cared for, and if her friends did not come for her, he would provide for her until they could advertise her arrival in the papers. It was unfortunate, he said, that she lost their address, since it would be liable to cause something of a delay in reaching her destination. So, while he went to arrange some little matter with the captain, she sat and watched the hurrying crowd.

Archibald Sherbrooke came to seek her there, and found her alone.

"I'm off!" he said, with animation. "I've got through with the customs, and have come to wish you good by. Mr. Rosevelt says he is going to take care of you. I hope everything will come out right for you, Miss Star, and that you'll find a pleasant home with your friends. I'm very sorry that you've lost their address, for I'd call and see you before I go back to England if I knew where to find you. I trust, however, that we shall meet again; and—will you please always consider me your friend?"

He placed a card in her hand as he spoke, and she saw that his address was written upon it.

"Thank you," she said, with a rising flush. "I'll shall never forget you, for you have been very kind to me. But wait—I nearly forgot to give you your pin," she concluded, suddenly remembering that she still had it, and she took the beautiful cameo head from her shawl and held it out to him.

"Please keep it as a souvenir," he said, gently, adding: "And I wish you had something to give me in exchange."

"I've lost everything, you know. I could give you naught but a 'tress of my yellow hair,'" Star said, with a light laugh, and lifting the heavy braid which lay over her shoulder with a look of mock dismay.

"Oh, would you?" he asked, eagerly, and taking her literally at her word.

"It would be but a poor return for this lovely cameo," she answered, flushing beneath his eager glance.

"No, indeed, it would not," he returned, earnestly. "May I have a lock of its shining gold, please, Miss Star?" and his fingers touched the massive braid almost tenderly.

"I have nothing with which to cut it off, and—I'm afraid it would be very foolish," she said, with drooping eyes, but a quickly beating heart.

For answer, he drew a tiny pair of scissors from one of the pockets of his vest, and held them out to her with a smile.

She took them hesitatingly, her delicate face crimsoning to the light locks which lay upon her forehead; then, with a hand that was not quite steady, she clipped a silken tress from among the curling ends below the blue ribbon with which the braid was tied, and laid it, with the scissors, in his extended hand.

"Thank you; I shall always keep it," he said, with glowing eyes, as he put it carefully between the leaves of a small notebook which he took from another pocket.

Then he took her hand in a warm, strong clasp, and, with a reluctantly spoken farewell, a lingering, wistful look into her lovely blue eyes, he went away.

As he disappeared through one doorway of the saloon, the figure of a woman, clad in plain, dark robes, entered by the other, and threw a quick, searchingg lance around the place.

"I'm in search of a girl named Stella Gladstone," she said, in sharp, incisive tones, as her eyes fell upon our lone star.

The young girl took a step forward, her earnest glance fastened upon that plain, yet not unkind, face.

"I am Stella Gladstone," she said simply.

The woman looked at her keenly for a moment, and her homely countenance softened into something like pity as she noticed her delicate beauty. Then she said bluntly:

"Well, Miss, if I was ever thankful to set eyes on anybody, I am on you, or I'm much mistaken. I've lain awake o' nights thinking of you, ever since we heard that the vessel in which you sailed was lost at sea. Two days ago another vessel came in, bringing in some of those who had been wrecked. We got the news in the paper the night before they landed, and madam—Mrs. Richards my mistress—sent me posthaste next morning to see if you were among them. Of course, you weren't, and last night news came that more had been rescued, and would land at this pier this morning, so I was posted off again to find you if possible. Well," she continued, heaving a deep sigh of relief, "I've got you at last! Of course you ain't overstocked with baggage?" she concluded, with a grim smile.

"No, I have nothing; everything was lost." Star replied, while her large, earnest eyes studied her companion's face.

"More's the pity for you, then, or I'm much mistaken," the woman said, with a peculiar compression of her thin lips

Then she added, with more of animation than she had yet displayed:

"But, bless me! I suppose you'd like to know who I am, and won't be much surprised when I tell you my name is Blunt; my name is like my nature, and I'm madam's—Mrs. Richard's housekeeper. A pretty time of it I have, too. But come, it's time we were off."

"If you please," Star said timidly, "might I just wait a few minutes to say good by to a gentleman who has been very kind to me?"

"Lor', child! it'll be no use; you'll never find him, and almost everybody has gone already. Madam will be having one of her 'tantrums if I am not back shortly as there's company to dinner today, and it's nearly ten o'clock now," Mrs. Blunt returned, a trifle indifferently.

She turned as she spoke and led the way from the place, and Star was forced to follow her, striving hard to repress the sobs that were struggling in her bosom over her disappointment; and when, half an hour later, Mr. Rosevelt came to seek her, he was as much disturbed to find her gone as she had been to go.

He made inquiries regarding her, and was told that some one had come for her and taken her away, but no one knew whither she had gone.

This relieved his mind somewhat as to her safety, but did not lessen his disappointment at thus losing sight of her and not knowing where to seek for her; but he was forced to go his way and bear it as he could.

Mrs. Blunt and her sad-hearted charge walked quickly from the steamer, and having no baggage, she immediately called a carriage, and hurrying Star into it, gave her order to be driven to a Brooklyn ferry.

Crossing the river, they took another carriage, and a half hour's drive brought them to a stately dwelling in a fashionable portion of the city.

"There, child!" Mrs. Blunt ejaculated, as the carriage stopped; "we're home, and I'm glad of it, though you're rather delicate looking for what I imagine is before you."

Star looked surprised at this speech, and would have liked to ask what it meant, but the woman gave her no opportunity, paying for and dismissing the carriage in her quick, energetic way, and then led her around to a side door and entered the mansion.

Beckoning Star to follow her, she passed through a lofty hall and up a wide, thickly carpeted staircase, where on every hand there were evidences of wealth and luxury.

Rapping upon a door at the front end of the upper hall, a voice bade her enter, and the woman opened it and passed in, and Star following, saw a handsome woman of perhaps forty years, dressed with great elegance and taste, sitting in a low rocker by a window.

She turned an inquiring glance upon Mrs. Blunt as she advanced. She could not see Star, as she was directly behind her and hidden by her tall figure.

"Well, madam, I've found her at last, and here she is," she said, in a satisfied tone, and stepped one side to present the young girl.

Madam heaved a sigh—it might have been of relief, it might have been the reverse; no one could have told which from the expression of her face—as she bent a critical glance upon the young stranger who had come to find a home in her house.

She arose, came forward, and studied the fair, downcast face; for Star, after the first glance, knew she would receive no tender welcome from that cold, proud woman, and her heart sank like a dead weight in her bosom.

Something like a frown gathered on the woman's brow as she marked her exceeding loveliness.

"Well, Stella, you have had a hard voyage," she began, in smooth, cruel tones, which made Star shrink from her and shiver slightly, they were so distant and devoid of feeling. "I am glad, however," she went on, "that you are safe, and I hope, now that you are here and I am to give you a home, you will do your best to please me. You look very much like your mother as I remember her, although I trust your face will not prove as great a misfortune to you as hers did to her."

This last statement was made with some severity. Evidently Mrs. Richards was not pleased to find the new arrival so beautiful in face and figure.

"Mamma unfortunate! How?" Star asked, surprise loosening her tongue..

"Is it possible that you do not know how she disgraced herself and family?" madam demanded, sternly, as if in some way Star was to blame for said disgrace. "Have you never been told how a poor clergyman once preached in the church where your mother attended worship, fell in love with her pretty face, and finally persuaded her to marry him, to the utter disregard of her whole family, who were highly respectable people?"

Star's cheeks glowed hotly beneath this tirade, and her blue eyes flamed at this slur upon her idolized parents.

"I do not consider mamma's marriage anything of a 'misfortune' or a 'disgrace,'" she answered, with something of *hauteur*, and speaking very distinctly. "She was very happy all her life, and papa was a splendid man—a superior man."

Mrs. Richards smiled in a lofty kind of way, as she returned:

"It is very natural, I suppose, that you should be your father's champion; nevertheless he was not, socially, your mother's equal, and she degraded herself in the eyes of all her family by marrying a penniless preacher, and a dissenter, too."

Star's lips parted again, as if about to utter an indignant protest to this statement; but, with a wave of her white hand, Mrs. Richards coolly dismissed the subject and turned to Mrs. Blunt.

"I suppose everything belonging to her was lost," she said.

"Yes, madam; the poor child has nothing in the world save what she has on," that woman answered, with a compassionate glance at Star.

"That is awkward; but you can take her to the sewing-room and tell Miss Baker to measure her for a couple of dresses; tell her to make them from that piece of print that I purchased yesterday. Can you sew, Stella?" she asked, turning again to the young girl, whom she had not even invited to be seated.

"Yes'm; mamma taught me to sew when I was quite young, and I have attended to my own wardrobe, with the aid of a seamstress, ever since she died."

"That is well. You can then assist Miss Baker about your dresses, and when they are completed I will arrange about your other duties. You can go now. Mrs. Blunt will show you the way to your room, where you can lay aside your shawl and hat and then go to the sewing-room."

Star gave the woman a stare of blank astonishment.

She had been most delicately and tenderly reared; her education had been carefully superintended by her father, and the constant companionship of her refined and intellectual mother had made her a little lady in every sense of the word, and now this woman—this cousin to her mother—this human being, whom she knew her mother once saved from a dreadful death—had received her, after her long and perilous voyage, her suffering and hardships, in this unfeeling, indifferent way.

She had not even taken her hand at greeting; she had looked her over and inspected her with a critical stare, as if she were some beast of burden that she was buying to toil for her. She had not offered her the commonest hospitalities of her house, or given her one kind word or look.

Star took a step forward, her slight form drawn proudly erect, the hot, indignant blood surging over neck, face and brow, and was about to demand the meaning of this strange treatment, when Mrs. Richards, seeing her intentions, said, haughtily, and in a tone not to be mistaken:

"I told you that you could go, Stella. Did you understand me?"

With a heaving bosom and flashing eyes, Star bowed with a sort of stately grace, turned and followed Mrs. Blunt from the room with the step of a queen; but when the door was shut behind them, she stopped and confronted that good though eccentric woman, with an aspect which, to say the least, astonished her.

CHAPTER V.

BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT.

"What does this mean?" she demanded, passionately. "Why am I received in this strange, this heartless manner, by my mother's cousin? Why does she presume to cast aspersions upon my father and mother, and talk about print dresses, and assigning me duties as if I were a mere servant?"

Mrs. Blunt's breath was fairly taken away by these swift, indignant sentences and questions, and she could only gaze at the young girl in speechless surprise for a few moments.

Star was wondrously beautiful then, in spite of her soiled and disordered attire, with her flashing eyes, her blazing cheeks, her delicate, dilating nostrils, her scornful, curling lips and proudly poised head.

"What does it mean, I say?" repeated Star, impatient at the woman's silence.

Mrs. Blunt found her tongue at last.

"Mercy on us, child!" she ejaculated, her astonishment extending to her tones. "You've a temper of your own, or I'm much mistaken; and you'll need it, too, if you're going to live in this house."

Then she added, more thoughtfully:

"I'm afraid, miss, you've come over here with a wrong impression—I really am."

"What do you mean?" Star asked. "How have I come with a wrong impression?"

"What did you expect when you started to come to America to live with Mrs. Richards?" the housekeeper asked, evading her questions by putting another.

"I expected that my mother's cousin, who papa said, was very wealthy, and able to take care of me, and had promised him to do so, would give me a place in her home as a member of her family, and give me an opportunity to perfect my education, so that I might be able, by and by, to take care of myself. This was what my father understood her promise to me to mean—this was what I expected. But from the reception she has given me—cold and heartless—and as I would not have received the meanest beggar who came to my door—from disrespectful and insulting remarks about my parents, and what she said about my 'duties', I am afraid that my position here will not be a pleasant one."

Mrs. Blunt's homely face was full of pity as she listened to what Star said.

"Poor child," she began, "you have expected entirely too much, and perhaps it would be a mercy to tell you at once how mistaken you are if you think you are going to find a pleasant home and a chance to get much of an education here. When madam got your father's letter and knew that you were soon to be an orphan, she said at once that it was 'just the thing', and you would do nicely to supply the place of Maggie Flynn, the chamber and errand girl, and who was not exactly trustworthy. She said the English peasants always made good servants, and as you were young and would be wholly dependent on her, she could train you according to her own notions. And, to make a long story short, you are to make beds and do chamber work generally, wait upon madam and run of errands."

And the housekeeper heaved a sigh of relief that the difficult explanation was over. And difficult it was, with those glittering, sapphire eyes fixed so intently upon her, and that beautiful face gleaming with scorn and indignation.

"In other words, she intends to make a servant—a slave of me," she said, with quiet sarcasm, but uplifted head.

"Ye-es—if you must put it so, miss," Mrs. Blunt admitted, reluctantly.

"What wages am I to expect?" and the clear young voice rang with intense scorn.

"Wages?"

"Yes, wages. What did she pay Maggie Flynn?" Star demanded, with a bitter smile.

"Six dollars a month; but—I don't think madam has thought about wages for you. She is to give you a home for what you can do; and besides what I have told you, you are to wait upon Miss Josephine, who is not sparing of her commands, either."

"Who is Miss Josephine, pray?"

"The young lady of the house—Mrs. Richards' daughter."

"How old is she?"

"Just turned eighteen."

"Two years my senior," murmured Star, reflectively. "Well, Mrs. Blunt," she added, after a moment or two, and looking up with a clearer face, "show me to my room, please, and let me have a good bath, for I need refreshing sadly. If only I might have some clean underclothing to put on," she added, wistfully.

"You shall," the woman quickly returned. "I suppose madam never thought of it, and it is a shame. There, wait here," she added, as she threw open the door of a small room on the front of the house in the third story, "and I will bring you a change of Miss Josephine's. They will be a trifle too large, but never mind so that you're comfortable."

She sped away, and as Star removed her hat and shawl she looked about her.

The room was very scantily furnished, but it was clean, and as there was only a single bed in it, she knew she was to have it to herself—a point which she congratulated herself upon, as it would have been very obnoxious to her to room with one of the servants.

Mrs. Blunt soon returned, bringing clean, fresh garments, and Star thought she had never realized before how great luxury cleanliness was.

"You can go to the bathroom at the end of the hall," she said, laying them over Star's arm.

Star felt very grateful to the kind-hearted creature, and made the most of her opportunity.

When Mrs. Blunt returned at the end of an hour, her plain face relaxed into a smile, though Star had thought that smiles were at a discount with her as a general thing.

"Well, you do look nice, or I'm much mistaken; and those hands—they're much too fine and nice, in my opinion, for drudgery;" and the woman glanced admiringly at those small members, of which, to be truthful, Star was a little proud.

"Well, I am ready to go to Miss Baker," she said, with a little sigh. "It is evident that I shall not be in a condition to do any kind of work, or drudgery, as you call it, until I am properly clad."

"She's true blue, and it's an abomination to make a servant of her," muttered the housekeeepr, as she led the way to the sewing-room.

Miss Baker was in the midst of fitting a party dress for Miss Josephine, a rather fine-looking girl, with black eyes and hair, a brilliant color, and a full, graceful figure.

Mrs. Blunt introduced Star, and then gave Mrs. Richards' orders about the "two print dresses."

"Goodness gracious! are you Stella Gladstone?" ejaculated the pet and pride of the Richards' mansion, with a stare of surprise.

Star bowed a cold assent to this rude salutation, and then walked quietly across the room and seated herself by a window.

Miss Baker, however, had nodded and smiled kindly at her, and she felt sure that she should like the weary-looking seamstress.

"Well, I guess mamma will be glad you have come," Josephine pursued; "she has been nearly plagued to death with that Maggie Flynn—you're to take her place, you know, as chambermaid and errand girl."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

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Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

TRAVEL letters have been rare of late, so rare that it seemed the whole COMFORT family had given up traveling altogether. Owing to financial and other reasons, mostly financial, the majority of us are unable to visit the wonderful places we read about and have to content ourselves with descriptions from someone more fortunate. Because of this, the stay-at-homes will like the following letter from Mrs. Marsh of California. Mr. and Mrs. Marsh are travelers of note and interesting people in general, so their future letters will be worth anticipating.—Ed.

A Hike Up Mount Tamalpais, Calif.

By Mrs. J. C. Marsh

The visitor to San Francisco, or any of the cities skirting the Bay of San Francisco, is at once attracted by the highest peak in all the sky line, and there, 2,500 feet in the air, in a little notch of the mountain, is the Mecca for every visitor to these parts. This is the Tamalpais Inn, and 108 feet, higher up, is the summit, which has to be hiked to reach.

It is commonly known as the "Mountain that guards the Golden Gate." It is 19 miles from San Francisco.

The mountain got its name from the Tamal Indians who once roamed over its forests and through its chasms—Tamal being Indian and pais, mountain. It is pronounced TAM-AL-PA-IS with the accent on the "PA."

The trail starts from a point where the train leaves you to choose whether you will hike it or take the mountain train.

As it has been my good fortune to do both, more than once, I can speak from experience. For some 500 feet upward from Mill Valley, the starting point, it is fairly easy and one thinks they have a soft snap, but wait. Then the trail is taken upward through Chaparral.

Visitors call it a "mountain of magic," and when in its glory, words fail to express the feeling as you see the wild lilac (ceanothus), or at another season, the native toyon berries a glowing mass of scarlet loveliness, while every crevice holds its share of choice wild ferns or flowers.

Let us look for a moment at the iron dragon squirming its way up, backward, to the summit. It is jokingly remarked that "Lot's wife turned to rubber, then to salt," while travelers on the crookedest railway in the world do not have to twist their necks or take any such chances. The railway does all the twisting and turning, being built on the principle that "one good turn deserves another."



REGULATION HIKING COSTUME OF MRS. MARSH.

"It is a long road that knows no turning," and we claim that this road, being all turns, is the sum total of shortness. The train backs up the mountain with the engine in the rear, yet it is not a cog railroad. There are 281 curves in eight and one-fifth miles and the maximum curve is 90 degrees. The maximum grade is seven per cent., while the longest piece of straight track is 413 feet. The train ascends 2,500 feet of the total height of 2,608 feet, and goes north, south, east and west in its ascension.

This mountain, at the port of the setting sun, has been made the playground of a million people. The mighty Redwoods—sequoa—(semper virens) that you look down upon as you ascend, are the largest of their species. They range from 100 to 340 feet high and their trunks 18 feet in diameter, with bark often one foot thick.

They are the oldest living things. Even young ones are two or three thousand years old, and many are seen growing out of the ruins of others, which may have been saplings two or three thousand years ago.

The madrones, live oaks, laurels, manzanita (medicine plant, planted by the pioneer Spaniards from Spain), the wild hollyhocks and onions, and last but not the least, that beautiful plant that is seen at every turn, Old Man, or California Sweet Smelling Southernwood.

One of the largest trees at the foot of the mountain is 54 feet in circumference, and is said to have been a sturdy sapling when Solomon built the Temple at Jerusalem.

John Muir, after whom the beautiful woods at base of Tamalpais is named, and who lived there, first directed attention to these trees, and Joaquin Miller, Mark Twain and Robert Louis Stevenson have all added their eulogy to both mountain and woods.

We have seen plenty of wild life as we hike over its trails, deer, skunks, raccoon and other small animals, while lizards are in every nook, and some of the most beautiful birds. Eagles and hawks are frequently seen.

A guide is provided on the train who certainly is possessed of a fund of humor, for when we came into view of San Quintin Prison, far down the dizzy heights, he pointed it out as "Uncle Sam's Health Resort; nothing to pay. It is easy to get into it, but some have taken 40 years to get out of it."

The $75,000.00 residence of the owner of the railway was also pointed out, and, said the guide, "If I had that amount of money I wouldn't place it on a rock."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

THE fact that cooking is regarded as an art, and a fine and worthy one, makes it proper for poetry to be mixed with recipes. Those able to have the regular old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner, with turkey 'n' everything, will have less need, perhaps, of the poem printed below than the rest of us who have to content ourselves with simpler (and much less expensive) fare but with not as good grace as we should when we take more worth-while things into consideration.—Ed.

There is no hearth so bleak and bare
But Heaven hath sent some blessings there;
No table e'er so sparsely spread
But that a grace should there be said;

No life but knows some moment blest
Of sweet contentment and of rest;
No heart so cold but Heaven above
Hath touched it with the warmth of love.

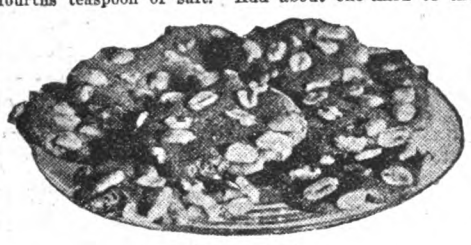
So count your blessings, one by one,
At early morn and set of sun,
And, like an incense, to the skies
Your prayers of thankfulness shall rise.

Look for the love that Heaven sends,
The good that every soul intends;
Thus you will learn the only way
To keep a true Thanksgiving Day.

—*Arthur Lewis Tubbs.*

MOCK TURKEY.—Buy a fresh shoulder of pork, with bone removed. Wash well and dry. Make a stuffing of three cups of bread-crumbs, one teaspoon of salt, two teaspoons poultry seasoning, one teaspoon sage, one chopped onion, one tablespoon bacon fat with enough hot milk to make it of proper consistency. Stuff as you would a turkey, and tie. Put in pan, sprinkle well with flour and add one pint and a half of water. Baste often.

PEANUT COOKIES.—Cream together one cup of sugar and one-half cup of shortening, add one well-beaten egg. Sift together two cups of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder, one-fourth teaspoon of soda, and three-fourths teaspoon of salt. Add about one-third of the flour to the butter mixture, and then add one tablespoon of milk, and so on until all the flour is used and just enough milk to make the dough the right consistency to drop by teaspoonfuls onto a greased baking dish. Lastly add one cup of roasted peanuts from which the brown skins have been rubbed. The peanuts may be crushed or used in halves.



PEANUT COOKIES.

ROAST PIG.—Requested. The pig should be three weeks old, well cleaned, and stuffed with a dressing of this proportion: Two large onions, four times the quantity of bread-crumbs, three tablespoons of chopped sage, two ounces of butter, half a saltspoon of pepper, one saltspoon of salt, and one egg. Or it may be filled with a veal force-meat stuffing if preferred; or it may be stuffed with hot mashed potatoes. Sew it together with a strong thread, trussing its fore legs forward and its hind legs backward. Rub the pig with flour, pepper and salt. Roast it at first with a very slow fire, as it should be thoroughly done; the oven should not be too hot at first. Baste it very often. When done (in about three hours) place a lemon in the mouth, having put something in at first to keep it open. Serve it with apple sauce.

STEWED POTATOES.—One pint of cold boiled potatoes cut in bits; one cup of milk, butter the size of an egg, a heaping teaspoon of flour. Melt the butter in a saucepan, add the flour, and cook a moment; then add the milk, an even teaspoon of salt, and a saltspoon of white pepper. When it boils, add the potatoes. Boil a minute and serve.

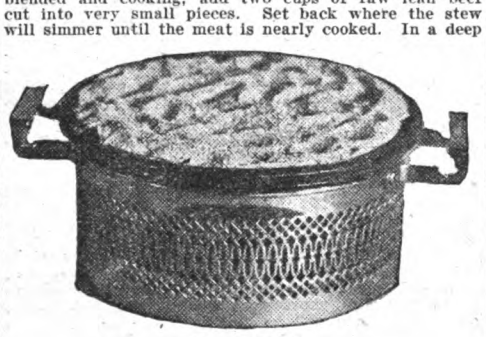
STUFFED POTATOES.—Take medium-sized, newly-baked potatoes and cutting off one end of each, remove the contents. Mash the potato with butter, salt and pepper to season. Fill the potato shells heaping with the mixture and return to the oven to brown.

SCALLOPED RICE.—Boil one-half cup of rice till tender. Place the rice in a buttered pudding dish, and pour over it a white sauce, made with a cup and a half of hot milk, one tablespoon of butter, and one tablespoon of flour, cooked till it is perfectly smooth. Season highly with pepper, salt and mustard. Mix two-thirds of a cup of cracker-crumbs with one-fourth of a cup of melted butter, and sprinkle over the top. Bake till the crumbs are brown.

CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP.—In a saucepan melt three tablespoons butter and to it add three and one-half tablespoons flour; stir to a smooth paste, then add two cups canned tomatoes, gradually blending with the flour mixture; now add one-fourth teaspoon soda, one teaspoon salt ond a slice of onion. Return to the fire and cook five minutes; strain and cool. When cold add one and one-half cups cold milk, heat and serve.

POTATO SOUP.—Two tablespoons bacon fat, two tablespoons flour, two slices onion, one and one-half teaspoons salt, one-fourth teaspoon celery salt, one-eighth teaspoon pepper, sprinkling paprika, one teaspoon chopped parsley, three cups milk, three potatoes rubbed through strainer. Cook first eight ingredients together in double boiler. To these add milk and potato mixed together, and stir until all boils.

TOMALE PIE.—Put five tablespoons of beef fat into a saucepan, add two medium-sized carrots sliced thin, one sliced onion, one-half of a green pepper, a small piece of bay leaf, a sprig of parsley, and a sprinkling of thyme. Cook until carrots and onion are slightly browned, stirring constantly. Gradually add five tablespoons of flour, taking care it does not burn. When well browned, slowly add one and one-fourth cup of water, one can of tomatoes from which the water has been drained, five whole peppercorns, a pinch of chili powder, paprika, salt and pepper to taste. When well blended and cooking, add two cups of raw lean beef cut into very small pieces. Set back where the stew will simmer until the meat is nearly cooked. In a deep pudding dish put a layer of quite stiff corn-meal mush, add the cooked stew, and cover with another layer of mush. Bake thirty minutes in a hot oven. Being a Mexican dish, it is highly seasoned, but it is also delicious with less spice.



TOMALE PIE.

CREAMED SALMON.—Make a cream soup of two tablespoons of butter, two tablespoons of flour and one cup of milk. Into this put the contents of a can of salmon, free from bones, skin and fat; heat thoroughly, season with salt and pepper, add two eggs beaten. Stir constantly till eggs are cooked and serve at once.—MRS. HATFIELD, Manchester, N. H.

ORANGE SALAD.—Cut six oranges in thin slices. Cover with dressing made by mixing one-quarter cup olive oil with one tablespoon each of lemon juice and vinegar, a little salt and paprika. Serve on lettuce.



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"June, what are you saying?"



Through the maze of dancers they circled down the room.



"She is finishing with him the waltz which she began with me."

by Wenona Gilman

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Junius Beckwith, a Westpointer, Anne Gordon, wealthy, Marian Reade, companion, friend and protegee of Anne Gordon, occupy a box at the Metropolitan Opera House. The curtain falls and Beckwith admits that "Lucia di Lammermore" has a depressing influence upon him and he cannot think of insanity without repulsion, no matter what the cause may be, and a marriage with either tainted, should be made a crime punishable by law. The next morning is Marian's birthday and deciding to go home, Anne Gordon, with a premonition that she ought to stay, exacts a promise, if any trouble comes, Marian will let her know first. Marian walks away and turning the corner meets June Beckwith and they go to the park. Remembering it is her birthday, he offers his love as a gift and asks her to be his wife. Happy in her love for June, Marian reaches home. Janet Reade, her grandmother, tells her that her mother is not dead but the inmate of a madhouse. What can she say to June? Hearing a voice, she answers to her father's call. He gives her a curious Venetian ring for a birthday gift, and questioning him where he got it he evades the answer and queries what Anne Gordon gives her. Showing the watch, her father berates Marian's friend. She might have given one thousand dollars, which he needs and will have. Marian, under the horror of all she hears, forgets all her grandmother told her, even forgets June Beckwith. Later in the night, remembering her promise to Anne Gordon, she goes to her home. A light flashed from a window opposite shows a rope hung from Anne Gordon's window and in the window her father's face. Reaching home, Marian meets her father, tells him where he has been, and for no honest purpose, and demands that he return all he has stolen. He refuses, and only after her earnest pleading does he ask what she will do for him. Little dreaming the price she must pay, she asks for nothing but to serve him and she seals the promise upon her mother's Bible. Left alone, Paul Reade decides to keep one ring. Marian writes June she does not love him and that her soul is withered as much as the flower she encloses. Her father assures her he has obtained a position in the brokerage business and rented a house down town. June is stunned upon receiving Marian's letter and welcomes his friend, Fred Underwood, who tells him Paul Reade is a most unscrupulous gambler and the house he has rented is a decoy for gamblers, that Marian is not as innocent as she appears. June cannot believe it, and Underwood will prove it to him if he cares to go.

CHAPTER IX.

ANNE GORDON HEARS THE TRUTH.

ALL day long the decorators and caterers had been busy in the new house into which Paul Reade had moved with his mother and beautiful daughter.

It was really a beautiful place, not representing so great an outlay of money as it did artistic taste and careful blending of coloring. Paul Reade was giving an entertainment, to open it, under the very modest name of "house-warming"; but no swell social event was ever more carefully considered and arranged.

The florist had contributed his best work, and the flowers that banked the mantels and decorated the rooms were such as a many-times millionaire might have been proud to display. The restaurateur had assured his patron of his best viands, and the table, already arranged in the great hall, gave assurance that his word would be kept.

"It is exquisite," said Marian, as she gazed dreamily over the scene. "In all my life I have never seen a ballroom that surpassed it. But who is paying for it? Where has my father obtained this money? Oh, heavens! If I could but trust him. If I could but be sure that it is all honestly obtained, there might be some comfort in seeing him so happy, but I cannot—I cannot!"

A little groan escaped her there in the heart of a scene that might have thrilled another girl to the very soul. Her father was standing not far away and heard the sound. An expression of annoyance crossed his countenance, but it had vanished by the time he had reached her side.

"Isn't it beautiful?" he asked. "Is there a suggestion that you can make that would improve anything?"

"It is all perfect," she answered wearily.

"That is it. It is perfect. When the house is lighted tonight it will seem that the lamp of Aladdin is indeed shining upon us. But there is nothing in it all half so pretty as my girl will be. Has the costume come home yet?"

"Yes. But, oh, father——"

"Now, my dear, don't preach, but tell me; is it pretty? Does it fit?"

"It is exquisite; but, father, where did you get it?" she cried out desperately. "I may be wrong, but I can't help it. It all—frightens me!"

"It need not. I tell you that I have made a mint of money in stocks. Just at the moment when I had despaired, the rise came. It went like the cry of the college boys—'Sis! Boom! Rah!' I may lose all tomorrow that I have made, but we will enjoy it while we can, Marian. You deserve it, my girl. You have been very good and very patient with the old dad."

He turned away and left her standing there among the flowers. His little exhibition of emotion was not without effect, for she looked after him with something like a tear in her eye.

"Perhaps I am wrong," she said, with a sob that she could not quite conquer. "Perhaps I am wrong, and it may be all as he says. Because he has erred once is no reason why he should never be honest. I am wicked and unforgiving. I will trust him. Oh, I—I wish he had not given this thing. I don't know the people whom he has invited. He says that they are always willing enough to attend an entertainment of any kind where they are assured of good food and better wine. Heaven knows, there will be enough of it here tonight."

"Oh, how I wish that I could escape it all. But that is hopeless. And at least I shall have Anne Gordon to help me. Thank Heaven for that. It is time that I was dressing. I hope that Anne will be here soon. It seems a terrible thing that she should come here in the jewels that my father stole. But it was she herself who proposed it, and I could not decline. Dear Anne, how good she has always been to me!"

She turned away from a contemplation of the brilliant flowers, the weakness and sickness of her heart but too apparent in the lagging step, and went up-stairs.

Almost at the same moment that she did so, a servant handed Anne Gordon June Beckwith's card. It was the first time he had called upon her since the night of the opera, and without taking time to rearrange her toilet, she ran downstairs.

"I am glad to see you!" she exclaimed cordially. "You have absolutely deserted me of late!"

"I have been out of town upon some important business," he answered, his pale face flushing a trifle.

"And working yourself to death!" she cried, looking him over critically. "Why, you look as if you had had a spell of illness. I hope it is nothing serious?"

"Not at all. I have been a little troubled with insomnia. It sounds like the disease of a nervous girl, does it not? But it is all over now. It is good to see you again. Let me see! I have been gone nearly two weeks."

"You have not been in New York all that time?"

"No."

"Then you have not heard the news?"

"What news?"

"Why, about Marian Reade."

His heart seemed to close with a sudden snap. He pressed his hand upon it, and an ashen pallor grew about his lips, but he forced it back, and in a tone that sounded more natural than he would have believed possible, he asked:

"What is it?"

"Oh, something lovely. I am surprised that you you have not heard. Why, her father has made almost a fortune in stocks."

"In what?"

"Stocks."

"What stocks?"

"I don't know. I did not ask her. The fact is, I don't believe she knew or she would have mentioned it, and I never thought of it."

"The market has been singularly steady of late."

He said the words almost without being conscious of having spoken them, but there was no suspicion in Anne Gordon.

"Oh, but it's quite true!" she exclaimed, with genuine pleasure. "He has made the money. He has rented a beautiful house, and is giving what he calls a 'house-warming' tonight, but in reality it is a very gorgeous ball. Did not Marian send you cards?"

"No," he answered curiously. "Did she send them to you?"

"Oh, no; not formally, you know. We are too intimate for that. She did not come for some time, and one day, in desperation, I ran up to Harlem. I found them in great confusion, moving. Marian was just going down to the new house, and I went with her. I have been there several times watching how things were progressing, and—well, I half-believe I invited myself to that affair tonight. I am going to help Marian receive."

"You are going to—*what?*"

"Help her receive. It is very singular that she has not asked you. She always seemed to like you."

"And she is happy in this new life of hers?"

He asked the question so strangely that it seemed to set her thinking. She looked beyond him, out into the gloaming, and answered:

"I don't know. It rather puzzles me. She flits about like a bird, directing the arrangement of this and that; she laughs and sings, and declares that it is all too beautiful to last; but—I don't exactly understand it, June. It impresses me as the hysterical cry of a half-breaking heart; and you know that is so unlike Marian."

"It is unlike her," he answered, with a little sneer; "very unlike her. It is my belief that she has no heart to break."

"June, what are you saying?"

"The truth. She is not honest; she is not sincere. You have promised her that you will go to this affair that she is giving tonight. Anne, you have neither father nor brother to guide you. You and your mother are alone in the world; and while you have relatives that have stronger claims upon your obedience than I—I, who am your friend, should be committing an error did I not forbid your going to that house tonight; not tonight alone, but ever again."

"June, you must be mad!"

She had risen suddenly, and was looking down upon him, startled, indignant. He rose and looked into her eyes with determination.

"It is true," he cried. "I forbid your going there."

"But she is my friend—my sister. I like and respect you, I even value the interest in me which your words prove, but you must give me some reason."

"I cannot."

"Then you must not expect me to obey. Your words *require* an explanation, June. It is neither manly nor just that you should refuse it. As a friend you have forbidden me to enter the house of an older friend. I think I have a right to demand your reasons."

His eyes fell and a quick flush suffused his cheeks, but he lifted them almost desperately at last, and cried out hurriedly and huskily:

"So be it, then! Do you know why Marian Reade did not ask you to be present tonight? Do you know why the expression of a desire to be there had to come from you? Listen, and I will tell you, though it hurts me bad enough to speak the horrible truth. It is because Marian Reade uttered a falsehood to you when she told you that her father had obtained his money through a rise in stocks. He obtained it of Dick Gresham, a bookmaker, a gambler!"

"June!"

"Do you think I would repeat this to you if I did not know that I am speaking the truth? He made Paul Reade an offer long ago that if he would secure the consent of his pretty daughter to go into the house to entertain the people, he would advance all the funds for the enterprise that might be required."

"And she——"

"Has consented."

"Mercy! you don't mean that——"

"Marian Reade is a decoy for gamblers of the worst and lowest class? I do! It is pitiably, cruelly true. If you should go there tonight, you would see no one present but gamblers."

"I cannot believe it. There must be some mistake."

"I tell you there is none!" Beckwith answered bitterly. "Dick Gresham told me the story himself. The ball tonight is to introduce Marian to gamblers and those who can be of future benefit to her father. I would not hesitate to go there tonight, without an invitation. There is no doubt of the truth of it all, Anne. It is cruelly, hideously true."

Tears arose in her eyes, and her lip quivered. She was striving heroically to control herself, and he saw it. He put out his hand and pressed hers passionately. There seemed a bond of sympathy between them. He almost loved her at that moment because she suffered.

CHAPTER X.

PAUL READE'S NEW HOME.

There was a clash of music, the glitter of electric lights seen through brilliant-hued flowers, and the sound of laughter in the rooms of the house that Paul Reade called his home.

It was not the low, musical laughter of women who govern the world by their beauty and grace of manner; it was not the gentle, soothing tones of the woman who reaches the heart of man through the reason that guides his soul, but the sound was like the wild revelry of the bacchantes in infernal glee over the destruction of a life. It was a hoarse laughter, a laughter that seemed as if it were struggling through a heavy mist of champagne.

And Marian Reade, in her exquisite gown of palest shimmering green, looked on with a feeling of startled bewilderment. Even while she was surrounded with those women in their gay costumes, she felt herself somehow to be apart from them. They were not her friends; they were not, and never could be, a part of her life.

It was all so strange and mysterious to her, this scene with which she was encompassed. There was nothing in the conversation of those present to which the most innocent might not have listened; there was nothing in their dress that she had not seen in the ballrooms of the friends to whom Anne Gordon had presented her; and yet there was that about these people that separated them from those others as far as the earth and heaven are separated.

And in the midst of that strange gathering, well-gowned and handsome as they undeniably were, Marian Reade stood, lifting her exquisite head like the pure lily that is stifled as it endeavors to breathe the hot air of the charnel-house. The atmosphere about her seemed fetid with the odors of death—the death of virtue, the death of chastity, the death of life and the soul.

There was one in attendance—a tall, blond man, who leaned upon the mantel-shelf, apart from the rest, and looked at her. There was a curious expression in his eyes—the expression of a man who is fascinated by the fatal peril that he watches, powerless to avert. It was June Beckwith's friend, Fred Underwood.

He stood there, silently regarding it all, watching the faces of the men who approached her, turning half-way sometimes in sickened disgust as he caught the expression of some world-weary, blase reprobate whose eyes had lighted with almost gluttonous pleasure as they fell upon her singularly beautiful countenance. And there beside her was Paul Reade, like the deadly upas that sheltered her from the scorching heat of the sun, one not less fatal than the other.

When he could conquer his repugnance, he went up to Paul Reade and asked to be presented to his daughter. The request was granted, and offering the girl his arm, Underwood led her to a remote part of the room.

"You look tired," he said gently, feeling a curious interest in the girl which he could not conquer. "If it were not too absurd, I should say that you look—frightened!"

She glanced at him in a nervous, startled sort of way, and then laughed.

"No," she said, with an affectation of lightness that she was far from feeling; "I am not tired and I am not frightened. Why should I be? It is beautiful enough, is it not?"

"Then you are quite happy?"

He asked the question in a dull, strained voice; but she did not look at him. She was striving with all her might to conceal her terror, and answered hysterically:

"Happy? Of course I am! Who would not be who had such a sudden change in their lives as I? Perhaps I look a little out of place because I am not acquainted with these people, but I shall be by and by. Oh, I shall be one of them before they are aware of it!"

A cynical smile crossed his mouth.

"And I suppose that represents perfection to you?" he exclaimed.

She glanced away from him. There was something in his tone that curiously impressed her. She was striving to close her ears to it all, as she had striven to close her senses to her surroundings. She wanted to escape him; but as her eyes sought the door in an endeavor to do so, she shrunk back toward him, her face grew pale as death, and a little frozen cry that scarcely reached the atmosphere escaped her.

Underwood followed the direction of her eye.

It was June Beckwith who was entering the door.

He was in his regulation evening-suit; there was a huge chrysanthemum in his lapel. His face was flushed to an unusual degree, and upon his lips there rested a smile that Underwood had never seen there before. It was a wild, cynical, hysterical smile, that deepened as he caught sight of his friend and his companion.

He came straight toward them, and Marian, standing there rigid as iron, was forced to give him her hand as he extended his own.

CHAPTER XI.

THE UNBIDDEN GUEST.

Fred Underwood looked from June Beckwith to Marian Reade, and from Marian Reade back again.

The expression of his friend's face startled him. He could not quite make up his mind why June had come there, and he did not know what the look portended. There was a feeling in the man's heart for Marian which he could not analyze.

He believed that she knew perfectly well the character of the men and women who surrounded her; he believed that she knew why she had been introduced to such society, and he believed that she had consented to the life of shame that was about to engulf her, and yet there was a certain sympathy for her in his soul that he could not overcome.

She seemed so little a part of that gathering; there was something so different in the very atmosphere that she breathed; and then there was that in her face that he could not translate.

He sighed a little and leaned against the window-casing, watching those two, glad that he had come, in order that he might be near June to save him from any rash act that he might commit.

"I did not expect to see you here," June exclaimed to him.

"Nor I you."

"I was not bidden to the feast," answered Beckwith, almost insolently; "I am but the bearer of a message to Miss Reade."

"Indeed!" stammered the girl. "From whom?"

"Miss Gordon. She bade me tell you that she could not be with you tonight, a misfortune which she deeply regretted, and that she desired you to come to call on her tomorrow for luncheon."

Marian seemed to breathe more freely. It seemed to her that a great weight had been lifted from her heart, now that she knew Anne Gordon would not be there to mingle with the throng. She could not have explained the feeling, and yet it was perfectly apparent to Underwood's watchful eye. It but convinced him the more that she knew the class with whom she was associated. But he was aroused from his reflections by hearing June Beckwith say:

"And now that I have played my part as messenger-boy, surely you are not going to send me away without my seeing a little of the feast? The orchestra is playing a divine waltz. Won't you allow me a turn, Miss Reade, even though I am a self-invited guest?"

He laughed a trifle loudly at his own words, and Marian colored painfully. Underwood saw and interposed.

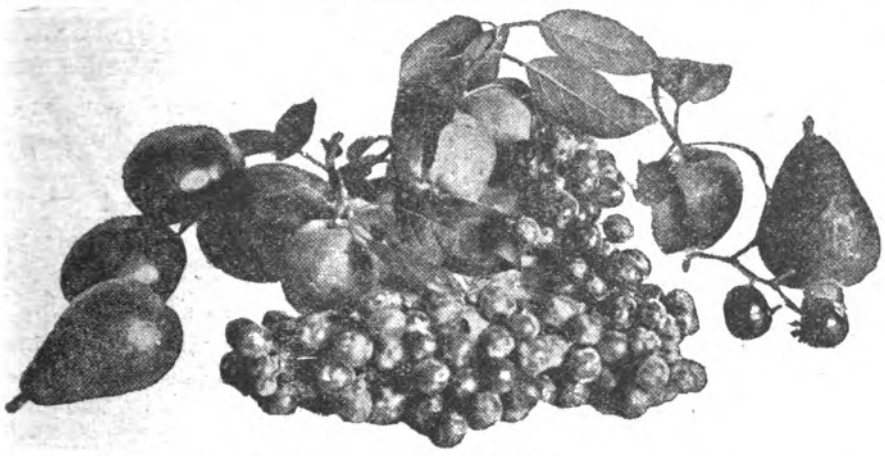
"She is tired, June," he exclaimed. "I brought her over here in this deserted corner to give her a little rest. Let her alone, you selfish wretch!"

"Tired? How is that possible? Women never tire when they are adding new laurels to their crowns. There is something of the savage in the best woman that ever was created. She is never so happy as when she dangles a new scalp at her belt. Come, Miss Reade; I am sure you will not refuse me one waltz?"

He held out his arms to her; there was a mocking smile upon his lips; his eyes glittered with a curious light that she had never seen in them before; but still it was June—June, the man she loved; June, the man who was all the world to her.

She shut her eyes very closely for just a moment. Her head was spinning around as if she were under the influence of champagne. She had seen his arms extended to her, and the temptation was too strong to be resisted.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)



THE FIRST NEW ENGLAND HARVEST THANKSGIVING

By Violet Marsh

Pilgrim Methods in Modern Cookery

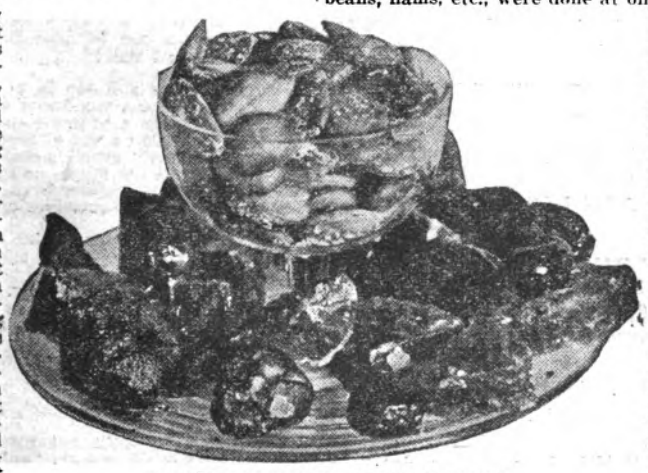
IN many an old New England home there still stands the massive chimney with its great hearth over which swung the long iron crane which in turn supported varying lengths of adjusted pot hooks and trammels from which were suspended kettles and other cooking utensils. It was around these great glowing fireplaces that all the homeliness and comfort of an early New England home centered. On either side were settles and chimney seats. One great general room of all works was the usual manner of building before the days of pantries and closets, and so in the hearth corners were displayed the Dutch oven for baking "rye'n' Injun bread, the iron bake-kettle standing on three short legs with its tight-fitting hollow cover for holding hot coals. The spider for frying, and the gridiron for broiling, were in daily use. Like the bake-kettle, the gridiron stood on legs and was set over the coals. It was oblong and the upper surface of the crossbars was concave to catch the drippings from the meat that they might be saved. As it broiled, the meat or fish was turned. The skillet and trivet also belong to early cookery. The skillet is deep and nearly straight sided while the trivet is nearly the same in shape but stands on three legs; both have a long handle. These were often used together when a hot water jacket was desired after the fashion of a double boiler. The use of charcoal or coke for broiling in our cooking ranges is the nearest approach we have to the open-hearth broilers, which for texture and flavor has never been equaled.



FRIED CORN-MEAL MUSH.

Roasted meats, such as wild turkeys and venison, were suspended from a stout cord over a bed of coals, deep and hot enough to last through the entire roasting. The cord was twisted and retwisted by a simple contrivance, so that during the roasting as it slowly untwisted, all parts of the meat were uniformly cooked. A kettle was suspended to catch the drippings from the frequent bastings of fat and hot water which each time grew richer.

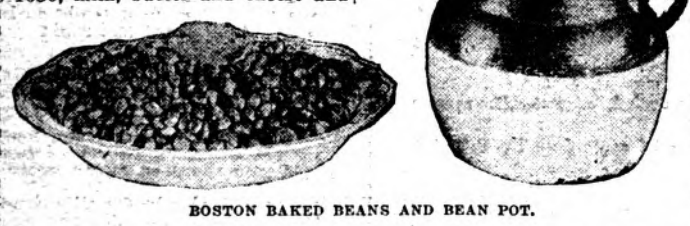
The first New England harvest Thanksgiving was celebrated in Plymouth in 1621, and covered a period of several days which were spent in feasting and various forms of recreation. Deer, wild turkeys and waterfowl were found in plenty. "Though there were but fifty-five English to eat the Pilgrim Thanksgiving feast, there were partakers in plenty; and the ninety sociable Indian visitors did not come empty-handed, but joined fraternally in provision for the feast and probably also in the games."



CANDIED FRUITS AND SALTED ALMONDS.

In the small colony were only four women, "who, with the help of one servant and a few young girls, had to prepare and cook food for three days for one hundred and twenty hungry men, ninety-one of them being Indians with an unbounded capacity for gluttonous gorging unsurpassed by any other race. Doubtless the deer, and possibly the great turkeys, were roasted in the open air. The picture of that Thanksgiving, the blockhouse with its few cannon, the Pilgrim men in buff breeches, red waistcoats, and green or sad-colored mandillions; the great company of Indians, gay in holiday paint and feathers and furs; the few sad, overworked, homesick women, in worn and simple gowns, with plain coifs and kerchiefs, and the pathetic handful of little children, forms a keen contrast to the prosperous, cheerful Thanksgiving of a century later."

As early as 1630, milk, butter and cheese and such garden staples as beans, corn, pumpkins, squash, turnips, parsnips peas and onions were available in abundance.



BOSTON BAKED BEANS AND BEAN POT.

The Indians early taught the Pilgrims to make use of the pumpkins, which at times proved a great blessing until the corn and cattle increased. The Indians cut and dried the pumpkins on strings for winter use, as it is still done in New England farm communities. Pumpkin bread was generally eaten, and to this day is by no means an uncommon dish. It took the Pilgrims considerable time to adapt themselves to so extensive a use of pumpkins, but in time they were much liked and appreciated, particularly the "Sause," for which a two-centuries-old recipe is given as follows: "The Housewives' manner is to slice them when ripe and cut them into Dice, and so fill a pot with them of two or three Gallons and stew them upon a gentle fire a whole day. And as they sink they fill again with fresh Pompions [old name for pumpkin] not putting any liquor to them, and when it is stir'd enough it will look like bak'd Apples. This Dish putting Butter to it and a little Vinegar with some Spice as Ginger which makes it tart like an Apple, and so serve it up to be eaten with fish or flesh."

In Indian corn (also called "Guinny wheat") the early colonists found their most unfailing food supply. Its abundance and adaptability did much to save them from starvation. The Indians taught them how to plant and fertilize, and how to harvest, grind and cook the corn in many acceptable ways. The Indian pudding was boiled in a bag, a way of cooking that is still in common use. Indian meal mush was given the name of hasty-pudding which has always been retained. Roasting ears of green corn were a part of Indian feasts, but I find no mention of or significance attached to the "red ear." The hoe-cakes and ash-cakes were made by the squaws long before Pilgrim days. When we consider how commonly corn is popped and sold on street corners, and how familiar it is to every boy and girl, it is interesting to note the description of an early settler, who says: "When corn is parched it turns entirely inside out, and is white and floury within."

Due to the fact that nothing could be wasted, and often through lack of cooking and serving dishes, boiling a variety of foods together became a feature of Pilgrim cookery, from which, no doubt, have been handed down the New England boiled dinner, our rich stews and other one-dish meals. Corn and beans cooked with fowl and called succotash, as well as the art of baking beans in ashes, were dishes which the Indians taught the Pilgrims how to prepare.

How many of the essential principles of Pilgrim cookery have been handed down through generations of New England families, and thus spread throughout the whole nation, is of especial interest as the day on which we celebrate Thanksgiving approaches. Of later date is the brick oven where the week's baking of bread, pies, beans, hams, etc., were done at one time. It took many hours to heat the oven and "baking day" was no small event. In many old New England homes these brick ovens are still brought into use on special occasions, especially for Thanksgiving. The expression "apple-pie order" is said to be associated with these famous New England baking days. The story follows that a certain Puritan dame made it a practice to bake on Saturdays two or three dozen pies, which were to last the family throughout the week. She would place them on her pantry shelves, labeling each according to the day of the week on which it was to be eaten. Her pantry was then in "apple-pie order."

Preserving and candying fruits amounted to a profession among the Colonial women.

Candied Fruits

Where a confection is desired following a rich meal, it is safer to serve candied fruits. They are easily prepared, attractive and delicious. Use canned fruits from your own shelves, taking care to use only firm pieces, otherwise the confection will not retain its shape, and will become mushy in the syrup. No flavoring is necessary as the fruit itself provides this. Pineapple, cherries, peaches, quince and pears are "sure" fruits to candy and quite the most satisfactory.

CHERRIES.—Drain the fruit and carefully wipe each cherry. Measure the juice and to each cup add two cups of granulated sugar. Boil to a thick syrup without stirring after the sugar is dissolved, watching it carefully. Add the cherries, slowly simmer about twelve minutes, remove from the fire and set away for twenty-four hours. Carefully drain off the syrup, boil for five minutes and pour it over the cherries. Repeat this process twice again, allowing the cherries each time to stand twenty-four hours. The syrup is next boiled until a little dropped in water will become brittle. Remove from fire at once, drop in the cherries and set the kettle into a pan of hot water. When the cherries appear well soaked and coated with the syrup, carefully remove them to a board covered with paraffin paper and dry. Many string cherries on a thread and hang them to dry.

CANDIED PEACHES.—Select even halves and cut them in two or three parts. Wipe. Peaches are are not cooked in the syrup. To each cup of peach juice add two cups of granulated sugar, and cooked until it "threads" very freely from the spoon. Set into a pan of hot water and hold to the boiling point. Carefully place the peaches in the syrup and let stand one hour. Remove, placing on a wire sieve, and dry in a gentle heat either suspended over the stove or in the mouth of the oven. If necessary, boil the syrup again and dip peaches, which should have a dry candied surface.

CANDIED PEARS AND QUINCE.—Follow directions for candied peaches.

CANDIED PINEAPPLE.—Drain sliced pineapple and dry. To each cup of juice add one cup of sugar and boil until it "feathers." Drop in the pineapple which has been cut into eighths, and when the syrup has slightly cooled take out each piece with a hat pin and place on a wire sieve to dry.

CANDIED CARROTS.—Select small tender carrots. Pare and cut into rather thin slices lengthways. Barely cover with water, and to each cup add one cup of brown sugar, a pinch of cinnamon, a dash of cayenne pepper, a little grated lemon rind and juice. Cover, and when the whole is cooking and the sugar dissolved, remove the cover and cook until the liquid is nearly evaporated. Baste frequently. Carefully remove carrot to serving dish and pour over the candied syrup.

Old-Time Dishes

BOSTON BAKED BEANS.—While baking beans the water must never get below the surface of the beans, for if this occurs even once, the quality of the finished dish will not be quite up to the standard. If baked beans are liked with a small amount of juice, cook the last addition of water slowly down. Soak beans in cold water over night and parboil early the next morning until blowing on a spoonful will cause the skins to slightly crack. Drain. In the bottom of a small stone crock, or earthen beanpot, put two tablespoons of molasses and two of sugar, one level teaspoon of salt, and one-fourth pound of clean salt pork to each quart of unsoaked beans, then add the beans, which should not fill the pot more than three-fourths full. Cover with boiling water, adding more as it disappears, and slowly bake from ten to twelve hours. A teaspoon of mustard and a small whole onion, or a cup of strained tomato, are flavors liked by many.

VEGETABLE SOUP.—Four carrots, four onions, two turnips, one bunch of celery and two white potatoes cut into fine pieces. Add boiling water until it is two inches above the top of vegetables. When cooked soft, season with salt, pepper, a pinch of mace and two cups of strained tomato. Melt four tablespoons of butter in a saucepan and rub in four even tablespoons of dry flour, and when smooth and bubbling add a pint of the soup stock. Cook for five minutes and add to soup. Just before serving beat in half a cup of cream.

PUMPKIN PIE.—Cut the pumpkin into small pieces after it is pared and the center taken out. Put into a deep kettle with enough water to prevent burning until the pumpkin juices start. Stir frequently and cook over a low fire, as it catches easily after softening. The long slow cooking develops a rich flavor, and it is much better to cook the pumpkin nearly dry before putting it into pies than to add flour to thicken. To each cup of hot stewed pumpkin add one even tablespoon of butter, half a teaspoon of salt, one tablespoon of molasses, half a teaspoon each of ginger and cinnamon, a little nutmeg and the grated rind of half a lemon. Beat well. Beat two eggs slightly with four tablespoons of sugar, add one cup of boiling hot milk, and stir well into the pumpkin mixture. Pour into deep pie plate lined with pastry. Bake in a moderate oven one hour or longer.

PUMPKIN OMELET.—One cup of pumpkin stewed the same as for pie filling, one teaspoon of molasses, three teaspoons of sugar, a pinch each of cinnamon, and nutmeg, pepper and salt, two well-beaten eggs and one-half cup of milk all beaten together. Spread the mixture in a hot greased iron frying pan, and as soon as the mixture is lightly set on the bottom, set the pan in the oven and bake. Generously butter the top, fold once and serve. Delicious as a vegetable, or as a supper dish topped with whipped cream, or served with cheese.

FRIED CORN-MEAL MUSH.—When the salted water is boiling hard, stir in bolted corn meal previously wet with cold water as this prevents lumping. Do not make too stiff. Cook forty minutes and pour into greased round tins. Small coffee cans are useful for this purpose. The next morning slice and fry brown in a little chicken fat. Serve with syrup.

CORN-MEAL AND PUMPKIN DODGERS.—One and one-half cup of hot pumpkin that has been cooked dry and mashed fine. Add one and one-half cup of corn meal and allow to steam ten minutes, stirring frequently. Add three tablespoons of butter, two tablespoons of brown sugar and one level teaspoon of salt. Mix thoroughly. The mixture should be just soft enough to take up by spoonfuls and pat into flat cakes in the hand. Bake in a hot oven twenty minutes.

Holiday Dainties

THANKSGIVING CAKE.—One cup of brown sugar creamed with one cup of butter until very fluffy. Add four eggs well beaten, two cups of good molasses, one cup of milk, one tablespoon of ginger, one-fourth teaspoon of cloves, one tablespoon of cinnamon and one teaspoon of grated nutmeg, and beat thoroughly together. Gradually add five cups of sifted flour, and then add two level teaspoons of soda dissolved in one tablespoon of water. Beat the mixture until smooth and fine grained. Have ready one cup each of clean raisins and currants, adding them to the dough after they are lightly floured. Put an inch layer of the dough into the baking pan, then add a layer of thinly-sliced citron, then more dough and citron until used. Bake one hour or more in a moderate oven. When done the cake will be well shrunken from sides of pan.

SALTED ALMONDS.—Pour boiling water over one pound of shelled almonds, and rub off the brown skins as soon as the water cools sufficiently to handle. Dry with a cloth. In a frying pan heat about five tablespoons of olive oil, and put in enough nuts to cover the bottom of the pan. Stir constantly until the nuts have slightly browned, then remove to brown paper and sprinkle with salt. Continue until the nuts are done. This amount of oil should brown all the almonds. Another way is to put the nuts and oil into a large biscuit tin, stir them until thoroughly coated, and bake brown in a hot oven, stirring frequently.

CRANBERRY CONSERVE.—Three pints of cranberries, three whole tart apples sliced thin, juice and pulp of one quince previously cooked in water to cover, or one glass of quince jelly, cooked with water enough to start the juices. When the apple is soft, put the fruit through a sieve. Add the grated rind and juice of two oranges and one lemon, two cups of washed seedless raisins, and three and one-half cups of sugar, or three cups if quince jelly is used. Simmer until thick. Delicious with fowl.

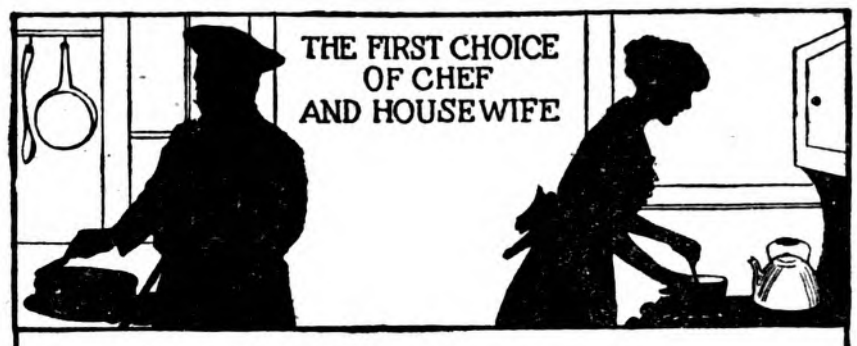
CRANBERRY JELLY.—Put three pints of cranberries through the food chopper, add three cups of granulated sugar, closely cover and cook ten minutes. Pour into a heated glass dish and set away to jelly.

MINCE-MEAT.—Two cups of fresh beef tongue or heart, measured after it is boiled and chopped, one and one-half cup of chopped beef suet, six cups of chopped apples that are tart and juicy, one and one-half cup of molasses, three and one-half cups of sugar, one cup of washed currants, one pound of seeded raisins, the grated rind and juice of one orange and two lemons, one-third cup of cider vinegar, one-half glass of currant or other rich jelly, one and one-half cup of sweet cider, one teaspoon of ground cloves, two teaspoons of nutmeg, three teaspoons of cinnamon, and the liquor added in which the meat was cooked after being boiled down to one cup. Stir and cook very slowly until the apple is done.

SPICED GRAPE JELLY.—Four quarts of stemmed grapes, one pint of vinegar, one rounded tablespoon of whole cloves and about four inches of stick cinnamon cooked until the grapes are soft. Strain through a jelly bag and boil hard twenty minutes. Add three pounds of sugar, boil five minutes and pour into hot glasses.

BAKED RICE AND GIBLETS.—Cook the giblets until well done and remove from liquor. Thicken the liquor with flour and butter rubbed together, and season with salt and pepper. Chop the giblets. Combine in the proportion of one cup of chopped giblets, two cups of cooked rice that has been seasoned, and two cups of gravy. Add finely-chopped celery, or green pepper if desired. Pour into a baking dish and cook in a hot oven twenty to thirty minutes.

BEET RELISH.—Chop one quart each of boiled beets and raw cabbage, add one cup of sugar, one-half cup of prepared horseradish, one-fourth teaspoon of cayenne pepper and cold vinegar to cover.



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Cubby Bear at a Mother-Goose Party

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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INVITATIONS had gone far and wide for a party at Mamma Bruin's house—a party which was to have been a big surprise! Even Blue Bittern from the distant swamp had been asked (though he sent regrets), Flicker Yellowhammer from the dead maple tree in the meadow, and Policeman Bob Catt and Mrs. Catt from the West Forest.

For two days no one had been allowed to enter Mamma Bruin's house. It was understood that a visitor was there, but no one knew whom. Cubby Bear was out after wild flowers the day before the party, but would only smile and say nothing when questioned by his friends.

Mr. Wise Owl was a little vexed at this, for he had thought Cubby would answer any question of his.

"It is not polite just to grin when you are asked a civil question, Cubby Bear," said Wise Owl. "I taught you better manners than that at my school."

"Excuse me," said Cubby, "I do not mean to be rude, but the party would be no surprise to you all if I told about it now."

Curious Billy Bluejay went to Mamma Bruin's house, and rapped at the door.

Mamma Bruin opened the door just enough to look out, but did not invite Billy in.

"If you please, I would like to see how your chimney is made inside," he said. "Mine does not draw well, and I know you always have a good fire when it is cold."

"After the party, I shall be glad to let you examine it," said Mamma Bruin—and closed the door!

"So I didn't get in, after all!" said Billy to his friends, who were waiting around the corner. "And they even have the blinds closed."

"Oh, well," Redtop Woodpecker told him, "we have only to wait until nine o'clock tomorrow morning. I am glad the party is not to be in the afternoon, and if they were to have it in the evening, I really could not wait!"

By half-past eight next morning, the guests began to gather in Mamma Bruin's dooryard, but no one rapped at the door until the sunshine reached the nine o'clock mark on the alder tree.

Then Mamma Bruin opened the door, and greeted them with a smiling face. She wore her best white apron and a scarlet bow in her hair, and in one hand she carried a beautiful white goose-feather fan.

"A gift from my visitor," she explained, when Minnie Mink spoke of the fan. "Now come in, all of you, and be introduced."

The shutters were open wide, the house shone with cleanliness, and the air was sweet with wild flowers.

On the kitchen window-sill was a wide, clean board, covered with delicious-looking tarts, which had been set there to cool.

"Um—ah!" murmured Billy Bluejay. "I'd like to take a peck at one of those tarts right now!"

Then Grandma Bear, Cubby and the visitor appeared, coming out of Grandma's little room.

Mamma Bruin gracefully managed the introductions.

"My friend, Madam Goose," she said, "better known to the world as *Mother* Goose, a poetess famed far and wide."

Madam Goose stood, stately and smiling, looking at the little woods people through a pair of immense glasses.

"I'm charmed, I'm sure, to meet you all!
I hope you'll have a pleasant call,"

she said.

"Everyone has come but Policeman and Mrs. Bob Catt," said Cubby.

After they were all seated, Grandma Bear said: "Madam Goose has been kind enough to promise us rhymes for our party—a real Mother Goose party it is to be. Now, whom shall the first rhyme be about?"

"Cubby Bear!" said little Chirpy Chipmunk.

"Keep quiet while she thinks about it," whispered Grandma.

Mother Goose pressed her yellow claw upon her white brow for a moment, then said:

"Skippity, flippity, Cubby Bear!
In his caperings who can share?
Here he goes prancing,
And there he goes dancing;
Skippity, flippity, floppity, flare!"

Much to his surprise, Cubby Bear found himself capering about the room, gracefully skipping, bowing and gliding.

Wild applause followed.

"Could I have the next one?" asked Billy Bluejay.

Mother Goose was ready for him on the instant, and turned her bright eyes upon him as she said:



MADAM GOOSE, STATELY AND SMILING, LOOKED AT THE LITTLE WOODS PEOPLE THROUGH A PAIR OF IMMENSE GLASSES.

"Billy Bluejay, saucy fellow,
Flew up to the moon so yellow.
'Let me dwell in the moonlight mellow,'

To the moon-man said the jay.
But the moon-man deftly took him
By the top-knot, gaily shook him,
Shaked him roughly, snick-snack-snook him,
And his answer was: 'Nay, nay'!"

They all laughed at Billy, who blushed under his feathers, and whispered to Cubby, as he straightened his black cap-strap: "I've wanted to fly up to the moon, but I sha'n't try to, now!"

"Oh, but you couldn't, anyway!" Cubby answered. "It is far, far away! Too far for even Edric Eagle to reach."

"I like these Bunny Babies, so sweet, and white, and clean!" said Mother Goose, and picking up the smallest one, she crooned:

"By-lo, by-lo, Baby Bunny,
Pinky, perky ears so funny,
Little nosie all a-wriggle,
And your happy little giggle!
Steer for pleasant sleepy land,
Moor your boat upon its strand.
By-lo, by-lo, Baby Bun,
May your dreams be full of fun."

"Why, see!" exclaimed Cubby Bear wonderingly. "The Baby Bunny *really* went to sleepy-land while she sang to him!"

"How beautiful!" said Bunny Rabbit. "I wish I could remember that to sing to them."

"I will teach it to you," promised Mother Goose kindly. "Who would like the next rhyme?"

"I!" said Mr. Wise Owl, and stood before the goose, solemnly bowing, one claw on his heart.

"Owlie, Owlie, fly by night,
For 'tis then your eyes are bright!
Sleepy, stupid through the day,
Little use have you for play.
Owlie, Owlie, fly by night,
Put the scampering mice to flight."

Mr. Wise Owl bowed again, but his "Thank you," was in rather a sulky tone.

"I am not used to being called stupid," he confided to Wollie Woodchuck. "It is well known that owls have more brains than geese!"

"Tut, tut!" said Mother Goose, whose ears seemed wonderfully sharp, and she tapped Wise Owl's shoulder playfully. "Be cheery, and all will be well. Ill-humor is out of place at a Mother Goose party."

"Miss Tillie Turtle, she sat on a stump.
Of nice maple sugar she had a big lump.
But Woodpecker Redtop came swooping around;
He snatched at her sugar—it fell to the ground."

"Oh, that is like Miss Muffett!" cried Chirpy Chipmunk. "There was one about Jack and Jill, too. Will you please say that for us, Madam Goose?"

The white feathers of the stately fowl rumpled uneasily.

"I never wrote that Jack and Jill thing," she said. "I don't know how it ever got mixed up with my jingles. I hope I'd know better than to rhyme 'water' with 'after.' Why, here's Wollie Woodchuck! I hadn't noticed him before!

"Hark, hark! the dog does bark,
For Wollie has gone to the farm.
He'd like a nice turnip, or carrot, or two,
But never would do any harm."

"That old dog—I don't like him!" said Wollie.

"Oh, have you *really* been to the farm?" asked Mother Goose brightly.

"Bettie Badger bought some berries,
Berries Bettie bought.
Now if Bettie Badger bought some berries,
Bought some apples, nuts or cherries,
Did she eat them? Did she sell them?
Did she peel, or husk, or shell them?
Prithee, Bettie, prithee tell us
What it was you bought?"

"Here is Slimy Snail," said Cubby. "Do you think you could make a rhyme about him, Madam Goose?"

"I can make rhymes about anything—anything at all," said Mother Goose cheerfully.

"As quick as a rabbit,
As slow as a snail,
As sweet as a lark,
Or as queer as a quail.

"Now for your friend here:

"There was a crooked, curly snail,
He crawled a crooked mile;
But to travel such a distance
Took a weary, weary while.
And when the mile was ended,
He didn't like the place,
So turned and traveled back again
At just the same, slow pace."

"Have you made a rhyme about Mamma Bruin yet?" asked Bettie Badger.

"No, I haven't," replied Madam Goose.

"Good Mamma Bruin made some tarts
All on a summer's day;
But Foxy Reynard took those tarts,
And with them ran away."

They all laughed at that, but not one in that happy company saw a sly face peering in at them through the kitchen window. Certainly no one knew the thought in Foxy's mind. It was this: "If she wants me to take them, and says I took them, why, I will!"

"There was a Robin in our town,
And he was wondrous wise.
He flew into a bramble-bush
And caught a lot of flies.
And when the bramble flies were gone,
With all his might and main
He flew into another bush
Aud caught some flies again."

"I thought I heard the rumble of wheels!" said Tillie Turtle. "Can anyone be taking your babies' cart away, Bunny Rabbit?"

Bunny hurried to the window.

"Come, come, all of you!" he shouted. "The tarts are in the cart, and Foxy is running away with them!"

Everybody rushed out-of-doors.

"Follow him!"

"Catch him!"

But Foxy had a good start, and led them a merry chase.

"Dear, dear!" He'll get away with them!" chattered Chirpy Chipmunk, "and they looked so good!"

"Oh, look, look!" cried Busy Beaver. "Way past Foxy Reynard, coming around the hill! Policeman Bob Catt, and Mrs. Catt, coming to the party."

"Policeman Bob Catt!" called Billy Bluejay shrilly. "Catch Foxy Reynard! He is running off with Mamma Bruin's tarts!"

With the crowd behind him, and the Bob Catts before, Foxy saw that his only way of escape was to leave what he had stolen. So he dropped the handle of the little cart, and disappeared in the bushes—a fast-flying yellow streak.

"Shall I follow him?" called Bob Catt.

"No, let him go," answered Cubby Bear. "We only want the cart and the tarts."

Mr. and Mrs. Catt returned with the others to the party.

The tarts were delicious, and had not been hurt at all by their ride.

Madam Goose made rhymes for everyone, and the party ended happily.

When the guests were ready to leave, Mother Goose stepped forward and said:

"We've had a merry party,
And we'll give a parting cheer
To Mamma Bruin, Grandma Bear,
And little Cubby, here."

The cheering was hearty and long.

Then old Grandma Bear rose from her chair, and said in a chanting, sing-song voice:

"A vote of thanks we all extend
To our distinguished guest and friend.
'Tis Mother Goose whose rhyme and jest
Have made our party a success."

A tiny pebble will change the course of a great stream, and there are little things in our youth that have profound effects upon our manhood.

The best fortifications are a passionate energy for freedom and a flaming hate of oppression. Without these other defences are of little avail.

Not so much by taking thought does mankind advance as by trusting to the guidance of Nature who knows better than any sage how to obtain her ends.

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"Holiday Confections" How to make delicious candies and other dainties so much in request for Christmas.

"Christmas Toasts" Appropriate sentiments prettily expressed to accompany a Christmas gift, or serve as happy greetings.

"The Christmas Key" A gripping story that contains a keen analysis of a pathetic failing of modern life.

"Cubby Bear as Santa Claus" Cubby Bear risks his life to save his friends and they parade him through the forests as Santa Claus.

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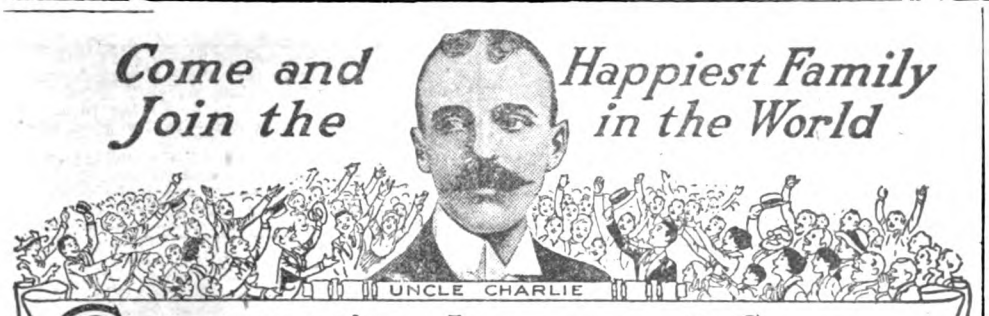
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CONDUCTED BY UNCLE LISHA

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HOP up onto my lap and we'll talk a while before I turn to the letters that Billy had allowed to slip through his teeth this month and the others that I have managed to hide from the searching glance of his be-spectacled eyes. It has been easier to fool Billy on the letter question during the last few weeks, for he has lately taken up the study of the Einstein theory. He has been reading heavily at this and has kept his library card filled with strangely-titled books dealing with such subjects as "The Consubstantiality of Spatiality" and "Three Periods of Psychogenetic Development." His conversation has become difficult and peculiar as a result of his researches in "relativity," and from among his bran muffins at breakfast arise strange phrases about "hyperspace" and the "illusions of phenomena."

"Uncle Lisha," he said enthusiastically this morning, "science is wonderful. It is opening up new worlds for us daily." And Bill gesticulated broadly with his left foreleg, so that he almost hurled his cup of hot cocoa across the room.

"Billy," I answered, "the first thing you know your brain will crack with your effort to grasp this theory of Professor Einstein, and all you will have accomplished will be to prove how purely relative is the space beneath your domelike brow. You know very well that I have not this deep admiration for science which you have lately developed and with which you flavor our breakfast hour. Granted that science aids our material achievements in many ways, yet underlying this aspect of its work is the fact that we live in a world where human relationships, feelings and emotions are all of primary importance in man's continual pursuit of happiness. It is just these things that science always leaves untouched, unless to harm, and cannot change in any helpful way—and yet they mean much more to us than any theories of "extra spatiality." I flung in this last word just so that Billy might see I could handle his scientific jargon a bit myself if it became necessary. He was plainly irritated and in his haste to reply gulped down half a muffin so hurriedly that he almost choked.

"It is ridiculous, Uncle," he said, in muffin-muffled tones, "for you to assume this attitude of failing to regard the triumphs of science as the loftiest achievements of the human mind. Applied science has made our world clean and healthful and given us countless conveniences and benefits."

"Well, Billy," I said soothingly, "I'll be kind and not draw too strikingly to your attention the fact that science was of great aid in the "countless conveniences and benefits" of the great war's destruction from which we are now struggling to recover. But my main quarrel with your science is this: In man's pursuit of happiness, joy and peace are, despite their intangibility, of greater value than bridges, tunnels, skyscrapers, aircraft, submarines and poison gas. The things we need most, the triumphs most to be sought, can only be products of the Kingdom of God within us and can never arise from an Empire of Science painfully built up in our too-complex and unstable civilization. For whatever may be the discoveries, the material "conveniences and benefits" which science may bring, these things must always rest in man's hands to be turned by him to such uses and ends as his standard of human relationship permits. His happiness can never rise higher than his heart. If the gifts of science which he uses be bombs and poison gas, why your "clean and healthful" world, Billy, once constructed by the aid of science, must only fall again at the hands of its very builders. The thing to do, then, is to turn our time and effort toward the study of that which may at last form man's happiness into some more enduring fabric than the history of the world tells us we have yet been able to weave. In the end it all comes back to the teaching that 'a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things which he possesseth.' Science gives us things, many of them; but the essential life of man, his relationship to God and his fellows, is left untouched and unaided. Yet all material possessions, all pride of life, are useless save only as they serve the glory of the greater possession and joy of human friendship and love."

"But, Uncle Lisha," said Bily, who had already assumed his unconvinced expression, which is chiefly indicated by his left eyebrow being raised so that it tickles the inside of his ear, "I don't believe the world's level of happiness has ever been higher than at present, and it is certain that science has done much toward bringing us to this level by aiding the comfort and convenience of our daily life." Here Billy stretched himself luxuriously in his uptilted chair and caressed his lame leg argumentatively.

"Very well, Billy," I replied, "if you think the world has been such a happy and comfortable place for the past five or six years, you can go right ahead thinking so; but your opinion will not be confirmed, I fear, from the other side of the big pond. Certainly our daily papers give strange pictures in their headlines concerning the level of happiness—or even the stability—of the present civilization in Europe. As for our own country, I am willing and glad to admit that, even with our industrial problems and unemployment difficulties, we shall have much to be truly thankful for as we gather about for our annual day of Thanksgiving. But *we* owe our country's level of happiness and success to natural causes and not to scientific achievement. Certainly Europe has proven unequal to the accomplishing of tasks brought upon her by the death-struggle which had its rise in a science-founded, material-minded civilization. Her tasks and fearful problems are yet far-off from our own lucky land; we need contemplate them only to add to our sympathy and help, thought for avoidance of any like cataclysms in the future, either here or across the Atlantic. And we must turn from a study of science to a study of humanity. Why, Billy, how is your theory of a 'hyperspace' going to be of use to a starving Russian peasant who is only able to fill his stomach space with bread made from roots and soup from grass? Winter is coming upon twenty million starving people.

"Billy, the world's history of the past seven years leaves horrors such as these upon our hands and hearts. These are problems of life, and not of space and non-Euclidian mathematics. Don't you think it well that your scientific mind give some thought to these things before you sit comfortably down, a few weeks from now, to the big turkey you had me order yesterday from Tom McFadden's farmer cousin out on Long Island? What we need in the world today, Billy, is less science and more good-will; fewer professors and more brothers."

Billy only grunted and raised his eyebrow the higher as I got up from the table. But I believe it's safe to guess that from now on there will not be so many books about the house dealing with the "Problem of the Fourth Dimension" and "Properties of Analytic Space." Billy's heart is really in the right place, but he gets strange enthusiasms.

And now for the letters:

NEWTON, TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

I have been promising to write to you ever since you became my uncle. I am a small man, just six months old. I am sending you one of my pictures. My Daddy made a pen for me like the one that was described in COMFORT. I can stand up and walk all around the edge if I hold to the top rail. My name is one that I am going to be proud of when I grow up: it is Charles Noel Douglas Perego. I am not afraid of Billy for I know he would only smother me with kisses and choke me with a big piece of candy. My Daddy's name is Ben Perego and his League number is 946. My Mamma and Daddy were married on the first day of February, 1920. Mamma can speak the Spanish language as well as English. Her brother was killed in France. My Daddy doesn't know any language but English and don't know this very well. He is trying to help me write this letter, so if there are mistakes, pass them by and don't blame anybody. I hope my picture will be good enough to print in COMFORT so all the cousins can see "Little Uncle Charlie"—which is what Daddy calls me sometimes. Who is going to write me a letter? I will close with a pen full of love for Uncle Lisha, Billy and all the cousins.

Your small nephew,
CHARLES NOEL DOUGLAS PEREGO.

I wish your picture might have been clearer, for reproduction in COMFORT, "Little Uncle Charlie," but I am having it printed here, imperfect though it is, so that the Family may all have a peek at our Founder's first baby namesake. I have given your photograph a whole page in Billy's album, and there your eyes can look out at me as bright and dark as those of my old friend. Billy pasted your picture in place



COUSIN CHARLES NOEL DOUGLAS PEREGO.

most proudly and carefully. "This kid's father has shown some real sense," he said, "and the lucky boy will be glad some day when he finds out just what his first three handles stand for. Why, think of it, Uncle; Mrs. Webster was telling me yesterday of a couple on the next street who have named their baby 'Charles Fairbanks Pickford Smith'! I'll say that Baby Perego has got this movie kid beaten right from the start, Uncle." And you may be sure I agreed with Billy. You must thank your dad, Little Charlie, for sending me your picture and for helping you to write such a good letter. I'm sure no other six-months'-old cousin could be such a penman at so early an age. You are going to carry a pledge through the coming years, my little lad, to be as wise and kind as the man whose name you bear, and I can wish for you no better future than a life that will bring to you the wealth of love and friends which were Uncle Charlie's.

CHAPEL HILL, R. R. 3, NORTH CAROLINA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

I am just wondering if Billy the Goat is going to let my letter be printed or not? I live on a farm and, as everybody knows who has ever lived there, one can always find something to do if one wants to do it. We raise tobacco and it certainly calls for a lot of work, but I don't mind working in it the least bit. I have been the only girl here in the family for about eight years—since the time when my sister married. I have had a chance to do everything in the house there is to be done, and lots of things in the field which I am proud of. The girl I pity is the one that marries and doesn't know how to cook bread even, much less the other duties of housekeeping. I think that all parents should see that their girls learn how to do all sorts of domestic jobs while they are growing up, even though they may never have these things to perform after they are settled down. Of course there are lots of girls who think they will never have any sewing, cooking, washing or ironing to do, but sometimes they get fooled. I have studied home economics in school for two years, and have certainly got much help from the course. I think if it were possible every girl ought to take up the study of domestic science, but all that many girls think about is dressing up and going with boys and in the end they do not have as much real happiness as a girl who has to work hard for a living. I think that there is a time for work and a time for play and we should teach ourselves to enjoy both. I find that I get far more pleasure from labor many times, than I do from playing.

I liked Ruth's letter and I also agree with Augustus Trick in all that he said in his last letter. I was not able to see his first letter as I was away in school at the time. But if there was ever any person who got a good "bawling out" I think he is that one from what I have read in some of the other letters. But, as the old saying is, "the truth is what hurts." But I am glad to say some girls are not like others in going to extremes, and again some boys are just about as bad as girls. I think that if God had wanted us to be beautiful he would have made us that way, and not caused us to want to buy expensive toilet articles.

I certainly do enjoy reading COMFORT and I enjoy best of all reading the cousins' letters. I am fond of reading good books and read all that I can get.

It is time for school to start again and I don't mind, for I enjoy going. If I didn't want to go real bad, I certainly wouldn't go, for my father is dead and I don't have anyone to make me go. I have been attending a good high school in town for three years and I tell you it is very different from a one-room school. I shall be in the tenth grade this year and certainly hope it will be so that I can go on until I finish and maybe go to college.

I shall leave my age for you all to guess and if you are as good guessers as the people who see me, you will guess me four or six years younger than I really am. I should enjoy getting mail from any of the cousins who think they would like to write to me. With best wishes to all,

Sincerely your niece, LUCY JEANETTE WHITFIELD.

Gosh, Lucy, you certainly know all about farming when you say "one can always find something to do." When I used to farm it, the only way I could avoid finding too many things that wanted doing was to go around all day with a black patch over one eye. I figured that by doing this I cut my work just in half. I used to tell the neighbors I had run against a door in the dark—keeping dark the fact that I didn't want to run against too many farm jobs! If you are raising tobacco on your farm, Lucy Jeanette, I wonder if you are raising any of the kind which the advertisements on the billboards nowadays blazon as tasting "like a juicy apple." Now I like apples and I don't like tobacco, so I'm interested in finding out what sort of a combination they have made of the two, and just how the thing is done. Maybe they have succeeded in crossing a Virginia stogie with an Albermarle pippin. We already have tobacco which is said to be "toasted," and so perhaps if we toasted some of these apple-flavored smoke-leaves we could get a baked tobacco apple to go with our tobacco toast at breakfast time. But unless I hear more from you about this apple tobacco, I am going to stick to my Northern Spies and leave these advertised tobacco-foods on the billboards.

Lucy, I believe there are many girls who, just as you say, are fooled by failing to learn how to cook, sew, wash and iron. But the one who at last is worse fooled is poor hubby. He generally ends up by having to live on dyspepsia pills and perhaps some of this tobacco toast. When a girl heads a home she should know how to run it and care for it properly. The high schools are doing a lot of good with their courses in domestic science, but a mighty good kindergarten course in housekeeping can be given right in a kitchen classroom long before high school days. And it will count just as well even if the mother who is teacher has no certificate to entitle her to preside over home lessons. A girl who can bake good bread is a rare animal today. Our big factory bakeries flourish and their advertisements implore that less and less baking be done in the home. When Billy and I were vacationing this summer, the little mountain town where we rested had a well-known brand of bread brought by express to the village stores in hundreds of loaves each day. This bread came a distance of a hundred and fifty miles and the demand exceeded the supply. One enterprising woman in the town had built up a good business in selling her home-made bread and rolls to her non-baking and unskilled neighbors. I think this situation is typical and that a "baking day" now fails to exist in many homes. And so I'm glad to know that you are a real homemaking cousin, Lucy, and Billy is with me in this. He says that his motto is: A bun in the oven is worth two on the ears.

ROTAN, TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Here I am at last! A girl of fifteen who does not care to become either a movie actress or a detective. Neither does my ambition soar as high as that of a telephone girl, although I will admit it must be interesting to listen to all the news. But I have one failing—a failing that so many girls of my age have—and that is I believe in boys. Isn't that awful? But really I just believe in them three months of the year. As I cannot let such things interfere with my education, I just begin believing in them the first of June and lose faith in them about the first of September. They surely are handy sometimes.

I live on a six hundred and forty acre farm south

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 37.)



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Thrill-Infusers

By Grace Downey Tinkham

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PART II.

PRESENTLY the dim outline of a house loomed in front of us; a strong odor of pine needles met my nostrils; near-by the gurgling of a stream. Still everything remained strange. The man back of us gave a low whistle, and suddenly the house became illuminated, sharply silhouetted against a background of pine. It was a large square house with porch extending clear across the front and one side. Vines clung thickly to the pillars and railing. A small Japanese woman met us at the door and ushered us into a comfortable living-room, careful the while to keep one hand on the revolver swinging at her belt.

"Some nifty kidnappers' retreat, eh, Swithins?" said Garry in an undertone to me as we stared about the room at the general appearance of summer-home hospitality pervading the place.

The little Jap woman left us and disappeared kitchen-ward, reappearing, presently, with hot chicken sandwiches and coffee. I never knew anything to taste so good. Mrs. Harcourt declared quite boldly that she was half starved; and it certainly did my old heart good to see Garry put away that food! For the time I forgot everything else.

When we had finished, the husky showed us up the stairs to rooms. Mrs. Harcourt would occupy the bedchamber at the front on the east. Garry and I one at the back and clear across the width of the house on the south corner. Garry looked fierce at that, but tried to keep cool and persuade the fellow to let us have a sleeping place somewhere on the east side. This he refused and a half hour they spent wrangling back and forth. At last our kidnapper flew to pieces, as I feared he would, grabbed me by the back of the collar, stuck his gun in Garry's side, and pushed us toward our rooms, kicked open the door, gave us a shove, banged it shut and turned the key on the outside! Garry went white with rage! He strode around the room like a crazy man!

"This is a hell of a mess!" he panted. "Swithins, we'll not stand for this! That girl could scream her lungs out and we would never hear her!"

"I don't believe anything like that will happen," I said, trying to quiet him. "That fellow is after a wage increase for the Prindle Factory workmen."

"He'd do anything—that bird!" Garry threw at me savagely. He stood for a second thinking, then he went to the window, raised the sash and leaned out.

"Her room faces the front," said he. "We can climb along the roof of the porch to her window."

"There is no roof, Garry," I whispered, looking out. "Just rough beams, and a good two foot or more apart."

"We can make it, anyway," he answered. "We'll take the mattress from the bed and a couple of blankets and get somewhere near her window."

We pulled the mattress and blankets from the bed, shoved them out carefully on the beams, and noiselessly slipped out ourselves. Our progress was slow and painful. I wondered about Garry's leg, dragging it over the sharp edges of the beams; but when I asked him he shut me off impatiently with: "Never mind about me, Swithins. Just attend to getting this darned mattress where we want it." It was no easy matter to drag that bungly thing between us and keep it and ourselves from slipping through to the cement floor of the porch below.

At last we made it, and Garry tapped lightly on the window. No reply. He called softly, then raised the sash an inch or so and called again. Still no response. Garry shot up the window and leaped into the room. The girl was not there. I saw the boy's face whiten. He limped to the door, opened it cautiously, and peered out into the hall. Presently there came the sound of steps on the stairs, then the girl appeared—the man close behind her. Garry closed the door without a sound, stepped back against the wall, pulling me with him. I could hear them talking, but was unable to make out anything. She opened the door and stepped in. Whether the man intended to follow or not there was no time to find out, for suddenly Garry sprang and landed on him. The fellow staggered back against the banister. Garry grabbed him by the shirt-front and jerked him into the room. Then, like a piston-rod the boy's fists shot out in hideous regularity and precision. The fellow recovered, somewhat, and lunged in. "You're a hell of a sick guy!" he roared. His heavy arms churned about, landing occasionally, but seemed to me to work more on the defensive than otherwise. I put the fellow down for a coward. Then they gripped. He got Garry down. I knew the boy's strength would be no match for his, I realized that the effectiveness of Garry's blows had been only the science back of them. Over and over on the floor they struggled, a pummeling mass of arms and legs. Above the curses and groans I heard Mrs. Harcourt cry: "They will kill each other, Swithins! Pull Garry off!"

I saw her grab the big fellow by the hair, and I tugged at Garry's shoulders.

"Get him by the hair!" she shouted at me. Into the boy's thick hair I sunk my hands and pulled. They relaxed, let go, and staggered to their feet. The kidnapper's mask was gone, his right eye swollen shut, and blood streamed from his nose. For just an instant I got a flash of his face before he covered it with the towel the girl handed him, as he stumbled from the room.

"You damn fool!" Garry was yelling at me. "Why didn't you let me alone, I'd have finished him in about a minute." Then he went deathly white and swayed.

"He's going to faint!" cried Mrs. Harcourt. Garry gritted his teeth to fight it off as I steadied him to the bed. He dropped down heavily, unconscious. The girl rushed cold water and towels from the bath, and I bathed his face and hands.

"Swithins, are you sure he is all right? Are you sure?" she kept asking, her naturally rosy face as white as the boy's. "Oh, I'm sorry," she went on, "I never dreamed anything like this would happen." Then again, anxiously: "Is he never coming out of it, Swithins?"

"He will be all right, ma'am," I assured her. "He will come out presently. The boy has been pretty sick, and the strain of all this——"

"Yes, Swithins, I know," she interrupted. "Poor Garry."

She asked to bathe his face while I bandaged with strips of towel his right hand which was badly bruised and skinned.

After a while he opened his eyes and sat up startled.

"Joyce!" he called.

"I'm all right, Garry," she assured him, slipping her strong young arms about his shoulders. His brown head rested against her cheek for an instant, and his eyes closed. "Garry, don't—for pity sake, don't faint again!" she cried fearfully. But this was not what the boy was thinking of. He got to his feet unsteadily.

"What time is it?" he asked.

I looked at my watch. "Two o'clock," I told him.

"You must get some sleep," he said, turning to the girl, "but not meeting her eyes. Then he seemed to pull himself together. In a cheerful voice he went on:

"Swithins and I chose the sleeping-porch for ours. We will be right outside here where we can hear you if you need us."

She followed us to the window and looked out.

"Garry, you're not going to try to sleep here!" she exclaimed.

"We certainly are," he replied, climbing through "Blankets and mattress—everything deluxe!" he grinned.

We stretched out and I drew the blankets over us. The night air was cold and sharp. Almost at once Garry fell asleep. Somewhere in the house I thought I heard a voice telephoning, and sometime later the swishing of tires on the cement drive wakened me.

The sun had climbed high in the heavens before either of us awoke. I roused Garry, and he called to Mrs. Harcourt. As soon as she answered, we let ourselves down by aid of the blankets to the porch below, and entered the house by way of the kitchen. There was no sign of breakfast or the little Jap woman. Evidently the husky individual intended being indisposed for the day. We walked through the rooms, tramping heavily, but without bringing our captors to protest. No evidence of them below, so we climbed the stairs. Room after room we entered, banging noisily about, and calling. Again we searched the first floor, then the basment and grounds—no sign of them! Even to their clothing had disappeared, it was as though the whole affair had been a dream, and they had never been there.

"Well, Swithins, our birds have flown," said Garry at last. "Surely hard to believe, isn't it?"

"That punishment last night cured him, sonny," I chuckled. Garry laughed and started up the stairs to tell Mrs. Harcourt the good news. From near the top he called to me:

"Get Dr. Patterson on the line, Swithins. Tell him we are all right, and give him a location as near as you can—the time it took to come from town, the speed we made, the 'phone number prefix—perhaps he can figure it out. Have him send for us, and say, Swithins, tell him to jazz it up a little, that wild man may be back here any minute with reinforcements."

I got the Doctor on the line almost at once. He thought he knew about where we were, and would start Mack out for us right away. Apparently he had been greatly worried, he and Mack had been scouring the city for us, he said.

Soon after that I placed breakfast on the table, and seated Mrs. Harcourt and the boy.

"I'm mighty glad for your sake that we can get away now," I heard him say. "Your husband——"

"My husband!" she exclaimed.

"Yes. Of course I know you are—you are m—married," Garry stammered.

"I am not married!" she declared evenly.

I heard the boy's chair scrape back from the table as he got to his feet. Astounded myself, I moved opposite the dining-room door. Garry stood swaying a little.

"Why—why didn't you tell me?" he asked.

"Those first few days at the park," she began, "you didn't seem curious to know who I was."

"I never thought of your name," he broke in, "I just thought of you!"

"And the night we were kidnapped," she continued, "you and Swithins seemed to think my name was Harcourt. At first I was puzzled, then it occurred to me that you were taking me for my sister, only had gotten the names slightly changed—Harcourt and Marcourt do sound alike. Also it came to me that if this adventure of ours should get into print, an unknown Mrs. Harcourt would look better there than Miss Joyce Allison. So I decided to let the mistake go until we were free and tell you then."

She stopped, and I moved back. I hadn't been so happy and grateful in years! I could hear the boy take a step or two nearer.

"Then you're not married! You're sure you have no husband?" Garry said chokingly. "Won't you please let me——"

"Let you find one for me?" she interrupted gently. "Garry, will you?"

* * * * * * *

One afternoon, a week later, Dr. Patterson and Miss Joyce dropped in. The doctor was on his way down the street to see a patient, and Miss Joyce had come this far with him. Jerry Prindle had carried Garry off to town earlier in the day, but I expected him back any minute. I made tea and the two sat in the living-room chatting over their cups and laughing a great deal.

"Under different conditions," the voice of Miss Joyce reached me gaily. "I should love to visit that summer home of yours again, Doctor—some time when armed people are not so much in evidence."

"You and Garry may honeymoon there," the Doctor said with a chuckle.

Miss Joyce went on:

"Doctor, you missed your calling. You should have been theatrical, instead of medical."

"A successful physician has to be a little of both," replied he. "At times a small dose of illusionment will do more for a patient than any amount of drugs or reasoning."

"Well, everything worked wonderfully," said the young lady, "from the moment Mack called up and said he was about to start out with Garry, and coached me where to be when he turned into DeWitt Ave.—Bobs and his friend were there when I arrived, and we had some fun planning the kidnapping—until the fight! That I didn't count on—and neither did poor Bobs!"

The Doctor threw back his grey head and roared.

"He certainly came back to me with one peach of an eye," said he. "Thought sure he would quit his job!"

"That Prindle story?" asked Miss Joyce, laughing.

"Bobs' idea," answered the Doctor. "Said he when he picked you up in front of their residence the whole thing came to him."

"Even Mrs. Patterson's little Jap maid looked and acted the real desperado," said she. "But tell me something, Doctor," she suddenly asked, "Swithins knew that Garry thought I was married, why didn't he tell you?"

"I'd like to ask Swithins that myself," said he.

Hearing him call, I stepped into the room.

"I'll tell you, sir," I began in explanation. "I, too, believed the young lady married. It never occurred to me that there could have been a mistake made. In such a case I thought you would not approve of Garry's interest in her, or the encouragement of it. So, in telling you of the young lady I feigned ignorance of the name. Honor had gone from me, sir, I would have done anything for the boy—she meant life to him!"

As I turned to leave the room I heard Miss Joyce ask: "Swithins was not in on the kidnapping plan, then?"

"No," replied the Doctor, "I decided not to tell him. There were cooks enough then to spoil the broth; and the old fellow had looked so sick at heart for weeks that I made up my mind to do some thrill-infusing upon him, too. However, he did get wise the night of the fight when Bobs' mask was torn off. Garry had never seen Bobs, but Swithins had and he recognized him. Bobs surmised it and decided to fade while the fading was good."

The young lady's clear, happy laugh resounded through the room. Just then I heard Jerry's machine stop, and drive away. Then Garry's step in the hall.

"And remember, my dear," the Doctor was saying with a chuckle, "take this tip from a wise old bird—'No secrets from husbands.'"

Garry stepped into the room.

"What is this I hear about 'No secrets from husbands?'" he asked, taking Miss Joyce' hands in his and drawing her to him.

"Oh, just a simple motto for the guidance and protection of prospective wives," laughed the Doctor. "I'm giving it to Joyce for future use. 'No secrets from husbands'—pretty good advice, eh, Garry?"

"Great!" agreed Garry with a twinkle in his eye. "But just as a tip to the medical profession, and for their future guidance and—protection, how would 'No flim-flam for patients,' be?"

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What Hast Thou in Thine House

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

This is her only explanation of a success that was less than two years in the making.

* * * * * * *

And Elisha said unto her, What shall I do for thee? tell me, what hast thou in the house? And she said, Thy handmaid hath not anything in the house, save a pot of oil.

Then he said, Go, borrow the vessels abroad of all thy neighbors, even empty vessels; borrow not a few. And thou shalt go in and shut the door upon thee and upon thy sons, and pour out into all these vessels; and thou shalt set aside that which is full.

* * * * * * *

She obeyed the prophet; she sold the oil; she paid the debt.

Do you borrow vessels when your hour comes? Or do you borrow trouble?

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF COMFORT, PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT AUGUSTA, MAINE, FOR OCTOBER 1, 1921.

State of Maine, ... } ss.
County of Kennebec, ... }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared William H. Gannett, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the COMFORT and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, W. H. Gannett, Publisher (inc.), Post-office address, 20 Willow St., Augusta, Maine.

Editor, A. M. Goddard, Post-office address, Augusta, Maine.

Managing Editor, William H. Gannett, Post-office address, Augusta, Maine.

Business Managers, W. H. Gannett, Bus. Mgr., Guy P. Gannett, Assist. Bus. Mgr., Post-office address, Augusta, Maine.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) Owner: W. H. Gannett Publisher (incorporated), 20 Willow St., Augusta, Maine.—Stockholders:—W. H. Gannett, Augusta, Maine; Guy P. Gannett, Augusta, Maine.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) No outstanding bonds, mortgages or other securities.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona-fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

WILLIAM H. GANNETT,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1921.

(NOTARIAL SEAL) HOWARD E. WEBBER,
Notary Public

(My commission expires July 17, 1925.)

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

A Fig for Your Complexion!

NOW comes the season of the year when there are few fresh vegetables, when one is apt to be cautious about opening the windows, when outdoor exercise is more limited than in summer, and as a result the body is lazy about throwing off its impurities.

With all this to consider, we need to take prompt measures to see that measures are substituted that will keep the blood pure and the circulation active, so that we may not confront in our mirrors a crop of budding pimples, disfiguring blackheads sprinkling our noses, and cold sores blossoming forth at the slightest encouragement.

To begin with, avoid a too concentrated diet in winter—which means don't eat salt meats, heavy vegetables like turnip and cabbage, and many griddlecakes, hot biscuits, etc. That sounds as if I meant you never to eat salt meat, which is an exaggeration; I merely do not want you to eat the offending foods above too often, in too great quantities, or to the exclusion of other foods. Your stomach needs stimulating, and kind treatment; and that means that you should give it food which will provide the necessary body-building elements without over-work on its part.

You must have fruit, winter or summer; and



TREATING A COLD SORE.

there are oranges, grapefruit, apples, prunes, which can be had, and all of which will help to keep your blood pure, and stimulate elimination. Begin the day with a couple of glasses of water, not at breakfast but half an hour before breakfast. Then at the morning meal eat some fruit first of all—an orange, a grapefruit or half a one, or a dish of prunes soaked over night, then stewed slowly until swollen and very soft. They should be cooked without sugar as they are sweetened enough. An apple can take the place of the mentioned fruits, either raw or baked; but if you can have some other fruit for breakfast I should prefer that you save the baked apple for lunch or the raw apple for bedtime. In fact, you may eat as many apples as you like during the day, for they are excellent blood purifiers.

If elimination is sluggish, do not resort to cathartics except in emergencies, but substitute food remedies. Eat a fig or two at night, after lunch, after dinner. Have bran muffins or bran bread, instead of white bread; or sprinkle bran in your morning cereal—about half and half—and eat with cream and sugar. Pineapple is an excellent fruit, if it is obtainable where you live, for its juice is almost a duplicate of the gastric juice in the stomach, and it will digest food placed with it in a jar, so you can see what a desirable aid it is to a sluggish digestion. Of course, fresh pineapple is better than the canned, as is true of all other fruits.

If cold sores appear, touch them with a bit of cotton wrapped around an orange-wood stick and dipped in alcohol or camphor. If very puffy, they can be opened with a fine needle (first dipped in boiling water to sterilize it) and patted with a bit of cotton. If, however, any of the fluid from the blister touches the other skin you will shortly have another cold sore, so be careful!

Practice an abdominal exercise night and morning for five or ten minutes in bed. Lying flat on the back, arms at side, raise right leg at right angle with the body without bending the knee, then lower very, very slowly, again without bending the knee, until it is flat on the bed. This strains the abdominal muscles and induces what is called peristaltic action—action of the bowels. Practice with the left leg, then with both together. You may not be able to raise the leg more than half or three-quarters of the way to the right-angle position, but keep on striving, and in time your hip joints and leg muscles will limber up. The more effort about this exercise, the better for the eliminative effect; so be careful not to let the leg drop quickly to a flat position; lower it as slowly as you possibly can.

And don't forget that you must have fresh air in winter as well as in summer; have your windows open at night; you can jump up and close them when you wake in the morning, crawling back between the covers till the room warms up a little; and see that the other rooms get a good airing out for a few minutes each day, so that the air is completely changed. And, of course, get outdoors! You can always take a brisk walk, all bundled up, to speed your circulation, and give your lungs good fresh air to breathe.

This is good advice in advance, for a word in time is worth nineteen hundred after one has started on the wrong road.

Answers to Questions

E. M.—Perhaps you use too strong a soap on your hair. I suggest that, in order to get rid of the dandruff you oil your scalp before your next shampoo. At night, use a medicine dropper, and filling it with olive oil run it along the part of the hair. You should part the hair, first, from nape of neck to forehead. After running the dropper along one part, part again about an inch away, still from nape to forehead, and oil in the same way, continuing until the entire scalp has been gone over. Do the head up in a towel or rubber bathing cap, before going to bed. In the morning shampoo with a shampoo liquid made by shaving half a cake of white soap into a quart of hot water and boiling until soap is all dissolved. Wet hair and scalp by dipping into warm water, then pour the shampoo liquid—a small portion of it—on the scalp and massage thoroughly with the flat of the fingers, rubbing the scalp. Pour on a little more, and rub, then rinse either with bath spray or by pouring on water from a pitcher—the water should be very warm. Pour on more shampoo liquid, and this time rub and massage every inch of the scalp; the liquid should produce a very heavy lather. After a good shampooing in this way, rinse off the lather, and apply one more installment of the shampoo liquid, going over entire scalp again. For a final rinse, use very warm or hot water and rinse over and over and over, until there is not a particle of soap left in the hair. If you have a bathtub, fill it and dip the head in sideways, floating the hair; then dip the other side of the head, then the top, then the back; do this thoroughly and you will find the hair well rinsed. After the shampooing, dry the hair in the sun if possible. Be very careful never to put the hair up until it is "bone dry" and warm to the touch. In winter you may have to do the first drying near a stove or radiator; but when it is thoroughly dry, then sun it a little by the window, shaking and airing. Do not use a sharp comb nor a stiff brush on your hair—as either will scratch the scalp and cause dandruff; and of course never use a fine-tooth comb. You should, however, brush the hair nightly, gently but firmly for many strokes—say, fifty at the least. And do not go to bed with the hair done up—this, too, will cause dandruff. Let it down, brush it after shaking and airing, then go to bed with it braided loosely but not tied, or hanging altogether free. You must keep the scalp well aired if you are to overcome dandruff. Your brushes must be kept scrupulously clean, as it does no good to get rid of dandruff, then use a brush which has been utilized to brush a dandruffy scalp. Clean your brushes thoroughly before you take your shampoo; then dip them daily in hot water to which ammonia has been added; dry standing on their side on the window sill in the sun. Never use a damp brush. Your comb should be cleaned by braiding fine string, many strands, at one end, then letting the strings hang free for seven or eight inches, and braiding the other ends. Leave a loop of string on one end of this strip, and hang on a doorknob; hold the other end in your hand and pass the comb back and forth along the loose strings; this will clean your comb. There is a comb cleaner of this type on the market which you can buy. A shampoo which is often recommended for oily dandruffy scalp is as follows:

Shampoo for Oily Scalp

Green soap (ask your druggist for this), two ounces; Eau de Cologne, two ounces.

"Green soap" is really not green but a sort of dirty yellow. You should mix and shake the two ingredients until thoroughly mingled; then let them stand for 24 hours, shaking occasionally. Finally strain. To use for a shampoo, first wet the head as before directed, then pour on a little of the mixture and rub. It is always best to rinse the head well after a first rubbing and massaging with the shampoo mixture, that the worst soil may come away. Then resume the shampooing, pouring on a further supply of the shampoo mixture. After the hair has been thoroughly shampooed and rinsed in many warm waters, so that you are sure it is perfectly free from soap, then vigorously dash on cold water at the last to close the oil glands. Have it as cold as you can stand it, starting first with cool water then gradually making it colder. This is quite a strong shampoo and is only for scalps afflicted with heavy dandruff which does not yield to ordinary measures, and which are too oily, as well.

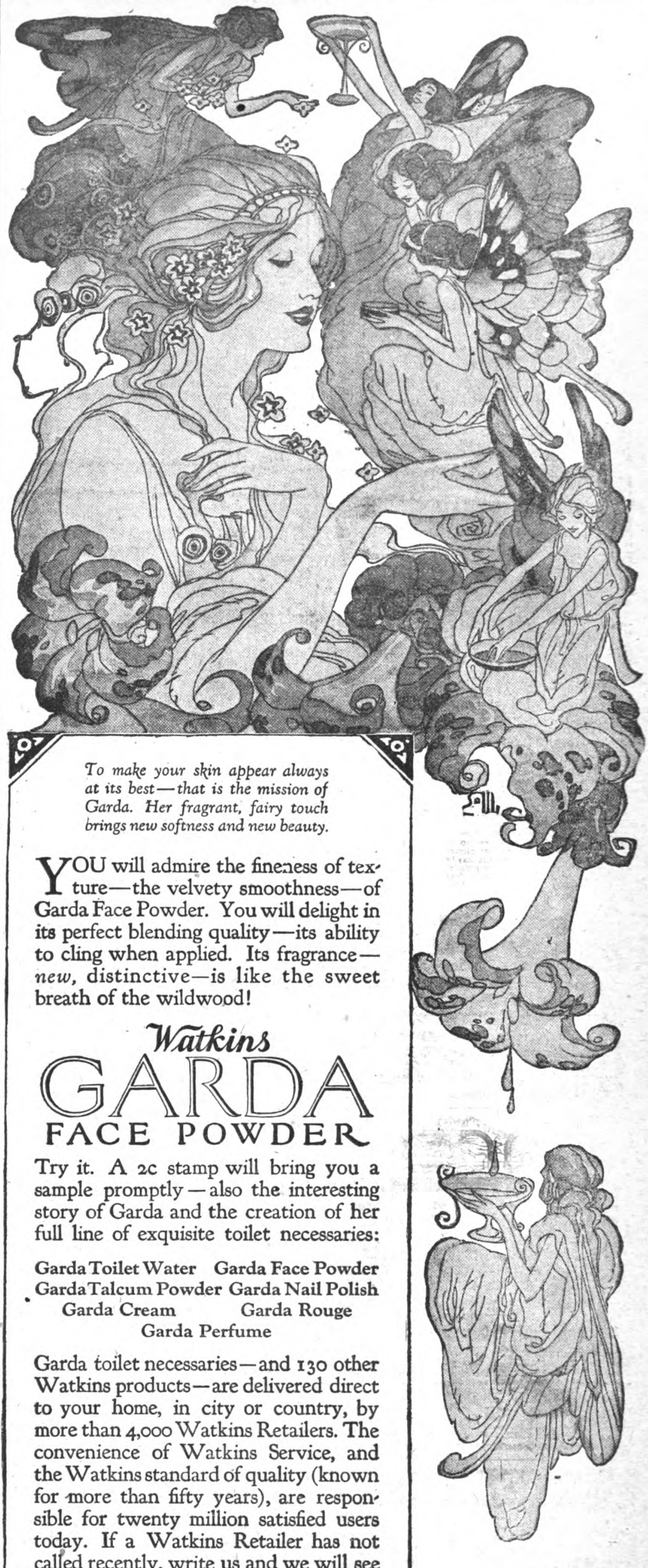
EDNA.—Your circulation is sluggish and that is the cause of the red hands, or the blue hands in winter. You are below weight and have an insufficient supply of blood, so probably it does not circulate very freely and you are easily chilled. The first thing you should do is to build up your body; eat good sensible foods and plenty of them, especially fat-building foods. For breakfast, a large bowl of cereal with cream and sugar—as much as you can eat—some buttered toast, some fruit—an orange, half a grapefruit, a dish of stewed prunes, etc., but not bananas—and a soft-boiled egg. This is a good breakfast for every day in the year; you can vary the cereal and the fruit. It would be better for you to have a glass of milk for breakfast than a cup of coffee; I should cut out coffee and tea if I were you and really wanted to get over this condition of poor circulation. Drink lots of water, two glasses when you get up, a little at a time, and at intervals during the day so that you have eight to ten glasses in the twenty-four hours. If you work, perhaps you have to eat a cold lunch; if so, although this isn't very good for a stomach which is not manufacturing enough good red blood, make the best of it. But always have some juicy fruit to eat with it, and always drink water half an hour beforehand. If you need something hot to drink at any meal, let it be hot water, but do not drink while you have food in your mouth; in fact, drink as little as possible at meals, but make up between meals. Chew your food until it is liquid before swallowing; this makes blood. For your night meal, be careful again of your food; don't eat fried food, because it is more work for your stomach to digest; but eat plenty of cold white bread and butter, boiled or baked potato, boiled rice, macaroni, bacon, baked apples, stewed prunes, custard, blanc mange, fresh fruits, canned fruits but not rich preserves. Broiled or roasted meats are good for you, that is, beef, lamb, mutton, chicken, duck, fish; but pork and veal are hard to digest, and salt meats like ham and salt pork and dried beef are not so nutritious. Take a body bath daily, before going to bed. Use warm water, very warm, and wash yourself briskly, standing on a folded bath towel, if you have no bathtub, then rinse with a wet cloth and rub dry with a bath towel, rubbing the skin until it is red and glowing. This teaches the skin to do its work, and starts



A FIG FOR YOUR COMPLEXION.

the blood circulating. Take deep-breathing exercises in the morning when you rise, throwing back the shoulders, elevating the chest and breathing in through the nose slowly until the lungs are full. Hold while you count five, then exhale slowly, counting ten, if possible. Don't hold long enough to become dizzy. Be sure you are breathing in perfectly fresh air when you are doing this, which means that some outdoor air should be in the room. You can practice deep breathing as you walk. At your size you should not wear corsets, as they will only obstruct your circulation and you do not need them. Fashionable women are delighted when they can do without a corset, which of course can only be when they are very slender as you are. Women who weigh more need a well-fitting corset to have a good figure. So be sure you do not wear one, and that none of your clothes are tight, especially sleeves, collars, garters, waistbands. Do not wear round garters, but side garters, those that are attached to a belt. All these directions are given you to prevent anything interfering with your circulation. You do not get enough outdoor exercise, but this can't be helped, I suppose, since your work and your school take so much of your time; but if you could get in a good brisk walk, with your lungs filled with fresh air, every day, it would help. Blood in order to circulate *must* have air, the skin *must* be stimulated with regular daily body-bathing and rubbing, the diet *must* be well chosen, there *must* be sufficient liquid supplied to the body daily, and the lungs *must* be exercised. Look after all these points. And keep the ankles very warm always.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)



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Stella Rosevelt

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

Star did not reply, and Miss Baker shot an indignant glance at the rude girl.

The young stranger's heart was swelling within her until it was nearly ready to burst with insulted pride and bitter disappointment. She had never dreamed that such a reception as this awaited her.

"She had pictured to herself, many times, being drawn into the arms of a pleasant, gentle-voiced woman, who had loved her mother, and who would love her for that mother's sake, if not for her own. She had thought to twine her arms about her neck, and, laying her head upon a sympathizing bosom, tell her of her dear parents, what their hopes and plans had been for her, and what her own desires for the future were, and expected to receive only kind and encouraging words in return.

She had been ambitious to become a cultivated woman and scholar, and to follow out her father's plans for her education, and come up to his standard, which was a high one.

But instead she found she was to be degraded to the level of a common servant, all her prospects destroyed, all her hopes crushed, and she felt as if she could not bear it.

"I will not submit to it. I will not give up my hopes. I will not be a servant," she kept saying over and over to herself, while she sat there and waited for Miss Baker to attend to her needs, and felt rather than saw Josephine's impertinent inspection of her personal appearance.

"You've got a wonderful head of hair," that young lady at length observed, as she approached her after being released from the seamstress' hands. "I think I never saw such a heavy braid before; and I believe it will just match Nellie Colton's; she is papa's niece. I'll tell mamma to have a barber come and cut it off. Of course you can't afford the time now to take care of it, and it would make such a splendid band for Nell."

Star regarded her in blank astonishment. The effrontery of this young lady was simply overpowering.

"Indeed!" she at last quietly replied. "If Miss Colton is in need of a band of hair, she will doubtless find it at almost any hair store in the city. I intend to keep mine."

Miss Richards colored angrily, for Star's great blue eyes met hers fearlessly, and her tone betrayed an independence which did not promise well for any tyranny which she might expect to exercise over her in the future.

"You will do exactly as mamma desires, miss," she cried, and then turned and left the room.

Star's face was also very red, and she swallowed an angry sob as she turned to Miss Baker.

"I am ready to sew," was all that she could say.

She longed to get some work into her hands, hoping thus to distract her thoughts from self and her bitter disappointment.

All day long she stitched and sewed, working quietly, yet rapidly, and by night one dress was nearly completed.

"You sew very nicely," Miss Baker said, as she examined her work late in the afternoon, "and this print will make you a neat dress. I wish Mrs. Richards would allow me to trim it, but she told me to make it plain. She is in a hurry about the other work."

Star said nothing to this, but after the seamstress had gone home, she cut and pieced together some dainty ruffles from some scraps that had been thrown aside; and all the long evening, while the family were downstairs entertaining visitors and making merry, she was sewing and finishing off the print dress, that she might have something fresh and clean for the morning.

She had not been allowed to eat with the family during the day. She had not seen Mrs. Richards, and did not even know of how many members the household consisted. It was evident that she was to be ignored, except as her services were required, that she was to be made a drudge, and her proud young spirit resented it with all the strength of her nature.

"I will never live so; I am above it. I am capable of better things, and I will not consent to become a nonentity," her heart kept saying, over and over again.

But she was wholly dependent upon these people; her father had consigned her to their care. She had no money, save a letter of credit for a hundred pounds, the sum total realized from the sale of all the dear objects which she had been accustomed to see in her home since her infancy, and this she had been advised by the lawyer whom Mr. Gladstone had chosen to settle his affairs, to consign to the care of Mr. Richards. But she had concluded since morning to say nothing about it to any one.

She had no other friends; if she had possessed them she would have flown to them at once. She was a forlorn stranger among strangers, and she could see no way at present out of the difficulties surrounding her.

The second morning after her advent at the Richards' mansion, as she was descending to her breakfast, she suddenly encountered a portly but good-natured looking gentleman on the stairs.

She glanced up at him, and was about to pass on with a slight though graceful salutation; when he stopped short and regarded her with surprise.

"Hello! who are you?" he asked, brusquely, yet not unkindly.

Star colored a lovely pink, as she replied, modestly:

"I am Star—or, I should say, Stella Gladstone."

"Stella—Star Gladstone!" he exclaimed, in surprise. Then he added, with an appreciative glance at her golden head with its dainty forelocks, her great, star-like eyes, and red lips:

"That sounds well—very appropriate, too, I should say. When did you arrive? We have been very anxious on your account."

Star's scarlet lips slightly curled.

It appeared that he had not been notified of her arrival—Mrs. Richards had not considered it necessary to speak of the welfare of one whom she intended to make her servant.

"I arrived the day before yesterday—Tuesday,' she said somewhat coldly, in reply to his question.

"Ah! I was in Chicago that day—reached home last night. You've had a pretty hard time, little girl, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir," Star returned, wondering if he had any idea how hard, while the tears rushed unbidden to her eyes at his kind tone. "I never expected to see land again," she added, trying hard to suppress a sob, as she thought she would almost rather have died than come among such cold-hearted people as her mother's cousin's family appeared to be.

"Well, well, you are safe now, thank Heaven, and you must try to be as happy as possible with us," Mr. Richards said, still more kindly as he remarked her agitation.

Star lifted her great eyes to his with a look of surprise. Could it be possible that he did not know the position she was destined to occupy in his household.

It certainly appeared so, for he was looking down upon her with admiration and even something of affection.

"Thank you, sir; you are very kind," she said, with a sigh, as she turned sadly away and left him.

CHAPTER VI.

STELLA'S APPEAL.

Star went down to the housekeeper's room after her encounter with Mrs. Richards, and ate her breakfast in a very thoughtful mood.

After finishing her coffee she arose and proceeded slowly upstairs to the sewing-room, intending to finish her other dress that morning.

There was a look of resolution on her young face; her eyes gleamed with a new purpose.

"I will do it," she murmured, as she stood thoughtfully outside the door a moment, one small hand resting upon the knob. "I may as well make a bold stroke for myself at once, or I shall sink into nothingness. I must have an education; I cannot—I will not grow up ignorant, and have poor papa's kind care in the past all go for nothing."

She turned the handle of the door and passed into the room.

She found Mrs. Richards standing in the middle of the floor, holding up the unfinished dress in both hands, and inspecting it with no pleasant expression of countenance.

She glanced at the young girl as she entered, and as her keen eyes ran over her dainty figure in its new and tasteful garment, her face grew dark.

Star bade her a courteous "good morning," but she did not even deign to notice the salutation.

"Who trimmed these dresses?" she demanded, sharply.

"I did," Star answered.

"Who told you to do it?"

"No one, marm; but I like things made pretty, and as there were plenty of pieces which could not be used in any other way, I made them up into ruffles."

Star spoke very quietly, but a bright red spot burned on either cheek.

"You like 'things pretty,' do you? And that is the way you calculate to spend your time in this house, I suppose?" Mrs. Richards retorted, sarcastically.

She received no reply, and continued:

"The pieces you have cut up into senseless ruffles I intended you should make into patchwork for the servants' beds during your odd moments."

Star glanced at the numerous "senseless ruffles" which encircled the indignant matron's ample figure, and thought there might be such a thing as a distinction without a difference.

"I've half a mind to make you sit right down and rip off every one," Mrs. Richards proceeded, still chafing over the matter, and flushing as she noticed Star's glance and half read her thought. "The idea of a chambermaid with ruffles and furbelows! And I do believe that seamstress has made your dress so tight that you cannot breathe," she concluded, pouncing upon the poor girl to make an examination of the offensive robe, for the slight, graceful figure before her was not at all pleasing to her.

"No, marm, my dress is not tight; it only fits me nicely;" and Star's slender fingers laid over quite a plait, thus showing that there was plenty of room for inflating her lungs to their utmost capacity.

"Then you are laced," persisted madam.

"Laced?" repeated Star, who did not quite understand the obnoxious term.

"Yes; your corsets are too tight."

"Oh! I never wear corsets; mamma did not approve of them."

Mrs. Richards bit her lips and colored with vexation. She was not showing to advantage in this controversy. It was clear that Star's perfect form was the work of nature's own hand, and she would be obliged to put up with it unless she tied her up in a sack to hide its comely outlines.

"Well," she said, throwing aside the dress she had been examining, "I want you to come with me now; I am going to assign you your regular work. For one thing, you are to make all the beds in the house, except those in the servants' rooms; then you are to keep Josephine's and mine in order, wait upon us generally, and sew when there is nothing else to be done."

Star stood looking down at the carpet in a thoughtful way while her would-be task mistress reeled off these instructions; then she raised her eyes, which looked almost black instead of their usual beautiful blue, and fixed them full upon the woman's face.

"Did you understand," she began, "when papa wrote to you, asking you to assume the guardianship of his only child and superintend her future education, that he had any idea that I should come into your family as a servant? I am sixteen years old, and although I have been taught to do many things in my home, and to do them well, I have never done any hard work. I have spent most of my time in study, and papa left written instructions with me regarding my future course in that direction. I am very fond of music; I can paint and draw quite well, I am told, for one of my age, and papa wished me to keep on with these accomplishments, so far as I was able and attend faithfully to the other branches of my education. I tell you this that you may understand something of the disappointment I have experienced, since my arrival in this country, to find that I was expected to fill the place of a common servant. Do you think my father intended you to make me such?"

Mrs. Richards regarded the girl in astonishment; while her face grew crimson with shame and anger. She knew very well that Albert Gladstone had never dreamed that she would degrade his child in any such way. But Albert Gladstone was dead, and could not interpose to prevent it. She was obliged to curtail just now in some way, and when she found she must have this girl in her family, she had decided to dispense with the expense of one servant and impose the duties on Star.

"I don't know what your father intended, or what you expect," she returned, in cold, precise tones. "I know that he wrote me you would soon be an orphan; that you had hardly a friend in the world, and he would leave you almost a pauper. He asked me to superintend your education, so that you would be able to earn your own living by and by. I intend to do so; and as you have nothing but your own hands to depend upon in the future, I am going to begin by making you useful at once. Did you suppose you were going to drop into the lap of luxury, and be reared in idleness?" she concluded, with biting sarcasm.

"No, marm," Star returned, respectfully, yet not one whit abashed by the way Mrs. Richards had perverted the letter which her father had written. "I am willing to be useful, but I am very unwilling to be made a common drudge, with no time nor opportunity to pursue my education. You say I have nothing save my hands with which to earn my living. You are mistaken; I have brains, and I intend they shall serve that purpose."

"It seems to me that you are making a saucy tongue serve its purpose pretty early in the day," retorted Mrs. Richards, an angry red leaping into her face.

"I do not mean the least disrespect in what I have said, Mrs. Richards; but I cannot give up all the hopes and aspirations which my father has fostered all my life without making an effort to accomplish them. I am frank to confess," Star continued, coloring, while her lips quivered slightly, "that from your reply to my father's letter, I inferred that I should be received into your family as an equal, and that you would give me a mother's care and counsel during the next three or four years of my life. Papa, I know, also understood it so, and died content, feeling that I should be well and kindly provided for."

Mrs. Richards felt very uncomfortable, for she knew that every word Star uttered was truth. She knew, too, that she was doing a mean and cowardly thing in making the bright and talented girl a servant; but she must have a housemaid. If she must curtail, she must do it in this way rather than in her own or Josephine's wardrobe.

"You are very impertinent, miss, and have been reared with altogether too high notions for one in your position," she said, angrily. "You ought to be thankful for a roof to cover your head, and anything to cover your nakedness, coming here, as you did, destitute of everything. An equal in my family, indeed! Music, painting and drawing! What will Josephine say to that, I wonder? And who did you suppose was going to foot the bills? It won't do you any harm to have some of this independence taken out of you, and I'll have you understand, once for all, that you will fill Maggie Flynn's position in this house, or none."

Star bowed her proud head coldly. She saw that she was helpless for the present, and must yield to the inevitable.

"Very well," she said, calmly. I understand from Mrs. Blunt that Maggie Flynn was about my age; that she had six dollars a month besides her board, and two evenings out a week. I will consent to fill her place, for the present, upon the same conditions."

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Mrs. Richards, in a towering passion at this unexpected proposition. "I never heard anything like it in my life! You forget that you are indebted to me for the very clothes you have on at this moment."

Star could hardly repress a smile at this calculating outbreak.

"You have given me the print for two dresses," she answered, with ready tact, "the cost of which, with us in England, would be four pence a yard. I have nearly made them myself, but you can deduct whatever you see fit, and I will attend to my own wardrobe in the future. If I do Maggie Flynn's work, I must have Maggie Flynn's pay and privileges," she concluded, decidedly.

"You will have nothing of the kind"—Mrs. Richards was fairly hoarse with anger. "You forget that your father has consigned you to my guardianship for the next few years, and you will do exactly as I direct you. But we have wasted time enough in this kind of talk. You are to come with me now; I will set you to work, and see if we cannot take down some of this English impudence."

Star followed the woman as she was bidden, without a word, but there was, nevertheless, a determined gleam in her glorious eyes; her form was as erect and proud, her step as firm as if she felt herself in every respect the equal of the woman who appeared bound to oppress her.

All day long she was kept steadily at work; not a moment was she allowed to rest, except while she was eating. She made beds, swept and dusted rooms, and ran upon errands, until every bone in her slight body ached with weariness and her small feet were nearly blistered.

Her delicate hands had never performed such menial duties before, nor had her gentle heart ever throbbed with such revengeful, rebellious feelings.

It was eight o'clock before her hard mistress released her from her labors, and told her to go directly to bed, so as to be up early in the morning and sweep off the front steps before people should begin to pass.

She went to her room as directed, but instead of retiring, she took from a drawer of her bureau one of the packages which she had rescued from her stateroom on that burning vessel, and, weary as she was, she again descended two flights of stairs, and approaching the library door, tapped gently upon it.

A deep, manly voice bade her come in, and she entered with a firm and decided tread.

Mr. Richards was sitting at his desk, engaged in answering some business letters.

She had timed her visit to him, for she had watched and seen him go into the library after tea was over.

He looked up as she closed the door behind her, and his face relaxed into a kind smile as he saw who it was.

"Do I interrupt you, sir?" Star asked, modestly, but without advancing beyond the threshold.

"Not at all, Miss Star. Come here and sit down; I am just through," he answered, heartily.

She went and stood before him. She did not wish to sit down; she could say what she intended to tell him better standing, she thought.

"You spoke so kindly to me this morning," she began, "that I have ventured to come to you for a little advice this evening."

"Spoke kindly to you! Why on earth shouldn't I speak kindly to you?" he asked, in surprise.

Star tried to smile, but she felt more like dropping her face upon her hands and sobbing aloud.

She controlled herself with an effort, however, and putting some of her papers upon the table beside him, said:

"I have brought you some papers which papa gave me just before—just before he died"—a sob would come in spite of her then. "One is a copy of a letter which he wrote to Mrs. Richards," she went on, "and there is also her reply. Will you kindly read them, and tell me just what you understand by them?"

"Certainly, if you wish," he replied, looking a trifle surprised at her request.

He motioned her again to a seat, then opened the letters and read them both through.

"I understand," he said, when he had finished them, "from your father's letter that, believing he was soon to die, he wished to provide a home for you. He states that he has no friends or relatives in England with whom he would be willing to trust you; that he has next to nothing to leave you, and begs my wife, as the nearest of kin, to assume the care of you and your education until you are able to do something for yourself, trusting to Providence to reward her for her kindness to the orphan. He mentions that he feels assured she will do this, since she once entertained such tender feelings for his wife for the signal service which she once rendered her."

"Do you know what that service was?" Star asked, in a low tone.

"No; I asked Ellen when I read the letter which she received, but she seemed to have forgotten to what he referred. Perhaps you know, though?" Mr. Richards concluded, inquiringly.

Star colored vividly.

"Yes, sir," she returned, with compressed lips.

"Well, what was it? I should like to know."

"My mother was a Miss Chudleigh before her marriage, as you doubtless know, and she lived near Hallowell Park, in Devonshire, where Mrs. Richards was once visiting, and it was during that visit that she saved her from drowning."

"Whew! Your mother saved my wife from drowning, eh?" cried Mr. Richards, in astonishment, and coloring as he remembered his wife's indifference upon the topic when he had questioned her about it.

"Yes, sir. Now, will you please read Mrs. Richards' reply to my father's letter, and tell me how you interpret it?"

Star did not care to dwell upon the subject of her obligation, since Mrs. Richards had seen fit to pass it by so lightly.

"I interpret it just as it reads," he said, after glancing over it; "that she would be very happy to grant your father's request, do her utmost to make a good and useful woman of you, and follow out his wishes regarding your future education as nearly as she could."

"Yes, sir, that is the way papa understood it; that is the way I understand it," Star said, rising and standing erect before him with a gravity that made him wonder what was coming next.

"My father," she continued, "as you know, was a clergyman with a very limited income, and he conducted my education himself until he became too weak to do so, therefore I am pretty well advanced for one of my years. I have read seven books in Virgil, have read two years in French, and am nearly through trigonometry, and have read a good deal in history. I was studying harmony in music when papa died, besides doing a little in painting and drawing. I do not tell you this," Star interposed, with a sad smile, "to boast of what I have done, but that you may understand what my feelings are when I tell you why I came here tonight. Papa wished me to keep on with my Latin, reading Horace and Tacitus, with French, music and history—in fact, he left a written program for me to follow out as nearly as I was able. I am ambitious myself—I am hungry for knowledge. I want a thorough education, and as I must in the future earn my

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)

The Girl Who Was Left Out

The Story of a Girl and a Boy—and How a "Moonbeam" Frock Brought Them Together

By Marjorie Ames

"YOU ought to see the girl who rooms next to me. She's a nice little thing, but her clothes are simply frightful! She hasn't one pretty thing to wear."

It was Estelle Adams—I recognized her voice. And she was talking to the smartly dressed young woman who had come to the college to take a special course. I drew back before they saw me—back into the comforting darkness of my room where no one could see my crimson cheeks. But after all, wasn't it true? I didn't have to overhear that cruel remark to realize that my clothes were not "right" according to the standards of these city folks.

You see, I had been at college a month, but it had only taken me a few days to see that all the dresses I had brought from home were hopelessly "home made" looking and out of style. They had seemed so pretty too when Mother packed them fondly in my trunk! I remember how proud I was as I watched her pack—the dressmaker in town had made my clothes and I felt that I would be truly well-dressed at college.



"I drew back into my room before they saw me"

But somehow, my clothes lacked that certain smartness, that certain distinction that the other girls' clothes seemed to have. It made me awkward, self-conscious. Perhaps that is why they never invited me to their chummy little fudge parties, their gay "pillow fights," their secret candy "pulls." I was always alone, out of it all—and I just hated to think of having Dick see that I was unpopular.

Dick was, well, one of my best friends and he was coming to visit me for the first college dance. Oh, if he only *wouldn't* come I told myself miserably as I watched the other girls gaily prepare for the event. They all had beautiful dresses and blouses such as I had never owned. How could I, with my unbecoming clothes, hope to be "one of them?"

A Miserable Evening

Dick came. I was happy for a few glorious minutes, but when we entered the ballroom I felt unhappy and self-conscious again. How beautifully all the girls seemed to be dressed! How well their clothes became them! I was a wall-flower that evening—and only a girl knows how that can hurt. I wanted to run wildly from the room, to hide, to cry. But Dick was so loyal and kind; he insisted upon dancing with me, even though I refused him so coldly. You see, I just felt that he was comparing my unattractive clothes with the beautiful gowns the other girls were wearing.

When Dick left, I knew that he was offended and rather disappointed in me. I could tell by the way he marched stiffly away from me that morning, instead of lingering as he used to—back home—to tell me how pretty I looked. Oh, how could anyone look pretty in a hateful old blue dress that hadn't even a bead to brighten it up!

I was unpopular at college, Dick was drifting away from me—everything seemed to be against me. What could I do? No use appealing to Mother or Dad—they wouldn't understand. They thought my clothes were beautiful. But I'd *show* them what beautiful clothes were, I'd—why I'd *make* them! I'd make pretty clothes myself, right here in my college room.

But then I realized with a pang how foolish I was. I had never learned to sew, I could never make fashionable dresses like the girls wore. If only there were some way I could learn quickly, without sacrificing too much time from my studies, how to make real attractive clothes. If only there were some rapid way I could learn how to make smart clothes, attractive clothes, becoming clothes.

I Find a Way to Have Pretty Clothes

I remembered seeing somewhere an announcement of a course in dressmaking, and I began to search for it. But I was bitterly disappointed when I found it. Nothing but another "course in dressmaking"—meant, no doubt, for the woman who already knew a little about sewing. Not a modern, up-to-the minute, quick-to-learn kind of course that I was hoping for. Mechanically I glanced through the magazine—and on the very last page I found exactly what I was looking for! It seemed almost as though it had been placed there for just *me*.

Breathlessly I read through the announcement of this new-way course in clothes-making. Eagerly I read about the remarkable new method of sewing that made it possible to plait and tuck and ruffle with almost lightning rapidity. With a thrill of happy excitement I read how beautiful dresses could now at last be made by women who never sewed before—how anyone could now learn how to make perfect-fitting, fashionable, smart things to wear right at home.

No one knew what the mysterious package was that arrived soon after. Only I knew that it was the first two books of the course that was going to open up a new world to me.

What a Few Months Brought

Then there were many busy days for me. As soon as I finished my class lessons I hurried away to do my home work. Then when all my college requirements were out of the way, I turned eagerly to my study of clothes-making. I got permission to use the sewing-room and one of the sewing-machines, but I didn't tell anyone what I was going to do. How rapidly I was progressing! This was modern dressmaking, I told myself proudly. This was the twentieth-century way of doing things. No waste of time; no hard, tedious work. Everything progressed quickly, easily, step by step to perfect clothes-making. I was positively elated!



"They never invited me to their secret candy 'pulls.'"

With the first book of the course, I received free sufficient material to make a dainty collar-and-cuff set. The course told me how to make this set with no trouble whatever. I'll never forget the first time I wore the pretty collar and cuffs on my dull-blue dress. Even Estelle stopped to admire it. Then in the second lesson I made an apron, then a chemise, then an adorable little house-dress, and finally a prettier afternoon frock than even the dressmaker back home had made for me. And all from material furnished with the course, mind you! Those pretty clothes, the nicest things I had to wear, didn't cost me a cent!



"Is it made of moonbeams?" he gasped

The Dress of Romance

Dick came to the graduation dance. I don't think he would have come if I hadn't sent him a special invitation—and I know I certainly wouldn't have invited him if I didn't feel so sure of myself, so proud, so confident. You see I had spent two whole evenings making the most gorgeous dance frock you ever saw—and well you know what a difference a pretty dress can make!

I wish you could have seen Dick's expression when he saw me. He actually caught his breath, and I'll confess I frankly enjoyed his bewilderment.

"Is it made of moonbeams?" he gasped. It was white net, filmy and delicate, over a lustrous foundation of satin. And there was a tiny cluster of silver flowers at the waist.

That evening I went to sleep with a new song of triumph singing in my heart. For Dick had asked me the Question that every girl, whether she admits it or not, longs to hear. Of course, my "moonbeam" frock was hopelessly crushed—but what difference did it make when I could make a new one whenever I wanted it.

I guess you want me to finish up my story—but it does sound so much like a "movie" plot! Dick and I are married now, and he has done so well that I can buy all the pretty clothes I want. But somehow, whenever I want a special gown for a very special occasion, I just sit right down and make it myself. Creating a new design is always so fascinating, and I enjoy making clothes the new, modern, quick way. I don't think I ever got as much satisfaction out of anything as I do out of making pretty clothes for myself. I know every girl and woman must feel the same way.

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The School of Modern Dress is all that its name implies. It is an institution founded for the purpose of teaching the simplest, most practical, most up-to-date methods of clothes-making to the woman in the home—the woman who has no time or money to waste. Expert dressmakers and designers have finally, after much experiment, research and practical tests, reduced all the important principles of dressmaking to their simplest possible form and arranged them in easy-to-follow steps. Through this simplified method even the woman who never sewed before can quickly learn how to make pretty clothes at home.

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Remember there's no obligation. We want to send you this free information so that you can see for yourself what this wonderful course in new-way clothes-making will mean to you. Clip the coupon NOW, fill it in and get it into the mail box *at once*. Address the School of Modern Dress, Dept. 711-K, 821 Jefferson St., Buffalo, New York.

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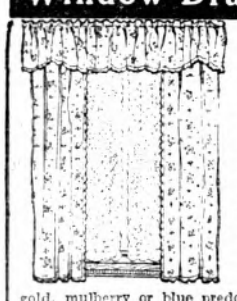
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The Painted Kid

By Grace Downey Tinkham

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"LORD A'mighty! See what that cat's brought in now!"

I looked up when Luke spoke,—he and I were sitting on the little stoop of our bunkhouse after dinner—and saw John Neeley, our boss, coming toward us with a kid about twenty. The funniest looking kid I ever looked at—not funny, either, naturally. But, say! A woman can get by with that so far as I'm concerned—but a man! Luke and I sat gaping like two fools.

"Sam, Luke," said John, "meet Billy Travers. The Reverend Ernest Strong sent him down from Chicago to his brother Herman to work in the harvest, but Herman says they have plenty help now, so he turned him over to us. Guess we can use him, can't we?"

"Sure," said I. We stood up and shook hands with the kid.

"I'll put him in your care, Sam," continued John. "You can make room for him in your bunkhouse." Then he turned to the boy. "Sam is foreman here," said he, "you'll take orders from him."

"Yes, sir," the kid answered respectfully. And in spite of his dolled-up face I liked the straight look of his blue eye, and the square cut of his jaw.

John returned to the house, and I told the kid to sit down and tell us what he could do.

"Just learn as far as farming is concerned," said he. "But I'll sure try hard, sir."

"You don't need to 'sir' me," I informed. "Call me Sam, like the rest of the boys."

Then I began to size the kid up. He wore one of those little skin-tight suits, like the casing on a sausage, only a darn sight flimsier. It looked as if it might have hysterics any minute and fly to pieces if the kid made a hasty move. The cuffs and collar of his noisy striped shirt were soiled, and his shoes worn as if they could testify to many a good mile in their young life. He stood leaning against the side of the house, staring out over the fields of yellow grain at the sunset with hungry, sunken eyes. I looked at the kid's body. The frame appeared big enough and strong enough, but, gosh, that kid was thin! It seemed as if he hadn't met up with square grub in months.

"Say, kid, when did you eat last?" I burst out. His lids dropped, and the muscles of his jaw tightened.

"Yesterday. I—I had a chance later, but—but didn't want anything," he stammered.

"Do you suppose everything's eaten up?" I asked Luke. "I ought to get something under this kid's belt."

"Margaret will scare up something," said Luke. "Lucy—or whatever that new hired girl's name is—I saw hiking for the village an hour ago; but don't worry, Margaret sure will see that you get something. Nothing runs hungry or sick in these parts when she's around."

That sure was true. John's Margaret couldn't be surpassed for kindness of heart, or looks, or brains, either, if you were to search the entire universe and the heavens besides. I know, for I helped John raise her from a little tike of two, when her mother died, to the blooming, lovely girl of eighteen. John and I had lived together for years, and were more like brothers than boss of a five-hundred acre farm, and foreman.

"Well, come along, kid," said I. "We'll forage."

"I'd like to wash up, first," he replied. "I—I haven't washed since yesterday—I know I look fierce!"

I showed him where to get water and towels, and a few minutes later you wouldn't have known him. All the dirt and red paint was cleaned from his face, and his light, curly hair slicked back as neat as a whistle. He looked mighty white with that rouge off, with those black eyebrows and eyelashes appearing longer and blacker against that white skin. But, say, that kid was easy to look at!

I took him to the house, and into the kitchen, then went in search of Margaret. She came a-running, and I introduced her to the kid. Quicker than it takes to say Jack Robinson that little girl had coffee made, and a big plate of ham and eggs before the kid. Maybe he didn't put them away! At first he sat kind of nervous and trembly, following with his eyes every move our girl made, and with a look in his face as if he was seeing a real live angel for the first time in his young life. Then the physical of him got the upper hand and he went to it. I took a cup of coffee to keep him company, and Margaret busied around, talking, the red lips of her a-smiling and the black eyes snapping.

"You're from Chicago, aren't you, Billy?" asked she, calling the kid by his first name as she did the other boys, although she could see with half an eye that he was no regular farm hand. "Mr. Strong told Dad."

"Yes, ma'am," he answered, shifting in his chair, a little restless.

"Once, a long time ago, I was in Chicago," she went on. "Do you remember, Sam? The time you and Dad took me with you on a business trip. And just as we were coming down the elevated stairs at State and VanBuren, we saw a boy being arrested and rushed into the patrol. How rough the policemen were with him when he fought back! How scared I was, and how I cried! I was just a kiddie then, but it left an impression. He was a thief, they said."

The kid choked over his coffee, went pretty white, and got to his feet.

"Thank you," he said to Margaret as he turned to the door, groping. She didn't seem to notice anything wrong, she was used to queer specimens coming to the farm. I followed the kid out, having all I could do to keep from bursting out: "What the dickens is the matter with you?" There sure was something.

I thought it over after I got stretched out that night. The kid had been in trouble, but the thing hadn't got him, he wasn't hard-boiled. I looked at him as he lay on his cot, the clear moonlight pouring in on him. Deep circles showed black under his eyes, and his cheek bones stood up altogether too prominent. "You've been sick, kid," said I to myself. "Also, you've been in some scrape. But why in thunder do you come to a he'man's farm looking for work all painted up like a ballet toe-twirler?" Doggone if I could figure that out, so I turned over and went to sleep, intending to mind my own housekeeping and let others mind theirs.

The next morning I rustled a pair of overalls for him and a straw hat, and put him in the field pitching the load. Help was a problem that summer. It went against me to have to set the kid to such hard graft right away, but there was nothing else to do, and the crop had to be harvested. When he came in at noon, sweat running in streams down his face, I asked him how things were coming.

"Fine! Fine!" said he.

"Not too swift for you, is it?"

"For me? I should say not."

"You'll do, kid," I thought to myself, "you'll do! You've got grit—if you do paint!"

Heavy clouds hung low in the east all afternoon, and I had to rush the men, like a regular old Simon Legree, to get the grain that was down into the barns. At five o'clock she started coming. Thunder rumbling and crashing. Lightning cutting and slashing through the black clouds, looking for all the world like the feather-stitching on a crazy quilt. Then she opened up and down she came. "Go to it!" yelled Luke, shaking his fist at the locoed elements. "The last load's in—so let her come!"

That was the middle of August, and two weeks more of slaving work ahead. If you know what a real grain farm is in harvest, you know ours. The summer sun beating down like a bunch of fire, sweating, swearing, tired, hungry men; grain dust, grain bristles, the humming of the binder, the singing of the threshing machine; the stench of horse sweat and man sweat, and a smell of cooking from the farm kitchen mingled in.

At the end of the third week we had the crop in and threshed. Most of the help had left and gone to the city. The kid asked to stay on, so I talked it over with John, and we decided to keep him, putting him doing odd jobs about the place, mending fences, tending the stock, and picking early apples. We didn't really need the kid, but I had a feeling that I wanted to keep him. The farm had certainly done him good.

"Oh, I'm 'jake' now!" he'd say if I asked him how he was feeling. After the first week he had picked up wonderful, the fresh air and hearty grub had turned the trick, had built him up and filled him out. He was easy enough to look at before—after he cleaned off that doggone paint—that got me! Evidently he didn't use it as a regular thing. But when he got shaved up of a Sunday, curly hair slicked back, spick-and-span shirt on, soft collar open at the throat—say, have you ever noticed that some men's throats are sure as pretty as a woman's? That kid was a looker, I'll tell the world!

One Sunday morning the kid and I sat on the side porch reading. John and Herman had gone to the station to meet the Rev. Ernest Strong, his son Glen, and a friend. We were to have them to dinner that night, and Margaret was helping Lucy prepare things. She sat down the porch a-ways whipping dressing for the salad. The kid sure wasn't doing much reading, for he kept rattling his paper all the time, and I knew for every rattle his eyes wandered in the direction of our girl. Say, anything that girl of ours wanted she sure could have! But, when somebody wanted her—well, that was different! John and I had to about know the "who's who and why" of the aspirant. Not that the kid had made any advances, he knew how to keep his place. But gosh a'mighty, those eyes of his could talk, in spite of all the repressing of self he tried to do!

As we sat there, Margaret suddenly said: "Billy, come here, I want to talk to you."

The kid got to his feet like a shot.

"Mr. Strong told Dad that you used to do an act in one of the Chicago cafes."

The kid nodded.

"Next week," she went on, "I am going to give a party for Glen Strong and his friend, and I wanted something a little different from the usual country entertainment. Would you——"

"Do my act for you? I'd do any——" He stopped short, and Margaret cried impulsively: "Billy, you're a dear!" which sent the kid to the seventh heaven, blushing crimson.

"I'll get my makeup and do my act for you, if you like," offered he.

Our girl was delighted, and the kid disappeared in the direction of the bunkhouse. Soon he returned. Gosh, he nearly brought me to my feet, bowing and scraping! I thought it was some swell Chicago dame come with the Rev. Ernest, who had broken away from the bunch and hoofed it out by herself. There he was, all dolled up in female jimcracks, blond wig, powder and paint!

"Oh, a female impersonation act!" cried Margaret.

The kid went through his stunt. And maybe he couldn't sing and maybe he couldn't shake a wicked foot!

Then came the night of the party. Glen Strong had brought a young fellow by the name of Colman with him from Chicago. Margaret had invited all her bunch in, male and female. The kid, according to plans, appeared after the rest had arrived all decked out like a regular vamp, and Margaret introduced him as Miss something-or-other. Some of them fell for him right. It sure was humorous. Later on he gave his act, and it went fine.

Then came the refreshments. Luke and I were on the east side of the porch dishing up the ice cream. Glen's friend, Colman, stood to one side puffing a cigarette. He hadn't mixed in with the bunch much—felt himself too highbrow, I suppose. But he had been camping on our Margaret's trail, persistent. I didn't stomach that so easy—that young bird wouldn't look you in the eye. Pretty soon the kid stepped out, extracted a match from somewhere in his paraphernalia, and lit up. Colman instantly stepped up to him.

"I've been waiting to get a word with you!" he jerked out. "What are you doing here—you thief!"

"None of your damn business!"

"I'll make it my business!"

"I'm not afraid of anything you can do," the kid gritted.

"You thief!" sneered Colman.

The kid drew back sharply, then straightened. I saw his fists double at his sides. Like a shot out of a gun he landed on the face of the other. The Chicago guest crashed back into the railing, saved himself, and sprang at the kid. The kid stood doubled, ready for him. They clinched, Colman pummeling the kid in the ribs. The kid shook him off and landed a blow, Colman came back at him. He got the kid down. They seemed pretty well matched as to weight and strength. Over and over on the floor they struggled, cursing, groaning, hammering at each other. The kid wrenched himself free and sprang to his feet. Colman, some winded, staggered to his. With a short, quick jab he caught the kid on the cheek-bone, laying it open. The kid wobbled, went down on one knee, got to his feet, swung hard and landed square on the point of the other's jaw. Colman dropped with a thud. The kid had put him to sleep!

All the bunch had gathered by that time, and stood crowding around, open mouthed and staring. I pulled the kid from the gang and pushed him toward the bunkhouse. The female finery hung on him in ribbons; his arms and legs showed scratched and bleeding through the lace and silk. The blond wig was gone, tramped into a dirty mess of a hank of hair. Someone lifted Colman and carried him into the house, where Luke and I worked over him. The party had sense enough to take themselves off. The kid sure knew where to hit a man to lay him cold! I thought that Chicago bird would never come to!

"How did this thing start?" the Rev. Ernest asked me, taking me to one side. And I told him the insulting remark I had heard the Colman boy make.

"I want to see Billy," said he. "And I would like you and Mr. Neeley to come with me."

So, John and the Rev. Ernest and I went to the bunkhouse. The kid had torn off what remained of his female outfit, and stood in trousers and shirt flinging things into a battered old suitcase, looking white and tight-jawed. He never turned when he heard us, but kept right on throwing things in.

The Rev. Ernest went to him and said: "Billy, I think now is the time to explain a few things to Mr. Neeley and Sam, don't you?"

The Rev. Ernest had a way with him. He was a little man physically, but somehow you felt the bigness of his soul. The kid looked up. He was white as chalk.

"Yes, sir, I'll tell them," he said. "Guy Colman called me a—a thief," he began, in a voice that was none too steady. "That's why I struck him. I'm not a thief—although I stole once—just once—if taking what belonged to me could be called that!" He stopped a minute, his young body strained and tense as if it hurt all over. "In a little town in the southern part of Illinois I used to live with an old uncle," he went on. "While I served overseas he died, and when I got back I sold everything, and with the few hundred dollars from the household goods and other things went to Chicago to find work. The war had cut off my education, so I was not so well equipped to land anything. For a year I worked at different odd jobs, changing when I thought I could better myself, and getting along all right for I had my small capital to fall back on. The next year was harder, my money was gone. One day I thought of using a female impersonation act I had done in army entertainments. Finally I landed with the Colman Cafe, they used entertainers. Six months everything went fine, then the flu grabbed me. I lay in the hospital a month, and when I got out there was no money and no job.

The last pay envelope I had received before I was sick figured up five dollars short. That happened occasionally with the Colman help—Guy had charge of that end of it—and the old man was always queer about squaring such things. So, as soon as I was able, I went to see him. He told me to come the next evening prepared to give my act.

I had just got from my clothes into my make-up, when he sent word that he was trying out someone else that night, and that there would be nothing doing. My pockets were empty. I hung around until late, hoping he would settle with me, or give me a job. Then one of the waiters came and said if I wanted to see the old man I'd better be about it, for it was time for him to blow. I tore into my own clothes, and rushed to his office—didn't stop to take the paint off my face. He was not in the room. A drawer in his deck stood open, and in it my eye became glued to a crinkled bill, some loose change, and a five-dollar gold piece. He owed me five. I reached in and took it, intending to tell him. As I turned I faced Guy Colman. He had never been strong for me, he knew that I suspected that he had slipped through the fingers of the draft board.

Like a flash he pounced on me, called the patrol, and had me rushed off to jail. Mr. Strong came across me there the next morning, and I told him everything. He knew Mr. Colman and got in touch with him at once. The charges were withdrawn. Then Mr. Strong found someone who was coming through this part of the country and he made arrangements for me to come with him. We had but a few minutes to get from the j-jail," the kid stumbled over the word, "to the street intersection where we were to meet. I didn't stop for anything—not even to clean up. That place had held me all night, it was a nightmare—I couldn't get away fast enough!"

So that was the answer to the kid's painted face! He flung a few more things into the old suitcase, then suddenly turned to John.

"I'm dead sorry about making this fuss tonight, sir," he said, looking contrite. "I'll get out of here now."

John Neeley had no flea heart about him, that organ was constructed big to fit his big body. He went to the kid and put his hand on his shoulder.

"Stay right here if you want to, son," said he. "If I hadn't considered you anything but what that young sneak called you, you would have been on your way long ago."

The kid's face lit up so grateful that it shone. The Rev. Ernest's, too, was beaming.

Just then Margaret came bursting in with a basin of water, gauze and antiseptic.

"What I expected!" blazed she, standing the things down on the table with a thump, whirling and facing us. "A nice bunch of brainless wonders! Billy with a cut cheek, his hands skinned and bruised—and not one of you with sense enough to attend to him!"

Darned if we hadn't forgotten the kid's cuts. Our girl drove the Rev. Ernest, her Dad and me from the bunkhouse as if we were so many half-witted incorrigibles. Then she turned to the kid. He stood looking at her, a thin stream of blood running down from the cut on his cheek.

I didn't wait to hear what they said—those two—for, say, some folks don't need any language! The things that kid's eyes told couldn't be expressed in any language ever invented! And maybe hers didn't flash back a wireless that sure spelled paradise to the kid. Shucks! What's the use of language, anyway, if you can talk like that!

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If you catch sight of the new moon for the first time when it is on your right, especially if you see it over your right shoulder, you may expect good luck.

If you find a pin with the point toward you, pick it up, it will bring good luck, hence the saying:

"See a pin and pick it up,
All the days you'll have good luck;
See a pin and let it lie,
You'll need a pin before you die."

Love Will Find the Way

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

He was there beside her; she was forced to meet his eye, to hear the sound of his voice, to reply to the questions that he addressed to her. Why, then, should she deny herself the happiness of lying for those few brief moments within his arms? Why should she not once again feel their pressure about her? Why should she not be happy in one blissful, forgetful moment, while she closed her heart to the thought that he must despise her for her cruel, heartless letter?

And she did know it; she knew as well as if she had heard the words from his own lips that he had come there solely to hurt her, and yet she loved him so that she forgave him for it without the asking. She felt that it was infinitely better that he should despise her than that he should know the truth, and she never thought of censuring him for his lack of generosity.

She loved him; that was the explanation of it all, and she put out her hands to him, without daring to lift her eyes as he drew her to him.

Underwood uttered a little, half-bewildered exclamation. Perhaps it would not have been the word to have been heard by ears polite; but he neither thought of that, nor would have cared if he had. He only followed the couple with his eyes.

And through the maze of dancers they circled down the long room, Marian closing her eyes and striving with all her soul to fancy herself back in one of those drawing-rooms where she had been with Anne Gordon, when June Beckwith had been escort for them both. She tried to fancy that they were waltzing as they had done then, when they were so happy in their unacknowledged love, now dead to both of them forever.

But somehow she could not put the thought of that death from her. It seemed to stand between them rigid and defying, grinning with hideous mirth into her closed eyes, refusing banishment even for that little moment for which she prayed.

He was holding her even more closely than he had done in the old days. Her head was almost upon his shoulder. She felt his breath on her cheek, scorching through to the very soul. The moment was one of most exquisite anguish, and she thanked Heaven when the sound of his mocking voice ended it.

"You are the queen of all this splendor tonight, Miss Reade. Does it make you happy?" he asked, striving to keep the bitterness out of his voice, but not succeeding. "Does it make you quite content to know that you have satins and jewels and—homage laid at your feet, for you to trample upon, if you so desire? Are you pleased with the new life that is opening before you?"

She hesitated a little while before she could force herself to speak. It seemed to her that at first she was choking, that she must tell him the whole, awful truth, and cry out to him for his pity if she must refuse his love; and then the memory of all that he would suffer came back to her, and her love was great enough to make her sacrifice herself in order that she might save him suffering.

She put her hands up to her throat and half-paused in the waltz, but he forced her on. He bent himself back, still holding her closely to him, and looked into her face. The agony she was enduring was terrible, but she forced herself to answer, even though brokenly:

"Yes, I am—happy."

He laughed loudly, hoarsely.

"Allow me to congratulate you!" he exclaimed. "Surely it is only the favored of the gods who are in reality happy. And you like your new friends better than the old?"

She bowed her head, and a flush stole into her cheeks.

"Not better," she answered dully. "No new friendships that I can form would ever take the place of the old. There are those in my life—in my other life that I can never forget and never cease to—regret."

"Your other life?" he repeated.

"The old life that is dead and laid at rest forever. The old life that—— Oh, for the love of Heaven, let me go! Can't you see that this is maddening to me? Have you no pity?"

There was anguish in her voice, anguish in her expression, but it did not appeal to June Beckwith. Contact with the woman whom he loved more than he had even guessed, the woman who was hopelessly lost to him, the woman who had preferred this infamy to being his wife, had seemed to madden him. It had aroused all the brute that lies dormant in every nature, a natural result, according to the theories of Darwin and of evolution.

He dropped his arms from about her and laughed. There was a flush on his face, a quiver on his lips, a flashing, scintillant light in his eyes that half-dazzled her, but the laugh was cruel, brutal.

"Upon my word, Miss Reade," he exclaimed, his voice raised above its ordinary pitch, but somewhat drowned by the music, "you would make a most clever actress. I don't believe that Agnes Booth could have done that line better. If your father should not make a success of his new venture, it might be advisable for you to try the histrionic profession. If you should need a reference, you might tell your prospective manager to apply to me."

He had scarcely finished the sentence when Underwood's hand was placed on his arm. The watchful eye had seen June's excitement, and not knowing what the result might be, he was there to avert any scene.

"Come!" he exclaimed, in a low tone. "I want you. It is time that we were going."

"Going?" cried Beckwith. "Why, the evening has barely begun."

"But there is something that I wish you to do for me."

"Very well, since you will have it so. Miss Reade, I see one of your new friends approaching—Mr. Dick Gresham. I resign you to him, my most worthy successor."

He bowed to her with exaggerated courtesy, and allowed his friend to lead him away.

"Dick Gresham!" he exclaimed hysterically, as they entered the deserted coat-room together. "Ha! ha! I say, old man, did you ever think that I should be cut out by a gambler, and, particularly one of the Dick Gresham type? Ha! ha! ha!"

"Be quiet, June," whispered Underwood earnestly. "What is the matter with you?"

"The matter!" cried Beckwith, turning almost fiercely upon him, the hysterical smile dying from his eyes as if by magic. "What is the matter with me? Nothing; only that I think sometimes I am going crazy. I love that girl. Low as she has sunk, I would face anything to make her my wife, even now, if she would but come to me and say that she desired it so. I thought I despised her. I came here to convince myself, and the sight of her has made me mad. Oh, Fred, get me out of here! The place is stifling me. Get me out, or I feel that I shall commit some horrible crime!"

Underwood did not reply; his face was set and stern. He held an overcoat, and June Beckwith slipped his arms into it; then Underwood handed him his hat. As they were passing through the hall, June looked in at the door of the dancing-hall.

"Look!" he exclaimed dully. "The woman whom I would have made my wife is in the arms of the most notorious gambler in New York. She is finishing with him the waltz which she began with me."

Still Underwood did not speak, but clutching June's arm closely, he almost forced him out of the front door and into the street.

CHAPTER XII.

ANNE GORDON'S PLEA.

How the night finished for Marian, she could never quite recall.

It seemed to her that she was in the midst of some horrible nightmare, from which there was no hope of an awakening. As the evening progressed, and the wine began to take effect, the persons present became more indifferent to their conversation, even in her presence; and when the last guest had departed, Marian turned and faced her father, who stood there beside her, his countenance flushed with wine.

"Thank Heaven, it is over!" she gasped. "I could not have borne it a moment longer. I felt as if I were stifling. Father, who were those people?"

She asked the question desperately, and his brows contracted with anger.

"My friends," he answered curtly. "Your association with Anne Gordon has spoiled you, Marian. I wish that you had never seen the girl!"

"But father——"

"Never mind the 'buts'! You remember the promise that you made to me, I suppose. If you intend keeping it, do so without comment. You are too high and mighty to suit me, my girl. 'Those people,' as you have chosen to call them, are perfectly respectable members of society. That you never happened to meet them in the drawing-rooms of Anne Gordon's friends was the misfortune of Anne Gordon. I don't propose to have you dictate to me who my guests shall be, and I do propose that you shall treat them with the courtesy and respect that is due them in my house. You have sworn that you would obey me in all things. Very well; I command your obedience in this. And now, good night. It is very late, and you must be sleepy; I know I am."

She made no endeavor to detain him, but followed him up-stairs, leaving the servants to lock the house.

She heard him whistling a tune from an opera-bouffe as he closed his door, and a shiver passed over her.

"I wonder how it is all to end?" she asked herself wearily. "I wonder how long I can endure the misery to which he is subjecting me? Oh, it seems to me that anything would be better than this! What have I done, what have I done to deserve it all? What terrible sin have I committed, that I am to be punished beyond my powers to endure?"

She undressed herself hurriedly and went to bed. She never allowed herself, even mentally, to mention the name of June Beckwith. She was trying obstinately to forget that she had seen him; but she might as well have striven to forget that she lived.

He was there, pictured upon her mental retina with a distinctness that was almost uncanny, even while she tried the hardest to shut him out. She turned out the light, went to bed, and closed her eyes tightly, as if thereby she might banish him; but she fell asleep with the picture still before her, and mercifully forgot.

She remembered in the morning that Anne Gordon had told June to ask her to come to luncheon; and, while the sight of her old and well-loved friend had grown almost painful to her, she decided, after a little consideration, that it would be better for her to go.

"If I don't go," she reasoned, "Anne will come here; and I cannot bear for her to come beneath this roof—anything seems better than that."

She stood and looked at herself in the glass for a moment, when her hat was on, and a little, bitter exclamation passed her lips.

"There is not a streak of gray in my hair, there is not a line of care in my face," she said slowly. "My youth is growing hateful to me. I wish I were old and wrinkled and gray; it might bring me rest and peace."

She turned away wearily and left the house. The fresh air touched her hot cheek soothingly. The walk did her good, and when she rang the bell of Anne Gordon's home there was a flush on her face that made her beauty thrilling.

She was shown to Miss Gordon's boudoir, and the friend of years rose with that loyalty that was one of her sweetest characteristics, and kissed her.

"It is so good of you to come, Marian," she said, gently drawing her to a sofa, and seating herself with her arm about the young girl's waist. "I was half-afraid that you might be too much fatigued after—after last night."

She could scarcely force herself to speak the reference to that evening, and she observed that Marian's eyes were not lifted.

"I was tired—I am—tired," Marian stammered. "I have only come for a little while, and then I must go—home to rest."

"Go home?" repeated Anne curiously. "I hoped that I could persuade you to remain with me, dearest."

Marian glanced up uncomfortably.

"No," she answered, with a fleeting smile; "not this time."

There was a painful pause. Miss Gordon seemed to be considering what she should say. Her lips twitched nervously, and then, in a commonplace manner, she asked:

"Was it pleasant—your ball last evening—little one?"

"Yes—that is, no; I'm afraid I did not enjoy it particularly."

Miss Gordon waited for a moment for something more definite, but it did not come. She drew closer to Marian, and with her arm still encircling the girlish waist, she said:

"What has come between us, dear? There was a time when you came to me with all your little griefs. There was a time when you kept no secret from me—when our lives were shared each with the other. I have loved you as my own sister, Marian. Dearest, have I failed you in any way, that we are growing so strangely apart? Are you afraid to trust me with the secret that is troubling you, dear?"

Marian looked up, but her eyes met those of her friend but for a moment. She smiled, but it was so strained, so miserable that Anne Gordon almost cried out.

"I have no—secret," she answered dully.

"Don't say that!" cried Anne desperately. "Suppose I tell you that I know. Suppose I——"

But before she could complete the sentence, Marian had turned to her wildly, the terrible fear in her heart pictured upon her countenance. She thought Anne Gordon referred to the robbery that her father had committed, and her horror and shame were indescribable.

"You know!" she gasped. "You know! Oh, for the love of Heaven, no! No, not that! Anything but that!"

"Hush, dear!" cried Miss Gordon, drawing her even closer and speaking rapidly, passionately into her ear. "You must not think I love you less because—because your father is not the man that we would both have him. You must not think that a single atom of my respect has gone from you. I love you just the same, my darling, and there is nothing under heaven that I would not do to save you the shame, the humiliation of it all. Oh, Marian, I am so sorry for you!"

The exclamation contained infinite tenderness and sorrow, for Marian had thrown herself upon her knees and with a hoarse cry had buried her head in her friend's lap. It seemed to her that she could never look Anne Gordon in the face again, knowing that she knew her father to be a thief.

"Even this shame could not be spared me," she groaned. "I had hoped that you, of all the world, might never know!"

They were misunderstanding each other terribly. While Marian thought her friend referred to the robbery, Miss Gordon thought Marian referred to the fact of her father's degradation, in that he had taken his daughter into a gambling-house to live, and the girl's very anguish gave the loyal friend hope that matters were not so bad as June Beckwith had stated.

"Oh, dearest, it is much better that I should know!" she cried, lovingly laying her hand upon the bowed head—"it is much better! Marian,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)

How My Wife and I Earn Money at Home in Spare Time

Our actual experience turning spare hours into dollars. And how others—young and old, housewives and girls, can make extra money in the same way—without leaving home.

By Ward Butler

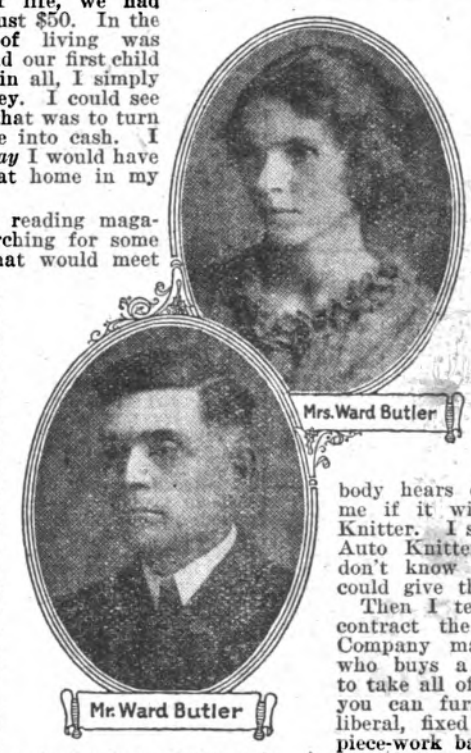
THE 29th day of March, 1916, found me with a bride to support; a great deal of confidence in my ability to support her—and just fifty dollars in cash to give us a start in life.

I started out with a sort of a hazy belief in the old saying that "two can live as cheaply as one." But it didn't take me long to get that foolish idea out of my head. You can't buy two pairs of shoes for the price of one—not by a good deal!

I worked with all my might and main. But my Saturday night pay-envelope was scarcely enough for one—and I had two to support. To make matters worse, I was often out of work—nothing coming in, and the rent and grocery bills mounting up, just the same.

At the end of the first year I sat down and took stock. By denying ourselves even the common necessities of life, we had managed to set aside just $50. In the meantime the cost of living was steadily increasing—and our first child had come to us. All in all, I simply *had* to have more money. I could see just one way out, and that was to turn my "after-supper" time into cash. I decided that in *some way* I would have to earn money right at home in my spare hours.

I began desperately reading magazines and papers, searching for some kind of home work that would meet my needs. Then finally one evening I saw an advertisement that appealed to me from the first glance. It was headed "How To Make Money In Your Own Home." The plan, I soon learned from the advertisement, was to knit socks on a hand-knitting machine. The company that furnished the machine offered to buy at a fixed price all of the standard wool socks knit on the machine and to furnish replacement yarn for each lot of socks. "Here," I said to myself, "is something that looks good to me." So that very night I wrote a letter to the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company, Buffalo, N. Y., asking them to tell me all about their proposition.



In just a few days I had an answer. The whole thing seemed mighty fair and square to me. The more I thought about it, the better I liked the idea, so I made up my mind to get a machine and make a start at the work.

When the machine arrived I began studying the Instruction Book. Everything was as clear as could be. I had only my after-supper time to devote to the work, but in just a few evenings I was complete master of the machine, and really knitting socks many times as fast as an experienced knitter could turn them out by hand.

Then came the time to put the company's offer to a practical test. One evening my wife and I gathered together all the socks I had knit, and made them up into a neat bundle. Bright and early the next morning I mailed the package to the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company. It was only a few days until we received a letter from them with a *check* for the socks; also a package containing yarn to replace that used in making the socks. At last I had found spare time home work that paid *real* money.

I began then in real earnest, putting in every possible moment at the work. I bought my machine in November, 1918. During that winter I knit over 500 pairs of socks.

For a while I continued to send my shipments to the company, and always received checks promptly. Then one day I said to myself: "These socks are such splendid values that I believe I can sell them right here in town." So I took some samples to the local stores, and although I certainly am not a salesman, I soon had enough orders to keep me busy. The socks sold themselves.

My wife one day wanted a new corset cover, and we fell to planning how we could make it on the machine. We purchased some variegated crochet cotton and knit a strip for the yoke, working in fancy stitches. We knit the shoulder straps also and sewed the yoke on a piece of Indian linen, edging the knitting with narrow lace. This proved to be a very attractive novelty. Every lady who saw it wanted one. Soon we had all of the orders we could fill. As my wife had learned to run the machine, we both worked at it, and during that summer we made and sold about 600 corset covers.

Then a few months later, just as we were beginning to pull out of the rut, I was taken sick, and confined to the house for 3 weeks. I don't know what *would* have happened to us without the Auto Knitter. I made money with the machine when it would have been impossible for me to go outdoors and work. When I got to run my machine a whole day I averaged two dozen pairs of socks. As I made a clear profit of 20 cents a pair selling to stores, this amounted to $4.80 per day.

During the winter of 1919-1920 my wife and I made over 1000 pairs of socks. With what we had saved up from the proceeds of our knitter, I bought some farming equipment and rented a small farm. It was the first step toward realizing a dream we had been harboring for a long time.

What we made that year from the farm and our knitter enabled us this year to buy more equipment and rent a larger farm.

I have just been figuring up, and I find that since we bought the Auto Knitter we have made more than 2500 pairs of socks, from which we realized a profit of over $400; and 1,000 corset covers, which profited us $150. Totaling it all up, our machine has made us well over $500 clear profit in 2½ years.

I shall always have a warm spot in my heart for the Auto Knitter. It was this little machine that started us on the road to independence. But for the Auto Knitter I would still be a day-laborer, struggling helplessly to make both ends meet. As it is, we are well on the road to prosperity.

Now and then somebody hears of my success and asks me if it will pay to get an Auto Knitter. I simply tell them what the Auto Knitter has done for me. I don't know of any higher praise I could give the machine.

Then I tell these folks about the contract the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company makes with every person who buys a machine—an agreement to take all of the standard wool socks you can furnish and to pay you a liberal, fixed guaranteed wage, on a piece-work basis, as well as replacing the wool used in knitting each lot of socks.

I have tried this contract out, and I know what I'm talking about when I say that it is an ideal arrangement. You can work for the company just as much—or as little—as you please—spare time or full time—or not at all—yet for every shipment of socks you send them, you get your pay check promptly. And of course you are at liberty to dispose of the output of your Auto Knitter to stores or individuals, just as I have done.

And remember this: Whether you put in a whole day at the work, or just a few spare moments now and then, you get paid—and well paid—for every minute you invest.

Mr. Butler's experience, told here in his own words, is simply one of many. Letters are continually coming in from men and women all over the country telling of similar successes in making money right at home with the Auto Knitter.

Of course you are interested. No matter where you live—on a farm, in a small town, or in the heart of a great city—you have the spare-time problem to consider. You want to turn your leisure hours into dollars. And so you would like to know all about the knitting machine that has meant so much to other people. By all means, write to the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company, Dept. 1011-R, 630-632 Genessee St., Buffalo, N. Y., and find out about the pleaasnt occupation waiting for you—Auto Knitting. Learn what other folks are doing, and the substantial amounts that even a part of your spare time may yield you.

Remember that previous experience in hand-knitting is not necessary. An inexperienced person without special talent can learn to operate the Auto Knitter, and turn out standard socks.

You will never regret writing for information about this remarkable machine. Send your name and address now, and find out all of the good things that are in store for you.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc.,
Dept. 1011-R, 630-632 Genesee St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Send me full particulars about Making Money at Home with the Auto Knitter. I enclose 2 cents postage to cover cost of mailing, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name .....

Address .....

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Comfort 11-21



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Through the columns of this department our Doctor's advice regarding maternity and child welfare will be given free in answer to questions by our subscribers. Address Mother and Baby Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and be sure to give your full name and address. Names will not be published.

Why Should I Make Baby Obey Me?

WE hesitated in taking up this subject for this month's talk because we know that there is such an honest difference of opinion in regard to discipline. While it is not truly a medical subject, it is most certainly an important one—one that controls the home life, the school life, and in fact a person's whole life. From the very beginning of civilization it has been found necessary to have laws, rules and regulations. Laws are simply rules of action, and they not only say what a man must or must not do to his neighbor, but also how he should treat himself to a certain extent. There never was a law made that was not found to be necessary before it was created.

One can properly exercise his own personal liberty only in so far as he does not place additional burdens on his neighbor or the State. Blackstone says: "If man were to live alone in a state of nature, unconnected with other individuals, there would be no occasion for any other than the law of God and nature." With these things in mind, parents, who are given charge of children during the habit-forming period, have a responsibility that cannot consistently be avoided. This responsibility and the way it is met decide whether we have a happy home, and in so far as our children are concerned, decides whether we have an orderly, well-conducted school.

It matters not in what way you may bring this about in your own family, neither do we assume to indicate just how this should be done. A child is just what we make it, notwithstanding the hereditary theory which, if it enters into the situation at all, simpy enlarges our duty.

We should begin just as soon as we are positive of any act that shows ill temper or malice, and oftentimes this begins very early in life.

You may treat these early exhibitions as jokes, but you will soon find they have left the joke column and are a serious proposition.

Any teacher will tell you that a well-behaved boy or girl at home is well behaved in school, and if for any reason they are allowed to go on roughshod at home, he will have his troubles at school; if not corrected here, the child is to be pitied, for the world will do the correcting later on, oftentimes with disgrace and humiliation.

Some people will tell you if you correct or punish your child for doing wrong he will hate you, and I wish to say right here, that is absolutely wrong, the greatest mistake ever made. Love or affection cannot exist without respect, and a child soon learns to respect you or not according to your actions.

In so far as you can make yourself one with him, playing his games and at least showing an interest in what interests him, as he notes your interest, your efforts to please and do the things he wishes, he will then try and do the things you wish and to please you. Our advice is not to see too much, not to pick up every little incident that may come up, but when an issue arises to meet it and handle it as any wise judge would. Always be fair in hearing his side as one of the proudest moments in a parent's life should be when a child comes to him in a manly, straightforward manner, confesses a false step and asks for forgiveness or punishment. There must be some punishment in some cases, as the law-makers soon found that laws without penalties were not respected. The most important thing you can impress on your child's mind is the fact that you are the best friend he has in the world, that if you correct him or even punish him, it is that you do this to save him punishment later on in life, by the world, without your loving interest.

I regret to say that I knew of a young man who struck his father and knocked him down when he was over eighty years old. The spirit that prompted this cowardly act was started in this young man very early in life, ignored, taken as a joke, until it got where it could not be treated on account of physical reasons.

As I look over this case, the young man is more sinned against than sinning, as he was led to believe and think that striking father was cute when he was a little boy.

These foolish parents ignorantly or thoughtlessly were breeding a spirit that would get beyond their control and prove serious.

The most valuable endowment we can give our children is good manners, and to teach them how to meet people kindly and courteously.

We can give them all the education possible, all the degrees obtainable, but unless they have good manners, they will see people far less qualified succeed where they fail on account of lack of tact and consideration for the feelings of others.

Subject next month, *What Can I Do if Baby Becomes Unconscious.*

Questions and Answers

COLIC.—I have a dear little girl, four months old, who cries most of the time with colic. I have not enough milk, so nurse her four times a day and give her the bottle every two hours, with Mellin's Food and cow's milk. I got some drops from the doctor, but this simply relieves for the time.

MRS. M. Z., Kimmswick, Mo.

A.—The baby would not have colic if the food agreed with her and was properly digested. Would suggest you wean her and give her cow's milk as directed in MAY COMFORT. At first I should give her milk, two ounces; water, four ounces; sugar of milk, one-half teaspoonful; lime-water, one tablespoonful; gradually increasing milk until at the sixth month, she was taking as much milk as water.

VOMITING BABY.—My three and one-half months baby boy vomits every time I feed him, and nearly every time I pick him up. Am feeding him cow's milk, half and half with sugar of milk added.

MRS. J. C. B., Bowdoin, Mont.

A.—The baby vomits up the food because his stomach is not strong enough to digest it. Would suggest adding more water and less milk, gradually increasing the milk to the half and half when he is six months old.

INDIGESTION OF PREGNANCY.—I am about two months along and am suffering from indigestion, although I keep my bowels regular. Everything I eat hurts me, and I wish to know if it is harmful to take soda.

MRS. M. A. N., Elnora, Ala.

A.—Would suggest a simple diet until stomach is better, avoiding acids and sour fruit. Soda is not harmful. You might try equal parts of vichy water and milk.

RECEIVING BLANKET.—Will you please tell me how a new baby should be wrapped that arrives in cold weather, also should small babies wear caps indoors in a warm room? MRS. R. B., Raton, N. Mex.

A.—You should have flannel receiving blanket in cold weather. No, I do not think the baby needs a cap in warm room.

BROWN SPOTS.—I saw in August COMFORT a recipe for removal of brown spots and wish to know if this will blister skin if used night and morning.

MRS. M. S., Gadsden, Ala.

A.—The preparation suggested in August COMFORT will not blister, and while it is not to be used internally, will remove these brown spots without irritation.

MOTHER'S MILK.—I am nursing my first child, a boy two months old, and while I have plenty of milk, it is like water and I am obliged to feed him condensed milk also. Is there anything I can do for my milk?

MRS. J. D., Hickman, Ky.

A.—Would suggest that you drink milk yourself and do not drink only small amount of other liquids, and eat plenty of nourishing food. If this does not improve the quality of your milk, would wean baby and put him on cow's milk as suggested in May COMFORT.

BABY'S RASH.—My three-months'-old baby has a rash of some kind, red spots with white center, and run water and make a sore. They break out fresh every morning, and baby is badly constipated.

MRS. F. C. H., Gillett, Ark.

A.—Would suspect from your description that your baby has hives from indigestion, and the baby being constipated would help to hold up this diagnosis. Would suggest that you correct the constipation, by regulating your own bowels if you are nursing baby; if bottle fed, give him one or two teaspoonfuls of milk of magnesia, also give baby a little lime-water in food to neutralize acidity.

FONTANELLES.—I have a baby five months old, and the soft spot on the front of his head has never been larger than a silver dollar, and now has closed up until it is not larger than a ten-cent piece. Will the child live if it grows hard too soon, and will this affect his talking or mental condition? (2) I have a ten-year-old girl who wets the bed nearly every night. Is there any cure for this? MRS. K. L., Keokuk, Ia.

A.—There are two fontanelles on a baby's head, anterior and posterior; the anterior closes any time, one or two years after birth; the posterior closes a few months after birth. These fontanelles are simply spaces where bones are to come together and finally meet, and the exact time this occurs does not matter and will not have any bearing upon the child's talking or mental condition. (2) Bedwetting is sometimes an obstinate symptom, but get your daughter's health in the best possible condition, removing any adenoids or bad tonsils, give her as few liquids as possible at or near bedtime. Have her get up when you go to bed yourself and you will soon establish the habit.

BABY SUCKING THUMB.—I am a young mother with baby two months old, who sucks his thumb most of the time, asleep or awake. What can I do for this? (2) How much should a baby gain per week?

MRS. H. L., Kennedy, N. Y.

A.—For a baby, two months, that sucks its thumb, you cannot do very much, only to remove thumb as you notice it putting it into its mouth; later on, you can put on bandage with some harmless preparation on it that baby will not like the taste of. (2) A baby should gain from one-half to one-fourth pound per week.

DEVELOPING BUST.—I am a young woman eighteen years old, am to be married soon and am writing for advice to develop bust as I am worried about raising children.

MISS J. M., Wisc.

A.—There are exercises said to develop bust, but I am not familiar with them, but assure you that the bust will take care of itself and you will not have any trouble along these lines.

VOMITING AND HOARSENESS.—My baby is five months old, and two months ago had a serious time with vomiting and hoarseness. Her vomiting is better, but she is still hoarse. I am nursing her, but have nervous indigestion.

MRS. G. S., Cleveland, N. C.

A.—If your health is not good you ought not to nurse baby. Would suggest putting her on cow's milk, preparing it as suggested in May COMFORT.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

When hiking up, the last quarter of a mile is the fun jaunt. You dare not look back. The rocks are loose, and often you have to lie down on them and pull yourself up on to the next. I thought I must give it up; it seemed impossible that any human being could climb it, but perseverance and determination at last made the "Devil's Tail," as it is appropriately called. What a sigh of relief one gives as they reach the path that goes around the summit.

This path is 2,592 feet above, and takes 20 minutes to hike around, and here you see rocks carved out by nature called the Gladiator—Sleeping Beauty—Face in the Rock—and caves.

Turning to the left one comes to the Tamalpais Inn, where, on cold days, a great log fire is kept burning, and over the doorway we read:

"Rest is not quitting this busy career,
Rest is the fitting of life to this sphere."

There is yet another hike to do to get to the top, and there the Marine Observatory is reached.

From the summit there are provided iron pipes, arranged like telescopes, through which you look, and each one is described on a tablet, in front. There you can see San Francisco Bay, the largest landlocked harbor in the world. The Golden Gate, through which the sun sets in a golden ball like fire, and the Farallone Islands, 30 miles out at sea, and on a very clear day, Mt. Shasta, three miles high, and 300 miles away, Mt. Hamilton, Lick Observatory and Mt. St. Helena, 56 miles to the north. Can you ask for a grander view?

The mountain has its moods; perhaps the most novel one that occurs on unfrequent days is when an ocean of fog sweeps the earth from sight, and one seems to be the only survivor on an island in the sky.

While sleeping up on top one night, I awoke in the morning and looked out and got the scare of my life as I saw the clouds rolling all around the foot of the Inn. It seemed as if the sea had risen up in the night and rolled up to our windows.

Many men, women and children, loaded with pots and pans, dressed in all kinds of hiking rigs, often to the music of every kind that can be carried up, sleep all over the summit over night, to be able, after preparing breakfast at a camp fire, to enjoy a full day on the mountain.

There are rare occasions when snow falls on the summit, and many people, who never saw snow, hike up to get a glimpse and a touch of the "white heat," as the colored man said when he first saw it.

The person who sees a sunrise or set on Tamalpais is a fortunate one, and no words will describe the glories that you see as you are held spellbound. The great orb seems to sink clear through the Golden Gate, and into the Pacific Ocean.

Sincerely yours, MRS. JAMES C. MARSH.

SOMEWHERE IN ILLINOIS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND "SISTERS OF COMFORT":

I have been interested in the letters from the COMFORT sisters for a long time and when "Sister Irish" of Litchfield, Ill., sounded a call for volunteers I couldn't resist writing. I have had considerable experience with children who are afraid of the dark, and bless their little hearts they can't help it. My own little boy, now eight years of age, had very vivid dreams of "bears" when he was smaller, so real to him that I never was able to convince him until a few months ago that bears really didn't crawl up in his bed and talk to him. Of course, after waking from one of those dreams the darkness would still, to him, be full of bears. I would always make the room light and pull his little bed close to mine, after showing him all the corners, behind chairs and under the bed so he could see there were really no bears left, they had gone back to "Bear-land" for the night, and telling him to ask Jesus to keep them away the rest of the night. I would take his hand in mine and he would almost invariably be sound asleep in a few minutes. Now he will sleep two rooms away from me and isn't at all afraid.

Another experience of similarity occurred recently with a little seven-year-old niece of my husband's which I had in charge. She and her two other sisters slept in a room adjoining mine and several times she called me, telling me she could see things in the dark. I would make a light and show her all over the room, telling her it was all gone now, to ask Jesus to keep it away, and if it should come back He wouldn't let it hurt her and to call me when she wanted to. I'd leave the light burning and she got so she would sleep soundly all night. Once or twice she had seemed unusually nervous. I sat by her side a while and talked of other things, then when I got back in my own bed would mention something we would do on the morrow. When she first came she often had those dreams and call me in the night but during the last month of their stay she wanted the light out and the window blind up so she could look outdoors and once or twice had to get up in the night and fearlessly walked through the darkened rooms alone. My theory is the dreams are caused by incorrect eating or certain foods that disagree; thus restlessness causes dreams, and dreams bring the fear. Even the smallest of children are subject to dreams. Watch the child's stomach, be patient and kind, let the child see for itself nothing is there now, whatever it was is gone.

Now a word to women who have children other than their own to care for; try to understand the child and be kind and patient as you can. Here's to the children who live with others beside their parents: Try to understand those who have you in charge, take all things into consideration and be kind and patient as you can, then most of your troubles will be gone. Nothing in this world causes so much unhappiness as impatience, unkind words and the inability to understand each other.

The first month the children were here seems like a horrid nightmare to me now, but with much prayer and the earnest effort to be kind and patient, and above all to understand, I believe I can truthfully say if I had my health and could accept the care and responsibility of a large family, every one of those children would gladly stay with me and willingly call me by the name I love so well, "Mother." It makes me very blue that I can't care for them, and I feel I almost deserve the name of FAILURE.

KNOX CITY, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Please let me in and don't be afraid of my face. It is the only one I have else I would have changed it before coming before such a jolly, grateful bunch.

I am just a farmer's wife and would like to shake hands with all farmers' wives but not with those who neglect their work to be a farmer themselves. Hubby and I have been married six years and have a dear little boy, five years old, but I have never yet found time to leave my housework and work in the field. Too lazy? Maybe, but my husband says I am to cook and keep house for him and not be a farmer.

Sunshine, come over and sit by me. Your letter suits me exactly. Don't worry about your work but smile and try to make someone happy.

Mrs. Jacobson, Charles William is certainly a fine looker.

I would like to hear from the COMFORT sisters.

Love to all, WEST TEXAN.

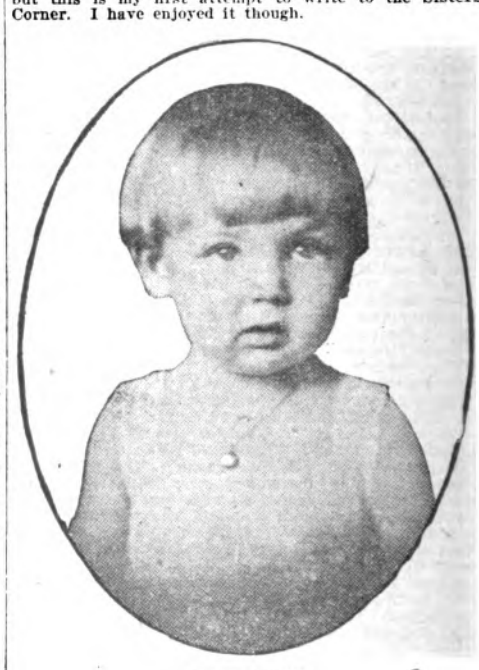
West Texan.—Your remark about your face—though I'm sure it is a very nice face—reminds me of this favorite nonsense verse of mine:

"For beauty I am not a star,
There are others more handsome by far;
But my face I don't mind it,
For I am behind it,
It's the people in front that I jar."—Ed.

BATES, ARK.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a subscriber to COMFORT for a long time but this is my first attempt to write to the Sisters' Corner. I have enjoyed it though.



JANIS VELMO.

I have a happy home and a good husband. We have been married five years and have a darling little girl, one and one-half years old. She weighs 27 pounds. Is large for her age and has always been healthy. Her name is Janis Velmo. I am sending her picture, and I am sure that all mothers know how happy I am with her.

I would be glad to hear from any of the COMFORT sisters and will answer the letters I receive. May I hear from you? Thank you for admitting me.

Sincerely, MRS. JAMES NEAL.

CARBONDALE, ILL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I tried to creep into this cozy corner once before but all the chairs were full. This time I see an empty one so here I am. I've been a member quite a few years and the sisters' letters appeal more to me than anything else in our dear paper, though every page of it is good.

I enjoyed Sunny Jane's letter very much and wish she would write to me. I always enjoy the letters pertaining to children and their care as I have two boys and sometimes I think I have my hands full in trying to raise them. The oldest wants to play away from home. Cannot some sister suggest a remedy that would make him want to play in his own yard? He is a little over five years of age.

I enjoy doing all kinds of fancy work and love flowers. Would like to hear from the sisters who are interested in the above. Will answer as many letters as possible.

I am greatly in favor of a COMFORT pin and think a small sterling silver pin with COMFORT on it, would be nice. I am sure all the sisters would want one.

With my best wishes to all, MRS. C. S. JOHNSON.

Mrs. Johnson.—The sisters have discussed the problem of the neighbor's children and doubtless they can give you some suggestions in your difficulty.—Ed.

PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Just a man, a mere man, writing you, having in mind that the interests of men and women are often similar, if not identical. And I am prompted to do it by the spirit displayed by Mrs. Dolea, who spent nine years "accumulating" a home. When I read the story aloud to certain ladies, they all agreed that the tale was improbable; of course it "happened" thousands of miles from *here*, etc., etc. Now I have heard of the widow who made her first speculative profit by buying an ancient, tumble-down, four-room house, which she cleaned, as only a Pennsylvania Dutch woman can clean, inside and out, repaired and painted the fences, cut and removed the breast high weeds, put in missing panes of glass, and sold after three months' work, at a greater sum than she could have earned in five years. It does not sound improbable, does it? And I know a youth of my boyhood days who read "boys' magazines" (very much to my parents' disgust) who, after becoming of age, put his savings into a tumble-down property, fixed it up and sold it at a profit greater than his year's wages. At that time he was following a meat inspector for an expert warehouse, putting tags on the meat after the inspector passed upon them. Now he divides his time by thirds, one-third looking after his properties (he owns them by blocks), one-third traveling in foreign countries and one-third traveling "at home" in the United States. To be sure, his parents supplied his "boys' magazines" and encouraged his original ideas (most of which had their origin in the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

stories he read) and thus he acquired initiative, and the courage to apply his ideas in a practical manner. It does not seem improbable, does it?

To be sure, if all of us had initiative and the courage to tackle things and see them through, we would soon be a nation of sharks, eating each other up. The "failures" constitute a huge proportion of the workers of the world. They are failures only in that they have not succeeded in becoming masters. But even your dreamer, your impractical person, is often full of ideas that others have used to immense advantage. Have you not yourself, time and time again, thought, dreamily, maybe, of some plans or schemes which later you found perhaps many others have put to practical use? Did I not, myself, when I first heard of a piano in a "movie" house, wonder how it would be to have an orchestra to listen to? And did I not live to see the piano grow a violin on the side, and sprout drums and increase and multiply to an automatic organ, and then to a pipe organ with an honest-to-goodness organist who drew more per week than I earned in a month? And now I can (for say 17 cents) see pictures for hours and listen at the same time to a thirty-five piece orchestra.

And have I not looked at a certain piece of ground for years and wished I could put up some concrete homes on it, and lay it out with winding paths? Oh, I have it all dreamed out. But first, an arch must be built, for a small stream runs through it. And people "with money" have passed up this site for years, because of the arch. And now behold! An ad. in the paper which reads, "Corner lot at corner of Spruce and West Streets, will be given away to anyone who will build on it." To build, the lot must be arched. After the arch, refuse will level it off. Then the owner of the corner will have started the ball rolling and the other lots will sell. Good for the fellow who gives away a lot! And good for the fellow who gets it "for nothing." And good for the town; when the first fellow builds he will draw company in no time. It does not sound improbable, does it?

My father "lives retired" on the interest of some few shares of bank stock. He spends his time loafing in a real-estate office. Day in and day out he hears real estate transactions going on about him. He tells us, of an evening, "The Y——— estate is being settled. Today the heirs put up for sale some lots scattered around the town. One of them out here, about three or four blocks away, they sold a lot to one of the heirs for $18.00, a lot 30x140 feet. Nobody bid on it so one of the heirs bid $15.00 and another bid $18.00 and got it. Today it is worth $300. Father could have bought it for $20.00. Another time he reported, "I can't get rid of that piece of woodland (my grandfather's estate) so I'll have to give it to somebody for the amount of taxes due on it." My wife said, "Well, Daddy, whenever you feel that you must part with it, let us know and we'll give you a couple of dollars over the amount of the taxes." We have never heard of it since. And it is not yet sold. It does not sound improbable, does it?

And now why do I, who am nothing but a working man, poor, and at this juncture out of work, why then do I write this to you? Writing is not my business at all! I am a music clerk when I work. Simply this is my reason. That parents would encourage the original ideas, or even the hackneyed ones—of their children. Oh, that they would encourage them to try out the good ideas they often have! Oh, that wives would encourage their husbands with kindly helpfulness instead of the all-too-frequent dampening of their spirits when the unusual opportunity knocks at the door! And oh, that more of us who look like men, could act like men, and, seizing our opportunities when we recognize them, go on courageously to the end, whether that end furnish profit or experience, or both.

Your pardon for my intrusion on your time, and my thanks for the very real comfort of COMFORT.

Sincerely yours, MUSICUS.

ELIZABETH, 520 Maple Ave., N. J.

DEAR READERS:

Everyone seems to describe themselves upon entering this corner for the first time, so I'll do likewise.

I am eighteen years old and have been married one year. Have light brown hair, brown eyes and a fair complexion.

I am much interested in fancy work of all kinds and can do nearly every kind with the exception of tatting. I make all my clothes.

How many of the sisters have been to Coney Island? I suppose there are a lot who have never been there. I was there a short time ago and what a time I had! We, my mother and aunt, went on almost everything there was there. I have always prided myself on not being frightened but I met my Waterloo that day in the shape of a weird thing called the Scrambler. I don't mean weird, the only word to describe it is devilish. There are about a dozen round cars set on a metal floor. When first started the floor revolves and the cars go around in a nice orderly procession, but they gradually go faster until not only the floor but each car is whirling around like a top. They go so fast that the crowd of people watching become a blurred mass. I began to feel funny, first I got dizzy, then sick to my stomach, then I felt that I had to hold my head. While doing this our car gave one awful bump and I landed on the floor with my head on the seat in back of me and my feet on the opposite seat. The ride lasted only a few minutes but it seemed hours to me. We are going to Coney Island again before long but I, for one, am not going in the Scrambler.

Will some of the sisters write to me?

MRS. KATHLEEN HOWELL.

Mrs. Howell.—My visit to Coney Island wasn't as exciting as yours but then, there's quite a difference in our ages. I wish I could go again and take some of the COMFORT children with me, particularly those from lonely ranches and farms. Wouldn't we have a glorious time?—Ed.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been reading COMFORT for a long time and like others did not write because I was afraid of the waste-basket. But after reading the letter from "A Parson's Daughter" I thought that I would write and tell her that I enjoyed her letter very much, because I, too, am a parson's daughter.

My dear sisters, everything that she said was true, and I have experienced those things in my life also, and many more, and I know that she did, too, but space would not permit her to tell it. I remember distinctly how sister and I used to go from house to house and sell seeds, postcards and start up a Larkin club or something like that to get what we wanted, because we could not afford it. We earned quite a few pieces of furniture that way and then the "Church Members" thought that we furnished our home too expensively, and I had gotten more than one subscription for COMFORT and that way earned toys and dolls and the other things I found in the dear magazine for my sisters and brothers and myself, because we, like other children, like toys, and then the members said that we had too many things. Now we are living in Detroit in a five-room house, and it is a little small even now as there are eight of us in the family, and just imagine now they say that we could live in a smaller house. Yes, that is a parson's life, my dear, and I just want to say that unless you are told it by the parson's family itself you could never think or believe what your parson and many others are going through and what they are suffering because the foolish ones talk nonsense.

My dear sister, I just want to say this: that if you do as "A Parson's Daughter" said in a recent number of COMFORT, and not pass the gossip on, you will save your pastor and his family many heartaches and worries.

If any sisters care to write to me I will be very glad to answer all that I possibly can. But before I go I will say that we have had COMFORT in our home for a long time and that sister and I have gotten quite a few subscribers for it, and, sisters, if you want some one to read a good paper or give them a nice gift, just give them COMFORT throughout the year as a birthday present, and it will not be long before they will do the same thing and give it to others.

Now I want to say, my dear friends, sisters and brothers, that a hearty handshake and a cheery word will not harm your pastor at all, and that if you have any to spare just pass them on to him. You could not give it to any one that would appreciate it more than he would. If I see this in print, I will come again.

"ANOTHER PARSON'S DAUGHTER."

SPARTA, MICH.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for years and I can remember the time when it was smaller than it is now, and yet it was always true to its name.

I belong to the teaching profession. Let me tell you, mothers, when you are tempted to criticize the teachers for not passing Mary or John, that it is not the teacher's fault they fail. In all the years that I have been teaching, whether I liked the pupil or otherwise, it was always a pleasure to see new faces in the fall. No teacher will fail a youngster, for if she disliked the child there would be all the more reason for passing him on to the next teacher. No one knows how the teacher works over "getting them through." She knows that if she fails with too many her reputation will suffer, and if she passes one on who is not quite ready, she will be criticized by the succeeding teacher. If your youngster comes home with a "hard luck story," remember your child is only human, and that it would be natural for him to smooth it over. Go right to the teacher and have a talk with her. Oftentimes it will make things easier for you and the child, too. Many of the trials of the teacher come through misunderstandings. Remember it is the teacher's place to do the best she can for every child under her care, and I believe the majority of teachers try to do their duty.

I keep house, although I am not married.

Happy Mother, I believe it depends upon the individual, who gets the more enjoyment out of life, the one who is a model housekeeper or the one who does not care so much about the way things look if she enjoys herself. There are some women so constituted that a speck of dust drives them wild. If one is like that, then I say keep on working. I say, if you are satisfied, also your husband, then let the neighbors gossip. Some people derive a heap of enjoyment out of gossiping and tending to the neighbors' business.

Dotty, don't tell the husband. It is really none of your business to mix into family affairs. If outsiders would keep hands off, families would be happier. If you want to drop the woman, do so, but don't think it is your duty to gossip. Oftentimes much harm is done by people thinking they are doing a kindness which is not so.

It is true that the "Butterflies" do not make the best kind of wives. Yet it is also true that they are picked up before the sensible ones are. If the sensible ones are wise, they will take notice of the "Butterflies" once in a while and make the fellow guess a little. Did you ever notice that a fellow is always happy when he is kept guessing by his best girl?

Just a word about myself. I am a bachelor girl, no matter how old, five feet, one and one-half inches tall, and weigh 130 pounds. I like to write letters and receive interesting ones. If any of the sisters feel like writing, their letters will be more than welcome.

Sincerely, ETHEL P. KEYES.

HIAWATHA, MICHIGAN.

DEAR MRS. W:

If your deaf ear is doorward I'll get you one of those much advertised, sure cure for deafness, instruments and then you will have to hear me in spite of yourself.

May I have a word with Irish?

Don't have anything hanging on the walls of your son's room, for when a child awakens at night, any object on the walls, no matter how familiar, takes on odd shapes and frightens him. Let him take his Cubby Bear to bed with him as it seems to comfort children in their loneliness when in a room by themselves. Don't frighten him into obeying you by threatening him with a bogie man, etc., and don't scold him when he is frightened. Speak gently and lovingly to him and it will do much more good. Last but not least, be very careful what you feed him as heavy food causes nightmare. Be more careful at supper-time as that is most important.

Are there among us, any sisters, mothers or wives of any Co. A, 47th Inf. 4th Division boys? My husband was a member of Co. A and I'd like to hear from some of you.

Best wishes, IRENE STANKOVICH. (MRS. JAMES)

LAND O' DREAMS.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

May a nineteen-year-old lassie enter your corner for a little chat? Thought I'd drop in to cool off and rest after the day's work. Funny isn't it, that though we long so much now for cold weather, we don't appreciate it when it comes—in the form of winter? Winter is dreadful if we don't prepare for it. Of course in town it doesn't make so very much difference so far as roads are concerned, nor in the country where the roads are good. But here, where I live, the roads are more often bad in the winter than good and we are "in" for weeks at a time. Winter is always a bugbear to me and all summer I plan little devices to make it more cheerful.

Did you ever notice what a difference it makes in your feelings to have clean curtains, a different cushion or a white tablecloth? Farm homes generally have a dining-room for company and a kitchen to eat in. Some don't even have dining-rooms; we don't, so I



TOYS FOR THE CHILDREN ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.

make the best of the kitchen. I always aim to have a white tablecloth on as it gives a more cheerful appearance. This wouldn't be possible if I had to buy linen but instead I bleach flour sacks in kerosene, in which some borax has been dissolved, and make tablecloths of them. It is hard to keep the kitchen curtains white in winter so I use printed goods and find they make very good curtains. They reflect cheerfulness too, if you choose a bright color, not too loud, but something bright and cheerful. Tie them back with a strip of white goods, two inches wide. I use flour sacks again for this. Every time these white "ties" are washed, starched and ironed, it is like something new to look at. I like lots of cushions, not that I care to sit on them but they brighten a room, I think. I use any color and make them of calico, in different shapes, some round, some square and some oblong. When I am very blue I bring out my red cushions with their white ruffles. I find red a very cheery color, if combined with white. I have two changes of curtains for every shelf in the kitchen and when I find myself becoming morose, down comes the old curtains and up go new ones. Did you ever try tying a red ribbon, in a jaunty bow, on a shelf curtain? You'll find your tired eyes wandering toward it very often and find yourself being unconsciously brightened by it.

My life has not been a bed of roses and I used to sit and pine but now I find I can forget everything for a while in just some simple duty, as taking a pleasure in making our house a home.

I am ambitious to learn but have had very little education. Last winter I learned to play the violin, by ear, and studying anything and everything I could find. This winter I intend to take up French, by the aid of written instructions.

Long ago I adopted this poem as my motto:

"If you can't be a pine on the top of the hill—
Be a scrub in the valley—but be
The best little scrub at the side of the rill;
Be a bush if you can't be a tree.

"If you can't be a highway then just be a trail,
If you can't be the sun, be a star;
It isn't by the size that you win or you fail—
Be the best of whatever you are."

I didn't learn that in a week or a year. It came to me slowly, and I've not learned it thoroughly yet.

Sometimes I feel that I am the fifth wheel but I always remember that "nothing can last forever" and I realize the need of living only in today, and hoping and praying for a better tomorrow.

STRUGGLER.

MT. VICTORIA, MD.

MY DEAR COMFORT SISTERS AND ALL:

Here we come, two of us. Seeing the door ajar we pushed it right open and walked in. How is everybody today, including old maids and bachelors?

We have taken COMFORT between us for more than six years, and think it fine, reading it from cover to cover, the sisters' letters always first.

We have never seen any letters from Charles County. We both live in Charles between La Plata and Rock Point.

La Plata is the county seat. It has two banks, the Southern Maryland National Bank and the Charles County Bank. Two hotels, two jails and the court house. There are also beautiful schools and churches and many pretty houses.

I guess by this time you are all wondering who in the world we are. One of us is four feet five inches low, dark brown hair and grey eyes, this one is married to one of the best Johns, as some of the sisters say, and has four cute little children. The other one is five feet six inches, light brown hair and hazel eyes and has a dark complexion, and is nineteen years of age.

We are going to tell you what we did last Christmas. We decided to make gifts for the children so we got down our rag bag and also scrap bag to see what we could find. There were some pieces of gingham, calico and percale. We had patterns for a dog, sheep and pig. We made some gingham sheep, calico dogs and percale pigs, which we stuffed with old rags cut up fine. Then we made some little red hens out of red outing. We made real pretty balls for the baby to play with out of fancy socktops.

Out of old window shades we made reins for the boys with bells that came off some old ones tacked on them. Then we made bunny babies with rabbits' ears out of white outing flannel, which we named John and Jane. We made black babies out of black stocking tops, with white button eyes and sheep wool for hair dyed black. You can't think how cute they were. We also made white babies with red suits from an old red sweater. With these and the few things we bought the children had their arms full of toys Christmas morning and were as happy as if they had toys which cost lots of money. We are sending snapshot of these things which you may print in COMFORT if you think it is all right.

We will close, hoping to see this in print, with love and good wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and all the editorial staff.

FROM THE STUFFING BLUE CHUMS.

Stuffing Blue Chums.—I can't imagine what your name means but it sounds as though it had some significance. Thanks for such a nice letter and just in time for the rest of us to get some ideas for Christmas. Accept my sincere apologies if the drawing we had made doesn't do justice to your respective good looks, but the snapshot you sent couldn't be used.—Ed.

ALBERTVILLE, R. R. 2, ALA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I am writing again hoping you will find room for my letter in the Sisters' Corner. Since my letter appeared in August, 1920, COMFORT I have received letters from almost every state in the Union.

I think Magdalena is right in what she says about children gossiping. I forbid my pupils to tell things at home that occur at school for if I allow them to go home and tell every little thing that happens they will form a habit of telling everything they know and adding a little, too. Sometimes the patrons get the idea that I don't want them to know what is going on at school but I'm always glad for the parents to

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. It will gradually darken streaked, faded or gray hair and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.—Advertisement.

The Pretty Girls' Club

Answers to Questions

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

HELEN.—The only thing to do with blackheads is to press them out with a bit of soft cloth, then touch the spot with an astringent. If they return it is because the pores are sluggish. I should massage my face nightly with a tiny bit of cold cream on my finger-tips, after the skin has been bathed until perfectly clean. Do you use much hot water on your face? That opens the pores, which soon fill up and produce blackheads. Use hot water and soap in it at night, rinsing many times; with a final rinse in warm water followed by dashing on cold water. Use tepid water in the morning, with a douche of cold water following. If you can get rain water for your face, so much the better; or you can add half a teaspoon of tincture of benzoin to a basin of water. Slap the face gently after bathing, using the flats of the fingers and going over all cheeks, forehead, chin. Anything which stirs up the blood will help, but the main thing is to get the pores clean, *then close them.* An astringent will do the deed, first but after that it takes cold water to make the skin firm and contract the pores.

LEMONS.—Your hair is falling out after your baby's birth because your body has had a severe drain upon its strength and will have as long as you are nursing, as I suppose you are. You need, first of all, to give the body nourishing food in more than ordinary quantities. Drink plenty of milk, eat cereals with cream and sugar, white bread and butter, potatoes, rice, roast or broiled meats, fresh fruit. I should not use lemon juice on the hair, although if you put the juice of half a lemon in the last rinsing water, it tends to make the hair slightly lighter, but while your hair is thin and falling out is no time to experiment in this way. Shampoo it regularly, rub a little oil into the scalp—but not on the hair—the night before shampooing, brush it very gently, as firm brushing may bring away more hair. Massage the scalp at night by placing the flat of the fingers each side of the head and moving the skin back and forth on the skull, going over the entire scalp in this fashion. This makes the blood circulate. But your main task is to *feed your body;* drink plenty of liquid and see that the bowels move once or twice a day, without cathartics. Prunes, apples, oranges, water, bran in your cereal, will take care of this. Skins differ, but it is probable, in answer to your question, that you can rub a cut lemon on your face to bleach it. However, if you look after your diet, bowels, and careful washing of the face, with the use of cold cream at night, I think your skin will clear up without the use of lemon.

RANSON.—The wrinkles around eyes, mouth and on forehead, are due, I think, to your being so much under weight. They will smooth out if you can build yourself up to one hundred and twenty or more pounds, as you should, in any case. You are way under weight, from the standpoint of health as well as appearance. Read what I have said in answer to "Edna," as to food, and make it your business to *feed* yourself. Get exercise. Sleep. Breathe fresh air. Avoid coffee, tea, cathartics. Use a little cold cream on your face daily, massaging it in and wiping off any surplus with a soft cloth or pad of cotton, then applying powder lightly.

LUCCA.—One hundred and fifty pounds for five feet six inches is not too great a weight, unless it is in the wrong places. That is, if the abdomen is too large, or the calves of the legs, etc., while the rest of the body is thinner, then while the weight is not too much when well distributed it is too much for that particular person. Exercise will reduce any portions of the body which are out of proportion.

GLADYS.—The only way to take off freckles is to take off the skin! If you have only a few, I should let them alone, as they will without doubt fade in time; all you need to do is to prevent more coming. Keep the skin well bathed, use half a teaspoonful of tincture of benzoin in the water with which you bathe your face. It will only be a matter of a few weeks or so when your face will bleach out. Whereas if you attempt to remove the freckles by taking off the skin, you will find the new skin sensitive and likely to freckle again. For only a few freckles it is not worth while.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Restore Those Silver Threads



These disfiguring gray streaks which make you look a hundred years old—comb them away with Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. Mail coupon for free trial bottle and test on single lock. This proves it.

No danger of streaking or discoloration—nothing to wash or rub off. Leaves your hair soft, fluffy, lovely to curl and dress. Restoration complete in 4 to 8 days, whether your gray hairs are many or few.

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Mary T. Goldman, 863 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer.

The natural color of my hair is black....jet black....dark brown.....medium brown.....light brown.....

Name.....

Street.....Town.....

Co.....State.....

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The best thing to use is Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, for this is pure and entirely greaseless. It's very cheap and beats anything else all to pieces. You can get Mulsified at any drug store, and a few ounces will last the whole family for months.

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No need for steaming the face, no massage, no cream, nothing but pure water for bathing



and Stuart's Calcium Wafers to clear the blood of impurities. You soon notice the change.

Pimples, blackheads and other such facial blemishes may be traced to an excess of impurities being eliminated through the skin and this condition calls for calcium to enable the process of elimination to be carried on more completely.

It is the Calcium in Stuart's Calcium Wafers that has given this complexion beautifier such a wonderful reputation.

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Fabrics Mfg. Co., 118 Second St. Dayton, Ohio

Some New Charades for Thanksgiving

By Jeanette Atwood

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CHARADES that demand three or four scenes before the "whole" has been illustrated are not adapted for young folks, as it is rather difficult to follow through all of the scenes for young memories. But the more simple appearing charades are really quite difficult to puzzle out when produced, although to read about them they seem quite too easy. I have seen as many grown folks as children fail to solve some of the very simple charades given here, such as the words "By-laws," "Uproar," "Downtrod," and the like.



BLACKSMITH.

The following charades being easily enacted, with "properties" that are in common use or readily improvised, are especially well adapted to provide impromptu entertainment in the home for any social gathering of friends and neighbors, or may serve as an amusing pastime for the family circle Thanksgiving afternoon or evening.

VICTORY.

Two pictures, one of the late Queen Victoria with the words "Good Queen 'Vic" under it. Another picture of General Cornwallis. He was a "Tory," and the whole is not difficult to guess.

Some of the short word charades, that need but one scene, are given here. Try some of them on your guests and you will be surprised to find how difficult it is to guess them.

BOOK-MARK.

Not as easy as it seems if you can get a very small child to enter, pick a book from the table (previously placed there for the child—a catalogue or something without value) and sits on the floor. Child very busily engaged in marking up the pages, scrawling over them, with a pencil. A big blue crayon pencil would be best.

BLACKSMITH.

Some one calls off stage (next room will do for this), "Is Mr. Smith out there?" And a voice replies, "Yas'm, I'se here," then a boy blacked up and wearing a man's hat and long trousers, appears. That's all there is to it. But it is surprising to find how few can readily guess that this is "black" Smith.

ICE CREAM.

This is amusing. A child may start to drink some water from a glass, make up a face, leave



room and come back with a large piece of ice, which he drops in it.

The next part a girl comes in with a kitten, a saucer and cream jar, pours some cream and makes kitten drink it.

TENNIS RAQUET.

A couple of children may stretch a little net and play tennis, gently of course, while two more children with a horn and tin pan may make a fearful racket. Everyone will guess "tennis" but be surprised when told that is not right, as the whole charade is "tennis raquet."

MUSIC.

Behind a screen have a child holding a cat. Child to "meaou" like a cat, a dozen times, then release cat and push him out from behind scene. The next part is a child on a couch with a bandage about head. The whole, of course, is "mew" "sick."

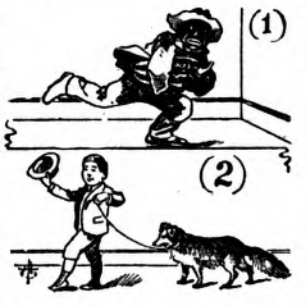
CHECKER-BOARD.

Two are playing checkers, when a third comes in, removes one checker from the board, puts it on chair or floor and with a gimlet or bit and bitstock proceeds to bore a hole in it. (Hole may be previously made in it.) This is held up. "Why, you have bored a hole right through it!" exclaimed one.

"Why did you do it?" queries the other. If they fail to guess, he may say, "I wanted another checker-board (bored)."

MELANCHOLY.

This very simple charade is not always easy to guess if properly produced. To make it all the more lively, a boy may black up and dress in old clothes, come in and steal a watermelon. If watermelons are not in season, a pumpkin may easily be painted to resemble one. The paint will readily wash off. After this some one comes through, leading a collie dog. (Melon collie.) For the "whole," if they fail to guess it, one may sit at a table, head on hand, very melancholy. Some one may ask, "What's the matter?" "I am down-hearted, I feel like the *whole* of this charade."



IDOLIZE.

A simple thing is to take an old idol or to make an imitation. It may be made with putty for the occasion. Be sure that it has no eyes. After it has been shown alone on a little stand, some one must come in, look at it, go out and come back with a pair of artificial eyes. Blackheaded hat pins, cut off close to the head, will serve. Jab these in the putty where the eyes should be, then walk off.

MARBLE.

It may be difficult for young people to understand that to damage anything is to mar it,—however, that word may be used to aid. A boy has a small bell. He rings it. It doesn't suit, so he takes a hammer or hatchet and proceeds to pound it and *mar* it. If no one guesses it, he may be asked, "Why do you mar that?" Reply, "It isn't a good bell."

SPRINGTIME.

A big old-fashioned bed or upholstery spring is best. Some one brings it in. Places it on stand. Springs it up and down with hand to show that it is a spring, then leaves it. Another comes in with a small clock and places it on top of the spring and goes away.

MAGIC.

Somewhat of a pun, but some of the best charades depend on the phonetic system. Some one calls, "Madge! Oh, Madge! Are you there? Come here, dear," and a little girl runs on. "Oh, there you are, Madge." Next a bright youngster pretends to be afflicted with hiccoughs. He goes about trying to stop it and continues to "hiccough," taking care to say only "ich! ich! ich!" For the whole, if it is not guessed, some child may perform a simple little trick in magic.

PRIMROSE.

A clever little girl who can act very primly, with many mincing mannerisms, may enter, carrying a rose. She sits middle of a couch and a



boy enters and sits beside her. She moves over to other end. She acts very "prim" indeed.

UPROAR.

A child climbs up on a stepladder and roars.

UNDERSTAND.

A child sits under a small table or stand.

INTENT.

Child in a small tent.

OVERCOAT.

Place a coat beneath a chair and have a child sit on chair.

DOWN-TROD.

Child picks some "down" from bit of swansdown fur, then treads on it and stops, making it past tense, or down-trod.

BY-LAWS.

A stack of calf-bound law books on a stand and a child stands close beside them.

It is true these seem very simple. And if one at a time were performed they would be much easier to guess, but start the entire six at once, and, what between glancing from one to the other and laughing, the youngsters will have a rather difficult time of it.

Three states may be used at once, first explaining that the next scene represents three different states.

INDIANA.

An immense letter D cut from cardboard or made of sticks. A little girl comes out with name "Anna" pinned on her, and stands inside the "D."



These three relating to States, like the preceding group of five, will prove more amusing if produced at the same time.

There are many words that one simple act will describe. They are not as easy when acted as they seem to be just by reading about them.

MAINE.

Child may sit on hobby horse and continually stroke his mane.

NEW JERSEY.

Child wears a bright jersey and tells another child it is new, not using the word "jersey" but merely saying, "This is new. Yes, this is brand new," etc.

MOVING PICTURES IN THREE REELS.

Youngsters may move three wall pictures, hung low purposely, or three framed pictures from mantel to piano. Child to reel about dizzily while moving each one.

INNOCENCE.

Child brings on a large card lettered like this: "MEET ME TUESDAY NOON BY MOONLIGHT BETWEEN THURSDAY AND THE FOURTH OF JULY." The more they study it, the more will they become puzzled. "I don't see any sense to it!" some will exclaim. Tell them that's right and that they have nearly guessed it. The answer is, of course, that it is *in no sense.*

PARACHUTE.

This is a good charade word but rather difficult for little children. Older children will doubtless catch it and when there are smaller folks it is well to have a "whole" at the end of the charade if they cannot guess it by the scenes. This word should be managed as follows: A child picks a pear from a dish and eats it. Another child marches across stage wearing a letter "A" and a third comes in with a toy gun and shoots at a target. Then if they cannot guess it, a little child may stand in a chair with an opened umbrella and jump from the chair with it, as one would do with a parachute.

None of these charades are "deep." They are not intended for mature minds. But as a means of entertaining a party of young folks throughout an afternoon or evening, they will serve admirably. In fact, experience has taught that young folks do not care for charades that they cannot guess. A few simple ones that are easy, mixed with others, adds more pleasure to the evening.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

visit the school. If parents could only realize that gossiping is a vehicle of mischief that only serves to narrow their children, they would be more careful how they allowed them to talk. If you hear a bit of scandal do you let it die in your memory, or do you tell it to the next friend you meet as toothsome piece of news? Never believe anything bad about anybody is a very good motto. I have been teaching school for six years and sometimes we as teachers become discouraged. We are discussed over the entire community, every step we take is watched and we must be very careful. Some parents think we should do things for their children regardless of the others, they will also send us word how to instruct them. Of course, the only thing we can do is to ignore the whole business and do as we please.

I have been in school this summer and now I'm studying Shakespeare's work, also canning. I believe I'll tell you how I do my canning as it may be of help to some one. Not having a home canner, I began to look around for something to cook my fruit in so I selected two lard cans. The fruit is prepared, placed in glass jars with rubbers and caps in place (but cap not tight). I took a large white cloth, placed in bottom of lard can to serve as rack, set my glass cans into the lard can on this cloth, poured in cold water over half way up the jars, placed on stove and cooked the required length of time, then lifted my cans from the water and left them to cool for ten or fifteen minutes, after which I tightened the lids. I have canned over two hundred fifty cans this year and haven't lost a can, also the fruit has a better flavor and looks much nicer than when cooked in an open vessel.

One word to music lover, I actually heard one woman say that all girls married the first chance they got, and some little narrow-minded two-by-four men think the same thing, but they are sadly mistaken. When most girls marry they want a man, a real man, a man that has character, a man that is willing to work and make a home, a home where she can be queen. Oh, no, you're mistaken, I'm not a maiden lady (old maid), neither did I live to be an old maid before I married and I know several girls that could have married and did not. I have been married six years, have one boy, Elmo, who is three years old. I'm a farmer's wife but please print this.

Sincere wishes, ADA KIRBY.

LIMESTONE, R. R. 2, TENN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

It has been almost three years since my other letter appeared in COMFORT so I am prompted to write again, for the same reason that I wrote before. I am seeking comfort and I made a host of good friends through my first letter, friends who sent me words of cheer and comfort when I most needed them. When we are not in actual need of anything, a gift from a friend is not so greatly appreciated, but when the shadows hang thick and dark across our pathway, then we need the gifts and cheer from friends. Some of the sisters seem to think that we should pack up our troubles and disappointments and carry them all alone. Why not then carry our joys alone? The friends who will not stick in sunshine and shade alike are not friends at all and I'm inclined to believe that the ones who advocate carrying their sorrows alone never had any real ones come into their lives. I do not like to see folks glum all the time, neither do I like to hear a lot of silly nonsense. I am not old but I know the dark side of life and if I hadn't some good friends with whom to talk and share my burdens I could never have gone this far.

In two and one-half years I have had go out of my life two children, a sweet, golden-haired girl and a curly-headed baby boy who went away on the 11th of July. Both were walking and talking but their baby hands are stilled forever. Their toys lie around undisturbed and seem to echo my loneliness. The little worn garments are scattered over the house and I cannot turn but what my vision meets some little article which bears the finger prints of the little children. Their photographs rest on the mantel and seem to look at me with big blue eyes, once so full of mirth and laughter.

Sisters, is not this a shadow that we ought to help each other bear? And you, who have never had such trials, put yourself in my place and see what you think of it, then let us know. I am more sorry for people who have sorrows than those who have bodily ailments. Why do I say this? Simply because I have had both and I could endure the latter.

Do not imagine that I sit down with folded hands and nurse my troubles. Far from that. I keep very busy trying to chase away the shadows. We live on a farm of 160 acres, down in Tennessee, and that means work. I can lots of fruits and vegetables every summer besides making butters, jams and jellies. The doctors say that the first question an East Tennessean will ask when sick is, "What am I going to eat?"

Our crops this year consisted of wheat, corn, rye, cane, tobacco, peanuts, popcorn, beans, melons, sweet and Irish potatoes.

I shall greatly appreciate any letters I may receive.

With love to all, MRS. BONNIE BOVELL.

DURANGO, COLO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I am a subscriber of COMFORT. I should like to say to "Irish" that her little boy of past two is merely a baby, and it is perfectly natural for babies not to like the dark, especially when they wake up and find themselves alone in bed. He is probably not wormy at all, only a normal child. My little girl of four (our only living child) has always slept with me, while not a nervously termed child, she has often wakened in the night and asked me to take her in my arms. Once she said, "Mother, isn't it funny how the ' 'fraid' goes 'way, when you put your arm around me?" So I should take that little boy of two in bed with me, if I were his mother. But maybe I am too easy with children, but I remember so vividly my own childish feelings.

What a nice thing it would be if more mothers could realize what a short time we have to keep our children. Some time ago I heard a mother of two bright children say, "I must make a pleasant home for my children for the next ten years, for that is as long as I can hope to have them with me."

I used to be a teacher before marriage. I shall send in a club of COMFORT subscribers, the best little paper going.

Some time I may write how I broke my little girl of sucking her fingers when two years of age.

Very truly yours, MRS. CALVIN MOXLEY.

TENNESSEE.

HELLO EVERYBODY:

Here comes a stranger, though I feel that I know every one of you.

I have read the letters giving advice to the woman whose neighbors' children bothered her, and want to add my experience. When we moved to town we were in a neighborhood where there were many children and my frinds told me, "You are in for it for the children will worry you to death." I only laughed and told them I didn't think so. I have one little girl so before long the other children began to come in. I would allow them to play a while but when I thought they had stayed long enough I called my little girl into the house and if they came in with her I would have them sit down and be quiet. It wouldn't be long before they would go home. The plan has worked for sixteen months and none of the mothers are offended. If I didn't want to bother with them at all I would have them sit down when they first came.

I hope this will help someone.

EVER CHEERFUL.

BELTON, S. C.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I want to say just a few words about marriage, especially about the marriage of girls to boys younger than themselves. It seems to me a girl should always

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32.)



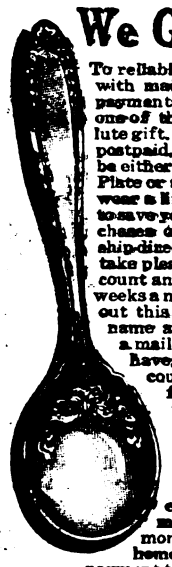
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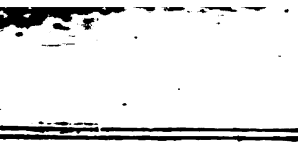


We Give 'em Away

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Love Will Find the Way

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

you know how I love you. In the old days we used to call each other sister. Let me be your sister now, dear, in reality. You can never be happy there. Leave it all and come to me, Marian. My sister, let my home be yours!"

She paused. There was the sound of wild sobbing; but it ceased at last, and Marian struggled to her feet. She did not look at Anne Gordon, and her voice was almost inaudible as, with downcast eyes, she said:

"I can't thank you; I don't know how. It goes beyond all that."

"Then you will come?"

"I can't," she answered, in a choked voice. "That would be impossible."

"Why? Are you to sacrifice all your future because of him? Are you to ruin your whole life for the sake of a man who is not worthy to even speak your name?"

"He is—my father!"

"And because of that you are to allow him to not only spoil your life but ruin your soul? Are you going to sacrifice yourself for a creature like that? Marian, I tell you that you shall not! It is criminal! It is horrible! It is against every law of God and man!"

"Don't, Anne, I beg of you. As you love me, spare him. I know that he is unworthy, and it may be that I am wrong to remain by his side; but I have promised him that I would, and I have not the right to break my word."

"Marian, you cannot mean it. See, dear; I offer you a home here with me. I promise you that you shall never want, that you shall share with me, even as my own sister should. Marian, I am pleading with you. I cannot endure to see you putting this blight upon your own life as you are doing."

"And I tell you that I must!" panted Marian. "Oh, please say no more! I dare not desert him! He needs me. He could not live without me. If I were to desert him, only Heaven knows what would become of him. Do not ask me again, Anne. I see but too clearly the terrible situation in which I am placed, but there is nothing for me to do but abide by it. Good by, Anne. It is hard for me to say it, but I could not bear to see you again! I must go on and live my miserable life alone. You have been so good to me, dear—so good, that if I were to try to the end of my wretched life, I could never make you understand how grateful I am. But surely you know how it would hurt me, under the circumstances, to see you again. I couldn't, Anne—I couldn't. Dearly as I love you, that would be impossible. As long as I believed you did not know—as long as I thought I could keep the guilty secret from you—I could bear it; but now that you know, it would be—madness! Good by, Anne!"

She caught Miss Gordon in a wild, passionate embrace. It lasted but a moment, and before Anne could recover herself sufficiently to speak, she had gone.

A moment more and they might have understood each other, and both have been spared the whole sorrowful after-time; but that moment was denied them, and their miserable game of cross-purposes stood as they had played it, a monument of future suffering.

TO BE CONTINUED.



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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Thanksgiving Raffle

By Joseph F. Novak

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THE first snowfall of the year had arrived, and while it whitened the pedestrians downtown, and frosted window-ledge, arc-light and electric sign, it made a mess under foot.

Julian Barker swung along gaily through the downfall, and when he arrived at the bank where he was employed, he breezed into the building, overcoat unbuttoned, his white silk muffler waving.

"Hurrah for Thanksgiving and the snow!" he yelled, as he went behind the cages and joined his fellow-workers. "Of course, it's slush downtown, but in the resident districts it will be the real thing."

"What are you hurrahing for? Have you anything to be thankful for?" queried Wilson, one of the bookkeepers.

"Have I?" Julian queried. "Have I? Say, I'm thankful that I didn't get fired for balling up those clearing items the other day!"

"And I'm thankful that I didn't get an earful for that awful mistake I made in the boss's letter," laughed pretty Susan Kent, one of the stenographers.

"Well," said Julian, "I propose that we give everyone a chance of being thankful and so have a raffle. Let's get together, buy a turkey and raffle it off here in the bank tonight after closing time. Whoever wins it will have material cause for thanksgiving."

"You said it, boy," said Clayton, another of the bookkeepers. "I'm on."

"Let's see, there's twenty of us, including the bank officials. Let's sell twenty chances at 50 cents a chance. That will realize ten dollars."

"Would you ask Mr. Sprague to buy a chance?" gasped pretty Susan.

"Sure, I'm not afraid. I'll begin and here's my fifty cents. I get number one," and Barker tossed a half dollar into a pin-box and wrote "No. 1" on two slips, reserving one for himself and placing the other in the box.

Susan took "No. 2" and then as the other clerks and stenographers came in he sold them a "chance" and when the bank officials came in he got them, too.

"With ten dollars we ought to get an immense turkey!" Barker exclaimed jubilantly. "Here comes Mrs. Gray; I'll get her," and he waltzed up to her.

"A chance on a turkey!" exclaimed Mrs. Gray. "Why, dear boy, what would I do with a turkey if I won it?"

"Cook it, of course," informed Julian, saucily impudent.

"How? Over a gas-jet?" queried Mrs. Gray.

Mrs. Gray had a sweet, motherly face. No one knew much about her, except that the bank president, Mr. Sprague, and her husband had been friends. It was said that she had been well off at one time, but with her husband's death, her apparent prosperity had crumbled and applying to Mr. Sprague, she had been given a position in the bank. She did not seem in place; she had too much of the home air about her. She had charge of part of the statements, and though she was scrupulously neat and accurate to a degree, she was slow. The other statement clerk was always finished away ahead of her. Once he offered to help her, but there was such distress in her eyes that he never offered again.

As Mrs. Gray spoke, a look of reminiscence came to her eyes, and Julian watching her, exclaimed:

"Gee, I'll bet you could put up a regular bear of a meal! You can cook, can't you?"

"Why, I think so," she smiled. "I was married when I was twenty and I cooked for my husband for fifteen years. It's five years since he died. I know my cooking didn't kill him for he met his death in a train wreck," and the little attempt at a joke was pitiful as the watching lad saw it called up tender memories.

"I always thought you were a dear sort of a home body. Now I want you to take a chance on this raffle anyhow. It's only fifty cents and I'm sure you'll win——"

"Surely you'll win, Mrs. Gray," laughed Susan Kent. "Julian tells everyone that."

"Of course I do. You don't suppose I'm selling blanks? Now, there's just one more, so I must tackle Blodgett," and after him he went. Blodgett was the general man of the bank and a widower of several years' standing. He had been the bank's right-hand man, in fact he was now, but with the death of his wife there had come a cessation of ambition and though he was as conscientious as ever, his energetic spirit was gone. The older employees of the bank noticed it, and they knew the reason. To the younger boys and girls he was just "Old Blodgett," though as a mater of fact he wasn't more than forty-two.

"Now, what do you want?" he asked, as he adjusted the green shade he generally wore over his eyes.

"Just to soak you fifty cents for a raffle ticket," Julian informed him calmly.

"For what?"

"Chance on a turkey. If you win it, you'll have something to be thankful for."

"Yes, I'll be thankful for it. What would I do with it if I won it?" growled Blodgett humorously, as he slid over the coin.

"Well, since you're not anxious to win it, you won't," said Julian, grabbing the money and "beating it."

Everyone liked Blodgett, for being of even temper, he was always pleasant and though everyone went to him for orders and advice, he was never officious.

With the money collected, Julian pocketed it, and then got down to business for the daily grind was beginning. The clerks and stenographers scattered to their respective places and desks and soon the institution was like a hive.

At noontime, Julian plunged out into the snow-swept streets, and after having his fifty-three cents worth of lunch at a local cafeteria, he went to do his shopping.

Turkeys seemed to be reasonably priced, and as he thought it over, it seemed unwise to spend all the money for the fowl.

"Why not do the thing right? Why not use about half the money for a turkey and the rest for a thanksgiving dinner? Why not, indeed? No reason at all," Julian reasoned and decided, and off he started.

He secured a basket, then made a center rush at the counter where a mob of women were clamoring to be waited upon.

"Oh, girls," he pleaded, "I've got to get a turkey for my poor widowed mother who does washing. I'm in a hurry. Gangway, please."

His irresistible good-humor won him a place at the counter and a few flirtatious winks at the saleslgirl secured her services. He quickly made his selection.

"Good by, girls," he laughed. "I love you all," and he waved so infectiously that several fearfully determined faces relaxed into smiles, though one woman murmured something about him being a "nut."

He went on with his purchases.

"How much of cranberries do you need to make sauce?" he naively inquired of a motherly-looking old lady, who informed him. "How many people could be served with that plum-pudding?" he asked of another, and so on, his boyish good-humor a passport to being quickly waited upon.

Thus he went about the great department store until he had spent all his money, securing sweet potatoes, mincemeat, plum-pudding, nuts, candies, in fact everything that he ever remembered eating at a Thanksgiving dinner, and loaded down with his burden, he started back for the bank.

Mr. Sprague looked at him over his glasses as he passed in.

"Beggars, peddlers and canvassers not allowed," he said, and then gave a wink.

Julian deposited his burden under his desk, allowing no one to see the result of his shopping until the bank closed for the day. Then there was a mild uproar as all the clerks laughingly demanded an immediate decision or their money refunded.

Whereupon, Julian displayed his wares.

"Great heaven! There's enough for a mob!" exclaimed Susan.

"It would feed one of us for weeks," laughed another of the girls.

Julian mounted a stool.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "we are now about to participate in the drawing of this wonderful raffle. Many of you suppose you have nothing to be thankful for. Well, let me show you differently. If Mrs. Gray doesn't win it, she can be thankful that she didn't for she wouldn't have any place to cook it! If Blodgett doesn't win it, he should be thankful because he has no one to cook it for him. The rest of us should be thankful that we had the pleasure of hoping we would win, and whoever wins it will be thankful for that, and we who don't win it should be thankful we don't have to lug the darn thing home!"

Applause and wet sponges greeted this oration.

Entirely unmindful, Julian calmly wiped a trickle of water from behind his ear, and proceeded:

"Gentlemen and ladies, the drawing will take place."

Susan was blindfolded, drew a number and—the dinner went to Blodgett!

"Great Scott! What shall I do with it? I can't cook it!" exclaimed Blodgett.

"Chance is very brainless," complained Julian. "You win it and can't cook it, and I suppose if you hadn't won it, Mrs. Gray would, and she would have no place to cook it. It's very annoying."

"Well, Mrs. Gray can cook the dinner in my kitchen if she wishes," Blodgett said laughingly, though there was a tone of longing in his voice. Was he thinking of the times in years past, when he had watched the only woman bustling about that kitchen, so long vacant?

"There's your chance, Mrs. Gray!" exclaimed Julian. "Will you do it?"

"Yes, if the whole office force joins us in the banquet," laughed Mrs. Gray.

"Invite the whole crew, Blodgett!" sang out one of the clerks.

"Sure, all come!" exclaimed Blodgett, heartily. "How many will?"

Julian and Susan agreed, as did several others, so that there would be a dozen at the table.

"I'll call for you, Susan, and then we'll get Mrs. Gray and the three of us go to Blodgett's home."

And though it was thus agreed, immediately a dark plot was launched.

The office force dispersed to their respective street cars and "L" stations, but Blodgett asked of Mrs. Gray permission to walk with her to the street car, "and tell me if there is anything else you will need for cooking that dinner."

Early next morning, Julian called for Susan. Susan looked a regular bud in her pretty winter clothes and quite in holiday spirit. The sky was lowering, but that only made the thought of assisting with the Thanksgiving dinner more cozy and agreeable.

"Gee, you look nice, Susy," Julian said. "You know, I'd like to have you go to a show with me sometime."

(But this isn't Julian and Susy's romance.)

They called for Mrs. Gray and found her looking more sweet and motherly than ever. She was only forty and by no means elderly looking but to eyes of eighteen and nineteen (the ages of Susan and Julian) she was an old lady.

They reached Blodgett's home in due time, and then after sitting in the parlor for a bit (which Blodgett kept scrupulously neat "as if he were awaiting the coming of his bride" Susan afterward romantically said) they all went to the kitchen.

"Oh, Mrs. Gray, you be the mother, and Blodgett'll be the father and we're your kids," suggested Julian.

"Well, I don't mind playing at housekeeping, for it was my delight in times gone by," said Mrs. Gray cheerfully.

She put on a coverall apron, rolled up her sleeves and started in to work with Julian as assistant cook, Susan a very enticing slavey and Blodgett a faithful ally. He brought any dish or utensil desired.

Julian noted the almost magical way in which Mrs. Gray's slim white hands got the dinner under way, and noted, too, that it was not lost on Blodgett. A queer sort of feeling rose in the boy's breast; he pitied Blodgett as he looked about the beautiful house, so austerely clean and neat—the work of a man-housekeeper. He pitied Mrs. Gray, who didn't seem at all the woman whom he had so many times watched as she pored over her statements under the electric light in the bank. She seemed to belong in the kitchen. That was his thought and he meant no disrespect—she was so essentially a home woman. She should have had the house—and Blodgett should have lived in the boarding-house.

So ran his thoughts.

"I think I'll make a fine mince pie," Mrs. Gray announced, and with the rapidity of one who loves the work, she set about it.

There was a ring at the 'phone, and one of the clerks begged to be excused from attending the dinner.

Other calls came. Those clerks! The wretches! Not one intended to come!

"Well, I suppose there's no use in setting the table for people who won't come," complained Susan. "But it will be better than having a bunch!"

"Yes," said Julian, trying not to be aware of the look that passed between Mrs. Gray and Blodgett. "Only, you've made three pies, and one will be enough. But," artfully, "Blodgett may have the others to eat tomorrow."

There was a little restraint after the last refusal, but it soon passed. Then Blodgett and Susan went to the dining-room, where the man got out the linen and silver. No one knew that he felt as if he were opening a grave, and yet, he could not feel that he was committing a desecration. For many years he had lived alone, and life was lonely. He wanted to remain true to his wife, and yet there was a feeling that perhaps she knew, and perhaps she did not care if he opened their home as he was doing to one at least who was as lonely and alone as himself.

"You must have loved your wife very much to give her all these lovely things," said Susan softly, as Blodgett seemed lost in memories.

"Yes, Margaret enjoyed having pretty things, and she was so good and worthy of everything I did for her," he replied.

A call came from Julian from the kitchen and thereafter there was much circulating between kitchen and dining-room; Susan fixing up the table to the prettiest of her ability, while in the kitchen Julian washed dish after dish and pan after pan without protest except when was stumped as to how to wash a pot blackened by gas.

At length everything was ready. There was the turkey in all his glory, there were the delicious mashed potatoes, sweet potatoes and potato chips; there was—well, it was all there.

The four sat to it, and soon were making fine headway. Mrs. Gray partook heartily of her efforts, for "it is so long since I ate anything that I cooked," she apologized for her hearty appetite. Blodgett felt that he had not had such a meal since—since—somehow he couldn't say "since" Margaret died"—because this enjoyment of his home again seemed unloyal to her. And yet, if she knew——

Julian and Susan didn't mince, for they were scarcely more than girl and boy, anyhow, and they went to it with boy and girl appetite.

After dinner they cleared away the feast, and while Mrs. Gray washed the dishes, they all wiped them, and then as the snow had again commenced to fall, they canceled the plan they had made to go to a movie.

Blodgett opened the piano and Susan, who could bang a little, played many popular songs, then they put the phonograph into commission and after that wearied, they played "five hundred." So interested did they become that they didn't notice the lapse of time until Julian, glancing at his watch, noted that it was nearly seven.

"Mercy! We must go!" exclaimed Mrs. Gray.

"No, let's not. Let's make it a perfect day. Let's have a supper from the left-overs from dinner!" exclaimed Julian.

"Well, if Mrs. Gray is willing, I am," said Blodgett, smiling broadly.

The plan was adopted and after supper and the clearing away, they went back to the parlor again. Blodgett brought out several albums of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38.)



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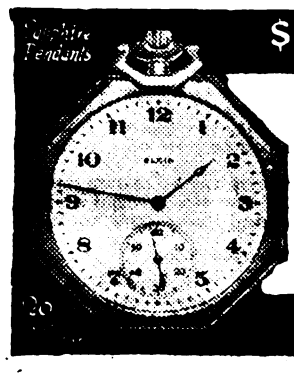
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Attractive Ways of Using Blanket Stitch

Suggestions for Christmas Gifts

AS it is none too early to be thinking of the gift problem, as is our usual custom, our pages are devoted this month to various useful and attractive articles, which can be made with simple stitches.

These hand-made articles are really delightfully pretty when finished if one is careful in selecting and combining their colors.

The collars, creeping rug and bib are as attractive as necessary. The tatting boudoir cap is simple and beautiful. Any housewife always welcomes extra doilies now that they are so generally used, and market bags are as much in vogue as during the "cash and carry" war days. Sofa pillows are always needed and the two suggestions here are especially good.

Blanket-Stitch Embroidery

A touch of hand work is always an addition to any article however small, and dainty effects can be secured by those who are not sufficiently skilled to do fine work or who lack perhaps the time or eyesight.



BLANKET STITCH EMBROIDERY.

One way of accomplishing considerable with ease and rapidity is to employ the old-fashioned blanket stitch. Any simple outline pattern, either bird, beast or blossom, may be worked completely in this way, or combined with simple outline stitch as shown in illustration of tulip.

Any flower, the same being repeated across the end of huck or bath towels, is very effective worked out in two or three colors in blanket stitch.

Little aprons, bibs and bonnets may also be made extremely fascinating and individual.

There are also many other ways in which blanket stitch can be effectively employed.

Unbleached covers, scarfs and sofa pillows crossed with bands of bright cretonne, with all edges turned in and held in place with long and short blanket stitches, are as strikingly pretty as they are durable.

While fine stitches always have their place, at present the main idea is to secure as pretty and elaborate effects as possible, with the least work and in the shortest time.

It is really remarkable how much can be accomplished in this way.

Besides articles for use in one's bedroom or living-room, house dresses and children's dresses, aprons and hats can also be artistically trimmed with just a few bits of bright pieces prettily arranged.

The pockets of dresses trimmed with circles of color similar to the decoration here shown on the basket, and perhaps a few leaf-like shaped pieces of green is one idea recently seen.

An apron which any little girl would like to wear, has two pockets on the front, crossed off in diamonds which are outlined in black or brown, and above these on the garment small pieces are arranged as leaves and blossoms. Similar trimming can be used to border the bottom, neck and sleeves of little dresses which can be ornamented very easily and quickly.

Novel Shopping Basket

This home-made affair suggests another way in which blanket stitch can be employed effectively.

The basket proper was made by sewing straw which formerly had been a summer hat. The straw braid was ripped from the wire frame, cleaned, softened with warm water and then sewed round and round in the shape shown.

The first strip forming the bottom measured nine inches, turn and sew around, fulling the braid on a little to give the width.

The decoration consists of circles of silk and velvet, overlapped as shown and stitched in place with black wool. As the prevailing shade



SHOPPING BASKET.

of the pieces were green, wool tassels of a leaf green were added.

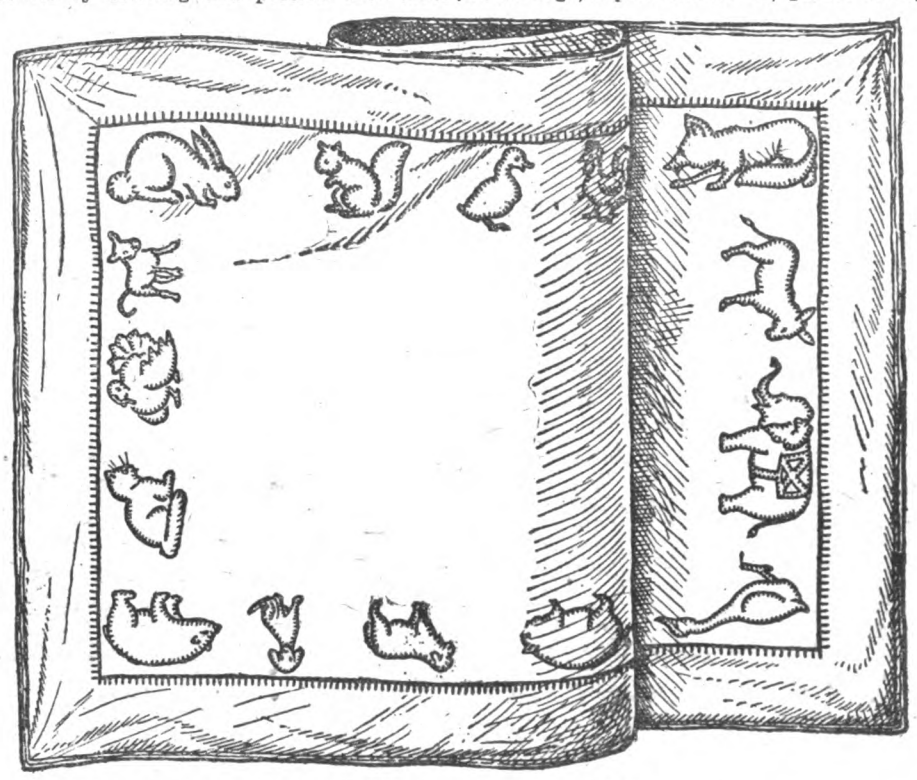
Ten Fresh Ideas

Each one useful, simple and attractive. Busy home workers with an eye open for Christmas, 1921 or intervening birthdays or "showers" should get interested and try them out.

The material, tiny scraps to be found among one's things, a paper pattern from which to work and all these designs can be fashioned from the following descriptions.

Lingerie Holder

A holder for lingerie ribbon is an ever useful and acceptable gift. For this fold up three inches of a piece of pretty ribbon measuring 9 by 12 inches, and overseam the sides. Make pockets by dividing this portion into three

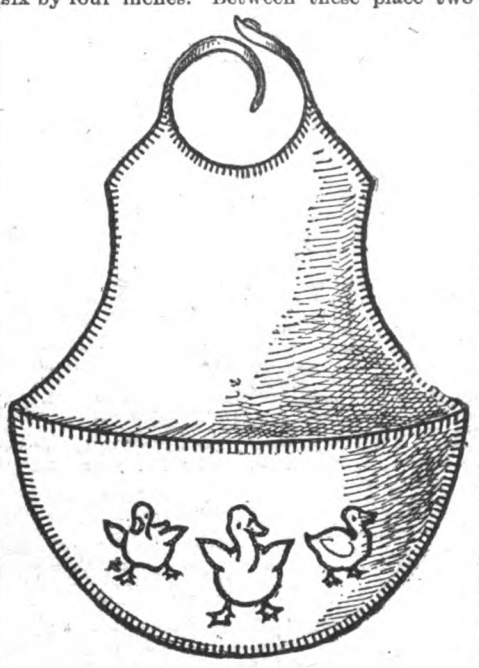


CREEPING RUG FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

parts and feather-stitch between. Edge the case with a small silk cord. To the center sew a ribbon stitched down to form two divisions under which one may slip a pair of small scissors and a bodkin. In the pockets place running ribbons wound on cards cut to fit.

Safety-Pins

A holder for the ever necessary safety-pins is fashioned from two pieces of white linen, each six by four inches. Between these place two



CHILD'S FEEDING BIB.

or three pinked leaves of cream-colored baby flannel.

Finish the edge of the linen covers with a buttonholed scallop. Tie all together at the top by running a ribbon through worked eyelets. An embroidered initial or monogram will make this little article personal and attractive. Fill with different sized safety-pins.

Spool Holder

Cut 10 circles of cardboard, or rather five pairs in graduated sizes and cover them on both sides with silk. Tiny scraps of any colors will work in nicely.

Make a hole through each circle, tie a knot six inches from the end of a No. 3 ribbon run through one of the largest circles, then through a spool of silk or cotton, repeat, working on a circle of each size with a spool between. Leave piece of ribbon twelve inches long from the top circle. Thread the other circles and spools from the bottom up in the same way. Tie the ribbons from the bottom together in a small bow, closely enough to keep the spools together side by side. Tie the top ribbons also for hanging.

Needle-Case

This is a unique little needle-case in the form of a tiny parasol. For this one will need a fine bone crochet hook, a six-inch circle of pretty silk, narrow lace to edge and a bit of flannel. Cut the two circles, pinking the flannel one. Fit this inside, making an eyelet hole in the center of the two. Fold and mark eight points around the edge of the silk covering, at each of these make a loop of silk, buttonholed over. Run needles into the flannel from these points toward the center and also in the divisions between.

Through the loops on the edge run a narrow ribbon which will draw the parasol into form and tie in a bow around the crochet hook.

Powder Pad

This tiny powder pad is for one's bag. Make the inner bag of net or cheese-cloth two inches square. Fill and slip this into a chamois covering made of two circles measuring an inch and one-half in diameter.

Punch holes with a large darning needle in the upper or top chamois, overcast the edges together with embroidery silk.

To accompany this, cover the back of a small mirror with chamois, overcast a No. 2 ribbon, to the edge, slip the mirror in, gather the opposite edge of the ribbon and draw up closely to keep the mirror in place.

Finish with a tiny bow and from this sew one end of the ribbon to the pad. Slip both in a silk or chamois envelope made to fit and finished with a snap.

Cover for Paper Powder Book

This cover of silk or brocade is made the same as any book cover and can be easily refilled when necessary.

Bedroom Slippers

For these one will need one pair soles, two and two-thirds yards of five-inch ribbon, flowered is preferable, one-half yard of narrow white elastic, three yards of white lace and two yards of narrow ribbon. Halve the wide ribbon and full onto each sole, allowing more ribbon around the toes than the heels, make a running around the opposite edge for the elastic and finish with a frill of lace and rosette of narrow ribbon in front.

Scrap Bag

This bag for the side of a sewing machine is made of common linen dish toweling and is serviceable for this purpose.

Make a nine-inch bag and seam up the sides. Crochet over a cord with linen or ecru cotton, when a yard or so is covered, sew a half inch to the top of the bag beginning at the seam. now make a loop over a wooden embroidery ring, coming out over the cord which is sewed in place. Cross this and sew down another inch, make a second loop, repeat working around the bag in this way.

Use the same cord for hanging. This little article is designed to catch thread and clippings when sewing, and is most convenient if hung to the iron work of a machine, under the table.

Work Box

This box, made of two other boxes, may be of any size, but the smaller should just fit in larger diamond-wise.

For the lid use four diamond-shaped pieces large enough to cover the corners. Fill the center with a fat cushion tied in with ribbons.

Cover the whole box inside and out with any pretty flowered material—cretonne, chintz or dimity.

Manicure Case

For the foundation one can use a box such as the sealed packages of crackers come in. Open this out flat and cover both sides with any suitable material. Slip the ends back into place and then make the box secure by binding the edge and the lid with narrow ribbon. Strips of ribbon should be fastened to the sides of the box and also on the inside of the lid for holding the emery boards, scissors, file and orange-wood sticks. Room will also be found for the polishing paste and powder, buffer and in fact all articles required for manicuring at home. If the box is neatly and attractively made it is pretty enough to adorn the dressing table of the most fastidious girl.

Child's Feeding Bib

The little feeding bib is of unbleached cotton, worked entirely in blue. Across the bottom is an extra piece which forms a useful pocket in case of accidents.

The little ducks would doubtless prove amusing to any animated small child.

Sofa Pillow Cov...

A good exampe of blanket stitch decoration is shown in the effective pillow. This cover is of plain natural tone crash, the cretonne roses being appliqued in place with heavy black mercerized cotton floss.

Child's Creeping Rug

A creeping rug is a great convenience which would surely be appreciated by any young mother.

A baby old enough to sit alone will be attracted by the bright colors used in working the border of animals.

The one here illustrated had for a foundation an old blanket doubled four times. The top was covered with white cotton flannel, the bottom and nine inch-border of medium blue. Blanket stitch this on the inner edge as shown with dark blue or black. For the animals use various colors. Small shoe buttons, securely sewn in place, answer for excellent eyes, and this feature alone will often amuse baby for hours.

A fascinating set for a small child's room may be made of unbleached cloth; for the crib quilt outline a circle of small children or a group of bunnies, kittens or chickens. These should be placed in the center of the quilt rather than as a border.

For an older child's room make a bedspread, finishing the edge with a blanket-stitched border the same as shown on the creeping rug.

Across the foot and the top inside of the hems run a border of blossoms or butterflies. Scarfs for bureau and little chairs and other articles in the room may be worked out to match.

The Ever Useful Boudoir Cap

Our model is of rose pink, and one of the daintiest caps imaginable.

The cap itself is of four thicknesses of pink maline, or, if preferred, one could substitute white wash net dyeing it to the proper shade to match the tatted band.

For this pink crochet cotton No. 30 was used.

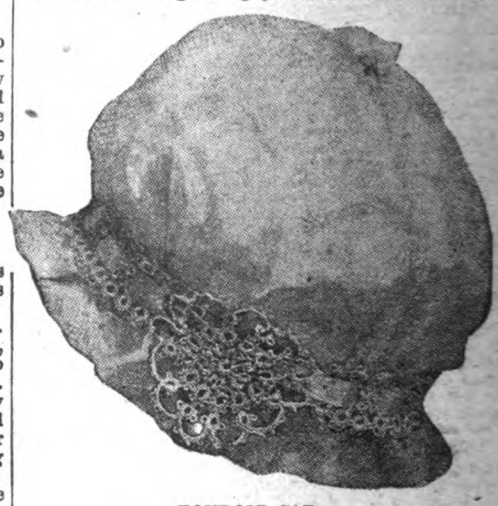
A band of tatting crosses the front and back of the cap and on each side are rosettes like motifs, which are shown in detail below.

For the Rosettes

Begin with a center ring of 12 long picots with 1 d s between, close. Knot thread and cut. Ring 6 d s, join to long p, 6 d s, close, leave one-eighth inch thread, make ring 3 d s, 1 p, 1 d s, 3 p, 1 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, close, make 12 of each of these rings, joining the smaller to the center ring, surround each wheel with rings and chains as follows: Ring 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, join to center p of large ring 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, close. Chains: 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s.

Beading Band

Small ring 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, leave one-eighth inch thread, 1 large ring, 3 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 3 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 small ring joined to first small ring. Large ring, join to side p, small ring, leave free. Large ring joined to second large



BOUDOIR CAP.

ring, 1 small ring, large ring, joined to last large ring, small ring joined to last small ring. Repeat.

For the other side of beading work the same. Join two small rings to small rings, making a group of four rings. Join free small rings together.

Run ribbon under the group of four small rings.

The rosette may be used in numberless ways.

Of fine tatting cotton camisole yokes of the joined rosettes are very handsome. Square or pointed yokes for nightgowns may also be fashioned.

Tatted Napkin Rings

The motif used on the tatted cap can also be employed in many other ways which will readily suggest themselves.

For a small article which the shuttle worker can turn out very quickly, nothing is likely to prove of more use than a napkin ring, for so often the necessity arises for an extra one. Or such rings may be used by the whole family if tied with ribbons of different colors or marked

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)



SOFA PILLOW COVER IN APPLIQUE.

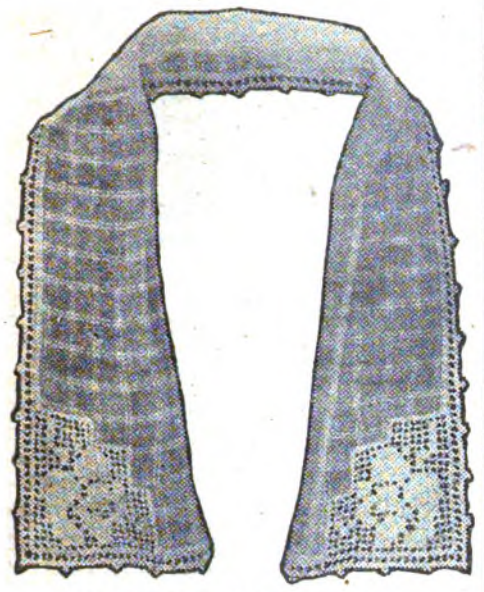
Worth-While Designs in Filet Crochet

Dainty Designs for Neckwear

THERE is almost an endless variety of neckwear as dainty collars are used so much on dresses, blouses and sweaters.

At present the finest of organdy is the vogue, made up with either plain hemstitched hems, lace edges or worked with flower designs in bright colors.

Certainly there could be nothing more dainty than the organdy cross-bar, combined with filet for an all-white collar.



ORGANDY AND FILET COLLAR.

The motifs in the corners, shown in detail below are made of No. 100, mercerized crochet cotton.

Begin with ch 60 sts, turn.
1st row—18 sps, ch 5, turn.
2nd row—9 sps, 2 blks, 7 sps, ch 5, turn.
3rd row—5 sps, 5 blks, 3 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.
4th row—5 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 8 blks, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.
5th row—1 sp, 9 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.
6th row—8 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.
7th row—1 sp, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.
8th row—5 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.
9th row—2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 4 sps, turn, slip st over 3 sps, ch 5.
10th row—4 blks over 4 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.
11th row—1 sp, 3 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.
12th row—2 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.
13th row—4 sps, 6 blks, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.
14th row—5 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.
15th row—4 sps, 1 blk, 10 blks, turn, slip st over 6 sps, ch 5.
16th row—5 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.
17th row—4 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, ch 5, turn.
18th row—9 sps.

Now crochet all around the two straight sides of the motif, working 3 s c in each sp and 7 s c in each corner sp.

Tab Collar in Filet

These fashionable collars are justly popular because they fit any shaped neck and are suitable for many occasions.

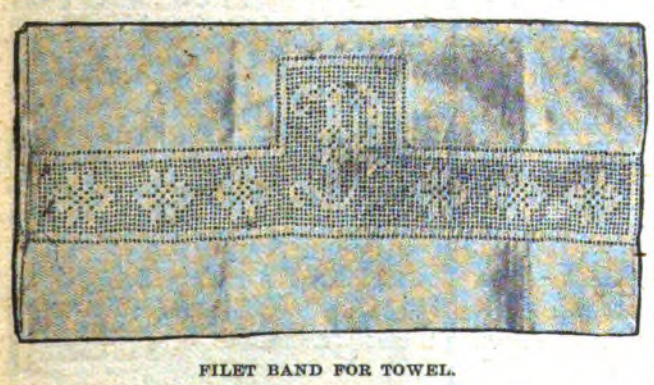
Medium fine cotton, No 40 or 50, works up very prettily or even coarse cotton can be used with good effect, especially for wear on a woolen



TAB COLLAR IN FILET.

slip-on. The coarser the collar the deeper the tabs will be.

Ch 63, turn.
1st row—18 sps, ch 5, turn.
2nd row—18 sps, ch 3, 1 d c in same st with last d c, ch 9, turn.
3rd row—1 d c in top of last d c, 19 more sps, ch 5, turn.
4th row—12 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, ch 3, 1 d c in same st with last d c as in 2nd row, ch 9, turn.



FILET BAND FOR TOWEL.

5th row—1 d c in top of last d c, 5 sps, 1 blk over blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 12 sps, ch 5, turn.
6th row—12 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, ch 3, 1 d c in last d c, ch 9, turn.
7th row—One is now on center row of first point, 1 d c on top of last d c, 4 sps, 7 blks, 12 sps, ch 5, turn.
8th row—15 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 d c on first d c in last row, thus making a slanting line, ch 6, turn.
9th row—1 d c on 3rd d c in last row, 2 more sps, 1 blk over blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 15 sps, ch 5, turn.
10th row—12 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 d c on first d c in last row, ch 6, turn.
11th row—1 d c on first d c in blk, 19 more sps, ch 5, turn.
12th row—18 sps, 1 d c in first d c in last row, ch 6, turn.
13th row—18 sps, ch 5, turn.
14th row—3 sps, ch 51, turn.
15th row—15 sps on ch, 3 sps over sps, repeat pattern, making as many tabs as are necessary.

Finish by working 3 s c in each sp, 3 s c in corner sp, ch 3 for picot, 3 s c, 3 s c under each double on the ends of rows on the points, and 3 s c, 1 p, 3 s c under each ch 6, 4 s c, 1 p, 4 s c under ch at center of each point.

ANNIE BURCHFIELD.

New Filet Sofa Pillow

Materials—coarse mercerized crochet cotton, either white or colored and bone hook of a suitable size.

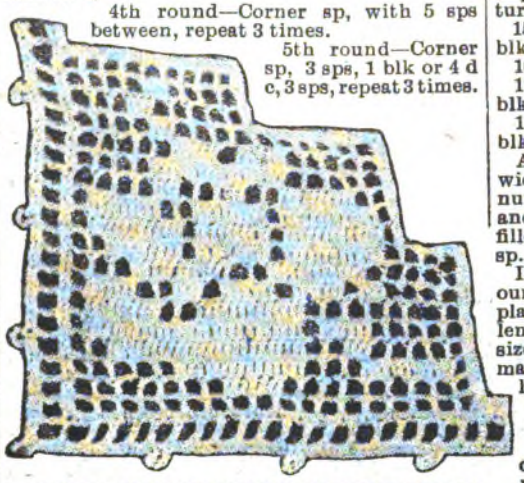
The work is begun in the center with a ch. 7, join in ring.

1st round—Ch 3, 16 d c in ring, join.

2nd round—Ch 9, 1 d c on first d c, ch 2, 1 d c on fourth d c, ch 6, 1 d c on fifth d c, ch 2, 1 d c on eighth d c, ch 6, 1 d c on ninth d c, ch 2, 1 d c on twelfth d c, ch 6, 1 d c on thirteenth d c, ch 2, 1 slip st under first ch 9.

3rd round—Ch 5, 1 d c under same or the first ch in last round. * ch 4 or 5 according to how one works. 1 d c under same ch, ch 2, 1 d c on d c, ch 2, 1 d c on d c, ch 2, 1 d c under ch 6, repeat from * 3 times, sl st to first ch 5. This gives one 3 sps on each of the 4 sides, with chains at corners. These should have stitches enough to make the work perfectly square.

Manner of working corner is always the same so hereafter directions for pattern of one side only will be given as this is repeated for each side.



DETAIL OF ROSE CORNER IN FILET COLLAR.

4th round—Corner sp, with 5 sps between, repeat 3 times.

5th round—Corner sp, 3 sps, 1 blk or 4 d c, 3 sps, repeat 3 times.

6th round. Corner sp, 3 sps, 3 blks (10 d c), 3 sps, repeat 3 times.

7th round—Corner sp, 3 sps, 5 blks, 3 sps, repeat 3 times.

8th round—Corner sp, 5 sps, 3 blks, 5 sps, repeat 3 times.

9th round—Corner sp, 3 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, repeat 3 times.

10th round—Corner sp, 3 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, repeat 3 times.

11th round—Corner sp, 1 sp, 1 blk 1 sp, 5 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 5 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, repeat 3 times.

12th round—Corner sp, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, repeat 3 times.

13th round—Corner sp, 3 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, repeat 3 times.

14th round—Corner sp, 4 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, repeat 3 times.

15th round—Corner sp, 6 sps, 5 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 5 blks, 6 sps, repeat 3 times.

16th round—Corner sp, 11 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 5 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 11 sps, repeat 3 times.

17th round—Corner sp, 9 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 9 sps, repeat 3 times.

18th round—Corner sps, 9 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 9 sps, repeat 3 times.

19th round—Corner sp, 9 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 9 sps, repeat 3 times.

20th round—Corner sp, 10 blks, 3 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 10 blks, repeat 3 times.

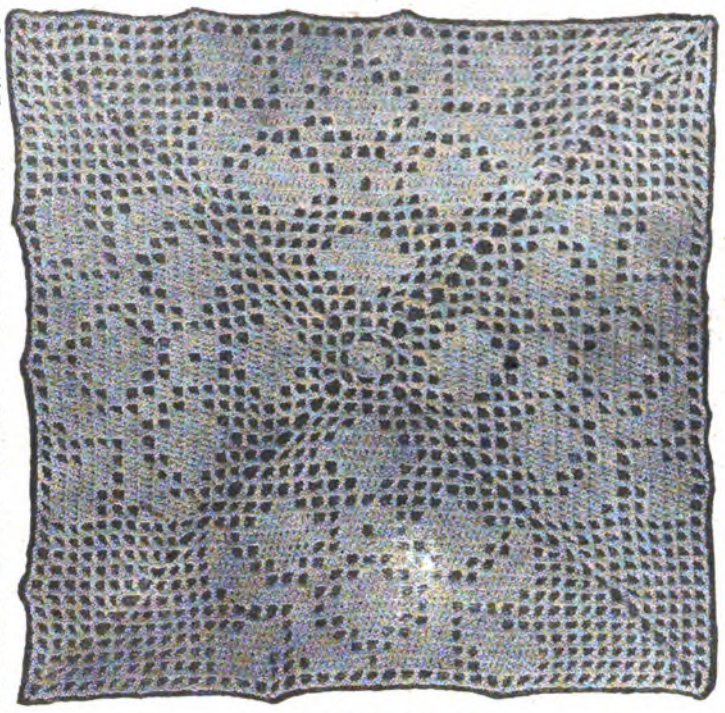
21st round—Corner sp, 41 sps on each side. This completes pattern as illustrated but more rounds all of spaces may be added to increase the size of the work. If considerable of an increase is needed, the last 3 rows worked as a checker-board of blocks and spaces makes a very pretty and easy to-make finish.

For the back use either white heavy satin or a mercerized white sateen.

Filet Band for Towel

Of either No. 30 or 40 mercerized crochet cotton, with No. 12 steel hook, ch 63 sts.

1st row—19 sts, ch 5, turn.
2nd row—1 sp, 17 blks, ch 5, turn.
3rd row—1 sp, 1 blk, 15 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.
4th and 5th row—Same as 3rd row.
6th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.
7th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps, 3 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.
8th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 5 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.



SOFA PILLOW IN FILET.

9th row—Same as 8th row.
10th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.
11th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.
12th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.
13th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.
14th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.
15th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 5 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.
16th row—Same as 15th row.
17th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps, 3 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.
18th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

After one completes a design, measure the width of the towel to be trimmed, then the number of designs needed can be decided upon and the amount of space necessary and each filled with rows of 1 sp, 1 blk, 15 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.

If one desires to use an initial as shown in our illustration, this must be centered and planned for and a chain made of sufficient length to give the added spaces which the size of the initial requires. This is a simple matter however and can be planned for with a little forethought.

A Lacy Set of Doilies

This design for a set of table doilies is a carefully planned combination of colors which gives a pleasing result.

A good piece of cretonne which is worthy of the filet edge will prove both durable and serviceable.

The centerpiece and the plate doilies have a two-inch edge, but a simpler design is sufficient for the smaller ones.

Before cutting the material, iron it smooth if necessary. Pin down to a carpet, arranging it perfectly straight and true. Draw circles the size desired. Cut apart, in squares, leaving as much cloth beyond circles as possible.

With fine thread and a small stitch, sew around each circle twice, then trim to shape. If stitching has drawn edges in at all cut the stitches in a couple of places.

Single crochet into each, working just beyond machine stitching. For small doilies.

2nd round.—Ch 4, 1 d c, ch 1, 1 d c, repeat around, working 1 d c in each st. Count space in this row, which must be a multiple of 8 sts to make pattern come right. Join each round with sl st.

3rd round.—Ch 5, 1 d c on d c, 2 d c in 2nd sp of 2nd round, 1 d c on next d c, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, repeat around. Finish with 2 sps, join to 1st sp, ch 3.

4th round.—2 d c in sp, 1 d c on d c, ch 2, sk 1 sp, 1 blk, ch 2, sk 1 sp, 1 blk, repeat around. Finish with ch 2, join to 1st blk, ch 5.

5th round.—1 d c on last d c of blk, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, repeat. Finish with 3 d c, join to ch 5, ch 5.

6th round.—1 d c, ch 3, 1 d c, repeat, making this row all spaces of which one should have 100. Join last ch 3 to 1st ch.

7th round.—3 sl sts over 1 sp, ch 4, 1 d c on next d c, ch 7, 1 d c in top of last d c, or just at point of double and beginning of ch 7, this ch makes a space in center of points. Now 1 d c on 3rd d c in 6th round. Ch 4, sl st over 4th and 5th sps counting from sl st, sp beginning this round. Ch 4, 1 d c, ch 7, 1 d c, as explained before, 1 d c, in next d c in last round, ch 4, sl st over next 2 sps. Repeat around and break thread.

To finish, as illustrated, edge with pink, blue, yellow or any shade which harmonizes best with the center.

Colored Edge

S c over sl sts, 2 s c under ch 4, picot of ch 3, 2 s c, 2 s c under ch 7, 1 p, 2 s c, 1 p, 2 s c, 2 s c, 1 p, 2 s c under next ch 4 s c over 2 sl st sps. Repeat around.

Wide Filet Edging

For pattern on centerpiece and large doilies after 1 round of singles into the edge. Ch 5.

1st round.—All sps, the number must be a multiple of 7.

2nd round.—Ch 5, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk. Repeat. Finish with 3 sps, join to 1st ch 5, ch 5.

3rd round.—2 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 3 blks. Repeat. Finish with 2 sps, join, ch 5, ch 5.

4th round.—1 blk over 2nd sp in last round, 3 d c on 3 d c, ch 2, 3 d c, 1 blk over sp, 2 sps, 2 blks, ch 2, 2 blks, 2 sps. Repeat. Finish with ch 2, join, ch 3.

5th round.—2 blks, ch 2, 1 blk over sp, ch 2, 1 blk, ch 2. Repeat from beginning of round. Finish with ch 2, join, ch 3.

6th round.—3 d c on d c, ch 2, 1 blk, ch 2, 1 blk, ch 2, 2 blks, ch 2, 1 blk, ch 2, 1 blk, ch 2, 2 blks, repeat. Finish with 3 d c, join, ch 5.

7th round.—2 sps, 2 blks, ch 2, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 2 sps. Repeat. Finish with 2 blks, join, ch 5.

8th round.—3 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 3 blks. Repeat. Finish with ch 2, join, ch 5.

9th round.—4 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk. Repeat. Finish with 2 sps, join, ch 5.

10th round.—All sps.

11th round.—Same as 7th round in directions for edging above for small doilies.

Colored Edge

S c over sl sts, 2 s c, ch 3, 2 s c under ch 4, 2 s c, 1 p, 2 s c, 1 p, 2 s c under ch 7, 2 s c, 1 p, 2 s c under ch 4, sl st over 2 sps, repeat.

Victory Wreath Filet Square

This motif may be used in numerous ways as inserts. These may be placed either in the corners or along the ends. For scarfs, tray-cloths and chair backs this design is particularly good. Made of suitable size cotton it can also be used in the corners of handkerchiefs, napkins and curtains to good advantage.

Of No. 30 mercerized crochet cotton a very handsome sofa pillow cover results from combining with equal size squares of linen. Of carpet warp the pattern can be used for one entire side of a sofa pillow. If not just the right size, enlarge by adding a few rows of spaces to each side.



VICTORY WREATH.

One square of fine cotton also makes a pretty cover if placed over a small silk cushion.

Directions for Filet Square

Ch 115 sts, turn.

1st row—1 d c in 4th st from hook, 1 d c in each following st or 112 doubles in all, ch 3, turn.

2nd row—3 d c, ch 2, skip 2 d c, 1 d c on next, repeat, making 35 sps. 4 d c on last four doubles, ch 3, turn.

3rd row—Same as last row.

4th row—1 blk (3 d c), 13 sps, 1 blk (4 d c), 7 sps, 1 blk, 13 sps, 1 blk (4 d c), ch 3, turn.

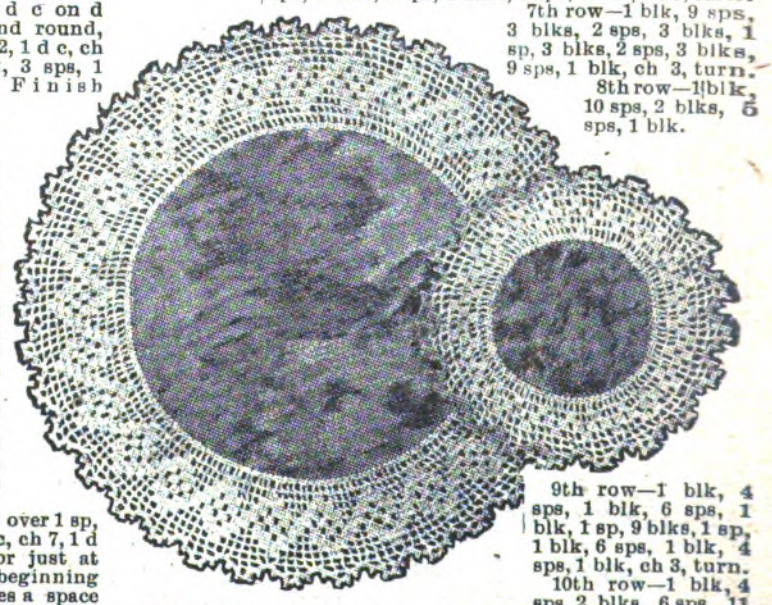
Each row is begun in this way, the ch 3 to turn answering for 1 d c.

5th row—1 blk, 13 sps, 2 blks, 5 sps, 2 blks, 13 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

6th row—1 blk, 8 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 8 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

7th row—1 blk, 9 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 9 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

8th row—1 blk, 10 sps, 2 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk.



FILET AND CRETONNE DOILY SET.

9th row—1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 9 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

10th row—1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, 6 sps, 11 blks, 6 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

11th row—1 blk, 4 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

12th row—1 blk, 5 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

Beads—Ancient and Modern

The Home-Loom Worker Rivals All Others in Beautiful and Intricate Designs

By Ella Gordon

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BEAD NECKLACE.

SINCE beads have been so extensively featured in much of our fashionable wearing apparel of today, let us briefly review how very old is the use of these pretty ornaments It is even claimed by some of our bead connoisseurs that literature had its first expression in beads. Glass beads are supposed to have been manufactured by the Phœnicians more than 3,000 years before Christ. Beads have been found on Egyptian mummies and in the graves of the ancient Greeks and Romans.

In the very primitive ages, Patagonia grass was wound around the neck to commemorate some event, and knots were tied in the grass thus used to multiply the memorials; then stones, and later shells were hung from the grass as pendants and on these appeared the first writing in the form of lines and marks by which to recall some further incident, or to communicate with another tribe.

The Seminole Indian princess wearing yards of brightly colored strung beads is a frequent if not daily sight tc those who tour Southern Florida. Circling well below the neckline, where they are several strings deep, they extend high under the ears. The casual observer wonders how so great a weight can be endured about the neck, in this semi-tropical region where the "paleface" studies the art of dressing with all the freedom possible. But anyone familiar with Seminole customs will tell you that each string of beads has been added as symbolic of tribal prestige, and that they are never taken from the neck, except in case of emergency, such as sickness, and then only for a few hours and by permission of the Seminole chief.

Beads have played an important part in religious rites and ceremonies among savage races since the most remote antiquity. In Asia for many centuries they have been employed by the Hindoos and Arabs in connection with the recital of their prayers but in civilized Europe the first use of beads in religious services appeared at a much later date among the Dominicans, having been introduced, as it is claimed, by the crusaders returning from the Orient. Their use as a religious life in connection with prayer has universal prevalence among Roman Catholics under the sanction of their church, and a string of beads arranged in the prescribed order for this purpose is called a rosary. The word rosary is derived from rose, and means a chaplet of roses; each bead representing a prayer, and in their entirety signifying a garland of spiritual roses. Though rosaries may vary somewhat in form, that in general use consists of fifty-five beads; fifty of them being small beads, called "Ave Marias' for prayers of that name, are arranged in five "decades," each of ten beads; the other five are larger beads called "Pater Nosters" for prayers so named. Rosaries are blessed by the Pope or by some authorized ecclesiastic. The beads serve as counters during the recitation of the prescribed prayers. The beads may be of various materials, and some rosaries are very costly and beautiful.

And thus it would seem that from the beginning, beads have come down to the present, influenced by environment, climate and peoples. From Port Said comes the wonderful lapis lazuli, jade from China, cloisonne from Japan, odd and striking shapes from Thibet, wooden beads from Syria, good luck beads from Egypt. The Persian pieces can be told because they have the lotus flower on them in one form or another. Most of the old English beads were of jet produced by the Whitby mines in England.

The manufacture of glass beads was introduced into modern Europe by the Italians, and in the neighborhood of Venice there is still an important branch of the industry. On the island of Murano alone, several thousand workmen are employed in this manufacture.



BEADED BLOUSE.

The present use of beads as dictated by fashion is fascinating and interesting. The work done on bags, medallions, purses and slippers is not unlike the fine bead work of our North American Indians, with which we are all more or less familiar. Modern invention has kept apace with fashion in giving us the bead loom on which to do bead work. The art of making necklaces, fob chains, girdles, dress trimmings and many other pieces, in as simple or intricate a design as desired, is easily acquired through the easily understood directions for choice of beads, colors and working of patterns, which come as a part of the loom outfit.

The prettily beaded over-blouse made of georgette crepe is a leader in usefulness to wear with a dark suit or sport skirt. The design is in garnet seed beads, and just now very popular.

Strings of beads to match the color of waist or dress are strikingly becoming. White beads, or the clear glass ones in the light shades catch the evening lights and sparkle attractively. Cut jet is always handsome, and makes a stunning contrast when worn with white or light colors. One of the bead chain novelties is made with a few inches of chain alternating with beads. Here is an opportunity to bring into use any old watch chains, or those formerly used for fans, lockets or glasses. Make a double tie into the end link with buttonhole twist well waxed. In white or light-colored beads, use white twist, but in the darker shades the twist should match the

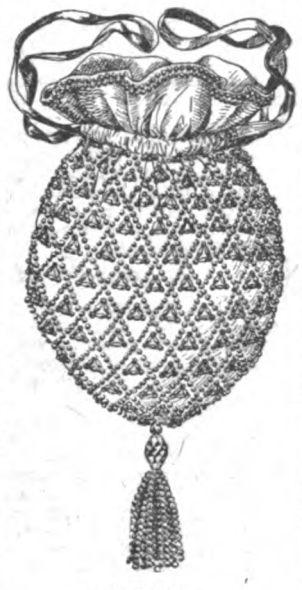


JEWEL BOX FOR DRESSING TABLE.

beads. After tying into the link, thread the two strands of twist into a short needle that will pass through the beads, and string on the desired number. In order to tie the strung beads into the next section of links, in a way that is secure, and at the same time conceals the knot, the following directions must be patiently followed: Starting with the beads ready to be fastened into the link of chain, make a double tie the same as at the other end, but do not draw it closely. Now turn the needle and pass it back through the last three beads, bringing the needle through by separating the third and fourth beads on the loose twist. Now drop the needle, press the beads closely together, carefully draw the double knot between the last bead and link, draw the ends of twist straight, separate them and make a tight tie between the third and fourth bead, cutting off the ends, but not too closely at first, as it is liable to untie. The same method is used to tie the string of beads into a fastener.

Very popular are the slipper and pump buckles. Make a foundation of heavy buckram, leaving the lower edge a little longer than the design, and at the same time narrower. This forms a "tongue," to which the edge of shoe is tacked. The design is usually in black, tan or cut steel beads; either the tiny round or long type. Hat ornaments are made upon buckram the same as buckles.

One bracelet about three-fourths of an inch wide is a pretty novelty. It is made on the bead loom, and extends around the wrist to within one inch. In cutting the warp from loom, leave ample length to sew into a ribbon which is the same width as bracelet. The ribbon should be of a good quality as it ties the bracelet around the wrist and finishes in a double bow-knot.



BEADED BAG.

The jewelry box here pictured is very simple to make, being of clear glass and put together with passe-partout binding. First bind each part and let it stand over night, then place the sections together and hold them by covering flat with the binding. Make a true miter at the corners to give the box a neat appearance. Put the cover in place and cover the back edge with binding, which forms a hinge. Let stand over night before lifting the cover. Unless two widths of binding can be obtained, it is well to trim that which is used for first covering the edges, so to make sure the putting-together strips will cover. For decoration, there is opportunity for the one with original ideas. Those who paint glass can follow some pretty wall-paper design. Flowers cut from the paper itself, or from flowered cottons, or cut-out embroidery are other means of decoration. Still another is to completely cover with Japanese embroidery, but where a part of the glass remains uncovered, the effect is rather the best.

The string of beads with tassel, as illustrated, gives an idea of attractively arranging several sizes of beads. The chain itself is strung on as many strands of waxed twist as there are individual strings of beads in the tassel. The chain terminates by passing all the twist through one large bead. Each of these strands of twist is then strung with beads, the last one being of the smallest used, and next to that the larger size. Carry the twist over the small end bead, and with the needle, back through to the second large bead, as described above. This arrangement makes one of the most attractive novelties seen.

BEADED BLOUSE.—Dark blue georgette with Indian red seed beading is the combination used in this smart and useful blouse. If the exact pattern for this particular blouse cannot be obtained, use your well-fitting shirt-waist pattern with the following changes and additions: The side fronts and back are plain in this model. If desired, add fullness to shallow back and front yokes, but it should be as scant as possible. Cut the side fronts straight from edge of neck at the shoulder seam to the lower edge of blouse, which when finished and held in at the waist should measure seven inches below the waistline. The finished hem is one and a half inches deep. The tuxedo collar is cut on the straight of the material and is finished with a three-fourths of an inch hem. In cutting, make it wide enough to turn back well over the collar seam. Five inches wide when finished turns back to a pretty width. The front is cut and finished separately and sewed to the right side of waist. The left side is the waist opening, which fastens with snaps. It is cut square at the top and wide enough to give slight fullness. Turn an inch hem and finish with gathers and a narrow velvet ribbon which holds the top in to the desired width and finishes with a bow which is tacked in place. Finish the front with a hem to match blouse.

The sleeve is one-piece and belled. This is accomplished by a slight outward extension of the seam from the elbow to bottom. Finish with a hem to match bottom of blouse. The girdle is made narrow and double. Twice around the waist and tied at the side makes a becoming finish.

The simple bead decoration will not be difficult for the amateur. Over the line of sewing which fastens the hems of sleeves, collar and bottom of blouse, except the front, sew a straight line of tiny round beads, leaving very little space between. Back of this mark a line of double curves as illustrated. By making two straight parallel lines of white basting, the first one-fourth of an inch from the line of beading, and the second one-half inch back, the remainder of the design can be done by the eye, as the basting will keep the line of curves regular.

BEADED BAG.—An all-over beaded design for the "dressy" bag shares in popularity with the solid beading. The one herein pictured was selected because of its rich simplicity and the simple process by which the home worker may accomplish the design. There are several ways of shaping the foundation. The easiest to decorate is to cut two pieces of material, on which the decorating is to be done, in the shape of a letter U, allowing added length at the top which should turn under at least with a two-inch finished hem, besides the run for ribbon or cord. These are next lined, unless the materal is heavy enough to bead well. First mark off the two sides of bag in diamond shapes, extending them to the run at top, and nearly to the seam line of the bag, so that when the bag is sewed together there will be no break in the design. These lines which form the diamond shapes are outlined in tiny beads. That part of the design contained in the upper part of the diamond is a triangle made of three long beads, one on each side, with a small bead in each of the three corners. At the top edge of hem there are two rows of small beads. Neatly line the bag and use ribbon strings. To make the tassel, follow previous directions for stringing beads.

Tatted Napkin Rings

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

in some way so as to be easily distinguished. Ecru mercerized thread or different colors may be used. This should be of heavy quality The motif here shown may be used or make a ring of 7 d s, 1 p, 7 d s, close. Ch 7, d s, 1 p, 7 d s, 1 ring, joining to p of last ring; another ring like first. Repeat until you have 7 groups of rings, or until the strip is long enough for the ring.

Having completed this, make a ch, a ring, joining to the same picot with last 2 rings, * a ch and again a ring, joining to same p, thus making 4 rings in a group; make a ring, joining to picot with next 2 rings and repeat from * ending after completing last group with a ch joined at the base of first ring. Fasten the ends with ribbon and tie through.

Victory Wreath Filet Square

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

sp, 3 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk 1 sp, 3 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk.

13th row—1 blk, 8 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

14th row—1 blk, 8 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

15th row—1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, 3 blks, 8 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

16th row—1 blk, 5 sps, 5 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 4 sps, 5 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

17th row—1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

18th row—1 blk, 3 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

19th row—1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 3 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn

20th row—1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks 1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

21st row—1 blk, 4 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

22nd row—1 blk, 3 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 3 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

23rd row—1 blk, 3 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 10 sps, 1 blk, 10 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

24th row—1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 4 blks, 5 sps, 3 blks, 5 sps, 4 blks, 3 sps. 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

25th row—1 blk, 6 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

26th row—1 blk, 4 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 17 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn

27th row—1 blk, 4 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 9 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.

28th row—1 blk, 9 sps, 4 blks, 9 sps, 4 blks, 9 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

29th row—1 blk, 9 sps, 3 blks, 11 sps, 3 blks, 9 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

30th row—1 blk, 8 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 9 sps, ch 3, turn.

31st row—1 blk, 13 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 13 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

32nd row—1 blk, 14 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 14 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

Next 2 rows all sps, followed by 1 row of doubles.

33rd row—1 blk, 35 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

34th row—Same as last row.

35th row—Same as first row.

To enlarge after last row of blocks, ch 7, 1 d c in top of last double, ch 2, 1 d c between rows, ch 2, 1 d c, between next 2 rows, repeat, at corners ch 5 and 1 d c in same st with last d c. Continue to work as many rounds as desired working the corners always in the same manner.

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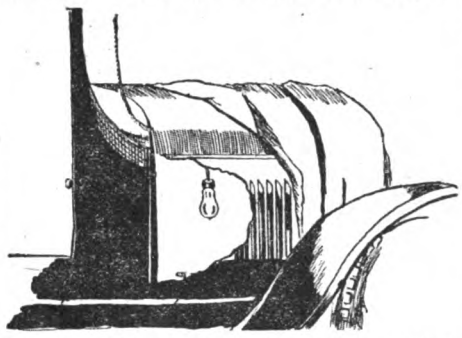
Cold Weather Precautions

COLD weather turns the owner's train of thought to frozen radiator, cracked cylinders, hard starting, etc. Naturally, a subject of interest is the means of heating the garage so as to eliminate the usual difficulties which appear with cold weather. True, if an anti-freeze agent be used in the cooling system there will be no danger of freezing, but this does not have any effect on starting. There are several methods used for providing heat, some good and others to be discouraged. Steam or hot water piped into the garage from an outside source is an excellent system for this purpose. If the garage is attached directly to the house, it will usually be convenient to break through an opening into the cellar and take advantage of the waste heat generated by the furnace or boiler.

On the other hand, when the garage is built on a corner of the lot, some other means must be devised for the heating of the building.

In many cases I have found that an oil heater is used. To my way of thinking, it is not safe policy to use an oil heater for this purpose. There is always some gasolene on the floor or in the drip-pan of the car, and as the vapor from gasolene is heavier than air it will settle close to the floor. A common parlor stove with chimney is much better for safety reasons inasmuch as the burned air is carried through the chimney out of the building. This condition causes a circulation inasmuch as fresh air will be drawn into the garage. No building is absolutely air tight and the fresh air will find a way in without making special provisions for its admittance.

Some owners have been known to place a kerosene lamp just back of the drip-pan so that the heat generated by the lamp will circulate around the engine. There are several reasons why this



ELECTRIC LIGHT BULB UNDER HOOD TO PREVENT FREEZING.

practice should be discouraged. If there should be a leakage of gasolene the lamp is likely to set it on fire. Should the lamp be upset there would be fire. Should the lamp be blown out by a gust of wind there would be danger of the water in the engine freezing.

When the garage is fitted with electric lights some owners have made use of a drop cord. The engine hood is raised just a trifle to admit the cord and an electric light bulb is placed at a low point on the motor. The heat from this lighted bulb will, if the engine hood be covered with wraps, maintain a temperature that will insure easy starting and against freezing. I do not know of any objection against this method.

If an anti-freeze mixture is used in the cooling system and it is decided to do without heat in the garage, the one point to bear in mind when starting is that the cold manifolds cause condensation of the fuel. Hot water poured over the manifolds or a sack of heated sand placed on the intake manifold will raise the temperature to a point where sufficient vapor will reach the cylinders to effect a start.

I heard of one owner who had difficulty in starting on a cold morning and having heard that heat was the essential element that was missing, decided on building a small fire under the motor. He gathered some straw in a large pan and then touched it off with a match. More heat than calculated was generated and as a result of the experiment this owner lost car and garage in the conflagration.

Speed

Step on 'er and there is a rapid change of scenery. It is a condition termed "speed" with which every car is to some extent blessed or cursed, depending on the viewpoint taken. Speed is no accomplishment. Press down on the accelerator, advance the spark and speed is obtained. Everyone has a hankering to occasionally drive on a good road where there is little traffic and open the throttle for a speed of thirty to forty miles. Where there is not much traffic and the roads are good, an occasional spurt of this kind does not place the driver out of the group of "safety first" operators.

It is the driver, however, who after having his taste of speed cannot resist the temptation to continue. He is the type of driver that endangers the lives of others. He is the type of driver who has the "Excuse my dust" attitude while others quote the old saying, "Fools plunge in where angels fear to tread."

Everyone knows the type of driver I have tried to describe. Drive on a narrow road with heavy traffic traveling in both directions and you will find him try to shoot by a long string of cars in order to gain the front position. Finding that he cannot make it on his first attempt he crowds into the line, causing in some cases rear-end collisions, etc. He sees another opening and he is gone again, probably to break back into the line a little further up. In the majority of cases, if you were to corner this man and inquire the reasons for his desire for speed, you would probably get an answer to the effect that this was no funeral procession.

If any COMFORT readers have the yearning for speed allow me to submit a few facts as to the chances you will have for continuing existence on terra firma, providing you were to be suddenly stopped by a pole, bridge, etc.

Traveling at the rate of 25 miles per hour the car has the same velocity as if it were raised about 20 feet and then dropped. You might think that at a car speed of 50 miles per hour it would be comparable to being dropped 40 feet in a car. Such is not true, for the stored energy increases as the square of the speed. Race tracks are built, policed and every other possible caution taken for *speed* and yet we read of the casualties.

Answers to Last Month's Quiz

1. The current produced by a storage battery, generator or magneto is not of sufficient pressure to jump the gap at the sparkplug and for this reason must be stepped up to a higher potential. Let us turn to water as an example of the principle involved. Anyone who has watered the lawn with a hose knows that by adjusting the nozzle it is possible to obtain varying pressures. Having a certain pressure from the main line, this pressure can be increased by restricting the opening at the nozzle. This principle is applicable to electrical current. Having a given amount of current, it is possible by the use of finer wire to step the current up to higher pressure. Some magnetoes are of the high-tension type. They have both low and high-tension windings. The high-tension windings take care of the stepping-up process and therefore no coil is necessary.

2. It will be understood that with the four-coil system it is difficult to adjust each vibrator so as to insure sparks of the same intensity in each cylinder. For this reason, owners of cars having the four-coil system often prefer to install a master vibrator. This device consists of a primary winding, one vibrator and a condenser. When installed into the system, the vibrators on the four coils can be screwed down tight or short circuited. The master vibrator replaces the vibrators on the four coils and it will be readily appreciated that inasmuch as there is only one vibrator to adjust, all cylinders will receive sparks of the same intensity.

3. It has been previously explained that piston displacement is determined by multiplying the area of a circle, the diameter of which is the cylinder bore, by the stroke. If the cylinder has a 5-inch stroke and 3 3-16 inch bore we must first find the area, which is as follows: 3 3-16x 3 3-16x.7854 which equals 7.9797 square inches. Multiply 7.9797 by 5 and we obtain 39.8985 cubic inches as the displacement for one cylinder. Since this is a six-cylinder motor, we must multiply 39.8985 by 6, and we obtain as a result 239 cubic inches as the piston displacement for the motor.

4. The load is not carried in the same manner on artillery wheels as on wire wheels. On wire wheels the load is carried above the hub. In other words, the load is suspended on wire spokes. On artillery wheels the load is carried below the hub.

5. A weak mixture causes a slow-burning exhaust which in turn ignites a charge which was not fired in the cylinder and has entered the muffler. A mixture that is too rich is not completely fired in the cylinder. Naturally much of the gas finds its way into the muffler where it is ignited. Even though the carburetor may be properly set, if a cylinder misses occasionally this unignited gas must be expelled into the muffler. There is always a chance of the hot exhaust from another cylinder causing this unignited gas to fire in the muffler. If the valves are not properly timed, the gas may be sent into the muffler and there ignited. A spark that is timed much too late will give a like result.

Monthly Quiz

1. Is kerosene satisfactory as an anti-freeze agent in the radiator?
2. Would you press down or pull up when turning the motor over with the hand crank?
3. What causes premature ignition?
4. What is the freezing point of water?
5. Will a plug that sparks outside the cylinder always spark inside the cylinder?

Answers to Correspondents

SOME GENERAL PRINCIPLES.—I have in my care three cars, a Wescott, Hupmobile and Ford, also two trucks, a Ford and a Service, and would like to be enlightened on the following points:

1. What is meant by a "four-stroke cycle engine"?
2. When one adjusts his carburetor to a leaner mixture so that engine is running well and shows a clear exhaust while idling, what causes the engine to die or show less power under normal load?
3. What is the S. A. E. formula for figuring the H. P.? Can you give me another formula?
4. When auto engineers figure an engine's horsepower to be 25.6, what do they figure the engine weight for one horse power, and what would the engine weight be for 25.6 H. P.?
5. What is meant by "actual" H. P., and what by "rated" H. P.? As I remember a 12-cylinder Liberty aeroplane engine was rated 120 H. P., while its actual H. P. was given at 420. I don't understand the terms.
6. Can you advise me which grades of "Mobiloil" are best adapted for use respectively in the cars and trucks mentioned?

H. D. K., Brazil, Ind.

A.—(1) By the term "four-stroke cycle" it is meant that there are four strokes of the piston for each explosion in the cylinder. The four strokes are as follows:

FIRST.—Let us start with the suction which is a downward stroke or sweep of the piston in the cylinder. The gear timing has been arranged in such manner that the intake valve is open and the downward sweep of the piston creates a suction and draws gas into the cylinder from the carburetor.

SECOND.—The intake valve closes and as the piston travels upward on its next stroke it compresses the gas in the top of the cylinder. This is the compression stroke.

THIRD.—Remember that all valves are closed and the gas is tightly compressed. At this point a spark takes place in the cylinder and ignites the gas. Immediately there takes place a condition which might be compared with an explosion. In reality it is an expansion of the gases which drives the piston down and thus imparts a rotary motion to the crankshaft. This is the power stroke.

FOURTH.—The power stroke past, we now have an accumulation of burned gases in the cylinder. An exhaust valve opens and the next stroke of the piston, which is an upward one, sweeps or pushes these burned gases out of the cylinder through the exhaust valve which has been mechanically opened. This is the exhaust stroke.

It will now be appreciated that the strokes in a four-stroke cycle are suction, compression, power and exhaust.

(2) You have brought up a question from which I am unable to grasp the condition to be solved. I assume that you have determined that the mixture is too rich and have cut it down. By running the motor idle you have found out that all cylinders fire evenly. Next you have placed the motor under load and have experienced irregular motor operation. If such is the state of affairs, I would take it that you have done all the adjusting on the low-speed screw. When you open the throttle and place the motor under load, the mixture is not rich enough to furnish the required power. I do not believe you are following the manufacturer's directions in setting this carburetor.

(3) The S. A. E. formula assumes that motors should deliver their rated horse-power at a piston travel of 1,000 feet per minute. Do not become confused; this formula is based on feet travel and not on revolutions per hour. The formula is as follows: the square of the bore in inches multiplied by the number of cylinders and the product divided by the constant 2.5. For example, consider a four-cylinder motor, the cylinders of which are four-inch bore. Multiply 4 by itself and the product is 16. There are four cylinders so we must multiply 16 by 4 and the product is 64. Now divide 64 by 2.5 and the quotient is 25.6. The rating for this particular motor by the S. A. E. formula would be 25.6 horse-power. I could give you several other formulæ compiled by other authorities but I refrain from doing so inasmuch as they would require lengthy explanation regarding the foundations on which they are founded. I believe the S. A. E. is the one recognized by every state in the Union.

(4) Weight is not a controlling factor in figuring horse-power. Design controls weight.

(5) The rated horse-power is the one arrived at by the S. A. E. formula. As stated before, the states recognize the S. A. E. formula as a basis for assisting in arriving at the fees to be paid by automobile owners. For this reason it is common practice for a manufacturer to specify in his advertisements the rated horse-power. Following the rated horse-power he gives the actual horse-power. This power is usually arrived at by placing the motor on a test stand and applying load to it. The actual horse-power it will develop is then determined accurately.

(6) My advice to you regarding the proper oils to use for the different seasons is to write to the car manufacturers for their opinions. Most factories have oiling sheets which are gladly furnished upon request.

ENGINE STARTS HARD.—My 1917 Ford is hard to start when it has stood a while and engine is not hot, unless one back wheel is jacked up and gear put in high; then, by spinning the wheel it starts immediately. What is the matter?

A. F. B., Farmington, Minn.

A.—It makes no difference whether you crank from the front or the rear of the car. If you could spin the motor at the front end at the same speed you develop when one of the wheels is jacked up, starting would be just as easy. When the wheel is jacked up you are cranking through the differential, and on account of the gear ratio you develop a greater cranking speed. I would suggest that you clean out the timer, clean the vibrator points and readjust them. If this does not help, I would suggest recharging the magneto magnets.

PISTONS VARY IN WEIGHT.—The two middle pistons in my 1915 Ford are each a half pound lighter than the end ones. Has this any effect on the power or speed of engine? Could this be the cause of a knock?

C. S., Ashland, Ohio.

A.—Each piston must weigh exactly the same if the motor is to be perfectly balanced. Evidently, someone has fitted new pistons without regard to weight. Your motor is out of balance and the difference in weight will in all probability develop knocks.

Auto Owners WANTED!



To introduce one of the best automobile tires in the world. Made under our Internal Hydraulic Expansion Process that enables us to sell our tires under a

10,000-MILE GUARANTEE
against Blow-Out—Stone-Bruise—Rim-Cut

We want an agent in every community to use and introduce Hydro-Toron tires at our astonishingly low prices to all motor-car owners.

Write for booklet fully describing this new process and explaining our amazing introductory offer to owner agents.

Hydro-United Tire Co.
Dept. 167, Chicago or Philadelphia

STANDARD TIRES
LESS THAN 1/2 Price

Send No Money

Don't miss this chance to cut your tire cost in two and get a reliner with each tire FREE. We ship at once on approval standard Goodyear, Goodrich, Firestone, Mason and other adjusted tires in excellent condition and Your Money Back if you don't like them. They can readily be guaranteed for 6,000 miles. So sure are we you will like these tires that we request no deposit in advance. These are not sewed together tires known as the double tread and reconstructed tires.

SEE THESE LOW PRICES

Sizes	Tires	Tubes	Sizes	Tires	Tubes
28x3	$4.95	$1.25	34x4	$ 8.50	$2.60
30x3	5.25	1.50	32x4½	9.50	2 75
30x3½	6.25	1.60	34x4½	9.25	2.95
32x3½	6.75	1.75	35x4½	9.65	3.15
31x4	7.75	1.95	36x4½	9.95	3.25
32x4	7.95	2.25	35x5	10.50	3.45
33x4	8.25	2.40	37x5	10.75	3.65

Remember, a reliner Free with each tire. When cash is sent with order 5 per cent discount allowed. Examine—judge for yourself. If not satisfied, return goods at our expense. Specify straight side, clincher, non-skid or plain wanted.

CLEVELAND TIRE AND RUBBER CO.
3116 Michigan Avenue Chicago, Illinois

Prices Cut to the Bone

$2.00 Brings a Satisfactory Tire



Special offer on "SATISFACTORY" reconstructed double tread tires. Each tire guaranteed 6000 MILES. Reliner free with every tire—also a new Miller inner tube at factory price.

Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
28x3	$4.75	$1.50	34x4	$8.15	$2.60
30x3	4.75	1.60	35x4	9.40	2.75
30x3½	5.75	1.75	34x4½	9.40	3.00
31x3½	6.15	1.85	35x4½	10.40	3.15
32x3½	6.40	2.00	36x4½	10.90	3.40
31x4	7.40	2.25	35x5	12.25	3.50
32x4	7.65	2.40	36x5	12.50	3.65
33x4	7.90	2.50	37x5	12.50	3.75

State size, also whether straight side, clincher, plain or non-skid. Send only $2.00 deposit for each tire, balance C.O.D. subject to examination. Orders shipped day received. Extra 5% discount for full cash with order. Order now.

SATISFACTORY TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
2941 S. Michigan Blvd. Dept. 18F Chicago, Ill.

2 Tires for $11.25



FREE Tube with Each Tire

Most sensational tire offer of the year! Two tires for less than the usual cost of one—and a free tube with each tire! This is a special lot—all standard makes—selected for record-breaking sale. *No double treads or sewed tires.* Our big volume means best tire values! Thousands of steady customers everywhere are getting full mileage out of these slightly used tires and you, too, can get

8000 Miles

Size	1 Tire	2 Tires	Size	1 Tire	2 Tires
30 x 3	$ 7.00	$11.25	32 x 4½	$13.50	$22.90
30 x 3½	7.95	13.65	33 x 4½	13.95	23.45
32 x 3½	9.00	15.45	34 x 4½	14.45	23.90
31 x 4	10.00	16.90	35 x 4½	14.95	24.45
32 x 4	11.50	19.75	36 x 4½	15.45	25.45
33 x 4	12.25	20.90	35 x 5	15.90	26.15
34 x 4	13.25	22.45	37 x 5	16.45	26.55

SEND NO MONEY! Shipment C. O. D. Express or Parcel Post. Examine tires on arrival and if not fully satisfied return same at our expense and your money will be promptly refunded, including shipping charges. State whether Straight Side or Clincher. DON'T DELAY! ORDER NOW!

ALBANY TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
2721 Roosevelt Road Dept. 303, Chicago, Illinois

A Practical Use of Early Ideas for Holiday Gifts

ARE you cultivating at home the domestic work commenced at school? If not, let us talk about how really important it is, that during these highly receptive years, children should put into actual practice their early ideas of drawing, sewing, embroidery, knitting, crocheting, etc. This applies to both boys and girls. To be sure, the boy is not likely to make needlework his business in life, but in youth he will enjoy doing it, and develop a certain accuracy and patience, which, while he may not realize it, will be of great value in whatever line of work he may later follow. The value of drawing cannot be overestimated, as it trains the eye, mind, and hand, as nothing else can. If you will watch the average child who pursues drawing, you will see how rapidly an ability to correctly observe forms, color and quality is being developed, and if encouraged will constitute a valuable asset through life.

Advantages of Home Work to the Child

Any child can be taught to take an interest in making things for the house, or for each other, if the idea is commenced early. Take, for example, the figure on the school bag, and the one on the pillow, and you will see they are the same subjects you have watched your children draw for amusement. Now that fashion dictates the use of all kinds and forms of hand work, why not put them into practical use, and allow the children to contribute their personal efforts to the higher development of their natural gifts? The cat is simply a bit of patchwork, and the boy, "Off to School," is but a free-hand drawing which any child will delight to experiment with. And watch, for he may succeed in doing something even better.

What older sister would not delight in making a toy or bib for baby sister, or a mat for table or floor, for holiday or birthday gifts? Encourage the thought, mothers, in the days when, to the child, it is more play than work, for it will give a new meaning to home and add an interest that will hold them closer to the home fireside.

Couch Cushion

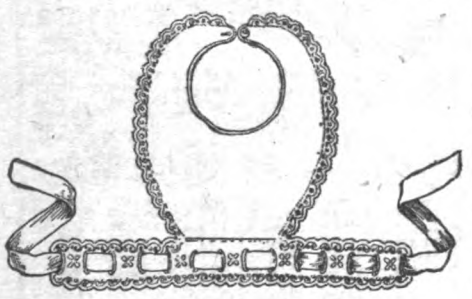
Two distinct shades of material are used for this cushion; light and dark. Or, ends of dark green, a "field" of light pink, and cat and ball of black sateen. This combination is decorative and interesting, and there is a wise saying that a black cat brings good luck. First make a drawing of the cat on a good quality of paper, so the pattern will retain its sharp edges when cut out and placed on the material. Iron the material, place the pattern thereon, and hold the iron on a few seconds. This will usually cause cloth and paper to hold together, which will greatly facilitate marking around the edge, which should be done with a sharp-pointed pencil. Cut out the cat, place on material, hold it in place with flat weights of some sort, and baste carefully around. A buttonhole stitch is the best as it takes care of the raw edges. For kitty's eyebrows and feelers, also for outlines about ears and legs that do not work out in the pattern, use an outline stitch. The dark ends of cover are sewed on with an ordinary seam, then turned back, which makes the cushion stronger.



COUCH CUSHION.

Baby's Bib

The important point of this bib is, that it loosely ties around the waist, thus holding it in place and giving added protection to the dress. To shape, use the top of a dress pattern, that the neck may be the right size, then cut the required length, and cut on the strings if it is to be all in one piece. The strings of the one illustrated were made by simply sewing on a strip of Hamburg beading through which a ribbon was run, but the more practical, everyday bib is cut with bib and strings in one, and buttoned at the back. Bind the entire bib with a soft bias piece, then stitch around. If a more elaborate finish is desired, crochet over the edge.



BABY'S BIB.

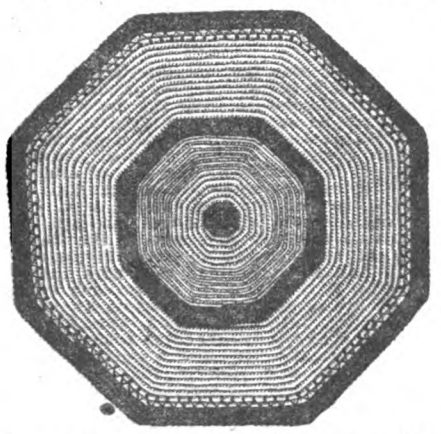
Toy for Baby

There are several ways of developing this interesting toy. A bone, celluloid or rubber ring must be used, as metal will corrode from dampness and become poisonous. Use woolen yarn, or heavy soft cotton string and cover the ring with a buttonhole, or crochet stitch. A cord is made by braiding soft materials and sewed to the ring, that it may be worn around the neck. Five celluloid bells are sewed to the under side of ring. The toy is washable, and may be kept sanitary for baby's lips, for unconsciously small children are apt to put toys to the lips.



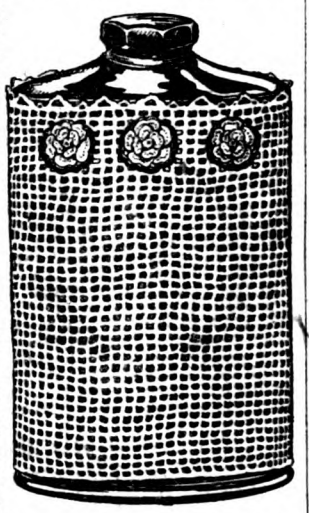
Crocheted Table Mat or Rug

Use woolen yarn, coarse crochet cotton, or stripped rags. Begin at center. Ch. 7, join in a ring. First Round. Ch. 3, 2 s.c. in ring, ch. 1, 2 s.c. in ring, repeating eight times from ch. 3 to form eight sides. Ch. 1, join. Second Round. Ch. 3, 3 s.c. into first round. Ch. 1. Repeat to Ch. 3. Ch. 1, join. Continue until desired size is reached. Cross-stitching with wool over two or more rounds gives a pretty finish for a table mat.



Talcum Powder Can Cover of Filet with Medallions

Ch. to reach around bottom of can. Ch. 4 more, skip 8 sts. 1 d.c. into the next stitch to form a block. Ch. 2, skip 2 sts., 1 d.c. into next st. to form block. Repeat until the filet is long enough to cover can. Crochet edges together.



Top Edge

Four s.c. into each block. Turn. Skip 1st, s.c. into next. Ch. 11, skip 8 sts., hook into next. Ch. 5, skip 3 sts., hook into next. Repeat around edge. Turn. 4 s.c. into small loop. 14 s.c. into large loop. Repeat around edge. Fit muslin to bottom of can, finish with a tiny hem, and sew it to filet. Three medalions ornament the upper edge.

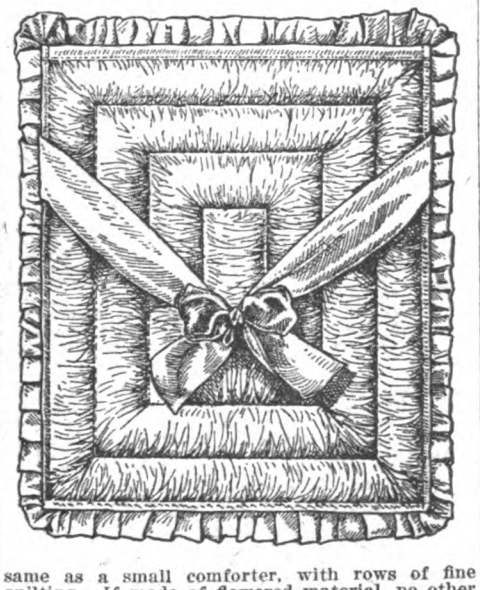
School Bag

Denim is a practical material for school bags; also khaki, and usually enough can be obtained from an old suit for this purpose. If the material is old, probably it is somewhat faded so dip it in dark brown dye. Make the bag large enough to hold the largest sized books the children carry. If lined, it will give longer service and often prevent wetting through. Make a run around the top and draw in a heavy shoelacing; soft, narrow leather ones are preferred by the boys. Two strings are preferable to one, as two balance the weight, which is considerable when the bag is full of books. The decorations are finished before the bag is seamed together. The letters may be drawn on the material, or paper patterns of the block letters cut and marked onto the cloth. If a heavy effect is desired, use three rows of outlining done closely together. And now it is "up to the boy or girl" to draw a boy running with books under his arm. I hear someone say that his books should be in a bag for he may drop them and "spill" the problems worked out the evening before, which would be hard luck for a boy in a hurry. The figure and letters are outlined in black or in a color.



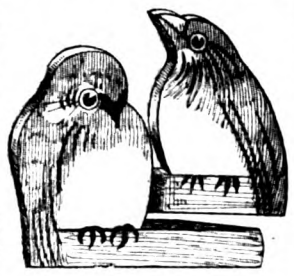
Carriage Robe

To be made of light-weight material, such as silkalene, thin silk, sateen, or of a woolen fabric such as albatross or cashmere. It is made the same as a small comforter, with rows of fine quilting. If made of flowered material, no other decoration will be required, but if plain, and a more elaborate effect is required, draw daisies around the robe half way between the edge and where the first row of quilting is to be made, and work with wool. The robe shown in illustration was all in pale pink; the ribbon and thin sateen exactly matching. The edge of top and lining are turned in, and held in place with a row of fine pink silk cross-stitching. The soft satin ribbon is folded once, side plaited, and selvage edges sewed flat just under the edge of robe. The "sash" bow makes a handsome finish. The padding is made of two thicknesses of white wadding.



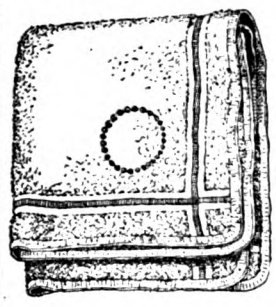
Window Wedge

A sharp knife, a piece of soft wood, some paint and the ability to whittle that comes naturally to every boy, is all that is needed to make bluebird window wedges like those shown here. The piece of wood should be one-quarter of an inch thick and two and one-quarter inches high by two and one-half inches long. Carve body of bird and sharpen wedge slightly so that it can be inserted between the offending sashes. Paint head and wings with blue paint and breast with yellow and eyes, beak and toes of black. Wedge part can be of green.



Face Cloth

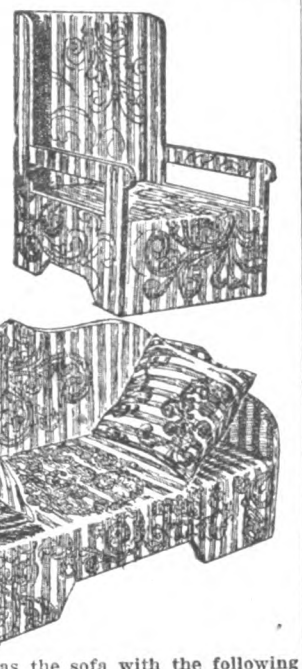
This face cloth with its band of lavender and its wreath of lavender and yellow French knots is almost too dainty to be used, but it makes an attractive gift and thus you shift the responsibility onto someone else. Face cloths can be bought with borders of various colors and it is an easy matter to embroider a wreath of French knots in harmonizing shades. A hand towel and bath towel, matching face cloth, and embroidered in same design, makes an ideal gift and one that would delight the heart of a bride, especially if the color scheme of her guest room has been carried out.



Sofa and Chair for Dolly's Playhouse

A really and truly sofa with an easy-chair to match, both of a size to accommodate her next-to-the-smallest doll, will make Little Sister very happy and Big Sister should enjoy making them. Rather thin pasteboard and some scraps of cretonne are all that is required. Back of sofa measures nine and one-half inches wide by five and three-quarters inches in highest part, cut as in illustration, curving to four and one-half inches at ends. The end pieces are four and one-half inches long by three and one-half inches wide, cut down to form arms. Front measures nine and one-half by two and one-quarter inches and has small section cut from center of lower edge, as shown. The seat measures nine and three-eighths by three and one-half inches. All pieces should be made double and sewed together in pin-ball fashion to insure neatness. The different pieces can then be sewed together to form the sofa. Little pillows, two and one-half inches square, give it a most comfy look. It is better to sew these in place and a stitch or two at upper corner of each will suffice.

The chair is made in exactly the same manner as the sofa with the following measurements: back, eight and one-quarter by four and five-eighths inches; sides, eight and one-fourth inches at highest part, cut down four inches to form side wings; the part forming arms measures four and one-quarter inches in width, and the same in length. Front, four and five-eighths inches by two and one-quarter inches, with seat of sufficient size to fill space, which will be just a trifle less than outside measurements.



Baby's First Shoes

The baby that is small enough to wear such a diminutive slipper is almost too small to appreciate how very cunning they are, though later he might be interested in pulling off the funny, fat tassel or picking at the little wreath of French knots that adorn the front of each slipper. No. 2 soles are used, though soft soles could be cut from pieces of leather. Sew twelve inches of two and one-half inch ribbon onto sole, with piece of narrow tape or ribbon sewed short distance from top on inner side, to form band for elastic. The slipper used in illustration was made of soft pink silk ribbon with wreath design in pink and blue, with pink ball tassel, though any color could be used as well.



A good old Friend

Remember the good old-fashioned mustard plaster grandma used to pin around your neck when you had a cold or a sore throat?

It did the work, but my how it burned and blistered!

Musterole breaks up colds in a hurry, but it does its work more gently,—without the blister. Rubbed over the throat or chest it penetrates the skin with a tingling warmth that brings relief at once.

Made from pure oil of mustard, it is a clean, white ointment good for all the little household ills.

Keep the little white jar of Musterole on your bathroom shelf and bring it out at the first sign of tonsillitis, croup, neuritis, rheumatism or a cold.

Sold by druggists everywhere, in jars and tubes, 35c and 65c; hospital size, $3.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

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MUSTEROLE

WILL NOT BLISTER

AGENTS: $72 A WEEK



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Most perfect burner ever invented. Intense blue flame. Can't clog up. Turns any coal or wood stove into a gas stove. Cheaper than coal. No more dirt, no ashes, no coal or wood to carry. Heats oven to baking point in 10 minutes.

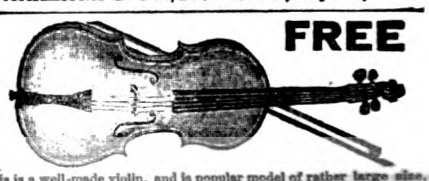
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$2 AN HOUR TO HUSTLERS

Act quick. Be first in your territory to introduce this new big seller and make some real money this season. *Don't delay.* Best time of the year right now to sell "Can't Clog" Burners. Write quick for agency, territory and terms.

PARKER MFG. CO., 417 Coal St., Dayton, Ohio



FREE

This is a well-made violin, and is popular model of rather large size. It is finely proportioned and well finished. Body is well arched from the center with ample depth from the bridge. Flamed maple back and sides to match. It is a beauty. We send it complete, bow, rosin, etc., FULL INSTRUCTIONS how to play, for selling only 25 packages of Post Cards at 10c per pack. We trust you. Just write to

Jones Mfg. Co., Dept. 419, Attleboro, Mass.



Handsome Bracelet FREE 14 Karat Gold finish, patent lock catch, fits any arm. To introduce our catalogue. Send 15c to help pay adv. and mailing.

Sun Jewelry Co., Dept. B5, East Boston, Mass.

Stella Rosevelt

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

own living, I know of no way so congenial to my feelings as through literary pursuits. Perhaps I made a mistake in appealing to you just now, but I could think of no other way out of my difficulties, for of course I am wholly ignorant of the manners and customs of this country. I mentioned these things to Mrs. Richards this morning——"

And now Star's voice trembled, and the beating of her heart nearly choked her, for she did not know how this man would receive her appeal to him against his own wife.

"Well, and what did she say?" he asked, feeling somewhat perplexed over the matter.

"She told me that I could not go on with my education as papa wished; that—I was to take the place of a girl named Maggie Flynn in your family."

"What!" exclaimed the gentleman, in tones of the most emphatic astonishment.

"Maggie Flynn, I understand," Star went on, gathering courage as she noted his surprise, "was a sort of chamber and waiting maid, and Mrs. Richards says that I am henceforth to perform her duties. I cannot tell you," she continued earnestly, "how repulsive such a life would be to me—to give up all my hopes, to forget, in the ceaseless routine of such an existence, all that I have already acquired; and I have come to appeal to you—to ask you if you will not try and persuade your wife to allow me to continue my studies? I am willing to work, and work hard, but I must have some time to improve and develop my mind. There are plenty of girls who can be employed in my place"—Star did not know of the curtailing business—"and who do not care for an education. Papa authorized a friend of his to dispose of his library and our household goods, and give the proceeds to me, after paying all bills. I have a letter of credit to the amount of a hundred pounds. I do not know the expense of schooling in this country, but could I not be sent to some institution for a year or two, and take this money to pay for it? I should be fitted by the end of that time, I think, to teach, and could relieve Mrs. Richards of all responsibility regarding my support."

Mr. Richards' face was very stern when the young girl concluded, and Star, looking into it, felt almost frightened at what she had done.

But she reasoned that her situation could not be much worse than it already was, and it demanded desperate measures.

TO BE CONTINUED.



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The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles since 1696; corrects disorders; stimulates vital organs. All druggists, three sizes.

Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

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We require the services of an ambitious person to do some special advertising work right in your own locality. The work is pleasant and dignified. Pay is exceptionally large. No previous experience is required, as all that is necessary is a willingness on your part to carry out our instructions.

If you are at present employed, we can use your spare time in a way that will not interfere with your present employment—yet pay you well for your time.

If you are making less than $150 a month, the offer I am going to make will appeal to you. Your spare time will pay you well—your full time will bring you in a handsome income.

It costs nothing to investigate. Write me today and I will send you full particulars by return mail and place before you the facts so that you can decide for yourself.

ALBERT MILLS, Gen. Manager Employment Dept. 6388 American Bldg., CINCINNATI, OHIO

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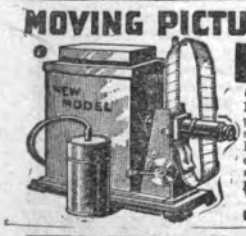


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November Garden Calendar

NOVEMBER finds gardening operations in the common farm garden about over for the season. Winter may not yet have arrived, but you may be sure that he is hiding just around the corner, holding his chilly breath and waiting to put in an appearance on a moment's notice. Will he find us ready? We all learned the meaning of the word "preparedness" during the war; it also has a peace-time meaning that can well be applied on the farm and in the garden.

October should have seen things put in shape for cold weather but in case some of us have been tardy—and it would be surprising if we all did everything on time—here are some of the little odds and ends that will bear attention.

All root crops with the exception of parsnips must be lifted at once and stored either in the cellar or in outside pits. This is such an important matter that we will go into winter storage of vegetables at greater length later on. Parsnips may be left in the ground all winter, and usually are, but for convenience it is well to dig a few after a fairly hard frost and keep them handy for early winter use. No sense in waiting until spring before we have this tasty vegetable on the table "where it will do the most good." Cabbage sown in September should now be placed in the cold frame, unless this has been done already. Mature cabbage should be pulled up and stored either in the cellar or in trenches. By the way, do not throw away cracked heads of cabbage. Keep them for the poultry. Always keep a head of cabbage and one or two large sunflowers hung up in the poultry house where the chickens will have to jump for each morsel of green feed or each sunflower seed. Exercise is essential to the best condition and production of poultry in winter; induce it by making them work for their feed. A little thought will turn the trick.

Dig turnips, beets, carrots and onions on a bright sunny day when the soil is comparatively dry. If a good breeze is blowing so much the better, as it will make it easier to riddle out any adhering dirt. Be careful not to bruise vegetables; bruising has the same effect as in the case of apples. Take them to the cellar. We will tell you how to store them later.

Unless the strawberries were mulched late last month, now is the time to do it. Pull out by the roots any large weeds that have been overlooked; the birds will scatter the ripe seed where it will greet you next spring. Then mulch with a thin covering of straw. Too heavy a covering induces winter growth and endangers the plants. Mulch asparagus with leaves or straw. Rhubarb should be covered with manure. Mulching should be done as soon as the ground is slightly frozen. While we have the pitchfork handy, let's put in a little dry dirt around the rose bushes then heap a good big forkful of manure on top. They may be mulched to a depth of a foot or more to good advantage. A light covering of manure and straw will protect the bulb bed and assure you of tulips, crocuses and snowdrops as soon as the snow leaves in the spring. If you have no bulb bed, now is the time to make one as the new bulbs are now ready for the market. Fresh bulbs are essential to success; avoid old, dry bulbs.

Winter Storage of Vegetables

Storing vegetables in their natural state, just as they come from the garden, is the ideal way of keeping them for winter use on the farm. Canned or dried vegetables are both very fine in their way but they require a lot of work on the part of "Maw" and the girls. Besides, it is not possible to preserve the characteristic freshness and flavor in either canned or dried vegetables. Simple storage is the best, cheapest and least laborious way of handling them for winter.

Most of us who have a garden, large or small, may choose between the house cellar, outside root cellar or dirt-covered pits for the storage place for winter vegetables. Each of these is good, but not all vegetables will keep equally well in each. This is a point well worth considering further. Where two kinds of storage are available it is well to consider the storage requirements of the vegetables at hand, then give each the place where it will feel strictly "at home."

The House-Cellar

Because it is no doubt the commonest, let us consider the household cellar without a furnace first. Provided it is what we call a "warm cellar," one where the temperature does not fall below the freezing point in coldest weather, it supplies almost ideal storage requirements for a large range of vegetables. A dirt floor in the part used for vegetables and one or two small windows to provide ventilation and a circulation of fresh air within the control of the gardener are additional requirements. If there is a furnace in the cellar a small room in the corner farthest from it may be partitioned off for a storage room, but unless we are willing to go to the trouble of making at least a double and airtight partition, or preferably a concrete wall, to keep out the heat, we should not expect vegetables to keep well. For ordinary purposes a constant temperature of between 35 and 40 degrees Far. is best, though cabbage can stand freezing.

Outside Root Cellars or Caves

In some respects outside root cellars are preferable to house cellars, but the inconvenience of going out of doors every time fresh vegetables are needed offsets the advantage of constant temperature, to our way of thinking. If easy access is provided into the root cellar by a door opening from the house cellar this objection is overcome. It is true that there is no unpleasant vegetable odor permeating the house in the spring from the outside root cellar; we have all experienced the disagreeable odor of decaying potatoes in our house cellar, and would do a lot to avoid a recurrence.

Storage Pits in the Garden

Pits are a poor third choice when it comes to vegetable storage, from our way of thinking, but still we know of many gardeners who think otherwise. Tastes differ, and every man to his own. If they are to be used, probably because there is not room in the cellar for everything, the small pit has many advantages over the large. Small pits take a bit more work to make than would one large pit, but they make it possible to store each kind of vegetable separately and in quantities which enable the gardener to remove all at one time. Taking part of the vegetables out of a large pit in cold weather, then trying to close it up again so that neither cold nor wet will penetrate, is a "chore" that few have mastered, nor do we care to spend a lifetime learning it. The small pit will hold just about as much as can be used nicely without spoiling, and there is no necessity of closing it after they have been removed.

We ae not going into detail on the construction of pits. We take it for granted that every gardener knows how they are made, and will use our limited space for something else. Still, if any of our readers of Modern Farmer wish, we will gladly go into detail on this point in a later issue of COMFORT. All they need do is drop us a line.

Successful Storage Requirements

There are three important things to keep in mind if vegetables are to be stored successfully. They are: choose sound, mature vegetables; provide proper storage temperature; provide proper moisture and ventilation. Many gardeners come to grief because they overlook the first requirement, the selection of fully ripened vegetables. Carefully select all vegetables to be stored. Soundness should include freedom from all disease conditions likely to cause rot, and from bruising or insect injury which provide an entrance for rot organisms or favorable conditions for their development. It is not the loss of the affected vegetables which is so important, but the fact that when decay once gets a start in them it will spread and damage a considerable portion of the stored crop. Nor does soundness stop with the selection of ripe and unbruised vegetables; it includes careful handling all through the process of storage. We all handle fruit such as apples with the greatest care, knowing that unless we do the fruit will spoil, but very few of us seem to think that bruising vegetables matters much. It does! While the result of bruising and rough handling are not so marked in vegetables as in fruits, still we may trace much of the loss in storage directly to rough handling. Let's keep this in mind and benefit by the caution.

Storage Temperatures

The best temperature for storing vegetables varies somewhat with the different kinds, but there are two fairly defined limits. The temperature should not be so low that they freeze, nor should it be so high as to encourage premature growth. Also, the warm cellar provides ideal conditions for the growth and development of rot organisms. For general purposes, a temperature very close to and slightly above the freezing point is best. Cabbage will stand freezing, but for the others a temperature of from 31 to 33 degrees Fahrenheit should be maintained if possible. It is true that they will keep at higher temperatures, but there is a much greater danger of spoiling. Squash and pumpkin are the two exceptions to the rule. They do best where a relatively high temperature, say around 40 to 50 degrees, is maintained.

Moisture and Ventilation

Strange as it may seem, large losses are caused by improper moisture in storage rooms, and most of them are the result of too little, not too much, moisture. We overlook the fact that all vegetables have a relatively high moisture content and that in dry atmosphere they dry out quickly with a consequent loss of quality and flavor. We have all seen the shriveled, soft, wrinkled potato or carrot come out of the cellar in late winter. The dry air has robbed them of their moisture and also a part of their vitality. Onions, pumpkins, squash and shelled beans are the exceptions to this rule; they need higher temperatures and dry air. As regards too much moisture, dampness is conducive to the development and spread of rot, out in a house cellar with a dirt floor there is less danger of having the air too moist than of having it too dry. The sooner we correct the mistaken notion that *dry air* is needed in the cellar the better for ourselves and our vegetables. The aim should be to keep the air moist enough to prevent wilting. This may be done by keeping pails or tubs filled with water in the cellar, and these will be a protection also in case the window should be left open by mistake on a cold night. Good ventilation is desirable for the best storage. It helps to regulate both temperature and moisture, removes foul odors and may also help to prevent decay. It is particularly necessary where fruits such as apples are also stored in the cellar as it has been found that apple scald can be almost entirely prevented by a free circulation of air.

Special Storage Requirements

We have merely mentioned early in our discussion of storage requirements of common farm vegetables that some need slightly different care than others, that temperature needs vary and that some do best in dry air while others need moist air to keep them from wilting or shriveling due to the evaporation of the moisture they contain. Now we will go into somewhat greater detail and point out the "do's" and "don'ts" for the vegetables we are most likely to wish to store in our farm cellar.

POTATOES.—Most farmers and gardeners, and even other less fortunate mortals who have to buy their winter supply of vegetables, have learned by experience something regarding the correct way to handle potatoes. The general rules laid down for vegetable storage apply in their case. For best results, select mature and disease-free tubers; discard for use early all potatoes frosted in the field, badly bruised or "scuffed" tubers or those that have been borne as "twins" or "warts"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)

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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Making the Most of the Winter Months

THE approach of Christmas makes every housewife and mother long for extra money to spend on presents and good things for the family table. Town and city women have to scrimp and scrimp for months to gratify such desires, but the country woman, with her poultry and other farm products, can easily earn the wherewithal for gifts and good cheer, as well as yearly income, by taking advantage of the parcel post to bring her in touch with private customers. On every farm there is some product which the city dweller would be glad to have direct from the country, and, now, when the rural delivery picks up parcels right at the gate, a woman can ship from a comb of honey to a quart of berries, a dozen eggs or a fifty-pound box of vegetables, without having to wait for the men folks to hitch up and take them to the express office, which used to be one of the greatest obstacles to small orders, even when customers were willing to pay the heavy charges made on small packages by express companies.

How to find such customers is usually a puzzle, unless one has city friends who can be bribed into doing a little dilettante canvassing. Failing any such friendly agency, more commercial methods must be employed. A personal letter to a few doctors in good localities, stating that the writer was making a specialty of strictly new-laid, sterilized eggs for invalids and children, would be likely to bring results.

A city telephone book or business directory will furnish the names and addresses of private hospitals and sanitariums, and also of trained nurses. An ex-city business woman, who was compelled by illness to return to her father's farm, worked up a very comfortable independence along such lines. She wrote to the Young Women's Christian Association in the city for a list of registries and boarding houses of trained nurses. A few of these located in the best neighborhoods were selected, and a carefully worded note and a self-addressed and stamped envelope was sent to each, asking the manageresses to supply the names and addresses of a few of their senior nurses. On receipt of replies a few names were selected and personal letters were written, explaining that strictly fresh eggs could be shipped each morning for invalids' use in half-dozen or dozen boxes; price seventy-five cents a dozen or forty-seven cents for a half-dozen.

By return mail she received an order for half a dozen three times a week, and another order for a dozen a week. Within ten days three more orders had been received, one for a dozen a week, one for six twice a week, and another for a dozen twice a week.

Gradually she acquired a large clientele of customers; and in many cases where illness brought fresh orders for eggs, the family became regular customers for table eggs, and fresh vegetables and fruit when in season. In time they added squab broilers, chicken and currant jelly to their specials for invalids, and are now clearing from fifteen to twenty dollars a week.

There are several firms making corrugated paper boxes and cases specially made for shipping eggs, berries, vegetables and dressed poultry through the parcel post, and as they are all constructed on the collapsible plan, they can be returned by the customer and used over and over again, which minimizes the cost, which seems heavy until that fact is considered.

The egg boxes which hold one dozen cost $2.30 for fifty. Two dozen size, $3.00 for fifty. The vegetable boxes also come in two sizes—15x9 and 14x13 inches, and cost respectively $2 and $2.50 for twenty-five. Postage on a dozen eggs is six cents within the first and second zones, which means within one hundred and fifty miles of the shipping point. Two dozen cost only an extra cent. The first-sized vegetable box, when filled, usually weighs about eight pounds, on which the postage would be twelve cents.

The most satisfactory method is to have a fixed price, which will cover postage, for trying to follow the fluctuations of market prices is annoying to both shipper and receiver, and is very likely to cause mistakes and dissatisfaction, besides which it causes much more labored bookkeeping. If you know that every dozen eggs is going to bring you in just so much cash return, you can estimate your income without any trouble, and the housekeeper who takes your supplies will know just what she has to pay.

But to return to the ever-in-demand fresh egg. It must be of good size, uniform in color, and have strong shells. To get these qualities, the birds must be all of one variety, for a mixed flock will produce eggs of all shades between white and brown. To be sure of having a good supply during the early winter, the hens must have been hatched early the preceding spring. Size and weight depend first on the breed; secondly, on the feed and care the birds receive.

In the wholesale market of New York, the white-shelled egg brings the highest price; in Boston, the dark-shelled egg is favored, but for the first-class private trade there seems very little distinction, except in the case of people who have traveled much in Europe, and they always prefer the brown shells. So you see locality and the class of customer to which you are likely to cater, should decide what breed will be the most profitable. Leghorns and Anconas are the best layers in the white-shelled class; Wyandottes and Orpingtons for the brown shells. They must have good houses and plenty of room, especially in the scratching shed, for hens that are expected to produce eggs during the winter must have a big open air shed which communicates with the roosting house, so that they can get into the fresh air and exercise without getting their feet wet and cold. The shed should face south, be boarded up at the back and ends, and have a good roof, and the front covered with wire netting, with muslin curtains to be let down during periods of driving rain or snow.

The floor should be covered to a depth of ten or twelve inches with chopped straw or dry leaves. Many people think that anything will do for litter, as it is only for the birds to scratch in, but experienced poultrymen know that musty or mouldy scratching material on the floor of the house is a terrible menace, for it harbors germs which are most dangerous to the life of the birds, so always be extremely careful that the litter and hay, or whatever is used in the nest boxes, is dry and sweet and clean, for the shell is porous, and if laid on musty material, the flavor is spoiled.

To produce eggs during the winter, when shut into close quarters, hens must have animal and green vegetable food, or they won't produce eggs, no matter how much grain is given them.

Really hard and sharp grit, oystershell and water are just as essential. And remember that oystershell, lime and plaster, does not take the place of grit, which is necessary for the digestion and assimilation of grain.

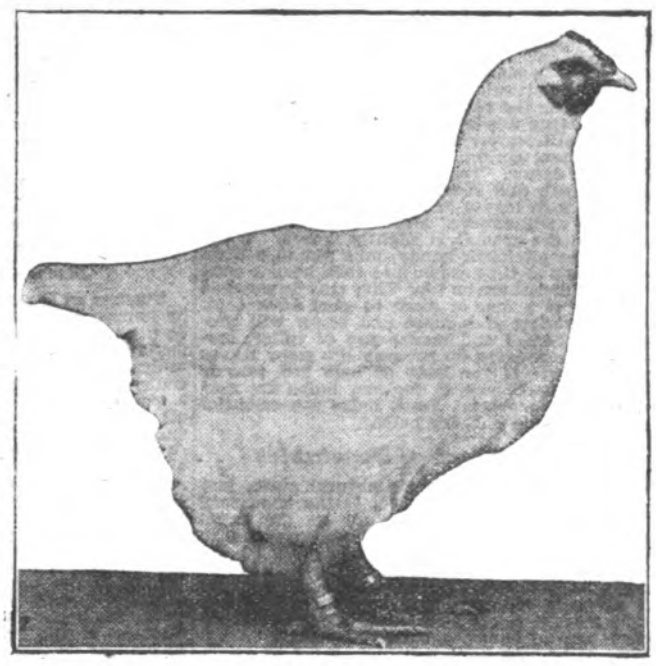
Male birds are not to be allowed with the flocks of hens being kept specially for market eggs. The hens produce better without them, and sterile eggs keep much longer, and are much to be preferred for table use.

Even for home consumption it is desirable to fatten, kill and dress poultry knowledgeably. It makes such a difference to nutriment and flavor.

Fattening, as understood in France and some parts of England, is a semi-artificial process. Birds—capons and turkeys principally—are confined in small individual coops and fed heavily on moderately soft mash for two weeks, by which time the appetite commences to fail and artificial stuffing is resorted to. A funnel-like appliance is inserted in the bird's mouth and pushed down into its throat; then a liquid food is poured in the crop until it is filled. The very large commercial establishments use an apparatus which looks something like a street knife-grinder's machine, and is worked in the same way by the attendant's foot, only instead of turning the wheel the treadle action controls a pump which forces the feed out of a tank down a tube into the bird's crop. Both excellent methods, possibly, but after seeing them in operation, I confessed to preferring a little more humane and wholesomely old-fashioned way of providing delicacies for our table.

We have coops six feet long by two and a half wide, with yards six by ten, into which from five to ten birds are placed three weeks before killing. Fowls of a year old when properly prepared make good roasters; taken from the general yard, they are tough and fit only for soup. Cockerels of ten or twelve weeks old will, by special fattening and inactivity, become plump very quickly. The roost in a coop is only a foot from the floor; yard and floor of coop are of firmly-trampled earth, with no loose gravel, sand, or scratching material of any description, the object being to keep the birds as placid as possible.

Morning, noon and night mash is fed, as it is more easily digested and assimilated than whole corn. The first ten days the mash consists of one quart of ground feed, one-third of a teaspoonful of salt, one pint of boiled and mashed carrots, potatoes, or beets, mixed and moistened with skimmilk. Last ten days, one quart of corn meal, one dessertspoonful of powdered charcoal, one pound of potatoes, and two onions, boiled and mashed. Mix all together and make quite soft with skimmilk in which beef suet has been boiled. Suet is only about six cents a pound. Half a pound chopped fine is sufficient for two quarts of milk. Simmer for fifteen minutes. Feed in V-shaped troughs as much as the birds will eat in fifteen minutes. It must not be allowed to stand before them continually, or they will become satiated. It was an old Frenchman who gave me this hint about suet, which is excellent, making the flesh deliciously tender and juicy.



NO BETTER ROASTER THAN A WHITE PLYMOUTH ROCK HEN.

The effect of food on cavor has been set forth as most important in the New York Market Journal. They call poultrymen's attention to the fact that the exquisite flavor of the canvasback duck is due to the wild celery it feeds upon. The delicious Congo chickens owe their superior excellence to the pineapples they eat. The grouse meat of the far Western plains is aromatic with the wild sage.

The feeding for mere weight or size will, in the near future give place to the higher art of gratifying the palate. The capon now ranks high above ordinary poultry without any special methods of feeding. How much greater must its superiority be when fed for flavor as well as tenderness and size. Now and then some enthusiastic thoroughbred raiser will descant on the merits of his favorite breed—"their tender, juicy flesh and rich, highly-flavored eggs, not to be compared to the 'dunghills' long ago discarded"—forgetting that the "dunghills" were truly named, and that from hard scratching in the barnyard for a living resulted the small, tough bodies and ill-flavored eggs complained of. His thoroughbreds have a yard to themselves, are fed on the choicest grains and grasses, and have only pure water to drink. Feeding for flavor must sooner or later become a generally acknowledged part of poultry culture.

After the fattening has been successfully accomplished, correct killing and dressing must follow to insure excellence. Twenty-four hours before killing, birds are removed to individual coops a foot and a half square, with wire netting sides, floor or slats half an inch apart, and legs two feet high. The open flooring and elevated position allow the droppings to fall through and out of the bird's reach. For twelve hours they have milk before them all the time, but no food. Last twelve hours, nothing but water, to insure the crop being empty.

The most humane and best way of slaughtering the poor things is to have a string with a noose at one end suspended from a beam in some outhouse. Slip the bird's feet through the noose. Instruct the operator to stand with his back to the bird; take the body under his left arm, breast uppermost, the head in the left hand; open the beak by pressing at the sides between the thumb and finger, and with a French killing knife stab up into the extreme back of the roof of the mouth. Give a quick turn to the left and withdraw the knife. Leave the bird suspended for a few minutes before taking the feet from the noose.

Plucking must be done at once. Commence with the long wing and tail feathers; then from the shanks, down the inside of the thigh, and over the breast to the neck. Take only a few feathers at a time; grasp as closely to the skin as possible, and pull quickly towards the head. At first it may be difficult to remove the feathers without tearing the skin, but a little assurance and some practice will render it quite easy. After the feathers, all pin-feathers or quills have to be extracted. Then hang the bird up to become quite cold before drawing; but don't delay more than two hours.

Cut off the head with a sharp knife, leaving about three inches of the neck, slit the skin at the back lengthwise, push back, and cut out the neck-bone close to the body. With the point of the knife sever the membrane which holds the windpipe to the breast, cut off the shanks, make a straight cut from the end of the breast-bone, being careful to sever the skinny flesh only. Continue to cut in a circle round the vent, and the bird can be drawn without any unseemly exposure or soiling of the flesh.

Place a peeled onion or a piece of charcoal in the body, and hang up in a cold cellar for twenty-four hours. Following the above method of drawing leaves the bird unmarred; and the neck skin being folded under the back after the stuffing has been put in holds it firmly in place for roasting and carving. The few stitches necessary from the breast-bone down do not show when the bird is trussed. The gizzard and liver must be carefully severed from the remaining parts to avoid breaking the gall-bag, which is a small sac lying between the two parts of the liver. Hold the gizzard with the narrow, smooth line that runs on one side uppermost. Lay the edge of the knife on the line and make a small, shallow cut, which will reveal a gray-colored inner bag that is to be removed intact, hence the necessity for the cut being shallow.

It has not yet become the general market custom in this country to draw and truss birds at once; but private customers will quickly appreciate the improvement in flavor that immediate attention to cleanliness makes, and before long I believe that the present custom of keeping and shipping undrawn birds will be condemned by the health authorities. When birds are going to customers, instead of being sent in a sprawling condition, they are trussed as for roasting, leaving a piece of charcoal inside to insure perfect sweetness.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor, free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

M. C. K.—Your description of the bird's general conduct and of the blood and liver after death leaves no doubt as to the nature of the disease. Tuberculosis has got a strong hold of your flock, and you will find it very difficult to eradicate. Tuberculous fowls present a constant decrease in weight, and the difficulty in breathing is quite manifest. In connection with every case of tuberculosis there is to be found at work as a factor in the disease, a germ—bacillus—and this germ must be present to confirm the diagnosis. There have appeared cases enough of tuberculosis in poultry yards, apparently contracted from sick cows, to warrant our being on the watch for all sources of possible trouble. Even a case of a single bird going "light" should be quarantined as a possible source of future trouble. Suppose you find you have a case on hand resembling the trouble we have under consideration. Your best plan will be to kill and burn the sick fowl. It is not safe to depend upon burying the bird. It may become exposed through the efforts of some dog, and so become an object of danger. The sick birds disposed of, then turn your attention to the protection of the well members of the flock. Clean out at once all litter from the houses and yards. Take off a thin layer of soil from the earth floors of the pens, and a little from the bare yards near the houses. Brush up the inside of all the buildings and remove all the dust and cobwebs from the windows. Whitewash in a thorough manner the woodwork of the buildings, not forgetting the roosts and dropping boards. Last of all, scald all drinking and feed vessels. If you have the time and inclination to doctor some of the cases in the beginning of the disease, you will find the use of good tonics and cod liver oil to give fair results in a small proportion of the sick fowls. The chances are about equal, however, that you have had indigestion to contend with instead of real tuberculosis. Birds that are really tuberculous are seldom cured by any treatment. Any good emulsion of cod liver oil mixed with the mash will help nourish the fowl. For a tonic there is nothing better than the arsenate of iron in pill form, 1-50th grain each, twice a day. If the breathing is at all labored, the use of the syrup of hydriodic acid, five drops three times a day in mash, will do much to relieve the condition. The ravages of tuberculosis in the human family are too patent to ignore its gravity in the lower creation, and the poultry fancier will best consult his own interests in studiously avoiding breeding from or purchasing birds of scrofulous or tuberculous taint, and in the event of the disease manifesting itself, to dispose of his stock, thoroughly disinfect his grounds, and after a sufficient interval import fresh and pure blood.

H. A. L.—Please read answer to M. C. K. in this issue.

J. B.—The birds have inflammation of the mucous membrane around the eye, which sometimes follows cold, but is just as frequently the result of some irritating substance, such as wood ashes or fresh lime. Should you have any more affected in the same way, confine them in a shaded coop, as the light hurts their eyes. Put fifteen drops of tincture of euphrasia in a pint of water. Keep it before the birds all the time, removing any other drinking water. Cleanse the eye by bathing; one part of dioxogen to two of water, or any simple antiseptic lotion which you may have in the house. When bathing the eye, see that the nostrils are open and the mouth clean, after which anoint with the following ointment: Half a teaspoonful of boric acid, finely powdered; half a teaspoonful of subnitrate of bismuth, well mixed in a tablespoonful of vaseline.

L. H.—You will find it more satisfactory to deal with breeders who are within easy distance, freight charges on live animals are so very heavy. Chickens should only be hatched in the fall for table use. It is never profitable to carry fall-hatched chicks over for stock.

E. C.—Please read answer to J. B. in this issue.

E. B.—From the description you give of the liver and intestines after death, there is no question that the turkeys were suffering from what is commonly termed blackhead—an unfortunately misleading name, as it is really a liver complaint, which only occasionally affects the color of the head. There is nothing to be done for young turkeys when affected by this disease. Your only course is to try and clear the premises and get old birds into good condition before next spring. As you are a subscriber to COMFORT, you will have had the fall numbers. Refer to them, and you will find advice along these lines.

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The Quest of Otter Pelts

By Dick Wood

CHAPTER II.

AN UNSUSPECTED FOE.

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THE trappers decided to spend the following day laying in a supply of wood. It was most too early for trapping, furs not being prime until well past the first of November in most states. Most trappers plan on having a week or two in camp before the season opens. This insures ample time to look over the grounds, blaze trails, gather camp wood, kill bait for the traps and tend other preliminaries of a successful trapping expedition. Also it requires about a week to get the swing of the woods life and adjusted to the change from civilization to the semi-primitive life.

A plentiful supply of wood is one of the necessities for camping in the winter north woods. This the young trappers knew, and their two axes and five-foot crosscut saw were selected for service. They happily found an abundance of dead wood within easy reach of the cabin. The standing trees were cut down and divided into stove lengths. The wood was then split and corded and finally covered over with bark or evergreen boughs. After the first big snow, if not too busy, they would haul it down to the cabin on the toboggan.

Two days of steady sawing and chopping provided several cords of wood. They now cleaned and polished their guns one evening preparatory to a day's hunt on the morrow. While the next day was the opening of the deer season, and each of the trappers expected to fill his license, they did not expect to hear other than their own guns fired. They did hear the distant booming of deer rifles in the early morning, but no one came so far back into the woods. Deer must be killed reasonably close to a means of transportation for the average sportsman's purposes. Of course, a few more of the venturesome hunters take a canoe or guide boat and get back into the woods and kill their game near the water, but it isn't a necessity anywhere in the North Woods.

The trappers now had their wood supply in and the weather indicated it was none too early. The first day of the hunting season was cool and cloudy. The magpies, or whiskyjacks, as the trappers call these birds that predict the weather, were acting very strangely. An old woodsman would instantly have prepared for a big snow.

Fred and Bill left camp in different directions, each with a pocketful of cartridges. They had their own suspicions of a coming snowstorm and didn't want the camp larder to be caught empty. Like clever trappers they were, each stuck a couple of steel traps in his spacious coat pockets. These were to be set around the entrails of the deer they killed and dressed. Such a set would be reasonably sure of getting some furs, perhaps a fox or fisher.

The young trappers still-hunted all the forenoon without success. They circled the ridges well up where the timber was open enough to give them a view for several hundred yards. The deer are accustomed to feeding up to the tops of the ridges and mountains in the mornings. Both boys had hunted deer before and were fairly well acquainted with their habits; and although the country was new to them they were not entirely at a loss. They knew it is an unfailing habit of the deer to lie on the peak of a ridge or the point of a mountain, preferably in the shelter of evergreens, where they can command a view over the country and thus elude any approaching enemy.

At noon the boys met by inadvertence, and while eating their lunch in a hollow talked over a different plan of action. They agreed the deer must be hanging around the swamps as usual just prior to a heavy snowstorm. This fact also strengthened their expectations in regard to weather conditions.

"Bill, I've got the scheme to get our bucks—and we've got to get them today for I opines we will want to get out with the traps after the snowstorm. They're down in the balsam swamps sticking closer than Dick's hatband, waiting for the storm. Now you do the driving and I'll take a stand and get 'em as they go by, unless they give the password, which is *silence*," outlined Fred.

"Yes, an' you know what'll happen then? Why, they'll just go around in a circle, being able to detect my approach, and easily keep out of sight in the thick balsams. They're foxy like that," objected Bill, who had hunted deer some himself.

"See that tin tea pail of yours? Well, just put a few pebbles in it, close the cover and rattle that. I'll guarantee the deer will come out."

Everything agreed upon, Fred took his stand at the head of the swamp between two ridges, which a deeply-worn trail would indicate was the natural outlet for the deer, and Bill was to wait ten minutes before starting the drive.

The first thing Fred did after reaching his stand was to take note of the direction of the wind and station himself to the leeward. The slightest breeze blowing from the hunter toward the quarry would be fatal to his purpose. Placing himself in a position to command a view across the hollow and bare ground around the point, in case the deer should turn around the opposite side of the ridge, Fred sat silent as the trees around him for half an hour.

At the end of that time he had seen nothing and only heard the distant yelping of Bill's voice, in imitation of the deer hound. He was growing impatient and had about decided the deer were going out elsewhere, when a slight snort attracted his attention. Without moving his body, he cast his eyes toward the direction of the sound and saw a spike-horn buck going up the side of the mountain at right angles to him. It winded him and turned aside.

As soon as possible Fred threw his 30-30 carbine to his shoulder and fired three times in rapid succession. Almost simultaneously he heard the dull roar of Bill's 30-40. Taking up the trail by sight, he soon came upon the deer itself.

Like the experienced woodsman-hunter-trapper he was, Fred immediately dressed the deer. After tying the hind legs together, he bent over a sapling and thus swung up the carcass without assistance and undue exertion. He now started for the swamp, occasionally emitting a whistle so as not to be mistaken by his partner for an animal coming through the brush.

He was much perturbed at Bill's long silence and failure to show upon the trail of the buck lately driven out of the swamp. It hadn't occurred to him that Bill would get an effective shot in the dense balsams. Likely he was shooting to drive or at best had got a fleeting glimpse of a running deer.

"Hey, Deerslayer, how did you sneak up on one?" exclaimed Fred, much surprised to come upon Bill in a dense thicket dressing out a buck.

"Didn't think I was going to leave myself out, did you? This old buck thought he could circle me and then lay low till I passed, but I put one over on him."

It took the boys together only a few minutes to hang up this deer. Then they hurried to camp, knowing the man smell on the carcasses would keep the more destructive animals away, and that they were hung too high for small animals to reach.

Before the trappers reached camp it began to snow in heavy, soft flakes, in flurries at first, but as darkness settled down, in rhythmical regularity. The boys were pleased to have their camp wood prepared and two young bucks hanging up in their outdoor cooler. Now they could get out on the trap line, since the snow indicated fur primeness. Before retiring for the night the boys decided to go to Otter Pond on the morrow and set out the first traps of the season.

Otter Pond glistened like a black diamond in a white setting the morning the two young trappers evaded its shores. The wind had blown the snow off the bushes, which made traveling comfortable; and the snow was a telltale blanket the trappers could not afford to miss. It would disclose the doings of the fur bearers during the latter hours of the night, the time they are mostly out.

Fred guided Bill to a spot where he could rely with certainty on finding otter sign. It was at the mouth of a small stream. Here on his previous visit the otters had been playing around the steep banks and there was no doubt now with snow on the ground, the otters would have a slide at this place.

Sure enough there were numerous otter tracks in the snow at the mouth of the inlet stream; these the boys could see from a distance. But imagine their amazement, upon approaching closer, to find freshly-set traps at the bottom of the slide and in the trails. It took Fred's keen eyes to note this before stepping into one of the traps himself. They had evidently been set earlier in the morning by a skillful trapper.

"Isn't that trapper's luck, back here where we thought we were alone, miles from civilization. Let's rush over to the beaver dam and give that the once over," exclaimed Fred.

They were not greatly surprised to find traps on the dam, set in the same manner as the other traps, and thus the method indicated that one trapper had done all the work.

The boys were greatly disappointed that someone should get ahead of them, particularly a skillful trapper who stood a fair chance of making a complete clean-up. However, apparently he had secured the grounds by legitimate means, as it is a law of trapping that one must actually have traps set or the ground staked to hold them. The possibility of another trapper being in the vicinity never occurred to either of the boys.

The young trappers decded to go back to camp, cook a meal, then get out to Bill's grounds with traps before the trapper beat them there. They had reached a dense balsam swamp, back-tracking over their trail, when a buckskin-clad trapper stepped out in front of them, holding a gun menacingly.

"Old Curley!" exclaimed Fred, under breath.

The boys were taken back by the sudden appearance of the old trapper. What he might do they could only conjecture. Certainly he was not in a very amiable frame of mind.

"Look here, Kids, this ain't a healthy country fer fellers who butt in on a trapper's grounds and take a man's own shack. Gettin' to be a hull-of-a-note when old Curley must be cheated out of his own cabin made with his own hands, and let a couple of kids in to scare the game

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)



HE BOLDLY STEPPED PAST BILL AND POSTED HIMSELF IN FRONT OF OLD CURLEY.

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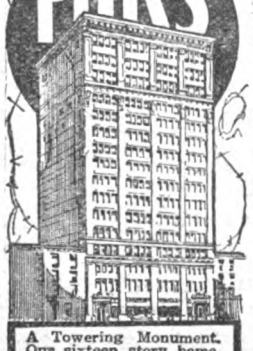
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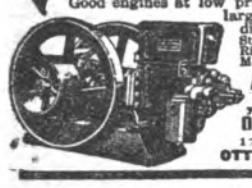
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The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.)

and show scars where they have broken apart. Keep in a dirt-floored part of the cellar if possible. If stored in bags, see that they do not rest directly upon the floor. Better set them on a few planks raised off the floor to provide an air space below. Better still, spread out on a raised board floor or put them in a shallow layer in a potato bin. Free circulation of air is a big factor in their keeping qualities.

ROOT CROPS.—Carrots, turnips and beets, as well as the less common root crops, all require about the same handling. A temperature only slightly above the freezing point and relative moist air are both necessary if they are to be kept until spring without shrinking, wrinkling and becoming soft and tasteless.

Two general practices are common. The first is to put the vegetables in boxes in lots of a bushel or so in a part of the cellar where the temperature rests at slightly above the freezing point, then cover the boxes with gunny sacks. By sprinkling the bags with a little water from time to time the necessary moisture will be supplied. The other plan is to pack roots in boxes of sand. A little water, just enough to moisten the sand, should be sprinkled over the boxes occasionally. Too much moisture will cause rot or molding.

CABBAGE.—Steady cold does not harm cabbage in storage, but alternate freezing and thawing are very harmful. Cabbage can withstand a freezing temperature, however, and for best results a temperature of about 31 degrees should be maintained. Where they are to be kept in the cellar many gardeners remove the outer leaves and the stem and wrap and tie up in several thicknesses of heavy brown wrapping paper. Though this may seem to be too bothersome a plan, it works very well indeed. Another custom is to bury in boxes of sand, especially if the cellar can be kept cold enough to prevent premature growth. Another less common way is to lay a row or two of heads along the wall with the stems sticking up at a 45-degree angle, then cover the heads with sand and the stem with moist earth. Some farmers hang heads up by the roots from the ceiling but unless the cellar is both cold and moist they are more likely to dry out than if they were buried in sand or wrapped in paper.

ONIONS.—If this crop has been thoroughly dried and cured in the field there should be little trouble in storing it. Select good hard globes, avoid the long-necked ones and those that are soft. Snap off the dried tops an inch or more from the bulb; to cut them shorter induces early sprouting. Store either in slatted fruit crates or half-bushel baskets, though sacks or bushel baskets will do. If the temperature is kept slightly above the freezing point, and if comparatively dry air and sufficient ventilation are supplied, there is little chance of damage.

SQUASH AND PUMPKINS.—These two vegetables are the exceptions that prove the rule, as the old saying goes. They do not keep well in a cold place. For best results they should be placed on shelves not far from the furnace if there is one in the cellar. If not they had better be put in the attic or in a closet or some other out-of-the-way place upstairs. A dry atmosphere and a temperature of around 50 degrees is necessary, and if the air is allowed to become either too moist or too cold they will soon spoil. Fully matured vegetables only should be kept.

Curing Seed Corn

There are still many farmers who seem to think that seed corn taken from the corn crib in the spring "is good enough and a darned sight cheaper," but thanks to the steady spread of knowledge concerning germination of seed and stored-up vitality they are becoming scarcer and scarcer every year. Then there are the vast numbers of farmers who hand pick good seed early in the fall to guarantee early maturity, but who stop before the job is more than half done. They simply hang up the ears under the back porch, under the eaves, or onto the windmill where it will be exposed all winter long to snow and cold and sun and thaw. Why is this a costly practice and one that no good farmer can afford?

In the first place, the sooner seed corn is thoroughly dried the better will be the results obtained when it is planted. Unless all the excess moisture is removed before cold weather it is sure to freeze, and freezing greatly lessens both germination and vitality. There is no commoner explanation of missing hills than poorly cured seed corn, and we all know how we "cuss" when we have to replant. Why, if the crows pull up even a few hills in return for the white grubs they eat, we go right after the shot gun! Then why not prevent missing hills where and when we can? Experiments conducted by the United States Department of Agriculture have shown that yields from poorly cured seed or from crib corn may fall as much as 18 bushels per acre below the yields of the same quality of seed well cured. No farmer can snuff at a loss of 18 bushels to the acre.

For ordinary farm practices the elaborate seed curing house is out of the question. Nor is it needed, though it is more of a necessity than a luxury on the large place. If good ripe ears are brought into a dry, warm place as soon as they are picked, it will take only a short time to dry them out so that there is little excess moisture left. Though the good wife may object, we find few who will not let us keep seed corn in the kitchen near the stove for a short time in the fall. If there is a furnace in the cellar so much the better. It is far better to put up with a little inconvenience for a short time than to find that the seed we plant in the spring is faulty, poor stuff, and that a lot of our hard work must be done over. Worse than that, we may have to buy seed at the spring seed prices, and they are usually quite high, as the farmer who has been "caught" will agree.

Once the corn is dried out thoroughly it will not be so greatly damaged by freezing. Still, it is best to keep it in a place where the temperature never reaches the freezing point. Ideal conditions would be about 50 degrees Far. If there is room in the attic a simple rack may be made out of trays of common chicken fence netting upon which the ears are laid so that no two touch. Another plan is to make "ladders" with wire or string, spacing the ears three inches apart. Still another plan is to take short planks, say four feet long, and drive nails through them at a slight slant upwards. Hang these boards up along the rafters and spike the butts of the ears on the projecting nails.

Once dried, about the only chance of damage is from mice or rats. The house cat that can be induced to make its home in the storage room will do a lot to keep the former within bounds, but few cats are willing to tackle a grown rat. Carefully placed poison will soon rid the place of both mice and rats, but it should not be used in the house where the dead vermin are certain to create a fearful stench between the walls. Here it is better to use small and inexpensive traps.

Remember that only well-cured seed corn will germinate as it should and that it alone can withstand a long wet spring. Poor seed is low in vitality and a source of endless trouble.

Asphyxiation

It is a real mouth-filling word, but one that we all have learned the meaning of, some even at the cost of their lives.

"Beware of the partly-filled silo which has been closed for some time," says Prof. E. B. Hart, Agricultural Chemist of the University of Wisconsin. This is an old warning, yet from the number of deaths we see reported in the daily papers each fall it seems necessary to repeat it.

Fermentation takes place very rapidly, especially in the newly-filled silo. Carbon dioxide, a deadly gas, is given off. This gas is heavier than air and therefore remains close to the surface of the silage unless the silo is open and a free circulation of air allowed. As this gas is colorless and has no marked odor by which its presence may be recognized, it may get in its deadly work before the farmer is aware that anything is wrong. Frequent cases have been reported where a hired man or even some membr of the farmer's family, though standing close to the silo, did not hear a single sound of distress or a cry for help from the man inside.

How can we guard against this great danger? At silo filling time never enter the partly-filled silo until the blower has been turned on for some minutes to circulate the air and drive the heavy gas out. Another safe test for the presence of carbon dioxide in the silo is to lower a lighted lantern in it. At any time it is a good precaution to take a lighted lantern or candle with you when you go into the silo. If gas is present in dangerous quantities the flame will immediately be snuffed out. Where gas is found in the silo it may be removed by opening the doors and creating a draft or circulation of air.

Trade-Mark Farm Names

The United States Patent Office recently approved and published in the Patent Office Gazette a trade-mark covering the name of a farm belonging to an Iowa farmer. Ledru C. Willits, the farmer in whose name the trade-mark was issued, is a breeder of pure-bred hogs, cattle and sheep. The trade-marked name is "Hawkeye."

So far as can be ascertained by the livestock men in the United States Department of Agriculture, Mr. Willits is the first farmer to obtain a trade-mark for his farm. There is nothing in the law to prevent it, but apparently nobody ever thought of it before. If a farmer uses his farm name in his advertising it is well to protect it for his own exclusive use by having it trade-marked. Several states have laws authorizing the registration of farm names by the state authorities, but a trade-mark issued by the U. S. Patent Office protects the user of the farm name both inside and outside the borders of the state in which the farm is located. Widely advertised farm names might well be so protected.

Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from the eminent specialists and experts of our Agricultural Staff on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying.

Address Modern Farmer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published

Questions and Answers

ANTS IN TREE TRUNK.—Ants are hollowing out the trunk of my large apple tree. What shall I do for them? W. S. H., Mannington, W. Va.

A.—Locate the ant-hill and destroy the ants by making a few holes in the heap, pouring an ounce or two of bisulphide of carbon into each and then covering with a tarpaulin or canvas to keep in the fumes. Perfectly cleanse the cavity in the tree trunk, scrape away all diseased wood, apply hot pitch to the surfaces and then fill with cement.

PRUNING GOOSEBERRIES.—Should my four-year-old gooseberry bushes be pruned, and if so, how? (2) How should currant bushes be trimmed? (3) Should large apple trees be pruned, and if so, how. (4) How should I treat an apple tree that has had its entire top killed by freezing and has grown up from the ground like a bush? MRS. H. B., South Shore, So. Dak.

A.—Gooseberry bushes must be pruned severely each year. If this is not done they will become clogged with new growth and small fruit and mildew will result. Leave only five or six good strong shoots each year. After stems have borne two or three years remove them immediately after fruit is picked to allow new shoots more room. Fruit of the gooseberry is borne on the last season's wood; therefore an annual growth of new wood must be added to each bush. Burn all stems removed to destroy borers and other pests. Also trim heads occasionally to keep bushes symmetrical in shape. (2) Red currant bushes fruit on wood two or more years old. Therefore it is necessary to have several canes ranging from one, two, three to four years old in the same bush to assure a steady crop each year. After the fourth year, canes begin to fail so it is best to remove all four-year-old wood after it has borne a crop. Burn all wood removed to destroy insect enemies such as borers. Each year leave two to four of the best shoots that spring from the stool and cut out all other inferior shoots and excess wood to give the ones selected a good chance to grow. In this manner new growth is added to the bush each season and the old worn-out stems are removed. Nothing more in the line of pruning is needed for currant bushes except to trim up the tops occasionally when they grow too tall or straggling. (3) Apple trees require pruning from time to time, but treatment varies with age and variety. For detailed instructions write for a bulletin on this subject to the Horticultural Department of your State Agricultural College. The bulletin will be mailed you free. (4) Regarding the apple tree that was frozen and that has grown up from the roots, there is only one thing to do and that is to grub it out. The new shoots are growing from the old root upon which the tree had been grafted. It is unlikely that these shoots would ever develop into desirable trees bearing good fruit.

POTATO SCAB.—Kindly tell me what is the cause of our potatoes getting scabby. We always raised good, smooth potatoes until we bought some manure from a livery stable, and the last three years we have planted rye and used agricultural lime. The Early Ohios seem to be worse affected than the Early Rose.

MRS. F. K., Elm Grove, W. Va.

A.—Several varieties of potato scab are quite common. These may be introduced by infected seed potatoes; also the addition of stable manure, lime or wood ashes tend to increase the disease. No doubt your crop was infected by the new seed you mention, and the livery-stable manure provided ideal conditions for extensive development. The lime used may also have had some influence on the spread and development of the disease. Potato scab may best be prevented by treating seed stock by submerging in a solution of one pint of formaldehyde to 30 gallons of water, then planting next day. Avoid the use of fresh horse manure and lime on land to be put into potatoes. Better plant on land which has not been planted to this crop for some time. Best results are obtained by planting where a good stand of red clover has been turned under. Early potatoes are less likely to be damaged by scab than are the late ones on account of the fact that scab has not had time to develop to the same extent when they are dug.

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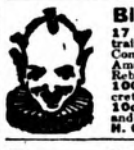
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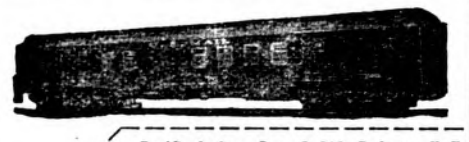
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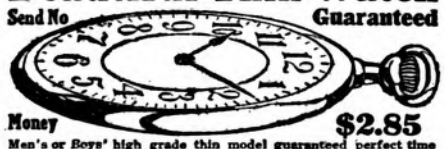
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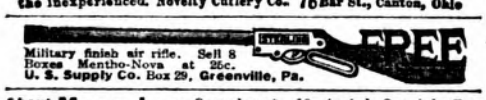
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"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

R. E. B., Prospect, Va.—Cantaloupe should be served well-chilled from the cellar or ice-box. The melons are cut in half, the seeds removed, and a half melon is placed before each guest. A small piece of ice may be placed in the center of each half, although this may be omitted if the fruit is thoroughly chilled. Cantaloupe is eaten with a spoon, and salt or powdered sugar is added at the time of eating, according to the taste of the guest. (2) There is no set reply needed when a young man thanks you for a dance; a smile is sufficient response, and you can continue any conversation regarding the music, dance, etc.

GRAY EYES, Hartsville, Tenn.—A girl may acknowledge the "I beg your pardon" or the "pardon me" of a stranger by bowing slightly with no further sign of recognition. (2) You may safely omit to reply to any such remark of "how are you?" made at the moment of an introduction, and your best course would be to acknowledge the presentation by a bow, a smile and a simple "How do you do?" You may extend your hand if you prefer, or wish to appear particularly cordial.

JIMMIE, Allenwood, Pa.—As a guest at any sort of a dinner, you should wait until your hostess has indicated where you are to sit. (2) At an informal meal there is no rule as to which direction a dish should be passed. The best way would seem to be to continue the dish on the course by which it reached you. This is purely a matter of convenience and common sense.

SUNSHINE MARY, Ill.—Unless it is arranged in such a manner as to inconvenience her, a bride need not remove her veil while dancing. (2) The wedding ring is worn on the third finger of the left hand, counting from the index finger.

M. S. J., Oldfield, W. Va.—A man of thirty is not necessarily too old to pay serious attention to a girl of seventeen, but if you do not care for him and have refused to marry him, we certainly advise that you discontinue "going" with him "just to pass the time." There are much better uses than this to which time can be put, and how about some other more satisfactory suitor whom your "going" with this refused thirty-year-old suitor may be keeping out of the running? Consult your parents and have this man sent about his business if his attentions are undesirable to you.

EX-SOLDIER'S BRIDE-TO-BE, Gregory, S. D.—We answer the most important of your questions—whose number exceeds the rules of this column: Because of the nature of this double wedding of your sister and yourself, the invitations and announcements need not be made separately and can be included in one. (2) A bride retains her complete costume until after the wedding breakfast. During the ceremony, the hand upon which the ring is to be placed may have the glove turned back beforehand, or the glove finger may be slit before the glove is to be put on. We think it best that your sister and yourself should wear bridal costumes as much alike as possible. You have COMFORT'S best wishes for your happiness.

F. M. C., Imler, Pa.—If this red-headed girl cares more about "having a good time" than she does about receiving your honest attentions, we don't quite know what you can do except to strive to make her see the error of her course, and the wrong influence of the leading of this girl friend. You will never do this by swearing or losing your temper, as you say you have done, and for which you will now have to apologize in order to regain the influence you have foolishly thrown away. We advise you to pay little heed to what this girl is "said to have said" to this or that cousin. What should only interest you is what she says to you and if she means what she says. We certainly cannot tell you if she loves you, but it's a sure thing that she won't if your method of keeping her affection is to use the language you quote to us in your letter. Do not try any so-called "love powders" (they are worthless fakes, or possibly dangerous), and do not seek her father's aid in your complaint against her conduct. That you suggest this last course shows that you have much to learn before you understand the ways of a maid.

SUBSCRIBER, Weiser, Idaho.—You may excuse yourself to this man with whom you do not wish to dance by saying that you are tired, or that you have promised the dance to someone else—if you are sure that you can arrange the last statement to be true.

N. W., Grafton, Ill.—Yes; low shoes worn with stockings of wool will be in as much favor this winter as they were a year ago. It is a sensible fashion.

B. B., Albert, Texas.—For a boy to wink at a girl is a silly form of ill manners, and a girl should never endorse the error by winking back.

M. H. L., Russell, N. Y.—We strongly advise you to continue your education by a high school course, or else to take some business college or commercial course if you are really desirous of doing work outside of your own home. (2) There is no reason in the world why you should not accept the renewed friendly advances of this young man. There is no question of "coming between another couple." This is the young man's lookout. His is the responsibility to this other girl, if there is any such responsibility involved. If you like him, admit this to yourself and receive his attentions in this spirit.

ANXIOUS, Constantia, N. Y.—No matter how large for her age a girl of thirteen may be, she is sure to be far too small in years to even consider "paying any attention to boys," or having them pay attention to her. Stick to your school books and let boys wait a while. There will always be plenty of young fellows looking for pretty girls, but there is only one time when you can get the education without which your life is sure to be sadly handicapped. And take no further time from your classes to write letters to sailor friends.

BLUE EYES, Indiana.—Your questions are in number far beyond the rules stated at the head of this column. The best man carries the ring and hands it to the groom at the proper time during the ceremony. This time is indicated by the words of the marriage service. (2) Any stationer can arrange for the engraving of your wedding invitations and announcements and can show you the proper forms which we have not space to reproduce here. Wedding announcements are mailed immediately following the ceremony. Immediately in this case meaning perhaps the day after.

V. B., Albert, Texas.—We have no knowledge of the rules or methods of play in the game you mention, and cannot therefore tell you how it might affect the deportment of automobiling. A safe way is to have a chaperon along who can pass on the propriety of any car-riding episodes.

SHORTEY, Rifle, Colo.—We don't quite see why these "high school boys" have any right to dictate the selection of your friends or guide your conduct. If your mother approves of your friendship with this unpopular boy, there is no reason why it might not continue. But unless you are ready to consider this boy as a prospective fiance, you should be careful how you receive his attentions, and should guard against your "good influence" and reforming instinct drawing you into a genuine love affair with someone unworthy perhaps of your affection. For we have little faith in the plan of marrying a man to reform him, and the picture you have perhaps unconsciously drawn of this boy does not make us think he would be the best sort of a husband. It is not his fault that he was started wrong, but unfortunately the effect of early environment is often too lasting. Your letter is a sensible one, however, and we believe your own judgment will guide you aright.

LONELY, Cawood, Ky.—You ask us what you had better do, but you more justly should have asked what should be done to you: a girl who at twelve promised to marry a boy with whom, now she is fourteen, she is thinking of eloping! No wonder your parents are objecting. They should be taking far more strenuous action than this with a slipper or hairbrush. Consider for a moment how foolish you are acting and how you must be worrying your parents and your best friends. Become engaged to your schoolbooks for the next three years at least, after which you will perhaps know enough to be able to look back and feel ashamed of your present silly conduct and questions.

N. P., Phila, Miss.—The questions you said you were asking were not with your letter. If you will repeat your inquiries, we shall be glad to answer in this column.

Missing Relatives and Friends

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT reopens the "Missing Relatives' and Friends' column.

To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will secure only one new yearly subscriber to COMFORT at 50c. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column by securing only one new subscription at 50c. If a longer notice is required send one 50c subscription for each additional seven words.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Mearl Peed, last heard of in California, please notify his grandfather, J. L. Peed, R. R. 2, Goodman, Mo.

Edna Hall, formerly Edna Southworth, Westover, Texas, wants to know of Frank Mitchell, last heard of in Lonoke County, Ark.

Ted Randolph would like to know the whereabouts of his mother, Fanny Turner, last heard of at Ada, Ohio. Address, Rohana H. Piercy, Vici, Okla. Star Route.

Eva Gipe, Ft. Morgan, Colo., would like to find her sister, Mrs. Geo. Brown, last heard from in Seattle, Wash., 1914. Any information would be gladly received.

Anyone knowing the address of Mary C. Belcher, please write to Box 25, Niota, Ill.

Anyone knowing of Claude Crowl, missing Christmas, 1919. Age 21, dark eyes and hair. Last heard of, Chester, Pa. Please notify his mother, Mrs. Thos. Crowl, Richwood, W. Va.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Mrs. Katie E. Nash and son, Earl Nash, last heard of in Detroit, Mich., please write to Mrs. Frank Ellsworth, Gray, Ky.

Mrs. Anserena Jensen, Crivitz, Wisc., wants to hear from her sister, Mrs. Hannah Balreke, Banard, Kans. Write to her niece, Mrs. Alma Hamblen, Crivitz, Wisc.

Wanted, information of Luther L. Davis, last heard of in El Paso, Texas. Mrs. R. R. Davis, Rockingham, Box 16, R. R. 5, N. C.

Anyone knowing Mike Ganly, send his address to Mike Hughes, Chief of Police, Chicago, Ill.



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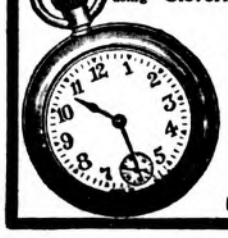
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The Quest of the Otter Pelts

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27.)

out of the country. Don't your mammies look after ye? By gad, I will; I'll learn ye a think or two if you hang around old Curley's place. Don't ye know this country from Pelcher to Racquette belongs to me? I've held it fer twenty years and d—— if I'll let a couple of young uns run me out 'cause I'm shedding the hair on the top of my head. Get outta here, outta the woods; and if ye ain't outta my camp by dark, so I can come in, I'll burn it down on the both of ye," grimaced and yelled the irate old trapper.

By this time Curley had worked himself up to a heated state of animation and flourished his battered old rifle around in careless abandon of objects it covered, and the possibility of accidental discharge. Both boys were taken a-back at such an outburst of rage for which there was no due cause. In fact, Bill showed decided nervousness and wished himself out of the woods and back on his farm-land trapping grounds. Not so with Fred, who knew the nature of isolated woods trappers and what to expect of them, and was himself easy to antagonize. He boldly stepped past Bill and posted himself in front of Curley.

"Look here, Curley—and hold that gun with the muzzle up while you're at it or I'll get careless with mine. Bill's right behind me, too, with a cocked carbine; and if your gun should go off and hit one of us, the other will let the light into your inwards. You can't get us both.

"Now we fixed up your old camp because we thought you were not coming back again. We wouldn't have come into these woods if we'd known you were here. But now that we are here, we are not going back to Morehouseville and let them guy us because a misguided sixty-year-old Old Curley ran us out. We'll get out of your camp and you'll give us time to take all our stuff out if one of us has to hold a gun on you. And until I see your papers I'll hold the state owns this land and I have as much of a right here as you. This is not Hudson's Bay country. You can't scare us out. You couldn't scare nothing, nowhow, but crows in our cornfield. Since you're such a bluff, we'll show you we have as much right to the furs in these woods as you, and we're going to get 'em."

Fred showed himself capable of getting angry, too, to the point where he wasn't mindful of the English he was taught in high school. Curley was quite taken back by the boy's pluck and "nerve" and sneakingly replied he'd give them time to get their plunder out, then glided off into the snow-laden evergreens without another word.

"Say, Fred, you certainly laid the law down to the old trapper. Aren't you afraid he will shoot us in the back from the bushes?"

"No, he's too big a coward. I know his kind. Dad has had all kinds of experiences with such men who come into his lumber camps. He said Curley once came down and hung around camp, eating everything in sight for two weeks. Dad didn't ask him to pay for his board, but one day decided to send Curley out to kill a deer for a change in the larder. Curley got a deer in sight of camp and the company horses hauled it into camp. Would you believe it, Curley wanted to charge the 'Old Man' ten dollars for shooting the deer, and after coming and going to the cook's shanty as he pleased. Dad's got no patience with that sort of humanity, so he showed old Curley the woods and told him to beat it. Of course, Curley don't know me or he'd have it in for us worse than ever. We needn't fear anything from Curley in the open. His method is to burn down camps when the owners are away, or steal traps and furs, and such sneaking tricks."

Fred was peculiarly fitted for wilderness trapping in all its strenuous phases. He could cope with the cunning of the fisher and baffle the mean pranks of outlaw trappers. In a showdown he could hold his own in a free-for-all fight, being a husky farm lad of near six feet and carrying one hundred and seventy pounds of farm-hardened muscle and bone.

"Here's where my foresight in bringing a tent along comes in handy," Fred explained. "I thought one of us might want to move onto new grounds before spring, and a tent could be set up quicker than the time necessary to build a cabin. We'll just load up the toboggan and while I guard the camp, you can take the outfit over to Pelcher Lake; you know the way. I wouldn't trust that skunk now; he is apt to come in and steal our things if both leave the cabin."

The boys were able to get their equipment out of the camp before dark, including a couple of loads of wood, to start them off in their new location. The rest they piled up and set fire to, though, after an argument, Bill prevailed upon Fred to leave their roofing on the camp. Also the window panes they had brought in from the "outside." Fred was keenly in favor of leaving the camp in its original state of condition.

The tent was an eight by ten wall pattern, with a ground cloth. The boys set it up by lantern light. First they cleared the snow off a ten by twelve spot, then staked the tent down. Next they built them a bunk on the floor with some boards, and filled it full of balsam boughs which had been shaken free of snow. They spread their canvas sheet, quilts and blankets down and had a warm bed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Wild animals know where they can find protection, says a United States Department of Agriculture circular on the fur industry. In places where there are game sanctuaries, wild creatures hasten to them at the beginning of every open hunting season.

VETERINARY INFORMATION



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

Those Pesky Warts

SOME people have the impression that warts are contagious, or "catching," but we have no evidence to corroborate that belief. Neither is there anything mysterious or superstitious about the bothersome things. They merely indicate an overnutrition of the skin, the cause of which is unknown; but in some instances, as when they form in masses on the teats, bruising of the skin possibly may be the cause. Young cattle are most affected and we also frequently see the muzzle of a colt or dog covered with slim warts. The similar projecting bodies seen upon the lining membrane of the cheeks in cattle are not warts but papillæ placed there by the Creator to help the cow keep the feed in her mouth when chewing her cud. Some owners have written us that they snipped these supposed warts off with scissors when they found cows sick, yet the treatment "did the beasts no good". Of course not! but it did them a lot of harm and one should study his animals to recognize what things are natural that they may not be mistaken for unnatural things which should be removed. Warts are a simple affair, as a general rule, and therefore need not cause alarm. They tend to disappear of themselves as cattle grow, but may easily be removed if thought best. That certainly is the case when numbers of them on the teats interfere with milking and even make the parts so sore that milk is "held up," sours, curdles and tends to cause mischievous garget. Snip off with scissors warts on the teats that have slim necks. Remove a few at a time and then swab the wounds with tincture of iodin, or, if the cow is dry, coat the parts with pine tar. We have several new treatments for warts, however, which possibly may obviate the necessity of using scissors. One is to coat the affected parts of the teats with collodion in which salicylic acid has been dissolved. Use a saturated solution, but not where there is an open flame or lighted pipe, cigar or cigarette; but smokers of such things should be kept out of the barn, on general principles! The salicylic acid solution is also excellent for the hard, callous or warty growths which form at the tips of the teats and are probably caused by constant bruising of the parts with the butt of the hand when milking. Another new application for warts on the teats is a thick paste of salt, sulphur and cold-pressed castor oil. It is a good one, too, and some like it better than the plan of soaking the teats twice daily in hot water containing all the bicarbonate of soda it will dissolve. A new treatment for blood warts on colts or horses is a paste of salt and yolk of egg well rubbed in. Repeat the application of these mixtures as often as found necessary. Large warts on cattle may at once be twisted off; then rub in pine tar with a hard brush. Warts on the muzzle disappear after a time if rubbed daily with castor oil. Where a wart seems to be cancerous, especially those of the lips, apply Fowler's solution of arsenic twice a day.

SALIVATION.—I have a cow that was taken sick last spring. She was in good condition, giving a fine flow of milk. She gradually stopped eating, and swelled under her jaw. In three weeks she failed from six gallons a day to two quarts. She was on green feed, mostly alfalfa, all day and had good hay at night. Sometimes she eats as though it hurt her to move her jaw. I have two more coming down the same way. F. B.

A.—The fact that saliva runs from the mouth may indicate that some sharp object has lodged in the tongue or that there is a cyst under the tongue or actinomycosis of the tongue (wooden tongue). The veterinarian should examine for these conditions and if none is found, test the cow for tuberculosis. A sharp object penetrating the wall of the stomach and lodging in the sac of the heart might also cause similar symptoms. There is no cure for tuberculosis or traumatic pericarditis caused by swallowing of a sharp object. Write again, if necessary, after the examination has been made.

WEAK BACK.—I have a spring pig. When she walks her back will fall down and in and she drags her feet behind her. The skin cracked across her back. I greased it and it stopped for a while but now it is bad again. I am feeding her milk and she has all the charcoal she wants. What is the matter and what can I do? MRS. V. F.

A.—Sunscald often causes severe skin troubles in white pigs that graze wet rape or other rank green crop. Washing daily with fresh buttermilk often suffices, but in severe cases it may be necessary to apply a lotion composed of 2 ounces of Goulard's extract, 1 ounce of glycerine and 1 pint of soft water. Open the bowels freely with Epsom salt in slop, then let the pig graze green crops and also have milk daily and mixed meals from a self-feeder.

BLOODY MILK.—I have a cow, two years old, that has been giving bloody milk for three months. For a few days she will not give any bloody milk, then it becomes clotted and it is hard to milk it out. There are no lumps in her teats. Is there anything that can be done to help her? I have taken COMFORT ten years. MRS. D. L. C.

A.—Bruising of the teat or quarter in some way or another might well cause bloody milk in this case. Watch the cow to see if bruising occurs. Chronic, incurable garget would be a likely cause if the cow is not bruising her udder. If it is present, the milk in that quarter should be dried off. We are unable to assign the exact cause but shall be glad to hear from you again when you have made a more careful investigation.

THOROUGHPIN.—I have a fine three-year-old mare that has a thoroughpin on both legs. Is there any cure? If so, please give remedy. MRS. W. C. W.

A.—The unsoundness mentioned is practically incurable when established. If lameness is present, you should have a veterinarian line-fire and blister the hock joints, one at a time, but not in very hot weather. If lameness is absent, some good may be done by persistent application of a proprietary reducing preparation used according to directions given by the manufacturer.

ECZEMA.—I have a cow six years old which I think has been poisoned while out feeding. Her head, neck and brisket are swollen and little broken places appear on the outside from which a yellow sticky substance appears. Do you think this would affect the milk and is it safe to use it? Can you tell me what has caused this trouble and what to do? J. S. J.

A.—White skin is sometimes affected in the way described by poison ivy or St. John's wort. We cannot assign the exact cause without an investigation but on general principles should advise you to wet the affected parts twice daily with a lotion composed of 4 ounces of Goulard's extract, 2 ounces of glycerine and soft water to make 1 pint. We do not think the trouble will have any injurious effect upon the milk.

THICK, SWOLLEN GLANDS

that make a horse Wheeze, Roar, have Thick Wind or Choke-down, can be reduced with



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The Brush is nine inches long, 2½ inches wide, firmly set with white bristles. **The Mirror** is 8½ inches long, 4½ inches wide on back, with a four-inch clear, finely **beveled** glass set with rich ebonized frame. **The Comb** is seven inches long, 1½ inches wide, with fine and coarse teeth. Both Mirror and Brush have a handsome silverine shield on the back for monogram or initials.

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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address but we will print only initials if so requested.

S. J. P., Detroit, Mich.—In your northern climate, you should remove your hyacinth bulbs from the ground for winter storage. Do this before the ground freezes and place the bulbs, covered with sand or dry earth, in your cellar.

S. L., Mississippi.—Despite all that we have many times stated in this column, the idea persists that there is a "divining" rod or needle which may be purchased and which will find buried treasure or other minerals. For this subscriber's benefit and for all others, we say here again that without qualification or exception no rod or instrument has been devised that will locate the presence of gold, silver, copper, lead, zinc, or other non-magnetic metals or their ores, when these are hidden underground. Any such devices, if offered for sale, are done so with the intent to deceive and defraud purchasers. Necessarily we do not wish COMFORT readers to waste any of their money in the purchase of "divining rods" which can divine no treasure except that fraudulently obtained from credulous buyers of these worthless instruments.

C. H. B., Clearwater, Fla.—Under a resolution of the Sixty-sixth Congress, discharged soldiers, sailors and marines are given preferred right of homestead entry on vacant public lands of the U. S. Government. You should write to the Secretary of the Interior, Washington, D. C., for information concerning the regulations established under the resolution we have mentioned.

L. H., Williamstown, Pa.—You do not state what sort of a business you wish to purchase or engage in. Read the "Business Opportunities" columns of the leading Philadelphia newspapers, or place some advertisement in these journals regarding your requirements.

T. M., Leesburg, Ga.—In the United States, native white males of native white parentage exceed the same class of females by more than five millions. Of foreign-born whites, there are about a million and a half more males than females. Of the negro population, there are slightly more men than women. In all these instances those classified are of the age of 21 years or older.

B. W., Converse, La.—For the information which you wish concerning the Cherokee and Choctaw Indians, you should address the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C.

MRS. M. S., New Hampton, Iowa.—We have never heard of a "Federal Reserve stamp," and believe that you have confused this with the Federal Reserve notes—meaning banknotes—which are permitted to be issued by banks of the Federal Reserve system. If you wish any information concerning the working of the law under which these banks are organized, apply to the cashier or president of your nearest national bank.

L. J., Palmetto, Ga.—The coin you describe is one of an issue of the Royal Spanish Mint and bears the name and portrait of Alfonso XII, King of Spain. It has no value beyond the ten Spanish centimos which it represents.

R. K., Vincennes, Ind.—All land of the sort you wish to homestead has already been taken up in the states of Missouri, Oklahoma and Kansas. In Arkansas, there remain but 276,595 acres yet available. The central and western portions of the state contain the hilly and diversified land in which you are interested. There are U. S. Land Offices in Arkansas at Camden, Harrison and Little Rock. Address the Registers of these offices for further information. Colorado has over 7,300,000 acres yet open for entry. You would find the western portion of the state preferable for your purposes. There are U. S. Land Offices in this locality at Glenwood Springs and Durango. Utah presents vast opportunities with 13,316,198 acres of vacant public lands. This state has produced over 600 bushels of potatoes on a single acre of land. In Utah also you would find the western part of the country most suitable for your likings. There are but two U. S. Land Offices—one at Salt Lake City and the second at Vernal. In your wish to avoid what you call "barren land," you must remember that such states as Utah and Colorado are accustomed to raising immense crops with little rainfall and that irrigation is an agricultural standby in these sections of the U. S. Much of the most productive land of the West could have been classed as "barren" until liberated to luxurious production by the magic touch of irrigation. You will have to expect far less annual rainfall in the states of Colorado and Utah than that you are now working under in Indiana. Do not make any change unless you believe you can accept these new conditions and accustom yourself to farming on an entirely new basis.

M. D., Montere, Tenn.—Copper is not a metal which admits of successful tempering, although it may be hardened by the addition of various other metals. The ancients were accustomed to harden copper by the addition of iron in the portion of 66 per cent. copper to that of 34 per cent. iron. This alloy turns dark, however, upon exposure to air. Finely-shaved copper can be added in 70 parts to 30 parts arsenic. This mixture will, when fused in a furnace, produce a hard metal of whitish coloring. There are also numerous other combinations in which copper forms a part and a harder metal results from the fusing.

W. F. E., Virginia.—You have strangely spelled the name of the tree you mention, which we believe you mean for one of the Myrtle family. The leaves and berries of the myrtle were used in medicine by ancient peoples, but the tree in our country has no use but as an ornamental plant and shrub. As the wood of the myrtle is compact and close-grained, we believe you are correct in thinking it would be valuable for fence posts. Some nearby nursery might be interested in buying young trees of this variety from you. (2) It is characteristic of apple trees not to bear every year, this being apparently a wise provision of nature to enable the tree's fruit-bearing organism to rest after the production of a large crop. Have you not heard of certain fruit trees "bearing themselves to death"? (3) We are unable to state where you can procure a copy of the life of the Rev. Joshua Thomas. Perhaps some kind COMFORT reader can aid in this.

R. R., Dowling, S. D.—Marguerite de France, sometimes called Marguerite de Valois, was the daughter of Henry II, King of France, and Catherine de Medicis. She was born in 1553 and in 1572 married King Henry of Navarre. Her married life was tempestuous and unhappy, and after not many years she separated from her husband and returned to the Court of France. Upon arrival there she was insulted by the then King Henry III, who arrested her and finally sent her back to Henry of Navarre, who refused to receive her again as his wife. She was afterward imprisoned at Usson, where she succeeded by intrigue in outing the old governor of the fortress and herself reigned as its head until 1605. She finally granted her husband a divorce, but retained her title of Queen of Navarre. She reappeared in quieter manner at the French Court in 1605 and finally died there in 1615.

MRS. J. D. Y., Burlington, W. Va.—Cannel coal is a dull and finely-grained sort of bituminous coal. It burns with a bright candle-like flame—from which characteristic its name "cannel" or "candle" is doubtless derived. This coal is especially valuable for gas making. It is considered by some to be a formation resulting from an accumulation of animal remains as well as those of the plant remains which constitute ordinary coal formations. Cannel coal has sometimes been worked libe alabaster, and various articles such as inkstands and paper-weights have been made from it. It takes a high polish. You are in a mining state and should easily be able to learn the present value per ton of this member of the court of King Coal. Our Maine coal yards do not sell this brand.

MRS. O. C. J., Iowa.—Gas really makes the best brazing heat, although gasolene torches may be used. The implements you have will do quite well for any small jobs and will give you sufficient heat. A good brazing flux is said to be: Boric acid, one pound; pulverized chlorate of potash, four ounces; carbonate of iron, three ounces. Mix thoroughly, rolling out all lumps, and then add two pounds of granulated yellow brass spelter. This mixture must be kept perfectly dry. A fruit jar will be a good container. In your brazing, remember that all heat must come from below. (2) In your difficulty with your soldering flux, try using a mixture of boric acid and sodium carbonate, or else see that your powdered borax is calcined before using. (3) The following so-called "marine glue" is one that will not draw moisture or grow soft under certain weather conditions: Dissolve one part of India rubber in crude benzine and mix, by the aid of heat, with two parts of shellac. You must guard against fire in making any such compound as this. Also any ordinary good glue will be aided against absorbing moisture if one part of acid chromate of potassium is added to five parts of the gelatine glue. All glues lose strength through frequent remelting, and are best when newly made and applied as soon after boiling as possible.

What the Average Man Has

I am writing this in the living room of my home on a typewriter that weighs no more than a moderate-sized book.

Light is provided by a lamp in which burn two incandescent bulbs.

In an adjoining room is a telephone from which I can talk to any city on the continent.

On the wall is a thermostat which regulates the flow of gas in my furnace and keeps the room at an even temperature of 70 degrees.

Almost within arm's reach are several shelves of books filled with the most profound and beautifully expressed thoughts of the ages.

The floors of my home are cleaned with a suction sweeper, operated by electricity, while the clothes are put through an electric washer and ironed in an electrically driven mangle.

My children attend a school where they are given a better education than the sons of kings could command a century ago.

I enjoy all these things and yet I am just an ordinary citizen with an ordinary income, living in an ordinary way. Tens of thousands have as much as I have and more.

And yet I kick and wonder what ails the world.

Were the good things of life ever so easily at the command of the ordinary man as they are today? Don't we all do a lot of welching that we haven't any right to do? And if we are not careful, isn't there a danger that we will upset the greatest civilization the world has ever known?—*William Feather, in the Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

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At all social gatherings, some one is sooner or later sure to suggest music. When the others gather around for the fun, the one who can take no part feels hopelessly out of it—a wall flower—a mere listener and looker on!

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Whether for an advanced pupil or a beginner, my method is a revolutionary improvement over the old methods used by private teachers. The lessons I send you explain every point and show every step in simple Print-and-Picture form that you can't go wrong on—every step is made as clear as A B C. My method makes each step so easy to understand and practice that even children have quickly become accomplished players or singers under my direction by mail. Also thousands of men and women—including many who had never before tried to play any instrument or taken a lesson of any kind—have found my method equally easy. My method is as thorough as it is easy. I teach you the only right way—teach you to play or sing **by note.** No "trick" music, no "numbers," no makeshifts of any kind.



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But I don't ask you to judge my methods by what I myself say. You can take any course on trial—singing or any instrument you prefer—and judge entirely by your own progress. If for any reason you are not satisfied with the course or with what you learn from it, then it won't cost you a single penny as outlined in our guarantee. On the other hand, if you are pleased with the course, the total cost averages a few cents a lesson, with your music and everything also included.

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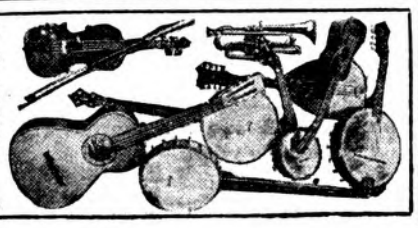
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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

be younger than a man, from at least one to five years. Women take the cares and worries of life to heart so much more seriously than men, and it or they with the bearing and care of children age them so much more quickly than men. A man from thirty to forty years old is practically a young man, while a woman from thirty to forty, that is if she has borne children, looks at least five years older than he does.

Then, too, it is natural for a woman to want to look up to a man, and feel that he is older than she is, and that in itself gives her a feeling that he is dependable. While he wants to think of her as being younger and depending on him, and being older than she is gives him a feeling of more responsibility, and not as some one older whom he must look up to and respect.

And more, when a girl marries a man younger than herself, she is nearly always jealous, and usually with good cause.

Now, girls, be warned, don't marry a man younger than you are, for you will be jealous later, and, girls, don't work for a man who is married to a woman older than he is, for in nine cases she will be jealous, whether with or without a cause.

And boys, don't marry a girl older than you are, for in nine out of ten cases you will have a boss and a jealous wife. It is not the natural course of life for a man to marry some one older than himself.

Of course in some cases they get along all right, but look around you, you see them. This is the cause of some of the cases of divorce which come into our courts.

Well, I am sure I have said enough, but I feel that a warning note should be struck by some one, and seeing several cases of just this very thing near, I couldn't keep quiet any longer. While of course, I don't mean to say that couples, the boy younger, the girl older, can't get along just as well as if it were otherwise, still it is not the natural course of marriage and is another risk to run.

Good luck to Mrs. Wilkinson and the sisters.

MABEL.

STOCKDALE, TEXAS.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I am a new subscriber to COMFORT and like it, especially the sisters' letters. I did not think of writing until I read the letter from Molly-Joe. I'd like that cool kitchen, so cozy and convenient, too. And you have given us a hard question. Of course, like all others, there are two sides, or two different views to look at. First, you are at home with a kitchen "just as you want it" and no doubt you can cook anything you need and just as you want it, to say nothing of doing all the mending, reading and numberless other little things for yourself, those jolly big brothers and Father "the best ever." These are great privileges as you will see when looking back from a stuffy little room in a rooming house. I have a sister who is a stenographer and she is making her living very easily but she has to eat just what somebody else is pleased to cook and just as they please to prepare it. But she is satisfied and has a great many things that she could not have had at home, and she thinks she is independent because she doesn't have to ask anyone for her money, but she has to please her "boss" to get it. So, Molly-Joe, I tell you what I should do if I were you: I would cook the family a good supper, and when they all get full (excuse the expression), tell them just how you feel and what you have been thinking of doing. In my opinion someone will be willing to help without your going away. Explain your feelings fully, because more trouble comes from misunderstandings than anything else. Perhaps you think that they think so and so and they think you think thus and so, when neither of you have had any such thoughts. Be sure you understand the other fellow and certain that he understands you.

As to "keeping on giving up," I think all of us have to give up something we would like. You feel you are making sacrifices, so does the office girl who has to do without the privileges of home, and work for strangers instead of her loved ones. So does the woman who marries, she finds nearly every minute taken up in services for others. And when I happen to think of it, there is somebody working for me, too.

I haven't decided Molly-Joe's question for her but I hope she will find the best way out. I felt I wanted to say a few words to her. I would like to say something to the other sisters but I must go cook dinner for my three little boys and two little girls.

Your new sister, LELA CULPEPPER.

MT. PLEASANT, UTAH.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT FRIENDS:

I have been a subscribe to COMFORT for twenty years and think I am entitled to a hearing. I enjoy the sisters' letters and everything in COMFORT, from cover to cover.

This is my first letter to the corner. I never thought I could say anything interesting but after reading the letter from "Mother of Seven" which appeared some time ago, I cannot keep silent longer. I have read letters wherein women aired their troubles concerning husband, children and in-laws, but that was the first letter I ever read wherein a girl—herself a mother—says "I shudder when I think of my childhood. There are few pleasant memories and I lay all the blame of our unhappy home life to our mother."

I only hope that poor old mother will never read or find out about her daughter writing a letter like that for a million people to read. I cried when I read it. I didn't think a child could talk that way about her mother unless she had committed some crime or disgraced the family and even then I think I would have left it for someone else to say for you see it would still be mother.

Mother of Seven, I wonder how you will feel when the word comes that "Mother is dead." Don't you think you will wonder how you ever could have said such a thing?

I left my native land, Denmark, when eighteen years of age, leaving a good home, a kind father and a darling, old-fashioned, hard-working mother, and came to America and oh, the heartaches and longing for that home and mother! When I received the letter saying "Mother has passed away," I lived over again the happy, care-free days of my childhood. Although I had a family of my own, for a while it seemed as though nothing mattered any more.

We can have more than one child or husband or wife as the case may be but none of us can have more than one mother. What if she is old fashioned? If all mothers ran to short skirts and lip sticks there wouldn't have been so many of the world's bravest passing from the battlefield to the soldier's rest, with the name of mother on their lips. "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother" was not written around a woman who turned the snowflakes of her hair to druggists' gold and kissed the pain from childhood bruises with carmined lips. "For the old-fashioned mothers left to us, we praise Thee."

With the best of wishes for the COMFORT family,

MRS. J. C. CLYDE.

Mrs. Clyde.—To grow old gracefully is an art but only recently did I realize how important it is. I happened to be on a crowded street at a time when the traffic was heaviest and seeing the bowed figure of a woman, apparently older than myself, ahead of me I naturally and unconsciously stepped forward to take her arm and help her through the crowd. Ouch! I'll never forget the indignant look I got, not the face I saw! The effect of wrinkles, paint, powder and hair dye was positively terrible. Now I look before I offer to assist.—Ed.

WELLINGTON, COLO.

DEAR EVERYBODY WHO READS COMFORT:

Since reading the June number of COMFORT I have been anxiously waiting for the sisters' opinion on Mrs. Wallen's letter.

My opinion is that anyone desiring knowledge and being in a position to gain it, should do so by all means. I have known of many doing this and it always turned out satisfactorily for all concerned.

Molly-Joe, you are a wonderful girl and I hope you enjoy that summer kitchen to the fullest extent. Probably my mind is sadly warped but I could never stand to be the under man, although you may be repaid in the fullest measure.

You are wondering what sort of a person you are hearing from so I will give you the usual answer, "Just an ordinary sort of person" who will never see the sunny side of thirty again, and the mother of three children, a boy aged twenty who graduated from high school a year ago, a girl of thirteen that has completed her first year work in Junior High and a darling blue-eyed baby, two years old.

There is another question I would like to bring up before our corner. Is it right when a person moves from one state to another to be continually bragging about the former state and running down the new? I think not but many come here and owe their very lives to that fact, are always wrangling because they do not find the vegetation that was common in their native state, or some other reason.

I hope to hear from Eastern sisters especially and will answer all who enclose stamp.

PEGGY.

Peggy.—Never thought of it before but it really isn't polite, is it?—Ed.

Best Way of Doing Things Around the Home

Use the wrappers from bread to clean flatirons.

Vinegar and salt remove tarnish from copper.—MARY B. RAY, Ruppertown, Tenn.

Put a few drops of coal oil in the starch and it will not stick to the iron.—MISSOURI SISTER.

Save the sticks your children get with their suckers and use them (after washing) for home-made taffy.

If butter becomes rancid, boil a few pieces of potato in it for a few minutes.—MRS. HAROLD FLETCHER, Paso Robles, Calif.

When sour milk or cream seems determined to stick to the jar, put a little soda on dish-cloth and rub milk spots briskly.—BLACKBERRIES, W. Va.

When making starch, melt a small piece of soap, any kind will do, and stir it into the starch until it lathers. This makes the clothes iron much easier.

Use meal sacks for making underwear and sugar sacks for curtains and table covers. Just fringe the edge and starch and iron well and they look very good. —KATIE MAE JONES, Tallahassee, Fla.

FLEAS.—If outbuildings become infested with flees, have all loose trash and rubbish raked out and burned, then sprinkle lime thoroughly over premises and the fleas will not be at home next time you call.

If you have a can of lard that has become slightly rancid, set it where there will be no dust get into it and leave the cover off so the fresh air will get to the lard. This purifies it.—MAE MYERS, Hornsby, Illinois.

After making bread pudding, cover the top with marshmallows and set in oven till they melt and brown. This forms a delicious mock meringue and takes the place of the hard sauce usually served with bread pudding.

LICE.—This last is for the timid mother who hesitates about going to the family doctor when her small daughter comes home from school with her hair full of lice. Wet the child's head with ordinary castor oil and let her wear an old cap for several hours. Shampoo hair with warm water and soap until all trace of oil is gone.—JUANITA ADAIR, Virginia.

BEDBUGS.—Take one-half gallon of kerosene and same quantity of gasolene, with six or eight pulverized moth balls. Mix well and spray on all parts of bed. Scald bed frame and then stand all four legs of bed in can filled with kerosene. This prevents bugs from crawling up bedposts. Cracks around room could be sprayed. This is very explosive so keep all lights and matches away from room.—LONESOME, West Virginia.

SURE REMEDY FOR ITCH.—Vaseline, one-half bottle; calomel (powdered) one level teaspoon; one level teaspoon sulphur; one block gum camphor and five drops carbolic acid. Chip up camphor and melt, then mix all ingredients together. Patient should take an all-over bath, with soap and soft wash-cloth, then apply ointment, rubbing well into all affected places. Clean clothes should be put on and all soiled clothing boiled. Repeat in three days.

BEDBUGS.—One quart of wood alcohol (poison) and ten cents' worth of corrosive sublimate (also poison) and mix well. Apply to every crack and crevice about beds and walls. A bunch of feathers can be used instead of a brush and later burned. It is well to put on gloves and glasses or goggles, as the solution will blister the skin if it happens to spatter. The beds should be taken apart and the work done thoroughly and the bugs will not inhabit the same place again.

Requests

How to white enamel old furniture.

How to remove mud stains from dark red taffeta.

An herb remedy that will eradicate the system of worms.

I would like to corresond with sisters living in Canada, Alaska and Hawaii.—MRS. R. J. WHEELER, Golden City, Mo.

Will buy March, April, May and June numbers of COMFORT for 1921. Write first.—LOIS NEVILLE, Meredosia, Ill.

I would like to obtain the song, "Will the Circle be Unbroken."—MRS. M. J. FLEMMING, Buchanan, Box 12, N. Y.

Can any sister tell me where I can learn to make watch chains from hair?—MRS. K. E. JASPERS, Bruce, L. B. 105, S. Dak.

I live in a lonely place and would like to receive letters from the sisters.—MISS M. H. MCLAREN, Hazelridge, Man., Canada.

Will some kind reader send me the July, 1921, issue of COMFORT.—MISS MARTHA WALLICK, Wrightsville, R. R. 2, Pennsylvania.

Will a sister please send me the songs, "Trail of the Lonesome Pine," and "Blowing Bubbles."—KATIE MAE JONES, Tallahassee, R. R. C, Fla.

How to dye furs. How to dry ground cherries. Cure for gas pains. Will someone send me the June, 1920, COMFORT?—MISS MARY JAYWILK, Hooker, Okla.

Have any of the sisters the Winner Violin Instructor, containing "Blue Danube Waltz"? Will pay for it but write first.—MRS. C. C. HURLBURT, Spokane, East 3408 32nd Ave., Wash.



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Write for 50 sets AMERICAN CHRISTMAS SEALS. Sell for 10c. a set. When sold, send us $3.00 and keep $2.00.
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ARE YOU SUFFERING FROM NERVE FORCE EXHAUSTION?

How to Tell and What to Do.

Thousands are failures in life and a burden to themselves and families from depletion of the nervo-vital fluid.

All success and happiness in life depend upon the nervous system which consists of countless millions of cells. In these cells is stored that mighty mysterious energy which we call nerve force. When your nerve force becomes weakened or exhausted, you may suffer from all kinds of alarming symptoms. The nervous woman of leisure feels bright and like herself during any exciting pleasure, yet every time she indulges in such, she is only further spending her already small supply of reserve nerve force and further aggravating her already lamentable condition. When such a woman has no exciting pleasure, she at once feels morbid and depressed, has headaches, periods of great weakness and moods in which she wants to scream.

The nervous business man feels in a perpetual hurry. He is impatient and restless while waiting for his car or luncheon. He eats rapidly, fidgets, and at night tosses and thinks for an hour or two before he can go to sleep. His memory fails, his judgment becomes poor and he often makes bad decisions, which greatly injure and sometimes ruin his business. The nervous student broods over his studies and cannot fasten his attention upon his work. The nervous mother or housekeeper is highly irritable, forgets where she puts things and often cannot remember what she started to do. At night she often has a "good cry" and excuses it by saying it is a relief for her nerves, when it means a high state of nerve force exhaustion. Without "nerve force," your will power becomes weakened. You have noble impulses and desires, but you do not carry them through. The most pitiful sight in life is a man or woman who has "no will." Of all diseases, except insanity, there are few, if any, more terrible in their nature than the exhaustion of the nervo-vital fluid. In such cases, it is often worse than foolish to take mere stimulating medicines or narcotic drugs, which only whip up your fagging vital powers for the moment, may be at the expense of your life later on. What you need is to put more nerve force into your nerves and more iron into your blood, to help make new nerve force with which to feed your starving nerve cells. This is most effectively accomplished by the free use of Nuxated Iron. This valuable product contains the principal chemical constituent of active living nerve force in a form which most nearly resembles that in the nerve and brain cells of man.

It also contains organic iron like the iron in your blood and like the iron in spinach, lentils and apples. This form of iron will not blacken nor injure the teeth nor upset the stomach. It is an entirely different thing from metallic iron which people usually take. Nuxated Iron may therefore be termed both a blood and a nerve food, as it feeds strength-giving iron to your blood and the principal chemical ingredient of active living nerve force to your brain and nerve cells. Over four million people are using Nuxated Iron annually, and from the remarkable beneficial results which it has produced, the manufacturers feel so certain of its efficacy, that they guarantee satisfactory results to every purchaser, or they will refund your money. Beware of substitutes, look for the word "Nuxated" on every package.

Nuxated Iron for the blood and nerves is sold by all druggists.

NUXATED IRON FOR THE BLOOD AND NERVES

I would like the poems, "Where Are the Wicked Folks Buried?" and "The Dead Pussy Cat."—AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Remedies

CROUP.—Bind a thick slice of fat pork, heated in vinegar, to throat.—READER, Albany, Ala.

FACE LOTION.—A lotion made of white of egg, one ounce of glycerine and strained juice of one lemon, is wonderfully bleaching for freckles and healing for sore or chapped hands.—ORLIE MYERS, Barnesville, Colo.

HOARSENESS.—Remove rind from three lemons, slice and boil pulp with one-half cup sugar until brown and thick. Put in glass and eat a small amount every time you feel hoarseness or coughing.—IVA SHOVESTIEL, Akron, Ohio.

FAT REDUCER.—(requested). After each meal take a small amount of vinegar in a little water, and in addition to this try not to eat as much as you have been in the habit of doing, avoid sweets and starchy foods. Eat none between meals, and when you eat, make it a habit to eat slowly, chewing every bite thirty times, and you will find that by that time you've eaten half what you usually eat while you will have had enough. If you get hungry between meals, take a drink of water and go look in the mirror and see if you are any smaller, and forget to eat. Look over the back numbers of COMFORT and find some of the reducing exercises and do them regularly.—COMFORT SISTER, Sarasota, Fla.

Four Wheel Chairs in October

614 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

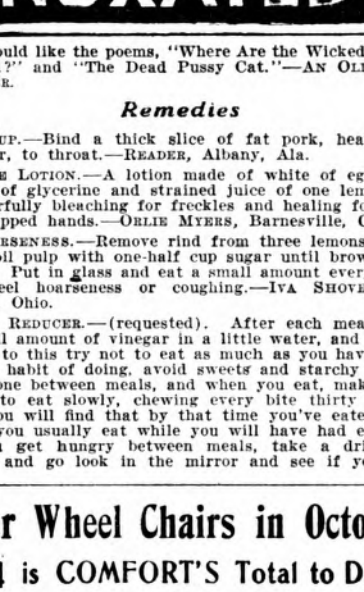
The four October wheel chairs go to Edwin John Thoms, 331 Second Ave., Frankfort, N. Y., 154; Thomas Heller, Camden, Del., 132; Mrs. Annie Matlock, Springton, Texas, 131; James Stanhope Love, York, S. C., 92. The figures following their respective names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends for them.

Edwin John Thoms, age 11, is crippled in his legs by the effect of spinal meningitis which attacked him early last January. The wheel chair will be a blessing to this unfortunate boy whose mother is dead and his father an invalid obliged to seek a milder climate for his own health.

Thomas Heller, age 15 and crippled from birth, has no use of his legs and only partial use of his arms. The wheel chair will be a joy to him and help to his parents in caring for him.

Mrs. Annie Matlock, age 64, since a year ago has been crippled by rheumatism which has drawn her legs up so that she can not walk. She has one daughter on whom she is dependent for support.

James Stanhope Love, age 34, a lifelong cripple,



CLYDE W. SNYDER ENJOYING HIS COMFORT WHEEL CHAIR.

can not walk and has but little use of his right arm and hand. He lives in the cotton mill village with his mother and sister. He is self-educated and earns a little money as a writer but is mainly dependent on his sister who works in the mill.

Don't forget or neglect this month to do something to bring Thanksgiving to the crippled shutins who are in need of a COMFORT wheel chair.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT,
Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 150 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 50 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Loves His COMFORT Wheel Chair

Catasauqua, Pa., 333 Race St.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

Just a few words to let you know that I love my COMFORT wheel chair and that I thank you and all those who helped me to get it. I enclose



MRS. LOTTIE BRANT ENJOYING HER COMFORT WHEEL CHAIR.

a picture of myself enjoying my wheel chair, and hope to see it in COMFORT. It seems like such a luxury as compared to the rocking-chair I had to use before the wheel chair came. I hope others to whom you have sent wheel chairs enjoy theirs as much as I do mine. Again thanking you, I am,

Sincerely yours,
Clyde W. Snyder.

Proud of Her COMFORT Wheel Chair

Elvaston, Ill., Box 104.

Mr. W. H. Gannett,
Kind Friend:

I am sending you a picture of myself and wheel chair and I hope you will print it in COMFORT to show your readers how I enjoy the chair. I surely am proud of my wheel chair, and I want to thank all those that helped me to get it, and many, many thanks to you for your kindness. I remain, as ever, your friend,

Mrs. Lottie Brant.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dollar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

Mrs. Frank Dunn, N. Y., for Edwin John Thoms, 154 subs.; Mrs. William T. Jensen, Del. for Thomas Heller, 132; Miss Myrtle Matlock, for Annie Matlock, 43; Mrs. Theo. C. Dentinger, for Cathrine Dentinger, 40; Mrs. Claude Bridges, Texas, for Annie Matlock, 30; Mrs. M. Rollinger, Mich., for Cathrine Dentinger, 20; Mrs. Matilda Fillpot, Mo., for Jesse Fillpot, 17; Jas. Stanhope Love, S. C., for own, 13; Coye Steele, N. C., for own, 12; Dee Williams, Texas, for own, 8; Miss Margaret Lovas, Ill., for General, 5 subs. and $1.00; Mrs. Carl M. I. Card, N. C., for Clarence Tutherow, 5 subs and 25c; Mrs. J. C. Jagger, Mo., for General, 5 subs.; Ira B. Norton, Okla., for own, 5; Mr. Onnie Cupp, Tenn., for Johnnie E. Melton, 5; Miss Ella Vermillion, S. C., for Wm. Robt. Hudgins, 5; Mrs. Hoke Fields, Va., for General, $1.00; Mrs. M. J. Kralovec, Wis., for General, $1.00; Mrs. W. A. York, Oregon, for General, $1.00.



The Family Doctor

The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be taken to your local doctor.

Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published

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MRS. J. M., Dekalb Junction, New York.—Have your local druggist write to any wholesale druggist for Basham's mixture and he can thus supply you.

MRS. M. T. J., Manson, N. C.—For your sluggish liver take a compound cathartic pill at night, avoid sweets of all kinds, drink plenty of water and eat green vegetables of all kinds. The limbs can be benefited by bandaging them with an elastic bandage daily.

MR. G. A. STORER, Beatrice, Nebr.—Basham's mixture can be compounded by any local druggist as it is an official remedy.

MISS R. S., Guyaz, Idaho.—Take a tablespoonful of Basham's mixture well diluted, after meals. This remedy will build you up and also regulate your periods.

MRS. R. A. D., Mt. Olivet, Ky.—Your trouble is malaria. Take a tablespoonful of Warburg's tincture after meals, well diluted.

MRS. G. F., Bushnell, Nebr.—Pain in the breasts at period is normal and needs no treatment. Spray your nose and throat with Dobell's solution for catarrhal symptoms. For the constipation take a compound cathartic pill at night.

MISS A. E., Altoona, Ala.—Dobell's solution is good for the catarrhal condition. Hay fever is a neurosis caused by some pollen from flowers of timothy hay. Potato is one of the starchy foods.

MRS. A. B., Bristol, Colo.—Probably the simple remedy of bicarbonate of soda taken in the shape of ten-grain tablets after meals will cure your troubles which are due to sour stomach.

MR. E. S., Park Falls, Wisc.—Just forget your blushing in the presence of another person and you will get over it in time. You are too sensitive and self-conscious.

MRS. L. M. K., Woodward, Okla.—Take five-grain pills of assafœtida after meals. Your throat condition is of nervous origin.

Cashion, Okla. (No name. Always give full name for a reply.)—Pellagra is an infectious disease with manifestations, according to the latest investigations. It is possibly also due to the lack of protein foods. Its pathology is not well understood.

MRS. A. B. P., Mobile, Ala.—You can reduce, if you desire, by eating on alternate days nothing but one quart of skimmed milk in divided doses and on the other days eat what you like except to be sparing of starchy foods, such as potatoes, etc. You are not much over weight and you should not worry. Of course, exercise is important in this connection as well as diet.

MISS M. G., Aline, Okla.—Basham's mixture will increase your appetite and incidentally increase your weight.

MISS C. M., Blossom, Texas.—Basham's mixture is iron preparation with some other drugs that not only act as a tonic but also have a direct action on the kidneys. You can have it put up by any good druggist. It must be made up fresh and be kept in a cold place, while being taken.

MR. J. A., Kaufman, Texas.—Cause of gravel in the kidneys is the drinking of improper water—water full of lime, salts, etc. The cure is obtained by taking some good solvent, or by operation. The kidneys should act about every four or five hours. About forty-two ounces of urine should be passed in twenty-four hours.

MISS C. G., Climax, N. C.—For your head colds and running nose, you should take a ten-grain tablet of bicarbonate of soda after meals. Spray the nose with Dobell's solution three times, or more, a day. Maybe also you have some nasal obstruction, which can be removed by operation.

MISS L. P., Paterson, N. J.—Bagging under the eyes can be helped by massage, or, better, having a small portion of the skin removed surgically. This operation is very satisfactory in skilled hands.

MRS. M. E., Batavia, Ohio.—Quinine and strychnia are dangerous when taken during the condition you mention. Calomel can be taken as needed with impunity.

MRS. M. McG., Memphis, Texas.—Basham's mixture is good for the kidneys, and general condition. It must be made up fresh, and any good druggist must have the recipe, as it is official.

MRS. C. S. K., East Lake, Tenn.—For the burning in stomach, take a ten-grain tablet of bicarbonate of soda after meals.

MRS. F. F. M., Norfolk, Va.—Basham's mixture is official and can be compounded by any good druggist.

MR. J. E., Quincy, Fla.—The only way to treat hay fever successfully is to have the irritable area of the nose treated or operated on—either cauterized or a portion of the middle turbinate removed. Internally a preparation known as pertussin may be useful. You should take, for the distress from intestinal gas, five- or ten-grain tablets of bicarbonate of soda after meals for a long period.

MR. B. G., Wayland, Texas.—Apply Sloan's liniment to the painful spot in the back. The torn muscle will reattach itself in time.

MISS L. G., Chatham, Va.—You are nervous and introspective. Forget the head symptoms as much as possible and take a five-grain asafetida pill after meals.

MRS. B. A., Fort Scott, Kansas.—For gall stones, you must avoid sweets of all kinds, and eat greens smothered in olive oil. As a laxative take a tablespoonful of American oil with your meals, and at bedtime one or more compound cathartic pills.

MISS M. M. L., Niota, Tenn.—Basham's mixture will not directly cause increase in flesh, but will aid the appetite and indirectly aid in putting on flesh.

MISS D. T., Lexington, Ky.—Improve your nutrition in every way and do not try to restore your hair by the use of any hair-dye. Apply at night a lotion of resorcin—two per cent. lotion, dissolved in equal parts of alcohol and rose-water.

MISS J. W., Paoli, Ind.—You have a nervous dyspepsia. Take a five-grain pill of asafœtida after meals.

MR. R. T., Chaumont, N. Y.—Diabetics should avoid sweets and starchy foods of all kinds. Milk, green vegetables, meats, fish, etc., should be the diet selected in a given case. As a remedy, some good strong tea is indicated. The bowels also must be kept open and plenty of water drunk.

MRS. E. G. B., Woodsville, N. C.—For the membranous colitis, take some high-up enemas of salt and water—about a teaspoonful of salt to the pint of hot water. You may also take ten-grain tablets of bicarbonate of soda between meals.

MR. I. T. H., Vivian, West Va.—The white skin spots are of nervous origin and are incurable.

MISS F. G., Rhinelander, Wisc.—A tablespoonful of Warburg's tincture after meals, well diluted, will help if not cure your mother's neuralgia.

MISS D. P., Ft. Fairfield, Maine.—The electric needle or cautery will remove the moles you inquire about.

MRS. A. H. R., Island, Va.—Dilute the Dobell's solution if it causes discomfort in any way. You should also have your ears treated and in this way get rid of the head-noises complained of.

MRS. T. L. H., Dedman, New Mexico.—The only cure for the hemorrhoids is an operation. Have the hemorrhoids operated on at once.

MR. E. E. D., Berryville, Ark.—For your high blood-pressure you can take a saturated solution iodide of potassium—ten drops three times a day after meals. Of course, it is especially necessary to keep your bowels free and to live upon the simplest diet.

MRS. A. E. R., New Market, Iowa.—Scars following second-degree burns are always painful and, as a rule, do not function properly. Manipulate the parts frequently, and apply at night a twenty per cent. ichthyol ointment.

MRS. A. D., Chatom, Ala.—A tablespoonful of effervescent citrate of potassium dissolved in a pint of water, and drunk three times a day, will probably cure kidney calculi.

Win $2,000



This Answer Puzzle

Bank Guarantee

State Bank of Philadelphia
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Mr. E. J. Reefer has deposited $10,000.00 with this bank as a guarantee that he will pay all the prizes awarded by the judges to the winners of this puzzle contest. This bank guarantees Mr. Reefer will do as he agrees.

STATE BANK OF PHILADELPHIA
F. L. Mowson
Cashier.

How many objects beginning with "L" can you find in this picture?

Open to Everybody

A GREAT big bona-fide chance to win $2,000 and 14 other Cash Prizes. Think of what you could do with $2,000 this very minute. Some one will win it! You have the same chance! How simple! Try your skill *NOW!*

Mail at once the names of all the objects you can find in the picture beginning with "L". It costs nothing to try. To the one sending in the largest and nearest correct list of names the first prize will be awarded. To the one sending in the second largest and nearest correct list the second prize will be awarded, etc. In case of tie for any prize offered, the full amount of such prize will be awarded to each tying contestant.

THE PRIZES

Winning Answers will receive Prizes as Follows:

	If No "More Eggs" is ordered	If $1 Worth of "More Eggs" is Ordered	If $2 Worth of "More Eggs" is Ordered	If $5 Worth of "More Eggs" is Ordered
1st Prize....	$40.00	$300.00	$600.00	$2,000.00
2nd Prize....	20.00	150.00	300.00	1,000.00
3rd Prize....	10.00	75.00	150.00	500.00
4th Prize....	10.00	50.00	100.00	250.00
5th Prize....	10.00	30.00	60.00	150.00
6th Prize....	6.00	20.00	40.00	100.00
7th Prize....	6.00	15.00	30.00	80.00
8th Prize....	6.00	10.00	20.00	60.00
9th Prize....	4.00	10.00	20.00	40.00
10th to 15th	4.00	10.00	20.00	40.00

(In the event of ties, duplicate prizes will be given.)



Special Offer on "More Eggs" During This Puzzle Contest
2 One Dollar Packages for $1.00.
5 One Dollar Packages for $2.00.
Economy Size Package for $5.00.
(The Economy Size package contains 20 times as much as the $1.00 size package)
No goods bought during this puzzle contest are subject to exchange, refund or approval.

Costs Nothing to Try

Read the great simplicity of this offer. All you need to do is to look over the objects in the puzzle picture. Get everyone to help you. Get the whole family around. Write out every object beginning with "L", such as Limousine, Lock, etc. Nothing hidden—no need to turn the picture upside down. If the judges decide that your list is nearest correct list—the first prize of $40.00 will be awarded to you even though you do not send an order for "MORE EGGS". But we are giving you a chance to win far more than $40.

Win $2,000

Will you win $40 or $2,000? If you are awarded first prize and have ordered no "MORE EGGS" you win $40. If you purchased $5.00 worth of "MORE EGGS," the same list wins $2,000. Which prize do you want?

Get Busy NOW!

Send in your list at once. Send your "MORE EGGS" order at the same time. Qualify for *Big Cash Prizes.*

E. J. Reefer Dept. 3048
9th and Spruce Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.
(Additional pictures sent free on request)

Observe These Rules:

1. Any man, woman, girl, or boy living in America but residing outside of Philadelphia, who is not an employe or relative of an employe of E. J. Reefer may submit an answer. It costs nothing to try.

2. All answers must be mailed by post office closing time, Dec. 10, 1921.

3. All lists of names should be written on one side of the paper only and numbered numerically, such as 1, 2, 3. Write your full name and address on each page in the upper right hand corner. If you desire to write anything else, use a separate sheet

4. Only such words as appear in the English dictionary will be counted. Do not use obsolete words. Where the plural is used the singular cannot be counted and vice-versa.

5. Words of the same spelling can be used only once, even though used to designate different objects or articles, or parts of objects or articles. An object or article can be named only once.

6 Do not use compound words, nor any words formed by the combination of two or more complete English words, where each word in itself is an object.

7. The answer having the largest and nearest correct list of names of visible objects and articles shown in the picture that begin with the letter "L" will be awarded first prize, etc. Neatness, style, or handwriting have no bearing upon deciding the winner.

8. Candidates may co-operate in answering the puzzle, but only one prize will be awarded to any one household; nor will prizes be awarded to more than one of any group outside of the family where two or more have been working together.

9. There will be three independent judges, having no connection with E. J. Reefer, who will judge the answers submitted and award the prizes at the end of the contest, and participants agree to accept the decision of the judges as final and conclusive.

10. All answers will receive the same consideration regardless of whether or not an order for Reefer's "More Eggs" is sent.

11. The announcement of the prize winners and the list of words will be printed at the close of the contest and a copy mailed to every person sending an order for "More Eggs".

The Thanksgiving Raffle

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

snap-shots which they all examined and in chatting about them they found out that Mrs. Gray had traveled a great deal and thus Mrs. Gray unconsciously gave Blodgett glimpses into her life which bore out many of the whispered stories that she had lived well at one time.

The couple got quite interested in a discussion of places, and Julian, noting this beckoned to Susan.

"Say, Susy, don't Blodgett and Mrs. Gray make a nice couple?" he asked, as they went to the kitchen obviously to get a glass of water.

"They surely do. I wonder why Blodgett doesn't marry somebody when he has such a lovely house just going to waste."

"I'd like to see him marry Mrs. Gray. Don't you know, I sort-a think of my mother when I look at Mrs. Gray at the bank. I'd hate to think of my mother working in an office."

"Yes, I suppose," returned Susan. "I'd like to see him marry Mrs. Gray. But people get married because they love each other, and I don't suppose old people love each other like young people do."

—"No," Julian said thoughtfully, "but, anyhow, lots of old people marry."

"Well, I suppose it must be some kind of love that makes them do it," reasoned Susan.

An hour sped on, then Mrs. Gray insisted that it was time to go. So the gentlemen saw the ladies home, and started for home themselves. But before they parted, Blodgett said:

"Julian, I want to ask you a favor. Will you grant it?"

"Sure, if I can," Julian replied.

"You can," Blodgett smiled. "Did you enjoy your dinner today?"

"Did I? Oh, boy!"

"Well, then, tell the boys at the bank you did, but don't say much else about today, will you? The fact is, Julian, that—that—Mrs. Gray has pleased me very much and I intend to ask her to marry me."

"Will she?"

"I don't know. I hope so," Blodgett replied. "Do you love her, Mr. Blodgett?"

"That's a sudden question, my lad. I've watched her at the bank and she always impressed me as a very refined and cultured gentlewoman. And today, I saw that she was truly a home woman. And when we were all together in my home today, something happened that I thought would never happen. Love came to me again, Julian. Not the love that you will experience most any time now, for that is past and gone with me even as it is past and gone with Mrs. Gray. A new love that craves the companionship of a good woman. That is the love I feel for her. But until I can offer myself to her, for elderly people must conduct such things with dignity, you will say nothing and tell pretty Susan to do the same? For if Mrs. Gray would not care for me, no one need know, and we can go on as before. Otherwise, the office force would gossip about it, and that would be intolerable for Mrs. Gray and probably force her to change her position, a thing she cannot well do. Will you promise me this?"

"I sure will," Julian said heartily. The confession seemed to place a new dignity upon him. "But I know you'll win because everyone likes you."

Then they shook on it, as men do, and coming to the parting of their way, each went to his respective home.

Julian's mother welcomed him as mothers do, and he went to bed. As he undressed, he thought of Blodgett going back to his lonesome home and Mrs. Gray in the bleak-looking boarding-house.

"Well," he consoled himself, "I guess she'll marry him and then they'll both be happy," and thus comfortably settling the matter, he fell asleep.

The next day, Blodgett was around the bank and Mrs. Gray was at her statements, and everything seemed ordinary and regular enough. Julian, though, felt there was a difference, and wondered if he imagined he saw a soft light in Mrs. Gray's eyes and if he imagined that Blodgett went to her desk oftener than usual.

But he discovered that it was not imagination for on the following Christmas Eve, Blodgett took him aside, just as if he were a big brother, confided to him that he and Mrs. Gray were to be married the next morning, and that he wanted him and Susan to "stand up" for them. There would be no fuss nor dressing up, just a quiet little ceremony as befitted two older people, and who better could they want but the two who had made the Thanksgiving party?

The Berry Family

How Many Do You Know?

1. A comparative of age.
2. Probably the most common color or hue among horses.
3. The bridal month.
4. A fowl whose down is much prized.
5. Which did Mark Twain make famous?
6. Which is extremely popular during the Thanksgiving and Christmas Seasons?
7. An emblem or characteristic of morning.
8. A game played by two persons, each having twelve men.
9. A kind of coarse file.
10. An important by-product of grain threshing.
11. Ethiopian.
12. A vehicle for conveying children to a consolidated school.
13. Broken or crumbling bits of earth, peat, or the like; a failure; to cogitate or ponder.
14. A rude light made with tallow and a wick.
15. The wool bearer.
16. What is the appellation sometimes applied to Monday?
17. Labor performed for another.
18. What general of the Civil War had a name beginning with "John A." and was known as "Black Jack"?
19. A bank of sand at the mouth of a river, or a division of music.
20. To thrust or prod with something more or less pointed.

ANSWERS.

1.	Elderberry.	11.	Blackberry.
2.	Bayberry.	12.	Hackberry.
3.	Juneberry.	13.	Mulberry.
4.	Gooseberry.	14.	Candleberry.
5.	Huckleberry.	15.	Sheepberry.
6.	Cranberry.	16.	Blueberry.
7.	Dewberry.	17.	Serviceberry.
8.	Checkerberry.	18.	Loganberry.
9.	Raspberry.	19.	Barberry.
10.	Strawberry.	20.	Pokeberry.

28 Steel Engraved Christmas CARDS AND ENVELOPES

Highest Grade Cards Made — All In Colors



Given For One Subscription

IN this assortment of high-grade Xmas Cards, Folders and Envelopes we offer our readers the **very best** there is to be had. As you perhaps know, the art of steel engraving is the most difficult and most expensive process in the whole world of printing. All the Cards and Folders in this assortment are **steel engraved** in handsome colors on the very finest, double-weight, linen-finish cardboard, and the illustrations and verses are all different and of the highest order.

The assortment contains Two Greeting or Presentation Cards, 4x5 inches, with envelopes; One Greeting or Remembrance Card, 3½x4¼ inches, with envelope; One Six-Page Folder with Silk Ribbon Binder, 2⅝x4 inches, with envelope, and Nine, all different, Christmas Greeting Presentation or Remembrance Cards, 2⅝x4 inches, all with envelopes.

We anticipate a big demand for these high-grade Christmas Cards, therefore please send in your order **at once** as our supply is limited. Remember, you could not buy **better** cards than these at any price, anywhere—this we guarantee. We will send you this fine assortment of Christmas Cards, Folders, etc., with envelopes to match—28 pieces in all—packed in a neat box, upon the terms of the following free offer.

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you this high-grade assortment of Steel Engraved Christmas Cards, Folders and Envelopes, exactly as described, free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 8651.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

What A Beautiful Christmas Doll For Some Little Girl In Your Home!

Won't She Fairly Shout With Joy When She Wakes Up And Finds This Big, Handsome, Sleeping Dolly Waiting For Her On Christmas Morning?

YES, Santa Claus will bring this big lifelike Doll to any little girl whose Papa, Mama, brother or sister will send in a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT. Not since before the war have we been able to offer such an expensive Doll. No city store will show a larger or handsomer Doll this season at anywhere near the price we paid for this one. We bought five thousand of them in one lot direct from the factory—that is how we secured them so cheaply. **And just think**—a club of only **six** subscriptions to COMFORT brings this beautiful Doll right to your door—yours to have and to own without one cent of expense. What a splendid Christmas present it will make for some little tot in your home!



Over One Foot And A Half Tall

Look At Her Beautiful Dress And Real Stockings And Slippers

She Can Open And Close Her Eyes. She Has Real Teeth, Long Golden Hair And Wears A Pretty Dress With Real Stockings And Slippers.

NOW let us tell you more about this Doll. She stands over **a foot and a half tall.** The body, arms and legs are made by a new improved process which renders them practically **indestructible.** The head is **unbreakable** and head, arms and legs are movable. And if you could only see her hair. It is a light golden color, thick, long and luxuriant, **falling far below her waist.** Her eyes are as blue as the sky and she can open and shut them and go to sleep **like a real baby** whenever you want her to. Her rosebud lips are parted in a winsome smile revealing her pretty white teeth in a truly lifelike manner.

She is fully dressed from head to feet in the latest style with cute short sleeves, handsome figured lace trimmed waist and short pleated skirt and she wears real stockings and slippers with silveroid buckles. **You can undress and dress this Doll as often as you please and you can take off her stockings and slippers and put them on again just as you do your own.**

Fathers and Mothers—just look at this beautiful Doll as she stands smiling and waiting for someone to pick her up, hug her and kiss her and take her out to play. Don't you think **your** little girl would just love to have her for her very own? Of course she would—and you should take advantage of this offer **at once.** Remember we have but five thousand of these Dolls on hand and when they are gone this offer will be withdrawn.

FOR A CLUB OF ONLY SIX!

YOU can surely find six neighbors and friends who will be glad to subscribe to COMFORT at the present bargain rate of 50 cents a year. Send us their names and addresses and the money collected ($3.00 in all) and we will send you this big, beautiful Sleeping Doll, fully dressed and otherwise exactly as described above, packed in a strong box so that it cannot possibly **get broken,** free by parcel post prepaid. There will be no expense to you whatever. Your Mail Carrier will deliver the Doll right to your door without charge. This Doll is **Reward No. 7806 and please mention this number when ordering.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Stocking Full of Fine Christmas Presents



For A Club Of Only Two!

BIG Christmas **Stockings brimful of presents for the little folks and older children as well.** COMFORT is going to play **Santa Claus** this year and distribute hundreds of these Christmas stockings among its readers who have little ones for whom Christmas Trees and Santa Claus Gifts must be provided at all cost. The contents of the stockings vary a little but the general assortment remains practically the same and you may be sure of receiving as many presents as are herewith illustrated. Each stocking contains just the gifts that delight the hearts of boys and girls—horns, **dolls, whistles, musical fifes, toy dishes, jumping jacks, balls, animals, games** and other pleasing **holiday novelties.** The stockings are **a foot and a quarter long,** and all the presents are regular size, much larger than they appear to be in the accompanying illustration. We will send you one of these Christmas Stockings free upon the terms of the following offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these Big Christmas Stockings full of Santa Claus Gifts free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 1012.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Gold Bracelet



Adjustable—Guaranteed For Ten Years

THIS style of Bracelet has always been a great favorite because it is adjustable. It can be made to fit the arm of either woman or growing child. It is made of **rolled gold,** absolutely guaranteed for ten years, is very light and dainty, measuring only 3-16 of an inch in width. It positively will not tarnish or change color as do the cheap Bracelets, but, being genuine rolled gold, it will always retain its bright, handsome appearance.

By purchasing these Bracelets in large quantities, direct from the factory, we are enabled to offer it for a ridiculously small club of subscriptions. Just read our free offer.

Given To You! For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed, rolled gold Bracelet, free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 9852.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

SELF-FILLING

Fountain Pen

For A Club Of Three



HERE is a fountain pen that we can positively guarantee. Perhaps you have had some experience with fountain pens which never **would** write well and continually leaked ink all over your fingers. If so you will certainly appreciate this opportunity to secure a fountain pen that has none of these defects. Our illustration is of course greatly reduced in size. **The pen offered you here is 6½ inches long, made entirely of hard rubber, finely finished, and the pen point is genuine 14-K gold. The feeding device is perfect, permitting a uniform flow of ink and it will not leak.** Also please notice that this is a **self-filling** pen. You can fill this fountain pen in **less than 10 seconds** by pressing down the spring on the side, then placing the pen point in a bottle of ink, after which you release the spring and the pen is instantly filled with ink to its full capacity. If given proper care this pen should last anybody for years. If you will accept the following special offer we will send you one of these self-filling fountain pens with a positive guarantee that if it fails to prove satisfactory in any way you may return it to us and we will replace it with a new pen **free of charge.**

Club Offer. For a club of only three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed self-filling fountain pen free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8873.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Silver Bonbon Dish



Genuine Gold Lined

THIS beautiful dish can be used for a variety of purposes—for candy, nuts, salted peanuts, popcorn, etc. It is much larger than it appears in the above illustration, measuring over five inches in width and two inches deep. It is heavily silver plated outside and gold lined. Needless to say, it makes a handsome ornament for the sideboard and will last a lifetime.

We will send you this handsome Silver Bonbon Dish free upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this Silver Plated, Gold Lined Bonbon Dish free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9942.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Crystal Beads



Topaz Amethyst — Emerald Sapphire

Given For A Club Of Three!

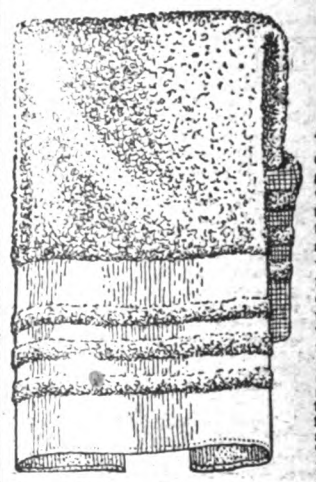
THESE Crystal Beads are the latest thing out and so beautiful are they we could not refrain from buying a quantity to give as club rewards to our young lady readers. The Necklace is 24 inches in length, with a strong, durable gold-plated clasp; the beads are graduated, the largest ones measuring ⅞x⅝ inches and the smallest ⅜x¼ inches in size. They are real cut glass—not pressed glass—and their flashing prismatic colors are a delight to the eye.

For summer wear, with low-neck dresses, nothing could be more stylish than one of these handsome new necklaces and we are delighted to think that we are able to make this offer. Be sure to state color desired when ordering. You can have your choice of Topaz, Amethyst, Emerald and Sapphire.

Given To You! For only three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these handsome and stylish Crystal Bead Necklaces free by parcel post prepaid. **Please be sure to mention color wanted. Reward No. 9033.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Two Turkish Towels



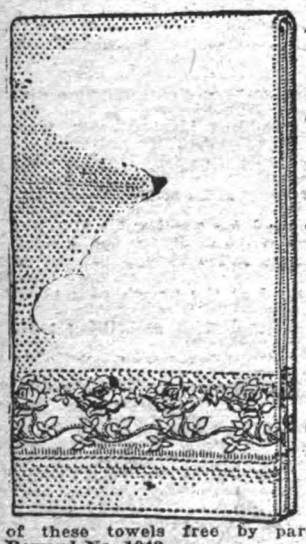
Good Size Soft And Fleecy

AFTER bathing there is nothing quite as fine as a **good rub down with a Turkish towel,** in fact it is the **best** towel for all purposes, whether for the bathroom, guestroom or everyday family use. They absorb the water much more readily than other towels and the **soft fleece-like surface** imparts to the body a delightful feeling of warmth and well-being. They are also fine **for baby's toilet** as they will not hurt the tender skin. **The towels offered here are 15 inches wide and 32 inches long** which is a good convenient size for all-round family use, and are of good weight, well made and finished. **We will make you a present of two of these towels upon the terms of the following offer.**

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you one pair (2) of these fine Turkish Towels free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 9912.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Pair Huck Towels



For A Club Of Two

New **large, pure white towels** of excellent quality. **Size 15x30 inches, full bleached** and white as snow; these beautiful towels are a satisfaction to the eye. Not only do they make delightful **toilet towels** but are adapted to use as **standard or bureau covers, tray cloths, etc., etc.** We can positively guarantee **entire satisfaction** as regards their **laundering qualities.**

Club Offer! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you one pair (2) of these towels free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 1042.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

31-Piece Violet Decorated Dinner Set



THIS OFFER NOT GOOD OUTSIDE THE UNITED STATES

Reward No. 75010

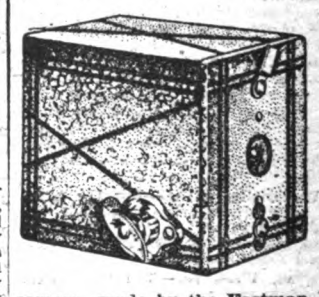
For A Club Of Only Ten We Will Give Any Woman This Beautiful High-Grade Dinner Set.

THIS splendid set of dishes is full size for family use and consists of **6 Plates, 6 Cups, 6 Saucers, 6 Cereal or Fruit Dishes, 6 Individual Butters** and large **Meat Platter** all handsomely decorated with clusters of **purple wood violets** surrounded with rich green foliage and bordered with **lovely tracings of gold.** Unlike the ordinary dishes that are usually offered as premiums, every piece in this magnificent set is (with the exception of the decorations) snowy white in color, dainty in design, light in weight and finished with a Haviland glaze which gives it that **smooth, velvety appearance** so much admired by every woman. The decorations will last a lifetime because, being burned into the ware and underneath the glaze it positively will not wash, rub or wear off. Our illustration does not give you any idea of the real beauty of these dishes because it fails to show up the pleasing color combination **of purple, green and gold** which is so finely **set off** by the gleaming white of the ware itself. This is by far the handsomest, daintiest dinner set we have ever offered and we are positive that it will **more than please** every woman who secures one of them on the terms of our very liberal offer. No matter where you live **(if it is not outside the United States),** we will ship you this set by express or freight direct from the pottery in Ohio.

Given To You! For a club of only ten one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome 31-piece Violet Decorated Dinner Set carefully packed to prevent breakage, charges collect. **Reward No. 75010.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Premo Camera



Reward No. 7944

Films And Instruction Book Free

THIS is not a toy but a genuine **"Premo"** camera, made by the **Eastman Kodak Co.,** therefore you can depend upon it to produce the most pleasing and satisfactory results. It takes a picture 1¼ by 1¾ inches, is fitted with the best quality **Meniscus lens** and an **automatic shutter** adapted for snapshots and time exposures. The pictures may be taken either the long way or the short way of the camera. It uses the regulation roll film cartridge containing six exposures, and this may be put in the camera and taken out again in **broad daylight,** so that you don't have to go into a dark room every time you want to load the camera. Anybody can make good pictures with this camera. Being small and compact, it is just the thing to carry with you to "snap" pictures of your friends, sports, etc., with. And remember, we send you not only the camera itself but also include **One Six Exposure Roll Film Cartridge and Instruction Book,** all packed together in a strong box and sent to you **Free by Parcel Post, prepaid,** on the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For a club of four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you by parcel post, prepaid, this Premo Camera with one Roll Film Cartridge containing six exposures and complete Instruction Book. **Reward No. 7944.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Stubborn Cough Loosens Right Up

This home-made remedy is a wonder for quick results. Easily and cheaply made.

Here is a home-made syrup which millions of people have found to be the most dependable means of breaking up stubborn coughs. It is cheap and simple, but very prompt in action. Under its healing, soothing influence, chest soreness goes, phlegm loosens, breathing becomes easier, tickling in throat stops and you get a good night's restful sleep. The usual throat and chest colds are conquered by it in 24 hours or less. Nothing better for bronchitis, hoarseness, croup, throat tickle, bronchial asthma or winter coughs.

To make this splendid cough syrup, pour 2½ ounces of Pinex into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup and shake thoroughly. If you prefer use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, you get a full pint— a family supply—of much better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made for three times the money. Keeps perfectly and children love its pleasant taste.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, known the world over for its prompt healing effect upon the membranes.

To avoid disappointment ask your druggist for 2½ ounces of Pinex" with full directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.



SLEEPING DOLL FREE

WITH REAL HAIR.

Beautiful Imported Sleeping Doll, full shaped body, bisque head, lovely rosy smiling face, and beautiful bright eyes that open and close. She is over a foot tall, has movable arms and legs, wears handsome hat and pretty dress and shoes and stockings that take off. We give this beautiful Sleeping Doll for selling only 15 packages Colored Postcards at 10c a package.
COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO., Dept. 54, East Boston, Mass.



10 YEAR WATCH FREE

Ring, Chain and Scarf Pin

American Watch—Guaranteed for 10 years, neat model, fancy back; also fine Chain, Lover's Knot Scarf Pin and Ring set with fine stones. **We give all 4 pieces** for selling only 20 pkgs. of fancy Post Cards—easiest of all to sell—at 15c a package. **ALL SENT POSTPAID.** Order post cards today.
SUN MFG. CO. DEPT. 925 CHICAGO



BIG CAMERA GIVEN

Genuine Eastman takes large high class pictures 2¼x3¼, the best made, given for selling two lots of 20 Art & Religious Pictures at 10c each. Order 20, when sold send the $2.00 and choose Camera or other valuable prize from big list sent with pictures. RAY ART CO. Dept. 78, Chicago.



FREE RIFLE and 500 BUCK SHOTS

Boys! Become an expert marksman! Rifle fully guaranteed. Sent prepaid for selling only 25 large colored pictures OR 25 pkgs. Fancy Post Cards at 10c each. Order choice.
Sent Charges Prepaid. GATES MFG. CO. Dept. 425 CHICAGO



Conducted by Cousin Marion

In writing this department always sign your true name and give your address; if not, your letter will receive no attention. Name will not be published.

H-M-M—let's see, it's most Thanksgiving and high time I was thinking about my dinner on that festive day. I've about decided to visit one of you girls—to be sure, you haven't invited me yet, but that's a mere trifle. Trouble is, I can't decide where to go so I'll make a list of names and say "Eeney, meeney, miney, mo," and visit the one that is "it." I'll bring Aloysious with me. No, he is *not* my son—the very idea!—but my pet parrot, and a very clever bird. And remember, I shall be much disappointed if the girl I visit hasn't helped to prepare the dinner and made the pies and pudding. I'm old-fashioned and haven't much use for the girl who doesn't know how to cook. If I'm unable to carry out this wonderful idea I'll think of you and wish that all happiness be yours—now and forever.

ELINOR, Miss.—"A polite man is one who listens with interest to things he knows all about, when they are told him by a person who knows nothing about them," and that applies to women as well as men. It was hardly tactful of you to correct your friend, particularly in public and in such a manner as to make him feel embarrassed. It's only human nature to resent such an occurrence and this unfortunate experience should teach you to be more careful in the future. The only thing you can do is to apologize and if, in the future, you must make corrections, do it in private and in such a way as not to offend even the most sensitive.

MRS. G. H., Washington.—Why ask me if you should tell your neighbor that his wife goes out with other men while he is at work? Isn't the fact that you have two eyes and but one mouth sufficient answer? I reckon if the Lord had meant for us to tell all we saw He would have given us two mouths.

BOX 47, Wisconsin.—The nationality of the young man in question isn't nearly so important as the fact that you would have to live with his stepmother if you marry him. Thoreau says, "I would rather sit on a pumpkin and have it all to myself, than to be crowded on a velvet cushion," and I heartily agree with him—not that I'd care to sit on a pumpkin—they're much nicer made into Thanksgiving pies. Besides, I think it would be rather a silly procedure for a person of my age, and I'd need a strong, healthy pumpkin, preferably one of concrete. But I'm wandering from my subject as I have a sad habit of doing. The point I'm trying to locate is that it would be better to wait until he could provide a home for you; not necessarily a velvet-cushion home but just a plain gingham home. You should wait at least a year longer anyway. As for his nationality, have him become naturalized if he hasn't already done so. I wouldn't marry a prince if it meant giving up my rights as an American citizen—even though I'm not sure what they are.

GOLDEN CURLS, Tenn.—Don't fool yourself; the boy you describe isn't too timid to ask you for a "date" if he wanted one, or it. Perhaps he is rather vain—some boys are—and likes to have girls ask him for his company, or, as you say, maybe he doesn't care enough about you. In either case, you couldn't think of taking the initiative. Just let him alone and don't waste too much time or thought on him.

LYDIA, N. Mex.—If you dislike a certain person then that is the person of whom you ought never to speak. The girl who never "knocks" her friends, girls in particular, is the girl men admire. That's worth remembering, no matter what you know about another girl and how much you want to tell it. It is better to refrain from gossip because of nobleness of spirit, and all that, but the chief thing is to refrain from it regardless of the reason.

DUDELUM, N. Mex.—I don't see how you can dance without putting your arm around your partner but you needn't overdo it. Be reasonable. (2) Of course it would be proper to tell a girl that her petticoat showed below her skirt. I didn't know girls wore petticoats nowadays.

FRANCES, Tenn.—I would *not*—most emphatically not. You are years and years too young to think of marriage, anyway.

MAID OF ATHENS, Georgia.—If you bob your hair it won't be long before you will be crying, "Give, oh give me back my hair, ' and nature gives it back very slowly, about half an inch a month, I believe, and bobbed hair in the intermediate stage is a pitiful sight. However, like the little girl who had a little curl, when bobbed hair looks good it looks very, very good and when it looks bad it is horrid. Make sure it will be becoming to your special type before taking the fatal snip.

HAPPY MISSOURI GIRL.—It is most ungentlemanly of your friend to keep your ring after you have asked for it but what can you expect from a cigarette fiend? Evidently he thinks, in giving you up instead of tobacco, that a woman is only a woman but a good cigar—ette is a smoke, though that's taking fearful liberties with Kipling and I seldom take liberties with strange men.

BETTY, Ark.—Begging your pardon, but you aren't a "decided blonde" else you wouldn't be writing to me. You are undecided. There's no accounting for tastes, but between a young man with no money and but little education and another fellow, "handsome, well educated, worlds of money, and noble and upright," I'd choose the latter, even if he does sound like a piano. Why marry either just now? Wait two or three years and by that time you may think differently about the matter, or your parents may change their views. Lots of things can happen in a year or two.

WORRIED, N. J.—Religious differences often cause unhappiness, particularly marriages between Catholics and Protestants. If your objection, and that of your parents, is based upon a book you read, then you are being very unfair and you shouldn't judge his religion by it any more than you would want him to condemn your religious belief by newspaper stories, false or true, about your ministers. I'm not taking sides but I like for people to be fair.

ALBERTA, Illinois.—The man who is engaged to a good girl and who admits that he loves her because she is "straight and decent" should keep away from girls that are not. It was quite proper for him, as your fiance, to kiss you good night but, in view of his behavior, you are justified in forbidding him that privilege. Coming from the class of girls he associates with, his kisses must seem tainted and polluted. For your own good and future happiness, you should stop and consider well before marrying him. It may hurt, terribly, if you give him up now, but it is much better to be hurt now and get over it after a while, as you will, than to put yourself in a position where you will be unhappy all the rest of your life, for unless he changes greatly, your lot as his wife doesn't promise to be a happy one.

BLUE EYES, Crooksville.—It is easy enough to understand how such a conceited tightwad would make an impression on you though it is sad to think about him when there are so many nice persons and things to think about. Next time, and every time, he tries to make an hour-ahead-of-time date with you, tell him you are engaged for the evening—if you had known earlier, etc., and if he takes you only for rides, tell him you are sorry that you can't go but that you want to see a certain play—or whatever is the favorite amusement in Crooksville—and that you are going with a girl friend. Don't have any time left for him until he asks for it as he should. You shouldn't feel so flattered because he tells the fellows he cares for you. He really shouldn't discuss you at all.

RED WING, N. Car.—Words are useless if he still persists in calling on you after you have told him to stay away, have left the room when he called and refused to speak to him. He isn't what you'd call sensitive, is he? A brick, well aimed, is what he needs.

BROWN EYES, Alabama.—Of course he's a nice boy "except he's lazy." Omy gosh, aren't girls funny! Don't worry, you'd not only be "willing" to do all you could toward making a living, but "obliged" to as well. You might be able to take good care of him and reasonably good care of yourself but do you think you could care for five or six children? Even lazy husbands have been known to have large families.

B. H., Arkansas.—A lollypop is about the "least expensive present" I know of and it possesses lasting qualities and endurance not to be surpassed by more expensive gifts. Just what do you mean by "inexpensive"? That could mean anything from five cents to five hundred or five thousand dollars, according to amount of money one has. To me, just now, a nine-cent present would be frightfully expensive. Books from fifty cents up and fountain pens from $1.50 to $5.00 make good presents. There are ever so many things from which to select. Where's your mail-order catalogue?

RUTH, So. Carolina.—If you wait until you find an "agreeable way" to reduce, you'll find yourself weighing much more than 180 pounds. There is no agreeable way; it's all self-denial and exercise plus a knowledge of foods. I'm glad you are not frivolous. That would be fatal. A frivolous fat girl is a pitiful sight—just like an elephant trying to be frisky. Reduce and see if you aren't more popular. Fat girls may be wonderful dancers, but the slim girls get the partners.

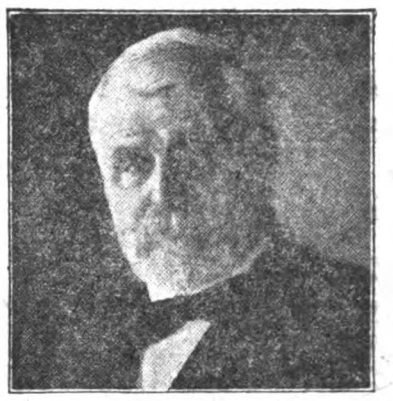
All this talk about reducing and diet makes me hungry. I think I'll go make a cup o' tea for myself.
COUSIN MARION.

NOT MORE THAN ONE FREE TRIAL BOTTLE TO ANY FAMILY

I will send anyone anywhere one free Bottle of my Syrup Pepsin—What is Your Address?

THERE is someone in every family who is constipated, bilious, dyspeptic. They need my Syrup Pepsin and will be better off for using it. It may be a woman, an old man, a tiny baby. Syrup Pepsin is as effective for grownups as it is safe for babies. Thousands of mothers can testify to that.

Perhaps you have reached the stage where you take pills every night and think there is nothing else for you to do. Don't believe it! No matter how chronically constipated or dyspeptic you are, Syrup Pepsin will regulate you. It is a combination of simple laxative herbs with pepsin that acts on the stomach and intestines, and in a short time trains the digestive organs to do their work naturally and without help.



DR. W. B. CALDWELL
"As I Am To-day"

YES, I TAKE MY OWN MEDICINE!

I know what old people suffer with their bowels for I have been a family physician in my county since 1875, and I am old myself, past 82 years of age; born 1839, and still strong. I don't know of a remedy that is better for old people than my Syrup Pepsin, and I'll tell you why: It is mild and gentle in action; it doesn't gripe, and it doesn't lose its effect when you take it regularly. I know this by using it myself, by prescribing it since 1875 and by manufacturing it since 1892. You can form your own opinion by sending for a free trial bottle.

WHO NEEDS SYRUP PEPSIN

I want to send a free trial bottle of my Syrup Pepsin to anyone who suffers from one or more of the following: Constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, headache, belching, bad taste, bad breath, dizziness, drowsiness and the many other symptoms of sluggish bowels. If you have children who suffer in this way write for them.

SEND FOR A FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

In spite of the fact that my Syrup Pepsin is on sale in every drug store, I want you to become acquainted with it at my expense, and then, if you find it as I claim, buy it of your nearest dealer at a price that will stand you about a cent a dose. One such bottle will last an average family many months. Just now send me your name and address in any way most convenient to yourself, by filling out the coupon below, by postal or letter. I have given many thousands of these bottles away and I know you will appreciate it as keenly as others have. Address me today.

Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 553 Washington St., Monticello, Illinois.
I want to try your Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Kindly send a free trial bottle to the address below, all charges prepaid.

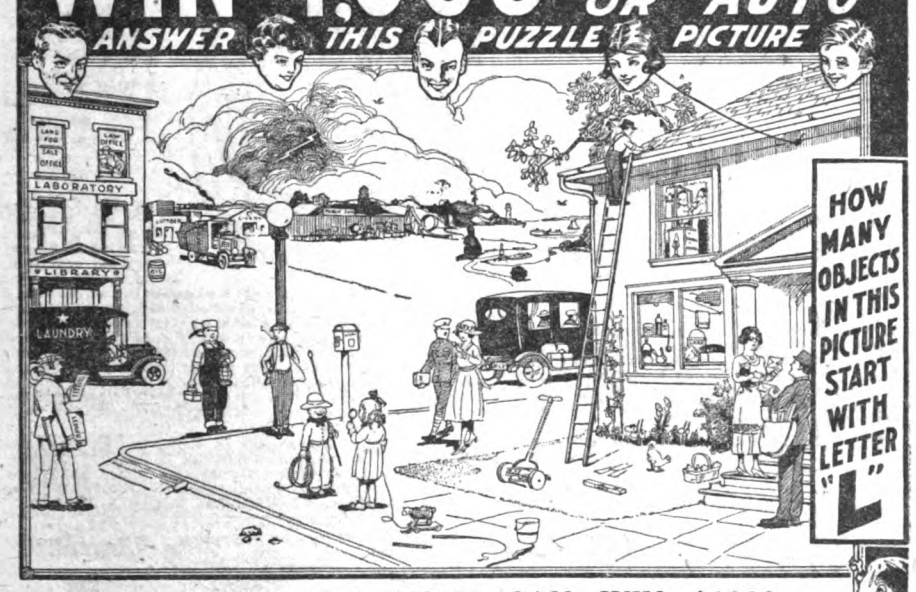
Your name.....

St. or R. F. D,.....

Town and State .....

WIN $1,000.00 OR BUICK AUTO

ANSWER THIS PUZZLE PICTURE



Fun For All-- YOU CAN WIN $1000 *Costs Nothing.*

MOTHER, DAD, Sister and Brother, all join in and find the objects in Puzzle Picture starting with the letter "L," like Ladder, Lady, Lamp, Etc. Nothing is hidden, everything is visible. $1,000 In Cash or a new Buick "4" Touring Car (1922 model) may be won by the person sending in the nearest correct list of L-words, second nearest wins second prize, etc.

Free Buick or $1000 Can Be Yours

It is free, no costs, no obligations. This is merely a campaign to further advertise The New Universities Dictionary. As a reward for boosting our Dictionary we are making a Special Offer whereby you can win a bigger prize by sending in a Dictionary order. This is optional,—you can win a prize without a Dictionary order.

—— RULES ——

1. Anyone not connected with this Company may submit an answer.
2. The answer having the largest, nearest correct list of objects shown in the picture beginning with "L" will be awarded first prize, etc. Handwriting, etc., will not count. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
3. Words found in the English Dictionary can only be counted. Do not use obsolete, compound or hyphenated words. An object can be named only once; where plural is used, singular cannot be counted and vice versa. Words of same spelling can be used only once. Number each word, starting, 1, 2, 3, etc.
4. Three prominent disinterested business men will act as Judges: Fred Spafford, V. Pres. First Nat'l Bank; B. K. Wood, Principal Office Training School; Frank Conkey, Sec'y Western Grain Co. All contestants agree to accept the decision of the Judges as final and conclusive.
5. All answers must be mailed by Dec. 15th, 1921. The winners and correct list of words will be mailed to persons sending in a Dictionary order.

Here's the Plan

This is the plan—If your answer is awarded first prize and you have sent in $3 for one Dictionary you will win $300 instead of $30, but if you have sent in $5 for two Dictionaries you will win $1,000 or the Buick instead of $30.

Colorado Woman Wins $1,000

In our mid-summer advertising campaign, Mrs. Ella Phillips, of Clifton, Colorado, won first prize. Having sent in a $5 Dictionary order, she won $1,000. In the same Puzzle Picture Game 16-yr. old Virginia Johnson, Barlow, Ky., won $500. You may be the next winner. Try your "luck", it doesn't cost anything.



$2000 IN PRIZES

	If No Dictionary Is Ordered	If One Dictionary Is Ordered	If Two Dictionaries Are Ordered
1st Prize..	$30	$300	$1,000
2nd Prize.	15	150	500
3rd Prize..	8	75	200
4th Prize..	5	30	100
5th Prize..	4	15	50
6th to 10th	3	10	25
11th to 15th	2	5	10
16th to 25th	1	2	5

Address your answer to
THE HENBER COMPANY, Dept. 60, Minneapolis, Minn.



Deformities of the Back

Thousands of Remarkable Cases

An old lady, 72 years of age, who suffered for many years and was absolutely helpless, found relief. A man who was helpless, unable to rise from his chair, was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. A little child, paralyzed, was playing about the house after wearing a Philo Burt Appliance three weeks. We have successfully treated more than 45,000 cases the past 19 years.

30 Days' Trial Free

We will prove its value in your own case. There is no reason why you should not accept our offer. The photographs show how light, cool, elastic and easily adjusted the Philo Burt Appliance is—how different from the old torturous plaster, leather or steel jackets.



Every sufferer with a weakened or deformed spine owes it to himself to investigate thoroughly. Price within reach of all.

Send For Our Free Book.

If you will describe the case it will aid us in giving you definite information at once.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO.
334-II Odd Fellows Temple
JAMESTOWN, N. Y.



54 Inch Rope Of Pearls

Reward No. 9882

For A Club Of Two!

THE dream of every woman and girl is to possess her own necklace of gleaming, iridescent pearls. There's a wonderful fascination about them—a beauty that appeals to every feminine heart.

Now your dream can come true—for we are giving away this handsome, full **opera length** rope of Parisian pearls. It is 54 inches long, all the pearls are of uniform size—¼ inch in diameter—of perfect finish and luster, far handsomer than the ordinary imitation pearl necklace sold at a high price. It can easily be wound **twice** around the neck, making the double rope as shown in our illustration.

By rare good luck we secured first choice of these necklaces from a large importer and at a price that enables us to give them for an unusually small club. Please read the following offer and learn how you can get a beautiful, 54-inch rope of pearls free of all cost.

Given To You! For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this handsome, opera length Pearl Necklace free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9882.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

All Yours For Only One Subscription!



52 All Different Lovely Gold and Color Embossed Christmas Enclosure Cards, Folders, Cut Outs, Seals, Stickers, Tags, Etc., Etc.

Reward No. 7931

A Big Package of Beautiful Christmas Novelties, And An Exquisite Colored Christmas Calendar For 1922.

All the latest **new style** Christmas novelties, beautifully printed and **embossed** on superfine paper in **gold, purple, crimson, holly-green** and all the colors of the rainbow. The use of these dainty, appropriate emblems of **holiday cheer** is now almost universal—everyone realizes how much these refined little cards, tags, seals, stickers, etc., **add** to the value of the Christmas gift.

For the benefit of COMFORT readers we had this special assortment made up **expressly for us** by one of the largest and best known Christmas novelty manufacturers in America. And in order to give the **greatest value possible** we had them **add to the assortment a most beautiful 1922 Christmas Calendar** 4½ inches wide by 6½ inches long, lithographed in no less than **five colors on heavy white coated specially prepared paper.** This Calendar alone is worth all that we ask you to send us for the whole collection—and you will say so too when you see it.

Now let us tell you what this big assortment contains:

One Extra Large Colored and Holly Embossed "Christmas Stocking" Enclosure Card.

Five Large Elegantly Embossed and Colored Christmas Enclosure Cards.

Ten Medium Embossed and Colored Christmas Enclosure Cards.

Two Large Handsomely Colored and Decorated Christmas Tags.

Four Medium Colored and Decorated Christmas Tags.

One Extra Large Colored and Holly Embossed Christmas Book Mark.

One Beautiful Extra Large Colored and Embossed Christmas Novelty Cut-out Card.

Two Dainty Colored and Embossed Novelty Cut-out Christmas Folders.

Ten Beautifully Colored and Embossed Santa Claus, Evergreen, Poisettia, and Christmas Bells Gummed Seals.

One Special Large Oval Illustrated Gold Embossed and Colored Christmas Gummed Seal with the **words, Do Not Open Until Christmas."**

Five Novelty Santa Claus Cut-out Christmas Gummed Seals, Embossed in Colors.

Ten Cute Novelty Children Cut-out Christmas Gummed Seals.

One Artistic, Beautifully Embossed and Finished Christmas Calendar for 1922.

All the Enclosure Cards, Tags and Folders carry a **cheery Christmas Greeting,** such as "Merry Christmas," "With Best Christmas Wishes," "Christmas Greetings," "Merry Yuletide," "Christmas Joys," and others equally as pleasing and appropriate. These are to be tied to or enclosed inside your Christmas packages to bear a loving message with the gift. And all the gaily colored gummed Stamps and Seals you will use to **seal and decorate** the outside of your Christmas letters and packages as well. You will be surprised and delighted to see how much they add to the attractiveness of your gifts, to say nothing of the fun of "doing them up."

Don't forget that in addition to all of these lovely cards, seals, tags, stickers, etc., we are also going to send an exquisitely **embossed and multi-colored Christmas Calendar for 1922,** a large **handsome holly decorated Book Mark** and two large **Christmas Novelty Cut-out Folders** which are as unique as they are pleasing. When you first look at one of them it is to all appearances a handsome Christmas Post Card and the other a very attractive four-page Booklet, when presto—a flip of the finger, and the startling transformation takes place, causing the figures and designs to stand out in **bold relief,** and in a life-like manner that is truly wonderful. These cute novelties are something entirely new this season and they make very attractive center-table or mantlepiece ornaments as they are large and stand without support.

We will send you this package of beautiful Christmas Novelties, including the large Handsome **Christmas Calendar** upon the terms of the following very liberal

FREE OFFER. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you this big package of beautiful Christmas Novelties free by mail postpaid. **Reward No. 7931.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Writing And Drawing Outfit

Reward No. 9972



For Home And School

For A Club Of Two!

HERE is something that is needed in every home and by every schoolboy and schoolgirl—a big value-assortment of almost everything needed for writing and drawing. Our illustration is, of course, greatly reduced in size. The Case, which is made of fine leatherette, is 10½ inches long and 2½ inches wide. It is of the folding style, with a snap fastener, so that it can conveniently be carried in the pocket or in the children's lunch basket. Inside the Case there are **three high-grade pencils with erasers, one good quality penholder with pen, one twin pencil** (in reality two pencils in a combination holder), **one pencil sharpener, one large rubber eraser, one 10-inch ruler** and an **aluminum collapsible drinking cup with cover.**

This Outfit is manufactured by the American Lead Pencil Company, which is sufficient guarantee of its fine quality, and we know that it will please our readers, especially those who have children going to school, and of course it is just as handy in the home, because all the pencils, penholder, etc., are high grade and just what grown people like to use. If you will accept the following special offer we will send you one of these fine Outfits, free.

Given To You! For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this complete Writing and Drawing Outfit, exactly as above described, free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9972.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Sugar, Creamer And Tray



MADE of "crushed" silver—the very latest idea. Sugar, Creamer and Tray are full standard size. The Tray is quadruple silver plated and both Sugar and Creamer are quadruple silver plated outside and **gold lined inside.** A very useful set and a beautiful **ornament for the dining table or sideboard.**

CLUB OFFER. We will send you this Crushed Silver Set free and prepaid for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. Reward No. 7904.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

She Is Looking For A Mother

"Peggy" The New Winter Doll



Do You Want Her?

PEGGY first saw the light of day in New York but she didn't like the big city with its noise and confusion and was mighty glad to come to Maine on a brief vacation before looking for a permanent home somewhere in the country.

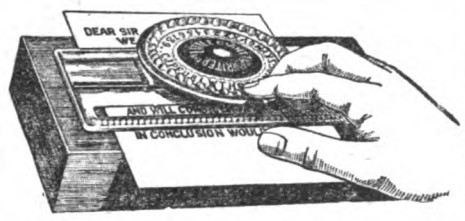
She doesn't care where she lives so long as it is in some cozy little town or on a nice, big farm, and provided she can find some little girl who will be a kind mother to her. She just loves the horses and cows and doggies and kitties and—yes, even the little "piggies" make her laugh until she can hardly stand up.

Peggy says that life on the farm is the only life for her, so we want to give her to some little girl who lives on a farm, where she can romp and play to her heart's content and be happy all day long. Please remember, however, that we have but a limited number of these Dolls on hand and if you want one your order should be sent in **at once.**

A New York manufacturer who wanted to keep his help busy during the dull season sold us these Dolls at about one-half the regular wholesale price, so we are enabled to give them away for almost nothing.

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you "Peggy" free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8621.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



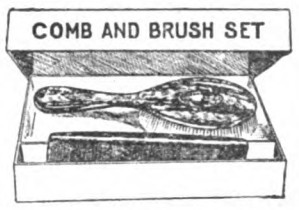
Little Giant Typewriter

A REAL machine that writes very distinctly. Has every letter in the alphabet, all the numerals from 1 to 10 and punctuation marks. Uses any size letter paper up to 5 inches wide. For correspondence, making out invoices, statements, addressing envelopes, etc., this machine will do the work well. It is very easy to operate, in fact, a child can write on it after a little practice.

Given To You! For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Typewriter free and prepaid. **Reward No. 8853.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

2-Piece Toilet Set



THIS is a good grade Toilet Set, consisting of comb and brush. The comb is seven inches long, with coarse and fine teeth, and comes in the new popular "Malachite" green finish. The brush is nine inches long, two and a half inches wide, with firm white bristles, and is finished in the same beautiful "Malachite" green, with a silverine shield on the back. We have given away thousands of these sets and it never fails to please.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Comb and Brush Set free and prepaid. **Reward No. 9982.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Gent's Watch and Chain



Reward No. 7696

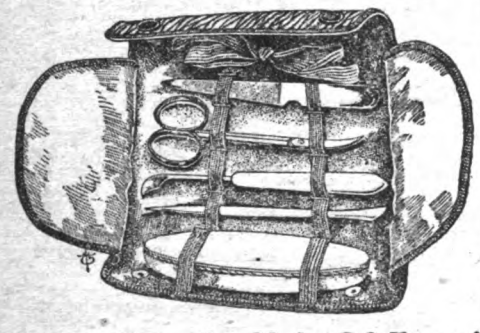
For A Club Of Six!

A WATCH that any man or boy may feel **proud** to carry, and an excellent timekeeper. It has a handsome polished **nickel case;** the movement is **American made, stem wind and stem set,** the **dial** is pure white with **large plain easily read figures.** We have already given away thousands of these watches and they never fail to please and satisfy. Now is the time for you to secure one of these guaranteed watches before the price of them goes up still further as it is pretty sure to do in the near future. We will send you this watch exactly as described, **together with a chain,** if you will accept the following

Club Offer. For a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed watch, also a handsome chain free by Parcel Post, prepaid. **Reward No. 7696. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

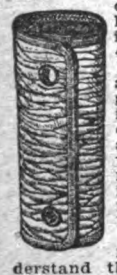
French Ivory Manicure Set

In A Roll-Up Leather Case



Given For A Club Of Four!

A PRACTICAL and beautiful Set, containing everything necessary for the proper care of the nails. It consists of a 5-inch flexible polished steel nail file, a pair of 3½-inch polished steel curved nail scissors, a 4-inch cuticle knife with French Ivory handle, a 4-inch French Ivory nail stick, and a 4½-inch nail polisher or buffer with French Ivory Top. All these articles are neatly contained in a moire-lined, **genuine leather case,** measuring 5½ inches wide and 6 inches from end to end when opened. The case rolls up as shown in illustration, and fastens with two snap clasps. In this form it resembles a miniature pocketbook, and is just as convenient to carry, as it measures only 5½x2 inches and only 1 inch in thickness.



Although we offer this Manicure Set for an unusually small club, please understand that each and every piece is strictly high grade and regulation size. We know that every woman and girl who accepts this offer and earns one of these splendid Sets will be more than delighted with it. It is free on the terms of the following offer.

Given To You! For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this splendid French Ivory Manicure Set in a roll-up leather case free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8124.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Ladies' Wrist Watch



With Silk Ribbon Bracelet

For A Club Of Only Ten!

WE have long searched the market for a suitable wrist watch for our girl readers and at last we have found it.

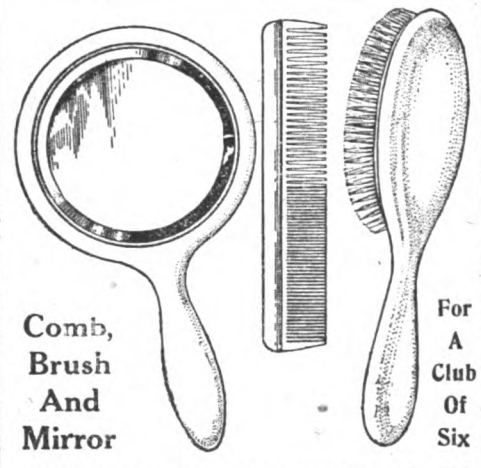
The above illustration really fails to do the watch justice. We know you will instantly fall in love with it. It is the popular **octagon** shape, only 5-16 of an inch thick and one inch in diameter. The case is **silver,** the movement strictly high grade, stem wind and set, and will keep accurate time. The dial is pure white with Arabic numerals. The bracelet is made of the finest black silk ribbon with a genuine rolled-gold catch and slide.

If you want a dainty, stylish, up-to-date wrist watch that you will be proud to show your friends, here is your opportunity to secure one absolutely free. You can easily secure the small club mentioned below and as soon as you have done so this beautiful, guaranteed wrist watch is yours without one cent of cost.

Given To You! For a club of only ten one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this Silver Wrist Watch with Ribbon Bracelet exactly as described above, absolutely free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 75110.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Ivory White Toilet Set



Comb, Brush And Mirror

For A Club Of Six

PURE white, with a fine smooth finish, this handsome Comb, Brush and Mirror Set equals in appearance the finest French Ivory. The Comb is 7½ inches long, very light and dainty, with both coarse and fine teeth. The Brush is 10 inches long and 2½ inches wide, with medium-length, finest, stiff bristles. The Mirror, which measures 10x5½ inches, is made of heavy, flawless, beveled French glass, 4½ inches in diameter.

No lady could wish for a finer Toilet Set than this one. It has the air of refinement found in the highest grade Ivory Sets, it is just as durable and can be cleaned as often as desired without injury to its smooth ivory white finish.

We will give you, free, this fine Ivory White Comb, Brush and Mirror Set in a fitted box upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this Comb, Brush and Mirror Set in a fitted box, free, by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 7796.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Genuine Gold Filled



Guaranteed For 5 Years





Gold Birthstone Rings

THE most popular ladies' rings worn today are these beautiful birthstone rings. Not only is it considered lucky to wear one of them but they are now and always will be exceedingly stylish. We are able to illustrate only three of the rings but there are **twelve** in all—a different stone for each month of the year, and of course you should wear the stone that is symbolical of the month you were born. The following is a list of the twelve rings, names of the stones and the month to which they apply:

No. 8411, January, Garnet. **No. 8421, February,** Amethyst. **No. 8431, March,** Bloodstone. **No. 8441, April,** Diamond. **No. 8451, May,** Emerald. **No. 8461, June,** Agate. **No. 8471, July,** Ruby. **No. 8481, August,** Sardonyx. **No. 8491, September,** Sapphire. **No. 8501, October,** Opal. **No. 8511, November,** Topaz. **No. 8521, December,** Turquoise.

Each ring is guaranteed genuine gold filled, which looks exactly like solid gold and will wear for years. **In fact we absolutely guarantee each ring for at least five years.** The rings themselves are perfectly plain, the stones are solitaires and perfect imitations of the real gems. The setting of each ring is the ever popular "Tiffany" style. As a Christmas, Birthday or all-the-year-round gift for wife, mother, sweetheart or sister, nothing could be more appropriate and acceptable than one of these beautiful guaranteed rings set with the birthstone of the person to whom it is given. We will send you one of these rings free upon the terms of the following offer:

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you one of these beautiful gold-filled Rings by parcel post, prepaid. **Please be sure to give size and number of ring wanted.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

ASPIRIN

Name "Bayer" on Genuine



Take Aspirin only as told in each package of genuine Bayer Tablets of Aspirin. Then you will be following the directions and dosage worked out by physicians during 21 years, and proved safe by millions. Take no chances with substitutes. If you see the Bayer Cross on tablets, you can take them without fear for Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Earache, Toothache, Lumbago and for Pain. Handy tin boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

Sweet Grass Basket



For Your Sewing And Fancy Work

WHERE is the woman who does not "just love" these beautiful Sewing Baskets made of sweet grass? Their delightful fragrance which is practically everlasting is like that of flowers; they are handsome in appearance and very strong and serviceable, being hand-woven by the St. Regis Indians of Canada, who produce the finest hand-made baskets in the world.

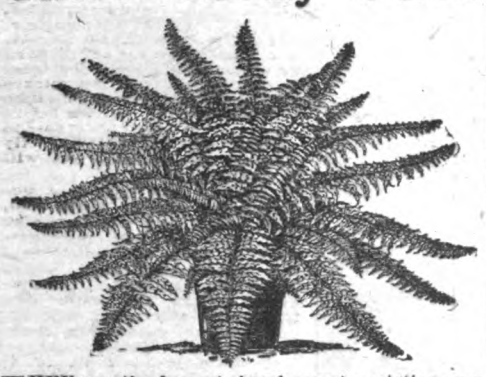
Of ample size—eight inches in diameter and three inches deep—and with its close-fitting top, this sweet-grass Basket is just what you need in which to take along your sewing or fancy work when calling or visiting. And at home it holds your work, along with scissors, buttons, thread and other necessities, so that you always know just where to look for them. And the Basket itself is such a beautiful ornament for any room.

The Indians sell these Baskets for $2.00 and $3.00 apiece at summer resorts, but by buying in large quantities they let us have them at a special low price. Therefore, we are able to offer the Basket herewith illustrated and described for a very small club of subscriptions as you will note by reading the following bargain offer.

Given To You! For only four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this fragrant, sweet-grass Sewing Basket free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 8084.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Three Lovely Ferns



THEY are the largest, handsomest varieties ever grown for house culture—the Roosevelt, the Boston or "Fountain" fern, and the Whitmani or "Ostrich Plume" Fern. We guarantee these ferns to be strong, healthy and well rooted, and that they will reach you in perfect condition, ready to pot. If any of them fail to grow, we will cheerfully replace them free of charge. We are able to illustrate but one variety, "The Roosevelt," but remember you get all three ferns free on this offer.

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you the above described collection of three beautiful ferns free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 8581.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Eveready Flashlight



THIS is the "Eveready" Daylo, 6½ inches long, 1½ inches in diameter, equipped with a powerful battery that will last for many weeks. It is always ready for use—a simple movement of the finger turns the light on or off as desired. In the night it shows the way around the house without fuss or bother—it lights up the darkest rooms, attics or basements. It can be used in the shed or barn, around hay, powder or gasolene without the slightest danger of fire. Outdoors, neither wind nor rain can put it out. When riding or walking after dark, it throws a brilliant light far in advance, showing up every object long before you reach it. This flashlight is so useful you should not think of getting along without one. Safe, convenient, always ready when you want it, it is the best insurance against fire and accident in the world.

CLUB OFFER. We will send you this Eveready Flashlight complete with battery, all ready for business, for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. Reward No. 7984.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort's Home Lawyer



Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from our eminent legal adviser on all questions of law except divorce matters.

Address Home Lawyer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

A. V. D., Washington.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that in conveying or mortgaging the homestead property, the wife must sign and acknowledge the deed or mortgage; that a husband or wife may convey directly to the other his or her community real property, and that a husband or wife may make and execute powers of attorney for conveyance of his or her separate estate, without the other joining in the execution thereof, and that either the husband or wife may make and execute a power of attorney to the other to convey community property.

MRS. I. L. J., North Dakota.—We do not think the Federal Government has any law providing support for women who are mothers; we think, however, your state has a law providing support for the children of widowed or destitute mothers under certain conditions; we think application for such support should be made to your County Court.

MRS. J. B., Virginia.—If the property you mention did not belong to your mother at the time of her death, and the administrator of the estate refuses to turn same over to the proper owner, it will be necessary for such owner to bring a proceeding to compel him to do so.

MRS. F. A. D., Tennessee.—Under the laws of Missouri, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a man, leaving no will, and leaving no widow, child, nor descendant, and no parent, his estate would go to his brothers and sisters, the descendants of any deceased brother or sister taking their parent's share; the heirs of the half blood taking only half the shares of the heirs of the whole blood.

Y. G., Kansas.—Under the laws of Kentucky, we think that property coming to a minor by the terms of a will or other instrument, should be paid to and be administered by the properly appointed general guardian of such minor during minority.

MRS. E. H., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a man, leaving no will, and leaving no widow, and leaving one child as his only heir at law and next of kin, his whole estate, after payment of debts and expenses, would go to such child, but that he has the legal right to disinherit such child, by will if he so elects.

MRS. J. R. S., Mississippi.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, his surviving widow, in addition to her homestead and exemption rights, is entitled to receive a child's part of his real and personal estate, provided he leaves also children. This would apply to a widow who was a second or third wife in the same manner as though she had been his first and only wife.

MRS. J. K., New Jersey.—We think that in case a witness to a will predeceases the testator, it becomes necessary to prove the handwriting of such witness.

MRS. E. H., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the signature of the wife is necessary to the conveyance or mortgage of the real estate of the husband in order to bar her claims for dower in such property in case she survives him, except in partition and creditors' actions; and that any conveyance or mortgage of the property made by him alone would be subject to her inchoate right of dower in the property.

MRS. E. J. W., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that both husband and wife must join in the deed of conveyance of homestead property.

E. B., West Virginia.—We think all the states of the Union have laws regulating the ages at which marriages may be contracted.

MRS. D. E. M., North Carolina.—We do not think you can remove the house you mention if the same is constructed in such a manner as to become affixed to the freehold.

MRS. W. W. D., Indiana.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that you will have no interest in your deceased husband's mother's estate, unless some provision is made for you by will, but that your husband's children will be entitled to their deceased father's share unless cut off by will.

MRS. A. D., North Carolina.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, his surviving widow is entitled to receive dower of a one-third interest for life in his real estate, and one-third of the personal estate absolutely, provided she does not leave more than two children; if more than two children, she receives dower and a child's part of the personal estate.

MRS. H. B., Indiana.—Under the laws of your state, we do not think the consent of parents is necessary for the marriage of females over 18 years of age.

MRS. A. J. G., Wisconsin.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child nor descendant, his widow, in addition to certain small allowances and homestead rights, if any, is entitled to dower, of a one-third interest for life in his real estate, and one-third of the personal estate absolutely; we do not think this share can be diminished by will. We do not think an illegitimate son has any intestacy, rights in his father's estate.

F. P. H. B., Nebraska.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child nor descendants, but leaving parents, brothers or sisters or their descendants, his widow, in addition to certain small allowances, would receive one-half of his real and personal estate, the balance going to his relatives, depending upon who is left.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

of Rotan, but I go to town to school. I have three sisters and two brothers who have graduated from the Rotan High School, and if nothing happens to prevent I shall finish there in the next two years. I intend to be valedictorian of my class, but as several of my classmates have the same ambition, there is not much telling what the outcome will be.

We have been having some fine weather. Usually during both autumn and spring we have some horrible sandstorms, but we have been lucky this year. Uncle Lisha, I wish you could see one of our sandstorms—not that I wish you any bad luck, but I would like to have you know what a real sandstorm is. During some of our worst storms, the prairie dogs change their place of habitation and begin digging homes in the air. But it is surely hot out here; just now the temperature is 110 degrees in the shade, but of course you don't have to stay in the shade unless you want to.

As the powder puff and its users are being so thoroughly cussed and discussed, I might as well give my opinion on the subject: I believe that girls should try to look pretty if they can, and if the powder puff can help them, why not let them use it? As for myself, I have to use one to take the shine off my nose so that the people around me will not be blinded by the glare. I have read in novels about ruby lips and arched eyebrows, and I am beginning to understand where they come from and how they are made. How marvelous! I have seen some lips that were very artistically arranged, but I have also seen others that were rather spotted and smeared.

Perhaps you would like to know what we do for amusement out here in the wild and woolly West. When we are not working in the field, we play tennis, fish and swim. How many of you cousins can swim? Don't you just love it? I don't believe I could ever be satisfied far from a river. There is nothing so refreshing as taking a plunge in the water after a day of hard work.

It is time I must be going, but first I want to ask you cousins to write to me, and any of you come to see me when you can.

By-By, ILA EASON.

It isn't so awful to believe in boys, Ila, if you don't believe too much in what they tell you. Many a long-legged eighteen-year-old Texan can buzz more fairy tales in a girl's ear in five minutes than could rightly be believed in fifteen years. But I see that you know how to keep the young romancers in their places—even when this place is occasionally by your side.

If I lived on a farm of 640 acres, Ila, I wouldn't go to any town to find a school; I'd have a school right on the farm. Surely there is room on one or two of the many acres. Then if you had the school right at home, you would have no trouble in arranging things so that the valedictory honors would be yours without competition from rank outsiders who had the privilege of attending your school. June is long past now, Ila, but I hope you had the pleasure of being valedictorian, and that there were plenty of those useful boys about to come in handy with plentiful applause at the right time.

Ila, how could I ever see one of your famous and delightful sandstorms if I had to be up in the air digging sand out of my eyes? No, Ila, I have no regret that I have missed seeing one of your sand exhibits and have failed to go floating about above Rotan with the migrating prairie dogs. Billy and I have lots of sand at Coney Island and Brighton Beach, but we keep it right in its place and don't allow it to go sifting around the country. But I can understand now why Texans are always said to be full of grit.

You don't give an attractive picture of your famous state, Ila. Your letter makes me think of the story I once heard of the New Yorker who was being shown about Texas by a proud inhabitant. The critical Easterner failed to find much to admire. Finally he did get his eye on a handsome bird of many-colored plumage. "That's a fine looking bird," he said to his guide. "What do you call it?"

"I don't rightly know," answered the Texan. "Some folks call it the 'bird of Paradise.'"

"Well," said the New Yorker, gloomily, "he is surely a long ways from home just now."

But I'll say right here, Ila, that no such stories, or any of your tales of heat and sandstorms, can convince me that Texas is a bad place to live. If it were there could not be so many happy cousins sending in breezy letters from that mightiest division of Uncle Sam's big country. Our League has many, many Texas cousins, and I'm sure not all of 'em had to rub the sand out of their eyes to see to get in!

I am glad you are thoughtful of others, Ila, and so put enough powder on your sand-scarred nose that your headlight is not dangerously glaring. At the theater the other night I heard a young man say to the girl with him: "Do put a little more powder on your nose; it's shining right in my eye." We should always think of others' comfort, Ila; and I'm sure even Gus would object to being dazzled by some little turned-up nose that gleamed too brightly because all powder puffs had been laid aside at his decree. We're all with you, Ila, on the idea that girls should look as pretty as they can. Just how pretty this can be, only a Texas boy is capable of telling, perhaps. I'm sure many of the cousins will write to you, Ila, and even come down and have a swim with you so that they can wash the visiting Texas sand out of their eyes.

DOOLEY, MONTANA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

This is the first copy of COMFORT I have received for about seven years. I left home that long ago and just came back about two years ago when I married. I am now twenty-two years of age. My wife and I decided we'd like to live in Montana, so we moved out here and are now making our home on a farm. Any of the young fellows coming out here to see the "wild and woolly West" will be sadly disappointed as it doesn't exist any more. There are still lots of cattle and sheep ranches and lots of cowboys, but they are not the moving picture gunmen. I was born and raised on an Indian Reservation in North Dakota. This was called the Turtle Mountain Indian Reservation. So my wife and I are American Indians. I don't suppose you hear from Indians very often. Well, as this is my first letter I'll close for this time.

Your nephew, MARCIAL DAVIS.

Marcial, you are right about my not hearing from Indians *very often*. Why, I never had a letter from an Indian before in my life! All the Indians we see in Greater New York are the ones that once a year, perhaps, perform in the tanbark arena of Madison Square Garden at twelve to twenty bits a throw. None of these chaps have ever written a letter to me, although I have spent as much as sixty hard-earned bits to watch them gallop their ponies about the ring, at the same time yelling loud enough to be heard from Madison Square to Turtle Mountain. Somehow I imagine you must be different from those Indians, Marcial. Certainly your letter was a well-written well-behaved document and did not utter a single war-whoop as I took it out of the envelope. I suppose the secret is that the wild and woolly Indians are gone together with the wild and woolly cowboys of the lost wild and woolly West. Nothing is left to us but the moving picture screen and the exploits of William S. Hart and Tom Mix. I went on a trip out West this summer, Marcial, and was brought by a friend to where I expected to find a frontier vil-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38.)



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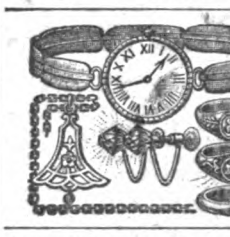


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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37.)

lage. Well, I was greeted by a finely-built Main Street, filled with trolleys, electric lights and expensive automobiles of the sort I am sure I will never own. I came to the conclusion that anything really wild and woolly must be sought in the Ramapo Hills only a few miles from New York.

But your letter has made me very proud, Marcial. It will be a great satisfaction for me to mention carelessly to my friends: "I had a letter the other day from my nephew, an Indian out in Montana." It will be fun to watch them jump at this remark. Did you ever stop to think, Marcial, that when we talk about 100 per cent. Americans, you and your wife are the only sort of Uncle Sam's inhabitants who fill this description completely? Yes; you are the real, simonpure Americans, and the land your ancestors roamed over many years agone did not have to come to them through grants from French and British monarchs. Your letter was too short, Marcial, for the many things you might have told us of your life on the Reservation and of what you did during the seven years you were "out in the world." Come again; your letter was good medicine!

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for November

"Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these you have done it unto Me."

Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Every month brings to me many letters which disregard this simple and necessary rule. Appeals unaccompanied by the references required will be destroyed.

Charles Kerr, Buffalo, Sangamon Co., Ill. Sixty-three years of age and a totally disabled cripple from an accident of five years past. Asks any possible cheer and help. Mrs. Louisa Spears, Boons Camp, Ky. Sixty-eight and hardly able to work to support her husband and invalid daughter. A worthy case and well recommended. Mrs. John Estabrook, St. Johnsbury, Vt. Confined to house and bed for eight years. Asks quilt pieces and a dime shower. Sallie R. Ward, Stevenson, Ala. A needy crippled woman who asks cheer and second-hand clothing. Mrs. Alonzo Kellow, Diercks, Howard Co., Ark. A widow with four children, lately left in destitute circumstances by her husband's death. Money and second-hand clothing will help her along. Miss Rosa E. Joyce, Spencer, Va., and Cora A. Willson, Price, N. C., both send letters of sincere gratitude for the cheer and aid which they have received from COMFORT readers.

Cousins, hanging over the shut-ins, the needy and the crippled are the coming months of winter. A season of holidays, joy and health to those of us who are prosperous and well, but a time which must surely increase the need, the pain and the sorrow of those whose names find a place in our list this month. Give them a real share in your own abundant happiness and set up a genuine COMFORT's Thanksgiving in their darkened and hungry hearts.

Lovingly,

Uncle Lisha

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C.," a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

How to become a Member

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

Poems Requested

The following poems have been requested by readers of COMFORT and sent for publication.

Donegal Bay

"As I sit by the window high up in my room,
'Midst the smoke of the city, its noise and its gloom,
Down the dead years, asthore, I am drifting this day
To that old sunlit harbor of Donegal Bay.

"The light touch of your hand and the curve of your cheek
And my heart throbbing back to the soft words you speak,
With the lift of our boat to the waves' lilting play
And the bright sunlight dancing on Donegal Bay.

"The flight of the wild gulls and wind whistling free,
The wide, full-swelling sail and the swing of the sea,
And the salt, stinging kiss of the fast flying spray,
With the sun laughing down on Donegal Bay.

"The wide waters around us, and gleaming on high
The white clouds and the blue shining arch of the sky;
Oh, 'twas Junetime and lovetime, now vanished away,
But the sun is still glinting on Donegal Bay.

"Just a lad and a lass, sure the tale's nothing new!
But the black sorrow's on me, I'm longing for you
And the tones of a voice that is silent today,
Though the sun jewels sparkle on Donegal Bay."

—*George T. Pardy.*

Thanksgiving with the Old Folks

"Thanksgiving with the old folks on the farm!
Oh that's what gives the day a subtle charm;
Jest to watch old mother sittin'
In the chimney-seat a-knittin'—
Allus knitting socks to keep the babies warm.

"Knittin' socks an' darnin' stockin's all the day,
Jest as if we still were children out at play;
With her kind old eyes a-blinkin',
'N' not ever even thinkin'
That her babies, too, are growin' old and gray!

"Then to meetin' at the warnin' of the bell,
From the little old white church down in the dell;
Tho' the settin's far from easy,
An' the organ's weak and wheezy,
Yet there's somethin' seems to tell ye all is well!

"Ah, 'tis thoughts of home that keeps us safe from harm,
An' gives Thanksgivin' day a subtle charm;
For so long as mother's livin',
There's a reason for Thanksgivin',
An' we'll spend it with the old folks on the farm!"

The First Thanksgiving Day, 1621

"And now," said the Governor, gazing abroad o'er neatly piled-up store
Of the sheaves that dotted the clearings and covered the meadows o'er,
" 'Tis meet that we render praises because of this yield of grain;
'Tis meet that the Lord of the harvest be thanked for his sun and rain.

"And, therefore, I, William Bradford (by the grace of God today,
And the franchise of this good people), Governor of Plymouth, say—
Through virtue of vested power—ye shall gather with one accord,
And hold, in the month of November, thanksgiving unto the Lord.

"He hath granted us peace and plenty, and the quiet we've sought so long;
He hath thwarted the wily savage, and kept him from doing us wrong;
And unto our feast the sachem shall be bidden, that he may know
We worship his own Great Spirit who maketh the harvests grow.

"So shoulder your matchlocks, masters; there is hunting of all degrees;
And, fishermen, take your tackle, and scour for spoil the seas;
And maidens and dames of Plymouth, your delicate crafts employ
To honor our first Thanksgiving and make it a feast of joy!

"We fail of the fruits and dainties so close to our hands in Devon;
Ah, they are the lightest losses we suffer for sake of Heaven!
But see in our open clearing how golden the melons lie;
Enrich them with sweets and spices, and give us the pumpkin pie!"

So, bravely the preparations went on for the Autumn feast;
The deer and the bear were slaughtered; wild game from the greatest to least
Was heaped in the colony cabins; brown home-brew served for wine;
And the plum and the grape of the forest, for orange and peach and pine.

And when Massasoit, the sachem, sat down with his hundred braves,
And ate of the varied riches of garden and woods and waves,
And looked on the granaried harvest—with a blow on his brawny chest,
He muttered, "The good Great Spirit loves his white children best!"

And then, as the feast was ended, with gravely official air,
The Governor drew his broadsword from out of its scabbard there,
And smiting the trencher near him, he cried in heroic way,
"Hail, Pie of the Pumpkin! I dub thee Prince of Thanksgiving Day!"

—*By Margaret J. Preston.*

Whispering Hope

"Soft as the voice of an angel
Breathing a lesson unheard,
Hope with gentle persuasion,
Whispers a comforting word.
'Wait till the darkness is over;
Wait till the tempest is done,
Hope for the sunshine tomorrow,
After the shower has gone.'

Refrain:

"Whispering Hope, Whispering Hope,
O, how welcome thy voice,
Making my heart
In its sorrow rejoice.

"If in the dusk of the twilight
Dim be the region afar,
Will not the deepening darkness
Brightened a glimmering star?
Then when the night is upon us,
Why should the heart sink away?
After the midnight is over,
Watch for the breaking of day."

"Life is too short for any bitter feeling;
Time is the best avenger if we wait.
The years speed by, and on their wings bear healing,—
We have no room for anything like hate.
This solemn truth the low mounds seem revealing
That thick and fast about our feet are stealing,—
Life is too short."

Faith in God is nothing without fellowship with man.

Learn to stop grumbling. If you cannot see any good in the world, keep the bad to yourself.

Give COMFORT To Your Friends As A Christmas Present!

WHY not! In these days of high prices where could you find a better, more inexpensive present than a one-year's subscription to COMFORT?

It is the **one** gift that pleases everybody—a gift that will become a cheery, welcome reminder of you month after month for an entire year—and at so little expense you will not notice it at all. Simply send us 50 cents and the name and address of the friend you wish to remember written on the coupon below and we will enter the subscription for one full year to commence with our Christmas number and with it we will also mail a beautiful Christmas Presentation Card so that **both** paper and card will reach your friend at about the same time. The card is beautifully **colored and embossed** with a dainty appropriate Christmas design and verse on one side and on the other side is a specially printed announcement of the gift and a space left for your name as the giver which we will fill in ourselves before the card is mailed.

Isn't this a splendid idea? Surely among all your friends there is someone who will appreciate and enjoy such an interesting magazine as COMFORT and who will think of you gratefully every time the carrier leaves it at the door.

Better send us your friend's name and the money now—**it's none too early to avoid the Christmas rush**—and you will have at least one present less to think about because we will attend to all the details. After you mail the coupon and money you can dismiss the matter from your mind as we will take good care of your order and mail both the paper and the handsome Christmas Presentation Card **properly filled out with your name as the giver** at precisely the right time.

"COMFORT FOR CHRISTMAS" COUPON

Publisher COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Dear Sir: As a Christmas present from me please send COMFORT for one year to the following address, also the Christmas Presentation Card properly filled out with my name. I enclose 50 cents to pay for same.

My Friend's Name.....

Street & No......*R. F. D. No.*.....*Box No.*.....

Post Office.....*State*.....

(Be Sure To Write Your Own Name And Address Below)

My Name Is.....

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Any woman or girl will be delighted with this practical Loom Outfit because she can make so many pretty things not only for her own use but to give away as presents and to sell. While the beads themselves cost but little, the finished work brings a high price so that there are big profits in the business, if one desires to sell the articles after they are made.

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We Start You without a Dollar, Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes—Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 121 Olive, St. Louis.

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Make $25 to $50 Week representing Clows' Famous Philadelphia Hosiery, direct from mill—for men, women, children. Every pair guaranteed. Prices that win. Free book "How to Start" tells the story. George Clows Company, Desk 14, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Be successful Agent! Free sample outfit—worth $2.25. "Quality" beauty preparations. Make big money. Extensive line. Established 50 years. Lyman Co., 200 Logansport, Ind.

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$6-$18 a dozen decorating pillow tops at home; pleasant work; experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 104, LaGrange, Ind.

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Clay Loam Lands: 20, 40, 80 ac. tracts in clover district of Mich.; rich clay loam soil. $20 to $35 per ac. Small pmt. down; bal. long time. Write for Free booklet of facts. Swigart Land Co., C-1946, First Nat'l Bk. Bldg., Chgo.

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All men, women, boys, girls, over 16, willing to accept Government Positions, $123, write immediately, Ozment, 104, St. Louis.

$40 week. Become Automobile Experts. Learn while earning. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. S 410, Rochester, N. Y.

Be an Expert Penman; Wonderful Device guides your hand; corrects your writing in few days. Complete Outline Free. Write C. J. Ozment, 53, St. Louis, Mo.

Wanted—1500 Railway Traffic Inspectors; no experience; train for this profession thru spare-time home-study; easy terms; $110 to $200 monthly and expenses guaranteed, or money back. Outdoors; local or traveling; under big men who reward ability. Get Free Booklet G-6 Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

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Earn $50 weekly spare time writing photoplays; experience unnecessary; particulars 2c stamp. Playwriters Co., 1314, St. Louis, Mo.

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Real Estate. New Plan to Learn Real Estate business. Wonderful money making system. Write Casto Realty System, Columbus, O.

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Wanted To hear from owner of good farm for sale. State cash price, full description. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

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World's Finest Kodak photo newart style. Entirely different, never seen before. Roll developed, prints 3c each. Malden Art Co., 5 Cin., O.

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MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

$35.00 Profit Nightly. Small capital starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used, endorsed by Govt. institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture, 671 Morton Bldg., Chicago.

America's Greatest Fortunes have been made in the moving picture business. Small investment needed. We furnish complete theatre equipment. Easy payments. Openings everywhere. Catalog free. Dept. 220, Monarch Theatre Supply Co., 724 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago.

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Inventions Wanted. Cash or royalty for ideas. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 61, St. Louis, Mo.

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For Sale Select quality Clover and Basswood honey. 1921 crop. Sample 15c. Price List free. Alellaven Honey Co. Dept. 21, Eau Claire, Wis.

For Sale: Purest Quality Honey from many flowers. Sample 15 cents. Price list free. Alellaven Honey Co. Dept. 21, Eau Claire, Wis.

Honey and Cheese of Superior Quality packed in family size packages, write today for Free price list. E. F. Sass, Monroe, Wis.

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Automobile Owners, Garagemen, Mechanics, Repairmen, send for free copy of our current issue. It contains helpful, instructive information on overhauling, ignition troubles, wiring, carburetors, storage batteries, etc. Over 120 pages, illustrated. Send for free copy today. Automobile Digest, 236 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

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Looms—Only $9.90—Big Money in Weaving Rugs, Carpets, portieres, etc., at home; from rags and waste material. Weavers are rushed with orders. Send for free loom book, it tells all about the weaving business and our wonderful $9.90 and other low-priced, easily-operated looms. Union Loom Works, 272 Factory St., Boonville, N. Y.

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Free Book. Prophet Elijah must first come said Jesus. Convincing Bible Evidence. Send at once. C. Megiddo Mission, Rochester, N. Y.

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Authors:—Stories, poems, photo plays etc. are wanted for publication. Submit Mss. Literary Bureau, C4, Hannibal, Mo.

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Multigraphing at low prices. Sales letters. Addressing. Circular mailing. Mailing lists, any class. Miller, Box 41, Berwick, Pa.

America's New War Policy

Establishing a new precedent, President Harding has promulgated a military policy for the United States, in interpreting, according to law, the Act of June 4th, 1920, providing for the peace time organization of National Defense.

In a recent memorium to General Pershing, Chief of Staff, Secretary of War Weeks, outlines the President's interpretation of the relation of the Regular Army to the National Guard and Organized Reserves.

Secretary Weeks says in part: "Whereas in the past the necessary citizen forces have been completely extemporized or materially reorganized upon the occurrence of an emergency, the new law provides that they shall be located territorily, that their officers and men shall be assigned to local units, and that as funds become available provisions shall be made for the training of these officers and men. In other words the war force required for immediate mobilization in the event of emergency is to be constituted in time of peace and filled as far as practicable through the enrollment or enlistment of qualified volunteers. Under such a system it is reasonable to expect that the units of the National Guard will be maintained at sufficient strength to be effective as a first reinforcement for the Regular Army, and that the units of the Organized Reserve will at least include a corps of officers, non-commissioned and specialists, organized and trained to receive and train the recruits in an emergency demanding large forces

It is with the requirements of this larger war establishment in view that the peace organization of the Regular Army must be determined.

The Mount Vernon Shrine

There has been a tempest in a teapot again, growing out of the fact that some of the visitors to Mount Vernon, the home of Washington, have complained to Congress against a charge of an admission fee of twenty-five cents to enter the grounds. Senator Capper of Kansas, is the prime mover in the plan for the Government to take over the shrine and provide free admission to visitors. Sentimental enthusiasts rail about the alleged injustice inflicted upon the public because the home of Washington is under private ownership. This private ownership rests on what is known as the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association, which is composed of a group of regents from States throughout the nation, who make it their duty to manage the property, which was turned over to them after having been purchased by public subscription shortly after the Civil War. When the property was first acquired it was run down and gone to seed. The Washington family furniture had all disappeared, since Martha Washington in her will scattered it to the four winds. The ladies have placed Mount Vernon in the best condition of any public building in the United States, and the admission fee has been used for the upkeep of the property and for the repurchasing of most of the old furniture. Some of these pieces have only been secured by paying big prices. A lot of pieces are still being negotiated for, and in case the Government should become owner of Mount Vernon the prices upon these articles would soar sky-high. A great many of the best informed people are inclined to believe that the private management of Mount Vernon has proved itself so much more effective than has been secured in any instance of Government ownership that there is no justification in the attempt to change the control of the property.

Efficiency

Patient—"I didn't expect you this morning, doctor."

Dr. Pillsbury Mann—"I was in the neighborhood."

Patient—"Ah I see. Thought you'd kill two birds with one stone."—*Exchange.*

No Use for Them

Mistress—"Didn't the ladies who called leave cards?"

Maid—"They wanted to, ma'am; but I told 'em yez had plenty of your own and better ones, too."—*Yonkers Herald.*

Soft Boiled

Yeast—"I see what you ate for your breakfast, this morning."

Crimsonbeak—"How so?"

"Why, you've got eggs all over your shirt front."

"Then you only see what I didn't eat."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Very Obliging

"Officer, is there a good restaurant in this neighborhood?"

"Yes, ma'am, just around the corner."

"Is there a saloon attached to it?"

"No, but they'll send out and get you anything you like, ma'am."—*New York Herald.*

Of Course

Naybor—"Is that a new henhouse you're building?"

Mr. Snappy—"No, this is an old one I'm building to take the place of the new one I tore down last week."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Cut Price NOW!



6-Piece Set
Fumed Solid Oak

A Room Full of Furniture

$1.00 Down

Send only $1.00 and we will ship you this handsome 6-Piece Library Set. Only $1.00 down—then $2.70 a month — only $29.95 in all. A positively staggering value on this *special reduced price offer.* Send the coupon below and have this massive set sent on approval. Then see for yourself what a beautiful set it is. If you do not like it, return it in 30 days and we will return your money together with any freight charges you paid. All you have to do is to send the coupon with $1.00.

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Prices down, at last. **Rock-bottom prices** for you. You can now get this wonderful 6-piece library set direct from our own factory at the **lowest price since before the war** —and for only $1.00 down, almost a year to pay! This set is such a wonderful bargain at this special reduced price, that we have reserved the limited number we have on hand for new customers only. The set is not shown in our regular catalog. We haven't enough to supply everyone. First come, first served. Order your set on this low price offer **now**. Remember, thirty days' trial in your own home. Costs you nothing if you are not entirely pleased. **Send at once!**

6 Pieces

Richly upholstered. This superb six-piece library set is made of selected solid oak throughout, finished in rich dull waxed, brown fumed oak. Large arm rocker and arm chair are 36 inches high, seats 19x17½ inches. Sewing rocker and reception chair are 35 inches high, seats 17x17 inches. All four pieces are padded, seats and backs upholstered in brown imitation Spanish leather. Library table has 23¼x34 inch top, with roomy magazine shelf below and two large beautifully designed book racks, one at each end. Jardiniere stand measures 17½ inches high, with 12 inch top. Clip the coupon below and send it to us with $1.00, and we will ship you the entire six pieces, subject to your approval. **No C. O. D.** Shipped knocked down to reduce your freight charges considerably. Easy to set up. Shipping weight about 175 lbs.

Order by No. B6697A. Send $1.00 cash with order, $2 70 monthly. Price $29.95. No discount for cash. Pieces not sold separately.

STRAUS & SCHRAM,
Dept. 3048, West 35th Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

Enclosed and $1.00. Ship special advertised 6-piece Fumed Oak Library Suite. I am to have 30 days' free trial. If I keep the suite, I will pay you $2.70 monthly. If not satisfied, I am to return the suite within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any freight charges I paid.

☐ **6-Piece Library Set No. B6697A, $29.95.**

Name.....

Street R.F.D. or Box No......

Shipping Point.....

Post Office..... *State*.....

If you ONLY want Catalog put X in proper box below:

☐ Men's, Women's and Children's Clothing ☐ Furniture, Stoves and Jewelry

Send Coupon

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VOL. XXXIV
NO. 2

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

COMFORT

The Key to Happiness and Success in over a Million and a Quarter Homes

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See Story "The Lady of the Rainbow House" on Page 10

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COMFORT EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

How the American People Have Made Known that They Never Will Tolerate another Railroad Strike

IT has since come to pass, as predicted in our last month's editorial (written early in October), that the then threatened nation-wide railroad labor strike would not be tolerated by the long-suffering public. What cowed the railroad labor unions and forced the union chiefs at the last moment to revoke their strike orders was fear of a well-nigh unanimously indignant people expressing their resentment, not only in words, but more effectively by active preparations throughout the land to help the Government to carry out its announced determination to keep the trains running and break the strike.

Strike against the Government, the Law and the People

In case of a railroad labor strike the public is inevitably involved as an involuntary and innocent third party that is always made the goat and suffers most severely, and the growing tendency of the railroad labor unions to make merciless use of this power to distress the public as a club to enforce their demands for shorter hours and higher pay has attained the proportions of an insufferable tyranny. Prior to 1916 the people here and there, now and then, had been tormented by a labor tie-up of one or another railroad at a time, and thus had formed some conception of the dire calamity with which they would be afflicted by a complete paralysis of all the railroads in the country. Up to that time each railroad had dealt with its own employees in regard to wages, hours of labor and working rules, which seems to be the rational and proper course, as cost of living, going wages and working conditions vary so greatly in different sections of the country. But in the summer of 1916 the railroad labor unions demanded an eight-hour work day and uniform rate of extra pay for overtime to apply on all railroads, and, on the refusal of the railroad managers to agree to their terms, ordered a nation-wide railroad strike to take effect on or about September first. All the Government's efforts to effect a settlement by compromise or mediation, or even to obtain a postponement, having failed, the nation stood aghast at the impending catastrophe due to befall it in less than a week. It was at this extremely critical juncture that Congress, terrified by the situation, on President Wilson's urgent recommendation yielded abject submission to the threat of the railroad labor unions by hastily enacting the so-called Adamson law and thereby granted all the demands of the would-be strikers barely in time to avert the strike.

President Wilson coupled his recommendation with a promise to the country that at an early date he would propose to Congress the passage of a law that would eliminate the possibility of a future recurrence of the menace of tying up the railroads by a strike. But the Presidential election was then pending, and that was shortly followed by the events that drew us into the World War during which the Government took entire control of the railroads. And so the matter hung until nearly two years ago when Congress created the Railroad Labor Board of nine members to be appointed by the President, three of them to represent the railroad interests, three to represent the labor interests and three to represent the interests of the public. For the purpose of preventing railroad labor strikes the Board was given the powers of a special court to decide all questions and disputes as to wages, hours of labor and working rules and regulations affecting railroad employees.

The members of the Railroad Labor Board were appointed by President Wilson, and the first duty they had to perform was to pass upon the petition of the employees of all the railroads for a general raise of wages. After lengthy hearings of all parties interested the Board, in July, 1920, granted a general wage increase that averaged twenty-one per cent., and back pay at the same rate from the first day of the previous May. This added six hundred and twenty-six million dollars a year to the wages of the employees and necessitated a corresponding increase in the freight rates that the public has to pay. But the freight rates are too high, so high as to be almost, if not quite, prohibitive on some classes of products; and yet most of the railroads are losing money at that, and the Government is loaning them money to buy much needed equipment.

Last June, after extended hearings on petition of the railroads, the Railroad Labor Board ordered a twelve per cent. reduction of wages, effective with the beginning of last July. This cuts off a little more than half the wage increase granted by the same Board in July of the previous year. It is against this last decision of the Railroad Labor Board that the members of the five big railroad labor unions voted almost unanimously to authorize their chiefs to call a nation-wide strike if they thought best to do so, for these officials have discretionary power not to order a strike even after a strike vote of the members; in fact these labor bosses are shown to have pretty nearly autocratic power to order and settle strikes as they see fit. But the chiefs seem to have thought the proposed strike advisable, and so on the fifteenth of October they ordered the strike to begin on Sunday, October 30. Doubtless it was the previous success of their policy of intimidation, whereby they scared Congress and the President into giving them the Adamson law, that infatuated them to resort to the same threat of frightfulness in their most recent attempt to coerce the Government and override the law.

Up to the time of the establishment of the Railroad Labor Board the railroad labor unions, when criticised for their readiness to inflict suffering on the public by strikes, have defended their course on the ground that, as there was no Government tribunal for them to appeal to for authoritative settlement of disputes between them and their employers, the strike was the only available method of protecting their interests as wage earners. But they did not, because they could not, urge that excuse for their October strike order; and they did not offer any excuse for it, because there was none. Their attitude was audaciously and insolently defiant; contemptuously defiant of law and of the carefully considered decision of the able and honorable tribunal charged with the duty of administering the law in their case; defiant of the Government, and casting a dare in the face of the President who was in duty bound to exert his utmost endeavors to enforce obedience to the Board's decision and mitigate, so far as possible, the evil consequences of the strike order; defiant of public opinion in their overconfidence that the people would become panic-stricken as they faced or began to feel the horrible effect of the strike and would press the Government to yield as it did in 1916. But they were utterly wrong in their psychological deductions; for their policy of frightfulness in this instance, like that of Germany in the war, produced an effect exactly opposite to that intended.

The Government showed no sign of surrender or compromise. On the contrary President Harding, after the Railroad Labor Board's rational appeal to the union chiefs to revoke their strike order had been scornfully turned down, began to take vigorous measures to meet the emergency; he let it be known that the War Department was making a canvass of the regular army to ascertain how many of the enlisted men had had railroad experience, from which it was inferred that he intended to use them in place of the strikers to run the trains; it was announced that the Department of Justice through the Attorney General and the U. S. District Attorneys throughout the country was prepared to invoke the power of the Federal Courts when and where necessary to protect the rights and interests of the Government and the people during the strike. Editorial comment everywhere was almost unanimous in denouncing the threatened strike and commending the action of the Government. The people the country over rallied to the support of the President, individually and in bodies offering their services—the entire student body of several colleges and universities volunteering to take the places of strikers. State and city executives and citizen associations took action to organize the resources of their respective communities to combat the malign effort to tie up transportation, and for this purpose arrangements were made for an extensive use of auto-trucks.

As the day for the strike to go into effect drew near the railroad labor union chiefs were dismayed by these and other convincing evidences that the Government and the nation were prepared and resolutely determined to fight the strike to the bitter end, and sullenly they acknowledge their defeat. Knowing that further persistence on their part would be of no avail to them or their cause but only add to the public resentment, they decided Thursday night, October 27, to call off the strike which had been ordered to begin October 30.

It was a great victory for the people and for the cause of law, order and good government. It stands as a warning that there is a limit at which the people will rise against the tyranny of class rule; it wipes out the national disgrace of the humiliating surrender of a former Congress in 1916 through fear of a like threat of a nation-wide tie-up of the railroads, and it should impress the present Congress with the necessity of putting sufficient teeth into the transportation law to enable the Government to nip in the bud any attempt to bring on or promote a railroad strike.

In order to form an appreciative judgment of the controversy we are discussing it is necessary to understand clearly and keep in mind that the point of transcendent importance is the fact that this threatened strike was *not* against the railroads nor against any decision or action of the railroad managers, but was against the action of the United States Railroad Labor Board which had been invested with the dignity, power and responsibility of a court to decide all disputes between the railroads and their employees in accordance with the dictates of reason by meting out even-handed justice to all parties, including the public; that it was an attempt by a threat of forcible resistence to compel this tribunal to reverse a judicial decision rendered after a public hearing at which the railroad labor unions had been represented by their officials, their counsel and their witnesses, and through them had presented their evidence and arguments. Of this there is positive proof from the mouths of the union chiefs who issued the strike order, for when the U. S. Railroad Labor Board stooped to the limit of decent condescension by sending for them and trying to persuade them to revoke the strike order their arrogant reply was that they could not call off the strike unless a "satisfactory settlement" was reached, and they explained that the settlement which they demanded must include a revocation of the Board's twelve per cent. wage cut decision of last June. Nevertheless, a few days later, when they discovered that the Board could not be browbeaten and that its position had the solid support of the Government and the people, they did call off the strike.

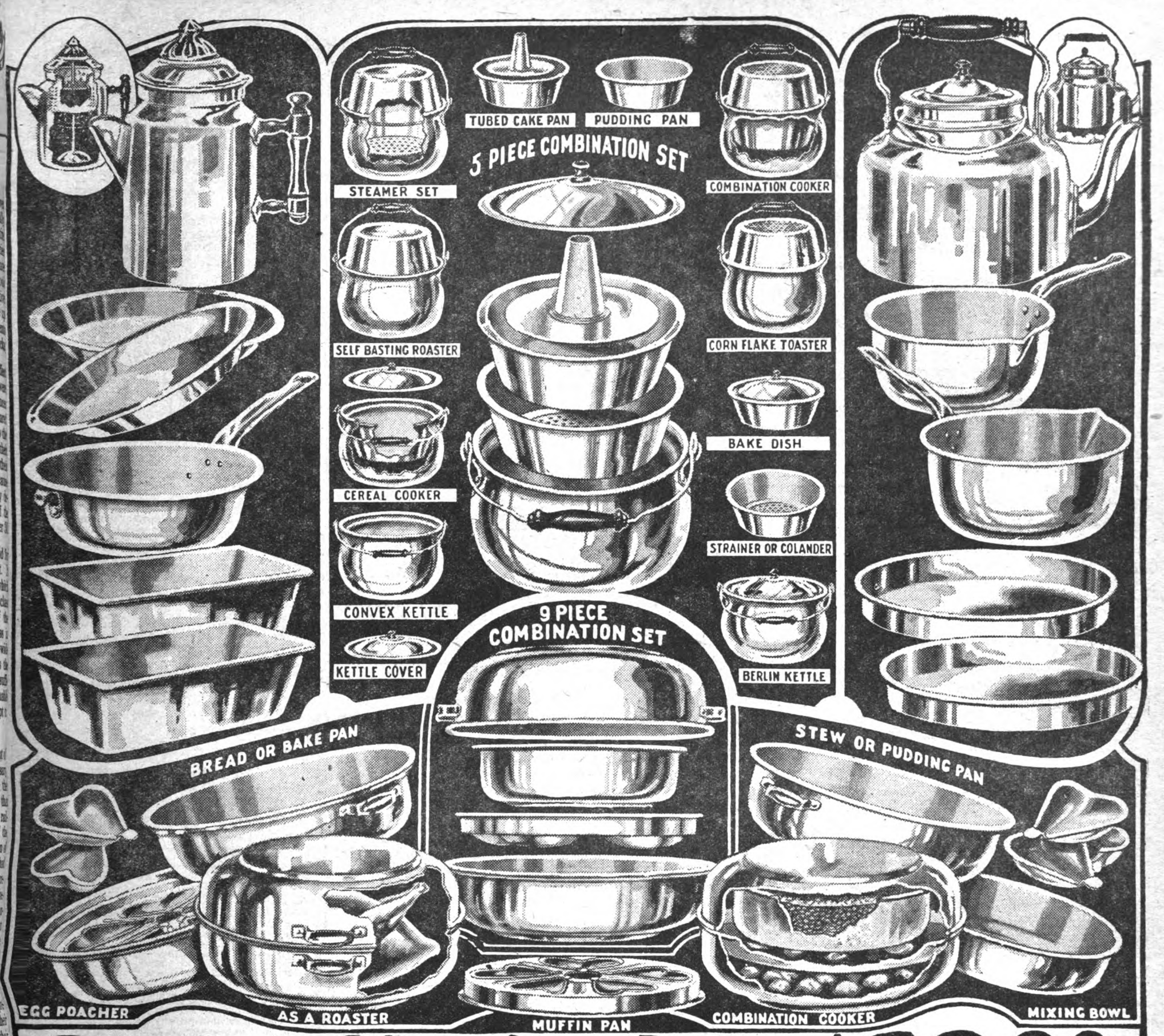
Some are inclined to question the constitutional power of Congress to prohibit strikes and require labor disputes to be settled by the judgment of a Goverment board or court of arbitration. That depends entirely on the nature of the employment. If, as is undeniably true in regard to railroads, the employment is of such a nature that a strike would or might injuriously affect the *general welfare*, then in such case Congress would have the right to legislate by virture of the clause of the Constitution which confers on the Federal Government the power "to promote the general welfare." And this is of reason, common sense and necessity as well as being good law

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

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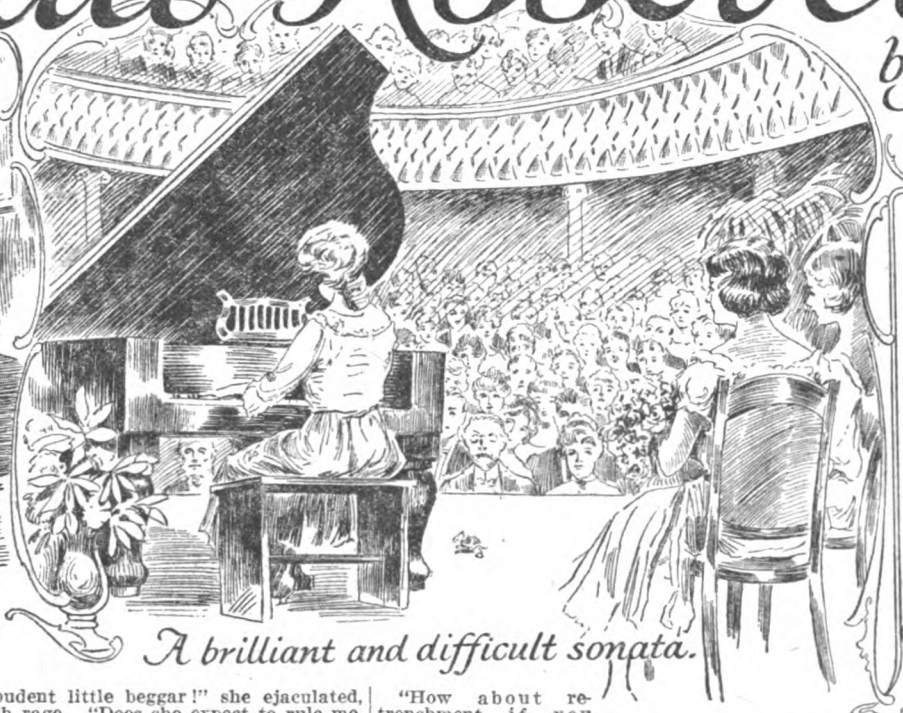
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Stella Rosevelt

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



"No, sir; I shall go just as I am. This is the best I have."



A brilliant and difficult sonata.



Star looked after him with a glorified face.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A terrible storm at sea and from a steamer running between Liverpool and New York only five escape seasickness. Among them is Stella Rosevelt Gladstone, an orphan and on her way to some distant relatives in New York. She is befriended by an elderly man, Jacob Rosevelt, who is startled when he learns her mother called her "Star," her grandmother giving her the name. A fire breaks out and she saves valuable papers. The boats are rapidly filled. Stella refuses to go unless room is made for Mr. Rosevelt, who the next day suffers from an ill turn and is carefully nursed by Stella. The sixth day they are rescued. Mr. Rosevelt is told of the care Stella gave him during his illness and while thanking her a young man approaches and Mr. Rosevelt introduces Archibald Sherbrooke, whose home is in Derbyshire where Star's father preached. Star's shawl becomes loosened and not finding the pin, Mr. Sherbrooke draws one, an exquisitely carved stone, from his necktie, and Stella pins the shawl and then tells the story of the wreck and her endeavor to save Mr. Rosevelt's life. Arriving in New York, Mr. Sherbrooke regrets the loss of her address—he would call before his return to England. He hopes they will meet again and will she always consider him her friend. He places a card in her hand with his address upon it. Stella, remembering the pin, passes it to him. He begs her to keep it as a souvenir. Wishing she had something to give, he will accept a lock of her hair. Stella is met by Mrs. Blunt, Mrs. Richards' housekeeper, who hurries her away, much to Mr. Rosevelt's disappointment. Stella receives a cool reception from her aunt who had written she would befriend and educate Stella until able to care for herself and learns she is to take the place of Maggie Flynn and to be degraded to the level of a common servant. Resenting it, she asks her aunt if her father, from what she wrote him, had any idea she was to come into the family as a servant. Mrs. Richards does not relent, and insists she fills Maggie Flynn's place or none. Stella appeals to Mr. Richards, giving him the letter written by her father to Mrs. Richards and her reply. Stella's father is anxious to provide a home and begs Mrs. Richards to have the care and education of his daughter, since she once professed friendship for Stella's mother in saving her life from drowning. Stella has one hundred pounds. Could she not use it and then teach, relieving Mrs. Richards of all responsibility?

CHAPTER VII.

A CONSULTATION.

"WHAT have you been doing today?" Mr. Richards asked in cold, stern tones, after what seemed an interminable pause.

Stella began to feel almost faint. That hard face, in which displeasure was the chief expression, did not look very promising for her cause; but she replied:

"I have done all the chamber work, swept and dusted five rooms, and waited upon Mrs. Richards."

"You are not accustomed to such work," he said, glancing at her delicate hands.

"Not to any such extent, sir. Mamma used to require me to take care of the music-room, besides my own, at home, for we could keep only one servant, and I know how to sweep, and dust, and make beds," Star concluded, with a slight smile.

"I should say that you know a good many things for so young a lady," Mr. Richards said, kindly for he saw that she was nervous over what she had been telling him. Then he added, more gravely: "I will consult Mrs. Richards, and I think that we can arrange for you to pursue your education as you desire."

Star flushed.

She knew well enough that a mere consultation with Mrs. Richards would not secure much for her, and that she would be very angry with her for having appealed to her husband, and she made up her mind on the spot to make a bold stroke for her freedom.

So meeting his eyes in a frank, fearless way, yet speaking with the utmost respect, she said:

"I feel confident from the conversation which I had with Mrs. Richards this morning, that she will be very unwilling to make any change in her arrangements, so I will be perfectly frank and say to you, that much as I should dislike to take any radical steps in opposition to her, or my father's desire that I should remain with her, yet I cannot consent to remain here as a common servant, with no privileges or time to myself. I presume Mrs. Richards will say that, as she has been appointed my guardian, I shall have to do just as she desires. But I have read somewhere that when an orphan in this country reaches a certain age, he has the privilege of choosing a guardian for himself. Rather than be subjected to the fate of becoming a second Maggie Flynn," Star continued, her voice gathering firmness, "I shall exercise that privilege. Thank you for listening so kindly to my troubles, and I trust I have not wearied you. Good night."

Without waiting for him to reply, she inclined her head in a graceful bow, and quietly glided from the room.

"By George!" exploded Mr. Richards, staring blankly after her retreating form, "that is what I call spirit. Make a common servant of such a girl as that, indeed! My lady and I will talk this matter over, and see—what we shall see."

Half an hour later he sought an interview with his wife, and there followed "a consultation" in earnest.

Mrs. Richards was dumbfounded upon being informed of the decided stand which her spirited little ward had taken, and her indignation in consequence knew no bounds.

"The impudent little beggar!" she ejaculated, crimson with rage. "Does she expect to rule me, or balk me like this? She will find herself greatly mistaken. I will give her a dose in the morning—'such a dose,' as Mrs. Flintwinch was wont to remark to his beloved Affery."

"Ellen, you will do no such thing," her husband returned, firmly. "Have you forgotten Mr. Gladstone's letter to you and your reply to him? When you wrote accepting the guardianship of his daughter, you did so in a way to lead him to believe that you would do your best for her."

"And so I am doing my best for her," interrupted his wife. "You have talked of nothing but retrenchment for the last six months, and I have tried to retrench. I knew the coming of this girl would make an extra mouth to feed, so I made up my mind to make her useful, and save something if I could."

"Well, the child says she is willing to be useful, but you are not fulfilling your agreement by making a drudge of her. Mr. Gladstone understood that you would give careful attention to her education, which he evidently has conducted upon the most thorough principles, and he expected that you would fill so far as possible his place toward her."

"How do you know what I wrote to him? You did not see my letter?" demanded Mrs. Richards, angrily.

"I have seen it tonight. The girl has it, and showed it to me; and now I want you to live up to your promises," replied her husband gravely.

"She ought to be thankful that she has a roof to shelter her. Do you suppose I am going to allow her to interfere with Josephine's rights?"

"Certainly not; but this girl is exceedingly bright and pretty; let them become mates and share alike, and I'll wager that Star will never abuse your indulgence," Mr. Richards said, generously.

"And who may 'Star' be?" demanded his wife, scornfully.

"Why, Stella, of course—Star was the name, I suppose, by which she was known at home. Now, I insist," he continued, with decision, "that this child be given a fair chance."

"Can't help it," he retorted, coolly. "I'll not have that girl made a common drudge of in this house while I am master here. How you could meditate such a thing for a moment is more than I can understand. Where is the gratitude for the life which her mother saved for you so many years ago?"

Mrs. Richards started slightly. She had not intended that her husband should ever know of the debt which she owed Star's mother.

"I suppose she had to twit you of that in order to gain her point and make you her champion," she said, sarcastically.

"No, indeed. I asked her what her father meant by his allusion to the service rendered you, and to which he referred in his letter, and she told me, of course, though in a very modest way, that her mother once saved you from drowning. Now I want you to change your tactics. I want you to allow her to be one of the family."

"I will never do that, Mr. Richards, and it is useless for you to suggest it," Mrs. Richards interrupted, hotly. "I could never endure the sight of the girl at my table after this, and Josephine, I know, would not consent to it. Any one can see by the course she has pursued tonight that she is full of art and intrigue, and would not hesitate to interfere with Josie's plans and prospects."

"Oh, ho! you're afraid she will outshine Jo, are you?" laughed her husband, good-naturedly.

"I will never put Stella Gladstone on an equal footing with my daughter, so you can cease arguing upon that point," reiterated Mrs. Richards, with a positiveness that was not to be mistaken.

"If you insist," she continued, after a minute's thought, "upon her being allowed to pursue her education, since she makes such a parade of being a bookworm, let her; I will not interfere. But I insist, on the other hand, that she make herself useful. She must work about the house before and after school, and do something in return for her support—more than this I will not concede;" and Mr. Richards, having gained this point, considered that he had won quite a victory for his wife's pretty ward.

"Very well," he said; "I presume she will be satisfied with this arrangement. She said she was willing to work if she might only be allowed to study."

"Satisfied or not, it is all the concession that I shall make; and mark my words, George, I shall not love her any better for this interference on your part," his wife said, hotly.

"Fie, Ellen! I thought you had a warmer heart; and it would not sound well outside if it should become known that you were making a servant of a relative. It would make quite a stir let me tell you, if she should appeal to the courts to have a new guardian appointed," Mr. Richards returned, in a conciliatory tone.

Thus the matter was settled to Star's great joy. Mr. Richards made arrangements at once for her to enter a select school for young ladies, and she began her attendance there the following Monday.

She left home at a quarter to nine in the morning, and did not return until half-past four in the afternoon, taking a luncheon and spending the morning in the schoolroom.

By staying at noon thus Star gained an hour's practice on one of the pianos, with no one to interrupt her, and this was a season of unalloyed delight to her. Nothing had been said to her about continuing her music—Mrs. Richards had vetoed all accomplishments on account of the extra expense—but she could not give it up, so pursued a course of faithful practice by herself.

All her duties were faithfully performed; beds had never been so well made before, rooms were never so carefully swept and dusted, or so tastefully arranged; and yet one would scarcely have mistrusted her presence in the house, everything was done so quietly and unobtrusively.

Saturdays Miss Baker's weary face would brighten as Star sat and chatted in a merry, entertaining way, whiling away the long hours, her busy fingers often lightening her labors when there was no sewing to be done for herself, until she began to love the sweet young girl with a deep, warm affection, and to look forward to those weekly diversions almost as if they had been angel's visits.

Star was very tasteful, also, and often suggested changes in trimming and the arrangement of drapery, thus making great improvement in her work, while, in spite of Mrs. Richards' commands that "everything for Miss Gladstone be as plain as respectability would allow," she took pains to fit the young girl's figure with great nicety, and added many graceful touches to her otherwise simple dresses.

All winter long Star pursued this busy life, and one morning she might have been seen stealing forth from that elegant mansion a half hour before the regular time, her eyes gleaming, yet somewhat anxious, and carrying in her hands a goodly-sized package wrapped in brown paper.

She took an opposite direction from the usual route to school, and walked hurriedly toward the business portion of the city.

At the end of twenty minutes she stopped before the door of a large and handsome store, where for a moment she seemed to hesitate as if uncertain what to do next.

At last, with fluctuating color and trembling hand, she turned the handle and entered.

A little while passed, and then she came forth again, while now she appeared pale and agitated.

As the door closed after her, she stood still for a moment upon the sidewalk, seeming lost in troubled thought; then a tremulous sigh, which was almost a sob, broke from her lips, and she turned and walked toward her school.

CHAPTER VIII.

RETRENCHMENT.

Winter passed, spring came and went, and the commencement exercises of the seminary where Star was attending drew nigh.

The faculty, as was their custom, sent forth cards of invitation to its patrons, requesting them to be present and see for themselves what their children had accomplished during the year.

It chanced this time to fall upon Star's birthday, although no one was aware of that fact save herself; but to her it was destined to prove an eventful occasion, and one long to be remembered.

Mr. Richards received and opened his invitation with his other letters on that very morning, and after glancing over it, passed it to his wife.

She merely looked at it, yawned, and then laid it indifferently one side.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

Christmas Toasts

TO those who are racking their brains for appropriate thoughts prettily expressed to serve as a toast at a Christmas social function, or as a happy greeting, or to accompany a Christmas gift, the following sentiments may be useful.

Drink to this holiday with only Christmas spirit in the cup.

Some have presents of jewels and gold,
Some have presents of houses and land,
I drink to the one who gave riches untold,
I drink to the lady who gave me her hand.

Here's hoping that we do not have our holiday spoiled by getting what we deserve instead of what we want.

Here's to the couple wed on Christmas Day,
A happy groom and bride,
For when we look at them we say,
"Behold the Christmas-tied!"

A toast to those who, in our youth,
Bedecked our little trees with toys,
And thus prepared that wondrous gift—
Our memories of childhood joys!

Here's to the girl who hangs up her stocking—
A trap set for presents by this little elf—
And Santa can never (pray don't think this shocking),
Fill it as daintily as she does herself!



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

SUNNY Wright, of Valley, Washington, whose poem, "A Little Home—Out West" (September), received such complimentary notice from the readers, has favored us with some verses to accompany Christmas gifts, the inexpensive kind, the kind that you and I can afford. These verses are appreciated not only for their actual worth but for the kindly spirit that prompted a busy woman to aid us in the difficulties attendant upon us at Christmas time. For that matter, all the letters are as much appreciated and each has a helpful message, even if not in poetry.

I wish it were possible for me to find words to tell you in an understanding way of how your letters make me feel, as I read all of them and copy some for publication. It isn't the regular Merry-Christmas feeling but something deeper and bigger, too big for me to express, and just as though I knew and loved every one of you, as I really do, and not just those whose letters appear in print. The writer of every unpublished letter is just as real to me as someone more fortunate. Believe this and think that your effort wasn't entirely wasted, for by writing you have made one friend, if only a humble one, who sympathizes with you in your sorrow and rejoices with you in your happiness, not only at Christmas but at all times.—Ed.

Little Verses to Accompany Christmas Gifts

Poppy Seeds

Within the poppy's silken heart,
There lies a fairy wish for you,
May poppies bring you happy dreams,
And all your dearest dreams come true.

A beautiful gift is made by pressing large, perfect pansies and lining a tray with pale blue silk, satin or velvet; scatter over it a dozen or so of yellow and purple pansies and replace glass. Either a serving tray or a smaller pin tray for the dresser may be made this way and sent with the following verse:

Dear royal pansies with their hearts o' gold,
All laden with the breath of summer hours.
And oh, the many secrets sweet they hold
For one who reads the language of the flowers.

So, from my piney hills, I send you, dear,
A thousand tender thoughts enwrapt in these,
Their mission be to brighten, bless and cheer,
Pray take them for your very own Heart's ease.

Sent with a rose cutting or a bouquet.

Sunshine and roses for you, dear,
And love that is lasting and true.
If I had my way,
All the whole earth would be
Only sunshine and roses for you.
or,
Lavender and heliotrope,
And rare old-fahioned flowers.
May all their sweetness speak of me
Throughout the summer hours.

A collection of flower seeds.

May every flower that blooms for you
A message of my friendship bring.
And may our friendship thrive and grow
Like flowers in the spring.
or,
Dear friend, I cannot come to you,
To spend my Christmas hours,
But wishes fond and glad and true,
I speak them all with flowers.

With a nightgown yoke or a little bed jacket for the invalid or especially for the prospective mother:

Within each dainty fold I've pressed
A charming fairy wish for you.
May each night bring you perfect rest
And all your happy dreams come true.

Just a little verse for a gift of any sort.

A little gift is all that I can spare,
But with it goes a wish that's fond and true.
May health and peace and plenty be your share,
And fellowship of friends both old and new.

To the absent boy or girl, a little book of kodak snapshots of Mother, Father, the old home, a friend or two and the bridge across the stream or the little old schoolhouse, colored with watercolors and this little verse tucked within:

How precious to the home and heart
Are all the long-missed faces,
How lovely down the lane of years
Shine out the old home places.
And so we send this little gift,
To cheer you and remind you,
Where e'er you roam, you'll find no home
Or friends like those you left behind.

And here's my last innovation. I have hunted up all my silk scraps and begged others from my friends. I took an old four-in-hand tie of Hubby's and ripped it up and am making silk ties for Christmas gifts, using the old one for a pattern. This verse will be my peace offering to go along:

There are ties that make us happy,
There are ties that make us mad,
There are ties that seem to mock the sunset,
There are ties both harmless, good and bad.
There are ties that cost a lot of dollars,
They were made for millionaires, perhaps,
But the tie to test your fond affection,
Is this tie that I've made from scraps.

SUNNY WRIGHT, Valley, Wash.

WINFIELD, R. R. 5, KANS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

For the first time ever I will write a letter to you. First because I have always wanted to and secondly, because I must. The "must" is for this reason. Some time ago I requested, through COMFORT, someone living where red haws grew to write to me. Well, I certainly know now where they grow—everywhere and all over, for I have had letters from most every state in the Union and they are still coming. I have received so many that I feel I can never answer them all personally so I take this method of thanking one and all for their kindness in replying to my request.

I used to live where the red haws grow and I only wanted a few so my boy could see and taste them, never dreaming I would be swamped with kindness—and red haws—to such an extent. My husband laughed at me as day after day I would bring from the mail box, ten to fifteen letters. He said "COMFORT surely is a go getter paper."

I hope this letter gets into print at the earliest possible date for until it does I will feel like a slacker for not answering the letters I received. It would take several dollars worth of postage and ever so many days of writing to do that and I have so much work to do that I can hardly keep up my regular correspondence.

I wish I could help all who wrote me for clothes and other things but I am one of the needy kind myself. Will the lady from Oklahoma who wrote me about climate, etc., with view of locating here if the climate would benefit her husband who has asthma, write me again. I lost your address.

With love to the sisters and Mrs. Wilkinson, I remain,
A faithful admirer of all,
MRS. JESSIE HEFFNER.

IOWA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I don't know what one must do or must not do in order to become a sister but if I knew I'd surely do it.

"A Happy Mother" in September issue, mentions a certain minister placing the blame of race suicide on the women being given the vote. I would ask for nothing more than to see that minister and ask him a few questions. First I should ask him why the intelligent American mothers be compelled to stand aside and not vote while all kinds of foreigners are allowed to take out naturalization papers and then vote for our law makers? Second, why are the men considered more competent to vote than the women? I know a great many men that have a very limited education and not an overdose of brains and I know other men with college educations that are afflicted the same way. You can educate a fool but you can't make him think. Third, whose life trembles in the balance when a life comes into this world, and why should she not have something to say about the lawmakers? I would like to hear him answer these questions.

By birth, choice and study I am a Democrat, teeth and toenails, but I voted the Prohibition ticket. My reason for doing so was that I thought it right. Right is right and wrong is wrong and I could not vote for the man the Democrats had placed at the head of their ticket.

I am the mother of five children, ranging in age from fourteen to five years. LITTLE MOTHER.

SAVAGETON, WYO.

DEAR COMFORT FOLKS:

COMFORT is just like a nice warm fire on a raw, chilly day. There's something about it I cannot describe but all of you know what I mean. Every letter is so different that it's just like meeting and knowing that many new friends.

I have a "Little Home Out West" though very different from Sunny's. I have fixed up the inside as attractively as I know how. It is a soddy 14 feet wide and 28 feet long with five windows, which give plenty of light. The windows are placed two panes side by side and are trimmed with Dutch curtains and I have sixteen nice geraniums and a lovely hanging basket of Wandering Jew. The geraniums I raised from seed as we are forty miles from town and traveled here in a wagon. I was afraid to bring the starts so far. Then too, I am a stranger and I didn't like to ask for starts from people whom I did not know.

We have had a dry year here, as usual, but our corn did well and so did our potatoes and beans. This is our third year here and it is our first abundant crop but perseverance wins in the end I am told.

I have helped clear sagebrush, build barbed wire fences, cut and shocked corn, gone to the timber for wood, poles and posts, and am gaining in weight every day. I am four feet ten inches tall and weighed 183 pounds the last time I was weighed but I think husband stepped on the scales. I am twenty-three years old and have a big healthy boy six years old, in the second grade. It gets lonesome here so far from town; last winter I pieced two quilts, in basket pattern, and crocheted two round rag rugs for my little home.

We have our 640 acres all fenced now, a good well of soft water near the door and a good cow which supplies milk and butter for us. If it hadn't been for our good health and bulldog grit we never would be here now and have a home all our own with a cow, pigs and chickens. The first two years we lived in a dugout, hauled alkali water three miles and were getting more disgusted every day, but finally a few neighbors came and told us to give up digging wells where we were and go down the draw and sink an auger hole, which we did, about half a mile south of our dugout, and found water at sixteen feet, fine water, too. We now have twelve near neighbors, a new schoolhouse will be built this fall as the men are going to haul the lumber free of charge this week.

To my dear COMFORT sisters, I say "stick to it" for when things look the very blackest and you are ready to quit, right then is the time to brace up and do your best for there is the turning point. God gives us these black nights so we may better appreciate the golden days.

Love to one and all, and before I close will say to you who live in a tiny flat and those who live on farms, will be glad to hear from you.

Sincerely, MRS. WALTER S. HAGGERTY.

Mrs. Haggerty.—That's the nicest compliment COMFORT ever received. I wish I could think of some clever way to tell you how much I admire you. You don't need this verse but it may help some other sister to "stick to it" when things look black.

"Charge not thyself with the weight of a year,
Child of the Master, faithful and dear;
Choose not the cross for the coming week,
For that is more than He bids thee seek.

"Bend not thine arms for tomorrow's load,
Thou mayest leave that to thy Gracious God;
Daily only He saith to thee,
'Take up thy cross and follow Me.'"

WARRENSBURG, MO.

COMFORT SISTERS:

After reading the last issue of COMFORT I feel that I must write a letter even if no one ever reads it but myself and Mrs. Wilkinson.

Happy Mother, my house is not always spick and span either and we get along just as well, and better I think, as some of our neighbors who are so neat. Neither do I wash my supper dishes for husband is away all day and we spend the evening visiting. We are alone and no longer younger so we try to make each other enjoy what little time there is left to us. We never have money troubles. My John knows that I do the best I can about saving and I know he does so everything is all right. We have a cozy little suburban home and I raise lots of nice chickens. Don't be shocked sisters, but I wear unionalls while doing my outdoor work. I like to crochet and have used several of the designs given in COMFORT. John never reads anything but Uncle Charlie's Corner. We loved Uncle Charlie and I know we will love Uncle Lisha. I read the sisters' letters first of all when my paper comes. Let's have a sisters' badge by all means.

J. B.

Why is it that the writer of a letter like the above asks that her name be withheld? In the case of a sorrow, tragedy or some secret revealed, the need of secrecy can be readily understood but it seems rather too bad not to give the name and address when there is apparently no reason for withholding it.—Ed.

KANSAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND OTHERS:

This is my first attempt to write to our column although I have been a reader for many years and nearly always read the sisters' letters the first thing. But after reading the letter from Molly-Joe I thought I'd take a chance with the waste-basket. I'm not much of a letter writer but could not resist giving a little advice whether the others think I am right or not.

Molly-Joe, you ought to get married. I want to tell you my own experience and you and the sisters are to be the judges. When I was eighteen I wanted to finish my education and become a teacher. But instead I stayed at home, cooked, washed, ironed and did most of the housework for a large family. I then met a young man and we both were very much in love and wanted to marry but my family opposed the idea, as I was needed at home so I gave up again. My sweetheart later married another. It has always been give up and stay at home and my home life was far from pleasant the most of the time. I stayed there until I was thirty-four years old, then married a widower whom I did not love, just to have a home in my old days, as my parents had died. But let me say here that I wasn't married long until I loved my husband dearly and we are very happy. But I have no children and I am so very sorry I did not marry ten years earlier. I do not believe in girls marrying before they are twenty, neither do I believe in waiting until after thirty as all are not as lucky as I was. Another thing, Molly-Joe, if you are not acquainted with some desirable young man, go out and get acquainted. I don't mean to be forward or bold but in your quiet way meet young folks. I was always taught that it was wrong for a girl to want to get married but now I think differently. I think God intended marriage and children and a woman has as much right to look for a husband as a man for a wife. I have been in your place Molly-Joe, and now I am in the place of your stepmother so I think I am capable of giving a little advice on both sides. Have you ever thought that perhaps the new mother would be just as glad of the change as you? I never have any words whatever with my "steps" but nevertheless I'll be glad when they have homes of their own and my husband and I will be alone. In your frame of mind you probably imagine things so if I were you I would try it away from home for a while anyway. Perhaps you won't be missed as much as you think and perhaps you'll be glad to go back. But anyway, try it.

I have the best husband in the world, and after all I was paid for waiting. Whatever you do, ask God's blessing and try to do right.

Best wishes to all. AUNT SALLY-LOU.

Aunt Sally-Lou.—I like your name ever so much. You have given us something to talk about for the rest of the winter and it will be interesting to read what the sisters have to say about it.—Ed.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I wonder—ever eighteen miles from town, snowbound, and no prospects of getting through by Christmas, with most of the Christmas trimmings still unbought?

After an afternoon spent watching the snow pile higher and higher, a well-stocked pantry and cellar seemed the only consolation for two little tots waiting for Santa Claus.

Finally, after a rummage, a set of blocks, two rubber balls, some little toy books and cards put away when toys were more plentiful; these with a couple of home-made balls and rag dogs were the toys. Right there I decided never to wait until the middle of December before getting toys.

Some new towels and a tablecloth, still unhemmed; a couple of blue handkerchiefs and some new socks for Daddy were placed beside the toys and the dear little boys were as pleased with Mother's and Daddy's gifts as they were with their own.

Daddy brought in a large branch from the cedar windbreak and set it up. We all helped Santa that Christmas Eve and the little ones put on the old trimmings that had been saved from year to year. They enjoyed that more than they would have a finished tree they had no part in.

There was no candy so this had to be made. I had never tried that before but had cookbooks and magazines and we must have candy. I made fondant by working powdered sugar into a little cream and cut it into small portions. I made tiny flat cakes, flavored with each of my extracts of one portion. From another I made little balls, working in lots of shredded cocoanut and into others walnut meats while plain vanilla balls were rolled in chopped nut meats. Those walnuts sure paid for the trouble of gathering and were all the nuts we had.

The fondant was placed on waxed paper on a board and left for a couple of days, when some of it was dipped in melted chocolate. With a plate of fudge, two big dishes of rosy-cheeked apples, one of popcorn balls and one of cracked walnuts we had as nice a Christmas as ever before.

A very Merry Christmas and Prosperous New Year to all. A MICHIGAN SISTER.

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT FRIENDS:

I have been a silent reader of this wonderful corner for a long time and must bubble over just this once if Mrs. Wilkinson will be kind enough to move the waste-paper basket out of sight while I exchange greetings with the COMFORT sisters.



KENNETH EARLE WELDON.

I live in the sunny South and have read COMFORT since a small child but have never seen a letter from this part of the state. I was reared in the hills of north Alabama. After graduating from New Market Training School in 1915 I taught school two years in the rural districts then was married to the principal where I taught. We came to Birmingham, which is called the "Magic City"—quite a busy, restless place, however; we are out in one of the suburbs where there is sufficient breathing space and room for children to play.

My husband is a mail carrier. We do not own a home of our own but hope to in the future. We are both interested in music and good literature. I think every home should have some kind of musical instrument, especially where there are children. I like the piano or violin in preference to the Grafanola to develop musical talents.

We have a dear little boy three years old named Kenneth Earle, who is the sunshine of our home. He has a remarkable memory, having mastered the whole of the alphabet when only twenty-three months old. He takes special pleasure in learning to spell and sing. He has learned all the keys and can play three scales on the piano. His father is his teacher and he thinks "Daddy" the grandest in the world—they are pals.

Having read so many interesting and helpful letters I would like to send in suggestions which might be helpful to others but my time and COMFORT's space is limited and this time I am sending in a picture of Kenneth Earle and hope to see it in COMFORT.

Good luck to your corner and best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and all COMFORT readers.

MRS. NANNIE KENNEDY WELDON.

CALIFORNIA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Have just finished reading COMFORT and more especially the Sisters' Corner, as I think that the very best portion of our paper. The September issue contained many interesting topics but to me the most vital one was Motherhood and Race Suicide, as written by A Happy Mother.

I do not think that giving women the vote is in any way responsible for the condition for one has but to study the women who are executives and officials to see that they are usually mothers of at least a moderately sized family. Now may I quote from Bernard Macfadden, whom I think to be a very fine ideal American? The following extracts are from his Encyclopedia of Physical Culture.

"We may see how criminal is that prudish and false sense of modesty which actuates the coming mother in remaining at home, and how damnable that prurient, boldly staring, shickering and generally cheap and vulgar attitude of the public which causes the sensitive woman to shrink from exposure even when she herself is free from any impure or prudish views of her condition."

I agree with Happy Mother when she says that "boys and girls should be told of the pains and joys of motherhood, and to keep their lives pure for the saks of their offspring." Would suggest that wherever possible, par-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

LET the children attend to the Christmas decorations and the making of the Christmas candies. They may need a certain amount of supervision in this but the gathering and hanging of Christmas greens can be made such a joyous occasion that they won't realize they are being supervised. A few simple recipes and a little watching will insure the success of the candies and if a few playmates, not too many, are invited to "help" it will add to the general good time.—Ed.

Miss Lollypop

The small miss carrying her basket of goodies will give you a happy surprise when you turn her around, for she is merely a paper doll covering for one of those toothsome modern lollypops, or "suckers" if called by the name us grownups all knew when as children we adored sucking hard candies from a stick.



But her real mission lies in the pennant stretched across her basket, which says "Christmas Cheer" and suggests the contents are not for herself alone. An American Christmas is typically a "home day," and only enjoyed to its fullest when, as we gather in supreme enjoyment of the blessings about us, we have first extended Christmas cheer beyond our own doors. Sometimes the silver lining is absent from the purse, and to those who carry such let us send from our abundance, in His name.

If you would make one of these lollypop surprises to accompany your gifts, for each place at your table, or as a part of your entertainment, have the children make the dolls, using their school paints.

To shape the candy, while soft roll a small piece into a ball, flatten until about one-third of an inch thick, and press a small round stick about half way up through it, then cover with a paraffin paper large enough to nearly also cover the stick. Tie just below the candy, which must be a little smaller than the doll's head, so that it and the paper will not show.

CANDY FOR LOLLYPOP.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of corn syrup, one tablespoon of butter and one-fourth cup of vinegar boiled without stirring after the sugar is dissolved until a little dropped in cold water will become quite hard. Add one teaspoon of vanilla or lemon just before taking from the fire. Pour into greased tin, and keep working edges into center as it hardens. Shape as soon as it can be handled.

ROAST TURKEY.—After turkey has been prepared and washed, rub the entire surface with butter, salt, pepper and flour. Fill with stuffing made by crumbling three-quarters of a loaf of stale bread, moisten with half a cup of melted butter and season to taste with salt, pepper, slices of onion and sage. Place in hot oven until it begins to brown, then decrease the heat. Baste frequently, using a cup of boiling water to which two tablespoons of bacon fat has been added. Add more water as fat forms in pan.

PLUM PUDDING.—One cup bread-crumbs, one cup flour, one cup brown sugar, one-half cup butter, one cup milk, three eggs, one cup seeded raisins, one-half cup chopped citron peel, one-half cup preserved ginger, one cup chopped walnuts, one teaspoon each cinnamon and cloves, one-half teaspoon nutmeg, one teaspoon salt, two teaspoons baking powder and one-quarter cup fruit juice. Mix flour with bread-crumbs, add butter, sugar, salt, baking powder, spices, nuts, fruit, milk, eggs and fruit juice. Pour into mould and steam steadily for four hours.

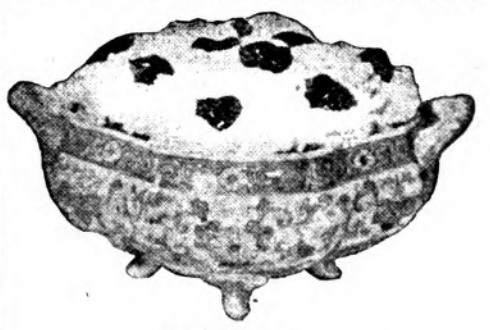
HARD SAUCE.—Beat white of one egg, cream one-half cup butter, add the egg and enough powdered sugar to make it quite stiff, flavor with vanilla. Water will do but the egg makes it more creamy.

PUDDING SAUCE.—One-half pint maple syrup, three tablespoons hot water, butter size of a walnut, thicken with tablespoon corn-starch; boil, flavor with cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg and one-half teaspoon vinegar.

This cake was always made at Christmas time in my family and can be made several days before needed as it keeps for an indefinite period. Put one-half pound of salt pork through a meat chopper and over this pour two-thirds of a cup of boiling water; add one-quarter cup of sugar, two cups of raisins, three well-beaten eggs and one cup of molasses in which two teaspoons of soda have been dissolved. Two teaspoons of cinnamon and one of cloves gives the desired spiciness and may be added with the three cups of flour and one-half teaspoon of salt. Bake in a moderate oven.—OLD SUBSCRIBER, Kansas.

TOMATO SOUP, WITH ONIONS.—Slice two onions and fry them in butter until brown; remove them and fry one dozen tomatoes, or equal quantity of canned tomatoes just sufficient to heat them through, then put them into a stew-pan with their gravy and the onions; add a head of celery and a carrot sliced; stew gently for half an hour, add three pints of gravy; stew an hour and a half; pulp the whole of the vegetables through a sieve; season with white pepper, salt and cayenne. Serve with toasted bread.

APPLE PUDDING.—Two cups of baked tart apples put through a sieve to remove cores and peelings. Heat the strained apples, and add one-third cup of butter. Beat six egg yolks, add two cups of sugar, one quart of milk, one teaspoon of vanilla and a few gratings of



APPLE PUDDING.

nutmeg. Beat hard and stir in the hot apple. Bake thirty-five minutes in a quick oven. Beat the egg whites until frothy, add six tablespoons of sugar (powdered preferable) and beat until very stiff. Spread over the baked pudding, return to the oven and brown. To be served, cool with cream and sugar.

BAKED HADDOCK.—Choose a nice fish of about six pounds, which trim and scrape nicely, fill with a stuffing of veal, chopped ham and bread-crumbs, sew up with strong thread, and shape the fish round, putting its tail into its mouth, or, if two are required, lay them along the dish reversed—that is, tail to head; rub over with plenty of butter, or a batter of eggs and flour, and then sprinkle with bread-crumbs. Let the oven be pretty hot when put in. In about an hour the fish will be ready.

SAUSAGE ROLL.—Make dough as for baking-powder biscuit. Roll and cut into pieces four inches wide and twice as long. Take fine sausage, put three or more pieces in the dough and roll up. Press the ends together and bake half an hour.

Love Will Find The Way

by Wenona Gilman



The girl had thrown herself face downward upon the couch.



"It is to speak to you of my—Mother"



"What do you mean?" he demanded angrily. "There are some things which—"

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Junius Beckwith, a Westpointer, Anne Gordon, wealthy, Marian Reade, companion, friend and protegee of Anne Gordon, occupy a box at the Metropolitan Opera House. The curtain falls and Beckwith admits that "Lucia di Lammermore" has a depressing influence upon him and he cannot think of insanity without repulsion, no matter what the cause may be, and a marriage with either tainted, should be made a crime punishable by law. The next morning is Marian's birthday and deciding to go home, Anne Gordon, with a premonition that she ought to stay, exacts a promise, if any trouble comes, Marian will let her know first. Marian walks away and turning the corner meets June Beckwith and they go to the park. Remembering it is her birthday, he offers his love as a gift and asks her to be his wife. Happy in her love for June, Marian reaches home. Janet Reade, her grandmother, tells her that her mother is not dead but the inmate of a madhouse. What can she say to June? Hearing a voice, she answers to her father's call. He gives her a curious Venetian ring for a birthday gift, and questioning him where he got it he evades the answer and queries what Anne Gordon gives her. Showing the watch, her father berates Marian's friend. She might have given one thousand dollars, which he needs and will have. Marian, under the horror of all she hears, forgets all her grandmother told her, even forgets June Beckwith. Later in the night, recalling her promise to Anne Gordon, she goes to her home. A light flashed from a window opposite shows a rope hung from Anne Gordon's window, and in the window her father's face. Reaching home, Marian meets her father, tells him where he has been, and for no honest purpose, and demands that he return all he has stolen. He refuses, and only after her earnest pleading does he ask what she will do for him. Little dreaming the price she must pay, she asks for nothing but to serve him and she seals the promise upon her mother's Bible. Left alone, Paul Reade decides to keep one ring. Marian writes June she does not love him and that her soul is withered as much as the flower she encloses. Her father assures her he has obtained a position in the brokerage business and rented a house down town. June is stunned upon receiving Marian's letter and welcomes his friend, Fred Underwood, who tells him Paul Reade is a most unscrupulous villain and the house he has rented is a decoy for gamblers, that Marian is not as innocent as she appears. June cannot believe it, and Underwood will prove it to him if he cares to go. June calling upon Anne, she tells of Paul Reade's sudden wealth, and June, knowing where it comes from, as a friend, forbids Anne to go to Marian Reade's home. Going to the reception, Underwood requests Paul Reade to introduce Marian. In the meanwhile June appears with a message from Miss Gordon. He invites Marian for a waltz which she ends with Dick Gresham, the most notorious gambler in New York. The evening ended, Marian faces her father and asks who were those people. She receives no satisfaction from his answer—he expects her to receive them with courtesy, she has sworn to obey him. Anne begs Marian to divulge the secret that troubles her and she denies she has one. Anne cries she knows and pleads with Marian to share with her the home and she will do all she can to save her the humiliation she must have. So long as Marian believed Anne did not know her father was a thief she could bear it, but now it is madness, and clasping Anne in a wild embrace, she leaves her.

CHAPTER XIII.

JUNIUS BECKWITH'S BITTERNESS.

MISS Gordon was not in a condition to descend to the drawing-room when Junius Beckwith was announced that afternoon. Her eyes were red with weeping, she still wore the same charming tea-gown that she had worn when Marian came to luncheon—which, by the way, was never eaten—but June was such an old friend that she sent for him to come at once to her boudoir.

There were tears still in her eyes—almost hysterical tears—when he entered the room and took her hand—tears that were in strange contrast to his cynical smile.

"Well, she has been here?" he drawled, with an affectation of indifference that he was striving valiantly to make himself believe was genuine.

He forgot that he had not spoken to her. He forgot that he had not asked after her health, or in any way interested himself in her, and she, stanch and loyal as she always was, forgot it, too.

"Yes," she answered in a choked voice.

"And—she knows."

He did not speak the words as a question but as an assertion. He turned away, trying with all his might to drown the groan that he felt rising in his throat. She caught his hand and spoke to him with an eagerness that he had never heard her use before, something so entirely different from her usual calm, debonair manner, that he could scarcely believe that it was Anne Gordon who spoke.

"You must not condemn her too much!" she cried. "Oh, June, it was pitiful to see her. I never saw a girl suffer as she did. The fault is not hers, but her father's. You must not condemn her—indeed, you must not! If you could but have heard what she said, you would have pitied her as I did—as I do!"

For a brief moment there was something like hope in his eyes, but it quickly vanished, and the old cynical smile returned.

"You offered her a home here with you, did you not?" he asked, with a slight sneer.

"Yes."

"And she declined it?"

"Yes. She felt that she could not leave her father to the terrible fate that was in store for him. She felt that she could not abandon him when he needed her prayers, her sympathy, her affection the most."

"She told you that?"

"She did."

He laughed—a disagreeable, slightly boisterous laugh.

"Upon my word," he exclaimed, with a sneer, "she is a clever actress! Why, my dear girl, she enjoys it. Listen. I went to that ball last night. She was there in decollete gown, and the waltz that she began with me, she ended in the arms of Dick Gresham, the most noted profligate in all New York."

"Oh, June!"

"It is true, I tell you. I would not have believed it from the lips of my dearest friend. She is eternally lost. I had a thousand times rather have seen her dead, Anne!"

The name was uttered almost as a cry, for the girl had thrown herself face downward upon the couch and was weeping as he had never heard any one weep before. He looked at the back of her head for a moment in a sort of dismay, and then a curious, desperate passion seemed to take possession of him. All the fury of his nature seemed to be aroused against the girl whom he still loved, in spite of all the harm that he believed of her, and all the sympathy of his soul aroused for this woman who wept for her.

He knelt beside Anne Gordon and took her in his arms.

"Hush!" he cried, almost fiercely. "She is not worth one of the tears that are falling from your sweet eyes. She is not worth a breath of regret that could issue from your pure lips. Don't do that. Every sob that you utter seems to strangle me. Oh, Anne, Anne, if I had never loved you before, I should love you now!"

She did not hear the anguish of his tone, she did not understand that its desperation, its reckless agony were the result of love for another woman, and that he loved her because she pitied that other. She only heard those words—those sweet words that she had listened for so long and so patiently:

"If I had never loved you before, I should love you now."

She turned her tear-wet face, and allowed it to touch his cheek. She did not look into his eyes or she might have seen the expression of consternation and horror that he could not control at her words, which were:

"I have listened for those sweet words half my life, June, but I never expected to have them spoken when my heart was so full of sorrow as now. You must not think I do not appreciate them, dear, that I do not love you in return, for I do with all my soul, and the greatest consolation that could have come to me in losing Marian is the knowledge that I have not mistaken you, that you loved me."

Her manner was beautiful and womanly, so full of tenderness that it cut him to the soul. There was no mistaking what she meant. There was no terrible outbreak of passion in the words, but there was the undying devotion of a whole life in them that could not be mistaken. He looked at her for one long, silent minute in dumb anguish.

Could he tell her that she was mistaken? Could he be so cruel as to undeceive her at that moment when her suffering seemed almost as great as his own? But he could not make her his wife. That thought was horrible to him. What should he say to her?

He tried to moisten his stiff, parched lips. He strove to think of some words of explanation, but it was worse than impossible. His brain was singularly alive to the torture of it all, but apparently dead to every other thought.

She wept on quietly for a little while, then lifted herself from his arms with a little smile that contained no mirth.

"I am ashamed to have received the happiness that you have given me in this way, June," she said, with sweet simplicity. "Will you forgive me, dear?"

And then reaction came. Why should he not make her his wife? he asked of himself fiercely. She loved him; she was the one pure woman in all the world outside of his own mother. Why should he not find that happiness with her that he had lost with Marian Reade? Why should Anne Gordon's life be made miserable simply because his could not be happy?

That wild feeling that characterizes the action of a hysterical woman seemed to take possession of him. He caught her face between his hands, and looked into her eyes. His hot breath upon her cheek seemed to scorch her, but his lips did not meet hers; his expression almost frightened her, and yet she did not doubt him.

"And you are willing to be my wife, Anne; you are willing to risk the happiness of your whole future life in my hands?" he cried, in that hurried, husky tone that will not bear description.

"The only happiness that could ever come to me, June, would be through you," she answered simply.

She had never looked so beautiful as when she said those words. The trace of tears were still upon her face, but that seemed to increase her loveliness. Another man would have been proud of the treasure he had won; but June Beckwith saw nothing of her beauty, thought nothing of her womanliness and worth beyond the fact of her perfect purity. That one thing had arisen to immeasurable dimensions in his eyes.

"I will try to be worthy of you, Anne," he said hoarsely. "I will try never to betray the confidence you have reposed in me. Whatever happens, I will be a true and loyal husband to you, dear."

He strangled the groan that he felt struggling from his heart. He knew that he could not trust himself there longer, and taking her face again between his hands, he forced his voice to be calm, as he almost whispered:

"I must leave you now, dear. But I leave you as my promised wife, Anne."

He did not kiss her face. He felt that it would have been the vilest treachery to her. She was his promised wife; and yet his lips had never touched hers, his arm had never encircled her waist after the pledge had been given.

She watched him go with a smile in her eyes and in her heart; but that first leave-taking lived in her soul afterward as a resurrection from the dead.

CHAPTER XIV.

PAUL READE'S TERRIBLE FRIGHT.

"Father!"

Paul Reade turned from a desk beside which he was writing a letter, and looked up at his daughter.

The old, familiar childish "papa" was dead between them forever; but if Paul Reade observed it, he made no comment. Perhaps he forgot to think of it at all in noticing the curious expression of his daughter's face.

It was the day after her visit to Anne Gordon. The evening before had been passed in entertaining some of those new friends who seemed to be ever at her father's elbow now, and he half-feared that she had come with some intention of refusing to mix again with the strange gathering with which he had surrounded her.

"What is it?" he asked, half-turning again to his work.

"I want to talk to you for a moment," she exclaimed desperately. "It seems impossible to get a word with you, now that you are so completely taken up with these new friends that you have formed. Can't you give me one minute?"

There was unconscious bitterness in her tone, and he looked the annoyance that he felt as he laid down his pen and turned round in the revolving-chair.

"Well!" he exclaimed. "Is it to enter a complaint against my new friends? You know you promised——"

"Never mind that," she interrupted miserably. "I know what I promised, and it is not to speak of your friends that I have come."

An expression of relief crossed his countenance. She had seated herself in a chair where the light fell full upon her face, leaving his back to the light and his face in shadow. She could not see him clearly; but it is doubtful if it would have made any difference to her if she could not have seen him at all, with the request that she had to make.

"Then what have you come for?" he asked, a trifle more kindly.

"It is to speak to you of my—mother."

There was a long pause before the word was spoken. Somehow it seemed to her that she could not bring herself to utter that sacred name in his presence, and yet, anything was better than further reference to that subject in her grandmother's hearing.

He started slightly, and a cloud crossed his face. It was the first time in months—even years—since he had heard that word from her lips. He strove to steady his voice as he answered her, but it was husky and strained as he replied:

"What of her, little one?"

"I have come to tell you that I know the secret that you have kept from me all these long, cruel years, and I have come to beg of you to let me see her."

Her hands were folded between her knees in a despairing attitude. Her face was white and miserable as death. She was thinking only of her own suffering and of that unhappy mother; but, wretched as she was, she could not have mistaken the expression of absolute terror upon her father's countenance if she had been able to see his face.

A look that was green in its intensity spread from brow to throat; a glitter like that of a rabid dog gleamed in his eyes; his teeth set, and his lips drew into a tense, straight line. The words that came through them were slow and stammering, like those of the man who speaks while suffering from paralysis.

"Who—told you—that?" he gasped.

"Grandma."

He could not reply for a moment, under the intensity of his exceeding relief. A slow, deep sigh welled up from his very soul. His hands and teeth relaxed, and for a moment it seemed to him that he was going to faint from the relief he experienced in the lifting of that awful pressure. The color rushed back into his cheeks; the light faded from his eyes until they were like those of a dead fish. But he pulled himself together by a powerful effort, and there was a hypocritical quiver in his voice as he said:

"I am sorry she told you, my darling—very sorry. I never meant that you should know the awful fate that had overtaken your poor mother. Oh, pretty one, if you but knew what I have suffered!"

He took out his handkerchief and applied it to his eyes. Marian shivered. She hated herself in that she could feel no pity for him; but her whole heart seemed dead to every sensation.

"It is better that I should know—much better," she answered dully. "It ought to have been told me years ago. I might have been spared so much if—— But that is past, and the past is dead; don't let us speak of it. I know now, and—well, the knowledge has not killed me. I want to see her, father. You will take me to her, will you not?"

"No, no, child; don't ask that. I could not!"

Another fear had come to him. This was a contingency that he had not anticipated. He was trembling slightly, and she felt it as she arose and knelt at his side.

"Father," she cried, "you will not refuse me this! Remember that I have never seen her face since my babyhood. Oh, father, I *must* see her! All these years she has lived there, surrounded only by mad people. She hears nothing but their cries, sees nothing but their shame and anguish, knows nothing but their wild ravings. What hope could there be for one under circumstances like those? She may have lucid moments. She may have in those moments longings to see the child that she knew but in infancy. The touch of my hand might soothe some wild delirium to restfulness; the sound of her baby's voice might bring back some long-forgotten memory. Oh, father, whatever misfortune has happened to her, she is still my mother, and I must see her—I must!"

He covered his face with his handkerchief, that she might not see the expression of his cowardly, guilty countenance.

"I can't consent!" he cried hoarsely.

"You have not the right to refuse!" she exclaimed. "No matter what may be her condition, you have not the right to refuse a daughter the privilege of seeing her mother's face. Oh, father, tell me that you will not!"

"I must, for your own sake."

He arose suddenly and stepped by her. Something in his tone or manner, she knew not what, startled her. She sprang up, and brushing the hair, that had become disarranged, from her brow, she faced him.

"Don't say that!" she panted, striving to look into his face. "Don't say that! Reverse your conditions, and think of her keeping me from you all your silent, deserted life. Would it not be cruel?"

"No; it would be right."

"It would not! You shall not make me the selfish thing that you are striving to do! It is my duty to see her. No matter how much I should shrink from it, there is no law of creation that does not cry out to me wherein my duty lies. I tell you, father, that in spite even of my oath of obedience, there is just one thing I will not do—I will not allow you to keep me from my mother!"

"And how will you find her?"

"How? I have not thought; but there are those who will help me. There must have been some sort of commitment papers. I will have the records examined. I know the year. The difficulty will be small. I shall find her. But I hope you will not force me to this extremity."

Paul Reade was ghastly under the hideous fear upon him. His hands and lips twitched as if he were threatened with a fit. He could have strangled the girl as she stood there before him, and yet he knew that his nerveless fingers would have dropped from her throat the same moment that they touched it. There was a wild, uncanny horror in his eyes; and then, suddenly, as if by magic, a thought came to him.

He could scarcely repress the fiendish laugh that arose to his lips. His hands dropped behind him; his eyes glittered like those of a serpent.

"So be it!" he cried hoarsely. "You shall see her. You will have but yourself to blame that the horror of it will linger with you to your dying day. Remember that I tried to save you from it."

"And you will take me?"

"I will take you."

"Thank you, father."

"Thank me when you have returned—not now. Now go to your room and rest. There will be guests for you to entertain tonight."

"You will take me tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow or the day following. It will be soon enough."

His mood was terrible to her, and she left him, satisfied with the promise. The door had scarcely closed upon her when he turned the key hurriedly in the lock.

"Gad!" he exclaimed, with a note of relief, half-falling into a chair. "I would not go through with that fright again for—— Curse it all! I should have had the nerve to put an end to it all years ago; but I was too great a coward—too great a coward! I could not do it, and I can't do it now. I am chained to that fate as the criminal is to the ball and chain that proclaim him convict. Perhaps that is my punishment, for it is hell! I thought I had got rid of that memory for a time; but it comes upon me at every turn, like a specter that will not be laid. But I will get the best of them all yet. There is a way out of this difficulty, and an easy way. I must see Ezra Morris, and at once!"

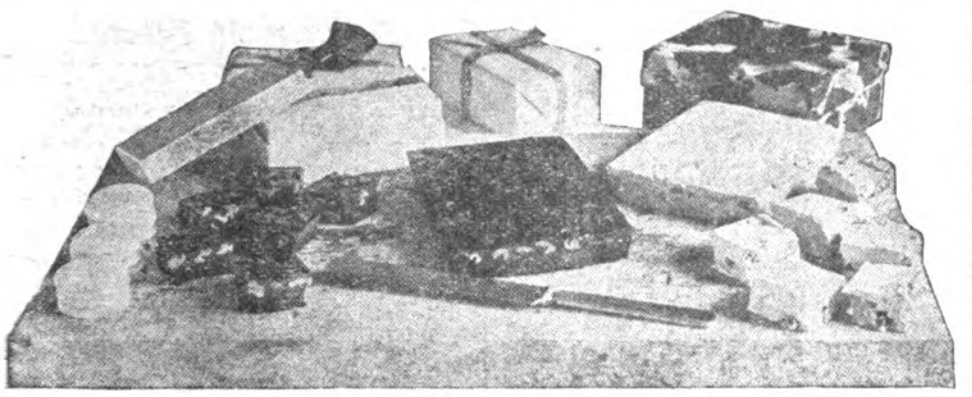
CHAPTER XV.

A STRANGE REQUEST.

Paul Reade did not wait to complete the letter that he had been writing, but taking his hat he hurried to one of the most notorious pool-rooms that the city contains.

More than one of his old friends put out a hand to welcome him, but he passed them by as quickly as possible, and knocked for admission on a private door. A husky voice bid him enter, and he let himself into a room where a man was seated near a window reading a paper. He smiled as he recognized Reade, and laid aside the paper as he pointed to a chair.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)



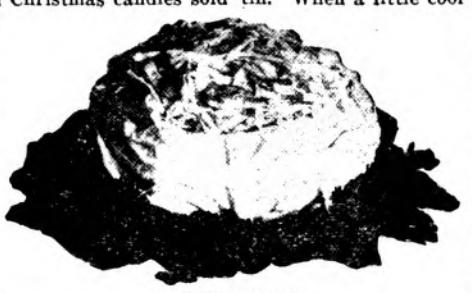
HOW TO MAKE YOUR CHRISTMAS CANDIES

By Violet Marsh

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THAT there will be candy for the holidays, and for Christmas especially, is an assured thing in most homes, yet many mothers have reason to dread this joyous indulgence because of the various phases of indigestion which follow in its wake. Sugar in itself is an important food element, and is classified as energy food, but it must not be taken in quantities in excessive proportion to other foods. Candy, even if it is of a rich variety, may safely be taken in place of a sweet dessert, or, if the meal is without meat or eggs, a somewhat larger amount of good candy is not unwholesome.

Now comes the question, what is good candy? One would hardly class as high-grade goods the highly-colored, sugar-lacking varieties so extensively sold over the counters to children. Nor are we satisfied with the hard Christmas candies sold in bulk at a comparatively low price, unless it is a case of can't afford any better.



CABBAGE SALAD.

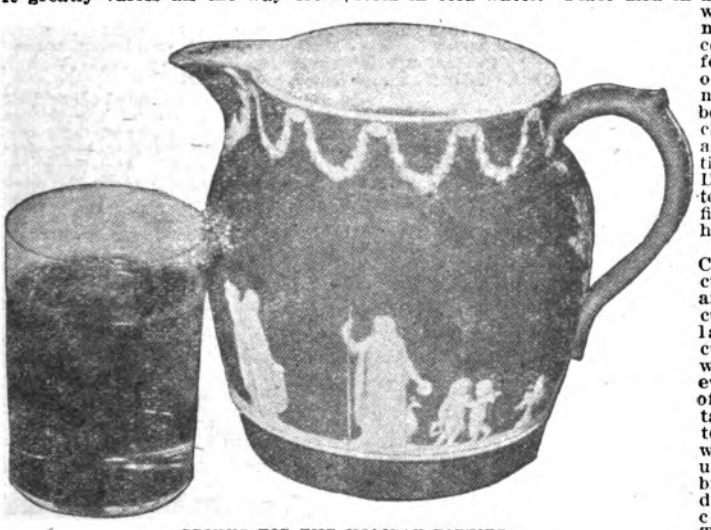
The really fine, high-grade candies are too high-priced for the ordinary purse, but fortunately delicious, wholesome candies can be made at home and with very little expense; so the most satisfactory course is to make our own candies, in our own kitchens. When once the knack of making a few simple candies is acquired, and it is not at all difficult, it will be discovered how inferior is most store candy.

Young people enjoy candy making and should be assisted to an opportunity for learning and practicing this useful branch of culinary art. When the boys and girls can make an assortment of tempting sweets, they have in a large measure solved the problem of friendship presents, for a box of home-made candy is a very acceptable gift, and particularly so at Christmas time.

In packing candy into a box, place it evenly and closely in layers, with paraffin paper between cut to exactly fit the box. If there are several kinds, have some of each in each layer, covering the top with the fitted paper. Wrap the boxes, tie with ribbon, or band with narrow strips of colored paper with ends pasted together and concealed beneath paper bows or rosettes.

Making Candy Smooth and Creamy

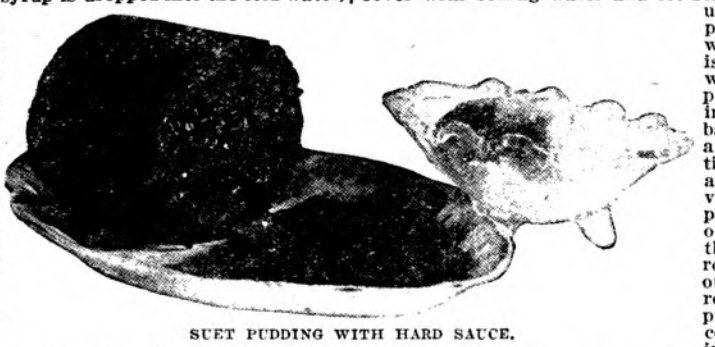
Taking fudge as an example, you have no doubt observed that it greatly varies all the way from being "sandy" to creamy in texture. In cooking cane-sugar, it changes into another sugar of much smaller crystals, a process called "inversion" by professional candymakers. However, all the cane-sugar does not change by cooking, so that, in order to make sure that the mixture contains enough inverted sugar to produce a smooth candy, pure glucose is added, or else honey or corn-syrup, both of which are largely glucose. Invert sugar is composed of glucose and fructose. Still another process by which cane-sugar is sufficiently inverted to insure smoothness, is by the addition of vinegar, lemon juice or cream of tartar. This explains why a pinch of cream of tartar is always added to the syrup of boiled frosting.



DRINKS FOR THE HOLIDAY PARTIES.

The use of corn-syrup in candies is very satisfactory. Only a small amount is necessary to produce a fine-grained candy, while a larger proportion gives a caramel consistency. The same results are obtained through the use of acids.

Another key to success in candy making lies in understanding the right length of time for cooking. Often recipes give a period of so many degrees F. for time of cooking, but unless one owns a candy thermometer, these directions cannot be exactly applied. However, we will proceed without the thermometer and use in its place an ounce of judgment and a glass of cold water. When a little of the boiling syrup is dropped into the cold water, and can quickly be shaped into a soft ball, a temperature of 240 degrees is reached; the hard-ball stage is 260 degrees, and when cooked too brittle it is 300. With a little experience, the home candy maker will find this cold water test satisfactory.



SUET PUDDING WITH HARD SAUCE.

In cooling candies to be pulled, pour into oiled tins or plates, and keep working the hardened edges into the center until cool enough to handle. Molasses contains a large amount of glucose, and when pure and free from chemicals makes a wholesome candy that children may freely eat.

Use candied fruits, nuts, dates, prunes, figs and peanut butter in making your candy, and serve it as a part or the whole of a dessert. Chocolate is a nutritious and useful material for giving flavor and richness to a great variety of candies.

Never Failing Candy Recipes

VANILLA CARAMELS.—Mix together two scant tablespoons each of sifted flour and corn-starch and work into it two slightly rounded tablespoons of butter very lightly salted, until the mixture is even and creamy. Set to one side until needed. Put one cup of light cream into a sauce-pan with one cup of granulated sugar, stir and slowly heat until the sugar is dissolved, then slowly add one-third cup of dark corn syrup, bring to a boil and cook without stirring until a little in cold water forms a soft ball. Now gradually add the butter mixture and cook again until you again have a firm soft ball in cold water. Add one teaspoon of vanilla and pour into an oiled tin. When a little cool lightly mark into squares, and cut as soon as the candy is firm. Two tablespoons of peanut butter beaten in after the caramel is removed from fire makes a pleasant variety.

DIVINITY FUDGE.—Two cups of granulated sugar, one-half cup of corn-syrup, and one-half cup of boiling water slowly heated and stirred until the sugar dissolves. Boil without stirring until a little tried in cold water becomes brittle. Add one teaspoon vanilla. Have ready the whites of two eggs beaten until stiff, and pour into them in a fine stream the boiling hot syrup, beating continuously. Add one-half cup of clean seedless raisins and beat the whole until it has considerably cooled and the raisins do not settle. Pour into oiled tin and cut into squares when cool.

CHOCOLATE FUDGE.—Two cups of granulated sugar, one cup of rich milk, one-third cup of butter, and either one-third cup of glucose, or corn syrup slowly heated until the sugar dissolves, then boil until a little tested in cold water forms into a very soft ball. Stir continuously while the candy is boiling. Add one teaspoon of vanilla and beat about three minutes, then add two squares of grated unsweetened chocolate and continue beating until creamy. Be sure not to beat it so long that it will not quickly spread in the tin. Cut into squares when nearly cold.

CREAM PEPPERMINTS.—Two cups of sugar, one-fourth cup of glucose, and one-half cup of hot water. Stir until the sugar is dissolved and then cook without stirring until a very soft ball will form in cold water. Place dish in a pan of cold water but do not stir. When cold add a few drops of oil of peppermint, checkerberry, orange, clove or lemon and beat until creamy. Drop on buttered or paraffin paper to harden.

MOLASSES CHIPS.—Two cups of sugar, one-half cup of molasses, one cup of hot water, one even teaspoon of cream of tartar, and butter size of a walnut. Boil until slightly brittle when dropped in cold water. Turn into a buttered tin to cool, working the edges into the center until you can work it with the hands. As the candy is worked, keep pouring on a few drops of vanilla until one teaspoon is used. When worked sufficiently the candy will be smooth and lighter in color. Pull into a broad thin belt, and cut into chips.

RAISIN SQUARES.—Two cups of brown sugar, one-half cup of rich milk, one-fourth cup of butter and four tablespoons of molasses cooked together until a little cooked in cold water makes a soft ball, which will require about fifteen minutes after the mixture begins to boil. Stir continually. Now add two squares of bitter chocolate and when thoroughly beaten in, add one cup of seedless raisins and beat until creamy. Care must be taken not to beat too long, as the mixture must be soft enough to pour smoothly into tins. When firm and nearly cool, cut into squares.

STUFFED PRUNES.—Wash prunes in cold water. Cover with boiling water and let stand ten minutes, then pour off the water until it is about half way over the prunes. Put into a deep baking dish and cover tightly. Bake all day at a very low temperature, without sugar. If the oven is required for other cooking, remove the prunes and continue cooking them at another time when the heat is low. The prunes will take up all the water. Stone the prunes and fill them with chopped sour pickle and chopped nuts mixed with a little mayonnaise, or with chopped citron, nuts and raisins.



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Drinks for the Holiday Parties

Jellies may be melted and made into delicious drinks. Raspberry or loganberry jelly is combined with lemon juice, and sugar to taste. Pour boiling water over the jelly and slowly melt without cooking. When cold, dilute to taste.

A can of strawberries is strained and added to pineapple juice. Cut the pineapple into shreds, add water and simmer, then strain. Dilute and sweeten to taste. A small amount of lemon juice will bring out the flavor.

Bottled lime and grape juice make a delicious combination. Dilute and sweeten.

Sweet cider is the national Christmas dinner drink.

Dishes for Christmas Week

CHICKEN PIE.—Disjoint and cut into small serving pieces a fowl weighing about four and a half pounds. Clean the liver, gizzard and heart, and put all together in a kettle that closely covers and pour over one quart of boiling water. Add one slice of onion, one heaping teaspoon of salt, one-fourth teaspoon of pepper and a small pinch or leaf of sage. When the meat commences to boil, skim carefully and thicken the water with two tablespoons of butter mixed with three tablespoons of dry flour. Cover the stew-pan and set where the contents will just bubble for two hours. Cook longer if the meat is not then tender. Invert a cup in the center of a deep baking dish that will hold about two quarts, surround with the chicken and gravy and let stand until cold. Cover with a crust made as follows: One and one-half cup of sifted flour, one-fourth teaspoon of baking powder, and one-third cup of butter and lard mixed. Work the shortening into the flour, and use just enough cold water to hold the flour together. Turn it onto a floured board, slightly shape with the hands and roll to fit the baking dish. Cover the meat with the crust, cut three small places over the cup to let the steam escape and bake one hour in a moderately hot oven. If the gravy is not thick enough when the meat is nearly done, add a little more flour before it is put into the baking dish.

ROAST DUCK WITH APPLES.—Singe, draw and wipe inside and out. Lay in a granite baking pan and surround with whole cored apples. Put into a hot oven and quickly brown, then reduce the heat and cook until done. Baste frequently. If a stuffing is desired, make as follows: Mix two cups of mashed potato with one-half cup of rich milk, add a little scraped onion, two tablespoons of butter, salt and pepper, one-fourth teaspoon of poultry dressing and the beaten yolks of two eggs.

JUGGED RABBIT.—Skin two rabbits, draw and wash carefully, cut into serving pieces and roll in flour. Put half a cup of butter into a frying pan, carefully brown the meat on both sides, and remove it to a deep stew-pan. Into the frying pan put three cups of boiling water, and unless enough butter and flour remained from frying the meat to slightly thicken the water, stir in one rounding tablespoon of flour wet with cold water and cook ten minutes. Pour the thickened water over the meat in the stew-pan, add one whole onion, one bay leaf, three whole cloves, five whole allspice, one scant tablespoon of salt, and fourth of a teaspoon of pepper. Cover closely and simmer an hour and a half. Add one tablespoon of lemon juice before serving.

CABBAGE SALAD.—Select a head of cabbage that is hard and rather flat. Trim off the outside leaves until the perfect ones are reached. Cut away the bottom of the cabbage until it will set evenly on a plate. Scoop out the inside, leaving just enough to form a wall. You now have a shell from which the salad is served. Shred the cabbage, and let it stand in cold water one hour. Drain in a colander 15 minutes, tossing frequently. Mix with the following dressing, fill the shell and serve on a bed of carrot tops or parsley: Boil one-half cup of vinegar, two teaspoons of sugar, one-half teaspoon of salt, one-half teaspoon of mustard, and one-eighth teaspoon of pepper. Rub one-fourth cup of butter to a cream with one teaspoon of flour, pour the seasoning on it, cook five minutes and pour over one well-beaten egg. Use cold.

SUET PUDDING.—One cup of molasses, one cup of sweet milk, one cup of chopped suet, one cup of raisins, one scant teaspoon of cloves, one teaspoon of cinnamon, one teaspoon of soda, one-half teaspoon of salt and two and three-fourths cups of sifted flour. Sift flour, spices, soda and salt together twice. Thoroughly beat the suet into the molasses, then the milk and flour alternately, and lastly the raisins. Steam two and one-half hours in two closely-covered pound coffee cans.

HARD SAUCE.—Thoroughly cream one-half cup of butter, then gradually cream in one and one-half cup of powdered sugar. When light and fluffy, add a little over one-fourth of a cup of orange juice, the juice of half a lemon and two-thirds teaspoon of nutmeg. Beat hard until very light.

PLAIN PLUM PUDDING.—One-half cup of molasses, one-fourth cup of sugar, one tablespoon of melted butter, one teaspoon of soda, one teaspoon of cinnamon and one-half teaspoon of salt, all beaten together. Add alternately one cup of milk with two and one-fourth cups of flour, and lastly two-thirds cup of raisins. Steam four hours. Serve with lemon sauce.

LEMON SAUCE.—Mix one and one-half cup of sugar with two tablespoons of flour, and cream it with three-fourths cup of butter. Gradually pour over it two cups of boiling water, and when stirred smoothly cook ten minutes. Add one lemon cut in very thin slices, cover and let stand ten minutes before serving.

BRAMBLES.—One cup of sugar, one beaten egg, the grated rind and pulp of one lemon, one cup of seeded raisins and a teaspoon of butter. Stir and cook in double boiler until thick. Make a rich pastry roll and cut into small rounds, cover one-half with the above mixture, wet the edges and turn over the other half. Prick several times with a fork and bake in a hot oven until the pastry is thoroughly cooked.

MOCK CHERRY PIE.—Line a medium deep plate with pastry and sprinkle it well with flour. Make a filling as follows: One heaping coffee cup of cranberries cut in halves, one-third cup of chopped raisins, one cup of water, one teaspoon of vanilla, and bits of butter. Mix thoroughly together three-fourths of a cup of sugar and one rounding tablespoon of flour and spread it over the top. One-fourth teaspoon of almond will add to the cherry flavor. Cover with pastry, and bake in a hot oven one-half hour, or longer if the crust is not done.

CARROT MARMALADE.—Fifteen small table carrots grated. Mix with an equal measure of sugar, and let stand over night. Add the juice of three lemons and the rind of one, and the juice of one orange. Slowly cook until it thickens and the carrot is tender.

MOLASSES COOKIES.—Heat one cup of molasses to the boiling point and pour into mixing bowl. Add one-half cup of chicken fat if you have it (or bacon fat and good lard combined makes an excellent molasses cookie shortening), one level teaspoon of salt, two level teaspoons of ginger, one-third teaspoon of cinnamon, and two slightly rounded teaspoons of soda stirred up with two tablespoons of water. Mix well together and beat in one and three-fourths cup of flour. Set away, chill before baking. Handle only a little of the dough at a time. Roll thin and bake in a hot oven. Keep in a tightly covered pail.

SOUR-MILK BISCUITS.—Two and one-half cups of sifted flour, sifted again with one scant teaspoon of salt, one even half teaspoon of soda, and one slightly rounding teaspoon of baking powder. Work in two tablespoons of shortening. Wet with about three-fourths cup of thick sour milk or buttermilk. Make into a ball without kneading, roll half an inch thick and cut into rounds. Bake until well done which will take about twelve minutes. The oven should be hot. If a drop biscuit is desired, use nearly a cup of milk and a pinch more of soda.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one cup of buttermilk, one-half cup of cocoa, four tablespoons melted butter, one teaspoon of soda, pinch of salt and one and one-half cups of flour. Mix well together and bake in small loaf pan.

APPLE TAPIOCA PUDDING.—One large cup of tapioca, three pints water, one cup sugar, one teaspoon salt, one teaspoon essence of lemon, three pints of pared and quartered apples. Wash the tapioca and soak over night in the water. Put the tapioca in double boiler and cook until it looks clear, it will take from twenty to thirty minutes. Put the apples, sugar, salt and lemon in a buttered dish and turn the tapioca over them and bake an hour and a quarter. Serve cold with sugar and cream or whipped cream.

BATTER PUDDING.—Four large tablespoons of flour, wet with a little of the milk till smooth, one pint of milk, two eggs beaten with the flour, salt. Stir in the milk, and bake immediately, serve warm.

SAUCE.—Piece of butter size of an egg, one tablespoon flour, cream butter and flour together, add one cup of best brown sugar and boiling water enough to make it thin, cook a few minutes, flavor with vanilla, serve hot.

COTTAGE PUDDING.—One cup sugar, one egg, one cup milk, one teaspoon soda, one-half cup butter, two teaspoons cream tartar, two cups flour. Bake and eat with sauce.

Cubby Bear as Santa Claus

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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CUBBY Bear and Squilly Porcupine were having a game of tag on a bright December morning. The air was crisp and cold, but Cubby wore his red mittens and ear-muffs, and his fur coat kept him warm. Out of breath with running, they stopped to rest a few moments, leaning against a tree.

"Hark!" said Squilly. "I hear voices—not the voices of animals, but of children, I think."

"Yes," said Cubby, "I hear them. They are coming this way; we must hide."

They pushed their way in among some bushes, and peered out.

Three children, two little girls and a boy, well wrapped up, were coming through the forest, looking this way and that, as though in search of something.

"Oh, here is the very one we want!" cried the boy, running to a little spruce tree and laying his hand on one of its branches. "It's a beauty, just right for our Christmas tree. We'll bring papa to cut it down!"

"But we must mark it some way, so we can find it again," said the girl. "I know—I'll tie my scarf on it." So saying, she took off the scarf, a pretty blue one, and fastened it on a branch of the spruce.

Then they went away, never dreaming that Cubby Bear and Squilly Porcupine had been so near them.

"Why do you suppose they left that pretty scarf here?" asked Cubby. "Was it for a present for us, do you think? You know Christmas is coming just the day after tomorrow."

"More likely they are going to cut down our little spruce tree for their Christmas tree," said Squilly, rather sulkily. "I don't see why they can't be satisfied to leave our forest to us! They have no right to come here. They wouldn't like it if we went and took their things!"

"Could you understand what they said?" asked Cubby.

"Why, n-no, not very much of it," said Squilly.

"If they want the tree for a Christmas tree, I am willing to give it to them," said Cubby, feeling very generous. "And oh, Squilly! what fun it would be to hang some presents on it for them. How surprised they would be!"

"Yes, yes!" cried a little voice from a tree near by. Cubby looked up, and there was little Chickadee Chirrupee.

"I will help," said Chickadee, "and so, I am sure, will Redtop Woodpecker and Billy Bluejay. It will be a nice way to thank the children for the birds' feeding-table they keep covered with crumbs and grain all winter!"

Chickadee flew here and there, calling the birds and animals together, and soon an eager group surrounded the spruce tree. They all examined the blue scarf with interest, and laughed at Racky Coon's antics when he tied the scarf over his head and capered around with it on.

"What can we give the children for their Christmas presents?" asked Little Chickadee.

"I have some red beads made of dried bittersweet berries," said Mollie Muskrat. "I will go home and get them."

"I have some pretty fir cones which I will hang on the tree," said Wise Owl.

Most of them had something to give, and Racky Coon and Cubby Bear made a pretty Christmas wreath of pine tassels.

"If I should sit on a branch and let them carry me home, they would think I was the prettiest present they had," said vain Billy Bluejay.

Cubby Bear ran home to see if Mamma Bruin would give something for the tree, and was hurrying back again, when he heard a sound which startled him. He did not know what it could be, and stopped to listen.

Then he met Redtop Woodpecker, who flew down on the snow in front of him.

"Oh, Cubby Bear!" cried Redtop. "Racky Coon and Squilly Porcupine and Chirpy Chipmunk and I were in the tree, hanging on the presents, when we heard a blow on the tree trunk, and the tree shook so Squilly nearly fell. Looking down through the branches, we saw that the children had come back, and a man with them. *The man was cutting down the tree*, and his axe is making the noise you hear! Chirpy Chipmunk gave a tremendous jump, and just managed to catch the branch of another tree. I flew, of course, but Racky and Squilly are in the tree, and *the man will catch them!*"

"Oh, what can we do to save them?" asked Cubby, all in a tremble at thought of his friends' danger.

"Nothing, nothing!" answered Redtop, in distress.

"I know," declared Cubby boldly.

"Oh, what?" asked Redtop.

"I will go and show myself to the man," said Cubby, "and if he chases me, then Racky and Squilly can come down from the tree, and run off where they will be safe."

"You would not dare," said Redtop. "The man would catch you!"

Cubby marched firmly along, determined to rescue his friends, though his heart beat fast with fright. Redtop flew along to see what happened.



SOON AN EAGER GROUP SURROUNDED THE SPRUCE TREE.

The little spruce tree was cut nearly half through when Cubby came within sight of it, and the sharp axe was swung high for another blow.

The children saw Cubby first, and, screaming, "Look, papa! a bear, a bear!" started to run away from Cubby.

The man turned, and flourishing the axe, came running toward him.

Cubby Bear ran, going deeper into the forest, taking care not to lead the man near the homes of any of his friends.

As he had expected, the man followed. The children, too, with their father between them and the bear, ran after.

Poor Cubby Bear! Never in all his life had he been so frightened. Fear lent wings to his paws.

On, and on, and on he went, through the snow, sometimes slipping as he turned to avoid running into a tree, dashing through thickets of snow-covered bushes, never daring to stop, never looking behind.

On, and on, and on, strengthened for his mad flight by the thought that Racky and Squilly were safe. He stepped into a little hollow and fell, but scrambled to his feet and stumbled on.

He was tired with running, his breath came in gasps, tears of weariness rolled from his eyes and dropped unheeded to the ground.

"I cannot run any more," he moaned, and sank down in a tired little heap, hiding his face in his paws. What would happen to him now?

Gaining courage after a little to look up, he found there was nobody in sight. The man and children had been left far behind.

After resting a while, he got up, and looked about him. There was nothing to be seen but trees and snow, trees and snow, look where he would. No paths, no familiar landmarks. Snow was falling, for the weather had changed, and the bright morning had turned into a cloudy afternoon. Cubby brushed the light flakes from his coat.

"They will cover my tracks," he thought, "and I shall never find my way back."

Poor Cubby! It was likely to be a lonely Christmas.

As he sat there, a forlorn little wanderer, he heard soft animal voices, and looked up, feeling more hopeful.

A beautiful head, with stately horns and soft brown eyes, came in sight.

"A deer!" thought Cubby. "Oh, will he be friendly?"

Another deer and another followed the first, and the last one bounded forward, saying:

"Why, this is Cubby Bear, the good little bear who crowned my little fawn Queen of the May last spring!"

Cubby was glad to see Mrs. Deer, and they all shook his paw in kindly fashion.

"How came you to be so far from home?" asked Mrs. Deer.

Cubby told his little story, all about the Christmas tree, and of how he had run until he could no longer stand up.

"And now I fear I am lost," he ended. "I hope you can tell me which way to go."

"It is too far to go back tonight," they told him. "Come home with us, and stay until tomorrow."

The deers' winter home was a clear space in the forest, where many hoofs had stamped the snow hard and smooth. In summer the members of the herd roamed at will, but in winter they stayed together.

Cubby was afraid at first, in such a crowd of large animals, with their horns and hoofs and long legs. He was amazed to see so many of them together. Some of them had large horns, but none of them as large as those of his friend Mr. Bighorn Moose. Mrs. Deer took Cubby to the little fawn who had worn the May Queen's crown, and then he suddenly felt less lonely.

In the morning he was given a bunch of little twigs for his breakfast. He was too polite to say so, but he did not like the deers' food, and ate little, though he was very hungry.

"Tomorrow is Christmas Day," a large deer told him, "and you have come just in time to help us play our Christmas games."

"Our cousins, the reindeer, work for Santa Claus," said Mrs. Deer, "and have taken him in his sleigh everywhere with Christmas gifts. One time when they were going through this forest, they gave us a bell from their harness. We have always treasured it carefully, and every Christmas eight of us are harnessed up together, and play that Santa Claus is driving us."

"Cubby Bear shall be Santa Claus and drive, this year," said the little fawn.

"Yes, yes! we will make a little sled for Cubby Bear to ride on, and we will carry him home!" cried several of the deer, who were listening.

They brought out a great pile of the feathery trailing evergreen, which they had gathered before snow fell. This they twisted and tied together, to make the harness, enough for eight deer.

It was a fine, bright, cold morning, and the deer yard was a lively scene. Many were busy with the harness, making a merry game of it, and others were capering and frolicking about.

When all was ready, Cubby took his place on the little sled, or drag, made by fastening little poles together, took the evergreen reins in his paws, and said good by.

"We are all going with you," they told him gaily.

Such a ride, such a ride! Cubby will never forget it, if he lives to be as old as Grandma Bear.

Away through the forest they dashed, on swift feet, making little of the distance which Cubby had so wearily traveled the day before. The snow sparkled like diamonds in the bright sunshine.

Reaching his own Pleasant Forest, Cubby's friends and playmates, drawn together by the unusual sound of the racing hoofs and the tinkling bell, stood in a wondering crowd while the gay cavalcade dashed along. Was it Santa Claus, coming with gifts?

Graceful deer bounded along, by twos and threes the advance guard of the procession, then the eight deer resplendent in their evergreen harness, proud of their tinkling bell, drawing the little sled; on the sled, Cubby Bear, balancing himself carefully, proudly holding the reins over his lively steeds, his eyes sparkling with joy; and behind the sled, a pressing crowd of deer, of all ages and sizes, swelling the number and adding life and movement to the grand cavalcade.

Up to Mamma Bruin's little house they swept, and stopped at her door.

How the little woods people cheered.

They gave three cheers for Christmas, three for the "reindeer" tea, three for the entire crowd of deer, three for the Santa Claus bell, and three times three for their hero friend, Cubby Bear, who, risking his life to save his friends, had left his home, running away in fear and trembling—brought back now in such triumphal splendor as the Pleasant Forest had never known before.

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"Cubby Bear's Birthday" Cubby Bear has a birthday party but bad Foxy Reynard nearly spoils Cubby's enjoyment of it.

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December, 1921.

Crumbs of Comfort

Truth can stand alone.

The years are preachers.

Himself a man cannot escape.

Sincerity is the child of courage.

The world is made new every morning.

Let yesterday cover yesterday's errors.

Insincerity is always a sign of weakness.

God is your partner; make your plans large.

Nourish your mind with the richest thoughts.

There are more echoes than voices in literature.

All of a man's worth or poverty is within himself.

The world's teachers must first be God's learners.

Hope builds upon nothing but can tower to the skies.

Do not seek how to spend your time, but how to use it.

The contest is often worth more to us than the victory.

What you are in yourself is what no one can give or take away.

Home is civilization's greatest gifts and is worthy of all efforts.

Time is a stream in which there is no mooring for the ship of days.

Truth is the root and human sympathy is the flower of daily living.

To know what is right and fear to do it is the greatest cowardice of life.

The man who loves truth and obeys duty is the one who prevails and whose work endures.

In the study of books we learn how things ought to be; in the study of men we learn how things are.

We look too much to systems and forms, and too little to the men who must carry out all organization.

Books minister to our knowledge, to our guidance and to our delight, according to their truth, their uprightness and their art.

A large variety of performance with the hand, a large variety of performance with the tongue—these create brains and give their possessor a mastery of the world we live in.

There are in the world three kinds of things: those worth having, those not worth having, and those most worth having. We should stop and think which of the three we are striving to attain.



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE LISHA

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 55 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.
ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

AS you sit up here on my lap to listen a while, the year is drawing to a close—the first happy year of my new Uncleship, during which I have had a chance to learn to know so many of the biggest and happiest Family, and gain the fine acquaintanceship with heads and hearts which your letters have brought to me. Much as I used to see and hear of Uncle Charlie's work during my visits to his household, the true vastness of his accomplishment I could never have realized until it came as a trust to me from his folded hands. As I sit here for hours at a time, reading your letters—merry ones, sad ones, letters of news, letters of questions—I grow to feel myself a center of just such a great circle of cousins and comrades as many of you like to imagine you enter each time that you write. And what a circle it is: I marvel as I think of it stretching thousands of miles, north and south, east and west, actually crossing seas and spanning continents. I read the letters feeling I am in touch with just so many loving hands held out from all directions. How many letters there are that I wish I might print which must, in the end, fail to find place in our League's space in COMFORT each month! There are so many I always want to share with you and not keep just for myself. Even Billy grunts many a grudging word of praise and a choking, whisker-hidden chuckle as he scans the letters with a tentative sniff and a nibble here and there.

"Gosh, Uncle Lisha," he said to me yesterday afternoon. "These kids do write great letters, some of 'em! And they're such newsy ones, too. I begin to feel as if I were a sort of walking atlas of every state in the Union. There is certainly a lot of facts to digest in these letters, Uncle."

"Don't worry, Bill," I replied. "You never seem to have much difficulty in matters of digestion. Facts and tacks are about the same thing to your able stomach. But you're right, Billy, old boy, about the information and inspiration to be gained from these letters we receive each month. They reflect the spirit of youth throughout our country as nothing else can. It's a privilege, Bill, to be able to listen to these voices and to make our words heard in reply to some of the best of the grave and gay messages we have sent us. Of course, many of the cousins don't really love you as much as they might, Billy; and so it's all the nicer of you to praise them. Some of the Family, I fear, do not appreciate your ability as an intelligent—and tasteful—critic."

"Uncle Lisha," said Billy, with one of his widest grins—which remind me often of the famous smile of the Cheshire Cat in Alice in Wonderland—"you and all the cousins will have to admit that whatever my faults as a critic, no one could have a more consuming interest in the League than myself."

"Well, no one is going to doubt your ability as a consumer, Bill," I said. "That's one thing sure; although I believe most of the cousins would be just as well pleased if the affection you talk about was not quite so devouring. But to speak seriously, Billy; I have been thinking today of how much happier the coming Christmas is going to be to you and me than the one we celebrated so quietly a year ago. Then we were saddened by having parted with Uncle Charlie for the last time. Then I felt a little frightened and burdened by the responsibility he gave to me of carrying on his work. But now, during the past twelve months, the League has been the best answer to our sorrow and doubt. For I have found out, Billy, that when my friend passed on to me the trust that I received so doubtingly, he was in reality giving me what was the greatest Christmas gift in the world. And so, at the end of a year, in seeing the work go on and the big Family held tightly together and growing, I know that my sadness of last season at Uncle Charlie's passing will be swallowed up this Christmas in the joy of a truer appreciation of what Uncle Charlie really gave me when he pressed upon me this heritage of love. I have the joy, also of feeling what his happiness must be in seeing, as he hoped, his cherished League still welded together strong and true in a spirit that speaks to me every month in all the letters I read.

"Billy, no one could fail to be proud, and at the same time humble, in reading the letters of love and support that have come to me as Uncle Charlie's successor. They are all a part of the gift he gave us last year, Bill, and it's all going to make this Christmas a happy one for us—happy to know that we have in our hands such a gift of love and loyalty which we must work hard to return as best we may."

"Uncle Lisha," said Billy soberly and a little pompously, raising one foreleg in an earnest gesture, "you can count upon me to stand by you in the future just as I have since last December. Uncle Charlie did give us a big and happy task, but I do not think—speaking for myself, at least—that I have bitten off more than I can chew, particularly now when my new pivot teeth are working so nicely. As to what you say about the cousins not liking me, Uncle; I believe the fairest-minded of 'em realize the necessary part I play in helping you with what I might call my good taste. However, Uncle, I do not complain; I am used to being misunderstood,"—here Bill drooped his left ear mournfully—"but I hope that I may not go down in history as a Goat entirely different in heart and character from what you and my best friends know me to be—for your remarks often strangely interpret me to the cousins. I wish you would strive to be more serious, Uncle Lisha. You should read that great man, Macaulay, and model yourself, as I have done, upon his strong and mannered style. I am never flippant, Uncle Lisha, and for that reason you and the cousins can all the more depend upon and enjoy everything I say and write." After which rather astoundingly self-satisfied speech, Billy trotted off downtown to buy a present he has been planning to drop in the stocking of Mrs. Webster's sick youngster on Christmas Eve. He is a good-hearted Bill, but does insist upon taking himself seriously when he is the least encouraged.

And so I shall be happy indeed this holiday season. I send every wish of love and joy to every one of you—in all of which I know Billy joins me. Be happy on the 25th of December and make others so in all ways you may. It is fit that Christmas should mean much to our League—we who are a society of young people, for the day celebrates the birth of a Child; we whose League's spirit of joy and love is but the same that came to earth when unto it a Son was born whose love conquered all barriers and burst all tombs. To our own unrestful country, and in bickering and suffering Europe, any message of "peace on earth, good will to men" comes but faintly and brokenly today, perhaps. Yet the much-needed words are both message and miracle. They are release and remedy. They are more fundamental than any political policy; greater than any greed of government; surer than any conference toward disarmament. Christ who was born in Bethlehem said: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." Let us, whose League is the embodiment of this command, pray on Christmas Day that the whole earth may yet become obedient followers of a Child; that this divine law may be fulfilled, and that at some not far-off season the Kingdom of Heaven may come to reign in peace and goodwill above all schemes of men and kingdoms of our war-wasted, stumbling world.

May God love and bless and keep you all at this Christmas season.

And now for the letters:

CAROLSIDE, ALTA, CANADA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

I never had the slightest idea of writing to you until tonight, but I feel sure that you don't mind hearing from an Old Scissorbill from the North Pole. You will be surprised when you hear the balling out you are going to get. I have been after my wife to ball you out, but you see she hasn't any education. However, she's been taking the COMFORT for many years. Well, it is up to me to do the balling out as I got my education in Minnesota before there were any schools there; before teachers were ever heard of; before Mrs. Bolton, the lady that told of her northland home and the Lake of the Woods, ever came to Roosevelt, Minnesota. Oh, yes, I forgot myself, about balling you out: Well, after living ten years out here in the high winds on the ridge where the buffalo hair blows in your eyes and you never see a cubby bear, you'd forget you were living. But, anyway, say, Uncle Lisha, if you're the man that works at the pump handle, if you will look up the list of names of your subscribers, you will find where you are sending *two* COMFORTS to my loving wife; one comes to McNally, Alta, Canada, and the other to Carolside, Alta. Now McNally post office is no more on the map, so please don't send the COMFORT to my wife at McNally. Carolside will do. Now I will give you a description of myself, for of course all old Scissorbills are not like me. I am rather long, with a bulge in the middle like a lamp globe. My neck is long and crooked, with a swelling in the front that looks like a snake swallowing a frog. My head is turned sideways, like a hen trying to look in a jug. My legs are long, with knots on them like a scrub oak tree. The reason I am like this is because I have lived in Canada so long that the sun and hot winds have warped me a bit. If there is anything about this part of the world you or any of the cousins want to know, let me hear from you, for I can tell all there is. Well, dear Uncle Lisha, do excuse me, and don't send any more COMFORTS to McNally, Alta, Canada, as that office has dried up and blown away. Shall I come again? No.

God bless you all. I remain as ever,
Yours truly,
MRS. A. R. WALKER'S HUSBAND,
THE OLD SCISSORBILL.

Just as soon as I got your letter and your balling out, Old Scissorbill, I sent Billy to the telegraph office hippety-hop, so that no more copies of COMFORT would be wasted on the desert air of poor dried-up McNally. Bill was glad to go, because he was much concerned by your letter and wanted me to tell him how many COMFORTS I thought might have piled up unused at McNally, being blown about the fence corners and the wide prairie. But I reassured Billy, and told him I felt sure you had gathered all the extra copies in and had them safely stacked on the shelf back of the kitchen stove. I told him I thought the reason you really wanted the extra copy stopped, was to have but one COMFORT in the house each month, so that you and Mrs. Walker could have a little excitement seeing who would read it first.

Well, Old Scissorbill, you seem to have made a good job of securing an education in the early days of Minnesota, even without any teachers or schools. You don't say how you did the trick, but I have a notion that life in those pioneer times was rather a hard school in itself and gave a pretty good sort of education to any man able to stand the lessons of hard knocks. It's because of the oldtimers in Minnesota that there are schools and teachers there today, and perhaps many a young cousin owes you a debt of gratitude unrealized by either of you.

After reading your description, Scissorbill, Sr., I tried to imagine what you really looked like, but I had to give up. I got stuck trying to figure out just how a hen holds her head when she looks in a jug, and thinking what she could see, anyhow, if she did look in. But I'm sure of one thing: No matter if the Canada winds have done their warpingest, they have failed to warp your sense of humor, nor has the hot sun succeeded in drying up your flow of fun. And that's description enough for the cousins and me. Alta is a big piece of Canada and there's lots we would all like to know about what is left that hasn't blown away—nor dried up. Now that you will have only one copy of COMFORT to read, you will have time to tell us about the joys of life at Carolside, or of school days in oldtime schoolless Minnesota. I'll do my best to see that Billy does not warp himself on your letter.

ETHER, NORTH CAROLINA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

Now please don't call Billy, because if you do, and he eats this letter, he will contract a serious case of "brain lesion" and COMFORT will miss a great "literary" contribution.

I am enclosing with this letter the yearly subscription price of COMFORT and the additional amount for admittance in the League of Cousins, and I want to tell you, Uncle Lisha, that I had a hard time raising that amount. I don't know how it is up there, but money has become so scarce down here in North Carolina that a man who can show a five-spot is looked upon as one of great wealth. North Carolina is famed for its moonshiners and just at present its whiskey is about the only thing there is any sale for; however, I always try to stay optimistic and not kick about hard times—so I will abruptly change the subject.

As great a literary genius as myself should be lazily basking in the sun of fame, along with Kipling, Harold Bell Wright and H. G. Wells, and I expect that after this letter is published I will receive offers of positions on the editorial staffs of several of the greatest magazines in America. Eh, Uncle Lisha? Before I proceed further I guess I had better enlighten you all as to who I am and what I look like. Well, I look like an ancient patriarch, but just the same I am far from being one. I have dark brown hair which hangs around my shoulders in lovely curls and makes a beautiful background for my extremely fair complexion. My eyes are dark blue and have wonderful penetrating powers. I am five feet, four inches tall, weigh 127 pounds, and my age is somewhere between twenty and thirty. I live in a cave on the side of a most beautiful mountain, and Nature and famous books are my only teachers. Now don't any of you city girls get the idea into your heads that I have hayseed in my hair, because I have existed in some of our country's greatest cities as well as in the backwoods of the great state of North Carolina. The wild animals of the woods are my friends, and every morning I feed the frisky squirrels, the sly fox, the raging wildcat and the frisky raccoon from my hand. My motto is: "Dum vivimus, vivamus," also, "Nemo me impune lacessit," and I am always the friend of the underdog and all those who have lost their grip on the things that make life worth living. I have never been able to find a girl who would consent to become the wife of a "cave man," so quite naturally I am a lonely bachelor, and any good cheer you girls can send me will be highly appreciated. No doubt this letter will sound like Sir Oracle to some, but I want you all to please understand that I am far from being an egotist. You know variety is the spice of life, and I always try to be original, sometimes even at the expense of modesty.

Now I suppose I have worried you all about long enough, so I will say "au revoir" for the present. If any of the girl cousins care to write, the missives will be welcomed by

Right sincerely yours,
CARL A. MANESS, Hermit of the Hills.

You and your typewriter, Carl, must find it rather damp living in a cave, but anyway you have no landlady but old Mother Nature, and the only bill she'll ever present will be one for rheumatism, perhaps. And as she's a good-natured soul, she may let you have this free. If living in a cave and letting your hair grow are what make a hermit, Carl, why there's a lot of amateur hermiting being done right here in Brooklyn. They call the caves "apartments," but most of 'em are as dark as your mountain den among the wildcats, and the rent is so high that the unfortunate caveholders have to cheat the barber the last of every week in order to save enough to pay the landlord on the first of the month.

I'm right sorry to hear that times are so hard in North Carolina, Carl, and the only marketable product is hard liquor. Up North we always think of "moonshining" as a profitable business, but if your commercial report is accurate, a man with a still might as well sell the whole whiskey works and get a job with the Internal Revenue department. I've always thought a reformed moonshiner would make the best sort of "revennoer," and I'm surprised Uncle Sam doesn't put some of these chaps on a "still hunt" for white liquor. But probably a moonshiner never reforms with his boots on.

Carl, authorities differ as to just how ready a girl is to fall for the sort of genus homo known as a "cave man." Perhaps you'll have a chance to find out by the number of letters you get and what these say. Most girls I know would insist that you get your hair cut at once, install a hot-air heater in the cave, and buy a few things like a kitchen cabinet, a vacuum cleaner and an electric washing machine. If you are not prepared to make these improvements to your mountain home and yourself, Carl, you had better not answer any letters or talk about being a "lonely bachelor."

Meat may be high in price, Carl, but it seems to me it would be cheaper and less painful to buy a few pounds of neck, shank and liver, rather than to keep on feeding all the playful animals you mention from your hand. Hands won't last forever, you know, and by and by you will only have a few fingers left. Unless you are very plump, I can't for the life of me see how you have enough meat on one of your fins to nourish those raging wildcats you have taken to board.

Carl, the next letter I get from you I expect to hear that you have been lured from your cave and found yourself a married man, with a close haircut, when you came out of the Ether. And I rather think you'd enjoy being a reformed hermit.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)



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Again we offer, and urge you to accept, this new teeth-cleaning method.

Millions now employ it. Leading dentists, nearly all the world over, are urging its adoption. The results are visible in whiter teeth wherever you look today.

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Now two combatants have been found. Many careful tests have proved their efficiency.

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The scientific film combatant, which brings five desired effects. Approved by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

Now every time you brush your teeth you can fight those film-coats in these effective ways.

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They must be done

These things must be done. Teeth with film or starch or acids are not white or clean or safe. You know yourself, no doubt, that old tooth-brushing methods are inadequate.

See what the new way does.

Make this pleasant ten-day test and watch your teeth improve.

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753

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The Lady of the Rainbow House

By Augustin W. Breeden

See front cover illustration.

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"YES, Bobby, that is rainbow house yonder that I told you about. Isn't it pretty? Look at the flag on the little steeple at the corner. Sometimes that flag is fluttering there for two whole weeks, and then sometimes it is gone from there maybe two hours, maybe three days. I wonder why. Bobby, when there is a rainbow, that pretty house is nearly always right under the middle of it. Then one end of it is yonder in the laurels on the other side of Dead Man's Gulch, and the other end of it up in the cedars by Seven Falls. And Bobby, there is a pot of gold at each end of the rainbow, and the lady of Rainbow House goes out with a little basket and gathers up the gold just like Daddy goes around with his basket and gets the eggs of an evening." The speaker was a little cripple girl with eager blue eyes and hair like ashes of gold. Her right leg was drawn and twisted with bone tuberculosis, and her whole body was frail as a piece of rare china. She might be nine or ten, but she was not much taller than her seven-year-old brother Bobby, and didn't begin to weigh as much.

"Bobby," she continued, "that house yonder is half made of gold. Inside the picter frames are all made out of gold, and the curtains have got gold made into the cloth, and late in the afternoons sometimes the sinders shine like solid gold; and the lady has got gold and gold and gold. Daddy, show Bobby some of the gold pieces the lady gives you when you take her wild strawberries, her garden sass or honey from your bee-trees."

Rob Ray got slowly up from the splint-bottomed chair where he was seated shaving an axe handle into shape with a draw-knife, went into the little "one-pen" log hut, and came out a moment later with three shining gold pieces in his hand and dropped them one by one into Bobby's chubby palm.

The little cripple girl swung agilely around on her crutches and began to teach Bobby how to count the gold.

"Them's what she finds in the pots of gold at the ends of the rainbows, Bobby," she enthused. "Bobby, don't you wish you and I could maybe cross the old deep gulch the next time there is a rainbow and get a whole heap o' them?"

"You mustn't ever try it, Dorothy," said the father. "Dead Man's Gulch is deep and the sides are slippery. You mustn't ever go no furder than the spring. But ef Bobby is good like you've always been and won't go near the old bad gulch, some day I'll take 'im on my back like I tuck you and carry him to the purty house yonder, and he kin see the purty lady and all her dolls and things like you did."

"But, Daddy," said the sturdy youngster in a slow childish drawl, "why don't you go over across the gulch sometime and pick up a whole heap o' gold?"

"Because, Baby—because hit's on her land and not on ourn." Bob Ray laid down the axe handle he was working on and took up his basket and started down the steep mountainside toward his little garden patches, which with his chickens and his handle making were his sole sources of income since he had taken lung trouble and had to give up his work as carpenter down in the "low" country."

He had kept his little girl with him in the mountains for the past two years, because the doctor had said it would be good for her, and just the day before he and she had made a trip to the low country on a borrowed horse and brought up Bobby, who had till then been living with his aunty, the wife of the circuit rider.

"Bobby, you jest ought to see the inside of the Rainbow Lady's House," continued Dorothy. "Hit's full o' dolls, Bobby, jest chuck full o' dolls. She makes 'em—makes 'em out o' clay and then paints 'em and then bakes 'em in a oven so's they won't crumble; and she makes the purtiest picters you ever saw. Wait, Bobby, and I'll show you a doll she give me and a picter she made of me." Dorothy hobbled into the cabin and presently came forth with the drollest little boy doll one ever saw, a sort of Kewpie it was, but more comical than any Kewpie. He had on a striped bathing suit and was eying with a comical fright a red ladybug that was crawling upon his foot.

"He looks like you, Bobby," laughed the girl gleefully.

"No, he don't, Dodo," said the boy solemnly. "He looks like Fatty Armstrong down to Gentryville."

The girl unrolled the picture very tenderly. It was a beautiful likeness of her done in water-colors. There was her soft golden hair, her blue eyes full of childish wonder, her blue gingham slip-over, and her poor, twisted, useless foot. She was leaning forward on her crutches and looking eagerly at something very wonderful.

"Hit's jest like you," pronounced the boy solemnly.

"And in her house," continued the girl, "there is picters of jest ever'thing. One picter is as big as the side o' this cabin. Hit's a picter o' little girls my size and bigger dancin' round and round under the shade of some willer trees. Ef I could only dance like them little girls, Bobby, I'd dance and dance all the rest o' my life I'd be so happy."

"Is she a fairy lady?" asked Bobby in awe-struck tones. "Maybe ef she is, she kin make your laig well, Dodo. I wish she could."

"I wish she could, too," said Dorothy. She sat for a long moment looking longingly toward the charming grounds and the big rustic bungalow on the opposite mountainside.

That house of the "city woman" was the wonder of all the mountaineers thereabout. It stood on a little grassy plot of tableland, and below it there was a flashing waterfall, that looked to crippled Dorothy like molten gold in the evening sunset; and the grounds were a parkplace of cliffs and boulders and winding footpaths and charming grottoes and artificial lakes and arbors embowered in crimson ramblers and all the hundred and one wonders that wealth may evolve from a romantic natural spot when man sets his hands to it. It was indeed a fairylike place, that mountain retreat of the artist and doll designer, Mary Macpherson; and it was a fact that every rainbow visible from the side of the mountain where the Ray cabin stood arched itself above that house. No wonder then that the two children imagined that the mistress of Rainbow House might be a fairy.

Meanwhile the Rainbow Lady was by no means as happy as her small admirers fancied. It had been her lot, some six years before, to have married and lived a year with a man whose every instinct was bad and who had made her ashamed of the human race. It was little to her that she had at length secured a divorce and the right to resume her maiden name. Since that event she had lived here in her mountain retreat with her father in the house for protection. The experience had not left her the enthusiastic and carefree girl that she had always been before her marriage. She had longed for a happy home with a loving husband and with children of her own; and now all the babies she possessed were the ones her clever hands designed.

Then after three years of this sort of life, varied only with flying business trips to New York and one winter sojourn in Paris with her father, Dr. George Lingard had come into her life. There was something about Dr. Lingard that at once repelled and attracted her. He always spoke of himself as if he were the worst of men. He never by any chance admitted that he possessed a single good quality nor permitted her to meet any friend of his who would volunteer to speak well of him. He represented to her that he was a cold-blooded surgeon who had no interest in any member of the human race unless he could cut on them or administer a curative to them. Furthermore, he was an ardent vivisectionist and had once been written up in the New York dailies as a man who delighted to cut live lap-dogs to pieces. No one who knew the facts came forward with the information that vivisection of animals is the only possible means of acquiring the scientific knowledge requisite for the successful treatment of certain dread diseases, injuries and malformations that afflict humanity, nor with the explanation that the doctor's experiments were conducted so humanely that they were practically devoid of suffering to his animal subjects.

Dr. Lingard maintained a sanitarium, for consumptives up in Lost Cove, and it was stated that there was not a patient up there, from the young millionaire who paid very exorbitantly for his treatment to the little dying stenographer who had become the doctor's amanuensis while he was working on a book he was getting out, but what was very interesting as a human specimen. There were painters, inventors and musicians in his colony, and one rather famous young poet. Dr. Lingard divided his time between this mountain resort and his clinical practice in the city, and it was claimed by his detractors that he was piling up tens of thousands of dollars from his practice, and that the Bohemian crowd of New York knew him for one of the "sportiest" of its members.

Dr. Lingard on his days off, when he did not say ugly things about himself or equally ugly things about society in general, seemed to Mary Macpherson like a big, overgrown, enthusiastic boy; and for that reason the doll designer welcomed him to her bungalow whenever she was not too busy making dolls or drawing humorous pictures for magazine covers. At such times she flew a flag from the cupola of her studio to let him know that she was busy and that he could not come; and you may guess, since Mary was prettier and more charming than the best picture she had ever drawn, that the doctor watched from the sanitarium in Lost Cove for the disappearance of that flag and made haste to Rainbow House whenever it was not flying. He usually brought the poet with him to talk to her father while he took her for long walks or longer horseback rides through the passes of the mountains.

This poet was a curious fellow, a study in human ingratitude. Dr. Lingard had pulled him out of a gutter in New York and made the reviewers see the beauty of his style, and then he had adopted him and installed him in his sanitarium and kept him alive; and for this reason, and because the poet in his way was wildly in love with Mary Macpherson, he never by any chance lost an opportunity to speak darkly of the doctor and hint that his life would not bear examination.

So Mary Macpherson, while drawn toward Dr. Lingard with all her nature, still refused repeatedly his offers of marriage, because "a burnt child dreads the fire" and because, as she told her father, he was hard, cold, cynical, and a vivisectionist. The father knew better, but he also knew that as time went by his daughter would learn better and be all the happier for her long wait; and so he refrained from arguing the point with her.

And time went by rapidly, as it will when people are busy. The glory of summer turned to the glory of autumn, and the Great Smokies lost their colorful mantle of foliage and took on their winter robes of ice and snow. Mary Macpherson did not leave her mountain retreat that winter because she was busy designing dolls for a big New Jersey firm, and giving all the royalties in dolls and doll layettes to all the "kiddies" in all the hospitals of two continents. An inspired doll designer makes half as much money as Charlie Chaplin makes, and Mary Macpherson was busy making happy the inmates of many a hospital.

But she knew that life up at the sanitarium in Lost Cove would be dull indeed for those imprisoned up there, and so she and the doctor planned a Christmas jollification for them. There was to be a grand masquerade ball for Christmas Eve and a big turkey dinner on Christmas.

The week before the ball Mary was a very busy woman indeed. She was furnishing the costumes for a number of the inmates of the sanitarium whose names had been furnished her by Dr. Lingard; and she sent down to Morristown for a corps of dressmakers to help her. At least half the costumes were supplied from her house.

Needless to say the masquerade was a grand success. The doctor's little amanuensis was tricked out as Queen Louise of France. The poet was Don Cæsar de Bazan. Dr. Lingard was made up with a great blond wig and beard as a Norse Viking, a part to which he was well suited by his superior height and weight and kingly bearing, and Mary had a remarkable get-up as Queen Isabella of Spain.

Mary turned down the young millionaire, who was made up as an Arab shiek with crescent-shaped sword and all, and gave the fourth dance to the Norse Viking; also she whispered to him that she wanted to sit it out.

"Mary," he pleaded as soon as they had found a spot where they would not be overheard, "you are too beautiful tonight for anything. For the sixteenth time, Mary, will you be my wife?"

"Be your wife for the sixteenth time?" she smiled beneath her domino. "Oh, Son of Thor, how can I be your wife for the sixteenth time when I have not yet consented to be so for the first time?"

"You know what I mean, Mary. With that darned poet making sonnets about you and that young millionaire losing his head over you, I am afraid."

"Can a Viking be afraid?"

"No, perhaps not," replied George Lingard with a laugh, "but a Viking the size I am can easily pick up a daughter of royalty the size of you and carry her off bodily to his castle keep, and that is just what I shall do one of these days if you do not consent to become my wife."

"I would scratch like a cat," said the girl, laughing.

"But seriously, Mary," insisted the doctor, "either consent to become my wife or tell me honestly why you will not do so. If it is anything wrong I have done I will right it; if I am not what I ought to be I will reform. Mary, I love you with all my heart. Tell me what I must do or be to deserve you and I will do it and be it."

"No," said the girl with a slow shake of her head, "that kind of goodness is not worth anything. The man I love must be good and big and generous of his own free will."

The girl had a sudden inspiration; she would test this man's impulses, his generosity. "Let's change the subject, Dr. Lingard," she said. "I want to tell you about my friend, Bob Ray, the axe-handle maker. Bob had to give up his trade as a carpenter and come and live here in the mountains on account of his health. He lives across the gulch from my house in that little log shanty. He has two children, a perfect little cherub of a boy and a girl of ten with eyes like bluets and hair the color of newly-hackled flax and, oh, such a perfect little angel face. And they are very poor. I doubt if Santa will come to visit them at all this Christmas. Now isn't that sad?"

"It certainly is," said the doctor. "But let's don't change the subject, Mary. Let's talk about *us*. Mary, I see in you the making of a truly great artist. I want to take you to Paris—to Florence and Venice. I want to see you paint the greatest picture of any living woman painter."

"And the man coughs terribly," continued the girl.

"I will go and see him tomorrow and give him medicine and advice," said the doctor absently. "Meanwhile can you not bring yourself to say the word that will make me the happiest man alive?"

"The test is ended," said the girl sadly. "I gave you your chance to show yourself a human being, and not a knife-wielding automatum. I gave you your chance to suggest that we go and carry those children some beautiful presents; but it never occurred to you to do so. I believe you are just what my sonnet writer says about you, cold, harsh, indifferent to all but the most acute human suffering. But you shall go with me, anyway. I have with me some presents and goodies for the children and a cap and a pair of warm mittens for Rob."

"By all means," said the doctor; "and here is a twenty. Stuff this into one of the mittens. My sleigh is waiting to take you down."

The girl took the money doubtfully, almost gingerly, as if she thought it tainted. But after refreshments had been served and when everyone was hilariously happy, the two slipped out and got into the doctor's sleigh and started down the difficult mountain road.

The snow was still falling heavily as they left Lost Cove, but it had ceased and the moon broke forth just as the two got out of the sleigh and stepped across the little dooryard to the steps of Bob Ray's little cabin. Dr. Lingard still had on his Viking hair and beard and a great bear-skin overcoat; and the girl still wore a tiara of brilliants and her glittering court dress shown in peeps from beneath her furs. As she approached the cabin in her dainty slippers and with her arms full of toys the furs slipped from her shoulders for a moment. Then the big doctor came up and wrapped her more securely, and they put the presents on the doorstep and got into the sleigh and hurried away.

Mary Macpherson slept late next morning and dreamed that George Lingard had sailed for Europe without her and left her on the pier in New York feeling very lonely and disconsolate. But in the afternoon the sun came out warm and bright and the bitter north wind left off blowing, and for an hour she walked with Dr. Lingard through the newly-fallen snow. And then in the road high up the gulch where the trail from Bob Ray's cabin crosses toward Rainbow House they met a curious little party, Bob Ray carrying his little crippled girl upon his back and the sturdy seven-year-old trudging at his side.

"Miss Macpherson," he began awkwardly, "I want to thank you for——" but at a quick warning look from the girl and a shake of her head he cut his speech short.

"What did old Santa Claus bring you, my little man?" asked Mary, looking fondly at Bobby and then taking him up in her arms.

"'E bwought lots and lots of purties," said the child. "'E bwought me a soldier doll and a rocky-horse and a story book and lots and lots of candy and nuts and apples, and——"

The big doctor was looking intently at the twisted foot of the thin little girl.

"And oh, Miss Macpherson," she broke in eagerly, "I seed Santa Claus and the Christmas fairy with my own eyes. They—they comed in a big sleigh and I seed her plain in the moonlight. She had a crown of diamants on 'er head, and had on the purtiest spangly dress I ever seed; and ef I could 'a' got outside and ast her I know she would 'a' cured my foot and made me strong and soople like Bobby here and like the little dancin' children in the big picter at your house. But when I felt for my crutches so's I could go outside and ast 'er I couldn't find 'em; and then in jest a minute they was back in the sleigh and gone. And so"—with a sigh—"I reckon I'll jest have to hobble around the rest o' my life." The child's eyes suddenly overflowed with tears.

The big doctor took the little girl in his arms as if she were a baby.

"Child," he asked in a husky voice, "do you want the Christmas Fairy to send you to a place where they can make you strong and well like your little brother?"

"Is they a place where they kin do that?"

"Yes," said the doctor, "I know where the place is, and I know the Christmas Fairy. She is the prettiest and the sweetest and the hard—— the soft-heartedest fairy in all the world. And if you and your papa say the word I will take you to her house and I will bring a man there who can make you as strong and happy as any child in all these mountains."

"Oh, George," cried Mary with a little catch in her voice, "can the thing really be done?"

"It has been done a score of times. My san is full to overflowing, but if you can give me the room for her and for a certain nurse I know——"

"By all means, Dr. Lingard," cried the girl. Then she blushed furiously and went on, floundering like a man in a deep snowdrift: "and—and—oh, George, I am ready now to answer your question of last night—if—if you will ask it over again."

And that is how the lady of the House of the Rainbow proved a good fairy to little crippled Dorothy Ray and at the same time proved the good fairy to be one big, soft-hearted doctor who had always refrained from saying good things about himself or even permitting them to be said.

Brainograms.

How Many Birds Do You Know?

1. The talkative bird.
2. The wise bird.
3. Which a Catholic dignitary?
4. A feline.
5. A regal fellow.
6. An imitator.
7. Which grabs insects out of the air?
8. To burn fitfully.
9. A ten-dollar gold piece.
10. An advocate of corporal punishment.
11. To lose heart, cower or shrink.
12. A frolic, or adventure.
13. To deceive, or cheat.
14. To slay, and a doe.
15. A kind of a clock.
16. The color of the sky.
17. A common milk-giving animal.
18. Which bird connotes purity?
19. Which reminds one of a stove?
20. The cry of the cock when day dawns.

ANSWERS.

1.	Chat.	11.	Quail.
2.	Owl.	12.	Lark.
3.	Cardinal.	13.	Gull.
4.	Catbird.	14.	Killdeer
5.	Kingbird.	15.	Cuckoo.
6.	Mockingbird.	16.	Bluebird.
7.	Flycatcher.	17.	Cowbird.
8.	Flicker.	18.	Dove.
9.	Eagle.	19.	Ovenbird.
10.	Whip-poor-will.	20.	Crow.

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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Mistletoe Mirrors

THE time of the holly and the mistletoe is upon us, and with that in mind, girls, suppose we begin to cultivate our mistletoe mirrors!

Don't know what they are? Why, the sort of a mirror which will tell us how we will look under the mistletoe. In other words, a perfectly truthful mirror!

Is yours that kind, or does it hang in a corner of the room where the light is not so very good and where your skin appears at its very best and no lines show in your forehead, and there isn't the least suspicion of a double chin? If you have this kind of a mirror, the kind that makes you feel perfectly comfortable over your toilet, move it right into the very brightest light you can find and see if you can still feel as comfortable. If you can, my blessing upon you, child, for it is rare indeed that we can find content when looking in our mirrors in a strong light. And if you can't, then heed some of my admonitions, and get ready for mistletoe time.

The first thing a bright light shows up is blackheads, and enlarged pores. Most of us treat our skins so cavalierly that imperfections of this kind are universal. Too much hot water and soap will both enlarge the pores and fill them. As I have told you many times, use your hot water only at night, shaking a little soap in the bowl but not rubbing it on the face. And in the daytime use tepid water, rinsing in cool, then cold. Heat expands—which means enlarges your pores; cold contracts—and that is what makes a firm, smooth skin.

However, assuming that you, like the rest of the world, have maltreated your delicate facial skin, let us see what we can do about it. First, of course, we must get rid of the blackheads, for certainly we can never hope to look beautiful under the mistletoe with our faces dotted with lump little black spots. It is necessary, first of all, to open up the pores so that we may remove their contents. Steaming is not a good habit for the skin, as a regular thing, as it removes the oil and dries it, but when it is essential to open the pores a good steaming is the method to take.

Pick out a nice easy chair, one which permits you to lean your head back, then on a table at your side place a pitcher of boiling water and a bowl. Have ready four small Turkish towels or four large Turkish wash-cloths. Wash the face in warm water with a little soap added. Rinse in clear water as hot as you can bear it, and do not add the cold rinse usually recommended.

Now soak two cloths in a bowl of the hot water, folding them bandage fashion; if they are wash-cloths, fold them twice, lengthwise; if towels, use your judgment, remembering that one cloth is used to cover the upper part of the face from the hair to the end of the nose, and that the other is used for the lower part of the face, from below the nose over the chin. Squeeze the moisture out of them, and place them gently on the face, letting them down slowly so that the steam will not burn, but applying them to the skin as hot as it will stand.

Place the other two cloths in the bowl, adding more hot water if necessary, and as soon as the cloths on the face cool, replace them with hot cloths. Keep this up for ten minutes, at the end of which time the pores will be expanded. Now with a soft towel wrapped around the finger of the right hand, and with the finger of the left hand holding the skin firm, attack a blackhead. Press with the toweled forefinger against the left forefinger, with the skin between until the blackhead loosens and comes away. When you are more dexterous, you will be able to place one end of the towel around the right forefinger and the other end around the left forefinger, so that both are protected from contact with the skin, but just at first you will probably find it easier to use the towel only around the right finger. Go over the nose, chin and cheeks in this way, paying special attention to the creases at the side of the nose, where blackheads love to congregate. You may not get them all out the first time, but keep this up, from day to day, until you do. Touch the emptied pore with peroxide of hydrogen or alcohol as a blackhead comes away, both to sterilize it and to aid in closing it. When you are through, use cool water to rinse your face, and finally cold. With this treatment you can face the mistletoe with immunity.

Answers to Questions

HAZEL EYES.—Chest exercises may help your saggy breasts and correct posture will certainly do so. You must practice standing very erect, with your chest raised. If you slump a little at the waist, the breasts have an opportunity to hang, but if you drop your



PRESSING OUT BLACKHEADS.

shoulders and elevate your chest, keeping your spine perfectly straight, your breasts are perforce obliged to elevate themselves also. Do not wear a high corset; your corset should not come more than two inches above your waist-line. I expect this seems odd to you; you probably think that with soft flabby breasts a high corset is needed to support them; but a high corset makes them more flabby and increases their apparent size. You should, however, wear a firm brassiere, fastened down by a strap in front and fitting you snugly. If your bust measure is forty, quite likely you can wear a thirty-eight brassiere; or if you must begin with a forty brassiere, you will find you can take some seams in it after wearing it a little, so that it will be very snug. Dash cold water on your breasts after bathing daily. First cool water,—or you can even begin with tepid water, then cool, and finally cold. This firms the skin. Do not massage the breasts; they are too delicate a portion of the body. Where they are undeveloped, it is all right to give them a gentle massage with cocoa butter; but the only massage which will reduce is a vigorous massage and must never be used on the breasts.

A NEW COMFORT READER.—For your dandruffy condition, I suggest an oil soak the night before shampooing. Use olive oil and a medicine dropper, and parting the hair first in one place and then another, run the medicine dropper along the parts until the whole scalp, but not the hair, has been oiled thoroughly. This will aid in loosening the dandruff. Tie the head up in a towel and go to bed, shampooing the hair the next morning. Use only a white soap shaved into boiling water until dissolved. Air the hair daily; let it hang at night.

MAUDE.—The face should be washed whenever it is soiled. Give it a good washing at night; in the morning a tepid rinse, followed by a cool douche; and during the day it may need nothing more than a wiping off with a little cold cream, using a soft cloth and being sure that you do not leave the skin greasy. Apply powder lightly after the cold cream treatment. Of course if the face has been exposed to dust or flying dirt and is really soiled, give it a washing and then apply cold cream afterward, but for ordinary occasions the cold cream rub during the day is enough, if your face is thoroughly washed at night and has a tepid rinse in the morning. I can't tell how long it would take to remove hair by the peroxide and ammonia treatment, for it differs with different people, with the strength of the hair, etc. The only way to find out is to try, applying one one day and the other the next, until the hair dries up and falls out. A large stomach usually means that too much food is taken at one time, stretching the stomach out of shape. Lessen the amount of food taken; you probably do not need nearly so much. When you lie down, lie on the left side; that helps to drain off any excess of gastric juices. Keep the bowels free; you say you are constipated; you probably eat too much heavy food; potatoes, cereals, etc., etc. Cut out potatoes for a time, and white bread. Also, of course, sweets, since you want to reduce. You can't reduce if you eat fat-producing foods. Eat lean meats, green vegetables, or non-fat-producing vegetables like tomatoes, spinach, string beans, onions, etc. And don't eat a great deal at a time. Eat plenty of fruit. For breakfast eat either grapefruit, orange, a baked apple without cream, a dish of stewed prunes without sugar, a soft-boiled egg or even two soft-boiled or poached eggs. If you are over weight, you really need nothing more. Don't drink coffee, tea, cocoa, milk. For your other two meals, select some lean meat, some vegetables, some fruit (but no preserves, of course). You can be beautifully nourished without eating fat-producing foods. And your stomach will not be large if you do not overload it. In the meantime, both for constipation and for reducing, practice the following exercises:

Standing erect, place the feet about twelve inches apart—even eighteen inches. Now raising the arms high above the head, palms together, throw them down and out without bending the elbows, and back between the knees. Do not bend the knees, the body bending only at the waist. Repeat ten or fifteen times. Now, standing erect, again heels together, toes out, raise arms as before, palms out, instead of touching, and without bending knees or elbows throw the arms out and down as if trying to touch the floor with the finger tips. Repeat fifteen times, reaching for the floor each time, no matter how far away the fingers seem to be. In time you will get so you can touch the floor. For a third exercise, lie on the bed in your nightclothes, and with the arms flat at the sides. Now raise the right leg without bending the knee, until it is as nearly as possible at right angles with the body; lower slowly; repeat. Practice next with the left leg, then with both legs together. Your weight should be about one hundred and thirty-five, depending upon the size of your bones. A small-boned person should weigh less, one of large prominent bones should weigh fully that.

L. E. D.—I could not tell you what occasions the unevenness of your breasts; this is a question for a physician to answer. It is possible you have an enlarged heart, since you say this is on the left side. Better ask a good doctor.

A STENOGRAPHER.—Probably your red nose comes from poor circulation, since you are considerably under weight. If you can get your weight where it should be, I feel sure you will have no more trouble with a red nose, unless you wear tight garters, corsets, collars, sleeves, belts. Of course you should never wear round garters, but always side garters, and it is not only healthful but fashionable to wear loose clothing. To gain in weight, I suggest the milk diet, since you say you can get plenty of milk. For one day before starting it, do not eat solid food, but only fruit—if obtainable—and eight or ten glasses of water. That night put six prunes to soak in a tumbler of warm water, after washing carefully. In the morning on rising drink the prune juice and eat the prunes, masticating thoroughly. Fifteen minutes later drink two glasses of water; and fifteen minutes later take one glass and a half of milk, chewing each mouthful before swallowing. Milk is almost entirely digested in the mouth and if gulped down will coagulate and lie heavy on the stomach. Thereafter take another glass and a half of milk every hour until about three-thirty, assuming that you have taken your first milk at seven-thirty. Between that hour and your evening meal, drink a little water, one or two glasses. For your meal eat sensible foods, some broiled meat, a baked potato, a vegetable, fruit, even if canned, so long as it is not a rich preserve. Or a baked custard or blanc mange or even ice cream. Drink a couple of glasses of water about an hour before retiring. After the first week, cut out the evening meal and drink two glasses of milk every hour from seven-thirty in the morning until six-thirty at night. Continue the prunes and water. Let the water you drink in the morning be hot. You should gain from two to four pounds a week. Weigh on the morning you start, and thereafter on the afternoon of the last day of each week.

B. M.—Epsom salts baths, if hot, help in reducing, but will not make any impression on one hundred and eight pounds, my dear. Food makes flesh; doing without food takes away flesh. That is all there is to it. I do not mean that you should starve yourself to death, but you will certainly have to eat less and eat altogether different foods if you really wish to reduce, and I am sure you do. The first thing you will have to do is to cut out all sweets, all milk, cream, butter, sugar, potatoes, rice, macaroni, fat meat, gravies, cake, pie, etc. This leaves you a lot of things to eat; eggs, either soft-boiled or poached or even scrambled, but no milk or butter in them; spinach, string beans, beets, onions, cabbage, tomatoes, turnips, squash; lean meat, chicken, turkey. You can have some very nice meals indeed. Breakfast, for you, should be fruit and soft-boiled eggs; that is plenty; you have enough flesh to feed yourself from that alone for a long time. Drink water during the day, but only a little at a time. For lunch, a dish of tomatoes, a baked apple without cream or sugar, or some spinach and some sliced oranges. For dinner, a small slice of rare roast beef or lamb or mutton, or a slice of chicken breast, a dish of string beans without butter, some grapefruit. You can evolve many menus from the foods at your disposal. Be sure not to eat *much* at any meal. When you begin to feel hungry, if you do, between meals, drink a little water. *Don't eat anything between meals.* It is a slow process, and probably, before, you have become discouraged before you could see any improvement; also probably the food was too tempting. But surely you can summon up enough resolution to get some of those pounds disposed of. *Dieting will do it,* and nothing else will, my dear. If you want to take Epsom salts baths, use a pound of salts to a bathtub of water, very hot, and lie in it for ten or fifteen minutes, rolling yourself up afterward in a warm blanket so that you will perspire heavily; that is the manner in which reduction comes from bathing—by perspiration.

MINNESOTA.—You did not give me a nom de plume, so I am inventing one for you. As to the nose, you should see a good surgeon. If it is broken, it can be set, or should have been set at the time. Only a surgeon can tell you what to do for this. When you get an opportunity, and can afford it, make up your mind to see the best surgeon obtainable, and have this remedied. The lines between your eyebrows may come from eyestrain. Do you wear glasses, or do you need to at least when reading or studying? Do you read in a poor light? Do you worry? Any of these things will cause wrinkles in your forehead. Cultivate the habit of mentally smoothing your brow, keeping the corners of your mouth turned up a trifle. You can massage them as well. If they are vertical, dip the fingers in cold cream, and with the first two fingers of each hand, rub across the lines, not along them. If they are horizontal, follow the same plan, which would mean rubbing up and down on the forehead, instead of from right to left as would be the case where the lines are vertical. The dark circles under your eyes are from something wrong with your health. Do you get enough sleep, nine or ten hours, I should say? Eat sensibly, sleep with fresh air in your room, exercise, and be careful about getting the ankles chilled. Practice deep breathing several times a day; wear loose clothing, as is now the fashion; get outdoor exercise whenever possible. Rouge is not a necessity and is in poor taste for a girl of your age; the daughters of the best families, the wealthy families, are very simple in their toilets, and it is a sign of good breeding for a young girl to be free from artificialities.

MICHIGAN.—Try the steaming process recommended by me this month, for getting rid of your blackheads and whiteheads. Then, you will need to be very untiring in the care of your skin thereafter. Massage the skin daily; that is, gently rub the facial skin, using an upward movement on the cheeks, rubbing both across and up and down on the forehead, chin and lips, and for the nose rubbing with the forefingers from the outer edge up to the ridge. This will stimulate the circulation and enable the pores to throw off their contents. Of course you take a daily body bath, as this is essential not only to cleanliness but to the activity of the skin. Always follow it with a brisk rub with a coarse towel for the body, and a softer towel for the face. Dash cold water on, finally for a facial douche. Try the following formula, if the whiteheads still persist: After the nightly bathing of the face with hot soapy water, and then the several rinses, massage a little



STEAMING THE FACE.

boric powder into the skin, and finish by rubbing a tiny bit of cream over the face. Once every seven days after the nightly washing, steam it for ten minutes, then rinse face in hot water and cover with a thick coating of blackhead jelly, made by paring one cake of castile soap in three cups of water to which has been added one teaspoonful of powdered borax, and letting boil until it will jelly when cool. Let this remain on for 10 minutes, then wash off, and massage the face for several minutes with the fingers anointed with a tiny bit of cream. Omit the boric powder application this night.

Address all letters containing questions to
KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT,
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To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. It will gradually darken streaked, faded or gray hair and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.—Advertisement.

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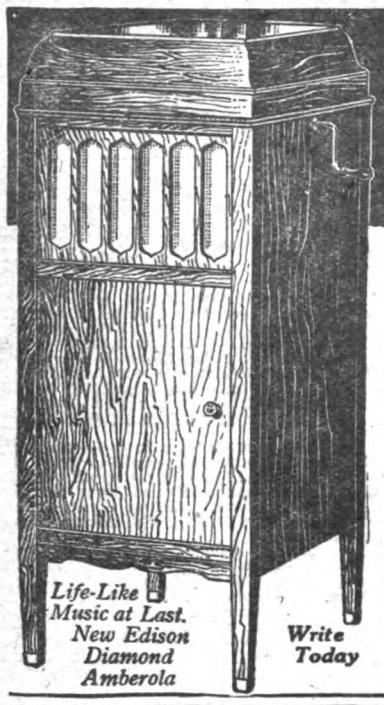
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Stella Rosevelt

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

Mr. Richards compressed his lips at this. It did not please him that all the young girl's interests should be thus slightingly ignored; but he said nothing, although his thoughts were busy during the remainder of the meal, and as soon as it was completed he repaired to his library and rang his bell.

"Send Miss Gladstone to me," he said to the servant who answered his summons.

As she entered the library, Mr. Richards looked up and smiled with pleasure.

"I have received a card for the closing exercises of your school today," he said, pleasantly. "I think I should like to attend, if I can make it convenient. How have you been progressing?"

"Professor Roberts has been kind enough to say that I have done very well. You know I did not enter until nearly the middle of the second term," Star modestly replied, while her cheeks glowed and her eyes shone with pleasure that he should manifest this interest in her welfare.

"Do you have any particular part in the exercises today?" he questioned.

"Yes, sir. I have a program here in my pocket; perhaps you would like to see it?" and she drew it forth, laying it upon the table before him.

He glanced over it, and, third upon the list, he saw:

"Music, instrumental, by Miss Stella Gladstone."

Farther down he read:

"Essay by Miss Stella Gladstone. Subject: 'Walls Must Get the Weather-stain Before They Grow the Ivy.'"

He looked up at her with some surprise.

"Did you choose the subject of your essay?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Why did you take such a topic?"

"I do not know, sir," Star answered, thoughtfully. "I read the line somewhere one day; it haunted me continually, until I wrote out some thoughts upon it, as I often do upon different subjects."

Mr. Richards had been looking her over critically, as she was speaking.

She was clad in a gown of some light gray material, made very plainly, but fitting her graceful figure to perfection. Simple bands of linen were just visible at her throat and wrists, while a knot of pale blue ribbon fastened her collar.

She looked lovely. She would have been so in anything; but he saw that her toilet was hardly befitting the ward of his wife.

"Girls for commencement always have a new dress, don't they?" he asked. "Have you made any arrangements of the kind?"

"No, sir; I shall go just as I am. This is the best that I have," she returned, glancing down at her dress and flushing slightly.

"How much time have you before the exercises begin?" he inquired.

"An hour or more," she said, looking up at the clock on the mantel. "I am ready very early," she added, smiling, "for I wished to look over my essay before reading it."

Mr. Richards looked grave. He remembered how Josephine had been all "fuss and feathers" at every commencement, and here this lovely girl was going to appear before a crowded hall in a dress which his daughter would not have worn in her own private room.

"If you will step around to Hunt & Co.'s with me, you shall have one of those pretty summer silks that they are advertising so extensively. I should be gratified to have you as well dressed as your classmates, and I fear that your needs have been neglected in this respect," he remarked, with a slight frown.

Star flushed scarlet now.

She had wished—oh, so earnestly!—that morning that she could have something dainty to wear, and she had sighed regretfully as she thought of all her pretty clothes lying at the bottom of the ocean, and she had heard the girls talking of the new dresses which were being made for them.

"Thank you," she answered, quietly, while the color slowly receded from her brow and cheeks; "you are very kind to suggest it, but, if you please, I prefer to go as I am. I shall be gratified," she added, dropping the proud ring out of her voice, "if you feel sufficiently interested to attend the exercises today, and I will endeavor to show you that I have tried to improve the advantages that you have given me."

"I should be willing to take your word for it," Mr. Richards said, heartily, "but I will come and see for myself."

Star looked pleased at this assurance, and then, giving him a friendly little bow and smile, went away with a light heart.

"By George! she'll make a woman to be proud of, or—or 'I'm much mistaken,' as Mrs. Blunt would remark. She has spirit, too, and is bound to stand on her own merits. There are not many girls who would have refused the offer of a pretty new dress for such an occasion. I'll go over to the seminary and see what she has been doing."

When Mr. Richards entered the hall of the seminary, he found it crowded to overflowing with spectators, anxious friends, and fond parents.

Almost at the same moment a slight, willowy figure clad in light gray, with a fair, delicate face, deep blue eyes, scarlet lips, and a wealth of golden hair, glided noiselessly to the piano on the platform, sat down, and after running her fingers nimbly over the keys for a moment or two, dashed off into a brilliant and difficult sonata.

It was executed apparently without a mistake from beginning to end, and without notes, and when it was finished the fair performer retired from the instrument amid enthusiastic applause.

Mr. Richards was astounded.

He had expected some simple melody, passably performed, but he had not imagined that she was as proficient as this, and he could not understand how she had kept up her practice, with no instruction, and no permission to use the piano at home.

He was no less astounded during the reading of her essay.

When it was announced, she came quietly forward with graceful self-possession, and unfolding the roll of manuscript which she carried in her hand, read in sweet, yet clear tones, a production which held her listeners spellbound from beginning to end.

It seemed as if Star's efforts were more highly applauded than any other portion of the exercises. Even the valedictory, from a member of the senior class, although well written and to the point, was not listened to with such breathless attention.

At the conclusion of the program, the diplomas were awarded to the graduating class, and then the professor said he would read the names of those who had passed their examination and were to be promoted from the other classes. There were two young ladies, he said, who were entitled to a double promotion, having accomplished the work of a year in about six months, which was, to say the least, a very unusual and laudable circumstance.

The names of those entitled to this were Miss Stella Gladstone and Miss Grace Turnbull, and they would, upon the beginning of the fall term, take their places in the senior class.

As the people flocked by him out of the hall, Mr. Richards heard Star's praises on every side, and inwardly vowed that the girl should have every chance in the future.

He made his way toward the platform, intending to speak with and congratulate her upon her success; but just before he reached her another gentleman approached her, and after shaking hands in the most cordial manner with her, gave her a small package, and bending down, whispered a few words in her ear.

He could not understand the expression of mingled surprise and joy which for a moment absolutely glorified her fair face as she received the package; then the tears sprang to her eyes, as, with tremulous lips, she appeared to be thanking the giver.

The gentleman chatted a few moments longer with her, then put out his hand for the roll of manuscript which she still held, while he smilingly asked for it.

She hesitated about giving it to him, while a lovely color suffused her face; then, with a shy movement, she laid it in his palm.

He received it with a brilliant smile, bowed gracefully to her, and then left her.

Mr. Richards now approached her, and taking her hand, said, almost affectionately:

"Star, you have shone effulgently today, and I am proud of you."

It would not have been in human nature to have prevented the little gleam of triumph which flashed from her eyes at this tribute to her talents, but she said, gratefully:

"Thank you, sir; but I owe my success all to you."

"Not a bit of it," he returned, with some emotion; "you owe it to yourself alone; but I will take care that you do not thank me for nothing at the close of another year."

Star wondered what he meant, but she did not question him, and her heart was lighter than it had been before, since she had crossed the ocean, as he led her from the building and walked home with her.

"Who was that gentleman who came up and spoke to you at the close of the exercises?" he asked, just before they reached home.

Star glanced up with a start.

"His name is Appleton," she answered, and pretended not to notice that his eyes were resting curiously upon the package which he had given her.

When they entered the house, Star ascended to her own room, while Mr. Richards sought his wife.

He found her and Josephine together in the drawing-room, and, for a wonder, no callers with them.

He informed them where he had been, and also of the brilliant appearance which Star had made before the public.

Both mother and daughter sneered audibly at his account, and this aroused his indignation.

His eyes began to blaze, and his wife sobered instantly; she always recognized and dreaded this dangerous symptom.

"You are a couple of selfish, heartless women," he began; "and now, let me tell you, you have got to turn over a new leaf, or there will be trouble in the camp. That girl, whom you have so despised and tried to degrade ever since she came into the house, has wonderful talent—talent of which any one might be proud. She is rightly named, for she certainly shone like a star of the first magnitude today. Her essay was superior to anything produced there, and her performance upon the piano something wonderful for one so young and possessing so few advantages."

"Oh, papa, you don't mean that she can play the piano! I'm sure she has never touched this one since she came here, and no one can play well without constant practice," asserted Miss Josephine, with a toss of her dark head, for she was accounted a good musician.

"You don't believe what I tell you, then," her father said, frowning.

"Well, I think you must have overestimated her talent in that direction," the girl answered.

Mr. Richards did not reply, but walked to the bell rope and gave it a pull.

"Go and say to Miss Gladstone that I would like to see her in the drawing-room," he said to the servant who opened the door.

"Really, Mr. Richards," interrupted his wife, with severe dignity; but he stopped her short with a motion of his hand.

"Go!" he repeated to the servant, who had hesitated as she spoke, and then he turned again to her.

"I want you to understand," he said, "something of the wrong which you have been doing this child, and now I am going to ask her to play to you. I desire that you treat her civilly, too, when she comes down. She should have been received here as one of us—I regret that I did not insist upon it at the beginning—she should have been on an equal footing with Josie, enjoying the same advantages, and receiving sympathy and encouragement instead of—well, it's no use fretting over it now; but, by Jove! I'll make it up to her in the future. Hark! she is coming, and now I'll have no sneers or sour looks," he concluded, as the door handle turned.

Star entered at this moment, and seeing the whole family assembled, looked somewhat surprised, but Mr. Richards approached her, saying, quietly:

"I have sent for you to ask if you will play again for us what you played at the hall today?"

"Certainly; I shall be pleased to play for you if you desire it," she said, as she walked quietly and unassumingly to the piano and sat down.

"Play something, please," Mr. Richards said, when she had finished the sonata which she had played at school; and, without a word, her slender fingers went sweping through one of Mendelssohn's *"Romances sans Paroles"* in the most intoxicating manner imaginable, and her new admirer, with a look of pardonable triumph, thanked her most warmly when she concluded.

She quietly left the room, although she felt assured that a storm was ready to burst as soon as she should be beyond hearing; the very atmosphere was heavy with it.

She was right in her conjecture, for no sooner was the door closed behind her than Mrs. Richards' tongue loosed, and she broke forth in a torrent of wrath.

"Well, George Richards, I suppose you imagine that you have done something wonderful in bringing that girl here and showing her off to us; but you will find that you have made a mistake. It is very praiseworthy, indeed, to seek to humiliate one's own daughter, and I should suppose you would feel very proud of such an achievement. Where is your self-respect, that you bring a beggar in here and set her up as a reproach to your wife? I will not stand it, sir—I tell you I will not stand it! Things are come to a pretty pass, I should say, if our domestic peace is to be destroyed by that insignificant chit, and I was a fool ever to consent to her coming here."

Mr. Richards listened with quiet gravity to the tirade, and when she had concluded, he quietly remarked:

"Well, Ellen, now that you are through, we'll say that it's my turn. You might just as well make up your mind to be reasonable first as last, for mine is settled upon one thing—Star Gladstone has done the last day's work in this house that she ever will do! She is to have her time entirely to herself until she graduates, a year hence. I shall offer to allow her to pursue music, and painting if she desires, during the long vacation just at hand, giving her the best of masters which New York affords, and spare no reasonable expense to make her the accomplished woman that I think she is capable of becoming. You promised all this to her father; he sent her to you with the belief that she would enjoy these advantages until she was fitted to become a teacher, and she shall have them. Now, one thing more—and you know that when I get aroused to this pitch I mean what I say—if I find that you or Jo are making her unhappy at any time, I'll put her into the most genteel boarding house in the city, out of your reach. As for 'domestic peace,' about which you twit me, I believe I love my family better than the average of men, and am not in the habit of stirring up strife; so it will rest with you to keep the peace."

Mr. Richards did not wait for any rejoinder to this plain speaking, but left the room, and finding Star out upon the balcony leading from the dining-room, he told her that he had decided to let her take up music and painting during the vacation if she wished.

"Oh, sir, I ought to be the happiest girl in Brooklyn to have so much of good come to me on this, my seventeenth birthday!"

"Is this your birthday?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; and it is one which I shall always remember with great pleasure," she said, with a tremulous smile that he did not then understand. "I thank you," she added, "for allowing me to go on with my music, and I will be very faithful in improving my opportunity; but—I think, if you please, I will not mind about the painting at present. I am very fond of it, bu—I——"

"Very well; do as you choose," he said, as he saw she was somewhat embarrassed. "You are to have all the advantages you desire during the next year, and you are to do no more work of any kind in this house——"

"Oh, but I like to work about the house," she began, eagerly; but he stopped her authoritatively.

"No; I will not have it. You need all the time you can get for study and practice. Maggie Flynn, or some other Maggie, shall come back as chamber and waiting maid, and you are to remember it is my command that you do nothing of the kind. If you have any spare time, use it in making the pretty things which young ladies of your age like so much. Here is something to begin upon, and I will allow you the same amount every month!" and he tucked a bill of no mean denomination into her hand as he concluded.

He did not wait to hear her thanks, but turned abruptly away, feeling very tenderly toward this sweet young maiden, who had lived such an isolated, neglected life in the midst of that household of luxury.

Star looked after him with a glorified face.

"Oh, what a birthday!" she said, as she went upstairs and shut herself into her room.

She folded that precious bill—more money than she had ever possessed before at one time—for "pretty things," and laid it safely away in a drawer; then she took up a handsomely bound book that lay on her table.

"A red-letter day!" she murmured. "My success—my promotion—his kindness, and, above all, this beautiful book—it all seems to be too lovely to be real."

She raised the volume and softly touched her lips to it; then bowing her golden head, her heart overcharged with its unaccustomed weight of happiness, found relief in a shower of tears.

"The book" was the package, devoid of its wrapper, which the strange gentleman had given her in the presence of Mr. Richards.

* * * * * * *

The next morning's papers contained an interesting account of the commencement exercises of ——— Seminary, together with a copy in full of Miss Stella Gladstone's essay, and speaking in very flattering terms of its excellence as a literary production.

Another important event occurred that morning.

One of Mr. Richards' driving horses was sold, and his wife, upon learning of the circumstances, lifted up her hands and scornfully exclaimed:

"Retrenchment!"

CHAPTER IX.

CHANGE OF FORTUNE.

A few mornings after Star's emancipation from her duties as a servant, she encountered, as she was coming downstairs to her breakfast, Josephine, who was also on her way to the dining-room.

"Well, I suppose you feel mighty set up over the fine show you made of yourself the other day," that young lady remarked, sneeringly.

"I had no desire to make a 'show', as you express it," Star answered, courteously, and ignoring her companion's rudeness. "But it is always pleasant to receive thanks when one has tried to do one's best."

"Thanks!" was the scornful rejoinder. "You have been very sly about it all; and I should think you'd feel mean enough about wheedling papa into giving you music and painting lessons."

I have never asked Mr. Richards for either, and—I am not going to take painting lessons at all," Star said, with scarlet cheeks.

"You needn't try to make me think papa would ever have made such a row if you hadn't been at him and pretended to be so abused and ill-treated. But—where did you get that lovely cameo that you wore in that knot at your throat?" Josephine asked, her eyes having been sharp enough to detect the pretty trinket.

"It was given to me by a friend," the young girl answered, with trembling lips, for she was cut to the heart by the unjust accusations heaped upon her.

"Some one must have liked to fool away money pretty well, to give you an elegant trifle like that," the rude girl said, for she had known that it was valuable at a glance. "It doesn't correspond with the rest of your wardrobe," she continued, jeeringly; "you'd better give it to me."

Star looked up into the bold, handsome face beside her with astonishment.

"I cannot give it to you," she said, with compressed lips.

"Well, lend it to me, then."

She was loaded with jewelry, early as it was in the day. She wore a heavy gold chain, from which was suspended a blue enameled locket set with pearls and diamonds; heavy jewels hung in her ears, broad bands of gold clasped her wrists, while her fingers gleamed with numerous costly gems; and here she was coveting the single ornament which she had seen Star wear.

"I do not like to appear disobliging," she returned, "but there are reasons why I do not even like to lend it."

"What reasons, pray, can you have for refusing so simple a request?" Josephine persisted.

"I have told you—it is the gift of a friend. I do not like to part with it."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

"—and now we're buying a house with the money I make at home"



Read this absorbing true-life story of a woman who found a pleasant way to make money at home. She tells here, in her own words, how she helped her husband in his struggle against failure, and how she earned for herself many of the little luxuries that had so long been denied her.

By Mrs. Josephine Kayser



THEY say that truth is stranger than fiction. Perhaps you will think so after you have read this story of my triumph over misfortune. But to me it is not strange at all, it is just a golden dream that has come true at last. Let me tell you all about it.

You see we had always been thrilled with the possibilities of life, my husband and I. I remember how we used to sit together in the long cool evenings and plan the wonderful things we were going to do—when he "made good." We dreamed of a cozy little home all our own, of pleasure trips and of certain luxuries that we both longed for but could not have.

At that time my husband was employed in a factory, doing work that he hated. I guess that's why he never made much money at it—he hated it so. He had always wanted to be an artist, ever since he was a little boy. You can just imagine how happy we both were when a friend of his offered him his first position as staff artist on a newspaper. At last he was going to make real money. At last we were going to have a home we could be proud of. I think I was the happiest woman in the world.

Husband Loses His Position

But my happiness did not last long. Something happened on the newspaper; I never did understand what. All I know is that there was a shifting of officials and through no fault of his own, my husband was released. Then followed days, and weeks, and months of utter despair, when he searched from one end of the city to another but could find no opening.

Slowly our little savings melted away, and just as slowly my husband's eager ambition died. I realized then for the first time what a bitter thing it was to taste a bit of success and then suddenly to be crushed back into the rut. And I realized with a pang that if my husband ever went back again to his monotonous grind at the factory, he would never have the courage again to attempt the better things I had always planned for him. No, no, I told myself desperately. He must not go back to the work he hates. He can not! He will not!

But how could I help him? What could I do to keep him ambitious, to help him remain at the work he loved and at which I knew he would "make good?" Wasn't there anything I could do? Oh, if I could only make money in some way, without leaving home. If I could only find some way to turn my spare time into dollars. If I could only *do* something instead of watching silently while he drifted back into the hateful routine of his former work!

Makes a Wonderful Discovery

I began to search all the magazines and newspapers for work that I could do at home. At first I could find nothing suitable to enable me to keep up my household duties, or profitable enough to be really worth while. But then something wonderful happened.

I was ironing my waist—the only pretty one I had at that time—and to avoid soiling it, I tore a few pages out of an old magazine on which to rub the bottom of the iron. I glanced down—and out of the torn leaves of the magazine, in big black letters, glared the words, "*Make Money at Home!*" I forgot my waist. I forgot the hot iron. I forgot everything except that one magical sentence—"*Make Money at Home!*" And before I realized it I had read clear through the announcement and discovered that here at last was just the way of making money at home that I had been looking for!

When my husband came home that evening, discouraged with his repeated failures, I showed him the announcement. He was too tired to read. "Let me read some of it to you," I begged. "Listen to this, 'you can turn your spare time at home into dollars. Make socks at home with the rapid Auto Knitter and sell them direct to the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company.'" Then I explained it all to him, told him how thousands of women were making money at home this easy pleasant way.

"Think of it!" I exclaimed. "No one need ever know that I am making money. With this remarkable knitting machine I can work whenever I please and as much as I please. The company guarantees to pay a fixed price for all standard socks I send them. It will be like having a little business of my own."

Although my husband was very skeptical at first, I would not let him discourage me. And when I wrote to the company that night for more information, I felt somehow that I had taken my first step toward a brighter, happier life.

The Auto Knitter Arrives

I'll never forget the day I received my Auto Knitter. Of course, it was just the least bit confusing at first, as everything new is, but with the help of the instruction book I had no trouble in learning how to run the machine. This instruction book, which came with the Auto Knitter, told plainly and clearly just how to set up the machine and how to use it.

It didn't take long before I was working the machine without any trouble whatever. Why, it was positively amazing to turn the crank and watch the stitches form quickly into a perfect sock! I had sent for the machine expecting to *work* on it, but I found it to be actually *fascinating*. I would enjoy making money this way.

As my husband watched me turn the crank of the Auto Knitter and saw the yarn transform quickly into a finished sock, he became just as interested as I. "Why go back to the factory when we can have one of our own," he laughed. For answer, my hand stole softly into his, and as I looked up into his eager face, I smiled happily for the first time in weeks.

A couple of days later I made my first pair of socks on the Auto Knitter. Secretly I was very proud of them, I had made them so quickly and easily. But I was just the least bit worried when I sent them to the company. Would they really pay a standard price for them as they said they would? Would I really have a ready market for all the socks I could turn out? I didn't have very long to wonder about it though, for soon I received a cordial letter from the company complimenting me on my work and offering to purchase all socks like the pair I sent them, that I made on the Auto Knitter.

Builds Up Successful Business

I was overjoyed. At last I had found a way to help my husband and to earn a little extra money for myself.

With the liberal quantity of yarn that the company sent me with my Auto Knitter, I began work in real earnest. I soon found that I could turn out a pair of perfect socks in less than a half-hour. Dividing my time fairly between household duties and my profitable new work, I quickly transformed the fleecy yarn into soft, warm, perfectly-knit socks, and with happy expectations, I sent my first shipment to the Auto Knitter Company.

Well, it wasn't long before I got my first check from the Auto Knitter Company. I wanted to laugh—and I wanted to cry. My first check! Earned it all myself! And with that check a new supply of yarn to start on a new shipment of socks. Why, it was wonderful to make money this way!

When Dreams Come True

I guess that's all to my story, except that with the aid of the money I made from my Auto Knitter we were able to move to the country and start a mushroom growing business The checks I received in return for the socks I made at home paid the overhead expenses while the business was new, but now it is very successful and we no longer have anything to worry about.

Yes, I still work on my knitting machine in my spare time, as I enjoy the work and it pays for many of the luxuries we formerly had to do without. But now I sell socks and stockings to people right here in our own neighborhood, in addition to the regular shipments to the company. And whenever I want a new dress or a new hat, all I have to do is spend a few pleasant spare hours at my Auto Knitter.

Now we are doing what we always dreamed of doing but what always seemed impossible: we are buying a house It is a cozy, pretty little house nestled down among the large hills, and to us it is like some hidden Paradise. I shall never forget the evening when we first moved into our new house "It is Ours, all Ours," my husband whispered, nestling closer to me. "Yes," I murmured back—and with a mischievous smile, added, "We knitted our way to success!"

Your Chance to Make Money at Home!

We are glad that Mrs. Kayser has given us permission to print her interesting story, because it proves better than anything we can say what wonderful things the remarkable Auto Knitter machine is doing for men and women all over the United States. It is helping men and women start successful businesses of their own: it is helping women earn money for the little luxuries that have been denied them: it is bringing bigger chances to the children in the home.

You can use more money—everyone can. If you act at once, we will show you how you can make extra money right at home, in your spare time. Extra money for the many little things you may now be denying yourself. The Auto Knitter Company will make a contract with you to pay you a liberal guaranteed wage, on a piecework basis, for all the standard socks, you can make at home on the Auto Knitter machine.

Remember that you can work as much as you want, or as little as you want For every shipment of standard socks large or small, you get your pay check promptly. And in addition to the pay check, you receive yarn to replace the amount used for the socks sent the company.

Let us send you more information about the Auto Knitter—it's free. You don't have to know how to knit in order to make money at home this pleasant way. It will give you, as it has given Mrs. Kayser, the opportunity to turn your spare time into dollars. Don't delay. Mail the coupon for information today, *now* You'll never regret it. Do it this very minute. The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company, Inc., Department 1012, 630-632 Genesee St., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company, Inc.,
Dept. 1012, 630-632 Genesee St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Send me full particulars about Making Money at Home with the Auto Knitter. I enclose 2 cents postage to cover cost of mailing, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

Comfort, 12-21

The Christmas Key

By Joseph F. Novak

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"DADDY, when will mamma come?"

A spasm of pain passed over Alvord Locke's face as his wee daughter asked the question. But his voice was cheerful as he replied:

"Oh, sometime soon, if you are good—and I, too," he murmured in an undertone. "Oh, Beatrice, Beatrice!"

"Sing me 'The Night Before Christmas' before I go to bed," commanded his tiny tyrant, plumping down her book upon his open newspaper, utterly unconscious of the bitter memories that were rankling her father's bosom.

Alvord cast the paper from him, picked up the book, then drew the midget, nightie-clad, upon his knee. Then he laid his hand upon the fluff of her hair and looked keenly into her great eyes which sometimes, in superstitious moments, he thought seemed to look at him with something of heaven in them.

He gathered her close. "My God, if I should lose you, too, I——" The thought ended in a savage, defiant embrace as if he challenged the world to tear her from him.

Little Virginia looked up at him with a half-frightened, questioning look, but there was only her daddy's accustomed smile so the tiny segment of momentary terror, passed.

"So you want me to 'sing' 'The Night Before Christmas,' eh?" he queried. (Virgie called reading "singing".) "Great scott, kid! You ought to be in bed! Santa Claus may come around and find you up, and then what? He'd pass you by, sure's sunset, and then when you wake tomorrow morning, there'll be nothing on the tree, nothing in your stocking and *nuttin'* nowhere!" he grimaced, as he dug his chin into her plump shoulder which brought forth a delighted shriek. "How about it?" and he shook his disheveled hair from his eyes.

"Santa wouldn't forget me," Virginia replied confidently, "I saw him at the store and he said he wouldn't. Didn't he put my name in his big book? I saw him!"

"All right, then, since you've got such a stand-in with him, I guess you're safe. But you can't always tell. He's a busy fellow tonight, and it takes time to trim up a big tree like this," and Alvord surveyed the immense tree which he had set up in the music-room to await the magic touch of Santa's trimming wand.

Nothing, however, could shake Virginia's faith.

"He'll come, *I* know," she replied confidently. "And wouldn't it be nice, daddy, if he'd bring mamma?"

"It would be the loveliest thing that could happen, but Virgie, you won't be dreadfully disappointed if he doesn't?"

"N-no," she said wistfully, "but I wish he would."

"So do I," Alvord said, and cuddling her beside him on the overstuffed davenport, he picked up the book.

As he turned the pages of the picture book, Virgie exclaimed:

"Oh, there's Santa Claus! How I love him!" and as if she had not seen the picture hundreds of times before, Virgie, in her enthusiasm, kissed the merry, ruddy-faced patron saint of children.

"'Twas the night before Christmas,
When all through the house
Not a creature was stirring,
Not even a mouse....."

Alvord repeated the lines, so dear to every childish heart, by rote, for his thoughts were not on the printed page. No, his thoughts were of Beatrice and where she was at that moment.

This would be the third Christmas that she was away. After the quarrel which had ended in their separation, he had hoped she would return at Christmas time, that time when hearts are tenderest, most forgiving, that time when the glad tidings of "Peace On Earth, Good-Will Toward Men" exert their strongest influence.

She had not and there was no peace for him. Since Christmas time had come and gone twice, with no word, why expect her now? Of course she had not forgotten him—could anyone forget such an experience—but after the villain he had been, she, no doubt, congratulated herself upon being rid of him, a dreamer, who, while trying to follow the old ideals of marriage in modern times, had hit the rocks.

Thus his thoughts ran, though his lips were repeating the words of the poem until finally:

"But I heard him exclaim,
E'er he drove out of sight,
Merry Christmas to all,
And to all a goodnight."

Independently his voice operated of his thoughts.

"Now, mamma's good night kiss, and I want to sleep," said Virgie.

He arose and brought a beautifully framed picture. It was that of a woman with a high, intelligent brow, a wealth of dark hair and a perfect throat. She was dressed in a negligee of extravagant pattern and sat upon the davenport. It was the gown she had worn the first morning—and that first morning had been Christmas morning—in their beautiful home. Delighted with how splendidly she took hold of the reins, he had insisted that he take a picture of her. It was an excellent snap-shot, so he had had it enlarged and retouched. It was the picture of her that he loved best, and now he taught Virgie that it was mamma.

"Some day, mamma'll come and sit right here on the davenport and wait for me, won't she, papa?" Virgie commented, as she hugged the picture to her heart.

"Yes, just like in the picture," he replied with something of defiance, a tone he almost invariably assumed when he spoke of her return. Was it a challenge to his own unbelief?

"Oh, I'll know her and I'll just love her!" Virgie exclaimed. "Won't I, daddy? She'll come, won't she?"

"Yes, dear," and then: "Oh, God, give me the unquestioning faith of a child!"

They talked, as they always did, of what they would do when mamma came, until Virgie's sleep-charged eyes drooped and she was captured by the Sandman. So Alvord carried her up to his room and tucked her in her little bed, for, though she had a nursery, he would not allow her to sleep out of his immediate protection.

Mrs. Starrett, his housekeeper, was dozing in a rocking-chair, but roused herself as soon as he entered.

"You'll want nothing more tonight, sir?" she asked, when he had finished tucking Virgie in for the night.

"No, I think not. I'm going to trim the tree and so will stay up for a while, but I'll leave the door open and I'll hear her in case she rouses," he replied.

Mrs. Starrett bade him good night and went to her own room.

Alvord watched her until she disappeared.

"Well, God is good in that he has given me someone to take care of Virgie," he thought.

Bending down over the sleeping child, he kissed her lightly, then went downstairs, and drawing out the sundry large boxes filled with tree ornaments, he began trimming the tree.

Ah, the bitter-sweet of the task! The sparkling pageantry of the tree seemed a mockery to his own heavy heart, for never so poignantly did he realize his loss as at Christmas time.

His thoughts went back, as they always did, to their other Christmases together. That wonderful morning when they took possession of their beautiful home; then the following Christmas when, like children, they had trimmed up a tree and how tenderly they had laughed together when they said it looked lonesome without toys beneath it! Then that first Christmas when Virgie had come! And then those terrible days of misunderstanding, mistrust and doubt and then the finale. He saw now where he had blundered, saw where he had not gauged Beatrice's character and intelligence rightly.

He had thought himself considerate when he did not bother her with his business worries; he had thought himself a good husband in keeping the things that rankled him from her. He had wanted her to be without worry, without care. He forgot that she was a sympathetic, intelligent woman who would have been the better companion could she but know his trials and help lighten them with well-rendered sympathy. And through misunderstanding, they had drifted apart, and when in a moment of anger she had threatened to go, he bade her leave if she wished, but once gone, it was her act and she could never see their child again.

And when she had attempted to go to Virgie, he had stopped her by sheer brute force, and, broken, she had gone, while he, panting and in a temper akin to madness, stood victor—a victor thoroughly ashamed of his conquest.

Was it possible that he could have been so brutal? It had not only been possible, it had actually been.

Then came visions of those two past Christmases when he was alone with Virgie.

What was Beatrice doing tonight? At some gay party, no doubt, without a thought of him or the babe she had nurtured. Was she free? But hardly, for certainly he would have been served had she wanted to divorce him. Then in such case, she was still his, though it was only an empty bond that bound them.

His eyes wandered about the room, then they rested on the massive front door of the beautiful house.

What had she done with her key?

House keys are plentiful, but few women carried the key that Beatrice had carried. In his adoring love, Alvord had had a house key made for her, heavily plated in gold. And that Christmas morning, when they had taken possession of the house, he had presented the golden key to her as a talisman.

He believed she would return it and the fact that she did not kept him from actual despair. While she kept it, there must be some hope, some chance for him.

He had never ceased to love her, but wherein he had erred was in the fact that he felt her love had flown. Even his last words to her, shouted in a torrent of bitterness, betrayed that love and held a chance of forgiveness. How clearly he recalled them:

"You think I do not love you, but it is because I love you so well that I now feel so wronged. I may have been all wrong in my attitude but you never sought to understand me. Go if you like, but you will come back to me some day, and I will be waiting here, waiting with Virgie. You have the key to the house and no matter when you wish to return you will find us here waiting. The love I have given you is a love that a man can only once give, were he married a thousand times!"

That was the way he had spoken, nay, not spoken but yelled in a fierce passion of anger, for he found himself in a position that he could not combat.

It had ended, of course, and he had had plenty of time to think about it all. But where he had felt himself aggrieved, he found that he had been in the wrong, and after the way he had acted he felt he could not go to Beatrice, and thinking she was happier away from him, he punished himself in not seeking her out.

He had hoped to punish her by keeping Virgie. Had she sought to get the child from him, he felt there would be a fierce joy in combatting her, because he loved her and felt that the retention of Virgie would some day bring his lost love back to him.

Oh, I must not think or I'll go crazy!" he exclaimed aloud.

He turned to his task and continued trimming the tree until the giant was at last finished; then he turned on the electric lights. The colored globes glowed softly against the fresh green of the tree and reflected a million times in the glittering ornaments of the tree. The smell of the pine sent his mind wandering back to his boyhood, to those delightful days, gone forever.

"Oh, that those memories did not exist," he murmured, "and yet, there is joy in the pain of remembrance!"

He sat down upon the davenport and gazed upon his handiwork, then thinking to rest his eyes a moment, he closed them.

With a start, consciousness came to him. Had he slept long? Or was it a few minutes?

But what had roused him?

The grating of a key in the lock!

A burglar?

He raised his head on his elbow and listened attentively, then dragged his body over the soft upholstering of the davenport to where he could see the door without being seen, and watched.

The door opened slowly, as if the intruder half expected to be discovered. Indeed, from the hesitating way it swung in partially, then almost closed again, it seemed as if the intruder regretted the intention of entering. But with a final push, it opened, and the nocturnal visitor entered.

And now he doubted his senses—was he dreaming? Or was he really awake? For the thing he had always expected had happened.

Beatrice had returned.

With all his self-control, he crushed down the beating of his heart and lay as if asleep to see what she would do.

She came into the room, her head to one side, as if listening for sounds from above. Then apparently satisfied that she was not discovered, she placed the bundle which she had brought with her upon the floor and opened it.

He noted her forethought in wrapping the contents of the bundle in cloth to eliminate the rustling of paper, and this chilled him. Then hope, ever eternal, again sprang up. Mayhap she did not wish to be discovered until morning.

From the bundle she brought that girl-toy of the ages—a doll, together with a trunk containing, no doubt, her wardrobe. Then she set up the dearest porch swing and placed the doll in it.

Her offering complete, she examined all the toys that were awaiting Virginia to claim them. Then she rose from her knees and slowly went about the room, examining all the furnishings with wistful eyes. Most of them had been their joint selections.

"Oh, my God," she breathed, "why are some of us made with such stubborn tempers," and she hid her face in her hands.

All the while, Alvord lay upon the davenport, scarcely daring to breathe.

Beatrice now gathered her wrap closely about her as if to leave. Then again she stood, hesitant. Throwing off the wrap, she left the room and hurried upstairs.

He heard the soft swish of her garments as she went up the stairs and he listened, though it took all of his self-control not to rise up and go after her.

But he waited patiently and presently she came downstairs again. Evidently, though, she suspected that he must be in the house somewhere (not having found him in bed) for softly she began to search for him, and in a moment more she came to the davenport.

Again he tried to control his heart-beats and tried to make his breathing as regular as a sleeping person's should be.

And now he dared opening his eyes the merest slit. But Beatrice was standing, her eyes fixed upon her picture, and the prominent place it occupied.

As she gazed at the picture, which mutely told her of how tenderly she was remembered, there came to her eyes, the light he had once seen go out and which, in terror, he had wondered had gone forever.

It had returned.

And then——

Slowly, cautiously, she leaned down, her hands lightly touched his cheeks, and her lips met his.

It was all he wanted.

He opened his eyes and she, in sudden terror, tried to straighten up, but his arms did not allow her, and perforce, she sank upon his breast.

"Beatrice, darling, have you come home?"

"I—I—came to bring baby a present——"

"And a kiss for me?"

"Yes!" There was defiance in her tone.

"Then you have forgiven me for my brutality?" He made no effort to rise, it was too supremely ecstatic having her in his arms again.

"I forgave you a long time ago. Had I not, you would have long ago received the key," and she took it from her bosom where it hung by a fine gold chain. "I thought you would be happier without me and though I managed to keep up the fight until now, I finally had to give in. I learned, while I was away, to know and understand a business man better and what he has to contend with. I often wondered why men slaved so hard when they really didn't need the money. I know now that it was ambition to stand well with his fellow-men, to be looked up to, to be honored and known. And I know now at what a cost to the nerves it is! Oh, my dear, if you had only let me understand you and had let me sympathize with you——" she stopped.

"Yes," he answered, "if I had. But I had the old-fashioned ideas about those things, and I felt I had no right to trouble my wife with my cares. I, too, have learned and know now that the modern woman wants her husband's confidence and an insight into his affairs and thus can she better understand his moods and better sympathize with him when a fight or defeat in his world renders him morose or cross. Oh, I learned all this and would have asked you to come back but when I think of the brutality I displayed, I couldn't help but feel that you were glad to be rid of me and were happier alone."

"Never," Beatrice responded. "Alvord dear, when once a woman gives herself to what God intended she should be, a man's helpmate and a mother to his children, if she has true woman instinct, once that is experienced, no other vocation or avocation satisfies. I knew, after I had left you, that never could I give myself to a man as I had given myself to you, and when I thought over your final words, I knew that you had felt the same way when you said that you had given me a love that a man can give only once were he married a thousand times."

For a long while they talked, while outside, the wind swept around the house.

Suddenly there came a joyous call.

"Daddy! Daddy! Is it Christmas now?"

"Virgie, dear Virgie, will she know me?"

"Will she know you? Just a moment! Stay here!"

He hurried upstairs to Virgie's bed.

"It *is* Christmas now, Virgie, and Santa Claus has been here. But lie still a minute and then I'll take you downstairs."

Obediently she laid down again, while he hurried across the hall and to the room that Beatrice had used for her own, and going to a wardrobe, he took therefrom a soft housegown. Throwing it over his arm, he hastened downstairs.

"Put this on, Beatrice, dear, and sit right on the davenport there near the tree."

"Why, Alvord, this is——"

He kissed her. "Yes, I know. I kept it all along, and Virgie expects mamma to look just as she did in the picture, when Santa Claus brings you to her."

Again he hurried upstairs.

"All right, Virgie, now we'll go down. Santa has trimmed your tree and brought you all kinds of toys, and candy and what else, do you think?"

By this time, he had reached the parlor and set her down.

Virgie gave one quick look at the davenport and with a delighted shriek, she cried:

"Why—why, he brought mamma!" and with a whirlwind rush she flew into Beatrice's arms.

They made a happy group then as they sat there beneath the Christmas tree. Virginia couldn't caress her mamma enough, and while thus engaged, she suddenly noted the golden chain and drew from Beatrice's bosom the golden key.

"What is this, mamma?" she asked.

"It is a Christmas key, dear heart," she said softly. "It is the key with which Santa Claus unlocked the house and let me in—to you and to daddy."

Steer for Success

Success depends upon fundamental principles.
Confidence is the road to honor and success.
Success depends largely upon the first step.
Success for some starts at the gateway of Reform.
There are few rest-stations on the road to success.
Success isn't luck, it is the apex of hard work.
The man behind the gun on the sea of success is the man with mental caliber.
Don't rock the boat when on the sea of success. There are whirlpools of reverses.
Hardships often outnumber the honors conferred on the contestants on the road to success.
The man who succeeds is like a rubber ball; the harder he is hit the higher he rises.
Keep a steady gait. Don't worry because you can't get ahead of the world; be content to keep abreast.
If you want to succeed don't find fault with others. Instead of getting in, a knocker always gets left out.
Do not put off until tomorrow what should be done today. Tomorrow is the graveyard of progress and success.
The reason so many fail to climb the ladder of success, the lower rungs are so far apart they fall through in the attempt.
When speeding on the road to success, it is well to keep a firm grip on the steering gear when approaching the cross-roads of reverses.

Twelve Business Maxims

1. Have a definite aim.
2. Go straight to it.
3. Master all details.
4. At times be bold; always be prudent.
5. Make good use of other men's brains.
6. The minority often beats the majority in the end.
7. Listen well; answer cautiously; decide promptly.
8. Always know more than you are expected to know.
9. Treat failures as stepping stones to future success.
10. Remember that difficulties are only made to be overcome.
11. Never put your hand out further than you can draw it back.
12. Preserve, by all means in your power, "a sound mind in a sound body."



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Love Will Find the Way

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

"Hello, Reade!" he exclaimed familiarly. "It looks good to see you around again. How's business up your way?"

"Pretty fair, thank you, Morris," he answered, grasping the hand that was extended to him. "But it is not to speak of business that I have come to you today."

"What then?"

"I want you to do me a favor."

"What is it?"

Reade hesitated a moment. The fact was, that now that he had got there he did not know exactly how to broach the subject that he had come upon. He leaned forward, with his hands between his knees, and looked into his friend's face.

"Did you ever see the play of 'Jane'?" he asked slowly.

"What has the play of 'Jane' got to do with a favor?"

"Well, did you ever see it?"

"No."

"It is a peculiar subject. In it a fellow gets into a hole from which he finds it almost impossible to extricate himself without the assistance of a wife. He has not got any, and there is not time for him to get married. What do you suppose he does, Morris?"

"How should I know? What are you driving at?"

"Why, he borrows one!"

"Borrows a wife?"

"Yes."

"Some fellow must have been thunderingly accommodating."

"He only plays that she is his wife, of course. There is nothing really in it."

"What the deuce are you trying to come at, old man? You surely don't mean me to understand that you want to borrow *my* wife?"

Paul Reade half-rose from his chair. He leaned forward and looked in Ezra Morris' eyes with a curious, almost hypnotic stare.

"No," he answered, hoarsely, "not your wife—your mother."

Morris sprang from his chair. A quick flush leaped to his cheeks and an angry light into his eyes.

"What do you mean?" he demanded angrily. "There are some things which——"

"Hold on, old man," interrupted Reade, rising and laying his hand soothingly upon Morris' shoulder. "I meant no offense. I know the terrible misfortune that has happened to your mother, and if it were not for the fact that I am in one of the worst holes in which man ever found himself placed, I should never have mentioned her to you. Necessity makes us desperate sometimes, Ezra, and I frankly confess to you that I am in a desperate strait."

Very slowly the color receded from the face of Ezra Morris, and with a little sigh he seated himself again in his chair, his eyes still fixed upon Reade's countenance.

"I don't understand you," he said dully. Explain yourself."

"I surely need not explain to you, old friend, that our ways are not always ones that a person had best understand. We have both been in scrapes that we would rather not have our families or the police get on to. You know I don't mean anything personal or offensive, but simply that we can at least sympathize with each other. Well, Ezra, I am in just such a position as that now."

"Still I do not understand."

"And I cannot explain it to you fully. I thought you would be satisfied with what I have said, having been at some time in your life similarly circumstanced."

He looked at the man with an odd sort of expression, and Morris' eyes dropped.

"What is it you want me to do?" he asked.

"Lend me your mother for but a single hour."

"But how would it be possible for me to do that. You know her condition. She is hopelessly mad! You know that we are forced to keep her chained to the wall in a room that is built of stone. We dare not take her out of there even for a moment."

"I don't wish her to be taken out. I simply want to take some one there for the space of half an hour or less, without the person's knowing who your mother is."

"But——"

"I promise you that no harm shall come to her. I promise you that nothing shall be done further than the fact of my taking some one there to see her, who may speak to her and may not."

"But it is most dangerous for any one to go near her."

"So much the better. There will be no desire upon the part of the visitor to repeat the experiment."

"It seems a strange request, Reade, and frankly, I don't like it," answered Morris, after a few minutes of reflection. "If it is a woman that you are to take there, as I infer it is from the fact that you have mentioned no sex, I tell you that it is a dangerous thing to do. You know how nervous and excitable they are. This is no pleasant sight, Reade. The one decent point in my nature, I think, is love for my poor old mother. I have tried to make her surroundings as comfortable as I could, but it has all been most impossible. I will not have her confined in an asylum for the insane, but I have had a house built especially for her, and have attendants whom I know are kind and gentle with her as they can be under the circumstances; but even I cannot go there to see her. It makes me ill for days afterward. What, then, would it be to a sensitive woman?"

"I am not responsible for all that," answered Reade doggedly. "There is nothing that will extricate me from the worst hole in which I have ever been placed in my life but that. If you refuse, I don't know what I shall do."

"And if I consent?"

"Then I am saved."

There was a long silence between them. It was plain that Morris did not like to refuse the request of his friend; and yet, his whole soul seemed to rebel against it. He looked up and saw Reade's eyes fixed upon his. The expression was so eager, that he saw at once there really was some tremendous motive behind the request, and swallowing his repugnance, he said slowly:

"I suppose it can do no harm. I hate to have any one see her, Reade, and you must never ask me such a thing again, if I consent this time."

"I promise that I will not."

"All right, then."

"Thank you, Morris, a thousand times."

He took the man's hand in an earnest grasp, and picked up his hat.

"When do you want to go out?" Morris asked.

"Tomorrow, if that will suit you."

"As well then as any other time. I will send out word to have things in readiness to receive you."

"There will be no one there to give the thing away, will there?"

"No. I will attend to that. Let me impress upon you again, Reade, what you are likely to see there. The poor old soul is chained like a wild animal. The place is an isolated one, containing but two rooms, one for her, and one for the attendants. It is not far from Doctor Judson's private asylum, and it is to him and his assistants that she is intrusted. You will have to take a carriage to go. You know there is no railway. Do you know the way to Judson's asylum?"

"No. By the way, could you add to the favor?"

"What?"

"Send me the man who drives you out. Tell him where I wish to go, and there need then be no directions given. Will you do this also?"

"I may as well as to the other, I suppose."

"Thank you again, old man. I hope I shall have an opportunity some day to do you a favor of as great magnitude as this is to me."

"If the time comes when I need you, I will let you know."

CHAPTER XVI.

MARIAN VISITS THE ASYLUM.

Judson's asylum, notwithstanding the fact that it was for the insane, was not an unattractive place. The grounds were exquisitely kept; there was a corps of gardeners who knew their business; and the lawns and greenhouses were certainly things of beauty. But the singular attraction of Judson's asylum was the little house down by the lake among the trees.

It was built of stone, but there were vines climbing over it, and flowers peeping out here and there, that gave it a most picturesque and rural appearance. The grounds surrounding it were in even better condition than the ones about the larger building. One might have mistaken it for the home of one of the resident physicians, until the iron bars at doors and windows were seen, and then the truth was suspected.

It was always freely commented upon by visitors, and the explanation made:

"That? Oh, yes, that is a madhouse, and the very maddest of all our patients is in it. You have no doubt heard of the proverbial tenderness of a gambler's heart. Well, old Ezra Morris' mother is confined there. He won't have her in the asylum with the other patients, for fear their cries might disturb her. His love for his mother is the one passion of Ezra's heart, except the passion for gambling, and he had that little house built for her. It cost him a tidy pile, I can tell you; but he don't seem to care for that. We can pretty well tell when Ezra has struck it rich, because he always adds some little beauty to the place; but much good it does her. You never saw a patient like that one, and perhaps never will. She seems to have lost every attribute of the human, and there is nothing left but the animal. No, I can't take you in. He never lets any one see her unless by his special order."

And the visitor looked again with even increased interest at the little house and passed on.

And it was to this place that Paul Reade was taking his daughter, she laboring under the impression that it was to see her own mother that she was going.

He had signified his intention to her in the morning, and all the long hours she had sat waiting for him, with a curious intuition upon her that she could not fathom. A nervous chill shook her, but she attributed it to the fact that she was to see, for the first time in all these years, the woman who had given her birth. She shrunk from it with peculiar dread, but she nerved herself to the ordeal; and when the carriage was announced she rose in silence and pinned on her hat and veil.

It was a long, silent drive. More than once Paul Reade tried in a vague sort of way to break the oppression that hung over them, but it seemed impossible. Each shrank back in a corner of the carriage and remained there.

Marian looked up nervously as they turned into a shell-strewn drive through a large, wide gate, but she could find no voice to speak. She looked out and about her. She had never seen a more beautiful situation; and as she looked, a glimpse of the little lake came into view, with its picturesque shores and clear, limpid water.

A feeling of gratitude toward her father filled her heart. After all, he was not so bad as she had supposed, when he could choose a place like this for the tomb of that living corpse. She felt that in her inner soul she had misjudged him, and putting out her hand, she pressed his; but—she could not have told what it was. She was not in an analytical mood; but even had she been, there would have been no explanation to her of the sudden shrinking, the indrawing of her very soul, so to speak, that came over her. It was the psychic that had been rudely jostled by the touch of that human hand.

She fell away from him and closed her eyes, mentally fainting under the unacknowledged shock of it, and it was not until the carriage stopped that she opened them. She looked out eagerly.

There was the little stone structure with its vines and flowers. They were before the iron-crested door, but it was delicately covered by nature's draperies in a way that warmed her chilled sensibilities. It crept into her heart again and brought life.

It was her mother that she was to see; that mother who had sung her to sleep in infancy; that mother upon whose breast she had lain as a tiny child; that mother from whom she had nursed the germs of insanity!

As that thought came it brought a memory of June Beckwith as a natural sequence; but in that moment the memory seemed halo-crowned. Her soul was uplifted; she did not tremble with the passionate horror, as she had done before the further-away contemplation of insanity. A holy resignation soothed her like the balm of a religion.

She did not speak, but stepped quietly from the carriage when the door had been opened for her. Her father was beside her; she loosened her veil and allowed it to drop away from her face. She did not hear the key inserted in the lock, and she did not hear the door open; but she saw the interior of the hall as it stretched before her.

Her father entered and she followed him. She did not observe that he walked behind the attendant, but she saw him shiver slightly as the inner door was opened. And then——

She did not move, or shrink, or cry out. She was ike a piece of the granite in the stone wall. Her eyes were glued in fixed horror on the creature in the corner. She was chained like an animal. From out the shadows the eyes glittered, not like human things, but like a licking fire that touches highly-polished isinglass. The hair upon the head was like short gray bristles; the skin was wrinkled and shriveled like a parchment. The hands were long and thin, with nails growing from them like the huge claws of an animal.

And that was her mother! That creature, in whom not a vestige of the human was visible, was the mother whom she had loved! And then the apathy of her soul was changed to the wildest rebellion. The mental anguish was something that no human pen could describe. She stood there saying nothing, motionless, apparently insensible, but suffering the wildest agony of almost mental death.

And then, in its turn, remembrance of what she had believed to be her duty, came.

She had fondly believed that her love, her devotion might accomplish something; and more as one moves under the influence of a nightmare than from the effect of emotion, she started toward the creature in the corner. But she had taken less than half-a-dozen steps in the direction, when the hand of the guard was placed warningly upon her arm.

"Don't go near her, miss," he exclaimed, with gruff gentleness. "She would only fly at you, and perhaps hurt you before we could prevent it. She don't know nothing at all, and you couldn't make her understand nothing. She is just like a mad dog, just exactly, and has been for years and years. If you should speak to her, it would only send her into one of her violent fits. She ain't pleasant to look at now, but it's awful then."

Every word of the speech seemed to enter Marian's heart like the sear of a red-hot iron. They were spoken in a low tone; but they were trumpet-blasts to her. She stood there for a moment swaying, as if about to fall; then, with a little gasp, she flung out her arms to her father.

"Take me away," she whispered.

He slipped his arms about her and half-carried her from the building. She saw nothing, heard nothing, understood nothing. She sat bolt upright in the carriage when he had placed her inside, with her great eyes staring straight ahead, and was as dead as the plaster Venus they had passed in the park.

Paul Reade was frightened. He watched her in silence until the grounds of the asylum had been left far behind, and then, laying his hand upon hers, he said gently:

"Forgive me, dear; it was the only way."

She did not understand the subtle meaning underlying his words; but, somehow, she was grateful for the sound of a human voice. It seemed to thaw some of the ice that bound her heart—even *his* voice.

She did not turn her eyes upon him, she felt that she could not; but dully, stonily, she asked:

"Is she always like that?"

"Always."

"And there is no hope?"

"None. Don't let us speak of it, Marian. It can do no good. You see that she is well cared for, that she has all that money can do to make her comfortable; but it is all useless. She knows nothing of it; she has ceased to be human; the soul has gone. It is only the animated body that remains, the creature without the spirit. You can do nothing, Marian, and I have done all that I can."

"Thank you. I am afraid that I have misjudged you, but you will forgive me for that. You have done all, more than I could have asked under the circumstances. I am grateful that you have placed her—there, where the rest of the world, the curious, cannot look upon her misfortune. It—it—is—— Oh, Heaven, father, do you suppose that inheritance will ever come to me?"

He never forgot that cry to the day he died; and a terrible pallor overspread her face before he replied to her. There was a brief pause; and then he exclaimed, almost hoarsely:

"No! A thousand times no! It would be impossible! Don't ever let a thought like that enter your head. It is impossible, I tell you. Don't speak of it, don't think of it again!"

She did not reply. His words had not the power to lift the chest of torture that lay upon her soul. He watched her in a sort of terrified silence, and it was with a feeling almost like gratitude that he saw Dick Gresham come down the steps of their home to meet them when the carriage drew up.

"I have been waiting here for you for more than an hour," he exclaimed, looking sentimentally down upon Marian. "I have brought you a piece of news and I was determined that no one should forestall me in telling it."

She smiled into the false face, striving piteously to conceal her anguish.

"What is it?" she asked drearily, as he led her into the hall.

"A great piece of good news that will please you," he answered lightly, his eyes fixed hungrily upon her pale but glorious beauty, and lighted with a curious fire that she was too ill, mentally, to observe. "Your friend, Miss Gordon, is betrothed."

She stopped suddenly, and looked at him.

"To whom?" she asked, her lips stiffening unconsciously.

"To your friend, Junius Beckwith!"

There was no reply. As she looked at him, apparently without power to remove her eyes, a little shudder passed over her, and she fell there at his feet without a sound.

"You infernal idiot!" Paul Reade whispered. "What induced you to do such a thing?"

"It is much better. She will recover quicker," answered Gresham serenely. "Besides, I did not want her making a fool of herself. She is too sensational by half, my boy."

TO BE CONTINUED.

The under dog may be deserving of our sympathy, but don't forget that the small potatoes are always at the bottom of the heap.



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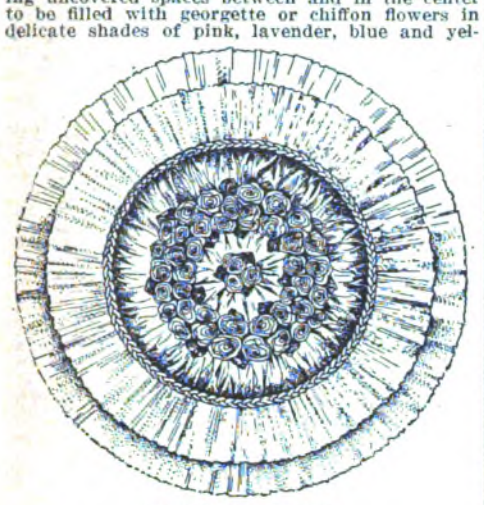
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Practical and Attractive Gifts for Christmas Cheer

Pincushion or Sachet

ALMOST too pretty for a pincushion is this attractive affair of lace and ribbon pictured below. A sachet seems a more satisfactory use for it. To make, cover a circle of heavy cloth, six inches in diameter, with rose colored ribbon, shirring it on as in illustration. Make two rows of this ribbon, leaving uncovered spaces between and in the center to be filled with georgette or chiffon flowers in delicate shades of pink, lavender, blue and yel-

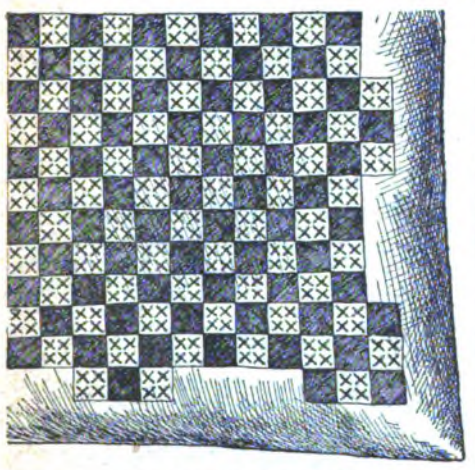


DAINTY YET USEFUL.

low with leaves of light green ribbon. The roses are made by doubling lengthwise a piece of chiffon, three-quarters of an inch wide and six or seven inches long and rolling loosely and sewing securely on under side. Make enough of these, probably forty, and sew on in circle in clusters of three with two loops of green ribbon for each cluster. Finish with a double ruffle of lace, top ruffle being a little narrower than the bottom one, using a narrow piece of pink braid around edge. If you do not happen to have this on hand, you can make it by braiding strands of embroidery silk, as in illustration. If to be used as a sachet, line with layers of absorbent cotton, sprinkling each layer with some fragrant powder, and cover back with silk to match ribbon used on front.

Couch Pillow

The cover to this pillow is made by applying a large patch of even checked material to a plain foundation, which extends far enough outside to make a plain border. As illustrated, one-fourth of the cover is shown. The finished patch measures 18 inches, is made of medium blue and white checked gingham, and sewed to the center of a finished 24-inch square of plain corn colored ging-

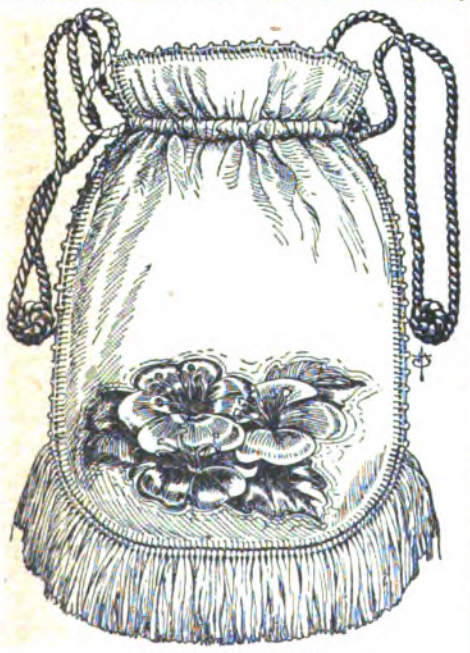


SIMPLE AND ATTRACTIVE.

ham. A velvet foundation with patch of checked silk is also suitable material. The edge of the gingham is cut out at even intervals which adds an unusual touch. The plain squares are ornamented with short lines of outlining which cross in each quarter of the white checks. This is done with embroidery cotton to match the foundation. In putting the cover together, a piping of checked material, cut bias, gives a pretty finish and helps hold the pillow in shape. It is well to do the embroidery before sewing the checked material to the plain.

Art Cloth Bag

Linen or any of the adaptable cottons other than art cloth may be used to make this bag. Cut the desired size in two parts, front and back. Decorate the front with stencil and embroidery



ARTISTIC IN DESIGN.

combined, or with a patchwork design in three or more colors. The top side seams of the bag are left open as far as the run. A narrow hem is turned and held by working over the hem a row of d c with ch 2 between. Make one turn around the edge of both sides of the bag as deep as the two turns in hem, and then trim so that in crocheting the two sides together the hook will go through two thicknesses rather than four. Carefully baste together the two sides of bag and crochet over the edges with the same stitch used around the top. Next crochet around the entire bag, excepting the section to be fringed, with a picot edge made as follows: Ch 4, pass hook through the first ch and s c. Make s c around first row and p every fourth d. Fringe with crochet cotton. Take five lengths, with hook drag the loop made by doubling once through from the back into the spaces made by ch in first row, pass through the ten ends and draw firmly. Trim evenly when fringing is finished. Use twisted or crocheted cord to draw up the bag.

Crash and Enamel Cloth Bag

Use a strip of colored crash eighteen inches long by ten and one-half inches wide. Beginning three and one-half inches from one end, draw the threads in squares to a depth of four and one-half inches, and to within two inches from each edge. The design will readily be seen by referring to the picture. Buttonhole around the entire edge where the threads are cut off, and slightly draw together the remaining threads where they cross with a double cross-stitch, which gives the effect of Mexican work. One or both sides of the bag may be decorated in this way, or a coarse design in wool is pleasing. Bring the two ends of the crash together and sew up the two side seams, leaving the bottom whole. Sew a band of black enamel cloth to the top of bag as you would an outside facing. The top edge of bag and the edge of enamel cloth are seamed so that when the glossy side of the band is turned onto the outside it covers the seam at the edge. The lower



ORNAMENTAL AND PRACTICAL.

edge of band is not turned under, and is sewed to the crash with a rather deep buttonhole stitch. The handles are of double enamel cloth with machine stitched edges. The decorations are of patchwork designs. The leaves and flowers may be cut from velvet and buttonholed or glued to the velvet. A circle on a circle, each a little smaller, and lightly tacked with bright wools makes a very attractive decoration.

Bag with Stiffened Base

Crochet around bottom as follows: Ch. 4, join, and s c 8 times into the ring, join 1 c h, 2 s c into each st until point of beginning, join. Repeat until required size is made, keeping the work flat by adding a s c when necessary. When the bottom is finished, make the top by rows of s c, joining each row, and starting the next with 1 ch. To stiffen the crochet base, dip in thin boiled starch and stretch it onto a straight sided small tin pan, letting it remain over night where it will dry. Finish with two coats of varnish or shellac. Baskets may be made by this process.

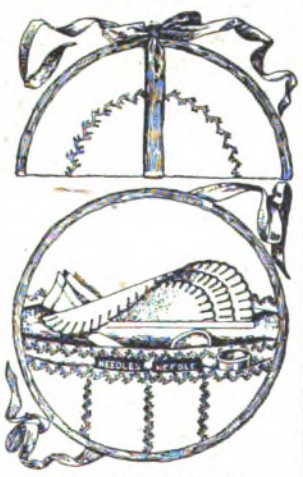


DAINTY WORK BAG.

The top of bag is silk, though many other materials are suitable. The design shown in illustration can be readily copied. The dots are single beads, while the remainder of design is embroidered. The top of bag is finished with lace beading through which ribbon is run and finished with knotted ends.

Needlecase

Very practical and common sense, as compared with the lace and ribbon sachet pad described on this page, is the needlecase of white pique shown here. To be sure, the pink ribbon ties and stitchings of pink on front and back give it a rather frivolous air but not enough to detract from its practicability. The outer circle, or back, is six inches in diameter, lined with half-circle pockets of the same that reach nearly the center but far enough apart to permit attaching by the ends of a needlebook made of three half circles of soft flannel, each one smaller than the other. One pocket has a narrower covering stitched down to form little compartments for needles and thimble. After pockets are attached, the outer edge is bound with pink ribbon and a half-yard of the same is fastened to the center back to form a tie when case is closed.



FOR NEEDLES AND THIMBLE.

Bunny Bib Holder

A bib holder like the one shown in illustration will make the wearing of bibs a pleasure to the small son or daughter of the household.

The strap can be made of any soft material and when finished measures one-half inch wide and eight inches long, with tiny safety pins sewed into the turned-under ends. The bunny faces are made of button moulds covered with white flannel or white velvet, with eyes and nose marked in red ink while black is used for some



FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

very realistic "smellers." The following verse neatly printed on a card will be a source of interest as well:

Oh little children, eat your food
As neatly as you're able,
Lest little bunnies on the strap
See spots upon the table.

Bath Toy for Baby

An ordinary rubber sponge, four or five inches long, can be converted into an amusing bath toy by a few snips of the scissors, an elastic band and a few strips from a discarded bathing cap. The head is formed by winding an elastic band around sponge while the arms are made by cutting in on each side as indicated by dotted lines "A" and "A" on small diagram. Paste the pieces of bath cap on as shown in illustration, to form suit, cap, eyes and mouth—and don't forget the buttons. They are an absolute necessity.



IT WILL AMUSE BABY.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

ents should obtain the book "Four Epochs of Life" by Dr. Elizabeth Hamilton Muncie, and allow their children to read it, for it is such a wonderfully well written book on the subjects of sex and reproduction of life, that one can not help but have a sweet and beautiful understanding of all the laws of nature after reading it. Upon the same subject of teaching pure sex ideals to the children, let me again refer to Macfadden: "Let me urge you to be frank and fearless with your children in dealing with them upon this subject of sex. Teach them that the body is a beautiful thing, fashioned by the great Creative Intelligence for the use of the highest creatures he has made, and that it is to be reverenced as the temple of the human soul. Teach your growing boys and girls to look upon their bodies, and to enjoy the sight because of the perfection manifested in their creation. * * * Explain to them that while in the present condition of public morals and thought upon this subject, the body must always be covered in public, it is a hideous and repulsive lie that there is anything about the normal human body that is not sweet, pure and beautiful."

As this is beginning to be very lengthy I will bring it to a conclusion. In closing, would say, teach the children pure, high ideals from the cradle upward. In my study and work with others I have seen so much impurity of thought, venereal diseases, etc., that is directly traceable to wrong teachings in childhood that I cannot too strongly urge parental teachings of pure sex ideals. When this has been done and when we who are older, crush out every impure and obscene thought, we will begin to experience a much higher plane of life in which there will be no race suicide nor other abnormal things.

Yours, DR. DEFOLAR.

SO. BERKELEY, 3025 Adeline Street, CALIF.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Everyone needs a vacation, but then, few people who do so can look back with pleasant memories and a full and contented realization that the time was well and profitably spent. This was how I felt after being a week at Moss Beach, California.

A short electric train ride brought us to the ferry over the Bay of San Francisco to the eternal fog-bound city of San Francisco, where a short street car ride brought us to the autos that were to take us to Moss Beach, some 30 odd miles over the mountains and through deep canyons, the home of myriads of wild life, including deer, raccoon, wild cat and colonies of cottontails that scurried away in droves as our machine sped by.

Up, up we went and at each turn and twist new vistas of unparalleled scenery burst into view, each one seeming to be surpassed by the other. Is it any wonder that you hear so often repeated, "California, I Love You!"

The fog-bound city of San Francisco was utterly lost to sight when we emerged into the bright sunlight and in less than two hours we had descended and arrived at our destination and our steps were turned to what was once a depot or railway station but now used and kept and run by a charming couple known as "Joe" and "Mary," who have just placed a large sign on the roof that appeals to all in a wonderful gastronomic way: "Home Cooking."

And "Mary" upholds the reputation of the sign above, and many times we proved it. Whether there is something in the atmosphere of Moss Beach to account for it, we must give that particular place the palm over all other places in California or elsewhere for genuine honest hospitality.

The lodging once arranged for, the beach is next sought, for no other beach within a hundred-mile radius offers such a wide range of marine objects of so much study in geology as this whole district does for over one mile.

The Caves, the Boiling Pot, the Reefs, the Canyons, the pure white sandy beach with its myriads of shells and shiny pearly pieces of the abalone shells that seem to dance in the sunlight in every handful.

We arose very early next morning to "catch the tide," and reached the reefs in good time to see one of the most beautiful and inspiring sights that our eyes had ever beheld about 100 yards from shore—the receding tide revolving the great, pale green anemones with their swaying tentacles and dark brown centers; the thousands of rich blue spiked sea urchins; all in a rich setting of seaweed that rivaled the rainbow in its hues and setting, the minute forms of sea life, each taking its own color and peculiarity, made us join hands and exclaim as we stood in wonderment by the rifts in the rocks, "My God, how wonderful Thou art."

There, drilling in the living rock, were the sea urchins, and many a sore on our fingers is proof of their tenacity as we tried to twist them out of their self-made caves. The anemones we fed with crushed mussels just to watch the pale green tentacles clutch and hold their food. The great leather clam or sea cradle, often stretching a foot in length, and which dispenses with the useless formality of a shell, and which, after an hour's boiling, would defy a cave man to dent it with his molars, had selected a spot close by and was obviously little aware that in a few days his backbone would form a necklace of pretty butterflies.

From watching the sea urchin I have learned the lesson more fully that God takes care of even the shell fish, causing them to drill themselves into the rocks until, when a certain size and age, they drill themselves out again and live in the deeper waters. How much more should we mortals trust Him who said, "Even the hairs of your head are numbered."

Contrary to what we would at first suppose, on seeing the vast quantity of living matter thrown up by the sea, that not one atom of it is wasted and this is proved by the fact of the many kinds of insects and shrimps that seem to wait for every piece as soon as the sea gives it up.

When the tide was in, and we could not get on the reefs, we went into a pavilion built on the sands and spent many pleasant hours listening to the music or studying the thousands of specimens with which the walls and ceiling are thickly studied. Many fine specimens of albalones, sea urchins, star fishes and fossils are found here, and the genial proprietor, Mr. Nye, who kindly explains his curios and knows everything worth knowing about Moss Beach, makes you realize that you are no stranger.

Some of the mornings when on the beach we had to gather dried seaweed and make a chimney of stones and sticks and good feeds we surely had, pork and beans with mussels fresh from the rocks, a plentiful supply of crackers and cheese, feet on the hot rocks, while you watch the curl of the smoke as it ascends to the cliff above, a sense of freedom comes over you as you look around and see no living soul in either direction for miles, you tune yourself up to the rhythm of the waves and with a heart of thankfulness to the God of Nature, the soul sings:

"Awake, my soul, and with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run.
Shake off dull sloth and early rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice."

When we arrived, we were fortunate in seeing a whale and a baby white seal that had been washed up on the beach and we secured a souvenir of both, the buffer bones or ligaments that separate the vertebræ of the whale, and the teeth of the seal.

We needed a pack mule to bring home the specimens, and a very decided salt flavor permeates our whole home, while all the neighbors have secured their samples from us, and many resolves have been made to go there.

The return trip was made in good weather, and the air on the mountains so bracing and pure until we entered the fog belt of San Francisco and had passed through on our way home to Berkeley through the sunshiny city of Oakland, thankful to be home with our burdens and get hot water to boil our victims.

Your sincere sister, MRS. JAMES C. MARSH.

PEEBLE, N. Y.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I called on you two years ago but you were so busy I didn't stay long; at least, my letter wasn't printed.

I am 29 years old, tall, slender, with brown hair and a fair complexion.

I have a daughter nearly twelve years old who weighs 101 pounds. What can be done to reduce her weight? Can someone help me? She is a very hearty eater. Some say that it may not be natural fat but it is. She isn't what you would call "a sight" but just solid and chunky. She cries if anyone teases her about being fat. She is very musical and plays the piano and sings.

My husband is thirty-four years old, and is the village blacksmith. If the wife of a blacksmith reads this she can sympathize with me on wash days. I do all my own work and am not very strong. Have had nervous trouble for three years. I like to sew, crochet and am making a wild rose border for a lunch cloth and finishing up a basket yoke.

I want to tell you something about our big delegation that came to Cortland County in August. The New York Tribune sends children from New York City to the country for two weeks and pays expenses. Any one can take one or two, or more if they wish, for two weeks. Just let them know whether you want a boy or a girl and the age desired and you will get what you order. Six hundred and thirty-three were unloaded at Cortland. Friends of ours took a little nine-year-old girl and we took them to the train to get her. The crowd there was equal to a county fair. Each child wore two tags; one was the town where they were going and the other was their name and address and the name and address of the people to whom they were going. Each car had a lady attendant and there was a special train of seven coaches. They were unloaded in about an hour and each child was delivered to the place intended for it unless the people happened to be there to meet it. It was quite a sight. I never saw so many children in my life, some crying, some laughing and the others didn't know what to do. The girl our friends had was here the year before so she already knew where she was going. She didn't know which to kiss when she saw us, so clasped me around the neck with both arms, and I thought she would never let go. We bought her lots of new things last year and again this year. I didn't take any of the children myself for I live upstairs and in a dangerous place. I was afraid they might fall off the porch. If any of the sisters ever get the chance to take "Fresh Air Kids" as they are called, you will know that they are all right. They are inspected by doctors before leaving and are free from disease. When it came time for them to go home they didn't want to go and hid in the barns and meadows. The officers found them. Eleven of them came to Preble and a brighter bunch you never saw.

How many believe in Sunday baseball games? It seemed to be quite the thing here this summer.

I am to entertain our Sunday School Class (of which we are members) and will someone give me some ideas in the way of entertainment. We had a corn roast down on the shore of the lake and it was heaps of fun.

I have corresponded with a COMFORT sister for over three years. She lives in Akron, Ohio, and I hope to see her when I go to my home in Indiana for a visit. I enjoy the COMFORT magazine. Can anyone send me the words and music of the song or hymn, "They tell of a city with walls of jasper and streets of gold"? My sister always liked it and wanted it sung at her funeral but we couldn't find it. I am anxious for it to sing as a duet. I am an alto singer and my friend and I sing together at church and are always hunting for new songs.

Best wishes to all. MRS. JESSE GARDNER.

PITTSBURG, PA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I've always stayed outside and listened to your conversation without trying to enter, but when the plea came from Molly-Joe I said, "Here is your chance," for I've always been somewhat in love with Molly-Joe anyway. I'm not speaking from experience for I never had a stepmother but I think unless the brothers she speaks of are very young or the stepmother very unkind to them, her best plan would be to go away and do something for herself, and by so doing she might be helping all concerned more than by staying with them. No matter how good a stepmother she may have, one house was never built for two. Sometimes I believe we can allow people to lean too heavily upon us, so heavily that they fail to appreciate who is holding them up. Therefore I think it would be better if Molly-Joe would break away for a while at least. The breaking away will be hard, of course, especially if she has never been away from the loved ones much.

There are many opportunities for the kind of girl I take Molly-Joe to be. Let's hear what the other sisters think on the subject.

I have noticed a few letters are from wives of railroad men and if this doesn't land in the waste-basket perhaps I'll call again and tell of my home and the Smoky City.

FOREMAN'S WIFE.

NEBRASKA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND ALL:

Many times when reading the interesting letters of this corner I have been tempted to write but have always postponed it thinking that others would write more intelligently and beneficially than I. When I read Roy Smith's letter in the August number I was again moved to write and this time so strongly that I can't put it off as I have done before. I think Mr. Smith was entirely too harsh on our motion-picture plays and not once did he criticize the eyes that saw the pictures. I have traveled what some would call extensively and seen a large number of photoplays and everyone has been educational to me in some way. Yes, some showed semi-nude women and some two-thirds nude men, some entirely nude children but I don't feel that my mind has been poisoned nor that I am an immoral wretch because I have witnessed these pictures. If such sights cause evil thoughts in the minds of men or "small boys" then they must feel terribly wicked every time they go near a bathing beach. Such thoughts should be quelled and a good cure for persons affected

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)



Through the columns of this department our Doctor's advice regarding maternity and child welfare will be given free in answer to questions by our subscribers. Address Mother and Baby Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and be sure to give your full name and address. Names will not be published.

What to Do if Baby Becomes Unconscious

THERE is nothing probably that will frighten a mother more than to find her baby unconscious, and what I mean by this is that the baby will not awaken nor respond to any efforts to arouse it.

This symptom may be a serious thing and where it is possible it is always best to send for a physician at once, then proceed to do the things for the baby that the mother can do before he arrives. First examine the mouth and throat to see if it has by any chance swallowed anything, try and reason out the chances of the baby's getting hold of any medicine or preparation of any kind that might poison it.

I speak of medicine, for a short time ago I was called to see an unconscious baby and for a little time the case was very confusing as to what caused the child's condition. Then I noted twitching of the muscles all over the body, which made me think of strychnine poisoning, and on questioning the mother found the baby had eaten a few pink tablets, that I found to be strychnine tablets.

In this case it was very important to know what caused the unconsciousness as then we could treat the case intelligently.

There are a few simple things a mother can do before the physician arrives in any case, that will not do any harm and usually do good.

The first of these is the warm bath. Remove baby's clothing carefully and put it into a warm bath. I do not mean a hot bath and wish to caution the mother about this as in several cases I have known mothers to lose their heads and scald baby quite seriously. Prepare the water, then dip your elbow into it and be sure it is not too warm. I should leave the baby in the water about ten minutes unless it becomes conscious before this time. Then take the baby into your lap and wrap it up in a warm blanket. If it is still unconscious, I should proceed to get an action from its bowels in some way, first trying a suppository of glycerine, gluten or soap and if any of these are not available give an enema of soap suds and warm water, never using more than one-half pint of water at a time. In using the suppository I wish to again caution you about losing your head, and being rough or careless.

We will now take up for consideration the things that will cause unconsciousness, taking them up in about the order of their frequency.

First, indigestion with its accompanying toxemia, and ptomaine poisoning are without doubt the most common causes of unconsciousness, and, in these cases, the warm bath followed with relieving of the bowels by suppositories or enema are the proper treatment and will rarely fail to relieve very soon.

Second in frequency is dentition or teething, and in healthy full-blooded babies it is not at all uncommon for them to become unconscious, or as the mother will tell you, "have a fit," especially when the large double teeth are coming. The baby's face will be red, with fever and rapid pulse, and it will be inclined to open its eyes and stare up toward the ceiling of the room. The treatment for this is the warm bath, bathing with lukewarm water, cold applications to the head, and as soon as the physician arrives have him lance the gums over offending tooth or teeth, uncovering the top of the tooth, as the bleeding will give relief to the head symptoms. This may seem to be rather heroic treatment, but it is not, as nature has got to push through this same tissue with this new tooth, which is a normal physiological happening.

As to the poisons that a child may get hold of and swallow, of course the proper treatment is to give the proper antidote, as, for example, if it is some acid one should give an alkali, lime-water; if an alkali, give an acid, diluted vinegar is a simple one available in most of homes. If the baby has taken opium or any of its preparations, try and get baby to vomit as soon as possible with lukewarm water with a little mustard in it, or tickle the back part of its throat as this will usually cause vomiting, then try and keep the baby awake until the doctor arrives—you might give a little coffee; then when the doctor arrives he will wash out the stomach and give the physiological antidote, permanganate of potassium.

In strychnine poisoning make the baby vomit, then put baby in a quiet place, holding it firmly, as the slightest draft or noise will often throw it into an unconscious or convulsive state. Be sure to get the doctor as soon as possible.

Aconite, I think, is another poison a mother should know something about as it is often used as a fever remedy and the baby may by mistake or carelessness get an overdose. In such case get the doctor as soon as possible, and while waiting for him keep the baby lying on its back with feet higher than its head, apply hot applications, and give stimulants such as coffee, aromatic spirits of ammonia, any kind of wine, whiskey or brandy in small doses if available.

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The subject of our January talk will be *Winter Coughs and Colds.*

Questions and Answers

HIVES.—I am a young mother, with three-months'-old baby, and wish you would tell me what is best to give her as she has hives. MRS. A. B., Piney Flats, Tenn.

A.—The most common cause of hives in babies is indigestion, therefore the thing to do in the first place is to correct this. If you are nursing baby, get your own digestion normal, keep bowels regular and avoid foods that cause gas or distress. If it is a bottle baby, put one or two tablespoonfuls of lime-water in each four ounces of food, and keep baby's bowels regular by frequently giving in its milk one or two teaspoonfuls of milk of magnesia.

DANDRUFF AND EXCESSIVE FLOW OF MILK.—We have a baby three weeks old whose head is caked with dandruff. What can we do for it? (2) I also wish to know what can be done to prevent milk flowing from mother's breast when baby is not nursing.

MRS. A. M., Burgaw, N. C.

A.—Apply on baby's head a little olive oil or vaseline, gently washing once a day with borax or boric acid solution, four per cent., or as much powder as will dissolve in amount of water,—this is called a saturated solution. (2) For the excessive flow of milk, would suggest dry diet for mother, that is, drinking less liquids, and as the baby grows older he will without doubt take care of milk.

CONSTIPATED BABY.—I am writing for information as to what to do for my four-months'-old baby who is badly constipated. Have tried Castoria and olive oil without any good result. MRS. M. M., Bransom, Colo.

A.—If you are nursing the baby, get your bowels regular with Fluid Extract of Cascara Sagrada, in teaspoonful doses. If bottle baby, try giving one or two teaspoonful doses of milk of magnesia in its milk once or twice a day as needed.

PAINFUL, SCANTY URINATION.—I am six months pregnant and am writing for advice as to what to do for burning pain on urinating and cannot urinate much.

MRS. M. C., Farmington, Pa.

A.—Without doubt, you have a highly acid urine from eating too many acid fruits, grapes, apples, tomatoes, etc., etc., and I would suggest that you stop all acid fruits and vegetables, drink lots of milk, and two or three times a day drink a glass of water to which has been added a teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Urinating in bathtub or while taking sitz bath will relieve painful urination. Put binder around lower abdomen; getting a little upward and inward pressure will help you in walking.

SORE NIPPLES.—I am an expectant mother and wish to know what I can do to harden nipples, as they are always so sore and cracked when baby arrives.

MRS. W., Bath, Mich.

A.—Avoid flattening nipples with tight corsets, harden them during pregnancy with tannin or alum, apply every day for week before baby arrives a saturated solution of borax, or equal parts of borax or vaseline.

BRONCHITIS.—My 19-months'-old girl has bronchial trouble and I am writing to know if there is anything I can do to give relief; also one side of nose runs and I should like to know if her tonsils cause either of these troubles, and is she too young to have them removed? MRS. E. D. R., Allen, Kans.

A.—For the bronchitis would give 20-drop doses of syrup of hydriodic acid, three times a day in a little water. Should have nose and throat examined, as any obstruction from adenoids or enlarged tonsils imposes on organs of respiration, and have operation if needed.

INDIGESTION.—My 15-months'-old bottle-fed baby cries a great deal and does not sleep over one-half hour at a time. Have tried all brands of milk and none seems to agree with him. Would you put him on solid food and what would you give him?

MRS. H. C. H., Great Falls, S. C.

A.—Yes, I would put him on solid food, cooked cereal, cream of wheat, oatmeal that has been cooked a long time, oatmeal gruels, baked potato, stale wheat bread toasted, orange juice, soft-boiled eggs every other day.

MALNUTRITION.—My 17-months'-old girl has but two teeth and weighs but 17 pounds. I feed her on modified milk and she seems healthy. When I set her on her feet she cries and sort of curls them up. She does not creep. Any information you can give me in regard to treating her will be appreciated.

MRS. J. F., Lothan, Montana.

A.—Would suggest your taking your little girl to a competent physician for a thorough examination at once, and until you do so should avoid trying to encourage her to walk or creep as there is some reason for this backwardness.

BABY'S BOWELS.—My six-weeks'-old baby's bowels have not been regular since he was born, move some days eight times, watery and full of curds. Can you tell me the cause of the curds?

MRS. N. W., Tanner, W. Va.

A.—If you are nursing baby, correct your own digestion, especially avoiding acids as this hyperacidity is the cause of the curds, also drink milk and vichy water, equal parts, or take three or four tablespoonfuls of lime-water a day. If baby is bottle fed, give baby tablespoonful of lime-water to four-ounce feeding, and occasionally give baby teaspoonful of castor oil.

PERIPHERAL VENOUS THROMBOSIS.—I am the mother of eight children and have had milk leg several times, and am now down with it for two months. What is the cause and remedy? (2) Please explain what a leak in the heart is and is there danger of sudden death?

MRS. E. M. R., Felton, Ga.

A.—The causes of peripheral venous thrombosis or milk leg is not definitely settled, but is without doubt caused by anything favoring blood coagulation, feebleness, debility, difficult labor, septic infection or any inflammation of pelvis following childbirth. Treatment: Elevate the limb, wet in hot flannel cloths, covering this with oiled silk or oilcloth and bandage on. Apply constantly hot flaxseed meal poultice with a little turpentine sprinkled on, and if painful sprinkle a little laudanum on poultice. (2) A leak in heart is supposed to mean that one of the valves does not close properly, and as a rule does not cause sudden death, as you usually get a compensating hypertrophy. One exception to this rule is that you may get sudden death if aortic valve is involved, and aortic regurgitation is the valvular heart trouble that causes the largest number of sudden deaths, but even with this many lead an active life without danger.

PILES.—I am three months pregnant and am badly troubled with the piles, although my bowels are not at all constipated. Can you tell me what to do for them?

MRS. R. A. B., Florence, S. D.

A.—If you have large external piles, I would suggest you have them removed under cocaine, a simple thing to do. If internal and external, I would advise you to use Iodex pile suppositories, and apply Ung. Iodex on outside. Iodex preparations can be obtained at most any drug store.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

in this way would be to spend several years among the South Sea Islanders. I want to tell Mr. Smith that all the sin there is at a film show is in the minds of the spectators and not in the films. There is beauty in everything that God made. If you don't see godliness in a beautiful woman or a strong man, the devil has infused your mind with immoral thoughts and you are weak enough to listen to him. A man must be weak indeed if he feels degraded and poisoned because he has looked upon the picture of a scantily clothed woman and if a small boy feels the same way he has been taught to do so by his elders for a child does not have wicked thoughts until instilled by others.

There are various conditions and customs to be found in traveling over the world but not all can travel. To those who can't, these modes of life can be learned, to a certain extent, from the picture shows. To be really educated one must become acquainted with all phases of life and all classes of people—the lowly, the great middle class, the wealthy or society class. Mr. Smith states that it is a crime for little boys to look upon these pictures; if this is true then it is a crime for them to know that such conditions exist. Not so, the crime is in the fact that sinful conditions do exist. A child, in my estimation, should be taught to know and recognize all conditions of life, then to be able to pick out the pure from the impure and see and love the beautiful things of this world. One usually finds what one looks for and I am glad that I have learned to look for and to see the true and beautiful.

With best wishes to all,

Sincerely, M. M.

ATLANTA, GA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

If you'll allow me, I'll sit right over here with these happy mothers, discussing their children. I have two, a boy, ten years old, and a girl, three, and we are regular pals. We are not as fortunate as country folks, as we live in a crowded city, our lot being only 30x100 feet, so haven't very much room and freedom. But we make the most of it and are happy. I helped the children make a playhouse, under the back part of the house, which is high, with a wonderful store adjoining. Bubba is the store man and "Baby Dear" is "Mama." I run down to play with them, when I can spare the time. And when I have to leave them, "Mama" is delighted to give me permission to go upstairs. We sometimes have a tea-party, with milk for tea, and have doughnuts or tea cakes. I find that while they play they are learning to keep things neat and orderly. You'd be surprised to see how well Baby Dear can sweep.

I had my boy to help me with the dishes and house work as soon as he was old enough, till now, at ten years, I can depend on him to wash the dishes and clean the kitchen as well as I. I taught him to begin with, that anything worth doing is worth doing right. I had to send him back, just a few times, to do things over again to convince him of this. And I never allowed him to frown or grumble about his work, because I never allow anything to become monotonous with him. I keep him in good practice, so if any emergency arises I can depend on him. I have seen some children, when their mothers get sick, take possession of the whole place and make enough noise to give a well person nervous prostration. I don't believe in letting boys grow up until they are old enough to earn money, before training them to be energetic. By that time they are usually so lazy they are beyond redemption. Dish washing and house work may be only girls' work, in some mothers' eyes, but it's not in mine.

Let me tell some of the mothers how I wash my dishes and save some time, and I think of "Happy Homemaker" most every time I wash mine, with her "from twelve to forty men to cook for." I wash them in hot water and turn them in a pan with holes in the bottom, which sets in another pan, to dry. That leaves only the silver and frying pans to dry with the towel. They are as clean and glossy as can be, when left to dry this way. Of course a sink would be much better to set the pan in, and one can buy the wire baskets for the purpose at the stores, but my old pan answers the purpose fine.

Thanks, Mrs. McDonald, for your suggestion. I find Katherine Booth wonderful, and never noticed her department until I read your letter. I am afraid she will be working over time when a few more neglected sisters, like myself, take notice.

Another Broken Blossom, I find your method of punishment seems fine, but it won't work in my case, possibly because my boy is too old. It gave me a good idea, though. Whenever I have to punish him the second time for anything, I make him whip himself, telling him I am tired of whipping, so he will have to whip awhile. That is absolutely a sure cure in my case.

With love to all, and thanking you, Mrs. Wilkinson, I am, A GEORGIA MOTHER.

SALEM, R. R. 2, W. VA.

HELLO THERE, MRS. WILKINSON:

I am sending a picture of Bernice Lee Whiteman. I hope to see her smiling face in COMFORT. She is seventeen months old and can talk. I am twenty years old and have been married five years. We live in the country but have an automobile and go to town when we want to.

I read COMFORT and like it, especially the helps, but all of COMFORT helps. I have a lot of good books and magazines but COMFORT is my favorite.



BERNICE LEE WHITEMAN.

I told baby's Daddy that I was going to send her picture to COMFORT and he laughed. Guess he thinks the Sisters' Corner is not real but I know it is. I always turn to it first to see the kiddies and then to read the letters.

I may come again if baby and I are noticed this time.

MRS. DAISY WHITEMAN.

Mrs. Whiteman.—Such a happy, contagious smile couldn't possibly escape "notice." There must be something particularly joyous about sitting on a table with one's toes turned in, that we grown-ups have missed.—Ed.

HOPE, ARKANSAS.

HELLO, FOLKS:

Will you admit another boy into your circle? I hail from the State at which they all poke fun; nevertheless, it is in the front ranks in natural resources. It has the only diamond mines in the United States and many other minerals are mined. Its hot springs are wonderful in the restoration of health in many diseases and Arkansas has soil that will produce anything adapted to this climate. It has the largest peach orchard in the world and it raises many apples. There, haven't I tooted my horn enough to induce some of the boys and girls to come to Arkansas?

Sisters, is it not true that "youth lives in the future and age lives in the past"?

The older people of today say that the youth of today is not nearly so pure as forty or fifty years ago but I believe human nature is the same now as then. What do you think?

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I am nineteen years old, five feet, ten inches tall, have light blue eyes, dark brown hair and a very brown complexion.

Would like to hear from young people of other states but cannot promise to answer all. I will do the best I can with the little time I have.

Best wishes, NARCUS COPELAND.

TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND READERS:

I have been a reader and subscriber of this wonderful magazine for a long time. I so much enjoyed Uncle Charlie's talks and know that he was a broad-minded, deep-thinking, clear-visioned man. I only wish there were more of his type. The new Uncle seems equal in value. I get something helpful from every letter.

Mrs. Pearl Vesey, as you have been heading south for some time, why not come on to East Texas? I would like to be your neighbor, you know how to get into the heart o' things.

Here comes a description of this spot. Texas is such a large affair that its formations and constructions are not all exactly alike. East Texas isn't at all like the west or north. It's just rugged, hilly, has little moats through which water flows in winter, in summer they are dry gulleys, but there has been plenteous rainfall the last three years and everything has been full. These hills are covered with trees, hickory, red oak, jack oak, pen oak, pines and in the lower portion there are sweet gum, willows, birch, and dogwood that blossoms early and the woodland is very lovely, dotted with white. Just now the leaves are all gone and the forest is brown hued, but the pines, cedars and holly liven things up and are very pretty. There is a great profusion of vines mingled with the trees in some parts of the forests, briars of every type, grapes, wild honeysuckle, red woodbine and a poison oak, which has beautiful blossoms and foliage, but is very poisonous. There are persimmons that ripen in autumn and are very palatable after frost has come. There is a great deal of Bermuda and Johnston grass in some of the lowlands. It is mowed and made into hay for stock. One gets two cuttings of the Bermuda and four to six of the Johnston grass. The farmers raise cotton, corn and tomatoes principally. Of course they have small orchards as well as raising different vegetables.

Our winter seasons have been very mild the past five years, no snow and sleet and a very small amount of ice. There has been some green grass the entire year. I want to live where there is some real winter, and play in the snow. I like to look at snow scenes. If any of the readers have a surplus of kodak views of real snow, will you send them to me? I will appreciate it very much if you will.

How many are members of the Order of Eastern Star? I am a member of a chapter in a small town nearby and like it very much. Would advise every one who can to join.

We live a long ways from our county seat and therefore I get lonesome as we don't go very much. I occupy my leisure time reading or doing some needlework. Zane Gray and Harold Bell Wright are very interesting writers although there are some of the latter's books that I am not keen on. A great many writers go to the West to get material for thrilling books. It must be the Garden of Inspiration.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)

Wool Embroideries and Other Fancies

Simple Novelties

ABOUT this season of the year many of us are wondering what we can make up comparatively easy which will not look hurried and be both attractive and acceptable when finished. It is consoling to know that there are many useful little articles which are constantly needed, and which will be especially appreciated by the woman who has not much leisure. Among these are little chatelaines which are an assembling of all the necessary articles needed for different purposes. All the various implements grouped for sewing, darning, running lingerie ribbons and manicuring are but a few suggestions of what can be done in this way. A couple of such articles are here illustrated to give one an idea of their simplicity. The one in this column is especially useful as darnless stockings have not yet made their appearance, and instead of having to collect the various implements, running one's finger through the little ring is all that is necessary to have at hand everything which is required for mending.



DARNING SET.

To make this one will require one good-sized ivory ring, two small emeries or a cushion and one emery, a darning egg, small pair of scissors, small needlebook and several balls of darning cotton. These may vary in number, be of either cotton or silk according to which would be most useful to the recipient, and of different colors. Black, white and brown is generally a very good selection.

Thread these by running two ribbons through each as shown and then tying to the ring. The other articles are also attached with ribbons, the whole resulting in a most attractive and useful little affair, which will be a valuable addition to any one's darning bag.

Bluebell Bag

This effective little handbag was fashioned of a piece of tea chest covering, measuring 12 1-2 by 15 inches. Double together and seam up at each end, making a bag 7 1-2 inches in depth. Buttonhole the top edge, which is turned inside and pressed down, with black Scotch or Germantown, and also use this to cover the two handles which should be of strong cord, or light weight rope.

To the front attach three bluebells and leaves made as follows: With blue wool ch 3, join 6 s c in ring, next round 2 s c in each st. Make



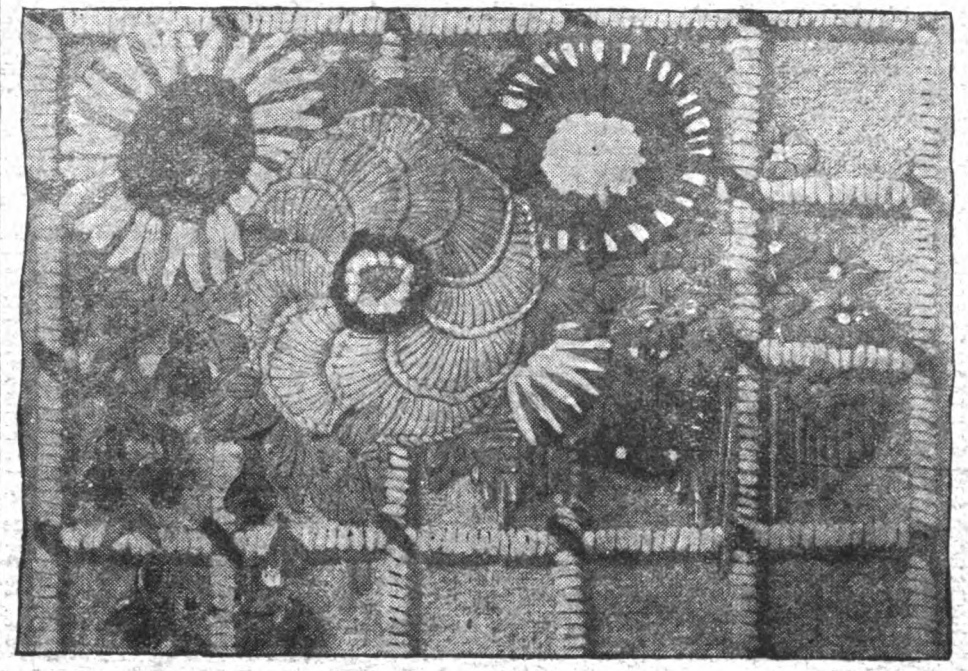
BLUEBELL BAG.

4 rounds of 1 st in each st, enlarging only once in each round. This makes a little wool thimble.

In the next 2 rounds enlarge twice, then 3 times in one round; continue in this way making extra stitches enough to make the work flare out in a bell shape. Finish each bell with a chain of two or three inches, and make yellow chains for the center of each, knotting the ends to form little balls.



WOOL TAPESTRY BAG.



WORK IN DETAIL OF WOOL TAPESTRY BAG.

For the leaves use any shade of green wool and begin with a ch 13 sts, 7 d c in 7 sts, 3 tr c in last 3 sts, ch 3, 1 sl st in first st of ch 3 tr c opposite trebles, 7 d c, join to first double.

Wool Tapestry Hand Bag

This handsomely embroidered bag is one of the latest things, much newer than the bead bags, quite as effective and much less expensive and difficult to make.

The colors used, if rich and artistically blended will result in a harmonious whole, which is very pleasing.

For the bag proper one will need two-thirds of a yard of coarse light grey all-wool flannel, satin or sateen of the same shade for lining and the wools for working.

The colors chosen will be given, but any colors which combine nicely may be employed.

The size of the bag should be planned and the embroidery finished, before the bag is made up.

For the barring off into inch squares canary yellow was used, quarter inch over and over stitch being employed; at the corner of each square, brown wool was used, one stitch only being taken as is shown in the detail. Two sides of each square was also outlined with this color, forcing the yellow to stand out in a striking way.

The bottom space which is an inch in width extending across the full size of the bag, is closely cross-stitched in old blue. In doing this to secure an even effect be sure that all the last or top stitches, the second half of the crosses lie in the same direction.

The flat flowers which decorate the top of the bag are shown clearly in the detail. Of these we will first mention the daisy like flower in the upper corner.

The center of this is an inch long oblong of heather brown French knots, surrounded with white loops held in place by lazy-daisy stitches of the same blue used in cross-stitching the bottom. Just below this are green leaves and fuchsia-like blossoms which have two lazy-daisy stitches of garnet wool, framed on either side with old rose stitches.

The second large flower is of bright orange, a buttonhole stitch being used for the petals around a center of white and then brown French knots.

Green wools of different shades are used to fill in the space between this and the astor-like flower above, which is worked with the same colors used in the fuchsias.

White cut wool forms the center. To make this, take stitches very closely together, leaving quarter inch loops which are afterwards cut and evened off. Next follow with old rose, taking stitches from the center outward and closely together. Surround this with several strands of white, buttonholing over them with the garnet. In the second square below a smaller aster is made in the same manner, omitting the white center. To the left of this appears a small corn flower worked with long stitches from a center outward, of two shades of old blue.

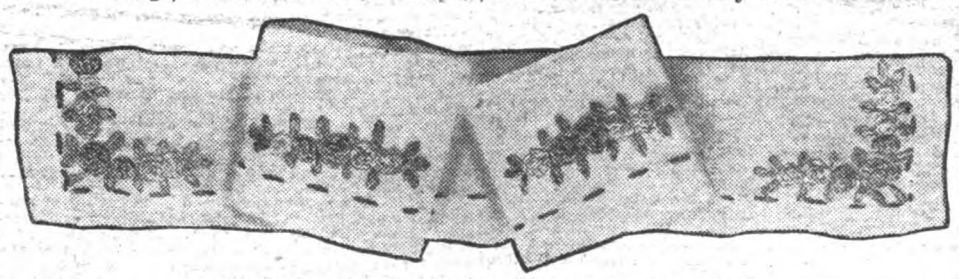
The small group of flowers from here over and into the second square to the right are forget-me-nots of different shades of blue with yellow centers. The lines below these are flat long stitches in sage green, which complete the design.

For cords, as wool would not be durable, fine brown silk cord was used, crocheted into a chain.

Rose Wool Collar

This illustration shows another of the curious combination due to the wrinkle of having wool worked into every thing possible.

The decoration of tiny roses and leaves on



A COLLAR SET WHICH IS ATTRACTIVE AND EASILY MADE.

shirt white organdie is certainly fascinating, and these little sets are really prettier than can be imagined unless seen.

They are used with good effect on woolen dresses which are otherwise plain or are equally pretty and appropriate on a gay little sweater.

In shape both the collar and cuffs are perfectly straight and the stitches employed are so simple, it seems hardly believable such wonders can be wrought so easily.

Cut a piece of organdy or even a fine dimity the right length and width by first drawing threads to insure evenness.

Turn inch hems and run with black wool, then put into narrow bands.

For the little roses one may use pink, old rose, lavendar, blue and yellow; for the leaves



FANCY LUNCH BASKET.

a soft green which is not too dark. In our illustration the center rose is a trifle larger than the others. In the center of each work three or four French knots, surrounding these with stitches about a quarter of an inch in length.

Build the roses up, by working round and round. Take the first stitch, bringing the point of the needle out near the center of the distance covered. From here take second stitch forward around knots and bring point of needle out about the end of first stitch. A third stitch will probably complete the first round.



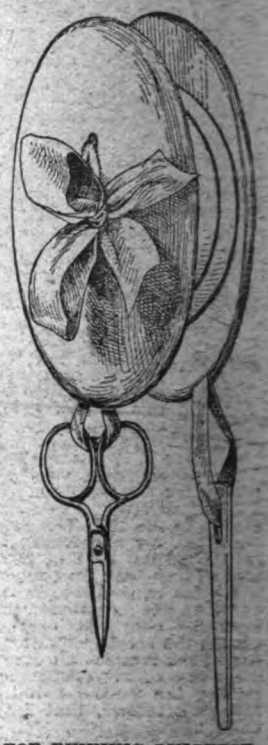
FIG. 2.

Continue until roses measure from a third to a half-inch in diameter. The leaves are simply lazy-daisy stitches.

In the set shown, the center rose is old rose, with yellow, light blue and pink on either side. This work can be done so rapidly and is so attractive, once started one does not want to stop until it is completed.

Candle or Lamp Shields

Among the daintiest and loveliest little accessories which girls especially will appreciate and enjoy, are these little translucent shields. These beautiful little articles can be made at home for about a quarter of what they cost in the shops. A wire from a hat frame is the foundation, bent in a circle, oval or oblong as preferred. Over this sketch a piece of silk, remembering that all colors will look much lighter at night than in the daytime, and that pink or yellow will give a cheerful sunny effect, while blue gives always a somber tone. To the silk paste some delicately silhouetted figure, bird or flower. Any number of such designs can be cut from the monthly magazines. Cover all with a bit of white georgette or chiffon and bind the edge with a narrow gilt braid. A wire hairpin bent into shape will answer nicely for a hook to hold the shield in place.



FOR RUNNING LINGERIE.

The dancing nymph on the larger shield illustration was taken from one advertisement and the trees from another. The other shield gives one but little impression of its beauty. But a clear idea of another design is secured by simply rounding the corners in. The center, which shows up as black, is a deep yellow which surrounds a beautifully colored group of fruit. See Fig. 2.

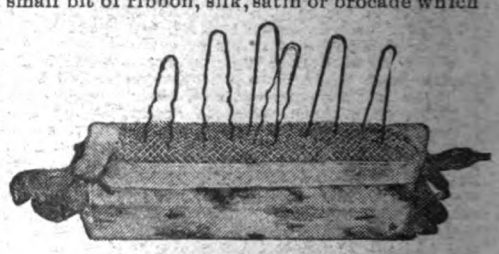
Pine branches and cones, birds on boughs, and butterflies all work in effectively. In planning a shield consider the combination by both sun and artificial light so as to secure a result which will be as attractive by day as well as when lighted.

Hairpin Holder

This handy little holder is unusual and also serviceable. The illustration does not show how pretty it is in color, or give but a hint as to what the foundation really is. However, when completed you will almost hate to part with it and leave your hairpins free to stray all over your bureau. To make a half-dozen of these one would only have to spend a few dimes for a little narrow ribbon and—some small hand brushes; they are the foundation of this handy affair, but one would scarcely guess it when finished.

For other things necessary, one will need some fine white net, fold and cover the top of the brush with two thicknesses of this and then hold in place with a single piece of net which can cover the whole brush and be sewed in place.

Next cover the bottom of the brush with any small bit of ribbon, silk, satin or brocade which



FOR INVISIBLE HAIRPINS.

is pretty in coloring. At the top of this along each side carry a piece of gilt braid, or narrow ribbon, finishing the ends with full bows.

Fancy Lunch Basket

Many a business girl who uses one of the basket envelopes for this purpose would enjoy such a prettily covered one as our illustration shows.

If the woven one cannot be secured the foundation can be made very easily of tea-chest covering. Two pieces 12 by 12 inches will be needed, seam up one so it will be an inch short. This will allow for covering, after which it will still slip into the larger one easily.

Any pretty cretonne is a suitable material, one rather dark in color combination being preferable as it will not soil so quickly.



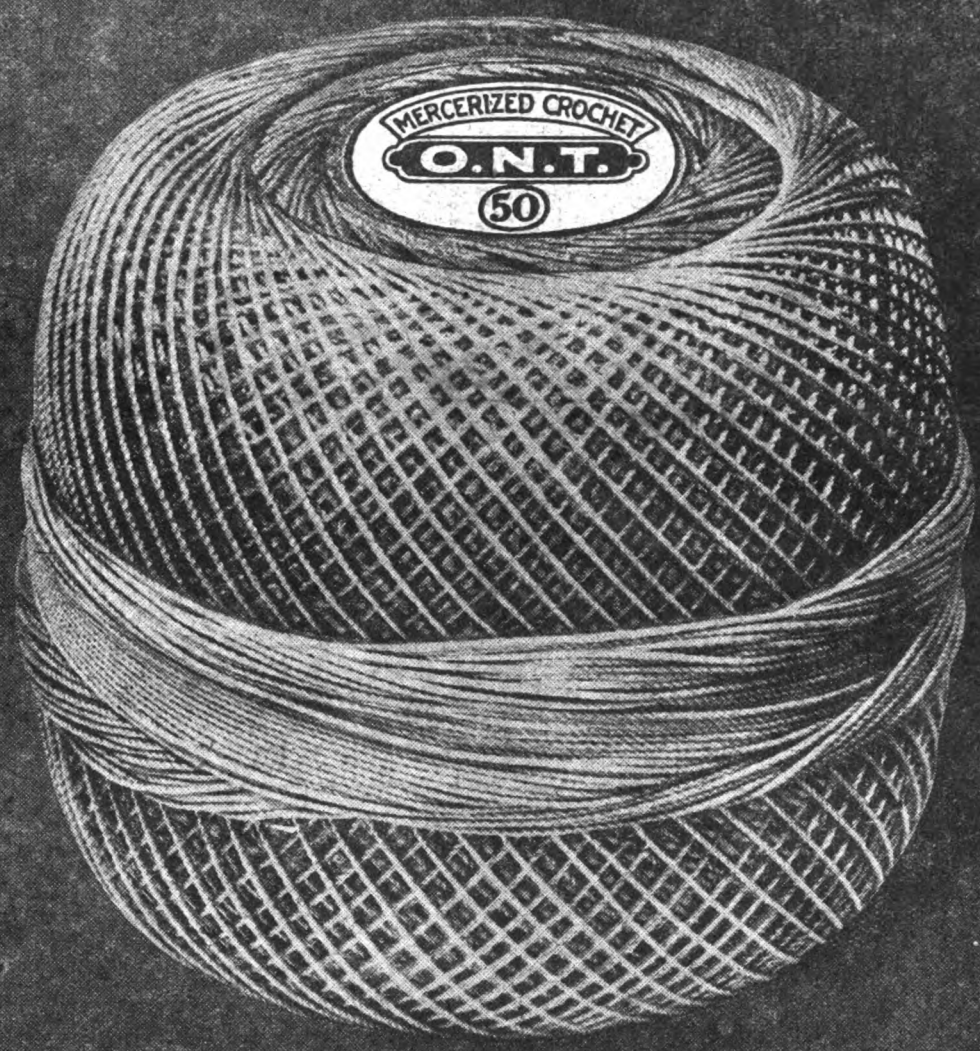
CANDLE OR LAMP SHIELD.

Decorate with two bands and gilt braid and bind the edge of the case with the same material.

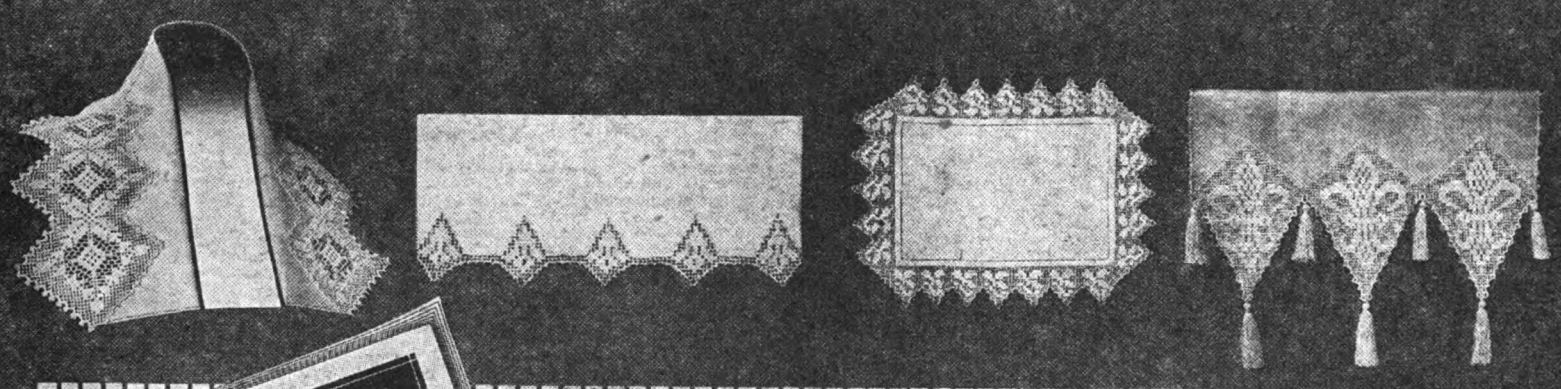
A very simple arrangement for keeping the two parts closely together can be made on a cord and tassel and a couple of beads. For this one can use a cord of twisted wool, finished

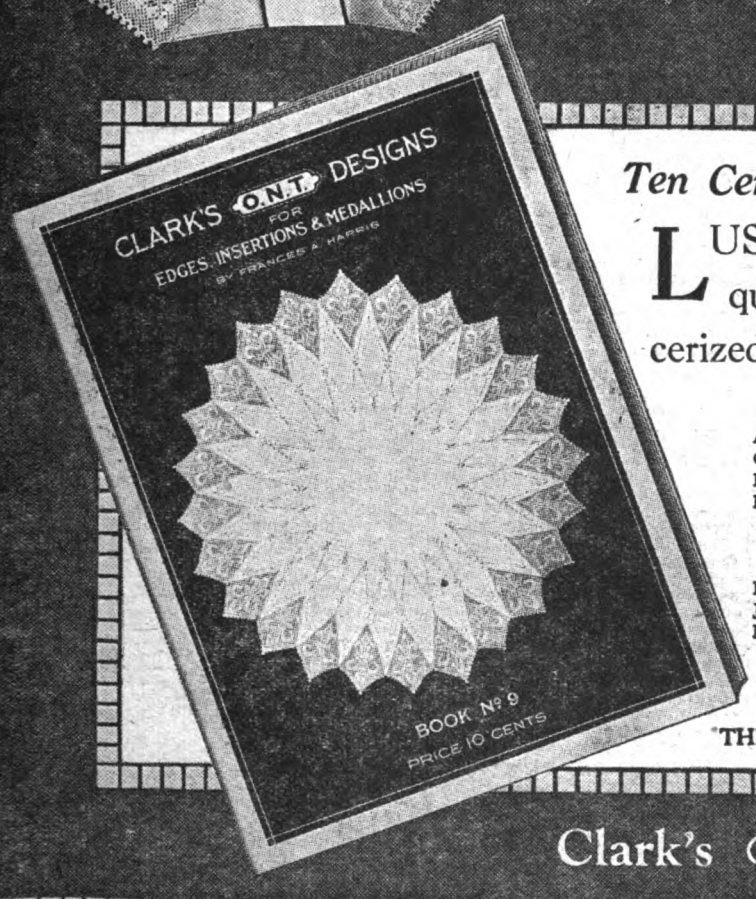
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

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If your dealer hasn't Clark's O N T. Book No. 9, send ten cents and we will forward promptly this helpful book.

THE SPOOL COTTON CO., Dept. 30, 315 Fourth Ave., New York

Clark's O.N.T. Mercerized Crochet

Fancy Lunch Basket

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

with a tassel of the same or ready-made silk cord can be substituted.

A yard will be needed, double it and attach tassel to one end, just above this run on a good sized bead, then knot the cord closely to it to keep the bead in place.

Now run the cord into the center of the outer case and out again at a point half way between where it is run in and the upper edge, run through another bead and again knot closely. Finish the end with a bead knotted in place on both sides as shown.

To close wind cord about the case and slip the loose end under bead where cord emerges.



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Just your name and address and we will send you four of our new Art Pictures for you to dispose of on special 25c offer—Send the $1 you collect and as a reward we'll send you this ring—worth many times this small service, but we want to introduce our pictures at once.

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3-Piece Toilet Set



THERE does not live a girl whose heart will not fairly jump with joy at the sight of this swell **dull black finish Toilet Set.**

The Brush is nine inches long, 2½ inches wide, firmly set with white bristles. **The Mirror** is 8½ inches long, 4½ inches wide on back, with a four-inch clear, finely **beveled** glass set with rich ebonized frame. **The Comb** is seven inches long, 1½ inches wide, with fine and coarse teeth. Both Mirror and Brush have a handsome silverine shield on the back for monogram or initials.

This fine Comb, Brush and Mirror Set comes in a specially fitted box and is yours absolutely free if you will accept the following offer.

Given To You! For only five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send this fine Three-Piece Toilet Set free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Reward No. 7635.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Five Christmas Gifts Your Friends Will Like

By Ella Gordon

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FANCIFUL trimmings on handkerchiefs have gained in favor and variety with our present day knowledge of making the old and new stitches. This is how the patchwork designs happen to find their way to the handkerchief corners, giving an opportunity to display the finest kinds of stitches. The one shown is an eleven-inch hemstitched square of fine white linen. In one corner is a square patch of pale pink linen, embroidered with bright green before it is blinded onto the handkerchief.

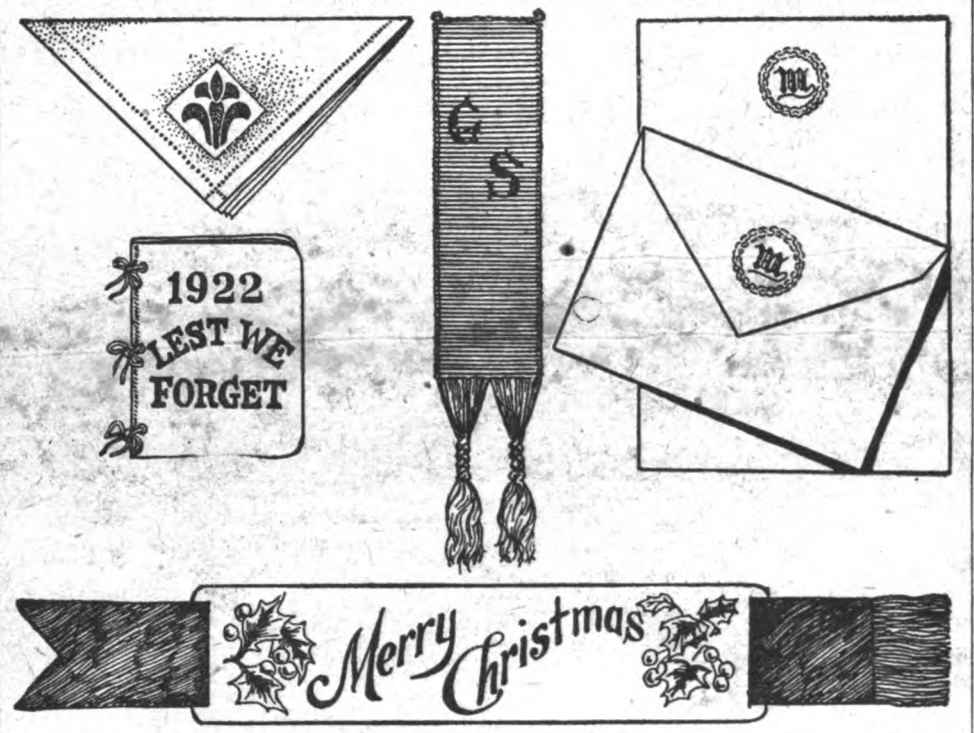
The return to the use of book-marks is something that every reader of books will rejoice in. It's a pretty olden time idea, we know, for in very old volumes are found examples made of ribbon with old-fashioned cross-stitching, and still others bearing silhouettes in likeness, no doubt, of some ancestor. Besides the practical use of a book marker, they seem to acquire a friendly personality as they direct the way to the desired place.

The book-mark illustrated is made of grosgrain ribbon two inches wide. The ends are raveled, then divided in two parts, and held in tassel fashion by a few braidings about half way down. Sew over the edge of the ribbon where the raveling begins, and fasten at each end of the braiding with silk that matches. Initials, a cross-stitch design, a sketch in water-colors, or, if one cares to give a likeness of themselves, a snapshot may be glued onto the ribbon.

The small book on which is printed "Lest We Forget," suggests its purpose. Making a record of things to be done, as well as those accomplished, helps keep an orderly household and is sure to make interesting books of reference.

The one pictured was an ordinary soft-covered book with lined pages. The cover, being a commonplace brown, was removed, and in its place was used heavy art paper used by photographers. The back folds of the pages were neatly trimmed off, the cover cut to fit in front and back sections, and three holes punched through the entire book. Cords were pushed through these openings and tied, as shown in illustration, making a loose-leafed book, so that more pages may be added at any time. The lettering is done with water-colors.

Marked stationery is always an acceptable gift, and affords an opportunity for original ideas. If gold or silver leaf is obtainable, a foundation over which it can be used is made by dissolving equal parts of granulated sugar and gum arabic in water enough to give it about the body of ink. Use with a pen, making the desired design, and allow it to dry. When ready to use the gold leaf, pass the part of the paper bearing the design quickly over a steaming kettle and apply the leaf at once, or dry bronze may be successfully used in its place.



Receiving a greeting at Christmas time from friends both old and new always brings a sense of grateful pleasure unlike that on any other occasion. And the same may be said of the sender, for who does not delight in knowing that in just that simple message, "Merry Christmas," they are giving pleasure that is more than passing. Expensive gifts are not necessary, and except to the very few are not in good taste. The small card, made at home, carries the glad tidings, and with it no obligation.

It is very simply made. Cut a strip of decorative or plain art cardboard as above illustrated. About half an inch from each end, with the point of a sharp knife, cut a straight slit as long as the ribbon is wide, then pass the ribbon under the card and up through the slits. Fringe one end and notch the other. For lettering, use gold bronze, as described for decorating stationery, and water-colors for the holly.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

OLIVIA, MINNESOTA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

We have just finished reading your reply to Lorena Thrush's letter. Evidently you know as much about the Girl Scouts as you do about a pump jack. We are both Girl Scouts. We are taught how to swim, it is true, also other kinds of signaling and scouting and athletics. But above all we are taught how to bake, cook, sew and take care of children.

A pump jack is a modern invention consisting of two cog wheels and a belt wheel. This is fastened to the suction rod in the pump. The belt wheel is connected to a gasolene engine by means of a strong leather belt. In this way water is pumped by the engine.

One of us lives on a large grain and dairy farm two miles north of town. The other lives in town. By the way, Olivia is the best town in the best state in the Union, and is not situated in the woods at all, but on the prairie.

Your nieces,
LUELLA ERICKSON,
ALLEYENE DIRKS,

Luella-Alleyene, I can't tell you how grateful I am to have your splendid description of a pump jack. Not a single cousin wrote in to help me, and I was afraid I would never find out what this strange water machine was and could never again feel on real friendly visiting terms with a pump. Now my mind is at rest and it is you to whom I owe this relief. In my joy I read to Billy what you had written. "Why, Uncle Lisha," he exclaimed, after listening attentively, "it must be only another name for a Ford!"

And, Alleyene-Luella, you have told me all about the Girl Scouts as well. It is true I did know a little bit more about the Scouts than about the pump jack, for I have seen many a Girl Scout (but unfortunately never one that was baking bread), while a pump jack I had never seen and could not have recognized if I had. I'm grateful for this news, too, and to know that you are learning how to "bake, cook, sew, and take care of children." You'll find these things mighty good to know, Luella-Alleyene, and of use in the days when you have forgotten how to signal and are too busy to do much swimming or scouting. Although you didn't tell us just how much housekeeping you had learned already, you must be talented workers to keep up the reputation of the "best town in the best state in the Union." But I'm afraid the other cousins will think you are more proud than polite, when you scout around and annex all these high honors for Olivia, the Prairie Rose of Minnesota.

Strong Building, Main Street,
BURLINGTON, VERMONT.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

I have been so interested in your department, and the letters which I have read made me want to know you all the better; so I am writing with the hope that you will all take pity on a lonesome cousin and write me some nice long letters. I am particularly interested in the West—a place where I have always wanted to be, but haven't gone to yet.

I have noticed, since receiving COMFORT, that you have not published any letters from the state of Vermont. Now, my dear Uncle Lisha, I trust that you haven't any grudge against Vermont and its people. I assure you we are just like anybody else and, of course, I think my state is the best place in the world. However, I am not narrow-minded enough to believe that you will think the same. I live in one of the prettiest cities in the state, on beautiful Lake Champlain. People come from all over the world to view the sunsets over the lake, and one gentleman who was traveling through here remarked that he had spent most of his life in Switzerland—where the scenery and sunsets are supposed to be the most beautiful in the world—but he had never witnessed such gorgeous ones as he saw looking across the lake above the mountains in New York state. Then, too, my city boasts of having the only college in the state, and the Medical College ranks as one of the highest in the country—so you see I am quite proud of my city and state.

Nevertheless, I have just devoured the descriptions in the letters which some of you cousins have written from the West—about your homes and what you enjoy—and I do want you to write to me. I'll promise to write you a ten-page letter on my typewriter, for you see I'm a stenographer and can make my fingers fly without much effort. Perhaps you would like to hear a little more about myself, as I am a newcomer to COMFORT. First, as the minister says (you know that they always say first, second and third!), well, first, I suppose I should tell you my age: I am not so old that I blush and look guilty when I tell my age! I opened my eyes to this world just twenty years ago last March, and as I liked the looks of things I decided to stay. Everyone, including my fond parents, declared I was the homeliest baby they ever saw, but doubtless you remember the old adage: "Homely in the cradle, pretty at the table"—so I might say that I have improved since then and, although not pretty, I don't think I'm bad to look upon. I dare say I should have whispered the last sentence, for if Billy the Goat should see it, he would probably say, "The vain creature; I'll fix her!" and proceed to chew my letter into bits. But if he does please, please save just the address, Uncle Lisha, so that the cousins can write to me.

Yours hopefully and sincerely,
MARJORIE G. STOCKWELL.

You'll have to live in a Strong Building, Marjorie, if you expect it to bear the weight of all the letters you will soon be receiving from cousins delighted to loosen up your loneliness and make your "fingers fly" at your typewriter. Billy the Goat, who likes to play with mathematics, has computed that if you carry out your plan of answering all cousins with a ten-page typewritten reply, your pages of note paper, if placed end to end, would reach from Burlington, Vermont, to Nashville, Tennessee, with thirty-eight feet, three pages left over. Marjorie, I'm mighty glad that when you opened your eyes and looked about, you decided to stay a while. Other people seem to reach the same conclusion—which I think shows that this old world is not so bad as Boss Lenine and Comrade Trotzky claim it to be in their hungriest moments and rashest statements. Perhaps the first thing your very young eyes saw was one of those beautiful Lake Champlain sunsets, and this made you all the more determined to stick around—even if your Pa and Ma were so discouraged they thought some mistake had been made and the Stork ExpressCompany had delivered the wrong package. I don't doubt that you have improved a bit since you squinted admiringly at that first sunset. Living amid beauty ought to make people beautiful. Sometimes it does, but mostly it doesn't, I'm sorry to have to admit. So I'm all the gladder, Marjorie, that you have proved that lovely northern Vermont is full of better beauty-dope than anything on the shelves of the Burlington Drug Company.

You say you "have just devoured" such descriptions as the cousins have sent in of their Western homes. I'll bet you didn't realize, Marjorie, that when you wrote this you were saving your letter from Billy. He was visibly pleased when he read that sentence, and said: "Uncle Lisha, this girl has just my ideas regarding diet. Perhaps her little touch of vanity is justified, for I am certain the consumption of a generous quantity of raw paper is an aid to good looks, Uncle. I

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)

Women Made Young

Bright eyes, a clear skin and a body full of youth and health may be yours if you will keep your system in order by taking

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles, the enemies of life and looks. In use since 1696. All druggists, three sizes.

Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

VIOLIN GIVEN



This special sweet toned Violin given for selling two lots of 20 pictures at 10 cents each. Order 20 pictures, when sold send the $2.00 and choose Violin or other prize according to big list sent with pictures. MAY ART CO., DEPT. 48, CHICAGO, ILL.



Military finish air rifle. Sell 8 Boxes Mentho-Nova at 25c. U. S. Supply Co. Box 29, Greenville, Pa. **FREE**

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Premo Junior Camera



Reward No. 7417

Takes A Picture 2¼ x 3¼ Inches In Size

Film Pack (12 Exposures) and Instruction Book

All Given For A Club Of Seven!

OF course you have heard of the "Premo"—made by the Eastman Kodak Co.— so we feel it hardly necessary to tell you that it is a strictly **high grade** camera—one that you can depend upon to produce the most pleasing and satisfactory results. The Premo takes a picture 2¼x3¾ inches, is handsomely **leather covered,** fitted with a **reliable quick action lens, automatic shutter adapted for either snap shots or time exposures** and has **two** brilliant view finders so that pictures may be taken **either** the long way or short way of the camera. The Premo also uses a **film pack** containing **twelve** films which can be put in the camera and taken out again **in broad daylight,** thus doing away with the necessity of going to a dark room every time you want to load it. We know that there must be thousands of COMFORT readers who have been waiting for just this opportunity to secure a real **good** camera without paying a big price for it. And remember, we send you not only the camera itself but **also include one film pack of twelve films** (enough for twelve pictures) **and an instruction book,** all packed together in a strong, compact box and sent to you free **by parcel post, prepaid,** on the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For a club of only seven one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you free by parcel post prepaid this fine Premo Junior Camera with one Film Pack containing twelve films and complete Instruction Book. **Reward No. 7417.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Gold Bracelet

Adjustable—Guaranteed For Ten Years

THIS style of Bracelet has always been a great favorite because it is adjustable. It can be made to fit the arm of either woman or growing child. It is made of **rolled gold,** absolutely guaranteed for ten years, is very light and dainty, measuring only 3-16 of an inch in width. It positively will not tarnish or change color as do the cheap Bracelets, but, being genuine rolled gold, it will always retain its bright, handsome appearance.

By purchasing these Bracelets in large quantities, direct from the factory, we are enabled to offer it for a ridiculously small club of subscriptions. Just read our free offer.

Given To You! For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed, rolled gold Bracelet, free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 9852.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Missing Relatives and Friends

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT reopens the "Missing Relatives' and Friends' column.

To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will secure only one new yearly subscriber to COMFORT at 50c. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column by securing only one new subscription at 50c. If a longer notice is required send one 50c subscription for each additional seven words.

Wanted: To hear from J. Harey Cantrell; last heard of him at Cordele, R. R. 1, Oklahoma, in 1920. Mrs. Mary S. Cantrell, Pickens, R. R. 3, S. C.

Mrs. C. W. Duncan would like to know the whereabouts of any of U. W. and Nanie Smith's children, last heard of when father and mother died at Summerville, Ark. Mrs. C. W. Duncan, Ensley, R. R. 1, Box 44, Ala.

Wanted: To hear from any one by the name of Applebee. Mrs. Jane Mills (Applebee), Celina, R. R. 1, Texas.

Will someone write me about Miss Mary Russell, leaving Columbia, S. C., for Wilmington, N. C., over 30 years ago? She has relatives, the Georges, at Lexington, S. C. Mrs. S. E. Shealy, Lexington, R. R. 3, S. C.

About the year 1880, Mrs. Allen and four children, John, George, Zane and Henry, left Tennessee for Texas. Any of them, or anyone knowing them, please write G. W. Carden, Hixson, Tennessee.

Will anyone knowing the whereabouts of A. R. Smitt, please write his sister. Last heard of at La Grange, Georgia. Mrs. Estell Hearington, Samson, R. R. 3, Ala.

Our neigbor's Boy



by Enid S. Smith

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"WILT thee have an eye to my boy whilst thee and thy lad tarry here in the Temple?" asked a young woman of calm and gentle mien. "I and his father must needs make ready for the journey—take down the tent and load it on the big camel and make ready the provision basket."

"Yea, we will look to the boy," replied Susanna, the older woman. "My Andrew here must needs see The Great Trumpet, Paradise Bridge, and the Gates of Righteousness here in the Temple before we betake ourselves to our journey."

Without further word the younger woman left the Temple. Susanna led little Andrew past long rows of gilded altars where holy men sat and instructed their pupils, past the high priest with his breastplate of precious stones, then over to where hung the curtains from Babylon interwoven with gold roses, then across to the great copper gates which were so heavy that it was hard work for thirty men to swing them back and forth on their hinges. But ever and anon she turned to look at her neighbor's boy who seemed content to examine the grandeur of the Great Temple alone and in silence.

"Oh, mother," said Andrew, "wilt take me to see the Great Trumpet with which Moses called together the Children of Israel?"

"Yea, my son, but we must needs go to this old arch which has been here ever since the time when the first Temple was erected on this spot. Now near the arch, propped against the wall, thou mayest see the old copper trumpet. Behold its great length and weight. To raise it would be like lifting a pillar to the mouth and playing upon it."

When the little boy saw the huge trumpet he stopped—astonished. "How dented and battered it is, mother, yea and full of dust and spiders' webs, and look how it is covered with the tracing of ancient letters!"

"Well said, my son. Probably a thousand years have gone by since any one has tried to coax a tone out of it. Since Moses called together the scattered tribes none has ever made it speak forth. It is called, my son, the Voice of the Prince of this World, and whoever can again make it speak shall gather all the peoples of earth under his dominion. So say the Rabbis."

Susanna smiled to herself as she thought of this prediction simply as an old myth. So engrossed in her thought was she that she failed to notice a holy man seat himself with his group of pupils just beneath the Trumpet. A dispute soon arose concerning a youthful stranger who had sought wisdom at the feet of the holy man. "Thou art a gentile!" accused the holy man, "and have no right to learn of the doctrine of the only true God. Shall I cast that which is holy to the dogs?"

Susanna awoke from her meditations. The boy, Andrew, was gazing into the great Trumpet and her neighbor's boy was standing a short distance away listening to the conversation.

"I declare to you," continued the holy man, "that you gentile have no right to enter this part of the great Temple. Leave it immediately or my faithful pupils will throw themselves upon you and hurl you from the Temple."

"But," pleaded the youthful stranger, "my soul is faint with longing to know of the great true God, and for that purpose have I wandered over deserts and across seas to seek Him in His Temple."

The holy man's pupils sprang to their feet as their teacher cried: "Begone, thou dog, or we fall upon you! It is as impossible that you should remain here and learn of the true God as it would be for one to arise and blow in the huge copper trumpet, which we call the Voice of the Prince of this World."

As the holy man spoke the neighbor's boy stepped to the trumpet and laid his hand upon it. "This is a great injustice," he said to himself. "Oh, if I could only blow in the trumpet and help the poor boy whose life is in danger! I would, at least, make one soul happy upon this my ninth birthday."

He grasped the trumpet with his tiny hands. He felt it raised to his lips, and when he breathed into it a great tone came forth and resounded through the Great Temple.

All eyes were turned toward the lad, then toward the gentile youth.

"Come, learn of the true God," said the holy man. "He has performed a miracle to show me you are permitted here to remain."

But the lad who but a moment before had held the trumpet now had disappeared toward Righteousness Gate.

"I must have an eye to him," said Susanna, taking Andrew by the hand. "We will now go and see the pillars which our father Abraham brought with him to Palestine from far away Chaldea. We will——"

But she was interrupted by the holy man addressing her: "Woman, who was that lad who awakened the Voice of the Prince of this World?"

"I know not his name," she replied, "he is our neighbor's boy, a lad of Nazareth." With these words she passed the group of pupils on her way to Righteousness Gate.

"Mother," said Andrew, "how strong must be the lad to have lifted that huge trumpet! Perhaps the angels came to help him because he was helping another. Then again, mother, he seems different from the other boys of our village,—perhaps he is part angel himself."

"What strange thoughts are in thy head, my son. He is but our neighbor's boy, a lad that carries the water jugs from the well for his mother, and works with his father at the bench. The trumpet may not be as heavy as it appears, neither may it be such a difficult thing to make it speak; but here is Righteousness Gate. It is said that the one who can squeeze between these pillars is righteous before God and has never committed a sin."

"And here is our neighbor's boy, here before us staring at the pillar with great open eyes."

"Certainly he does not think of trying to squeeze himself in between them!" laughed Susanna. "Behold, my son, how the floor about here is worn away by the many who have attempted to force their way through the narrow space. But believe me, none have ever succeeded."

"Ah, mother, who are these in the portico here? Judges helping people settle their disputes?"

"Aye, my son, I take it to be such. There is a rich man in his trailing purple robe. He is evidently accusing the poor widow in their midst. Listen! Ah, I now understand. The rich man claims that she has not paid him the hundred shekels she owes him. She declares she has paid him, but that he insists upon collecting the debt twice. She now has no money, and must sell her children into slavery in order to pay her debt."

"Behold, mother, the rich man is now taking oath. Dost hear? 'I swear that, as certain as that no one shall ever pass through Righteousness Gate, does this widow owe me the hundred shekels.'"

The neighbor's boy, who had been sitting at the base of the pillars now arose. "The rich man has sworn falsely," he said to himself. "If I could but help another soul on this my ninth birthday! How good it would now be to pass through Righteousness Gate and free this widow and her children!"

The lad sprang upon the platform where the two pillars towered into the heights, and looked through the crack. He then put his shoulder to the groove to make a way. All eyes were upon the boy—then upon the old pillars, as they seemed to glide apart, to make a space wide enough for the boy's slender body to pass between them. There was great confusion, wonder and excitement as the lad came through on the other side. The judge called out that all should lay hold on the rich man for swearing falsely in the Temple, and that the widow should be released. When this was done he asked for the lad who had passed through Righteousness Gate. But no one but Susanna had noticed in what direction he had disappeared.

"Come, my Andrew," she said, "we must needs see Paradise Bridge, and then be on our way to Nazareth. The sun now——"

"Woman," interrupted the judge, as she passed the portico, "didst notice that lad who passed through yonder pillars? Canst tell of his whereabouts?"

"Aye, my lord, he is but our neighbor's boy, a lad who dwells in the village of Nazareth."

"But, mother," said Andrew as they walked on, "he is truly a most wonderful boy, for who else could have passed through those pillars?"

"But, my son, perhaps there was a wider space there than there seemed to be, besides the lad is very slender. I doubt not but thou, when thou wast his age could have done likewise."

"I am quite certain I could not, my mother, for my own eyes saw there was no space even for a temple dove to squeeze through, besides I cannot make my clay birds fly away as does his?"

"Clay birds fly away? What sayest thou?"

"Aye, mother, brother James is wont to tell how he and our neighbor's boy make clay birds on the streets at Nazareth. Thou knowest how the sun shines on the little water-puddles in the uneven cracks in the stones that cover the street. Our neighbor's boy puts down his hands, captures the sunbeams like paint in a paint pot, then spreads it over his clay birds, bedecking them from head to foot with a diamond-like luster. James was angry when he could not make his birds likewise beautiful, and crushed under foot several of our neighbor's birds; whereupon this wonderful lad clapped his hands to awaken his birds and cried, 'Fly, fly!' and behold the remaining moved their tiny wings, fluttered anxiously to the eaves of the nearby house. Aye, he can paint with sunbeams and blow the breath of life into dead clay."

"Thou has much imagination, my son, but here is Paradise Bridge. Thou seest our neighbor's boy is here ahead of us, examining the sharp steel sword which is drawn across the chasm. This is a great sight, my son. The deep, wide chasm is here as it has been from time immemorial. King Solomon did not wish to fill it in when he built the Temple. No bridge has ever been laid over it, nothing but this sword sharpened, with the blade up. With the changes of the ages this sword has nearly rusted away. It trembles and rocks when anyone walks in the temple court, for it is no longer securely fastened at the ends."

"But why, mother, is it called Paradise Bridge?"

"Because, if anyone can cross the chasm on this trembling bridge, which surface is thinner than a sunbeam, then he can be certain of getting to Paradise. Behold, also, my son, in the court of the deep chasm, the altar surrounded by the white-robed priests. They are tending the altar fires, and waiting to receive sacrifices."

"Here comes an old shepherd with a lamb, mother. How small and thin is the lamb!"

"Listen, my son, we shall see for what reason he brings the lamb. I now understand all but a few of his words. He says it is the ninth year since at this time he has made such an offering. He regrets the offering is small—but he has sprung all his traps, for this is the time of peace and good-will to all upon the earth, even to animals, he explains, so he could not catch anything for a sacrifice, and he only had this lamb that belonged to him, and will not the priest offer it in honor of the night, nine years ago, when the angels appeared to the shepherds on the hills of Bethlehem?"

"But, mother, the priests will not offer so poor a gift."

"Aye, they say it is forbidden by law to offer such,—that it is as impossible that such an offering be received by God as it would be to cross Paradise Bridge."

As these words were spoken the neighbor's boy walked over to the trembling bridge, and put his foot upon it. Susanna called to him, but he did not seem to hear her. He was thinking: "If on this my birthday I could but make another happy!" He noticed the blade seemed to tremble and that beneath his feet it felt broad and safe. When he took the next step upon it, the air about him seemed to be a support which bore him up as though he were a bird and had wings. One of the white-robed priests turned and gave a cry as he saw the lad walking across the sword.

"Give us your lamb," cried the priests. "God has shown us He will receive your offering: for one has walked across the chasm!"

"Make haste! make haste!" cried a chorus of voices.

Susanna turned and heard the sound of the copper gates as the thirty temple servants put their shoulders against them to put them into motion.

"They are closing the gates," she said. "We must hasten. Our neighbor's boy has already passed through them and has evidently started back to camp."

"But, mother, how wonderful he could walk over that sharpened sword without falling!"

"Aye, my son, it doth now so seem. It seems as though I recollect hearing some story about his being the Star-Child, whose light was seen in the sky and was followed by Three Wise Men. There was also a story about shepherds seeing a host of angels upon the night he was born, singing concerning the Savior who had come to redeem the world; but he is our neighbor's boy. Is it possible these things be spoken of him!"

Dry Cleaning Danger!

Cleaning without water does not necessarily mean cleaning without liquids. There are two kinds of dry-cleaning, one by the use of gasolene, benzine, or naphtha which dissolves out the grease and thus frees the dirt; the other by the use of powders or meals which absorb it. As cleaning with these liquids is dangerous because they explode and take fire so easily, it must not be intrusted to a careless person. Use out-of-doors and in the shade, and away from flame or fire. Store in an out-house.

In cleaning with gasolene, put the whole garment in and soak one hour. Rub on a board, or use a washer which does excellent work. It is well to mark spots with a white thread so that they can have special rubbing by hand. Rinse in clear gasolene until the gasolene comes clear. The gasolene may be put through a heavy cloth and used again.

Children are likely to get pitchy substances on their clothes, but this can be entirely removed by mixing lard and corn-meal together and working it in with a vegetable brush. Scrape it off with a knife and apply more until the pitchy substance disappears; then remove the grease gasolene. When children get paint on their clothes, if turpentine can be immediately applied, it will disappear.

Light felt hats are cleaned by covering with French chalk, magnesia, or even common flour. Let it remain on over night, then thoroughly brush out.

Coat collars should be sponged with a little weak ammonia water frequently if the coat is commonly worn. This prevents a greasy or shiny condition.

Frequent washing will, beyond doubt, do more to prolong the life and fresh appearance of a garment than anything else. Dust deadens the luster and contains living organisms that feed on the fabrics.

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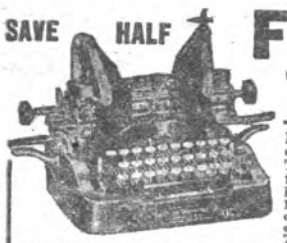
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CHRISTMAS is absolutely no time to be melancholy and I hope none of you are in that deplorable state, but in case you are, here is a quaint little charm against it:

"I once gave a lady two-and-twenty recipes against melancholy; one was a bright fire; another, to remember all the pleasant things said to her; another, to keep a box of sugar-plums on the chimney-piece and a kettle simmering on the hob. I thought this mere trifling at the moment, but have in after life discovered how true it is that these little pleasures often banish melancholy better than higher and more exalted objects; and that no means ought to be thought too trifling which can oppose it either in ourselves or in others." —*Sydney Smith.*

The second recipe, alone, has been worth much to me, not that I'm inclined to be melancholy—fat folks seldom are—but when I might be, I think of the kind letters received daily from so many dear girls and straightway I'm the happiest person in the world. Thank you for that and a Merry Christmas to All.

WORRIED DOLLIE, Ark.—If he loved you he would wish to protect you; since he doesn't, you must protect yourself even if it means breaking your engagement. As always, the woman pays, and he isn't worth the price, is he? For that matter, no man is. I don't think I'd marry him if I were you.

UNDECIDED, Indiana.—My advice is to marry neither since you love both, or think you do. Anyway, it is very dog-in-the-mangerish of your fiance to release you on the condition that you never marry. How long do you think he'd remain single if he met a girl he cared for as is likely to happen? As for his threat to "punish you"—if he is coward enough to threaten he is probably too much of a coward to do anything desperate, unless mentally unbalanced.

MRS. M., Calif.—To be sure, your husband has his faults—most of them have—but if you could exchange him for the husbands of some of your friends, as the wives know them, you'd be wishing you had him back again. Overlook his faults and be thankful they aren't any worse.

POLLY FROM PENNSYLVANIA.—The old version of "open your mouth and shut your eyes and I'll give you something to make you wise," has been changed to read,

"Shut your mouth
And open your eyes,
And people will think
That you are wise."

Of course I'm not personal or anything like that but it is a good idea to keep still when you do not know whereof you speak.

BRIGHT EYES, Wisc.—Don't let him take you home from dances if he cannot take you to them. Go with someone else. That ought to wake him up.

UNDECIDED, Idaho.—That seems to be the favorite nom de plume, only you have already decided to elope when you are eighteen. I can't advise you to marry the older man, with property, just because your father wants you to, but I do advise you to wait a while longer before marrying the younger man who works for day's wages. That's rather uncertain these days unless he has some money saved for an emergency. Emergencies are so apt to occur.

LORA, Tenn.—Your sister should be in a position to help you. Talk your educational problem over with her. That's what older sisters are for, to help younger sisters.

ELEANOR, Ill.—Next time you feel so much above the country people with whom you are placed, just repeat this little verse ten times, repeat it one hour if necessary.

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!
It wad frae many a blunder
free us,
And foolish notion." —*Burns.*

INNOCENCE, Wash.—You, at the advanced age of nineteen, may be capable of taking care of yourself at a dance, but I don't think you should assume the responsibility of caring for a boy of seventeen. Some of the dances of today are wild affairs and you never can tell what might happen to him, and then you'd be blamed because you didn't take better care of him. (2) I don't think people of the same complexion are any more apt to quarrel after marriage than those of opposite complexion. Anyway, it is easy enough to change one's complexion.

BLANCH, La.—If you get any happiness out of loving a man who cared so little for you that he married someone else, go ahead and love him as much as you want to, but it's a terrible waste of time. Even if he were divorced or widowed, you have no assurance that you'd be his second choice.

MABELLE, Mich.—Do just as you have been doing. You are quite right. (2) You are fortunate to be able to talk and dance at the same time. I've danced with people who talked in time to the music, sort of a one-two-three manner, but that was in the days of the old-fashioned glide waltz. I tremble to think of a conversation set to modern dance music. No, that doesn't mean that I'd shimmy.

C. G., La.—Just keep on refusing to go out with him until he finally realizes that you don't intend to, and stops asking you. Be firm about the refusal, though, and don't say you are "so sorry, perhaps next week," etc., when you don't mean it. (2) When a friend or friends come to the store where you are working and invite you to a party, accept or refuse as quickly as possible and explain that your employer doesn't like to have you mix business and pleasure, particularly as he pays for your time during business hours.

ALABAMA CURLS, Ala.—Shame on you, at your age to be thinking of marrying a litle boy of seventeen years, only six feet, four inches tall. Why don't you wait until he grows up? Being a good cook and housekeeper is more important than being an "expert on sewing," though that does rank a close second. You can't expect your husband to thrive and grow fat on a diet of baked seams and fried buttonholes, no matter how "expert" they are. Wait four years longer and I'll send you a wedding present.

BROWN EYES, Okla.—Just because you are the "prettiest and most stylish girl in town" doesn't mean you'd be throwing yourself away by marrying a fellow who "doesn't dress like a gentlemen" even though you admit he has all the qualities that go to make up a gentleman. To my mind, a gentleman is one who looks and acts like a gentleman even when he isn't dressed like one. What you want is a wax figure such as used in store windows. They are such perfect gentlemen.

DOLLY, S. Dak.—"A nice home and comfortable living" are important factors, I'll admit, but the average girl of eighteen desires love and romance, and the "nice home" shared day after day with someone you do not love, might not seem so nice after a while. On the other hand, there is every chance that love would come after marriage. One never can tell, but don't get married just because your married sister wants you to. Misery loves company, you know.

CLARA, Ala.—A cameo scarf pin—but not a pink cameo—would make a most acceptable Christmas gift for any man, but cameos are quite expensive.

MEGG OF IDAHO.—"Is there any harm in a girl of sixteen going with her boy friends if she keeps herself in her place and just goes to have a good time? No harm, provided she succeeds in keeping her boy friends in their place. You'll find your mind in better shape for your studies if you give less thought to boys. They are all right as friends, but don't take them seriously or think about them too much.

I haven't got to make good reesolutions for the new year. Those I made last year are almost as good as new and need only a little patching in places. I must do that right away so as to have them ready for next month. Better look after yours.

Good by, COUSIN MARION.

Stella Rosevelt

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

"I will give you this handsome emerald for it," said the spoiled beauty, turning a valuable ring upon her finger.

"Thank you. No; I could not make the exchange."

"Nonsense! You're stuffy enough, I hope," the refined young lady retorted; and, with lowering brow, she turned impatiently away, and went into the dining-room.

An hour later, while Star was busily practicing, she stole slyly into her room and pounced greedily upon the coveted little treasure, which was stuck into a dainty pincushion made of bits of silk and covered with an embroidered lace tidy, all the work of the little maiden's skillful fingers.

"I was bound to have it," the unprincipled girl said, triumphantly, as she examined it closely.

"It is lovely; the most delicately carved cameo that I ever saw, and, for a little thing, must have cost no mean sum. Ah! it is marked on the back of the setting," she continued, turning it over. "A. S. and two tiny strawberry leaves underneath. I wonder who 'A. S.' is, or—was? What a lovely ring it would make."

She lifted the skirt to her basque and deliberately pinned it upon the lining, an evil look in her brilliant eyes.

"I'll capture it for a while, just to torment her for her presumption in trying to outshine me before papa the other day. The little minx! she is altogether too high-headed and airy to suit me."

This important matter disposed of, she began to look about Star's room with some curiosity.

There was very little to attract any one in the little maiden's bower, and yet it had a cozy, homelike air about it; but her scant wardrobe, as Josephine opened the closet door to look within, appeared very mean in the petted and indulged beauty's eyes; and, indeed, it compared very unfavorably with the pretty outfit which had gone down on the ill-fated vessel on which Star had sailed.

"It is a mystery to me how she manages always to look so nice with these few traps," Miss Richards muttered, as she shut the door with a sign of disgust and turned to leave the room.

"Ha! what have we here?" she cried, as she caught sight of a new, prettily-bound book lying on the small table. "Oh, this is that new novel that I heard Charlie Carpenter raving about the other evening. I wonder where she got it. I think I'll appropriate it myself; it looks inviting," she added, slipping the leaves through her fingers.

"Chatsworth's Pride," she continued, turning to the title page. "I should like to know who wrote it; but the author's name is not given. However, I'll read it, and see if it is as wonderful as Charlie said."

It was not a large book, and, dropping it into her pocket, this "Paul Pry" in petticoats stole from Star's little bower and glided unobserved to her own room, having accomplished her object in securing the coveted cameo, and vented her spite upon the offending girl for having dared to outshine her in the presence of her father.

Later, when Star went up to her little sanctum and found both pin and book gone, she surmised at once who had been there.

The loss of the book she did not mind so much, but to lose the cameo—that precious gift of kind, handsome Archibald Sherbrooke—was more than she could bear with either patience or fortitude, and a passion of tears testified to her grief for her loss.

She knew that it would be useless to appeal to Josephine for it; she could not prove that she had taken it, and she would doubtless feign astonishment and innocence if questioned regarding it, and unless she could regain possession of it by strategy, it was, she feared, lost to her forever.

A week subsequently the family repaired to their country residence at Yonkers, where they usually spent the hot months, excepting a few weeks' sojourn at some fashionable watering place or mountain resort.

Here Star, who had been told that she was to have the use of the music-room whenever she wished, began her work in earnest, and gave six hours a day to hard, faithful practice.

Wednesdays and Saturdays, however, she went into New York to take her lesson, Mr. Richards having arranged with one of the first teachers for her instruction.

When not attending to her music, Star spent most of the time in her own room, and no one questioned as to how she occupied it; and although she continued to be ignored by the family when it was possible to do so, and snubbed and sneered at when it was not, she was comparatively happy, knowing that every day well spent was helping her on toward emancipation and independence.

One day Mr. Richards came home with a very grave face and sought an audience with his wife.

"I have a letter from your Uncle Jacob here," he said, drawing one from his pocket as he spoke.

Mrs. Richards' face lighted instantly.

"From Uncle Jacob? That is good news. Has he returned?"

"Yes."

"How is the dear old man, and when is he coming to make us a visit?" she asked, with animation.

"He is not at all well—has been having serious trouble with his head and eyes. He returned last fall, and since then has been visiting your brother in the West. Listen, and I will read you what he says:

"'MY DEAR GEORGE: You see by the heading of this that the wanderer has returned—yes, and returned to wander no more. I cannot write much, for I am not able to do so. I returned from abroad last fall, since when I have been with Henry, and now propose to go East and visit or make my future home with you, as you have so often pressed me to do. I know you will heartily sympathize with me when I tell you that the steamer on which I sailed was wrecked, and all I had was lost. I regret to come to you, as I shall, almost penniless, and in this broken state; but you have so often told me that there would always be 'a warm corner in your home' for me, that I am going to take you at your word. I shall not wait for a reply to this, but follow almost immediately, for I know I shall meet with a hearty welcome.'"

Then followed a few affectionate sentences for each member of the family, but Mrs. Richards scarce heeded them.

"It can't be possible that Uncle Jacob has lost all his property!" she cried, aghast. "Why, the last we heard he was worth a million!"

"I know; but in these days it does not take long to lose a million," her husband replied, gravely, adding: "It is a misfortune, indeed for the old man; but we will do the best we can for him, allowing him to feel it as little as possible. He will feel it, however, for he was, as I remember him, a very high-spirited, independent man."

Mrs. Richards' face was crimson from mingled emotions.

"It is a shame!" she cried, angrily. "Uncle Jacob always gave Henry and me to understand that we should be his heirs; and now we have to lose half a million apiece. How under the sun do you suppose he lost it?"

"I have no idea—some speculation, doubtless."

"It appears that he expects to be taken care of in his old age just the same as if he were the Crœsus we have always supposed him to be," Mrs. Richards said, wrathfully.

"He has a right to expect it," her husband replied, with some sternness; "you have always professed the deepest affection for him, and urged him to make his home with you. Who should take care of him in his misfortune if not his only brother's children?"

"Henry is as well able to have him as I am, and I don't see why he could not have stayed there."

"Perhaps he was no more welcome there than it appears he will be here," Mr. Richards remarked, sarcastically.

"Well, I'm not going to have him here, and there's an end of the matter. I shall post him right back to Henry. His wife does not have half the care that I do, socially. We might as well open a hospital for the lame, the blind, the halt and beggars generally."

"I am astonished to hear you speak thus, Ellen, and of your own relatives, too, especially after all your flattering protestations. Of course we will receive your uncle kindly, and show him all proper attention."

"I will not," his wife retorted angrily. "I may as well set my foot down first as last; he shall not come here to be a burden upon us. You have had your way about Stella; now I'll have mine in this matter. One beggar in the house is enough."

"Ellen, how you are changed! When I first knew you, you were sweet-tempered and kind. I believe your life of unlimited indulgence and luxury has soured and hardened you," Mr. Richards said, with a regretful sigh for the early days of his married life, when his wife was loving and lovable.

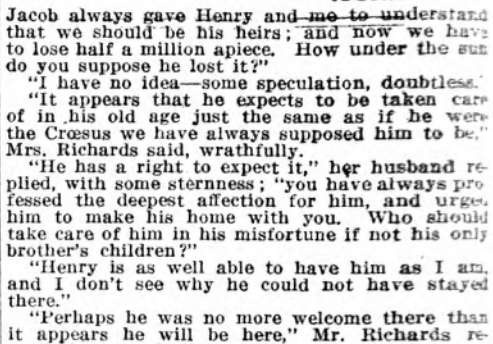
"Thank you; your compliments are not of a particularly 'sweet' nature," she answered scornfully.

"Your uncle says he shall follow his letter immediately; he may arrive at any hour. What shall we do with him?" asked Mr. Richards, taking no notice of her sarcasm.

"I don't know—I don't care. Tell him that the house is full of company—anything you please; only mind, I will not be burdened with a half blind, decrepit old man;" and the excited woman flounced angrily from the room, leaving her husband sitting alone in sad and troubled thought.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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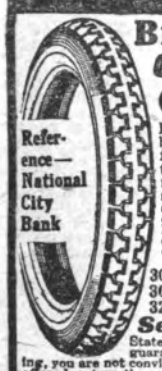
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Automobile and Gas Engine Helps

Questions relating to gasolene engines and automobiles, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Auto Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, free, in the columns of this department. Full name and address is required, but initials only will be printed. That we may intelligently diagnose your trouble please state the year in which your car was made.

Car Lock

MANY owners do not know that their cars can be locked without going to the expense of purchasing extra equipment. Most of the cars sold at present have battery ignition and a distributor that has a removable distributor arm. The distributor cover is usually retained by two snap fasteners and by simply releasing these the cover is readily removed and the distributor arm pulled out. Ordinarily there should be no alarm regarding the replacement of the arm as they are designed to fit in one position only. Automobile thieves in one large city made a practice of carrying an assortment of distributor arms but if one desires to go to the trouble he can make almost certain that the ignition will remain locked by changing the position of the pin in the breaker cam and drilling a new hole in the distributor arm. This arrangement will not fit the standard segment arm and will accommodate only the one refitted for it. An expert automobile mechanic should make the change as regards the fit of the driving pin in the distributor arm because if the work is not accurately handled there is danger of altering the ignition timing.

Helpful Pointers

Not Enough Speed

When you step on the throttle and notice by the speedometer that the speed is lacking, do not immediately arrive at the conclusion that a new carburetor is needed or that a general overhauling will help. It may be that the linkage which controls the throttle is worn or loose and that you are not obtaining full advance. There is a butterfly valve in the throat of the carburetor, the opening and closing of which controls the amount of gas going into the engine. Have a friend advance the throttle on your car and then take hold of the throttle lever on the carburetor to determine if it is possible to obtain more advance. If so, a check up of the linkage will readily show you where the play exists.

Spring Lubricant

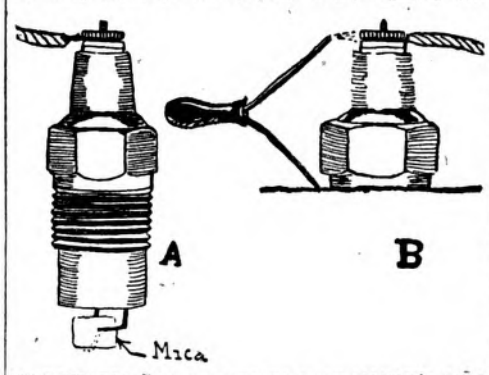
Graphite mixed with melted paraffin and spread between the spring leaves is said to be an excellent lubricant for this purpose.

Tire Pump

One of the most valued accessories in time of need is the tire pump, yet in times of clear sailing it is given practically no care. Most pumps are equipped with a leather plunger, which in time dries out and the pump loses its efficiency. Neat's-foot oil will soften the hardened leather or if the washer is beyond repair it should be replaced with a new one.

Answers to Last Month's Quiz

1. Kerosene is not considered as a satisfactory anti-freeze agent in the radiator of an automobile for the reason that it has a tendency to attack the rubber hose. Another point which must be scored against kerosene is its low boiling point. In mild weather the engine would have a tendency to overheat and the odor of the kerosene would be objectionable. Cases are on record where owners have poured kerosene into the system the same as one would use alcohol. This practice does not as much as afford protection from freezing as water and kerosene will not mix. When the motor is stopped the kerosene readily separates from the water and floats on the top. It will be understood that the water in the system will then be as susceptible to freezing as if no anti-freeze solution was used.



ILLUSTRATES 5TH ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S QUIZ.

2. I do not doubt but that the vast majority of readers can correctly answer the question regarding the proper method of turning the engine over with the hand crank. It is astonishing, however, to note the number of drivers who can correctly answer this question who persist in cranking by the dangerous method, viz., pushing down on the crank. Should the motor backfire when pushing down on the crank the chances are that the operator will be unable to move his body out of the way of the spinning crank. The usual result is a broken arm and I believe that everyone will recognize that retreat is next to impossible for the reason that he is pushing down with considerable pressure and that he is off balance at the moment that the crank handle is snatched out of his hand. The result is that he throws himself into the spinning crank rather than draw away from it. On the other hand, when he draws up on the crank, should the handle be snatched out of his hand by backfire, the natural tendency would be for him to move to the left away from the flying crank.

3. It has been explained several times in these columns that complete combustion of the gases in the cylinder should occur when the piston has just passed the top dead center point so that the expansion will push the piston on its downward stroke. If the combustion takes place before the piston has passed top center, the result is in the form of a resistance to the upcoming piston. When the motor is in operation this condition is manifested by pounding, loss of power and not infrequently the stalling of the engine. The most common cause of an early spark is improper manipulation of the spark lever. If the spark timing is correct the spark will take place at the proper moment in the cylinder with the lever fully retarded and the motor running at idle. As the speed of the motor increases the lever should be advanced proportionately. Most drivers have probably noticed that when running upgrade and the motor is required to pull, there is a knock and loss of power when the spark lever is advanced. This is due to the spark occurring too early in the cylinder and the expanded gases affording resistance instead of strength to the pistons. An accumulation of carbon will also cause an early spark. The carbon when sufficiently heated becomes incandescent and fires the gases in the same manner as would the spark.

4. Water will freeze when subjected to a temperature of 32 degrees Fah.

5. It is quite frequently considered as final that a spark-plug which will spark when grounded outside of the cylinder is satisfactory for use in the cylinder. It is not conclusive. The real value of a test above referred to is the determining of the spark heat. Let us briefly analyze the condition so as to finally prove that a plug which sparks outside of the cylinder will not always spark inside of the cylinder. When the plug is placed on top of the cylinder to be tested, the air between the plug electrodes is at atmospheric pressure. This condition is ideal for the jumping of a spark between the two points as in all probability it affords the path of least resistance and this is the channel always taken by current. Now let us place the plug in the cylinder. The time of firing is when the piston has the gases tightly compressed. We now have thicker air which affords considerable resistance to the jumping of electrical current. If the plug is defective the current will seek an easier channel to follow and as a result there will be no spark. When testing a plug out of the cylinder it is a good plan to place a piece of mica or thin glass between the points. This will compel the current to run around the mica or glass to complete the circuit. Insert just enough mica or glass between the points to command a flow of current of approximately three-eighths inch. Cut "A" will assist in gaining an understanding of this test. Still another excellent test is shown in cut "B." Insert a long cotter pin or lady's hairpin into a wooden handle and spread the points to form a "Y." Place one of the points so that it makes contact with the cylinder or some other metal part of the motor. While the engine is running bring the other point about a quarter inch from the top of the plug. If the plug is perfect, current will jump the gap to the cotter pin rather than the points of the plug in the cylinder.

Monthly Quiz

1. Why is kerosene not used as fuel for the automobile?

2. What is the difference between a low-tension and high-tension magneto?

3. What causes gasolene to accumulate in the crankcase?

4. Consider that no anti-freeze solution is used and the motor overheats on a cold day. What is the cause?

5. A newspaper account reports that a car was running along smoothly when without warning the crankcase was blown to atoms. Can you account for such a condition?

Answers to Correspondents

SCORED CYLINDER.—Number 3 cylinder of my 1915 Dodge touring car is slightly scored. Would it be possible to have this cylinder rebored and fitted with oversize piston and rings without throwing the engine out of balance? My head-lights go out and come on, but after they light and the car starts moving they usually stay on. What in your opinion is the trouble?

L. B., Holcomb, N. Y.

A.—Boring out the cylinder to remove the score would in my opinion necessitate the use of a piston of considerable over size. This cylinder would then deliver much more power than the remaining three and naturally the motor would be out of balance. I understand that firms are now making a specialty of cleaning up cylinder scores. I am not fully acquainted with the process but as near as I can understand the score is filled in by the welding method and then ground to size. The cylinder is made but very little over size and it is not necessary to regrind the other cylinders. It might be well for you to investigate to determine whether there is anyone in your vicinity who handles work of this nature along the lines suggested. Regarding the lighting trouble you are experiencing, I believe there is a loose connection somewhere. The vibration evidently brings the connections together and closes the circuit. Look at the head-light connectors, wiring, switch, etc.

NOISY GEARS.—The differential gear of my Model 90, 1919, Overland car makes too much noise, just like grinding. The ring gear is a new one I put in in place of an old one which had most of the teeth cracked on top and one of them about half gone. There was no noise when the car was new but I broke a key in the pinion gear and with that the grinding began, and since then all adjustments fail to remedy the trouble. Please advise me whether the gears are set too close or too far apart.

E. B., Yankton, S. Dak.

A.—To produce quiet operation of rear-axle gears it is common practice for manufacturers to grind them to a perfect fit. You will appreciate that a gear will operate quietly with the one with which it was mated but may be noisy if run with another gear. This may be the cause for the present noise. On the other hand, the breaking of the old ring gear may have injured the drive pinion and a new pinion would therefore be the only means of obtaining silent operation. If adjustment does not take out the noise, I would suggest a new pinion. When writing for a new pinion inquire whether the gears are machined in sets.

MISFIRING SPARK-PLUG.—I have mislaid a communication received from one reader which related to a misfiring spark-plug and the correction of the difficulty by removing the cable and compelling the current to jump a gap before entering the plug. If I remember correctly, this reader referred to this method as an intensification of the spark and asked me to account for the process. In my way of looking at the condition compelling the current to jump a gap before entering the plug did not produce an intensified current but, to the contrary, reduced the voltage. The introduction of a gap is a resistance feature which naturally would have a tendency to lower the voltage rather than increase it. As an explanation of the perfect operation of the plug after the introduction of the gap, I would draw attention to the fact that the higher the voltage of electrical current the more difficult it is to insulate it. Naturally the current is seeking to escape wherever possible and if the plug is in the least defective it will probably afford a path of escape for the current. By introducing a gap in the circuit the voltage is reduced and therefore not so hard to insulate. The current which has in this manner been reduced in voltage passes up a crack in the porcelain, finding it easier to jump the points of the plug. I have heard several theories for the result of a defective plug operating satisfactorily after placing an additional gap in the circuit but the one given above is my opinion of what takes place.

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32x4	7.95	2.25	35x5	10.50	3.45
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32 x 3½	9.00	15.45	34 x 4½	14.45	23.90
31 x 4	10.00	16.90	35 x 4½	14.95	24.45
32 x 4	11.50	19.75	36 x 4½	15.45	25.45
33 x 4	12.25	20.90	35 x 5	15.90	26.15
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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

What About That Pure Bred Cockerel

I WONDER if you have sent for the new male bird yet? The time to get good birds at reasonable prices is slipping away. You must act quickly if you want to improve your stock for next year. For your own good I beg of you to get rid of the unprofitable mongrels, and purchase one or two really good birds, for if you have only mediumly fair stock, and mate a few of the hens to a good bird next spring, you are sure to get some youngsters who will more than pay you for your trouble. Look through the advertising columns for the addresses of well-known breeders of whatever variety you are breeding, and write to them for prices of cockerels; or, better still, quote what price you can afford to pay, remembering always that you can't expect to get something for nothing, and that even a cull bird from a breeder who has for years kept nothing but full-blooded stock is of more value to breed from than a splendid looking bird which may have all sorts of mixed and poor varieties among his ancestors. For, as I have before explained to you, the individual bird or animal is not half so important as his parents and grandparents, so far as his influence is concerned on future stock.

When writing to breeders about cockerels, you should give a clear description of the hens you want to mate him to, because the breeder will then be able to select a bird with such characteristics as will counterbalance the weak points in your birds.

To illustrate: If the hens happen to have legs rather too long for the breed they belong, the male bird chosen to mate with them should have legs a trifle too short, and, of course, the same throughout the points. There are few perfect birds, so matings must be arranged to counterbalance the faulty points. And it is impossible to get perfection from one mating, so it is positively necessary to breed the pullet back to the sire, even to the third and fourth generation.

Now, many people run away with the idea that it is only conformation and plumage that one does such mating for, but it is quite as necessary when one is trying to build up a strain of heavy-laying birds. Roosters must be the offspring of prolific layers, no less than the hens to which they must be mated, and it is only by remating to the progeny of the original sire that the breed can be firmly established. Of course, the same is to be said if your ambition is to raise specially good table birds with deep breasts and heavily-meated thighs. So you see, even for the general-purpose bird, it is well to devote some thought to the subject, and be careful to select not only hens that are known to be good layers, but also males who are known to be the sons of heavy layers; and once having established a good pen, it is well to be very careful how you introduce a strange male bird.

I am emphasizing this subject now, because so many of my correspondents seem to be convinced that all that is necessary to get good layers is to select their best hens. I use "hens" in writing, but of course the same principles apply to ducks and geese, and, to a certain extent, turkeys. It is quite time to consider breeding flocks of ducks and geese now, for if strange birds have to be bought, it takes time for them to become accustomed to their new surroundings, and as they are early layers, there should be no delay about the purchase.

Both ducks and geese are such easy keepers when they have a wide range that it is advisable for every small farm to keep a flock of either one or the other. Imperial Pekin ducks start laying in January, when hens' eggs are bringing very big prices, so the ducks' eggs are a very great convenience and economy, as they can be used at home, and usually sell to neighbors for cooking purposes, even if they don't like to eat them. Ducks' eggs make even better cakes and custard than hens' eggs, and people who are living near towns and cities can always dispose of any surplus quantity to confectioners and candy makers.

I give you this hint, as it is not advisable to hatch ducks before April in most localities, and by that time hens' eggs have gone down in price to such an extent that one does not mind using them in the kitchen. If you have raised any number of ducks or geese during the last season, now is the time to fatten and market them. Confine them in rather small yards; boil and mash any waste, green vegetables, small potatoes, or any other root crop that you may have on hand. When cool, mix about a quart of wheat middlings or cornmeal through a panful, and you will have a good fattening mash for twenty birds, and give them all the skimmed milk you can spare in a dish they can only get their bills into, and they will be ready for market within three weeks.

Old ducks and geese which are to be kept for breeding in the spring must have a dry place to sleep in and good food. Chopped corn-stalks, or fodder, well steamed, and a little bran, make a good, inexpensive mash. If skim-milk is plentiful, give them some every day, to take the place of insects which they can no longer find for themselves. If there is no milk to spare, get some commercial meat scraps, and mix about a tablespoonful for each bird in the mash three times a week. Also be careful that they have plenty of grit and water. Ducks and geese often suffer for water on a general farm after outdoor pools and troughs are frozen.

The care the birds receive now will influence their laying, and the strength of the ducks and goslings next spring.

The matter of litter for the floor is almost as important as the selection of food stuffs. Many people think that any old hay or straw will do for hens to scratch in, but it won't. Musty, moldy or old hay causes more sickness among hens than anything else, as it breeds several different kinds of spores and germs, which float in the air when the hens dig up the material, and are inhaled by the birds, and rapidly develop diseases of the lungs and intestines; and one special germ even affects the eggs laid by the hens, causing white diarrhea in chicks hatched by them. So you see how important it is to have clean litter and nesting material. We use shavings and chopped corn-stalks topped with dried leaves, as long as we have them. We gather all we can in the fall and store them in boxes. Several years ago we tried shavings only, and had many cases of crop-bound hens, but have had no trouble since we used the combination of corn-stalks or straw. The shavings are particularly valuable, because they are cheap, and prevent the other material from packing down, and so insure a circulation of air through the litter, which keeps it sweet.

Don't overcrowd your house. There is nothing more detrimental to egg production or strong chicks in the spring as overcrowding stock in the winter. Twenty well-cared-for hens, with plenty of house room, will produce more eggs and better birds next spring than fifty which are crowded. Besides which, if a lot of hens are crowded into small quarters in the night, their breath and the moisture of their bodies is more than the air can carry off, so it rises to the roof, where it freezes during the night and melts during the heat of the midday sun, so causing a recurrence of moisture day after day, which soon makes the house damp and unhealthy. Plenty of cold fresh air perpetually circulating through the house keeps it fresh and dry, and is beneficial to the birds.

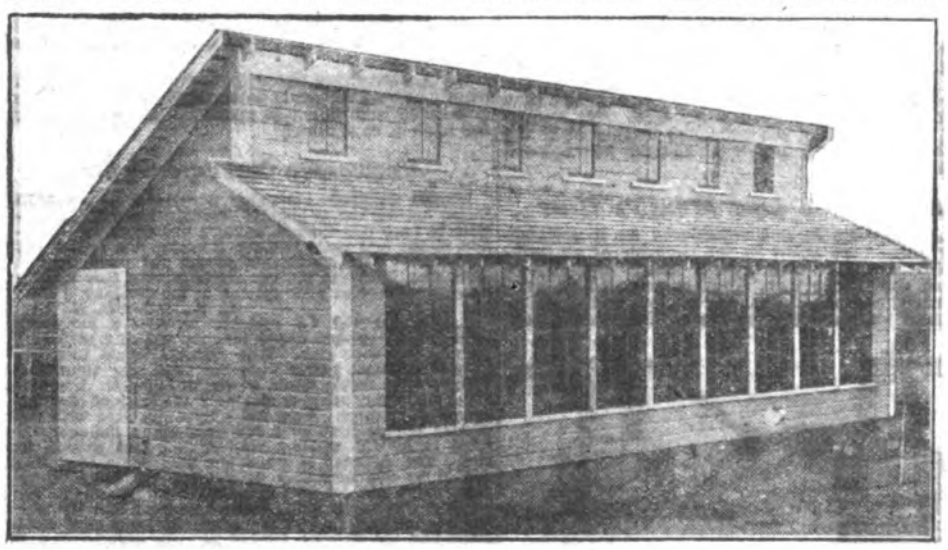
The breed of chickens you keep, the part of the country in which you are located, must influence to a great extent the general care and feeding of your stock. In sections of the country where the weather is extremely cold, hens require rations rich in fat and oils to keep them warm. On the other hand, in the Southern States they require only enough fat-forming foods to nourish their bodies and produce eggs.

Hens must have a variety of food to produce eggs in winter. The best way to convince you of the fact is to give you a chemical analysis of the egg, which is: Water, 650 grains; albuminoids, 80 grains; oil, fats, etc., 135 grains; mineral matter 9 grains; sugar, coloring matter, etc., 26 grains. The remaining hundred parts of the thousand of the egg are used in the shell, which contains about 50 grains of salts and lime and 50 grains of pure, uncombined lime, the remainder being carbolic acid water of crystallization. Albuminoids are the flesh-forming parts of food, often called nitrogens.

Oils and fats come under the head of carbons. Mineral matter consists of lime, soda, potash, magnesia and sulphur. Knowing the materials necessary for the egg, no one ought to be so foolish as to expect a hiddy to produce eggs unless she is provided with the necessary materials. Farmers complain that hens lay nearly all their eggs in the spring, when they are hardly worth the trouble of marketing, and stop as soon as the prices go up in the winter. And it is true of most farms, simply because in the spring the hens can find all the elements necessary for the formation of the egg, but after frost destroys green grass, clover and insects, they stop producing because they have no materials from which to make the egg.

Green vegetable food is most important, and is usually the most difficult for the farmer to provide, during the winter, but now that the price of grain has gone down, it will pay to sprout oats for the laying and breeding stock. There are several sprout cabinets (as they are called) on the market, which are well worth the price, which ranges from five to fifteen dollars; but there are plenty of people who don't want to spend five dollars, so I am going to tell you about a home-made cabinet which costs only two dollars.

Get a case from the village store, five feet long, two feet wide and two feet deep. Line this with zinc at the front end, running the zinc up to about fifteen inches. Then set the box up on end, making what had been the top the front, and from loose boards make a top to fit it. Then get eight pairs of iron shelf brackets from a five-and ten-cent store, and put the first set of four brackets, two on each side of the cabinet, six inches from the bottom, and the other two sets nine inches above. Make legs nine inches high, to lift the bottom of the cabinet from the floor, cut a hole four inches square in the center of the bottom, to permit the chimney of a lamp to go through and strike on the bottom of the first tray, which rests on the first set of brackets. This tray must be made at a plumber's shop, but it won't cost more than seventy-five cents. The three other trays can be made of light wood. The strips of wood at the bottom of the trays must be left open, and a piece of burlap tacked over to prevent the oats from falling through. A brooder which has a tin chimney is the best to use, so there is no fear of smashing. When in use, after the chimney has been pushed through the hole in the bottom of the cabinet, a block of wood must be placed under the lamp, to raise it high enough to hold it firmly in place, and bring the top of the chimney to within an inch of the zinc tray, which is kept filled with water. The oats are put into pails of warm water the night before the trays are to be filled, and then spread two inches deep in each tray.



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I almost forgot to explain that there was another hole two inches square in the center of the top of the cabinet, which was covered with flannel, to act as a ventilator. When the door of the cabinet was closed and the lamp lighted, the heat kept the water in the zinc pan steaming slightly, and insured a moist, warm temperature throughout the cabinet.

The three oat trays were made about an inch smaller than the inside of the cabinet, to permit the moist air to circulate all round them. Naturally, the bottom tray, getting the most heat, is the first lot of oats to develop sufficiently to feed, and at that point it can be removed, and the trays dropped down so that the second and third trays are at the bottom, and what was at the bottom is at the top.

The oats are ready to feed when from two to five inches high. Just cut a sod—roots and all, of course—and feed to the hens at noon—the improvement in the egg yield will surprise you. A sod six inches square is enough for twenty-five hens. Divide it into small pieces before feeding, so that they are all sure to get a fair share. Don't neglect roosters, for a good percentage of sprouted oats in their rations insures fertile eggs, which will mean good hatches when the incubators and broody hens get busy.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor, free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

C. H.—It is advisable to leave chicks in the incubator about twelve hours, but you must be careful that the heat does not run up too high or drop dangerously low. The amount of extra heat generated at hatching time will increase the moisture and the animal heat when the chicks are breaking through the shells, and often makes the matter of regulation a difficult one, as the lamp has to be turned down nearer the beginning of the hatch, and the inexperienced attendant often forgets that when the hatch is nearing the end, the moisture subsides in the egg chamber, and the temperature may fall if not carefully attended to. I am sure there is money in keeping hens for market eggs, and especially in the Eastern States. I am not sufficiently familiar with the two states you mention to venture on a decided opinion about the advantage or disadvantage of poultry raising but I do know that Texas has a great many drawbacks.

V. Y.—We have no book on geese or other poultry, and I am not in a position to recommend you to any breeders of the variety you desire.

M. L. S.—The birds have roup. Remove all the sick ones from the regular chicken house and confine them in separate quarters, otherwise the disease is very likely to spread through the whole flock. Clean and disinfect the house and feed and water vessels, and as a precaution against further trouble, add one teaspoonful of permanganate of potassium solution to every quart of drinking water. To make the permanganate solution, buy ten cents' worth of the crystals, put one teaspoonful in a quart bottle, fill up with warm water, and shake until dissolved, or until the water has taken all it can absorb. This is what is called a saturated solution, and is to be kept as a basis of supply in making the lotion to use in treating sick birds. First wash the bird's head with warm water, gently press the swelling in the eyes toward the nostrils, to force as much of the pus as possible out through the nostrils and beak. Next dilute one tablespoonful of the permanganate solution with the water, fill a small syringe, and spray the bird's throat, eyes and nostrils. The manipulation of the lumps and the spraying must be repeated twice a day until the inflammation subsides, then once a day until a cure is effected. If you have no syringe on hand, make three or four times the amount of diluted mixture, put it into a quart can, and hold the bird's head in it whilst you count ten slowly. As you remove it, turn quickly upwards with the neck stretched out, hold the head in that position for three or four seconds, then release and allow the bird to shake and splutter at will. Repeat after the bird has quite recovered its breath, then place it in a clean, small coop in a sheltered shed or room. Whilst under treatment, the bird should have light, nourishing food. Birds that have once had roup should never be used in breeding pens, for their eggs are very likely to hatch chicks that carry inherent tendencies toward the disease.

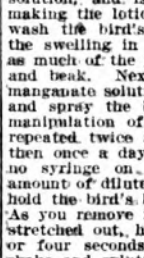
B. M. J.—You had better write to the secretaries of the White Orpington and Plymouth Rock Clubs, enclosing a stamp for reply, and asking them to give you the addresses of breeders in your vicinity. The secretary of the W. O. Club is J. L. Lyle, Plainfield; N. J.; of the P. R. Club, E. B. Thompson, Lock Box 403, Amenia, N. Y.

T. M.—Dried leaves make a very good litter for a poultry house, especially if used over corn-stalks. See first part of the department in this issue.

M. T. S.—From your description, it seems as if the turkeys must have eaten something poisonous. For Entero Hepatitis (commonly called blackhead) takes longer to develop. Without knowing more of the case I cannot give very serviceable advice, I am afraid. In all cases of poison it is helpful to give from one to three tablespoonfuls of castor oil but it must be administered at once.

W. E. P.—From your description I think the birds have fungoid, which is apt to spread very rapidly from bird to bird. When the disease has advanced to the stage you state it to be, there is little hope of being able to accomplish a cure. However, if you wish to try it, read answer to M. L. S. in this issue, and treat as recommended to her for roup, supplementing the treatment by rubbing the heads and combs and wattles with carbolic ointment after the peroxide has dried off.

L. G.—There must have been too much heat in the egg chamber through most of the term of incubation. Thermometers are frequently faulty. Better get your doctor to test yours by comparing it with his. You can buy incubator thermometers at any store that carries poultry supplies, or a drug store or hardware store would order one for you. For instructions about making an oat sprouter, see the last part of the department in this issue.

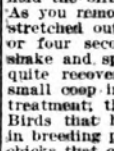


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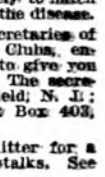
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EVERYBODY'S POULTRY MAGAZINE
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December Garden Calendar

WITH our large family of COMFORT subscribers scattered thickly over the forty-eight states of the nation, it is a difficult matter to make our gardening hints apply to widely differing soils and seasons. The best we can strive for is the "happy medium" suited alike to readers in the Sunny South and the Snappy North.

Planning the Garden

December is the planning month. It is the month when we should set out the new grape vines, berry bushes and fruit trees; plant the vegetables and arrange the flower beds—*on paper.* Farm gardening, except in the comparatively few cases where it is conducted on a large and extensive commercial scale, is a sort of "hit or miss" proposition. Everything is left to the last minute, then done with a feverish rush. Naturally the best results are not obtained by this kind of hurry-up work. Careful planning is necessary for all-around satisfaction.

Some cold December evening after you have helped "put away" a generous helping or two of real old-fashioned New England boiled dinner, and while the memory of the tasty cabbage, onions, turnips, rutabagas, carrots and potatoes are still fresh in mind, get out your paper and pencil and go to work. After-dinner contentment is a great inspiration to us to plan ahead for future vegetable dinners. Remember that the home garden will pay abundantly for all the time and care the gardener gives it—if he, or she, have directed the gardening efforts wisely. Lack of success is most frequently due to neglect or to misdirected effort.

First, remember that it is useless to attempt to garden in competition with shade and trees. Hoeing, fertilizing and watering cannot make up for lack of sunlight. Otherwise good garden tracts may be entirely spoiled by worthless trees and shrubs which cast their shade on the plot. Their roots also under-run the soil to rob it of moisture and plant food necessary for the garden truck. Cut out trees or shrubs on the east, south and west sides of the garden; trees on the north side are less harmful. If this cannot be done, then select a new site for the garden plot. Do not begin under an unsurmountable handicap. Shade from buildings is another disadvantage seldom thought of. Keep it in mind when planning.

What sort of a house or barn would the carpenter build without a good working plan drawn in advance? Still, a vast majority of gardens are made and planted row by row, with no plan either in mind or on paper. Hit-or-miss planting results in wasted time, poor utilization of the soil and lessened production.

Draw your plan to a fairly large scale; for the small garden either one-half or one-fourth inch to the foot will be most convenient, as this shows more plainly the distances between rows. First decide where each crop is to be planted and the space to be devoted to each. Then draw these crops in, indicating the exact distance between rows and the direction of the rows. Also indicate the approximate dates for the planting of early crops. Then on another piece of paper plan for the "follow up," the utilization of the space occupied by early crops for others which will follow in the same space as soon as it is vacant. Here is one place where thought counts. For instance, how many of us know just what we will do with the space where the radishes, spinach and early peas have been grown? They are out of the way early in the growing season and if we are "onto our job" we can make real use of the same space for another crop. Another point to consider is the planting date for lettuce, peas, beans and other vegetables of which more than one planting is to be made to keep the fresh supply coming on over a longer season. For instance, it always is a good practice to plant beans, either green or wax, a row or less at a time, and to plant several rows at intervals of from a week to ten days. This insures fresh beans in quantities which can be utilized while fresh by the average farm family, a far better method than the single planting one which gives us first overabundance then no beans at all.

If it were possible for us to make a garden plan that would be suited to all cases and climates we would gladly do so. As this is obviously impossible, it is up to each individual gardener to "hoe his own row" in more ways than one. The best we can do is offer hints and suggestions based on our own experience. By the way, here is one: When the rough plans have been drawn on paper with a pencil, and every point has been thoroughly threshed out and definitely decided, take good heavy paper and make the finished working plan with ink, using India ink if you have it handy. Remember that the plan must serve for a whole season and that sweaty, soil-stained hands will rub off and blot out pencil marks. Therefore the heavy paper and ink suggested.

Ten Points to Remember in Planning

1. Make every foot of land work all the time. Most of the garden will easily grow two crops; part will even grow three if well planned.
2. Vegetables which can be stored for winter use should be given preference over those which spoil quickly and must therefore be used at once.
3. Plan long-season (slow-growing) crops first. Short-season crops will almost take care of themselves, and can even be grown between the rows of the former.
4. Crops requiring a large amount of space, such as potatoes, corn, and the vine crops like cucumbers and melons, might better be planted in a separate field.
5. Plant lettuce and spinach in the shade, not out of choice, but if a shady spot exists in your garden. These plants will get along with less sunlight than others such as tomatoes and beans.
6. Plant staked tomatoes and other high-growing plants where they will not shade the sun-loving ones. Shading may be reduced by having rows run north and south.
7. Plan on a wide variety of vegetables. Nothing is more tiresome than having the same kind of vegetables day after day. A little forethought can prevent it.
8. Avoid planting egg-plant, cauliflower and peppers unless you have had considerable experience with garden crops. Slight errors in cultural methods or an unsatisfactory season may spoil these crops. Better plan on the more hardy ones.
9. Better plan rows too wide than too narrow. It is safer to sacrifice space than good results. Crowding is dangerous.
10. Long rows permit the use of the horse cultivator, a labor saver well worth keeping in mind when garden planning. Short rows are a nuisance and should be avoided unless hand machinery is to be used entirely.

Why the Manure Spreader

Many farmers who say that they cannot afford a manure spreader are driving automobiles! We like to think, with good reason back of our personal opinion, that the farmer who has a good herd of cows and a manure spreader to make the correct and complete utilization of manure possible, can easily afford an automobile. But we do not feel that the automobile will in many instances pay for the spreader. Also, bankers will lend money more freely for the purchase of a new spreader than for an auto, unless it happens to be a truck, and the truck is essential to the delivery of perishable farm produce.

What can be said in favor of the spreader? Well, in the first place, the spreader can be easily adjusted to spread manure to any desired thickness, and it will do it accurately and evenly. This is obviously impossible where manure is hauled to the field in a wagon box, piled in small piles at more or less equal intervals, then scattered with a pitchfork. We have all seen the rank growth resulting from this "pile and scatter" method in a field of oats or timothy hay. Part of the land has received more than its share; the remainder has to make the most of short rations of plant food.

Nor is it satisfactory to haul manure to the field and scatter it direct from the back of the moving wagon, though this plan is somewhat better than the former. Time and time again we have even had lumps or chunks of dried manure and straw clog the sickle bar of the mower in fields which had been top dressed early in the spring. Later these same lumps are raked up by the hay rake and unless picked out they will go to the hay mow. This cannot happen when the spreader is used.

Farmers who own manure spreaders all speak of the great saving in hard labor. This is a point well worth considering, but to our way of thinking a more important point is the fact that the spreader is an inducement to "do it now." We all have seen, and many of us have labored on, the large accumulation of mixed and soggy manure in the barnyard right next to the door, where it has been pitched or dumped out of the wheelbarrow all winter long. With the spreader there is a big inducement to load it direct and haul it away to the field as soon as filled. Many barns are so planned that the spreader can drive right inside to be loaded then driven direct to the stubble field or other land and spread immediately. Others have the little carrier so arranged that it dumps its load into the spreader. Both plans are good, and distribute the manure hauling job over the whole season instead of storing it up for the busy time in early spring. We are not taking exception to storage of manure in concrete pits where the liquid as well as the solid fertility can be saved; such pits are a fine investment, but they are so uncommon on the average run of farms that we speak rather for the farmer who lacks them, and they are far in the majority. Any implement which helps distribute the farm work over a long period is a good investment, and when that implement at the same time does a very necessary work better, quicker and cheaper than it can be done by hand it is well worth considering as an investment.

We have never in our experience known of a farmer who has once acquired the "spreader habit" to go back to the old, hard unsatisfactory way. Some have learned by practice that certain styles of spreaders are better suited to their needs than others, but they all insist on having some sort of a spreader.

Care of the Calving Cow

The process of calving calls for the use of large amounts of stored up energy. On this point hinges to a large extent the success or failure of dairy management. Why? Because high milk production draws heavily upon the strength and vitality of the cow. The best milkers will make milk at the expense of their own bodies if need be, so strongly has the milking tendency been developed. Hence we can readily see that while a cow is milking she has little opportunity to store up a reserve of strength to be used at calving time. Therefore it is necessary for the dairyman to see that prior to calving time his cows are so handled and fed that the required energy and strength will be available when needed.

Many are of the opinion that a cow should not be dried off some time before she is due to freshen. Some go so far as to brag about the cow "that has never gone dry in the three years I have had her." This is a serious mistake, and one which can both harm the animal and the owner. No cow can continue to milk heavily right up to calving time and at the same time get her own body in condition to withstand the strain of calving then go right on milking heavily again for another twelve months. A rest of from six weeks to two months before calving is recommended in all cases. Shortening the milking period does not reduce the income from the cow; on the other hand, it increases her yields, and at the same time insures a big, strong, healthy calf. Successful dairymen with years of experience to back up their statements insist on having cows dried off. It is interesting to note that these men seldom have cows troubled at calving time or later with retained afterbirth, that they are the owners of the high producers, and that their calves make a remarkable growth right from the start. To them the practice of drying off their cows is backed by a strong dollars and cents' argument.

Up to the two weeks just prior to calving, feed the cow a liberal grain ration to enable her to put on a surplus of flesh. To cut down on her feed at this time, though many farmers do so, is a short-sighted policy indeed, and one that in the long run is sure to react against both cow and her owner. The ration should be one that will keep the bowels open. Good body building feed combined with silage and roots to add succulence will put the cow in the best condition. Then about two weeks before the cow is due to freshen the ration should be changed to bran and oats, or bran alone. Many dairymen give their cows all the bran they will eat at this time. If bran does not loosen the bowels, which it usually does, add a tablespoonful of Epsom salt to the ration daily. The reason bran is fed, in addition to the laxative property, is that it lessens the amount of congestion in the udder and causes the afterbirth to come away more freely and surely. The underfed cow is subject to all the ills resulting from retained afterbirth which her poor physical condition invites.

Nature decreed that cows at calving time should seek a secluded spot away from their kind and there on the clean grass give birth to their young. The spring calving cow can still be allowed to follow Nature's plan with relatively little danger of infection, though it is best to know where she is and to be on hand shortly after the calf is dropped to remove mucous from its mouth and nostrils and to help it stand up and suck if it is weak. Spring calving is now less common than fall or winter freshening, however. For the cow due to calve in cold weather it is well to remove her to a perfectly clean, sanitary, well-bedded box-stall two or three days before calving time so that she will become accustomed to her new quarters. Keep her under observation as the advent of the calf approaches, but do not remain in sight too much of the time. To do so worries the cow. All that is necessary is to be on hand to render assistance if needed; the cow that has been well fed and cared for seldom needs help if the presentation is normal, and to help when not needed may cause injury.

As soon as the cow shows signs of willingness to eat after calving give her a bran mash. Also give her water if she wants it. For the first day or two it is best to warm the drinking water to take off the chill. If the cow is a heavy milker, and her udder is distended or slightly inflamed, do not milk her dry for the first two days. In this way many attacks of milk fever can be prevented. Feed laxative feeds for four days or more if necessary, then change to the regular ration.

Ox Warble Damage to Cattle

Most farmers are more or less familiar with the ox warble or grub which causes lumps or swellings along the backs of cattle in late winter or early spring. Beyond the fact that these lumps contain a grub which can be squeezed out by placing the neck of a bottle over the lump then striking the bottle a smart "thump" with the hand, and that hides from warble-infested cattle are "docked" when sold, few farmers realize the great damage done by this pest. Experienced investigators of the U. S. Bureau of Entomology have recently added much to our knowledge of the warble, its development and control; we give the following brief account in answer to the many inquiries received from cattlemen the country over.

Two Kinds of Warble

A fact not generally known until recently is that there are two kinds of warbles in the United States. One has a very wide distribution, occurring over the entire country. The other is restricted to the cooler Northeastern and North Central states, and to a lesser extent occurs in the Northwestern states. The latter species is more important from the standpoint of the general farmer, for it is the one which does the damage in the feed lots of the corn belt as well as throughout the Northern dairy region from the Atlantic to the Rockies, whereas the former is most common in the range country where its control is almost impossible.

The Northern warble terrifies cattle more than the common warble fly at the time of egg laying. Few farmers have considered just what the constant running about the pasture and fly fighting really means in loss of weight or condition of beef animals and falling off in milk production of dairy cows. It is not possible to arrive at accurate figures covering this point, but figures are given placing the loss due to damaged hides at between $40,000,000 and $50,000,000, whereas the estimated *total damage* has been placed as high as $150,000,000. Even though these figures include the whole country, the amount is startling.

Early Stages of Development

When cattle are quiet in pasture the fly usually deposits its eggs low down on the legs, attaching one to each hair. As the cattle become excited and dash around the pasture trying to escape, the eggs are deposited higher up on the thighs, belly and flanks. The eggs hatch in three to four days and the tiny maggots immediately crawl down the hairs and burrow under the hide. The old idea that they gained entrance into the body by being licked off by the tongue now has been disapproved. For the first two months after gaining entrance to the body the maggots cannot be traced, or at any rate they have not yet been followed. At about the end of this time they appear under the mucous membrane or lining of the gullet, where they remain for several months setting up irritation by burrowing up and down along its course.

Migration to Back

In the late fall or early winter, when the grubs have grown to a length of about three-fourths of an inch, they migrate up the ribs and diaphragm to the back, where they come to rest just under the hide along the backbone. When the lumps begin to form, the stockman for the first time learns that his cattle have become infested with warbles. On reaching the back the grubs each cut a small hole through the hide, then remain in the same place until fully developed. As the grubs grow in size the hole is enlarged, until about the time cows are turned out on grass in the spring, when the full-grown grubs, which have now become almost black in color, crawl out of the hole and drop to the ground. Here they lie for some time protected by the thickened skin, while the grub is transformed through the so-called pupa stage to the mature fly.

The ox warble fly lives only a few days at most and does not partake of any kind of food during its mature stage. Its only object is egg laying; once the eggs are laid the flies die. Furthermore, the flies do not travel far from the place where they "hatched" or emerged in the adult winged form. Authorities state that about a quarter of a mile would cover the cases studied. For that reason some stockmen in regions known to be badly infested by the flies keep their stock in the barn for a week or two when the adult flies are known to be about.

Control Measures

The fact that the adult fly lives for only a relatively short time and that they do not travel widely makes control possible. Under ordinary conditions the most effective plan is to remove the grubs about midwinter when they appear under the skin along the spine. As we have mentioned before, this can readily be done by pressing the opening of a wide-necked bottle down upon each lump. As one old farmer explained it to the writer when he was a boy, "Pop goes the warble." If all the grubs are carefully removed, and the sockets or openings are washed with a solution of coal tar disinfectant, healing will be rapid and satisfactory. With no grubs left in the hide to grow to maturity and produce the eggs from which a new "crop" is to be developed, the pests can be quickly eradicated. The only point to keep in mind is that the warble flies, though they do not range over a wide territory, may prefer your cattle to your neighbor's even though his stock may have provided their winter nursery. For that reason it is best to avoid roadside pastures or pastures along the boundary fence where it may be only a few rods to cattle either carrying the grubs or those which have dropped grubs which will soon develop into mature flies.

It is interesting to learn that in the state of New York a project to eradicate the ox warble grub in a whole county is now under way as an extensive test of this method. The Tanners' Council is reported to have contributed $10,000 to a fund of $40,000 which will be placed at the disposal of the Crop Protection Institute for labor, material and expenses necessary to carry on the extensive work of warble eradication in the county mentioned. This serves also as a proof of the interest taken by tanners and state agricultural departments alike in the eradication of this harmful pest.

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Questions and Answers

WEEDS IN ALFALFA.—I have nine acres in alfalfa that is four years old, but the weeds are crowding out the alfalfa. Can I get rid of the weeds by re-seeding without plowing and destroying what alfalfa is there? If so, should the seed be cut in with a disc harrow?

H. H., Wheatley, Ky.

A.—If weeds have gained the upper hand throughout your entire alfalfa field then disking and re-seeding would hardly prove satisfactory. This method is employed only where alfalfa has winter killed or where a few well-defined patches of weeds are found. It would be best to proceed as follows: Plow up the whole field if weeds are bad in all parts. Disk and work up thoroughly, then plant to some cultivated crop which will permit of weed eradication. One season of this treatment should suffice. The following year, with the land clean of weeds, work up a good seed bed and seed alfalfa anew, using a clover crop to protect the young plants and keep back weeds until they get a good foothold. Select alfalfa seed that has proved successful in your locality, that has a high germination test and that is free from weed seeds. In this way you will again get an even stand upon the original field which is already inoculated.













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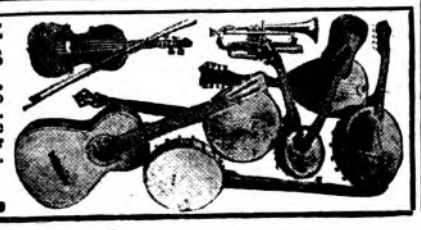
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Paper Chains for Christmas Tree

By Paula Nicholson

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VERY few people know that it is easy to make most decorative chains and cornucopias for the Christmas tree from gay-colored papers. The advantage of these decorations is that they are not only cheap but very effective.

Most families keep their glass ornaments and tinsel from year to year and the expense is not really included in the annual decoration of a Christmas tree. At any stationer's one can procure sheets of colored paper. This is often called pinwheel paper and it comes in sheets four by six inches, each roll containing twelve sheets of every color.



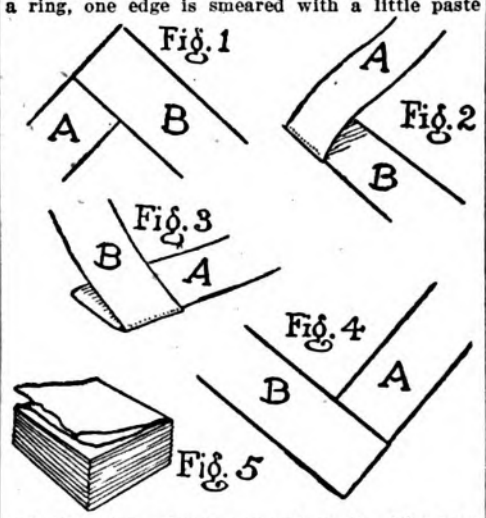
Ring Chain



Accordion Chain

Good scissors are essential. The paste can easily be made at home. On a few spoonfuls of flour pour boiling water, stirring the mixture with a spoon; very little water will give it the right consistency; the paste should be quite stiff, not watery. Allow it to cool before using.

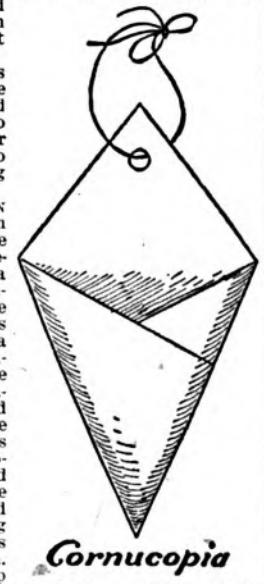
THE RING CHAIN. The ring chain is most effective and the most rapid to make. The sheets of the pinwheel paper are cut into four strips lengthwise with dressmaking shears which, by their size, will ensure a sufficiently straight division of the paper. The first strip is bent into a ring, one edge is smeared with a little paste



and the other edge is pressed on it. The next strip of paper is slipped inside the ring and then bent in the same way and pasted to form the second link of the chain. By repeating the process add other links until the desired length of chain is obtained. This is all the secret. The art comes in the selection of the colors used. Chains in solid colors are very effective, the dark colors being more decorative. The dark green makes the most beautiful solid color chain. The chain in two colors is also pretty; about six rings of red and about the same number of black, or a combination of green and gold, blue and silver give a lovely contrast. In this blending of colors each member of the family will vie in obtaining effects, thus developing imagination and adding keenness to the whole undertaking. There undoubtedly will be in each family some independent member who will refuse to allow suggestions given by the others and will make a chain the "crazy pattern"—all colors mixed up without any order of design—but the result will justify the apparent lawlessness. A child of four can make these chains with delight and success, for even if the paper is a little torn and wrinkled through the handling of unskillful little fingers the beauty of the chain lies not in the perfection of the making but in the general effect, and the baby's chain can be hung in the most conspicuous place.

The same paper is used for making the accordion chain and the cornucopias, so that not all the paper should be cut into strips for the ring chain.

THE ACCORDION CHAIN.—The accordion chain demands a little more work, but the result justifies the extra labor. When the colors of the paper are mixed the chain seems ever changing, like a chameleon. It is elusive. To make it the paper should be cut into eight strips instead of four, as for the ring chain. The strips must be pasted together end to end, and for the best effect the colors should be solid—four strips being blue, then about as many red, and so on. The pasted strip should not be made too long, as that makes it more difficult to handle without tangling; allow it to dry while the second strip is pasted on. The two strips "a" and "b" are placed at right angles as shown in Fig. 1 and pasted together; "a" is folded over "b" as shown in Fig. 2. Then "b" is folded over "a" as in Fig. 3, and pressed down flat as in Fig. 4. The process of folding one strip over the other is repeated until the chain is of the desired length. When finished it will appear like a compact block like Fig. 5, but when stretched out it assumes the appearance of the "accordion" chain." It is well to paste the ends together, for the chain might unravel when stretched or allowed to hang loosely. The colors blend in the most unexpected ways, and as the chain is one with many shadows it is most effective.



Cornucopia

A dozen cornucopias will add to the interest of the tree, although if there are many little people more can easily be made; the paper does not cost much. These are made by simply turning the paper on a corner into the cornucopia shown in the picture; the other corner is pasted down and a colored twine or narrow ribbon is threaded through by which it can be hung on the tree. The paper is strong enough to stand the weight of the cornucopia well filled with candy and nuts.

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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

have often noticed this." And Billy closed one eye and regarded his aquiline profile in the parlor mirror.

I liked your letter, Marjorie, and agree with you in admiring beautiful sunsets. What I can't abide is a sunrise. At 5.14 P. D. Q. of a cold winter morning I have seen the sun rise as I pulled on my boots—and I have thought it the ugliest sight I ever looked upon. But this wasn't a Vermont sun, Marjorie. Perhaps that made the difference and the difficulty.

TATUM, NEW MEXICO.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

I want to be the first to join the "Girl Housekeepers of America." I think that would be something useful and grand. I want to be lots of use to my mother, as she isn't strong and I am the only girl. We live on a homestead on the eastern plains of New Mexico, fifteen miles west of the Texas line. Papa and Mamma have been here thirteen years. Mamma filed a homestead, then later she married and Papa filed a homestead, so we have a section (640 acres) of land. We farm some, but raise cattle mostly. We are selling cream this summer. We raise our own meat. Mamma has a nice start of Buff Orpington chickens. She has given me a part interest in the chicken business. We expect to get an incubator soon, and Papa is building a henhouse. This is a healthful country—plenty of fresh air and sunshine. It is mostly too high here for those who have heart trouble, but it is the grandest place on earth for those who have T. B. I would sure like to see the mountains, the trees and running streams you cousins write about. This country would seem odd to Eastern cousins for a while, but they would soon learn to like it. This is a plains country; no rivers, no trees, no mountains. The mirages you Eastern cousins read about in story books are real with us. They are most beautiful in the cool winter mornings, just at sunrise. You can see the towns or villages fifteen miles away. Every home has a windmill and tank. The gardens are irrigated from the tanks. Most people raise fish in their tanks for home use. We have plenty of cactus here to stick in our feet.

I am ten years old, and if this gets into print I may call again.

Your loving niece, PANSY HARKREADER.

Pansy, you are hereby appointed "First Housekeeper, Tatum Branch, New Mexico Council, Girl Housekeepers of America." Upon certification that you have made one tin of soft gingerbread, just sweet and dark enough and nicely baked, I will have the National Headquarters of the Girl Housekeepers of America forward you a "Gingerbread Badge" to wear upon your left arm as a token that you have passed the "Tendercook's Test." Remember the gingerbread must be baked in a square tin, be at least three inches in thickness, and have, when cool, a sort of molasses "goo" over the top. No other variety of gingerbread will pass the test, so watch out, do your best and have the oven just right.

And talking about tests, Pansy; it's certain you could pass one as a Girl Letter Writer. Your letter is one that Bill and I regarded as a remarkable ten-year-old production, and we have placed it in our Special Archives. And Billy and I know a lot about letters—both by taste and looks. You did not say a word about your school, nor tell how far you have to run in the cactus with your bare feet before you get to your desk. But your letter shows that you must have a good school—or rather a school with a good teacher—when you do get there out of the center of your 640 acres. If your school is really far off, Pansy, why don't you arrange to have it brought more conveniently close every morning by one of those mirages? What's the sense of having mirages around unless they are useful as well as beautiful?

I think that's a great scheme, Pansy,—having fish always on tap, so to speak, in your own tank. It's much handier than having them running loose in a river where you're never sure of catching them when you want them. A bunch of fat mackerel and halibut swimming around in your irrigation tank makes you quite safe from any delays or war prices of the family butcher and his Ford Meat Chariot. Why not a few lobsters in the tank, Pansy? And a crab or two? I should think some of the small mackerel and herring might get out through the irrigation pipes once in a while and be lost among the tomatoes and onions. But even then I suppose they would make good fertilizer.

I like trees and mountains, Pansy, and I'm not so sure as you are that I could learn to love your plains country. It would seem too plain for me and I would feel as if I were living in the middle of a dinner plate. Anyway, I would want a mirage of a mountain once in a while to prevent me getting too lonesome for the hills. If you'll agree to the mirage, Pansy, perhaps I'll come out some day and see how I like it and how your Buff Orpingtons and the fish are coming on. Are there enough homesteads left so that Billy and I could each have one if we decided we wanted to stay?

RIDGEWOOD, L. I., 277 Menahan St., N. Y.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

I just want to write you a little bit of scribbling from a long-lost and forgotten cousin. Now starts the commencement of what it was I am going to say yet once: I just came back from a five months' vacation on Long Island, and it's what you would call a grand and glorious place. I was reading the cousins' letters and happened to stumble upon the one from Frank Clark of Henryville, Tennessee, and so I've got to do a little knocking. I want to talk about the scenery on Long Island; you don't have to go as far as Tennessee, the Yosemite Valley, Colorado, or any of those places; Long Island gives you plenty of camping, rowing, swimming, roaming in the woods, berry picking of all sorts, apples, wild grapes, clam digging, both hard and soft; fishing, and trapping eels. This is only the enjoyment of the summer. Now for the winter months: Then Dame Nature casts over the earth a coat of that magnificent downfall we call snow. In the winter we have all kinds of hunting of small game, sleighrides, coasting, skating and all sorts of winter sports.

Now, dear Uncle, I guess I have got you wondering what sort of a specimen of animal is shooting this line of talk, so I guess I'll let you know that I am a little Mamma's Boy of 21. I have dark hair, brown eyes, complexion hard to say, as after coming back from five months in the open air and sunlight I am well done on both sides. I am a nut for camping, and my vacation consisted of nothing else. My occupation is that of an optician, and I can make you any color eyes or eyeglasses that you wish.

I guess I will close, and I will agree to answer any of the cousins corresponding.

With love to you, I remain,

Your long-lost, war-disheveled nephew,
GEORGE TEALE.

Here you've been in the war, George, and got long-lost and all disheveled as you admit, and you come back to our circle and talk a lot about Long Island and don't say a word about your wartime experiences. Not but what Long Island is worth talking about. You are getting pretty close to

(CONTINTED ON PAGE 34.)

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New Colonial Design



THIS hand-Silver Salt and Pepper Set is the last word in style and service. The new "Colonial" is without doubt one of the most fashionable designs ever introduced. And the set will give years of service because both Salt and Pepper are heavily quadruple silver plated. They are three inches in height, of good weight and on account of their broad bases cannot easily be overturned, thus spilling salt and pepper on the tablecloth.

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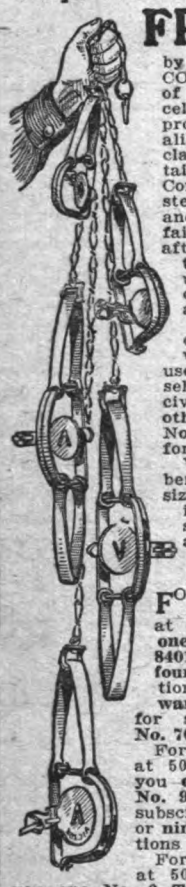
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The Quest of Otter Pelts

By Dick Wood

CHAPTER III.

SUCCESS IN TRAPPING.

THE next morning would be spent setting traps in all the available places they could find. After the traps were set out and while waiting for them to catch the furs, they would haul over their deer, which they felt were safe from Curley's prying eyes; set up the folding sheet-iron stove and bank in the tent to stand the winter snows and zero weather.

True, the boys were a little concerned about having to live in a tent that could not be locked up during their absence; but ordinarily, as they knew, it is not customary to lock even cabins in the wilderness, and to do so is a serious breach of woods etiquette. Also to be caught stealing or plundering a cabin in the wilderness is an offense punishable by shooting. They did not expect anybody else to come into the vicinity; and decided Curley would hardly risk the chance of detection in robbing their camp. They did plan to hunt up some hollow trees or a cave to hide their furs in, especially any valuable ones secured.

The trappers started out to Pelcher Lake with about twenty-five or thirty traps apiece, ranging from the No. 1 for a weasel to 4's for otter and beaver. Most of their sets were made in hollow snags, so that they would not be snowed under in mid-winter. Such sets they called "cubbies," and these were generally good for a season, though it was necessary to replenish the bait supply occasionally. If the snag was hollow at the top, they roofed it over with evergreens; and invariably they had to use the belt axe to enlarge the hole at the entrance, so a large fisher could easily enter, if attracted to the set by the bait cached in the rear behind a skillfully covered and always ready-for-action trap. To make it inviting to the fisher, a pole two to four inches in diameter was placed to extend from the ground to the entrance of the cavity in the snag, and this pole served the dual purpose of a clog (the trap chain being fastened to it) and a convenient method of approach. The holes should preferably be three to five feet off the ground; that is, the height of the maximum depth of snowfall. The trap was usually covered with rotten wood dust, though moss and leaves are satisfactory if perfectly dry. This is the set for fisher, marten and even 'coon approved by the most successful wilderness trappers in the Adirondacks, the Canadian bush and Michigan Peninsula.

Mink were fairly abundant around Pelcher Lake, and this valuable fur bearer was eagerly sought by the trappers. The mink's tracks were to be found near the edge of the water; it is not much of a dry-land animal. Its food consists of fish, especially trout, birds, rabbits and similar small prey. They were not taking bait very well at that season, so the boys made blind sets for them, using a trap heavy enough to drown the animal when it springs into the water. They were fairly easy to catch by setting traps in narrow runways under drift debris, logs, banks, etc. Every precaution was used not to leave human scent around the sets. The traps were invariably staked so the catch would reach water of drowning depth.



AND INVARIABLY THEY HAD TO USE THE BELT AXE TO ENLARGE THE HOLE.

Weasels were everywhere so abundant it was a "cinch" to catch them, as Bill put it. All they had to do was to find one's trail leading into a hollow log, or any hole under tree roots, and set the trap unconcealed and adjusted to spring with the lightest tread on the pan. Usually a partridge or rabbit's head was used for bait.

'Coon were taken both in blind and bait sets, though this animal was not abundant in the vicinity of Pelcher Lake. A small cubby pen was built of sticks against a tree or ledge of rocks near the bank of the lake or a stream (as the 'coon, like the mink, invariably follows the water), and baited with fresh fish. Trout were easily procurable in every stream and could be taken as fast as one could pull them out. As they were so rarely molested by man, the boys felt no concern about using them for bait. Later these pens served equally well for mink, when the fish baits were strictly fresh.

The fox is one of the staple furs with the North Woods trappers. In some wilderness sections they are exceedingly numerous, although it is not by any means a rare thing to find this valuable animal abundant around the settlements, especially the outskirts of civilization or the foothill country. They are hard to catch, and they are not; depending on the skill of the trapper. Most fur bearers are hard to catch and hold. Even the humble skunk and muskrat will most blindly walk into the amateur's traps, but they are uncanny in twisting and chewing out of traps. The fox, otter and their kind are clever in avoiding traps, but once securely caught are very apt to stay caught until the trapper arrives to dispatch them.

As is the case with most valuable and particularly wilderness fur animals, the difficulty lies in the ability of the trapper to eliminate his own human odor, which the keen-nosed animals can readily detect around the amateur's sets. Foxes are cunning wherever they are found. In the farming sections they readily walk into the paths of men, having learned there is no danger in the tracks alone; but in the wilderness a fox will not cross a man's trail.

Both Bill and Fred had succeeded in trapping foxes on the farms and had little trouble in getting their share of the woods foxes. They visited the sets made at the paunches of the deer they had killed and found a fox at each set. The traps had been placed just before the snowstorm which covered them over properly. Thereafter the boys got most of their foxes by dragging out a large bait, just prior to a snowstorm, and setting traps around it. Occasionally it snowed enough to bury the traps before a fox visited the bait.

The skunk was not to be found in the deep woods, and the boys did not miss him. There isn't much fun in taking this animal when other more valuable and less offensive animals are abundant.

However, the little muskrat, known to every farm lad, was fairly abundant, though not of the size and fur quality as out on the farms, where there is an abundance of vegetation and sunlight. The deep dark-stained waters, buried in the shade of tall spruces and tamaracks, produce an undersized muskrat, with a pelt tending to be "papery," as the fur graders say. Yet muskrat furs were high and the carcass is so excellent for both food and bait, the boys kept out a number of traps on floating logs, in blind trails and at den holes along the banks of the lake and stream. The animal was given sufficient room to reach deep water and drown, otherwise mink, fisher and other animals would eat them out of the traps.

The middle of December arrived and the boys had done well trapping. They did not dare leave their furs in the tent, but put them in a hollow tree in a thick canvas bag suspended on a wire out of the reach of rodents. Of course, the furs were left at camp until they cured on the boards, and then taken out and hidden. They had taken one otter, two fisher and five foxes, besides numerous mink, 'coon, muskrats and weasels. They had not bothered to go after marten, which stay close to the peaks well up to timberline, where this line is reached, but caught a few in fisher sets. The marten will readily walk into a baited trap; the only difficulty is in locating their haunts. The trap should be a mink size, or No. 1.

Not having seen or heard anything of Curley, the trappers thought they would get through the season without molestation, and with a profitable catch, even if they didn't succeed in taking the otter. Yet, Fred had spoken several times of making another visit to Otter Pond to learn if Curley was catching the otter. Only once had the bunch come across their own territory and then they missed every trap.

One day it stormed and Fred sallied forth to "Curley's Pond" glad the snow would soon cover his trail and Curley would not be antagonized by his visit. Fred wanted to study the surroundings of this particular pond and ascertain the reason for otter preferring it to any other. The storm was a Godsend, and the young trapper knew he could leisurely inspect Curley's grounds without fear of meeting the irate old trapper.

Rounding a bend, Fred surprised two otters sporting on a steep bank and the ice of the lake. Their dark fur seemed to glisten, even in the dull light of the winter day. His first impulse was to shoot the largest otter, then attempt to get the other one before it reached an airhole. Second thought convinced him of the folly of such a procedure. The shots would bring Curley to the spot, which not only would be disastrous to his plans, but might result in a quarrel or something of worse consequence; and only by luck would he reach the struggling otter before they could reach a water-hole. There was yet a chance he could trap the otter himself.

Fred approached the spot, lately the playground of the otter, and was surprised to notice some refuse of trout, proving the otters had just feasted. He craned his neck to look under the ice into the airhole, and noted the abundant air space between the water and banks. Along the banks were numberless tracks forming a well-defined trail, while above the ice otter signs were extremely scarce.

That evening at camp Fred surprised Bill by outlining a plan whereby they could beat Curley to the otter. It sounded so plausible both boys celebrated the happy idea by opening their last bottle of grapejuice. They now felt confident they could induce the otters to come onto their own grounds and get caught in the traps, unbeknown to Curley. At last the old trapper would be outwitted. He would be chagrined to find the otter he claimed gone and to hear of the boys reaching home with a fine collection of pelts.

The young trappers had often wondered why the otter preferred Otter Pond to Pelcher Lake, the former body of water lying in trapper Curley's territory, the latter on their own grounds. It was for Fred to solve the natural cause and obliterate it.

Early one morning in December, a time when otter fur is at its best, Fred and Bill visited Pelcher Lake. Each carried an axe and some large beaver traps. Fred's surmise was right. The beaver had dammed up the outlet of the lake, thus flooding the vicinity. The water had backed up under the ice, completely filling all air spaces. Now an otter can swim, dive and sport under water; it can catch a fish, but it is not a fish. It must breathe air same as any other animal. While the otter may appear to live in the water by diving through an airhole never to reappear, nevertheless it must rely on finding an abundance of air between the ice and water.

The beaver is more at home in the water than the otter, though not any more agile. However, in common with the muskrat, it comes to the surface and breathes against the ice. When the bubbles have become purified and filled with oxygen, the beaver again fills its lungs and goes on. This process of breathing is natural with the beaver, whereas with the otter it may be only an emergency method. Anyway, the beaver were quite satisfied with the scant air spaces along the banks and in the tops of their houses. This condition was not exactly to the liking of the otter.

"That outlet was dammed up in the fall and accounts for the fact otter located around Otter Pond about the same time," explained Fred.

"What's going to fetch the otter over to this lake after you release the water? You can't go over and say to the otters: 'Now, Otters, I've let some of the water out of Pelcher Lake and you can now move your house.' They are content where

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)

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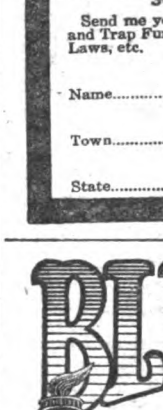


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This Doll is nearly **a foot high, has a strong,** durable, **stuffed** body and an indestructible **head.** You can make her stand up, sit down in a chair and assume all sorts of natural positions. Her beautiful brown hair hangs in luxuriant curls, her eyes are blue as the sky, she has on a pretty trimmed dress with sash, and, taken altogether, she is certainly the **cutest** and **sweetest baby doll** in all toyland.

Last year we gave away thousands of these Dolls **for a club of three,** as Christmas presents to our readers and they were delighted with them. Now that there are but a few left, we shall give away the remainder **for a club of only two.** If you want one of these handsome Dolls, send in your order **before they are all gone.** We advise you to send in your order **today**—next week may be **too late.**

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"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

A READER, Bristol, W. Va.—It would be correct for you to accompany your gift at Christmas to this teacher with the note you mention—adding to your holiday greetings thanks for the interest she has taken in aiding your studies. (2) Yes; a small silver pencil would make an appropriate gift, or a fountain pen of a size and type suitable to be carried in a hand bag or purse.

M. L., Ravensdale, W. Va.—Such a phrase as "Meet my sister Annie" would not constitute a correct or pleasant introduction. If your sister, through marriage, has a name different from your own, this should appear in the introduction for the sake of clearness. A simple and proper form would be: "Mr. Blank, this is my sister, Mrs. Dash."

E. C., Dagman, Mont.—The matter of popularity in social affairs is largely one of personality, although there is no denying the parts played by wealth and family position in influencing attention and regard. If you are kind and cordial in all your relations with the young people of your community, we do not quite see why you should be avoided in the way you state, and why you should have to write: "When I want to join them, they all run away." Try and take a real part in all the plans and activities of your young acquaintances, and be careful of whom you pick as a close friend or chum. Be sincere and natural in all your speech and actions; share your interests with others and join in theirs—and if you still lack friends, it will be the Dagman boys and girls who will be the losers and not you. Keep the wise old saying in mind: "To have friends, you must first be one."

GOLDENROD AND PURPLE ASTER, Wyoming.—No harm would be done by your telling this boy that you would be glad to have him come and see you some time. (2) It would be best, for various reasons, that you say farewell to your friend at the door of your home. If you walk with him to the gate, some nasty neighbor might infer that you were trying to hang on to your boy caller. Gossip is as plentiful as October goldenrod and asters.

L. B., Hancock, Md.—It has come to be the custom in wedding felicitations to wish the bride happiness and congratulate the groom upon his good fortune. Upon the part of the happy couple, smiles and thanks are the only needed responses.

BROWN EYES, Fairfield, Wash.—We think it vastly improper for boys to write notes to girls during school hours. There are plenty of classroom studies without establishing a course in correspondence with a boy teacher. Stick to the curriculum and make your boy friends understand that you intend doing this. (2) The right sort of schoolgirl complexion should have no need of cosmetics to give it beauty or color—and if one hasn't the right sort, a start should be made at once to make it so. The road begins with plenty of water inside and out; fresh fruits and green vegetables, with sweets and greasy foods avoided; and proper exercise in the open air each day. A touch of talcum powder might have a place now and then in a girl's toilet, but paint only best belongs upon the side of the schoolhouse where she studies.

M. S., Quinton, Ala.—The bride's costume for a December wedding would differ in no way from that worn for a ceremony in the month of June and roses. You should wear the conventional white silk and lace, unless you are married in your going-away gown—in which case any plainly tailored dark serge or tweed would be correct and sensible. In the latter case you would be careful to choose hat, shoes and gloves to harmonize with your traveling frock. (2) A girl bride would be greeted with a kiss by her father-in-law—or should so salute him if he appears bashful or backward. She might say: "I hope Tom's father is going to like me. I know you have a good son, and I want you to think you will have as good a daughter." Be simple and sincere in assuming your new relationships with your husband's family.

ANXIOUS READER, Pelican Rapids, Mich.—Your employer's gift to you last Christmas was undoubtedly in appreciation of your faithful services. He would not expect that you would make any like present to him this year, but would, we feel sure, be glad to have from you some card of greeting and remembrance at the holiday season. You may send him this, but do not make him any gift, which would be inappropriate to do under the circumstances of your relations with him.

E. R., Smithville, Tenn.—If your parents have no objection, you may follow the local customs prevailing among girl friends of your own age concerning escorts from prayer meetings, etc.

M. H., Lebanon, Ore.—At a party, a boy may say to a girl: "Will you dance this with me?" or, "May I have the pleasure of this dance?" A girl will signify her assent by rising to accept the offer. (2) There is no question of what a girl should answer when a boy asks, "if she has a kiss" for him. A boy does not properly make such an inquiry, and if he does thus break conventions, he must be prepared for anything which might happen in the way of the girl's reply. We have heard of some who made rather stinging answers. Etiquette establishes no rules for kissing inquiries, but it does prefer to arrange that a girl keep all privileges of personal affection for the man she is to marry.

SPORT, Alabama.—A boy would retain a girl's arm and make a way for her when taking her through a crowd. (2) When a boy and girl who are acquaintances meet upon the street, it makes absolutely no difference which of the two is the first to speak.

A. O., Imperial, Nebr.—In the case you describe, it would have been your place to make the required introduction. This was because you were acting as hostess in your own home and the duty more naturally devolved upon you. (2) The word "camouflage" is pronounced "cam-oo-flazh." The first syllable as in Sam, the second as in food, and the third to sound like the last portion of the word "garage." In the pronouncing of "camouflage," the accent is equally divided over the three syllables, with perhaps the slightest possible drag and accentuation upon the last.

FLOSSIE.—The delicious cheese concoction known as "Welsh rarebit" or "rabbit," is served by pouring it over individual slices of hot toast. This dish is usually made informally at chafing-dish gatherings, and the toast, if preferred, may be ready upon the plates of the guests to receive the melted cheese. (2) In serving grapefruit, a half is served to each guest. The fruit should be ice cold, and have the pulp previously cut away from the side and in segments from the center, so that each portion may be easily removed with an orange spoon. It is worth while to take care and pains in preparing grapefruit. A sharp knife should be used, and the fruit neatly divided from the tough inner and outer skin. No sugar is placed upon the fruit, but powdered sugar and salt should be at hand to suit the individual preferences.

F. B., Tulare, Calif.—You are correct in believing that a stamp is never enclosed in a purely friendly letter for purposes of reply. Your correspondent is in error in following his strange custom of prepaying your answering letters.

THREE HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS, Rifle, Colo.—You ask if it is proper for you to "go to places" with boys. Sometimes it would be proper and sometimes not—depending wholely upon the places. But we can state that any "place" where a boy can kiss you after seeing you but four times (as in your second question) is a most improper spot to be in, and we advise that you avoid either the place or the boy. (2) No, a boy should not introduce himself to you at a dance. He should find some friend to perform this pleasant ceremony for him. You should choose for your new acquaintances only those who are favorably known to other friends you now have.

B. A., Chicago, Ill.—You did the right thing in receiving as you did these friends of your sister-in-law who were strangers to you. It was one of the many instances where common sense and sincerity result in the best manners. (2) You could have apologized when you were compelled to leave the room in farewell, and you could have said to the callers that you hoped you might have the pleasure of seeing them again.



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MRS. W. L., Montana.—If your local assessor has assessed your property for more than its true value, or higher than other properties in the same locality, we think you should appeal for a review of the assessment to your County or State Board for the Equalization of Taxes; we think you should make your appeal promptly and that you should be prepared to show the true value of your property, and the assessment made upon similar property in your locality.

E. T., Oregon.—We think that children born to parents who have never been legally married are illegitimate.

MRS. A. S., Missouri.—We think it will be necessary for the woman you mention to make a complaint against the man who assaulted her, in order that he may be punished for his act.

MRS. A. C., Virginia.—Under the laws of Ohio, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child nor descendant, his whole estate, after payment of debts and expenses, would go to his surviving widow, provided the property did not come to the decedent by descent, devise or deed of gift, but in case such property came to the decedent by descent, devise or deed of gift from an ancestor or from a former wife, the share of the surviving widow would be diminished.

MRS. C. C., Kansas.—We think you should make your complaint for the violation of the Federal law you mention, to the United States District Attorney for the district where the law was violated.

G. M. S., Kansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a married man, who abandons his wife, without good cause, can be compelled to support her, unless she has independent means of her own.

J. V., Michigan.—We think the laws of your state require that veterinary surgeons be licensed to practice their profession.

L. B., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a married man has a legal right to leave his whole estate to his widow, by will, if he so elects, provided he possesses testamentary capacity, and provided no undue influence is exercised upon him in procuring the will, and provided the will is properly drawn and executed. We think your local authority would be in a better position to pass upon the validity of the will you describe.

MRS. E. S., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state, we think the rights of a widow in her deceased husband's estate upon his death, without a will, and without a surviving child or descendant, would depend upon the manner in which he acquired the property; if none of the real estate came to him by descent, devise or deed of gift, we think the surviving widow would receive the whole estate.

A. G. B., Tennessee.—We think an examination of the records would show whether the deeds you mention are in proper form to convey the property you mention.

MRS. G. E. P., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the real and personal estate of a decedent, whether male or female, remaining after payment of all just debts and legal charges, which shall not have been sold, or disposed of by will, or otherwise limited by marriage statement, shall be divided and enjoyed where such intestate leaves spouse and more than one child, one-third part to such surviving spouse, and the balance in equal shares to the children, the descendants of any deceased child taking such deceased child's share; we think the share of such of the children as are minors would be administered by a general guardian during minority; we think there is an inheritance tax if the shares exceed the inheritance tax exemptions.

MRS. J. P., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if your debt is overdue, your creditor can enforce the repayment of same from any property you may own, not exempt by law from levy under execution.

E. E. P., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man or woman, without a will, one-half of the community property goes to the survivor and the remainder to the child or children of the deceased. We think either party to the marriage can dispose of his or her share of the community property by will.

MRS. G. M., Oregon.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no lineal descendant, his whole estate would go to his surviving widow. We think a married woman has a legal right to disinherit her children and leave her whole estate to her husband if she so elects.

MRS. C. R., Minnesota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that in cases where the parents are separated, the courts have power to award the custody of the children to either of the parents, taking into consideration what would be for the children's best interest.

P. G., Tennessee.—If your neighbor continues to trespass upon your property after being forbidden to do so, we think it will be necessary for you to prosecute her for her acts.

J. L., New Jersey.—We do not think the laws of any state prohibit a married man from leaving practically his whole estate to his wife, although in some states it is necessary to mention children to show conclusively that the intent was to cut them off; we think that in order to execute a valid will the testator must possess testamentary capacity, must be under no undue influence, the will must express his true intent, and must be legally drawn and executed.

D. R., Arkansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that you would be entitled to a share in your grandmother's estate if she dies without a will in case your father is dead, but if he survives his mother you will have no intestacy rights in her estate as children are preferred to grandchildren; we think that if she leaves a will she can make a provision for you if she desires to do so, but she has a legal right to disinherit children or grandchildren if she elects to do so.

MRS. D. B. T., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we think the consent of parents or guardians is necessary for the marriage of females under twenty-one years of age, and that in case the parents are divorced the consent of the parent to whom the custody of such child was awarded in the decree of divorce should be procured.

MRS. E. B., Idaho.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that in the absence of a will, your husband's children will be entitled to a share of his separate estate upon his death.

MRS. C. M. M., Texas.—We do not think you can now recover any portion of the land sold by your grandmother during the Civil War.

MRS. J. I., Pennsylvania.—We think that marriages between first cousins are prohibited by the laws of your state.

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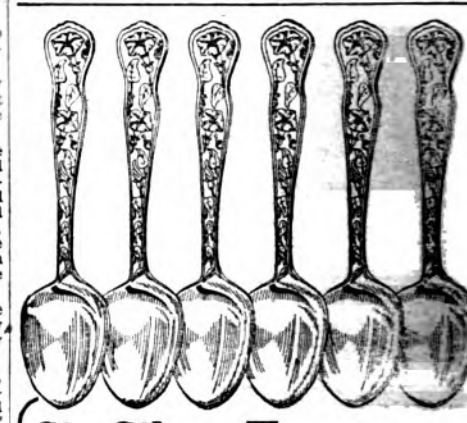
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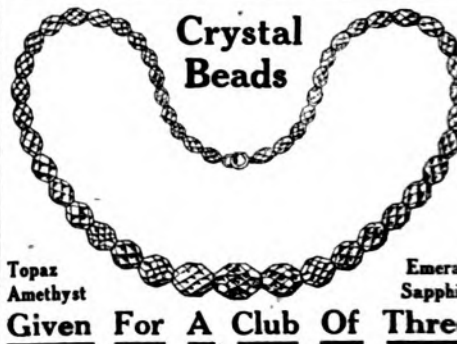
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The Quest of the Otter Pelts

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27.)

they are, and not moving much, they will not discover the water has been released here."

"Leave that to me, my Partner, just heave the axe against some of those large limbs holding this beaver dam together. We'll cut through enough of the dam to release the water a foot. We need a few more beavers to fill our permit, and can get them by setting traps at the break in the dam. They will walk into anything to repair their dam after the water starts falling fast."

It didn't take the boys long to tear out enough of the dam to let the water down the required amount. So toughly woven were the branches that there was no danger of the entire dam washing out. The boys knew that a few beavers would get in their traps, and this happening would frighten the rest so they would refrain from further attempts to repair the dam.

The water fell with much cracking and groaning of the ice. The boys hastened back to the shelter of nearby evergreens, after they had set their traps, and awaited the outcome. Very soon a large beaver, one of the males of the colony, came down to the opening of the ice towing a peeled branch of a popple tree. Unsuspecting of danger, it set its fore feet into one of the water-buried traps. With a lurch, it dived into deep water, and churned it till it foamed.

After a half-hour, it seemed to Fred, he succeeded in getting the beaver to the surface and close enough to dispatch it with a club. In the interim a beaver had stuck its head up in front of the boys. Bill was ready with his rifle, having anticipated such a chance, and placed a .25-20 bullet between its eyes, at almost the same instant hurling his gun onto the ice and making a dive for the beaver. Fortunately he was able to grab a kicking hind leg as it was fast disappearing under water, and threw the dying animal out on the ice.

The boys had no trouble in finishing filling their allotment of beavers, as these animals became frantically careless in attempting to repair their dam. There was a thrill to getting so many valuable pelts by such a quick method, and the boys were reminded of younger days when they had read and re-read the writings of Irving and others on early-day trapping methods practiced by the white and redskin trappers.

When the water got down to a normal overflow, the ice had sagged considerably toward the middle of the lake. The boys now gathered up their pelts, and the best quarters of the beavers for food, and hiked for camp.

The young trappers did not again visit the lake for a week. They did not want scouting otters to find the slightest trace of human odor around the lake.

Fred's surmise that the otter would discover the new condition of the water at Pelcher Lake was correct. A week after the water had been lowered, several otter signs were noticeable about the beaver dam. No doubt the otter had found the fishing much better, as the trout had been unmolested except for the toll taken by mink.

The boys tended their mink, weasel and marten lines until about ten days had elapsed after the breaking of the dam, then they carefully set nearly two dozen large traps around the lake; particularly taking pains to guard the outlet. A trap was set blind at every airhole. As these holes were invariably over swift water, the traps were not too deep setting on the ground and there was no odor to alarm the animal. In a few of the places, where the water was apt to freeze over, salt was used to prevent ice forming, but a set or two was demolished by the deer trying to get the salt, so the method was abandoned.

The traps were never touched by bare hands. They had first been carefully boiled, then dipped out with a wooden fork and handled with buckskin gloves. Most of the sets were blind, that is without bait. Such a set is the most successful with keen-nosed and sly animals, if the trapper knows where to place his traps. He locates the sets by watching trails, haunts, etc.

Invariably a stone was wired to the trap chain so as to carry the animal down into deep water and drown it. This prevented the struggling animal from frightening others away, besides being a humane practice.

One of the most effective sets was made by sawing a block of ice out near each bank of a small stream and placing a blind set trap along the bank. Invariably tracks showed the banks had been used. If the water was shallow so the animal could wade a distance away from the bank, sticks were used to fence in the trap, thus forcing any passing animal over the trap. Precaution was taken not to use sticks the beaver would chew on, such as popple. Where the stream was very small and shallow, a block of ice was cut out through the middle, the trap placed in the center and fenced on each side to the banks so even a small mink could not pass without going over the trap. The crosscut saw was used to remove the ice and it was sawed on a slant inward at the bottom, so the blocks set back easily. Salt or snow was used to prevent the blocks from freezing tight. This set caught them many minks and otters.

The second day after the otter traps were set out the boys collected three otters, all drowned and their fur in number one condition. This was the most valuable catch they had ever made in their lives, eventually netting each about fifty dollars. They could hardly believe their eyes; valuable otters were coming in as fast as muskrats had on the farm trap lines.

A week of huge trapping success passed. The boys had worked from daylight till dark tending their traps, and till bedtime skinning and stretching the furs. Boards had been planed out from split cedar, hewed to regulation size with a pocket axe.

The day arrived when the boys collected their duffle and furs together preparatory to the trip out to home and the farms. They wanted to get started while the tobogganing was good, besides the otter had quit getting into their traps. They now had about a dozen of these fine furs, which were enough for anybody but game hogs. Finding their furs in the hollow-tree cache unmolested, the boys decided to go by Curley's camp. They had been considerably surprised and not a little anxious in not seeing or hearing anything from the old trapper.

Curley was sitting in camp with his feet propped up on the stove-hearth watching a pot of beans boil. The whoop of the boys brought him to his feet. His face registered more than surprise when he opened the door and saw the big bunch of furs lashed on the boys' toboggan.

"What luck?" greeted Bill good-naturedly.

"Wal, not so bad. I see you get the otter. It takes regular trappers to get them birds."

Fred glanced about the cabin and noticed the dry-goods-box cupboard was almost empty.

"Well, Curley," said Fred, "we realize we got a little close to your grounds, not knowing you were coming back to trap this year. I don't see many furs around and your larder looks empty, too. I—we——"

"Yes, I've had tough luck. Ain't got no grub, no cartridges, no tobacco and no snowshoes to get out on. Broke my last pair of 'shoes yesterday, and got no buckskin or seasoned wood to repair them. Not been to my traps today. Was going to cook this last mess of beans and then starve slow, like the animals in my traps. 'Course after the way I treated you boys—well, I don't blame you if you keep on goin' an' I ain't got a bullet to hold you all up with. But I hope you'll think of my poor old folks up in Canada and take this letter out and mail it. It's a good-by message; I left years ago and never sent word back. Oh, if I only had some tobacco left I could stand it till spring, then raft down the river."

Curley extended the poorly scribbled letter addressed to a lady in Montreal, then wearily walked over to his bunk and laid down. The beans began to smell of scorching, but he made no effort to remove them from the stove.

Both boys were moved by the old trapper's pathetic predicament. Perhaps he regretted his unruly past; maybe he had been moved to unfriendly deeds by unfair competition. Anyway, both boys agreed to the resolution disclosed in each other's eyes. Fred beat Bill to it:

"Here, Curley, we've got more grub than we need going out. Here is an extra pair of snowshoes we had, and you'll find more grub cached in a hollow tree near our camp site. There's a trail to it. Lucky my gun shoots the same cartridge yours does; here's two dozen rounds. They're too heavy to carry out, anyway. We've got no tobacco but you'll find some cached back of that cupboard if the pesky red squirrels haven't carried it away. Found it there in the box when we came in; stuck it back out of the way. So long, hope you make a good catch; we didn't get them all."

The boys unloaded much of their outfit and started before the amazed Curley could take a big chew of the "F. O. B."

"Hey, boys, gimme that letter," yelled Curley, the boys fast disappearing in the dense balsams and tamaracks. "I ain't going to send it, I can go myself, now. Look here."

Curley pulled up the makeshift mattress over the bunk. Under it was the finest bunch of fisher pelts they had ever seen. Fisher were more valuable than otter.

"Yep, I laid off the otter this year; didn't have time to bother with them. I located this pocket of fisher in the Bearclift ledges last season. I knew fisher furs were going to run high, so I let people think I was leaving the country so they wouldn't be coming in on me. Every trapper in the state thinks there is more furs where Curley traps, because he gets the most. They tried to hog me out of my own grounds and trap under my nose. Some of them give me the devil because I came from Canada. They hate Canucks.

"Now I can finish my mountain trapping and get out in the spring with the biggest catch I ever made. Then it's me for old Canada. And, boys, this cabin and these grounds belong to you, and if you'll stay over a few days I'll show you over the fisher lines and let you onto the best drag scent bait you ever saw. All I ask is you keep it mum; my Indian grandfather taught it to me. It's a secret of the old Canuck trappers."

"Shake, Curley," exclaimed Fred.

"Here, too," dittoed Bill.

The boys stayed.

THE END.

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We want MORE Muskrat, Mink, Skunk, Raccoon, Fox, Wolf, Civet Cat, etc., quick! and are paying top prices now! Get check by return mail. Write for our special information to Fur Buyers.

FUNSTEN ANIMAL BAIT

Used by successful trappers for 20 years. Double your catch. State kind wanted. $1 PER CAN 3 Cans, $2.50 Postpaid

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BIG PRICES For MUSKRAT!

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Trapping Solves Unemployment in Rural Districts

With the return of the raw fur industry to a normal basis, the trapping of fur-bearing animals will be engaged in quite extensively again this winter and more than a million men and boys will have an opportunity to reap the harvest that nature has provided for them. The fur catch this season should amount to approximately fifty millions of dollars and practically every cent of this large amount will go directly to the men and boys of the rural districts.

Trapping always provides profitable work for those who engage in it and this year in particular, when so many of our people are in need of employment, the opening of the trapping season has been looked forward to with hopeful expectancy. The big fur houses are cooperating with them to the extent of furnishing free all information necessary to enable them to become successful trappers.

If you have spare time you will find trapping this season profitable enough to provide a good income during the winter months. Get started at once by writing one or more of the reliable fur houses whose advertisements you will find regularly printed in COMFORT.

The U. S. Public Health Service estimates that at least 500 and possibly 1,000 lepers are at large in the United States, and that the number is increasing. The government did not start work on its Federal Home for Lepers a minute too soon.

GIVEN A REAL HAMILTON .22 RIFLE

For selling only 2 lots of our Beautiful Colored Art & Religious Pictures at 10c each. Order 25 pictures at once. They sell on sight. You can easily win this 22 Sure Shot Rifle in no time. Guaranteed. GAIR MFG. CO., 1926 Sunnyside Ave., Dept. 601, CHICAGO



Big Premium Budget 10c

17 Popular Songs with Music, 25 Portraits, Actresses, Presidents of U. S., 14 Complete Stories, 63 Magic Tricks, 56 Amusing Experiments, 15 Puzzles, 22 Rebuses, 60 Parlor Games, 150 Riddles and Conundrums, 100 Jokes and Funny Readings, 60 Money-Making Secrets, 84 Album Verses, Dictionary of Dreams. Send us 10c, and we will send all the above, and Big Novelty and Jewelry Catalogue. Add 2 cents for postage.
H. C. LORCK, Dept. C-8, GREENLAWN, N. Y.

Our Scientific Method will stop that

STAMMER

Send for free 200 page book. It tells how to permanently stop stammering or stuttering in a few weeks' time. A natural guaranteed method.
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Be an expert wrestler. Learn at home by mail. Wonderful lessons prepared by world's champions Farmer Burns and Frank Gotch. Free book tells you how. Secret holds, blocks and tricks revealed. Don't delay. Be strong healthy. Handle big men with ease. Write for free book. State age. Farmer Burns, 3049 Ramge Bldg., Omaha, Neb.



Ship Us Your Raw Furs By Express

We guarantee to hold all shipments entirely separate, and in case our valuations are not satisfactory we will return your goods at once, and pay all express charges both ways.

H. A. PERKINS & CO.
WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT.
References: Dun or Bradstreet Commercial Agencies—Any Bank

Cuticura Soap
—The Safety Razor—
Shaving Soap

Cuticura Soap shaves without mug. Everywhere 25c.

The Best Cough Syrup is Home-made.

Here's an easy way to save $2, and yet have the best cough remedy you ever tried.

You've probably heard of this well-known plan of making cough syrup at home. But have you ever used it? Thousands of families, the world over, feel that they could hardly keep house without it. It's simple and cheap, but the way it takes hold of a cough will soon earn it a permanent place in your home.

Into a pint bottle, pour 2½ ounces of Pinex; then add plain granulated sugar syrup to fill up the pint. Or, if desired, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, it tastes good, never spoils, and gives you a full pint of better cough remedy than you could buy ready-made for three times its cost.

It is really wonderful how quickly this home-made remedy conquers a cough—usually in 24 hours or less. It seems to penetrate through every air passage, loosens a dry, hoarse or tight cough, lifts the phlegm, heals the membranes, and gives almost immediate relief. Splendid for throat tickle, hoarseness, croup, bronchitis and broncial asthma.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and has been used for generations for throat and chest ailments.

To avoid disappointment ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

What 15 Cts Will bring YOU From the Nation's Capital

The little matter of **15 cts.** (coin or stamps) will bring you the **Pathfinder 13 weeks on trial.** The Pathfinder is a cheerful illustrated weekly, published at the Nation's center for people everywhere; an independent home paper that tells the story of the world's news in an interesting, understandable way. Now in its 29th year. This splendid National weekly supplies a long-felt want; it costs but $1 a year. If you want to know what is going on in the world, this is your best means. If you want a paper in your home which is reliable and wholesome; if you would appreciate a paper which puts everything clearly, strongly, entertainingly, briefly—here it is. Splendid serial and short stories and miscellany. The Question Box Answers YOUR questions and is a mine of information. Send **15 cts.** to show that you might like such a paper and we will send the Pathfinder on probation **13** weeks. The 15c does not repay us, but we are glad to invest in new friends. Address: **The Pathfinder, 521 Langdon Sta., Washington, D. C.**

GIVEN



Real Talking Machine. Plays all disc records, singing, band, instrumental. Clear and distinct. Guaranteed. Lots of fun. Record and needles included. Sell 40 packets Garden Spot Seeds at 10c a packet and the talking machine is yours. Send no money. Write today for seeds and catalog.

Lancaster Co. Seed Co., Sta. 192, PARADISE, PA.



3 Piece Toilet Set Free for selling only 8 boxes of our famous **ROSEBUD** at 25c a box: a home necessity. **EASY TO SELL. WE TRUST YOU.** Big catalogue sent with goods. Order today.

Write to this firm.

ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., Dept. A, Woodsboro Md.



GIVEN *MOVING PICTURE MACHINE*

Fine moving picture machine with supply of films. Easy to operate, by oil or electricity. Free for selling only 12 boxes of Mentho-Nova. Sell at 25c a box, return the $3 and receive this dandy premium. Satisfaction guaranteed. Order now. Hundreds of other premiums and big Cash Commission.

U. S. SUPPLY CO., Dept. 850, Greenville, Pa.



BIRTH STONE RING FREE

14K GOLD finished, guaranteed to give satisfaction, with stone for any month, to introduce our catalogue. Send 15c to cover cost of advertising and mailing. Send size.

SUN JEWELRY CO., Dept. 28, EAST BOSTON, MASS.

SILK REMNANTS, LARGEST Packages yet offered. Square of Stamped Satin free with every package. MFRS. AGENCY, X, Portland, Maine **20c**

Until January 1 Only!

Look At Me!



I Have Curly Hair

I'm All Dressed Up!

This Beautiful DOLL Will Be Given For A Club Of Only Two!

THINK of it! This big, handsome Doll for a club of only **two one-year** subscriptions to COMFORT. As we have **only a few** of these Dolls left, we are making this **special short-time bargain offer,** good until January 1st only. Considering the present high prices, which bid fair to hold for another year, every mother should send for **at least two or three** of these handsome Dolls even if they are not to be used until next Christmas. You will save money by doing so.

This Doll is nearly **a foot high, has a strong,** durable, stuffed body and an **indestructible head.** You can make her stand up, sit down in a chair and assume all sorts of natural positions. Her beautiful brown hair hangs **in luxuriant curls,** her eyes are blue as the sky, **she has on a pretty** trimmed dress with sash, and, **taken altogether,** she is certainly the cutest and **sweetest baby doll** in all toyland.

Last year we gave away thousands of these Dolls **for a club of three,** as Christmas presents to our readers and they were delighted with them. Now that there are but a **few left, we shall give** away the remainder **for a club of only two.** If you want one of these handsome Dolls, send in your order **before they are all gone.** We advise you to send in your order **today**—next week may be **too late.**

Our Bargain Offer! For a club of only **two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this handsome Doll, exactly as described, free by Parcel Post, prepaid. Reward No. 9872.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

A READER, Bristol, W. Va.—It would be correct for you to accompany your gift at Christmas to this teacher with the note you mention—adding to your holiday greetings thanks for the interest she has taken in aiding your studies. (2) Yes; a small silver pencil would make an appropriate gift, or a fountain pen of a size and type suitable to be carried in a hand bag or purse.

M. L., Ravensdale, W. Va.—Such a phrase as "Meet my sister Annie" would not constitute a correct or pleasant introduction. If your sister, through marriage, has a name different from your own, this should appear in the introduction for the sake of clearness. A simple and proper form would be: "Mr. Blank, this is my sister, Mrs. Dash."

E. C., Dagman, Mont.—The matter of popularity in social affairs is largely one of personality, although there is no denying the parts played by wealth and family position in influencing attention and regard. If you are kind and cordial in all your relations with the young people of your community, we do not quite see why you should be avoided in the way you state, and why you should have to write: "When I want to join them, they all run away." Try and take a real part in all the plans and activities of your young acquaintances, and be careful of whom you pick as a close friend or chum. Be sincere and natural in all your speech and actions; share your interests with others and join in theirs—and if you still lack friends, it will be the Dagman boys and girls who will be the losers and not you. Keep the wise old saying in mind: "To have friends, you must first be one."

GOLDENROD AND PURPLE ASTER, Wyoming.—No harm would be done by your telling this boy that you would be glad to have him come and see you some time. (2) It would be best, for various reasons, that you say farewell to your friend at the door of your home. If you walk with him to the gate, some nasty neighbor might infer that you were trying to hang on to your boy caller. Gossip is as plentiful as October goldenrod and asters.

L. B., Hancock, Md.—It has come to be the custom in wedding felicitations to wish the bride happiness and congratulate the groom upon his good fortune. Upon the part of the happy couple, smiles and thanks are the only needed responses.

BROWN EYES, Fairfield, Wash.—We think it vastly improper for boys to write notes to girls during school hours. There are plenty of classroom studies without establishing a course in correspondence with a boy teacher. Stick to the curriculum and make your boy friends understand that you intend doing this. (2) The right sort of schoolgirl complexion should have no need of cosmetics to give it beauty or color—and if one hasn't the right sort, a start should be made at once to make it so. The road begins with plenty of water inside and out; fresh fruits and green vegetables, with sweets and greasy foods avoided; and proper exercise in the open air each day. A touch of talcum powder might have a place now and then in a girl's toilet, but paint only best belongs upon the side of the schoolhouse where she studies.

M. S., Quinton, Ala.—The bride's costume for a December wedding would differ in no way from that worn for a ceremony in the month of June and roses. You should wear the conventional white silk and lace, unless you are married in your going-away gown—in which case any plainly tailored dark serge or tweed would be correct and sensible. In the latter case you would be careful to choose hat, shoes and gloves to harmonize with your traveling frock. (2) A girl bride would be greeted with a kiss by her father-in-law—or should so salute him if he appears bashful or backward. She might say: "I hope Tom's father is going to like me. I know you have a good son, and I want you to think you will have as good a daughter." Be simple and sincere in assuming your new relationships with your husband's family.

ANXIOUS READER, Pelican Rapids, Mich.—Your employer's gift to you last Christmas was undoubtedly in appreciation of your faithful services. He would not expect that you would make any like present to him this year, but would, we feel sure, be glad to have from you some card of greeting and remembrance at the holiday season. You may send him this, but do not make him any gift, which would be inappropriate to do under the circumstances of your relations with him.

E. R., Smithville, Tenn.—If your parents have no objection, you may follow the local customs prevailing among girl friends of your own age concerning escorts from prayer meetings, etc.

M. H., Lebanon, Ore.—At a party, a boy may say to a girl: "Will you dance this with me?" or, "May I have the pleasure of this dance?" A girl will signify her assent by rising to accept the offer. (2) There is no question of what a girl should answer when a boy asks, "if she has a kiss" for him. A boy does not properly make such an inquiry, and if he does thus break conventions, he must be prepared for anything which might happen in the way of the girl's reply. We have heard of some who made rather stinging answers. Etiquette establishes no rules for kissing inquiries, but it does prefer to arrange that a girl keep all privileges of personal affection for the man she is to marry.

SPORT, Alabama.—A boy would retain a girl's arm and make a way for her when taking her through a crowd. (2) When a boy and girl who are acquaintances meet upon the street, it makes absolutely no difference which of the two is the first to speak.

A. O., Imperial, Nebr.—In the case you describe, it would have been your place to make the required introduction. This was because you were acting as hostess in your own home and the duty more naturally devolved upon you. (2) The word "camouflage" is pronounced "cam-oo-flazh." The first syllable as in Sam, the second as in food, and the third to sound like the last portion of the word "garage." In the pronouncing of "camouflage," the accent is equally divided over the three syllables, with perhaps the slightest possible drag and accentuation upon the last.

FLOSSIE.—The delicious cheese concoction known as "Welsh rarebit" or "rabbit," is served by pouring it over individual slices of hot toast. This dish is usually made informally at chafing-dish gatherings, and the toast, if preferred, may be ready upon the plates of the guests to receive the melted cheese. (2) In serving grapefruit, a half is served to each guest. The fruit should be ice cold, and have the pulp previously cut away from the side and in segments from the center, so that each portion may be easily removed with an orange spoon. It is worth while to take care and pains in preparing grapefruit. A sharp knife should be used, and the fruit neatly divided from the tough inner and outer skin. No sugar is placed upon the fruit, but powdered sugar and salt should be at hand to suit the individual preferences.

F. B., Tulare, Calif.—You are correct in believing that a stamp is never enclosed in a purely friendly letter for purposes of reply. Your correspondent is in error in following his strange custom of prepaying your answering letters.

THREE HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS, Rifle, Colo.—You ask if it is proper for you to "go to places" with boys. Sometimes it would be proper and sometimes not—depending wholely upon the places. But we can state that any "place" where a boy can kiss you after seeing you but four times (as in your second question) is a most improper spot to be in, and we advise that you avoid either the place or the boy. (2) No, a boy should not introduce himself to you at a dance. He should find some friend to perform this pleasant ceremony for him. You should choose for your new acquaintances only those who are favorably known to other friends you now have.

B. A., Chicago, Ill.—You did the right thing in receiving as you did these friends of your sister-in-law who were strangers to you. It was one of the many instances where common sense and sincerity result in the best manners. (2) You could have apologized when you were compelled to leave the room in farewell, and you could have said to the callers that you hoped you might have the pleasure of seeing them again.



Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from our eminent legal adviser on all questions of law except divorce matters.

Address Home Lawyer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

MRS. W. L., Montana.—If your local assessor has assessed your property for more than its true value, or higher than other properties in the same locality, we think you should appeal for a review of the assessment to your County or State Board for the Equalization of Taxes; we think you should make your appeal promptly and that you should be prepared to show the true value of your property, and the assessment made upon similar property in your locality.

E. T., Oregon.—We think that children born to parents who have never been legally married are illegitimate.

MRS. A. S., Missouri.—We think it will be necessary for the woman you mention to make a complaint against the man who assaulted her, in order that he may be punished for his act.

MRS. A. C., Virginia.—Under the laws of Ohio, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child nor descendant, his whole estate, after payment of debts and expenses, would go to his surviving widow, provided the property did not come to the decedent by descent, devise or deed of gift, but in case such property came to the decedent by descent, devise or deed of gift from an ancestor or from a former wife, the share of the surviving widow would be diminished.

MRS. C. C., Kansas.—We think you should make your complaint for the violation of the Federal law you mention, to the United States District Attorney for the district where the law was violated.

G. M. S., Kansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a married man, who abandons his wife, without good cause, can be compelled to support her, unless she has independent means of her own.

J. V., Michigan.—We think the laws of your state require that veterinary surgeons be licensed to practice their profession.

L. B., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a married man has a legal right to leave his whole estate to his widow, by will, if he so elects, provided he possesses testamentary capacity, and provided no undue influence is exercised upon him in procuring the will, and provided the will is properly drawn and executed. We think your local authority would be in a better position to pass upon the validity of the will you describe.

MRS. E. S., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state, we think the rights of a widow in her deceased husband's estate upon his death, without a will, and without a surviving child or descendant, would depend upon the manner in which he acquired the property; if none of the real estate came to him by descent, devise or deed of gift, we think the surviving widow would receive the whole estate.

A. G. B., Tennessee.—We think an examination of the records would show whether the deeds you mention are in proper form to convey the property you mention.

MRS. G. E. P., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the real and personal estate of a decedent, whether male or female, remaining after payment of all just debts and legal charges, which shall not have been sold, or disposed of by will, or otherwise limited by marriage statement, shall be divided and enjoyed where such intestate leaves spouse and more than one child, one-third part to such surviving spouse, and the balance in equal shares to the children, the descendants of any deceased child taking such deceased child's share; we think the share of such of the children as are minors would be administered by a general guardian during minority; we think there is an inheritance tax if the shares exceed the inheritance tax exemptions.

MRS. J. P., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if your debt is overdue, your creditor can enforce the repayment of same from any property you may own, not exempt by law from levy under execution.

E. E. P., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man or woman, without a will, one-half of the community property goes to the survivor and the remainder to the child or children of the deceased. We think either party to the marriage can dispose of his or her share of the community property by will.

MRS. G. M., Oregon.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no lineal descendant, his whole estate would go to his surviving widow. We think a married woman has a legal right to disinherit her children and leave her whole estate to her husband if she so elects.

MRS. C. R., Minnesota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that in cases where the parents are separated, the courts have power to award the custody of the children to either of the parents, taking into consideration what would be for the children's best interest.

P. G., Tennessee.—If your neighbor continues to trespass upon your property after being forbidden to do so, we think it will be necessary for you to prosecute her for her acts.

J. L., New Jersey.—We do not think the laws of any state prohibit a married man from leaving practically his whole estate to his wife, although in some states it is necessary to mention children to show conclusively that the intent was to cut them off; we think that in order to execute a valid will the testator must possess testamentary capacity, must be under no undue influence, the will must express his true intent, and must be legally drawn and executed.

D. R., Arkansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that you would be entitled to a share in your grandmother's estate if she dies without a will in case your father is dead, but if he survives his mother you will have no intestacy rights in her estate as children are preferred to grandchildren; we think that if she leaves a will she can make a provision for you if she desires to do so, but she has a legal right to disinherit children or grandchildren if she elects to do so.

MRS. D. B. T., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we think the consent of parents or guardians is necessary for the marriage of females under twenty-one years of age, and that in case the parents are divorced the consent of the parent to whom the custody of such child was awarded in the decree of divorce should be procured.

MRS. E. B., Idaho.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that in the absence of a will, your husband's children will be entitled to a share of his separate estate upon his death.

MRS. C. M. M., Texas.—We do not think you can now recover any portion of the land sold by your grandmother during the Civil War.

MRS. J. I., Pennsylvania.—We think that marriages between first cousins are prohibited by the laws of your state.

Club Feet



Ruby Booth was born with Club Feet. At ten months she was brought to McLain Sanitarium. Photos show result of treatment. Parents' letter tells everything.

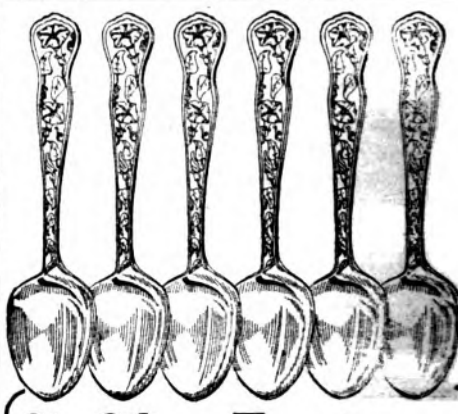
When Ruby was 6 months old, a doctor put her feet in plaster paris casts. After 3 months they were no better than when he started. We had given up all hope of a cure, when we heard of McLain Sanitarium and took her there. Her feet are now perfectly straight. I shall never cease to be thankful. Refer anyone to me.

Mr. and Mrs. George Booth, Carbon, Iowa.

For Crippled Children

The McLain Sanitarium is a thoroughly equipped private institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Disease and Deformities, Wry Neck, Hip Disease, Diseases of the Joints, especially as found in children and young adults. Our book, "Deformities and Paralysis," also "Book of References" sent free.

L. C. McLain
Orthopedic Sanitarium
990 Aubert Ave.
St. Louis, Mo.



Six Silver Teaspoons

The Beautiful "Morning Glory" Design

BY buying in large quantities we are enabled to offer our readers this handsome set of six teaspoons for the ridiculously small club mentioned below. They are six inches long, silver plated on a white metal base, so there is no brass to show through, and they will never have that dingy or tarnished appearance even after years of constant use. The design is the beautiful **"Morning Glory"** deeply embossed on the handles which are finished in soft, elegant **French grey.** The bowls of the spoons are perfectly smooth and bright polished.

The rich design and splendid wearing qualities of these teaspoons combine to make this the most attractive premium offer in years. Our illustration does not do them justice. They must be seen to be appreciated. We know they will exceed your highest expectations.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you **six** of these fine Silver Plated Teaspoons free by **parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 9882.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Crystal Beads



Topaz Amethyst Emerald Sapphire

Given For A Club Of Three!

THESE Crystal Beads are the latest thing out and so beautiful are they we could not refrain from buying a quantity to give as club rewards to our young lady readers. The Necklace is 24 inches in length, with a strong, durable gold-plated clasp; the beads are graduated, the largest ones measuring ⅞x⅝ inches and the smallest ⅝x¼ inches in size. They are real cut glass—not pressed glass—and their flashing prismatic colors are a delight to the eye.

For summer wear, with low-neck dresses, nothing could be more stylish than one of these handsome new necklaces and we are delighted to think that we are able to make this offer. Be sure to state color desired when ordering. You can have your choice of Topaz, Amethyst, Emerald and Sapphire.

Given To You! For only three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these handsome and stylish Crystal Bead Necklaces free by parcel post prepaid. **Please be sure to mention color wanted. Reward No. 9033.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Eveready Flashlight



THIS is the "Eveready" Daylo, 6½ inches long, 1½ inches in diameter, equipped with a powerful battery that will last for many weeks. It is always ready for use—a simple movement of the finger turns the light on or off as desired. In the night it shows the way around the house without fuss or bother—it lights up the darkest rooms, attics or basements. It can be used in the shed or barn, around hay, powder or gasolene without the slightest danger of fire. Outdoors, neither wind nor rain can put it out. When riding or walking after dark, it throws a brilliant light far in advance, showing up every object long before you reach it. This flashlight is so useful you should not think of getting along without one. Safe, convenient, always ready when you want it, it is **the best insurance against fire and accident in the world.**

CLUB OFFER. We will send you this Eveready Flashlight complete with battery, all ready for business, for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. **Reward No. 7984.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Don't neglect a Cold

Dangerous sickness often starts with a cold. Ward off your colds with Musterole before pneumonia starts.

Musterole is a clean, white ointment made with oil of mustard. It has all the healing properties of the old-fashioned mustard plaster butnone of the unpleasant features.

Musterole is not messy to apply and without the blister.

At the first sneeze or sniffle take down the little white jar of Musterole from the bathroom shelf and rub the ointment gently over the congested spot.

With a tingling warmth it penetrates the skin and goes right down to the seat of trouble.

Rheumatism, tonsillitis, lumbago, coughs and colds are all symptoms that call for Musterole.

Order Musterole today from your druggist. 35c and 65c in jars and tubes; hospital size, $3.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

MUSTEROLE

WILL NOT BLISTER

FOUKE

WANTS

$10,000,000.00

WORTH OF FURS

And will pay higher prices than any house in America to get them. We have such a big demand we must have more furs quick. Write for new book—Trappers' Partner, regular price lists and tags—all **free.** Don't sell your furs until you get Fouke's prices. Write today.

FOUKE FUR CO., 250 Fouke Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

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1½ H-P ENGINE IS NOW ONLY $35.50



Other sizes 2 to 22 H-P at low prices. Good engines sold direct to you. 90 Days' Trial -10 Year Guarantee. Write for Free book before you purchase any engine.

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16,000 Miles without a Puncture



Wonderful invention. Insyde Tyres—Inner Armor for automobile tires. Positively prevent punctures and blowouts. Guaranteed to give double tire mileage, any tire—old or new.

Over 100,000 Satisfied Customers

Easily applied without tools. Just slip inside casing before replacing tube. Will not heat or pinch. Use over and over again. Old worn-out casings will give 3 to 5,000 miles more service. Low priced. Agents wanted in every county.

American Accessories Co., B-1623 Cincinnati, O.

REVERSIBLE "Linene" TRADE MARK



Send 2 Cents in U. S. stamps to pay postage and we will send you FREE a SAMPLE COLLAR of our New Style "Copley." State size wanted. REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO., Dept. E, Boston, Mass.

FREE



Sell 24 Perfume Pkgs. at 10c. When sold send $2.40 and we'll send stem wind watch, or keep $1.00. Rex Co., V-12, Chicago

MONEY Made quickly by smart men. Artol Co., 115 Nassau St., N. Y.

Comfort's Bedtime Stories

For Little Folks



20 WONDERFUL TALES In Story And Verse 20

TWO complete libraries of cute little books for the children, including many of the old-time favorites as well as newer and later stories. Library No. 7951 consists of Robinson Crusoé, Little Red Riding Hood, Cinderella, Mother Goose, Animal Pets, Playmates, The Three Bears, The Sleeping Beauty, Playful Pets, Tickle Mouse, Vol. 1. Library No. 7991 consists of Land of Tulips, Our Farm Yard, Our Country, Happy Days, Story of Santa Claus, Chums, Tickle Mouse, Vol. 2; In the Jungle, Tickle Mouse, Vol. 3; The Big League. Each book is 4x5¼ inches in size, printed in large clear type and contains five beautiful full-page illustrations in colors.

Given To You! We will send you either Library of 10 Books free and prepaid for one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, or **both** Libraries (20 Books) for two one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each. **Please mention number of Libraries wanted.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Quest of the Otter Pelts

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27.)

they are, and not moving much, they will not discover the water has been released here."

"Leave that to me, my Partner, just heave the axe against some of those large limbs holding this beaver dam together. We'll cut through enough of the dam to release the water a foot. We need a few more beavers to fill our permit, and can get them by setting traps at the break in the dam. They will walk into anything to repair their dam after the water starts falling fast."

It didn't take the boys long to tear out enough of the dam to let the water down the required amount. So toughly woven were the branches that there was no danger of the entire dam washing out. The boys knew that a few beavers would get in their traps, and this happening would frighten the rest so they would refrain from further attempts to repair the dam.

The water fell with much cracking and groaning of the ice. The boys hastened back to the shelter of nearby evergreens, after they had set their traps, and awaited the outcome. Very soon a large beaver, one of the males of the colony, came down to the opening of the ice towing a peeled branch of a popple tree. Unsuspecting of danger, it set its fore feet into one of the water-buried traps. With a lurch, it dived into deep water, and churned it till it foamed.

After a half-hour, it seemed to Fred, he succeeded in getting the beaver to the surface and close enough to dispatch it with a club. In the interim a beaver had stuck its head up in front of the boys. Bill was ready with his rifle, having anticipated such a chance, and placed a .25-20 bullet between its eyes, at almost the same instant hurling his gun onto the ice and making a dive for the beaver. Fortunately he was able to grab a kicking hind leg as it was fast disappearing under water, and threw the dying animal out on the ice.

The boys had no trouble in finishing filling their allotment of beavers, as these animals became frantically careless in attempting to repair their dam. There was a thrill to getting so many valuable pelts by such a quick method, and the boys were reminded of younger days when they had read and re-read the writings of Irving and others on early-day trapping methods practiced by the white and redskin trappers.

When the water got down to a normal overflow, the ice had sagged considerably toward the middle of the lake. The boys now gathered up their pelts, and the best quarters of the beavers for food, and hiked for camp.

The young trappers did not again visit the lake for a week. They did not want scouting otters to find the slightest trace of human odor around the lake.

Fred's surmise that the otter would discover the new condition of the water at Pelcher Lake was correct. A week after the water had been lowered, several otter signs were noticeable about the beaver dam. No doubt the otter had found the fishing much better, as the trout had been unmolested except for the toll taken by mink.

The boys tended their mink, weasel and marten lines until about ten days had elapsed after the breaking of the dam, then they carefully set nearly two dozen large traps around the lake; particularly taking pains to guard the outlet. A trap was set blind at every airhole. As these holes were invariably over swift water, the traps were not too deep setting on the ground and there was no odor to alarm the animal. In a few of the places, where the water was apt to freeze over, salt was used to prevent ice forming, but a set or two was demolished by the deer trying to get the salt, so the method was abandoned.

The traps were never touched by bare hands. They had first been carefully boiled, then dipped out with a wooden fork and handled with buckskin gloves. Most of the sets were blind, that is without bait. Such a set is the most successful with keen-nosed and sly animals, if the trapper knows where to place his traps. He locates the sets by watching trails, haunts, etc.

Invariably a stone was wired to the trap chain so as to carry the animal down into deep water and drown it. This prevented the struggling animal from frightening others away, besides being a humane practice.

One of the most effective sets was made by sawing a block of ice out near each bank of a small stream and placing a blind set trap along the bank. Invariably tracks showed the banks had been used. If the water was shallow so the animal could wade a distance away from the bank, sticks were used to fence in the trap, thus forcing any passing animal over the trap. Precaution was taken not to use sticks the beaver would chew on, such as popple. Where the stream was very small and shallow, a block of ice was cut out through the middle, the trap placed in the center and fenced on each side to the banks so even a small mink could not pass without going over the trap. The crosscut saw was used to remove the ice and it was sawed on a slant inward at the bottom, so the blocks set back easily. Salt or snow was used to prevent the blocks from freezing tight. This set caught them many minks and otters.

The second day after the otter traps were set out the boys collected three otters, all drowned and their fur in number one condition. This was the most valuable catch they had ever made in their lives, eventually netting each about fifty dollars. They could hardly believe their eyes; valuable otters were coming in as fast as muskrats had on the farm trap lines.

A week of huge trapping success passed. The boys had worked from daylight till dark tending their traps, and till bedtime skinning and stretching the furs. Boards had been planed out from split cedar, hewed to regulation size with a pocket axe.

The day arrived when the boys collected their duffle and furs together preparatory to the trip out to home and the farms. They wanted to get started while the tobogganing was good, besides the otter had quit getting into their traps. They now had about a dozen of these fine furs, which were enough for anybody but game hogs. Finding their furs in the hollow-tree cache unmolested, the boys decided to go by Curley's camp. They had been considerably surprised and not a little anxious in not seeing or hearing anything from the old trapper.

Curley was sitting in camp with his feet propped up on the stove-hearth watching a pot of beans boil. The whoop of the boys brought him to his feet. His face registered more than surprise when he opened the door and saw the big bunch of furs lashed on the boys' toboggan.

"What luck?" greeted Bill good-naturedly.

"Wal, not so bad. I see you get the otter. It takes regular trappers to get them birds."

Fred glanced about the cabin and noticed the dry-goods-box cupboard was almost empty.

"Well, Curley," said Fred, "we realize we got a little close to your grounds, not knowing you were coming back to trap this year. I don't see many furs around and your larder looks empty, too. I—we——"

"Yes, I've had tough luck. Ain't got no grub, no cartridges, no tobacco and no snowshoes to get out on. Broke my last pair of 'shoes yesterday, and got no buckskin or seasoned wood to repair them. Not been to my traps today. Was going to cook this last mess of beans and then starve slow, like the animals in my traps. 'Course after the way I treated you boys—well, I don't blame you if you keep on goin' an' I ain't got a bullet to hold you all up with. But I hope you'll think of my poor old folks up in Canada and take this letter out and mail it. It's a good-by message; I left years ago and never sent word back. Oh, if I only had some tobacco left I could stand it till spring, then raft down the river."

Curley extended the poorly scribbled letter addressed to a lady in Montreal, then wearily walked over to his bunk and laid down. The beans began to smell of scorching, but he made no effort to remove them from the stove.

Both boys were moved by the old trapper's pathetic predicament. Perhaps he regretted his unruly past; maybe he had been moved to unfriendly deeds by unfair competition. Anyway, both boys agreed to the resolution disclosed in each other's eyes. Fred beat Bill to it:

"Here, Curley, we've got more grub than we need going out. Here is an extra pair of snowshoes we had, and you'll find more grub cached in a hollow tree near our camp site. There's a trail to it. Lucky my gun shoots the same cartridge yours does; here's two dozen rounds. They're too heavy to carry out, anyway. We've got no tobacco but you'll find some cached back of that cupboard if the pesky red squirrels haven't carried it away. Found it there in the box when we came in; stuck it back out of the way. So long, hope you make a good catch; we didn't get them all."

The boys unloaded much of their outfit and started before the amazed Curley could take a big chew of the "F. O. B."

"Hey, boys, gimme that letter," yelled Curley, the boys fast disappearing in the dense balsams and tamaracks. "I ain't going to send it, I can go myself, now. Look here."

Curley pulled up the makeshift mattress over the bunk. Under it was the finest bunch of fisher pelts they had ever seen. Fisher were more valuable than otter.

"Yep, I laid off the otter this year; didn't have time to bother with them. I located this pocket of fisher in the Bearclift ledges last season. I knew fisher furs were going to run high, so I let people think I was leaving the country so they wouldn't be coming in on me. Every trapper in the state thinks there is more furs where Curley traps, because he gets the most. They tried to hog me out of my own grounds and trap under my nose. Some of them give me the devil because I came from Canada. They hate Canucks.

"Now I can finish my mountain trapping and get out in the spring with the biggest catch I ever made. Then it's me for old Canada. And, boys, this cabin and these grounds belong to you, and if you'll stay over a few days I'll show you over the fisher lines and let you onto the best drag scent bait you ever saw. All I ask is you keep it mum; my Indian grandfather taught it to me. It's a secret of the old Canuck trappers."

"Shake, Curley," exclaimed Fred.

"Here, too," dittoed Bill.

The boys stayed.

THE END.

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Trapping Solves Unemployment in Rural Districts

With the return of the raw fur industry to a normal basis, the trapping of fur-bearing animals will be engaged in quite extensively again this winter and more than a million men and boys will have an opportunity to reap the harvest that nature has provided for them. The fur catch this season should amount to approximately fifty millions of dollars and practically every cent of this large amount will go directly to the men and boys of the rural districts.

Trapping always provides profitable work for those who engage in it and this year in particular, when so many of our people are in need of employment, the opening of the trapping season has been looked forward to with hopeful expectancy. The big fur houses are cooperating with them to the extent of furnishing free all information necessary to enable them to become successful trappers.

If you have spare time you will find trapping this season profitable enough to provide a good income during the winter months. Get started at once by writing one or more of the reliable fur houses whose advertisements you will find regularly printed in COMFORT.

The U. S. Public Health Service estimates that at least 500 and possibly 1,000 lepers are at large in the United States, and that the number is increasing. The government did not start work on its Federal Home for Lepers a minute too soon.

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Cuticura Soap shaves without mug. Everywhere 25c.



54 Inch Rope Of Pearls

Reward No. 9882

For A Club Of Two!

THE dream of every woman and girl is to possess her own necklace of gleaming, iridescent pearls. There's a wonderful fascination about them—a beauty that appeals to every feminine heart.

Now your dream can come true—for we are giving away this handsome, full **opera length** rope of Parisian pearls. It is 54 inches long, all the pearls are of uniform size—¼ inch in diameter—of perfect finish and luster, far handsomer than the ordinary imitation pearl necklace sold at a high price. It can easily be wound **twice** around the neck, making the double rope as shown in our illustration.

By rare good luck we secured first choice of these necklaces from a large importer and at a price that enables us to give them for an unusually small club. Please read the following offer and learn how you can get a beautiful, 54-inch rope of pearls free of all cost.

Given To You! For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this handsome, opera length Pearl Necklace free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9882.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Sugar, Creamer And Tray



MADE of "crushed" silver—the very latest idea. Sugar, Creamer and Tray are full standard size. The Tray is quadruple silver plated and both Sugar and Creamer are quadruple silver plated outside and gold lined inside. A very useful set and a beautiful ornament for the dining table or sideboard.

CLUB OFFER. We will send you this Crushed Silver Set free and prepaid for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. **Reward No. 7904.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

SELF-FILLING Fountain Pen



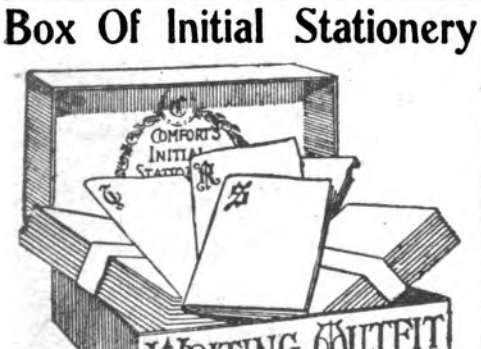
For A Club Of Three

HERE is a fountain pen that we can positively guarantee. Perhaps you have had some experience with fountain pens which never **would** write well and continually leaked ink all over your fingers. If so you will certainly appreciate this opportunity to secure a fountain pen that has none of these defects. Our illustration is of course greatly reduced in size. The pen offered you here is 6½ inches long, made entirely of hard rubber, finely finished, and the pen point is genuine 14-K gold. The feeding device is perfect, permitting a uniform flow of ink and **it will not leak.** Also please notice that this is a **self-filling** pen. You can fill this fountain pen **in less than 10 seconds** by pressing down the spring on the side, then placing the pen point in a bottle of ink, after which you release the spring and the pen is instantly filled with ink to its full capacity. If given proper care this pen should last anybody for years. If you will accept the following special offer we will send you one of these self-filling fountain pens with a positive guarantee that if it fails to prove satisfactory in any way you may return it to us and we will replace it with a new pen **free of charge.**

Club Offer. For a club of only three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed self-filling fountain pen **free** by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8873.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Box Of Initial Stationery



Latest Style Monogram

IT is now the **height of fashion** and evidence of the **very best taste** to use stationery with **your own monogram initial or "crest"** on it. In this offer we give you **two dozen sheets white linen stationery** 10½x6¼ inches in size, **each sheet beautifully embossed in colors with any monogram initial you desire and two dozen envelopes.** Just think how nice it will be when writing to your friends to have your own **letter crest monogram initial embossed in colors** on this high-grade **fine quality stationery.** Remember you get **one full quire** of choice paper and **twenty-four envelopes** in this complete writer's outfit. Don't hesitate to send for this premium today because you will surely be delighted with it.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you a box of this Initial Stationery free by parcel post, prepaid. **When ordering be sure to specify what monogram initial you want. Reward No. 9482.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

What A Beautiful Christmas Doll For Some Little Girl In Your Home!

Won't She Fairly Shout With Joy When She Wakes Up And Finds This Big, Handsome, Sleeping Dolly Waiting For Her On Christmas Morning?



YES, Santa Claus will bring this big lifelike Doll to any little girl whose Papa, Mama, brother or sister will send in a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT. Not since before the war have we been able to offer such an expensive Doll. No city store will show a larger or handsomer Doll this season at anywhere near the price we paid for this one. We bought five thousand of them in one lot direct from the factory—that is how we secured them so cheaply. **And just think**—a club of only **six** subscriptions to COMFORT **brings** this beautiful Doll right to your door—yours to have and to own without one cent of expense. What a splendid Christmas present it will **make for** some little tot in your home!

She Can Open And Close Her Eyes. She Has Real Teeth, Long Golden Hair And Wears A Pretty Dress With Real Stockings And Slippers.

NOW let us tell you more about this Doll. She stands over **a foot and a half tall.** The body, arms and legs are made by a new improved process which renders them practically **indestructible.** The head is **unbreakable** and head, arms and legs are movable. And if you could only see her hair. It is a light golden color, thick, long and luxuriant, **falling far below her waist.** Her eyes are as blue as the sky and she can open and shut them and go to sleep **like a real baby** whenever you want her to. Her rosebud lips are parted in a winsome smile revealing her pretty white teeth in a truly lifelike manner.

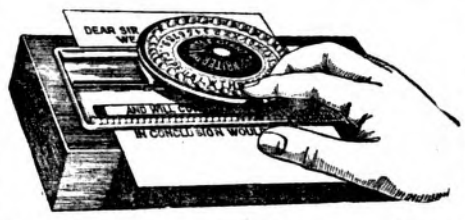
She is fully dressed from head to feet in the latest style with cute short sleeves, handsome figured lace trimmed waist and short pleated skirt and she wears real stockings and slippers with silveroid buckles. **You can undress and dress this Doll as often as you please and you can take off her stockings and slippers and put them on again just as you do your own.**

Fathers and Mothers—just look at this beautiful Doll as she stands smiling and waiting for someone to pick her up, hug her and kiss her and take her out to play. Don't you think your little girl would just love to have her for her very own? Of course she would—and you should take advantage of this offer at once. Remember we have but five thousand of these Dolls on hand and when they are gone this offer will be withdrawn.

FOR A CLUB OF ONLY SIX!

YOU can surely find six neighbors and friends who will be glad to subscribe to COMFORT at the present bargain rate of 50 cents a year. Send us their names and addresses and the money collected ($3.00 in all) and we will send you this big, beautiful Sleeping Doll, fully dressed and otherwise exactly as described above, packed in a strong box so that it cannot possibly get broken, free by parcel post prepaid. There will be no expense to you whatever. Your Mail Carrier will deliver the Doll right to your door without charge. This Doll is **Reward No. 7806 and please mention this number when ordering.**

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A REAL machine that writes very distinctly. Has every letter in the alphabet, all the numerals from 1 to 10 and punctuation marks. Uses any size letter paper up to 5 inches wide. For correspondence, making out invoices, statements, addressing envelopes, etc., this machine will do the work well. It is very easy to operate, in fact, a child can write on it after a little practice.

Given To You! For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Typewriter free and prepaid. **Reward No. 8853.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Stocking Full of Fine Christmas Presents



For A Club Of Only Two!

BIG Christmas Stockings brimful of presents for the little folks and older children as well. COMFORT is going to play **Santa Claus** this year and distribute hundreds of these Christmas stockings among its readers who have little ones for whom Christmas Trees and Santa Claus Gifts must be provided at all cost. The contents of the stockings vary a little but **the general assortment** remains practically **the same and you may** be sure of receiving as many **presents as** are herewith illustrated. Each stocking contains just the gifts that delight the hearts of boys and girls—**horns, dolls, whistles, musical fifes, toy dishes, jumping jacks, balls, animals, games** and other pleasing **holiday novelties.** The stockings are **a foot and a quarter long,** and all the presents are regular size, much larger than they appear to be in the accompanying illustration. We will send you one of these Christmas Stockings free upon the terms of the following offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these Big Christmas Stockings full of Santa Claus Gifts **free** by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 1012.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Shaggy Teddy Bear



EVERY little boy and girl wants a Teddy Bear and here is an opportunity for every father or mother who reads COMFORT to get one without expense. "Teddy" is a plump, shaggy fellow, 10 inches tall, made of brown plush, carefully stitched and finished, and his head and legs are jointed in such a manner that you can place him in almost any position. He will stand up, sit down, stand on his head, walk on all fours, in fact he gets himself into all kinds of positions, so comical and lifelike that it makes the children scream with delight just to look at him. Teddy is so well made that he cannot easily become broken, and with ordinary care should last for years. We will send you Teddy free if you will accept the following special offer:

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Teddy Bear free and prepaid. **Reward No. 9992.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Ladies Wrist Watch

With Silk Ribbon Bracelet



WE have long searched the market for a suitable wrist watch for our girl readers and at last we have found it.

The above illustration really fails to do the watch justice. We know you will instantly fall in love with it. It is the popular **octagon** shape, only 5-16 of an inch thick and one inch in diameter. It has a high-grade jeweled Swiss movement and will keep accurate time. The dial is pure white with Arabic numerals. The bracelet is made of the finest black silk ribbon with a genuine rolled-gold catch and slide.

If you want a dainty, stylish, up-to-date wrist watch that you will be proud to show your friends, here is your opportunity to secure one absolutely free. You can easily secure the small club mentioned below and as soon as you have done so this beautiful wrist watch is yours without one cent of cost.

Given To You! For a club of only ten one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this fine wrist watch with ribbon bracelet exactly as described above, absolutely free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 75110.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Writing And Drawing Outfit

Reward No. 9972



For Home And School

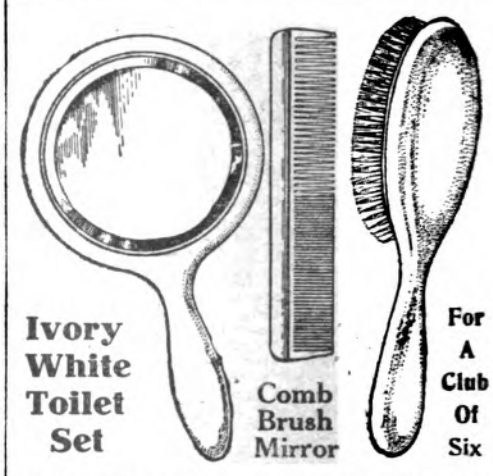
For A Club Of Two!

HERE is something that is needed in every home and by every schoolboy and schoolgirl—a big value-assortment of almost everything needed for writing and drawing. Our illustration is, of course, greatly reduced in size. The Case, which is made of fine leatherette, is 10½ inches long and 2½ inches wide. It is of the folding style, with a snap fastener, so that it can conveniently be carried in the pocket or in the children's lunch basket. Inside the Case there are **three high-grade pencils with erasers, one good quality penholder with pen, one twin pencil** (in reality two pencils in a combination holder), **one pencil sharpener, one large rubber eraser, one 10-inch ruler** and an **aluminum collapsible drinking cup with cover.**

This Outfit is manufactured by the American Lead Pencil Company, which is sufficient guarantee of its fine quality, and we know that it will please our readers, especially those who have children going to school, and of course it is just as handy in the home, because all the pencils, penholder, etc., are high grade and just what grown people like to use. If you will accept the following special offer we will send you one of these fine Outfits free.

Given To You! For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this complete Writing and Drawing Outfit, exactly as above described, free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9972.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



PURE white, with a fine smooth finish, this handsome Comb, Brush and Mirror Set equals in appearance the finest French Ivory. The Comb is 7½ inches long, very light and dainty, with both coarse and fine teeth. The Brush is 10 inches long and 2½ inches wide, with medium-length, finest, stiff bristles. The Mirror, which measures 10x5½ inches, is made of heavy, flawless, beveled French glass, 4½ inches in diameter.

No lady could wish for a finer Toilet Set than this one. It has the air of refinement found in the highest grade Ivory Sets, it is just as durable and can be cleaned as often as desired without injury to its smooth ivory white finish.

We will give you, free, this fine Ivory White Comb, Brush and Mirror Set in a fitted box upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this Comb, Brush and Mirror Set in a fitted box, free, by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 7796.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



31-Piece Dinner Set

THIS splendid set of dishes is full size for family use and consists of **6 Plates, 6 Cups, 6 Saucers, 6 Cereal or Fruit Dishes, 6 Individual Butters** and large **Meat Platter** all handsomely decorated with clusters of **purple wood violets** surrounded with rich green foliage and bordered with **lovely tracings of gold.** Our illustration gives you no idea of the real beauty of these dishes. This is by far the handsomest, daintiest dinner set we have ever offered and we are positive that it will **more than please** every woman who secures one of them on the terms of our very liberal offer. No matter where you live **(if it is not outside the United States),** we will ship you this set by express direct from the pottery in Ohio. You are to pay the express charges, but they will be but a fraction of what this set would cost you at retail.

Given To You! For a club of only ten one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome 31-piece Violet Decorated Dinner Set carefully packed to prevent breakage, charges collect. **Reward No. 75010.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

28 Steel Engraved Christmas CARDS AND ENVELOPES

Highest Grade Cards Made — All In Colors



Given For One Subscription

IN this assortment of high-grade Xmas Cards, Folders and Envelopes we offer our readers the **very best** there is to be had. As you perhaps know, the art of steel engraving is the most difficult and most expensive process in the whole world of printing. All the Cards and Folders in this assortment are **steel engraved** in handsome colors on the very finest, double-weight, linen-finish cardboard, and the illustrations and verses are all different and of the highest order.

The assortment contains Two Greeting or Presentation Cards, 4x5 inches, with envelopes; One Greeting or Remembrance Card, 3½x4½ inches, with envelope; One Six-Page Folder with Silk Ribbon Binder, 2⅝x4 inches, with envelope, and Nine, all different, Christmas Greeting Presentation or Remembrance Cards, 2¾x4 inches, all with envelopes.

We anticipate a big demand for these high-grade Christmas Cards, therefore please send in your order **at once** as our supply is limited. Remember, you could not buy **better** cards than these at any price, anywhere—this we guarantee. We will send you this fine assortment of Christmas Cards, Folders, etc., with envelopes to match —28 pieces in all—packed in a neat box, upon the terms of the following free offer.

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you this high-grade assortment of Steel Engraved Christmas Cards, Folders and Envelopes, exactly as described, free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 8651.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Gate Top Mesh Purse

THIS is the new "Gate Top" mesh purse with a ten-inch wrist chain, handsome, stylish, and **perfectly safe for the carrying of money and other valuables.** A slight pull with the forefinger of each hand instantly opens the purse, a gentle pressure with thumb and finger closes it. Our illustration shows the purse closed. When open the top is as large as the bottom, or in other words, two inches in diameter. When closed it leaves an opening only three-fourths of an inch wide over which the brightly polished German silver cover snaps down tightly so that the contents of the purse cannot possibly become lost. This dainty purse is now extremely fashionable so we have purchased a quantity for the benefit of those of our lady and girl readers who like to be up-to-date in these little accessories. You can have one of them free by taking advantage of the following



Club Offer. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this handsome and stylish Gate Top mesh purse free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Reward No. 7833.**

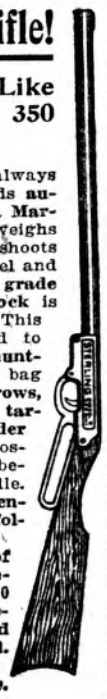
Reward No. 7833

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Boys! Get This Air Rifle!

Automatic Repeater, Works Like A Winchester. Will Fire 350 Shots Without Reloading.

BOYS—here is the Air Rifle you have always wanted—a real **repeater** which loads **automatically** just like a **Winchester** or a **Marlin.** It is nearly **three feet** long yet weighs only **two pounds,** uses **BB shot** and shoots **350 times without reloading.** The barrel and all working parts are made of **high grade steel** with a **gun metal** finish, the **stock** is handsomely stained and polished. This splendid rifle is just what you need to take with you on your **camping and hunting trips** because with it you can bag all kinds of **small game** such as **crows, hawks, squirrels, rabbits, etc.,** and for **target practice** it is just fine. **No powder —no danger**—your parents cannot possibly object to your having one, because it is **absolutely safe** to handle. You can get this splendid air rifle **entirely free** on the terms of the following special offer.



Given To You! For a club of only seven one-year subscriptions to **COMFORT** at 50 cents each, we will send you this Repeating Air Rifle exactly as described above free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Reward No. 7487.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address but we will print only initials if so requested.

MRS. W. W. B., Mascotta, Fla.—Your Columbian half-dollars are not worth any more than their face value, nor would there be any premium upon the stamps you describe.

W. McC., Smith's Basin, N. Y.—See above reply to Mrs. W. W. B., Mascotta, Fla.

MRS. E. E. J., Lake Park, Ia.—The U. S. Patent Office, Washington, D. C., will send to any inventor, upon application, a copy of the Rules of Practice—which booklet contains forms and instructions concerning making application for a patent. (2) Patent fees must be paid in advance and are as follows: On filing each original application for a patent, $15. On issuing each original patent, $20. Every patent contains a grant to the patentee, his heirs and assigns, for the term of seventeen years (except in the case of design patents) of the exclusive right to make, use and vend the invention or discovery throughout the United States and the Territories.

M. B., Vicksburg, Miss.—There would be no salable value to your doctor's diploma bearing the far from ancient date of 1831.

O. P., Dixons Mills, Ala.—We cannot tell you if your domestic made violin which cost $35 seventy-five years ago is now worth more than its original purchase price. It might be in such condition that it is worth much less, or possibly its tone and playing value have increased through the years. This is a question which could be only decided by an expert after trial and inspection.

G. R., Conneaut, O.—States which have a considerable amount of vacant public land still open are as follows: The number of empty acres, the principal U. S. Land Office and the name of the Register are listed after the name of each state: Arizona, 6,643,509; Phoenix, C. E. Marshall. California, 15,237,248; San Francisco, J. B. Sanford. Colorado, 7,364,231; Denver, Mrs. M. W. Dargin. Idaho, 5,628,945; Boise, F. S. Heer. Montana, 3,964,156; Helena, Joseph Oker. Nevada, 31,457,972; Carson City, Mrs. M. L. Bray. New Mexico, 14,915,870; Santa Fe, F. Delgado. Oregon, 13,259,635; Portland, Alexander Sweek. Utah, 13,-316,198; Salt Lake City, G. B. Blakely. Washington, 748,571; Seattle, G. A. C. Rochester. Wyoming, 18,077,735; Cheyenne, W. Reid. You may write to any of the U. S. Land Offices listed above, or to the Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C., for further information concerning the regulations established regarding right of homestead entry upon these vacant public lands.

E. S., Hettick, Ill.—The inscription you describe is meant to indicate that your violin was made by Jacob Stainer a couple of centuries ago, more or less; but the addition of the Latin words of the modern and unpopular phrase, "made in Germany," causes our almost certain belief that your fiddle is but one of numerous imitations of "old violins" which are put upon the market to deceive credulous buyers. The faked ancient inscription is added to help in the deception. Be glad if your instrument is as "sweet-toned" as you state, even if you must give up your hope that you are the owner of a work of one of the old masters of violin-making.

MRS. B. T., Ellis, Kans.—The surface of Idaho is mountainous in the northern and central portions, with arid plains in the south. There is a volcanic region in the southeastern part of the state which abounds in saline springs and geysers. The valley lands are exceptionally fertile, and almost every crop known to the temperate zone can be successfully raised. The chief products are wheat, livestock, fruit, potatoes, sugar beets, hay, oats and barley. One farm in Lewis County produced in 1916 a 12-acre crop of barley which averaged 105 bushels to the acre. This is against an average of 25 bushels per acre for the entire U. S. In 1918, Idaho produced over eighteen million bushels of wheat and over five million bushels of potatoes. Much of Idaho's arid section has been placed under irrigation and now produces excellent wheat. Their remains abundant water in the lakes and streams of the state to reclaim some ten million acres which are available for irrigation projects. The forest area of the state is very large, consisting of about twenty million acres. There are estimated to be over forty-five billion feet of lumber in the National Forests of Idaho, and over two million sheep graze in the forest areas. Manufacturing in the state is progressing each year with the extension of transportation and the increase in the population. Immense deposits of coal and phosphate rock remain yet undeveloped in the state. Write to the Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, Boise, Idaho, for further information concerning opportunities of prospective settlers.

MRS. F., Oklahoma.—The last Saturday in the month of July in 1907 fell upon the 27th day.

M. N. B., Old Fort, N. C.—At this writing Germany is restless and wrestling under the rule of a Republic, the present dominant administration being known as the "Wirth Government." There is still a strong monarchial and reactionary party among the Germans, as well as a turbulent "red" organization. The activities of these add difficulty to the workings of the never-too-well-liked nor strongly established new Republican regime.

C. D., Rutherfordton, N. C.—There is no charge for attendance at city high schools and there would be no question of your "working your way" through a school of this sort. What should be necessary is that you might obtain some part-time or evening employment which would enable you to pay your board while you were attending such school. Many of our large cities maintain splendidly conducted night schools. We advise you to write to the Employment Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. of both Baltimore and Philadelphia. Describe in full your needs and problems and ask for advice and help.

J. A. G., Richmond, Ky.—Wyoming has over eighteen million acres of public lands yet awaiting entry. The state is a great sheep-raising section, but as in many Western states the ranges are steadily giving place to farms and general agriculture. Irrigation is needed in a large part of Wyoming to make the soil produce, and only in the eastern portion can crops be successfully grown without additional water supply. There are numerous public and private irrigation projects in operation today to furnish water to thirsty acres, and where this water touches the soil, fine crops of alfalfa, sugar beets, vegetables and small fruits are being grown. Over a million acres of the state's soil are now irrigated and systems of dry farming are also in use. It is hoped to make many millions of acres productive through methods of dry cultivation. Wyoming has a mean elevation of some 6,300 feet and the dry atmosphere and clear sunshine make the state a favorite health resort. There are over 7,000,000 acres of forest lands. There are U. S. Land Offices in the state at Cheyenne, Buffalo, Douglas, Evanston, Lander and Newcastle. You may address any or all of these for further information.

MRS. A. F., Starks, La.—The small seed pearl which you discovered in your can of sardines would be practically of no value.

I. J., Grandridge, Fla.—There are but a few thousand acres of vacant public land remaining open for entry in Florida, and we imagine that most of this must be useless for agricultural purposes. The only U. S. Land Office in the state is at Gainesville, where R. W. Davis is Register.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

Mrs. Maud James of Michigan and F. M. B. of Chicago, I admire your ideas concerning the attitude of parents toward children. I suppose there are some real, genuine fathers and mothers somewhere. Why do some fathers and mothers live in an altogether different sphere from their children? Is it not every parents' profound duty to help and teach the young ones how to fly? Why don't they make home a place of pleasure and attraction? A place one doesn't want to leave for any other? Children want companionship and they will get it even from inferior companions if it is denied them at home. We need more unselfish, companionable parents and there will be happier and more contented children. It is a responsible responsibility to become a parent and so few are capable of filling that sacred place.

Every child born into this world has some talent. Some have more than others, but it is certainly an obligation on the part of the parents, if they are at all interested in their children's welfare, to help develop that talent.

I believe it is customary to give a brief description of yourself. Brown hair, brown eyes, round, full face without a "crowfoot," weight 136 pounds and height five feet, seven inches.

"What is failure? It is only a spur to the one who
receives it right.
It makes the spirit within him stir to go in once more
and fight.
If you have never failed, it's an easy guess
You never have won any high success."

A MAIDEN OF THE SOUTH.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

After preparing peaches for canning, rinse hands in clear water and they will not be stained.

Add a teaspoonful of soda to your bread sponge when you set it and you will know that it will not sour.

I find that a banana crate does very nicely for a soiled clothes basket. Cover with cretonne if you wish.

If by mistake soup is too salty, put a few slices of potato in it and cook a few minutes. The potato absorbs the extra salt.

Put a small quantity of starch in the bluing water and the clothes will be much easier to iron.—GREEN EYES, Ft. Scott, Kans.

Try baking pumpkin instead of boiling. Cut them in half, remove seeds, turn cut side down in tin and bake in hot oven.—MRS. WM. ROTHENBUEHLER, Monroe, Wisc.

To prevent wash boiler from rusting, clean well after using and rub well with cloth dipped in kerosene. Wash in hot suds before using again.—MRS. A. L. MCKINNEY, Aurora, Nebr.

Empty cocoa tins are very serviceable for spice tins. When used on shelves, label on sides but if kept in drawer, put label on top of cans.—JUST A PLAIN GIRL, Pardeeville, Wisc.

Powdered alum sprinkled on mildew stains and steamed ten or fifteen minutes is said to be good. Be careful to rinse well before it dries on the material. This is important.—EX-SOLDIER'S WIFE, Modesto, Calif.

Buy a can of enamel and paint the legs and parts of stove that do not get heated too much. With a damp cloth wipe these parts every day and save yourself much labor in blacking and polishing.—ANOTHER RED HEAD, Illinois.

To remove white spot from furniture, caused by water, place a thick piece of cloth, saturated in some good furniture polish, over the spot, cover well with paper to keep air out and let remain several days. —MRS. G. A. I.

In slicing pineapple do not use the same knife that was used for peeling unless it is first washed. The rind contains an acid that is apt to cause a swollen mouth and sore lips. The Cubans use salt as an antidote for the ill effects of the peel.—KITTY, Ohio.

When potatoes are scarce, try using whey or water off clabbered milk when making light bread. Boil the clabbered milk until the curd and whey separate and use liquid instead of potato water with any bread recipe. It keeps longer and does not become dry as quickly as potato bread.—COMFORT SISTER, Connersville, Indiana.

To hemstitch on machine without special attachment: fold blotting paper (newspaper will answer the purpose just as well), until you get the thickness corresponding to the opening desired in the hemstitching; put one of the pieces of goods under the paper and the other above, then place all under the presser foot and sew through them. After being sewed, both pieces will be double. Fold back the cloth, first on one side, then on the other, all in the same direction and hold firmly while you tear out the paper. Remove the other half of the paper and open the hemstitching, one edge of each, and sew along the side of the hemstitch; finish the under side as you choose. This is very simple and is a nice way to put flour sacks together in making everyday tablecloths.

Requests

How to can okra.

How to can chickens.

Poem: "The Mystic River."

Information on care of roses.

Cure for white mold on plants.

Poem: "The Heart of a Woman."

How to make popcorn balls and bars.

Address of company making Economy can lids.—MRS. W. T. DAVIS, Lanada, N. Car.

Miss Lula Wilson, Greensboro, R. R. 5, Box 44, N. Car., wants August, 1921, number of COMFORT.

Would like to hear from Michigan sisters as to climate and products.—MRS. G. W. CORBIN, Delhi, Box 104, Iowa.

Bluebird pattern, to be cut from chambray and appliqued to cloth foundation.—GERALDINE ROBARDS, Adrian, Missouri.

Mrs. V. E. Meade, Carmen, Kentucky, would like address of firm selling books on life and sermons of Dwight L. Moody and Billy Sunday.

Will someone send me directions for Irish crochet and roll stitch. Will try and return favor.—MRS. A. L. MCKINNEY, Aurora, 613 Eleventh St., Nebraska.

Will someone please send me the August and November numbers of COMFORT for 1919 and August, 1921, number.—MRS. CAROLINE NELSON, Cylinder, Iowa.

Will someone send me the August, 1921, number of COMFORT and the books, "Wife in Name Only" and "Heritage of Love." Write first.—MRS. A. CRAVENS, Emelle, Ala.

Will someone please send me the October, 1919, number of COMFORT. Will return favor in any way possible. Write first.—MISS NELLIE SCHROLL, Wayland, R. R. 2, Iowa.

Mrs. Emma H. Field, Babylon, Box 326, N. Y., is seeking a copy of a poem known as "The Cuckoo," which appeared at one time in the Eclectic School Reader. Perhaps some COMFORT reader can aid Mrs. Field.

Remedies

EAR TROUBLE.—Bake mullin leaves in oven in earthen vessel. Strain and use the oil obtained for trouble with the ears.—MRS. L. K., S. Dakota.

SPRAINS.—One tablespoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of strained honey, white of one egg. Mix together, beat one hour or longer is better, let set an hour, then dip off foam and apply fluid to affected part. Will relieve a sprain at once.—MATTIE ALLDREDGE, Summit, Ala.

ITCH AND ECZEMA.—Mix equal parts of lard and tar and half as much sulphur as either lard or tar, and apply thoroughly to affected parts. Another good remedy is made by steeping a teaspoonful of Princess Pine in a cup of water and drinking it three times a day, half a cupful at a dose, and bathing the affected parts each time with the tea. This will cure a bad case of eczema.

GALLSTONES.—Take ten teaspoonfuls of the ground root of sweetened and one-half teaspoonful of sacred bark. Boil in one pint of water for one hour or until the liquid becomes slippery. Strain and cool. Take a half cupful at a dose. The first dose generally brings relief. These herbs can be had from the average drug store, or get your druggist to give you the address of some company where they can be purchased.—MRS. F. T. MULLIKIN, Kossuth, Miss.

PISO'S

Safe & Sane

For Coughs and Colds

Insist on it by name

This syrup is different from all others. Pleasant—gives quick relief. Contains no opiates—good for young and old.

35¢ per bottle everywhere



All this jewelry is yours for selling only 6 Boxes Mentho-Nova at 25 cts. Needed in every household. Sells easily. Order today. When sold return $1.50 and all 6 pieces are yours.

U. S. SUPPLY CO., Box 329, Greenville, Pa.



BIG CAMERA GIVEN

Genuine Eastman takes large high class pictures 2¼x3¼, the best made, given for selling two lots of 20 Art & Religious Pictures at 10c each. Order 20, when sold send the $2.00 and choose Camera or other valuable prize from big list sent with pictures. RAY ART CO. Dept. 78, Chicago.

You can be quickly cured, if you

STAMMER

Send 10 cents for 288-page book on Stammering and Stuttering, "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured myself after stammering 20 yrs. B. N. Bogue, 1830 Bogue Bldg., 1147 N. Ill. St., Indianapolis.



CARDS Send 5 cents for large Sample Album of Hidden Name, Silk Fringe, Envelope, Friendship, Joker's, Lover's and all other Kinds of Cards, Post Cards and Premiums. Star Beau Catcher and list 980 Scores given Free. No trash. OHIO CARD CO., B-14 Columbus, Ohio.

Dialogs, Monologs, Musical Comedies and Revues, Minstrel Opening Choruses, Darky Plays. **PLAYS** Vaudeville Acts How to Stage a Play Make-up Goods Catalog Free. T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 6 CHICAGO



Prepaid **10 YEAR GUARANTEE Watch and Ring GIVEN**

We positively give a genuine Stem Wind, Stem Set Watch, Beautifully Engraved Case, guaranteed time-keeper, for selling only 25 of our Large, Beautifully Colored Art and Religious Pictures at 10c each. Order 25 pictures. We trust you. When sold, return money collected, and this Watch and Handsome Stone Set Ring are yours. It's easy our way.

GAIR MFG. CO. 1926 Sunnyside Ave. Dept. 101 CHICAGO

You Can Make The Most Beautiful Purses Bags, Chains, Necklaces, Belts, Etc. With The

Kanibas Bead Loom

Thousands of Beads and Complete Outfit

Full Instructions Show You How—You Cannot Possibly Fail



For a Club of 8

BEADWORK is all the rage again. And here is a wonderful yet simple Bead Loom with which any woman or girl can take up this fascinating work at home and easily make the handsomest bags, chains, necklaces, purses, bracelets, belts, collars and cuffs, dress trimmings, shirtwaist sets, slippers, watch cases, fob chains, card cases, pocketbooks,—in fact there is no limit to the number and variety of exquisitely colored bead work articles that can be woven on this Loom.

Anybody can use the "Kanibas" **Bead Loom**—it is very easy to understand as everything is fully explained in the instruction book sent with the outfit.

Everything you need to work with is included free with the Loom, so you can begin making the articles at once.

In the outfit you will receive one **"Kanibas" Bead Loom,** five packages of **beads** in assorted colors of black, white, blue, green, pink, etc., one dozen special **bead needles** (very long and slender with an unusually long eye), one spool of specially prepared **waxed bead thread,** and a **44-page instruction book** containing more than seventy-five photographs and designs of popular bead work, together with easy, detailed instructions on just what color of beads to use and how to work them.

This book shows how to make different styles of bags, chains, necklaces, purses, belts, collars and cuffs, shirtwaist sets, slippers, watch cases, fob chains, card cases, pocketbooks, dress trimmings, any letter in the alphabet, any numeral, etc., etc.,—giving full directions for all designs. The popular secret order emblems can be worked with great effect in **beads** for fob chains, bracelets, card cases, etc., and this book illustrates designs for Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Knights of Columbus, Elks, Royal Arcanum, also Christian Endeavor, Epworth League and others.

Any woman or girl will be delighted with this practical Loom Outfit because she can make so many pretty things not only for her own use but to give away as presents and to sell. While the beads themselves cost but little, the finished work brings a high price so that there are big profits in the business, if one desires to sell the articles after they are made.

Special Club Offer. For eight one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you the "Kanibas" Bead Loom and Outfit free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 7598.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Artist's Paint Box

For A Club Of Only Four



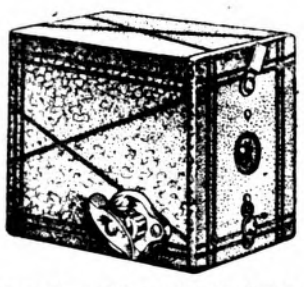
27 Colors.
Fine Camel's-Hair Brush

NEARLY every boy and girl, and many grown people too, like to paint pictures of flowers, animal life, bits of scenery, etc. To get the best results, however, you need a good set of colors like the one shown here. The box is 8½ inches long, 3½ inches wide, made of black enameled metal. It contains **eleven** regular colors in pans and **sixteen** moist colors in tubes, including Light Red, Yellow, Light Yellow, Violet, Ultramarine, Green, Light Green, Cobalt Blue, Prussian Blue, Carmine, Warm Sepia, Vermilion, Black, White, Yellow Ochre and Orange. There is also a good quality camel's-hair brush five inches long. Anyone who has a talent for drawing or painting should have one of these outfits because it is of good quality throughout and we know it will give the greatest satisfaction. You can have this Paint Box complete as described upon the terms of the following special offer:

Given To You! For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this fine Artist's Paint Box free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 7994.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Premo Camera



Reward No. 7944

Films And Instruction Book Free

THIS is not a toy but a genuine **"Premo"** camera, made by the **Eastman Kodak Co.**, therefore you can depend upon it to produce the most pleasing and satisfactory results. It takes a picture 1¼ by 1¾ inches, is fitted with the best quality **Meniscus lens** and an **automatic shutter** adapted for snapshots and time exposures. The pictures may be taken either the long way or the short way of the camera. It uses the regulation roll film cartridge containing six exposures, and this may be put in the camera and taken out again in **broad daylight,** so that you don't have to go into a dark room every time you want to load the camera. Anybody can make good pictures with this camera. Being small and compact, it is just the thing to carry with you to "snap" pictures of your friends, sports, etc., with. And remember, we send you not only the camera itself but also include **One Six Exposure Roll Film Cartridge and Instruction Book,** all packed together in a strong box and sent to you **Free by Parcel Post, prepaid,** on the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For a club of four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you by parcel post, prepaid, this Premo Camera with one Roll Film Cartridge containing six exposures and complete Instruction Book. **Reward No. 7944.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Gent's Watch and Chain



Reward No. 7696

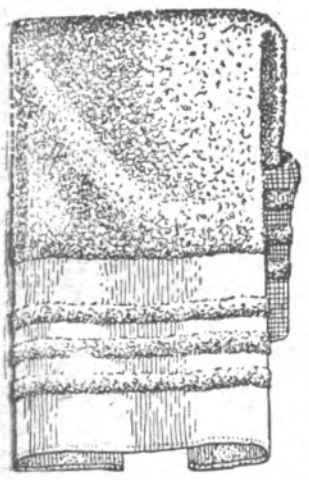
For A Club Of Six!

A WATCH that any man or boy may feel **proud** to carry, and an excellent timekeeper. It has a handsome polished **nickel case;** the movement is **American made, stem wind and stem set,** the **dial** is pure white with **large plain easily read figures.** We have already given away thousands of these watches and they never fail to please and satisfy. Now is the time for you to secure one of these guaranteed watches before the price of them goes up still further as it is pretty sure to do in the near future. We will send you this watch exactly as described, **together with a chain,** if you will accept the following

Club Offer. For a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed watch, also a handsome chain free by Parcel Post, prepaid. **Reward No. 7696.** **Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Two Turkish Towels

Good Size Soft And Fleecy



AFTER bathing there is nothing quite as fine as a **good rub down with a Turkish towel,** in fact it is the **best** towel for all purposes, whether for the bathroom, guestroom or everyday family use. They absorb the water much more readily than other towels and the **soft fleece-like surface** imparts to the body a delightful feeling of warmth and well-being. They are also fine for **baby's toilet** as they will not hurt the tender skin. The towels offered here are **15 inches wide and 32 inches long** which is a good convenient size for all-round family use, and are of good weight, well made and finished. We will make you a present of **two** of these towels upon the terms of the following offer

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you one pair (2) of these fine Turkish Towels free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 9912.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

All Yours For Only One Subscription!



52

All Different Lovely Gold and Color Embossed Christmas Enclosure Cards, Folders, Cut Outs, Seals, Stickers, Tags, Etc., Etc.



Reward No. 7931

A Big Package of Beautiful Christmas Novelties, And An Exquisite Colored Christmas Calendar For 1922.

All the latest **new style** Christmas novelties, beautifully printed and **embossed** on superfine paper in **gold, purple, crimson, holly-green** and all the colors of the rainbow. The use of these dainty, appropriate emblems of **holiday cheer** is now almost universal—everyone realizes how much these refined little cards, tags, seals, stickers, etc., **add** to the value of the Christmas gift.

For the benefit of COMFORT readers **we had** this special assortment made up **expressly for us** by one of the largest and best known Christmas novelty manufacturers in America. And in order to give the **greatest value possible** we had them add to the assortment **a most beautiful 1922 Christmas Calendar** 4½ inches wide by 6½ inches long, lithographed in no less than **five colors on heavy white coated specially prepared paper.** This Calendar alone is worth all that we ask you to send us for the whole collection—and you will say so too when you see it.

Now let us tell you what this big assortment contains:

One Extra Large Colored and Holly Embossed "Christmas Stocking" Enclosure Card.

Five Large Elegantly Embossed and Colored Christmas Enclosure Cards.

Ten Medium Embossed and Colored Christmas Enclosure Cards.

Two Large Handsomely Colored and Decorated Christmas Tags.

Four Medium Colored and Decorated Christmas Tags.

One Extra Large Colored and Holly Embossed Christmas Book Mark.

One Beautiful Extra Large Colored and Embossed Christmas Novelty Cut-out Card.

Two Dainty Colored and Embossed Novelty Cut-out Christmas Folders.

Ten Beautifully Colored and Embossed Santa Claus, Evergreen, Poisettia, and Christmas Bells Gummed Seals.

One Special Large Oval Illustrated Gold Embossed and Colored Christmas Gummed Seal with the words, Do Not Open Until Christmas."

Five Novelty Santa Claus Cut-out Christmas Gummed Seals, Embossed in Colors.

Ten Cute Novelty Children Cut-out Christmas Gummed Seals.

One Artistic, Beautifully Embossed and Finished Christmas Calendar for 1922.

All the Enclosure Cards, Tags and Folders carry a **cheery Christmas Greeting,** such as "Merry Christmas," "With Best Christmas Wishes," "Christmas Greetings," "Merry Yuletide," "Christmas Joys," and others equally as pleasing and appropriate. These are to be tied to or enclosed inside your Christmas packages to bear a loving message with the gift. And all the gaily colored gummed Stamps and Seals you will use to **seal and decorate** the outside of your Christmas letters and packages as well. You will be surprised and delighted to see how much they add to the attractiveness of your gifts, to say nothing of the **fun of "doing them up."**

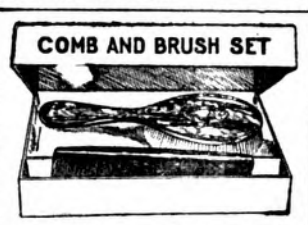
Don't forget that in addition **to all of these** lovely cards, seals, tags, stickers, etc., **we are also** going to send an exquisitely **embossed and multi-colored Christmas Calendar for 1922,** a large **handsome holly decorated Book Mark** and two large **Christmas Novelty Cut-out Folders** which are as unique as they are pleasing. When you first look at one of them it is to all appearances a handsome Christmas Post Card and the other a very attractive four-page Booklet, when presto—**a flip of the finger, and the startling transformation takes place, causing the figures and designs** to stand out in **bold relief,** and in a life-like manner that is truly wonderful. These cute novelties are something entirely new this season and they make very attractive center-table or mantlepiece ornaments as they are large and stand without support.

We will send you this package of beautiful Christmas Novelties, including the large Handsome **Christmas Calendar** upon the terms of the following very liberal

FREE OFFER. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you this big package of beautiful Christmas Novelties free by mail postpaid. **Reward No. 7931.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

2-Piece Toilet Set



THIS is a good grade Toilet Set, consisting of comb and brush. The comb is seven inches long, with coarse and fine teeth, and comes in the new popular "Malachite" green finish. The brush is nine inches long, two and a half inches wide, with firm white bristles, and is finished in the same beautiful "Malachite" green, with a silverine shield on the back. We have given away thousands of these sets and it never fails to please.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Comb and Brush Set free and prepaid. **Reward No. 9982.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Genuine Gold Filled



Guaranteed For 5 Years





Gold Birthstone Rings

THE most popular ladies' rings worn today are these beautiful birthstone rings. Not only is it considered lucky to wear one of them but they are now and always will be exceedingly stylish. We are able to illustrate only three of the rings but there are **twelve** in all—a different stone for each month of the year, and of course you should wear the stone that is symbolical of the month you were born. The following is a list of the twelve rings, names of the stones and the month to which they apply:

No. 8411, January, Garnet. **No. 8421, February,** Amethyst. **No. 8431, March,** Bloodstone. **No. 8441, April,** Diamond. **No. 8451, May,** Emerald. **No. 8461, June,** Agate. **No. 8471, July,** Ruby. **No. 8481, August,** Sardonyx. **No. 8491, September,** Sapphire. **No. 8501, October,** Opal. **No. 8511, November,** Topaz. **No. 8521, December,** Turquoise.

Each ring is guaranteed genuine gold filled, which looks exactly like solid gold and will wear for years. **In fact we absolutely guarantee each ring for at least five years.** The rings themselves are perfectly plain, the stones are solitaires and perfect imitations of the real gems. The setting of each ring is the ever popular "Tiffany" style. As a Christmas, Birthday or all-the-year-round gift for wife, mother, sweetheart or sister, nothing could be more appropriate and acceptable than one of these beautiful guaranteed rings set with the birthstone of the person to whom it is given. We will send you one of these rings free upon the terms of the following offer:

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you one of these beautiful gold-filled Rings by parcel post, prepaid. **Please be sure to give size and number of ring wanted.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

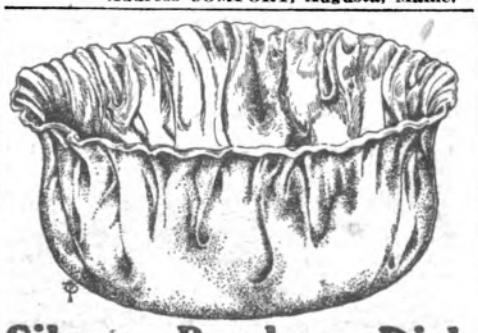
Three Lovely Ferns



THEY are the largest, handsomest varieties ever grown for house culture—the **Roosevelt,** the **Boston** or "Fountain" fern, and the **Whitmani** or "Ostrich Plume" Fern. We guarantee these ferns to be strong, healthy and well rooted, and that they will reach you in perfect condition, ready to pot. If any of them fail to grow, we will cheerfully replace them free of charge. We are able to illustrate but one variety, **"The Roosevelt,"** but remember you get **all three ferns free on this offer.**

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you the above described collection of **three beautiful ferns** free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 8581.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Silver Bonbon Dish

THIS beautiful dish can be used for a variety of purposes—for candy, nuts, salted peanuts, popcorn, etc. It is much larger than it appears in the above illustration, measuring over **five** inches in width and two inches deep. It is heavily silver plated outside and gold lined. Needless to say, it makes a handsome ornament for the sideboard and will **last a** lifetime.

We will send you this handsome Silver Bonbon Dish free upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this Silver Plated, Gold Lined Bonbon Dish free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9942.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

26-Piece Table Set



Given For A Club Of Only Five

WE have made many offers of table-ware, but this is the first time we have been able to offer **a complete set of 26 Pieces** in return for so small a club. And please don't think that because we are giving this set on such liberal terms that it is plated on a brass base and consequently will change color and have that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. On the contrary, it has a **white metal base;** therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will not show signs of wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration, there are 26 pieces in this set—**6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, Sugar Shell and Butter Knife.** Each piece is **full regulation size** for family use, the handles are handsomely **embossed** and the blades of the knives and the bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and **bright polished.** It is only because we buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a reward for so few subscriptions. It is by far **the greatest value** we have offered and **we guarantee every set sent out for a period of five years.** We will send this 26-Piece Table Set exactly as illustrated and described to any address upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For a club of five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this 26-Piece Table Set free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 7625.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

"Peggy" The New Winter Doll

She Is Looking For A Mother



Do You Want Her?

PEGGY first saw the light of day in New York but she didn't like the big city with its noise and confusion and was mighty glad to come to Maine on a brief vacation before looking for a permanent home somewhere in the country.

She doesn't care where she lives so long as as it is in some cozy little town or on a nice, big farm, and provided she can find some little girl who will be a kind mother to her. She just loves the horses and cows and doggies and kitties and—yes, even the little "piggies" make her laugh until she can hardly stand up.

Peggy says that life on the farm is the only life for her, so we want to give her to some little girl who lives on a farm, where she can romp and play to her heart's content and be happy all day long. Please remember, however, that we have but a limited number of these Dolls on hand and if you want one your order should be sent in **at once.**

A New York manufacturer who wanted to keep his help busy during the dull season sold us these Dolls at about one-half the regular wholesale price, so we are enabled to give them away for almost nothing.

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT **at 50 cents we will send you "Peggy" free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 8621.**

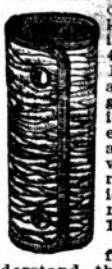
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

French Ivory Manicure Set

In A Roll-Up Leather Case

Given For A Club Of Four!

A PRACTICAL and beautiful Set, containing everything necessary for the proper care of the nails. It consists of a 5-inch flexible polished steel nail file, a pair of 3½-inch polished steel curved nail scissors, a 4-inch cuticle knife with French Ivory handle, a 4-inch French Ivory nail stick, and a 4½-inch nail polisher or buffer with French Ivory Top. All these articles are neatly contained in a moire-lined, **genuine leather case,** measuring 5½ inches wide and 6 inches from end to end when opened. The case rolls up as shown in illustration, and fastens with two snap clasps. In this form it resembles a miniature pocketbook, and is just as convenient to carry, as it measures only 5½x2 inches and only 1 inch in thickness.



Although we offer this Manicure Set for an unusually small club, please understand that each and every piece is strictly high grade and regulation size. We know that every woman and girl who accepts this offer and earns one of these splendid Sets will be more than delighted with it. **It is free on the terms of the following offer.**

Given To You! For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this splendid French Ivory Manicure Set in a roll-up leather case free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8124.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



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WE always keep Sloan's Liniment right where we can lay our hands on it. We use it for every sort of external ache or pain, rheumatism, neuralgia, backaches, stiff joints, sprains and strains."

Sold by dealers you know and can trust.

35c, 70c, $1.40

Keep it handy

Sloan's Liniment Pain's enemy

MOST PITIFUL SIGHT IN LIFE

is a man or woman who has no "will-power" as a result of nerve force exhaustion

All the physical suffering which may be caused by nervous irritability, headaches, backaches, indigestion, heart palpitation, etc., as a result of nerve force exhaustion, are nothing as compared with its awful effects upon the mind and "will power."

The most pitiful sight in life is a man or woman who has "no will"—who has noble impulses and desires but not enough "will power" to carry them through. The memory also fails, the judgment is bad and everything therefore seems to go wrong.

In such cases, do not take mere stimulating medicines nor narcotic drugs (which only further injure your delicate nervous system), but what you need is something to put more nerve force into your nerves and more iron into your blood to help make new nerve force with which to feed your starving nerve cells. This is most effectively accomplished by the free use of Nuxated Iron. This valuable product contains the principal chemical constituent of active living nerve force in a form which most resembles that in the brain and nerve cells of man. It also contains strength-giving organic iron for the blood and may therefore be said to be both a blood and a nerve food. Over 4,000,000 people are using it annually. Satisfactory results are guaranteed to every purchaser or the manufacturers will refund your money. Beware of substitutes. Look for the word "Nuxated" on every package. Sold by all druggists.

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48 WAR VIEWS INCLUDED FREE



See The Wonders Of War Through The Pan-Chro Scope

FEW of us will ever travel to Europe and there, with our own eyes, view the actual scenes of the mightiest conflict in history. But you can see them through the **Pan-Chro Scope**, which is almost as good. The Pan-Chro Scope is a new invention—something like the stereoscope—fitted with twin-stereo lens of wonderful magnifying power. With this Scope we send you **48 different War Views**, taken with the camera. You place the View in the Scope, and immediately you find yourself face to face with an astonishingly life-like scene that resembles a section of a moving-picture film. First you are aboard an American warship—next you are looking into a trench "somewhere in France," then you are among the barbed wire entanglements in "No Man's Land," again you are watching house-to-house fighting in a captured French town, and many other scenes of **actual warfare** just as interesting and exciting—48 of them in all. The different views take you direct to Belgium, France or wherever the place may be and shows you the scenes almost as plainly as though you were there yourself. This Pan-Chro Scope and Views is one of the most wonderful souvenirs of the great war yet produced. Everybody is fascinated with it—men, women, boys and girls alike. We have but a few left—but you can feel sure of getting one if your order is mailed at once.

CLUB OFFER. We will send you this Pan-Chro Scope with 48 all different War Views free and prepaid for three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. **Reward No. 8833.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

VETERINARY INFORMATION



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

WARTS.—I have a horse seven years old that has warts all over his upper lip and nose. What can I do? C. K.

A.—Make a thick paste of table salt, flowers of sulphur and cold-pressed castor oil and rub it into the wart-covered parts once or twice daily. Castor oil alone often proves remedial.

CHRONIC SORES.—I have a mare that has three sore feet. They swelled just above the hoof, broke and left running sores. Please let me know what is the trouble. MISS E. R.

A.—We cannot determine from your rather meager description just what is wrong. Boils or quittor cause discharge of pus from the hoof-head but it is rare to find three feet affected at the same time. We are therefore afraid that farcy, the skin form of glanders, may be present, and you should on that account have the mare examined by a graduate veterinarian. Glanders-farcy necessitates destruction of an affected horse according to state law.

LAME HOGS.—My hogs get weak in their hind parts and just stagger around for a week or ten days, but will eat good all the time. Is there a cure? M. B.

A.—If the hogs die in a week or 10 days, the disease, no doubt, is cholera, and the remaining animals should be vaccinated by a veterinarian. Prolonged feeding of cottonseed meal to hogs also causes fatal poisoning which may be preceded by staggering. Hogs often become paralyzed in their hind legs from rickets or constipation from confinement to a pen and overfeeding with corn. Better turn the remaining hogs onto a fresh pasture and add light laxative slop.

CHRONIC COUGH.—I have a cow, five years old, which has had a hacking cough for three months, especially when she is eating. She never coughed until after she had eaten sheaved oats. She is fat, gives a good flow of milk and will freshen in December. Could the oats cause the cough? MRS. J. H.

A.—Any foreign body, such as an oat hull, lodging in the throat or windpipe might cause a hacking cough. It is quite possible, however, that tuberculosis is the cause and for that reason we should advise you to have the tuberculin test applied by a veterinarian. The disease is incurable and makes the milk dangerous for use. If the cow proves to be affected, she should be disposed of in the manner prescribed by state law. The veterinarian will advise you about that.

DISEASE OF CATS.—What is the matter with my cats? They appear well one day and the next they begin to droop, vomit, and die very soon. Before they die, are thirsty and cannot drink. MRS. S. P.

A.—We suspect that the cats are taking poison of some sort, but it would be impossible to determine that without making a personal investigation. If possible, have a veterinarian examine one of the cats. Meanwhile, carefully supervise the feeding and keep the animals away from places where poison might exist.

WARTS.—I want advice how to cure warts on horses and mules. MRS. H. T.

A.—Twist off large warts that have narrow necks or ligate them tightly with a fine cord and they will soon drop off. Then rub the wounds with a nitrate of silver (lunar caustic) pencil. Once daily rub into masses of small warts a thick paste composed of salt, flowers of sulphur and cold-pressed castor oil. Immerse wart-covered teats in a saturated solution of bicarbonate of soda for five minutes once or twice daily. Bloody warts on horses or mules may be removed by rubbing in daily a thick paste of salt and yolk of egg.

MANGE.—I have a dog which has a breaking out and it terrifies him. It is what we call the dog itch. Is there anything we can do to prevent it from growing worse? Is there a cure for it? MRS. M. M. B.

A.—Clip the dog and then scrub him clean with tincture of green soap and hot water, removing all scabs or crusts. When dry, rub in thoroughly, every second day, a mixture of two ounces of coal-tar dip, three ounces of balsam of Peru, one ounce of extract of male-fern and one pint of alcohol. Sulphur ointment rubbed in every two or three days, after the thorough cleansing, often proves effectual.

LAMENESS.—I have a mare, which has a limp in her left front leg, noticeable only when she trots. There are no corns and no atrophy of the shoulder. She has been this way for four years and gradually getting worse. When I start to drive her, the limping is scarcely noticeable. By the time I have driven ten miles she limps badly. After standing two hours she limps the same as when unhitched. It doesn't make any difference when she is shod or unshod. She has never been sweenied. (2) What is the operation called unnerving? (3) Are they successful? M. L.

A.—Splint lameness aggravates with exercise as does that due to ringbone, sidebone or corns. Navicular disease of the foot causes severe lameness which temporarily disappears with exercise. If the lameness is in the foot the horse will stand at rest with the foot pointed forward. A foundered horse goes on his heels. Lameness from a sprained, thickened or bowed tendon becomes worse with exercise and probably is present in this case, and if you cannot employ a qualified veterinarian to line-fire and blister the parts, we should advise you to clip the hair from the back tendons and blister that part with a mixture of one dram each of powdered cantharides and biniodide of mercury and one and one-half ounces of lard. A lameness of four years' standing must, however, be considered unpromising. Unnerving is mostly done to remove lameness caused by navicular disease or ringbone of a fore foot. It consists in cutting out a portion of the large nerve on each side of the leg at or just below the fetlock joint, and can only be done by a trained surgeon.

HEAVES.—My horse has had a cough for some time and difficulty in breathing. It is getting worse. J. A.

A.—We suspect that the horse is afflicted with heaves which is incurable when established. If the disease is present, a double bellows-like motion of the flanks will be noticed and the horse will cough and at the same time expel gas from the rectum. The severe symptoms may be relieved by feeding grass in summer and allowing oat straw and bright corn stover in winter, instead of hay. Wet all feed. Feed bran and carrots to regulate the bowels. Three times daily mix in the feed a teaspoonful of a mixture of equal quantities by weight of powdered stramonium leaves and chlorid of ammonia. If that does not give good results, try the effect of a tablespoonful of Fowler's solution of arsenic given night and morning in feed or water.

LAMENESS.—I have a mare which is lame in one of her front legs and has been lame for over a year. She has puffs on her legs. Some have been removed but she is still lame. J. O. H.

A.—A personal examination is necessary to determine the seat and cause of a mysterious lameness. You do not describe the symptoms or state the location of the puffs or say what treatment has been given to date. If you cannot have a competent veterinarian make the necessary examination, please write again and give us full particulars about the case.

HOLDING UP MILK.—Some of my cows are hard to milk sometimes, holding up one-half of it. Can you tell me what to do? W. R.

A.—A cow cannot willfully hold up milk as milk secretion is an involuntary function not controlled by the voluntary nerve system. Hard milking is a different matter, being caused by growths in the duct of the teat or strictures making the opening so small that milk comes in a small stream. A cow fails to secrete milk normally when scared or chilled. Often the teats are so sensitive that fear of pain prevents secretion. Try a change of milkers. It would be well if a woman could milk the troublesome cows. Growths may sometimes be removed by operation. Strictures are overcome by use of teat plugs or dilators and in some cases have to be cut down through in four different directions with a teat bistoury.

FISTULOUS SORE.—My cow has a very large lump under her ear. It breaks and there is an offensive odor. It nearly goes away, but comes back. It feels very hard. It has been there over one year. M. W.

A.—An abscess is present and may contain a foreign body such as a bullet, sliver, superhumerary molar tooth or be due to lump jaw (actinomycosis) or tuberculosis. The large lump should be opened into at its softest part and probed to locate any foreign body which may be removed. If none is found, the pus-secreting sac should be thoroughly scraped (curetted), injected with tincture of iodin and then packed daily with a strip of antiseptic gauze or rope of oakum saturated with a mixture of equal quantities of turpentine and cotton-seed oil. It would be well to have a veterinarian apply the tuberculin test to determine if tuberculosis is present. Write again if we can be of further help.

Holly and Mistletoe

By C. L. Cheever

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HOLLY and huckleberries grow wild in the southern part of the United States, and there was a time when neither was much respected. But now the thickets of those southern states furnish thousands of holly wreaths. Sometimes there are fewer berries but there is never a failure in the holly crop.

The harvest begins Thanksgiving week, when boys climb to the top of the trees and hack down everything that has berries on it. They forget the future of the tree sometimes, and cut so wastefully that the mutilated tree soon dies, but a tree judiciously cut will bring forth a new supply of twigs and berries in six or seven years.

After the cutting, the masses of branches are cut to pieces in the houses and everybody finds work to do. Children tie two or three bunches of holly together with fine wire, others cut away imperfect leaves, and the older members of the family attach the sprays to wild azalea or sweet pepper bush or some other flexible twigs that look like a bunch of switches when the wreath is begun. A skillful worker will make a hundred wreaths in a day.

Many legends cluster around the holly or "holly tree," one of the oldest of which is that the plant never grew on earth until Christ came to earth and pressed the soil with his footsteps, when it sprang up boldly and flourished and sent forth many spines to protect it from attack. When animals would have harmed the Christ in the fields, the holly clustered about and protected him. Even a cursory examination of the holly tree will show you that the leaves growing on the bottom bough are much more protected by prickles than those near the top of the tree, and even unto this day cattle cannot be induced to approach the beautiful foliage of the holly tree.

Mistletoe is not so popular as holly, yet large quantities of it come into the northern market from the southern forests. The mistletoe is a plant with queer habits; it is really mysterious, and that is one reason it has found its way into legend and myth and fairy tale. The plant is an evergreen bearing a white berry that is glutinous and will stick to a surface like a bit of wax. Fruit-eating birds are fond of these berries and carry them long distances sometimes. Suppose a berry is dropped at the foot of a tree or falls beneath a branch. The seed ripens and sends out a feeding thread toward the tree. The tiny branchlet works its way into a crevice in the bark and soon gets in contact with the sap that runs between the bark and the wood. Now it has plenty of good food from the tree and the plant establishes itself and grows fast, sending its tendrils along the branches of the oak, poplar or chestnut, these being the trees that make the best hosts.

WHAT NEED FOR MORE?—Though indolent and careless, Rastus certainly seemed to be in a happy frame of mind, as he passed a beautiful residence. A man on the lawn, noticing Rastus' apparent poverty, called to him: "Say Rastus, I've got a job for you. Do you want to earn a quarter?"

"No, sah, I'se done got a quarter already," replied the darky as he slouched along.—*Boston Post.*

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$4.56

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Most astonishing bargain offer in years places this luxurious **Genuine Fur Scarf** within your reach! Has been $10 to $15—NOW only **$4.56** postage paid and satisfaction guaranteed. If you hurry you can profit by this money-saving opportunity!

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WARM AND DRESSY!

So beautiful, such silken lustrous sheen, such warmth and classy style, we cannot fully describe this **Manchurian Wolf Scarf** here. So we will send you yours no money in advance ON APPROVAL. 47 inches long, 14 inches wide, beautifully lined with finest silk, interlined with warm padding. Designed so you can wear it fastened close or flung loose over shoulders. Animal head, big bushy tail.

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Thomas Raincoat Co, R2530 Dayton, Ohio

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We give this fine Pocket Ben watch, made by BIG BEN people or valuable sterling silver ring for selling only 40 of our fine handkerchiefs in sanitary glassine envelopes; send us the $4 and receive watch or ring. Everybody buys. Order today; we trust you.



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Give COMFORT To Your Friends As A Christmas Present!

WHY not! In these days of high prices where could you find a better, more inexpensive present than a one-year's subscription to COMFORT?

It is the **one** gift that pleases everybody—a gift that will become a cheery, welcome reminder of you month after month for an entire year—and at so little expense you will not notice it at all. Simply send us 50 cents and the name and address of the friend you wish to remember written on the coupon below and we will enter the subscription for one full year to commence with our Christmas number and with it we will also mail a beautiful Christmas Presentation Card so that **both** paper and card will reach your friend at about the same time. The card is beautifully **colored and embossed** with a dainty appropriate Christmas design and verse on one side and on the other side is a specially printed announcement of the gift and a space left for your name as the giver which we will fill in ourselves before the card is mailed.

Isn't this a splendid idea? Surely among all your friends there is someone who will appreciate and enjoy such an interesting magazine as COMFORT and who will think of you gratefully every time the carrier leaves it at the door.

Better send us your friend's name and the money now—**it's none too early to avoid the Christmas rush**—and you will have at least one present less to think about because we will attend to all the details. After you mail the coupon and money you can dismiss the matter from your mind as we will take good care of your order and mail both the paper and the handsome Christmas Presentation Card **properly filled out with your name as the giver** at precisely the right time.

"COMFORT FOR CHRISTMAS" COUPON

Publisher COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Dear Sir: As a Christmas present from me please send COMFORT for one year to the following address, also the Christmas Presentation Card properly filled out with my name. I enclose 50 cents to pay for same.

My Friend's Name.....

Street & No...... *R. F. D. No.*..... *Box No.*.....

Post Office..... *State*.....

(Be Sure To Write Your Own Name And Address Below)

My Name Is.....

Street & No...... *R. F. D. No.*..... *Box No.*.....

Post Office..... *State*.....

☞ If you wish to make a present of COMFORT to more than one friend write the full names and addresses on a separate sheet of paper and pin this coupon to it. BE SURE TO ENCLOSE 50 CENTS FOR EACH NAME SENT.

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Cure Yourself or Your Child at Home, Without Pain or Inconvenience, of any Spinal Deformity with the Wonderful PHILO BURT METHOD.

No matter how old you are, or how long you have suffered, or what kind of spinal deformity you have, there is benefit and a possible cure for you. The Philo Burt Appliance is as firm as steel and yet flexible and very comfortable to wear. It gives an even, perfect support to the weakened or deformed spine. It is as easy to take off or put on as a coat, causes no inconvenience, and does not chafe or irritate. No one can notice you wearing it.

Cure Yourself At Home

The Appliance is made to fit each individual case. It weighs ounces where other supports weigh pounds. The price is within the reach of all. Hundreds of doctors recommend it.



We GUARANTEE Satisfaction and LET YOU USE IT 30 DAYS.

If you or your child are suffering from spinal trouble of any nature, write me at once for our new book with full information and references. Describe case fully so we can advice you intelligently. The Philo Burt Method consisting of a scientific appliance and a course of especial exercises, has produced wonder-benefit or cure in over 30,000 cases.

Philo Burt Company, 334-12 Odd Fellows Temple, Jamestown, N. Y.

"DON'T SHOUT"



"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. 'How?' With the **MORLEY PHONE.** I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in, myself, only that I hear all right.

"The **Morley Phone** for the **DEAF** is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it." Over one hundred thousand sold. Write for booklet and testimonials.

THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 766, 26 S. 15th St., Phila.



Wearing Fibre Arms and Legs Gust Earns $20 a Week.

Gust Bloomquist froze his hands and feet. All were amputated. By aid of Trautman limbs, not friends and relatives, he makes his own way. Send for Gust's picture and catalog on arms, legs and braces. Ray Trautman, Minneapolis Artificial Limb Co., 657 Dean Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

STAMMER

If you stammer attend no stammering school until you get my large FREE book entitled "STAMMERING, Its Origin and The Advanced Natural Method of Cure," bound in cloth and stamped in pure gold. Ask for special tuition rate and a FREE copy of "The Natural Speech Magazine." Largest, best equipped and most successful school in the world for the cure of stammering. No sing-song or time-beat. School open all year. Now is the best time to enroll. Lee Wells Millard, President.

The North-Western School, 2338 Grand Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

The Bee Cell Supporter



A BOON TO WOMANKIND

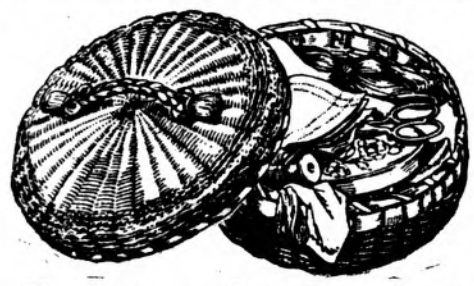
Made from the purest, softest rubber. Six cups or faces render misplacement absolutely impossible! Endorsed by the medical profession. Send us $2.50 and we will mail you one postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Write for descriptive circular. It's FREE.

The Bee Cell Co., Dept. 168 White Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

LOOK YOUR BEST. Make sure of smooth white arms, face and neck in spite of sallowness, blotches, freckles, blackheads etc. If you want to be charming and attractive—Don't pay 50c but send 10c at once for sealed Package, which will transform your appearance instantly. Warranted. TOILET COMPOUND CO. Box 1927A, Boston, Mass.



Sweet Grass Basket



For Your Sewing And Fancy Work

WHERE is the woman who does not "just love" these beautiful Sewing Baskets made of **sweet grass?** Their delightful **fragrance** which is practically everlasting is like that of flowers; they are handsome in appearance and very strong and serviceable, being hand-woven by the St. Regis Indians of Canada, who produce the finest hand-made baskets in the world.

Of ample size—eight inches in diameter and three inches deep—and with its close-fitting top, this sweet-grass Basket is just what you need in which to take along **your sewing or fancy work** when calling or visiting. And at home it holds your work, along with scissors, buttons, thread and other necessities, so that you always know just where to look for them. And the Basket itself is such a beautiful ornament for any room.

The Indians sell these Baskets for $2.00 and $3.00 apiece at summer resorts, but by buying in large quantities they let us have them at a special low price. Therefore, we are able to offer the Basket herewith illustrated and described for a very small club of subscriptions as you will note by reading the following bargain offer.

Given To You! For only four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this fragrant, sweet-grass Sewing Basket free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 8084.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



The Family Doctor

The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be taken to your local doctor.

Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published

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MISS C. M. S., Bristol, Tenn.—The lack of fibrin in the blood can be due to heredity. Basham's mixture will help if not cure the condition. It should be taken for a long time and your diet should be a very nutritious one—one that will tend to thicken the blood without clogging up the system.

MR. A. A. K., Akron, Ohio.—The cure of your facial pimples as well as pimples anywhere depends much on diet, keeping the bowels regular, etc. You must avoid sweets as well as pastries of all kind, drink plenty of water and exercise in the open. Apply locally, lotio alba after steaming the face thoroughly. Of course all blackheads should be removed by use of the comedo extractor before steaming the face or applying the lotion.

MRS. W. A. M., Boonville, N. C.—The blue spots mentioned are hemorrhagic and due to thin blood. Take Basham's mixture in tablespoonful doses, well diluted, after meals.

MRS. T. S., Sullivan, Ind.—Probably your trouble is chronic malaria. Try a teaspoonful of Warburg's tincture after meals, well diluted.

MRS. C. A. J., Orting, Wash.—Tuberculosis is contagious and you should not have the case in your house. Boiling water will destroy the germ as well as solutions of corrosive sublimate—one to five thousand, in strength.

MISS I. M., Durant, Okla.—For your chronic constipation take a tablespoonful of the following mixture morning and night: Fluid extract of cascara sagrada, two ounces; glycerine, two ounces; tincture of nux vomica, sixty drops, and tincture of belladonna, twenty drops. This remedy will probably cure your headache and benefit you in every way.

MRS. W. M.—Have your 19-months-old baby operated on for tonsils and adenoids. Would advise you, from your history, to raise your next baby on the bottle and not try to nurse the baby. Keep the baby on bottle milk to which has been added a tablespoonful of lime-water to the pint of milk. Also give the baby a teaspoonful of milk of magnesia once in a while. Sweet milk is better for baby than buttermilk. For your constipation, take five-grain pills of cascara sagrada morning and night.

MRS. M. W., Addington, Okla.—For the irregular menstruation, due to anemia, no doubt, from symptoms given, have your daughter take a tablespoonful of Basham's mixture after meals, well diluted.

MRS. E. N. J., Brigham, Utah.—Your headaches are due to eye-strain and you need to have your eyes fitted with proper lenses, to be worn constantly. For the leucorrhea, douche with a teaspoonful of a saturated solution of permanganate of potassium in a quart of hot water. Use the douche morning and night.

MRS. M. E. N., Bunceton, Mo.—Your son's "red eyes" must be due to the need of glasses. Have his eyes examined and proper lenses prescribed for him.

MRS. B. U., Solo, Ark.—You are passing through the so-called "change of life." Take two-grain capsules of ovarian extract, to which has been added one-twelfth grain of thyroid extract. Take the capsules twice a day only.

MRS. A., Camden, N. J.—For your melancholia and general nervous symptoms, take five-grain tablets of asafœtida after meals. Of course, avoid sweets, take plenty of exercise in the open and keep your bowels free.

MRS. R. M., Altamont, Ill.—Have the larger warts removed by the use of the actual cautery. After the larger ones are successfully removed, the others will disappear, in the majority of cases, without treatment.

MISS L. G., Chatham, Va.—For the "hot flashes," take a five-grain tablet of asafœtida after meals.

MRS. L. J. D., Pilot Point, Texas.—For your many symptoms, which seem to be due to malarial influences, take two teaspoonfuls of Warburg's tincture after meals, well diluted.

MRS. L. A. S., Chase City, Va.—You have a local infection of tonsils and throat. Gargle with Dobell's solution several times a day.

MRS. H. M., Melbourne, Ky.—The resorcin treatment that was recommended in COMFORT will do your hair and scalp good, as well as prevent the hair from falling out.

MR. J. U. P., Billen, Ohio.—Cancer can, and usually does, follow ulcer of the stomach if the ulcer is not cured by treatment and proper diet. Keep up the sodium bicarbonate if it helps the condition.

MR. W. L., Monongah, West Va.—Your chronic constipation can be cured if you will eat only coarse foods, add bran to your cereals, take a tablespoonful of American Oil with your meals and, also, take at night a ten-grain pill of cascara sagrada.

MR. C. K., Little Rock, Ark.—You have had excellent treatment and should be free from your rheumatism for all time. There is little in favor of heredity. You must avoid sweets of all kinds, including pastries. Drink at least two quarts of water daily, avoid coffee and tea as well, eat mutton, lamb, white meat of chicken, and bacon. Add no salt to your food during meals, eat plenty of green vegetables and fruits of almost all kinds. Of course, keep the bowels regular. The above regimen will largely eliminate your tendency to rheumatism. As a remedy you might take one or two yeast cakes dissolved in a glass of water daily.

MRS. W. H. C., Mirage, Colo.—Chlorozene tablets will do your throat good, if not cure your condition. Dissolve one in a glass of hot water and use as a gargle. These tablets are essentially Dakin's solution which has been so much used in surgery to date.

MR. R. T. C., Lakin, Kansas.—Take an eight-grain powder of glycero-phosphate of lime after meals. Cod liver oil is also indicated in tablespoonful doses after meals. These remedies will make bone and also increase your flesh content.

MRS. A. P., Butler, Mo.—Salicylate of soda will not injure your hearing if not taken in too large doses.

MRS. E. K., Macomb, Okla.—Rupture does not cause any trouble with the kidneys. Any doctor can by examination determine if one has rupture. Appendicitis does not affect the water. Itching after menstruation may be due to a kidney disease. Apply locally a weak carbolic ointment not over one per cent. in strength.

MISS F. B., Tupelo, Okla.—There is no safe and sure cure for bunions outside of operation. Wear proper shoes and apply locally to the inflamed bunion an ichthyol ointment—full strength.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26.)

Billy and me, George,—almost a neighbor, if the Long Island would cut its rates, or not insist on Bill traveling in the baggage car. I must rule that I think Frank Clark's Tennessee mountains can beat Long Island, George, in a contest on points. But it's true that one does not have to go scouting thousands of miles for natural beauty—not in our fortunate country, at least. Almost always scenes in which we can find out-of-door happiness are near at hand or can be found close by. There are loads of beautiful spots in counties adjoining New York City, which transcontinental travelers know nothing about when they come back telling of the Grand Canyon or of the delights of the Pacific Coast. But the distant fields seem always the greenest—both to men and sheep. I like Long Island from Southampton to Montauk Point, George. It is beautiful all about Great Peconic Bay and through the Shinnecock Hills. Billy and I often go down that way for an outing or a breath of sea air. Last October I slept on the beach four miles from Southampton, snuggled in the sand, caressed by the salt winds, and visited by troops of stars. It is these things one remembers. Like you, George, I am an incorrigible camper. If one wants to get the most possible out of a vacation, camping out is the answer. The spread of the custom of camps, camping and out-of-door living generally, in our country during the last decade is the best thing that ever happened for the health, happiness and pocketbooks of all of us who are not summer hotel proprietors or physicians.

If you are an optician, George, you ought to be able to keep your own eyes ground up so that everything, even beautiful Long Island, looks always the best possible. If you could make some sort of a sunny pair of glasses, so that the world would always look bright to the wearer, you could be sure of a large sale. I'll put an order with you right now for a pair about eleven inches wide—these are for Billy, of course, and must be made wide across the nose piece. That's great, George, that you can make any color eyes as well as glasses. You may be getting business from some of the cousins who have green and yellow head lamps which they would like to trade for a nice pair of pansy or baby blue.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for December

"Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these you have done it unto Me."

Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Every month brings to me many letters which disregard this simple and necessary rule. Appeals unaccompanied by the references required will be destroyed.

Ellen Mayes, Carmi, Ill. Old and alone in the world, and helpless after several serious operations. A worthy case which only money can help. E. W. Wing, Clifton, O. A man of sixty-two who has been paralyzed for eight years. Asks for postcards and cheery letters. This is a simple request to be answered. Mrs. Alice Stacy, R. 1, Varnells Station, Ga. An invalid widow of sixty with a helpless son on her hands for support and care. Aid her in carrying on her brave battle. Dora Kendrick, Linn Creek, Mo. Helpless and cannot leave her room except when carried. Sympathetic friends ask that a postcard shower come to brighten up her lonely life. Miss Dollie E. Hylton, Woolwine, Va. An orphan who has lately been a hospital case and who, with an invalid aunt of 74, is struggling to maintain a little home together. Who will send on the cash to aid this well-recommended case? Lafayette Swanson, Boomer, N. C. Helpless as baby for 19 years, and with a failing wife as caretaker. A deserving case. Claude Shifflits, Richmond, Ky. A widow's son of fifteen. A poor unfortunate afflicted with chronic epileptic fits. Give him a dime shower. Mrs. A. C. Hottinger, Hebron, O. Confined to her bed for over twenty years. Cannot walk a step. Old, needy and deserving. Think of her situation and open your hearts and pockets.

We celebrate this month the birth of Him whose love for his fellows was greater than any the world had ever known or can know. As followers of Him, shed love in the practical forms, which you at a distance can give, into the dark homes and sad hearts of those who are on our League's roll for help and cheer this month. It is the truest Christmas celebration you can make; it will be the truest remembering of the birthday of Him who said: "Give and it shall be given unto you."

Lovingly,

Uncle Lisha

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C.," a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

How to become a Member

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

WATCH, CHAIN AND TWO RINGS



as premiums—send no money—simply name and address—merely give away FREE 12 Beautiful Art Pictures with 12 Boxes of our famous White **Cloverine,** which you sell at 25c each. We will send you this Genuine American Watch, also Chain and two **Gold** Shell Rings, according to offer in our Premium Catalog which you receive with the Cloverine. Millions are using **Cloverine.**



LADIES! YOU CAN ALSO EARN **A BEAUTIFUL DINNER SET** OR **SIX LACE CURTAINS**

and many other beautiful premiums. Our plan is the easiest and absolutely square. Write quick—Pictures and Cloverine sent promptly, post-paid. Be first in your town.

THE WILSON CHEMICAL CO.,

BIG CASH COMMISSION TO AGENTS Dept. M. 102, Tyrone, Pa.

Poems Requested

The following poems have been requested by readers of COMFORT and sent for publication.

The Christmas Tree

In many lands, by many seas,
Today they are planning Christmas trees.
Skies be dull, or skies be fair,
Fields white or green, they do not care,
Today they are planting everywhere.
In town and country, hall and cot,
On upland farm and corner lot,
Grandsire, maid and tow-haired tot
Plant with laughter, song and play,
The tree whose fruit is ripe in a day.
Oh, of all the fruit in the world, to me
There is none like the fruit of the Christmas tree!

Its leaves are green as cress that grows
In beds where the purling brooklet flows;
Its buds are silver, pink, or white
As apple blooms or snows at night.
Or glinting stars in the frost-moon's light.
Its blossoms are golden-hues and gleam
Like lights reflected in a stream,
Or golden treasure in a dream;
Its fruits is on every tint and shape,
Shaming the orange and plum and grape,
Oh, of all the fruit in the world to me
There is none like the fruit of the Christmas tree!

If you should seek for the seed or shoot
From which to grow this wondrous fruit,
The field and wood you'll search in vain,
Nor find them on the hill or plain,
On river path or ocean lane,
By any map or guide or chart,
In country store or city mart,—
You'll find them only in your heart;
For every heart has a seed or shoot
From which to grow this wondrous fruit;
Oh, of all the fruit in the world, to me
There is none like the fruit of the Christmas tree!

—*Edward F. Burns.*

Christmas Bells

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

Till, ringing, swinging on its way,
The world revolved from night to day
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

Then from each black, accursed mouth
The cannon thundered in the South
And with the sound
The carols drowned
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearth-stones of a continent,
And made forlorn
The households born
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep;
"God is not dead; nor doth he sleep!
The Wrong shall fall,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men."

—*Longfellow.*

A Man's Reply

"I stand at the bar of your own pure woman's soul,
Condemned in the cause that you plead;
My only defence is the simple request
That you'll judge me by motive, not deed.

"For remember that man's but a child in the dark,
Though formed by the Hand above;
He will fall many times, but shall walk forth at last,
In the sunshine of infinite love.

"So I'm 'boldened to answer your question so fair,
And give you a man's reply;
That for the prize of a true woman's love
I am ready to live or die.

"You say that the man who gains your love
Must be brave, and true, and good;
I answer, that she who wins my heart
Must be the type of true womanhood.

"You say you look for a 'man and a king,'
A very prince of the race—
I look for a kind and generous heart
And not for a queenly face.

"You require 'all things that are good and true,'
All things that a man should be.
I ask for a woman, with all that implies,
And that is sufficient for me.

"You ask for a man without a fault,
To live with here on earth;
I ask for a woman, faults and all,
For by faults I may judge of worth.

"I ask for a woman, made as of old—
A higher form of man—
His comforter, helper, adviser and friend,
As in the original plan.

"A woman who has an aim in life,
Who finds life worth the living;
Who makes the world better for being here,
And for others her life is giving.

"I will not require all that I have asked,
In these lines so poor and few,
I only pray that you may be all
That God can make of you.

"For your heart, and life, and love
Are sacred things to me,
And 'I'll stake my life' that I'll be to you
Whatever I ought to be."

Sent in by C. T. B., Winchester, Mass.

Where Are the Wicked Folks Buried?

"Tell me, gray-headed-sexton," I said,
"Where in this field are the wicked folk laid?"
"I have wandered the quiet old graveyard through,
And studied the epitaphs, old and new;
But on monument, obelisk, pillar or stone,
I read of no evil that men have done."

The old sexton stood by a grave newly made,
With his chin on his hand, his hand on his spade.
I knew by the gleam of his eloquent eye
That his heart was instructing his lips to reply.

"Who is to judge when the soul takes its flight?
Who is to judge 'twixt the wrong and the right?
Which of us mortals shall dare to say
That our neighbor was wicked who died today?

"In the journey through life, the farther we speed,
The better we learn that humanity's need
Is charity's spirit, that prompts us to find
Rather virtue than vice in the lives of mankind.

"So commendable deeds we record on these stones;
The evil men do—let it die with their bones.
I have labored as sexton for many a year,
But I never have buried a wicked man here."

When people have especially pleased you, it is not a bad plan to let them know it. Though "Virtue is its own reward," a little bonus of merited praise is no more than fair, and will never lack of appreciation.



The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities



Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents Steady income, large manufacturer of Soaps, Perfumes, Toilet Articles and Pure Food Products, etc., wishes representatives in each locality. Manufacturer direct to Consumer. Big profits. Honest goods. Whole or spare time. Cash or Credit. Send at once for particulars. American Products Co., 5088 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

We Start You In Business, furnishing everything; men and women, $30 to $100 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories" home anywhere. Booklet free. W Hillyer Ragsdale, Drawer 5, East Orange, N. J.

Crew Managers—Agents. Opaline paintings are a knock-out. Make old territory new. Seasoned picture men double their sale. Beginners make $1.00 an hour and more with rigs. Greatest hit ever made. Samples and expense money furnished. Write today. Consolidated Portrait Co., Desk A-14, 1029 W. Adams St., Chicago.

Agents—Write for big soap offer. Quick Seller, Big Money Maker. Ho-Ro-Co, 131 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

We Start You without a Dollar. Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes—ToiletGoods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 131 Olive, St. Louis.

Agents—Make a Dollar an Hour. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 452-B, Amsterdam, N.Y.

Sell Necessities. Everybody needs and buys the "Business Guide." Bryant cleared $800.00 in July. Send for sample. It's Free. Nichols Co., Dept. 6B, Naperville, Ill.

Large Shirt Manufacturer wants Agents to sell complete line of shirts direct to wearer. Exclusive patterns. Big values. Free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

Agents: A Brand New Hosiery proposition for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. All styles, colors and finest silk hose. You can sell at less than store prices. Write for samples. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 619, Dayton, Ohio.

Agents: $40 a week selling guaranteed hosiery for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. Write for sample outfit. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 119, Dayton, O.

Agents! 1921's Greatest Sensation. 11-piece toilet article set selling like blazes at $1.75 with $1.00 dressmaker's shears free to each customer. Get lined up for Christmas rush. E. M. Davis Co., Dept. 505, Chicago.

350% Profit. Quick Seller. Klean-Rite Magic Washing Compound. Washes Clothes Without Rubbing. Samples Free. Bestever Products Co., 1943-MIrving Park Blvd. Chicago.

Agents:—$100 Weekly. Automobile owners wild with enthusiasm. Marvelous invention doubles power, mileage, efficiency. Saves cost first day. Sensational sales everywhere. Territory going like wildfire. $26 sample outfit and Ford Car free. Write quick. Owes Co., Dept. 113. Louisville, Ky.

Agents—We pay $9 a day taking orders for Inside Tyres. Best and easiest seller ever put on the market. Guaranteed to give double tire mileage. Any tire. No punctures or blowouts. Every auto owner buys on account of low price. Enormous demand. Write quick for agency. American Accessories Co., B 620, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Make $100 Weekly Selling Rolly's Washday Wonder. New Chemical Dirt Solvent. Harmless. Cleans without rubbing. Want Agents and crew managers. Free Samples. Rolly Chemical Co., L3, Hastings, Nebraska.

Agents—Everybody uses extracts. Sell Duo double strength Extracts and complete line Household Necessities. Products used constantly. Big repeaters. Write today. Duo Co., Dept. E 41, Attica, N. Y.

Agents—Steady Income. Large manufacturer of Handkerchiefs and Dress Goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Big profits, honest goods. Whole or spare time. Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 60 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Agents! A sale in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks and General Yard Goods. Quick sales! Big profits! Large book of 1000 sample fabrics Free to agents. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. 24X, 573 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS WANTED

Make $25 to $50 Week representing Clows' Famous Philadelphia Hosiery, direct from mill—for men, women, children. Every pair guaranteed. Prices that win. Free book "How to Start" tells the story. George Clows Company, Desk 14, Philadelphia, Pa.

Be successful Agent! Free sample outfit—worth $2.25. "Quality" beauty preparations. Make big money. Extensive line. Established 50 years. Lynas Co., 200 Logansport, Ind.

General Agents. Something new. Whirlwind seller. "Repeat" washing powder. Washes clothes without rubbing. Women throw away washboards. Big profits. Exclusive territory. Write today free package. Kittredge Co., 2 Putnam St., Tunkhannock, Pa.

Sell washing tablets that are different. They work quicker, sell easier and at a greater profit. Get our proposition. Newton & Co., 4 Main St., Newark, New York.

Agents—New Invention. Harper's Ten-Use brush set and fibre broom. It sweeps, washes and dries upstairs windows, scrubs and mops floors and does 5 other things. Big profits; easy seller. Free trial offer. Harper Brush Works, Dept. A, Fairfield, Iowa.

Bees pay if kept right. Be a progressive beekeeper. We can show you how. Send $1.00 today for Bee Primer, 9 months subscription to American Bee Journal and catalogues of bee supplies. American Bee Journal, Box 61, Hamilton, Ill.

Sales Agents. Men or women. $200 a month. Year round position. No layoffs. Take orders for Jennings New Style Hosiery. Written guarantee of satisfaction or new hose free. Write for outfit. Jennings Mfg. Co., Dept. 223, Dayton, Ohio.

Wonderful Seller. 96c profit every dollar sales. Deliver on spot. License unnecessary. Sample Free. Mission Bead Factory C, 2421 Smith St., Detroit, Mich.

We Pay $36 a Week and expenses and give a Ford Auto to men to introduce poultry and stock compounds. Imperial Co., D 1, Parsons, Kan.

Agents—Fast-selling household specialty; big profits; liberal terms. Write H. E. Bishop Co., St. Louis, Mo. Dept. 2.

$10.00 A Day Easily Earned; Seven Bar Boxes Assorted Soaps, Christmas Perfumes, Combination Christmas Boxes; Selling Like Hot Cakes. Men, Women, 100% profit. Old Established firm. Crofts & Reed Co. Dept. 158, Chicago.

Agents: $5 a day taking orders for Empire Tire repair. 40 punctures repaired for $1.00. Five minute service. Sample free. Parker Mfg. Co., 217 Bark St., Dayton, Ohio.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

$6-$18 a dozen decorating pillow tops at home; pleasant work; experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 104, LaGrange, Ind.

Government Wants Women. Clerical work. $1100 year. List positions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. T9, Rochester, N. Y.

Wanted:—Girls—Women. Become Dress Designers. $135 month. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. T501, Rochester, N.Y.

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Used Correspondence Courses at less than half original price. Any school, any subject, for men or women. Send for free price list of 1000 courses. Students' Exchange, 1966 Broadway, New York. Courses bought.

FARM WANTED

Wanted To hear from owner of good farm for sale. State cash price, full description. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Will You Sell Us Your Spare Time? We will train you to write show cards for us. There is no canvassing or soliciting; we supply you with steady work; distance no object; will pay you from $15 to $50 a week. Wilson Methods, Limited, Dept. L, 64 East Richmond, Toronto, Canada.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Photoplay Ideas Wanted By 48 Companies. $25-$500 paid. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Producers League, 311, St. Louis.

MISCELLANEOUS

Remnant Store, 1510 Vine St., Cincinnati, O. Greatest Dry Goods Bargains on Earth. Agents and Storekeepers supplied.

Switches made from combings. The new way. Write me. Mrs. E. Vandervoort, Davenport, Iowa.

Coal Saver. Cuts your coal bills in half. Simple, cheap, and effective. Full method, 25c. W. Bixby, Warren, N. H.

OLD COINS

Mail This Slip with your name and address and 10 cents and you'll get a large U. S. Copper Cent nearly as big as half dollar, and large 50 page illustrated coin catalog. You'll find it fascinating and profitable. Send Now. B. Max Mehl, Numismatist, Mehl Bldg., Dept. F, Fort Worth, Texas.

SALESMEN WANTED

Salesmen: Make extra money easily. Sell our Accident & Sickness policies in your spare time. $5000 death, $25 weekly benefit for $10 yearly. Address Underwriters, Dept. F-26, Newark, N. J.

Cigar Factory Wants Salesman—Full time or side line. Previous experience unnecessary, as we give complete instructions. J. H. Hargrave & Co., 22, Chatham, Va.

FARMS FOR SALE

163-Acre Farm $3000 with Horses, Furniture, 17 Cows and young stock, crops, implements, convenient live RR town; about 100,000 ft. timber, 100 apple trees; 9-room house, 14-cow barn, silo. Only $3000, part cash. Page 10 New Catalogue. Free. Strout Farm Agency, 150 B G, Nassua St., New York City.

The State Land Settlement Board of California has a number of desirable irrigated farms of twenty and forty acres in SanJoaquin Valley for sale to bona fide homeseekers on 36½ years' time. 5 per cent interest annually. Your opportunity to acquire a farm in winterless California. All deciduous fruits profitably grown; alfalfa is a paying crop. Ideal conditions for stock and poultry. Good schools and unsurpassed roads. Fruit associations market your crops, relieving you of marketing problems. You can farm all year in California. Go this fall and see. State Board's booklet, also Santa Fe folder describing San Joaquin Valley, mailed free on request. C. L. Seagraves, Gen. Colonization Ag't, SantaFeRy., 913 Ry. Ex., Chicago.

Want to hear from owner having farm for sale; give particulars and lowest price. John J Black, Comfort St., Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Ladies earn money crocheting, sewing, tatting, making aprons and caps from our patterns. Apron and cap sets made $30.00 per doz. No canvassing. Send 35c for the patterns—returned if desired. Kenwood Pattern Co., 6238 S. Park Ave., Chicago.

HELP—MALE & FEMALE

Earn $25 Weekly, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Press Syndicate, 451, St. Louis, Mo.

Government Positions Are Fine: $1400, $1600, $1800 at start, up to $2300 and $2600. Exams everywhere. Write Today for full information. Patterson Civil Service School, Box K, Rochester, N. Y.

MAGAZINES

Ambitious Writers send today for Free copy, America's leading magazine for writers of Photoplays, Stories, Poems, Songs. Instructive, helpful. Writer's Digest, 609 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

6 Different, Interesting, Clever Publications, prepaid to any address only 25c. Publications price $1.50. All current issues. Satisfaction guaranteed. Walhamore Company, Lafayette Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

Patents—Write for free Guide Book, and Evidence of Conception Blank. Send model or sketch and description for free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest References. Prompt Service. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 841 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Inventors—Desiring to secure patent should write for our book, "How To Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for opinion of its patentable nature. Randolph & Co., Dept. 112, Washington, D. C.

Patents—Send for free book. Contains valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for Free Opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service. (Twenty years' experience). Talbert & Talbert, 402 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Patents Promptly procured. Moderate Fees. Best References. Send Sketch or Model. George P. Kimmel, Master of Patent Law, 27-N, Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Patents Secured. Prompt service. Avoid dangerous delays. Send for our "Record of Invention" form and Free Book telling How to Obtain a Patent. Send sketch or model for examination. Preliminary advice without charge. Highest references. Write Today. J. L. Jackson & Co., 102 Ouray Bldg., Washington, D. C.

MALE HELP WANTED

All men, women, boys, girls, over 18, willing to accept Government Positions, $133, write immediately, Ozment, 104, St. Louis.

Wanted—1500 Railway Traffic Inspectors; no experience; train for this profession thru sparetime home-study; easy terms; $110 to $200 monthly and expenses guaranteed, or money back. Outdoors; local or traveling; under big men who reward ability. Get Free Booklet G-5 Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

Government needs Railway Mail Clerks, $133-$192 month. Write for free specimen questions. Columbus Institute, A-2 Columbus, O.

Wanted men:— Become Automobile Experts. $35 week. Earn while learning. Write. Franklin Institute, Dept. T410, Rochester, N.Y.

Be an Expert Penman; Wonderful Device guides your hand; corrects your writing in few days. Complete Outline Free. Write C. J. Ozment, 53, St. Louis, Mo.

Firemen, Brakemen, Baggagemen, $140—$200, Colored Porters by Railroads everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 828 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

Firemen, Brakemen, for railroads nearest their homes—Everywhere, beginners $150, later $250 monthly (which position?). Railway Association, Desk M 17, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MICH. FARM LANDS FOR SALE

Landseekers! 20, 40, 80 ac. tracts in Mich; rich clay loam soil; $15 to $35 per ac. Small pmt. down, bal. long time. Write for Free booklet today. Swigart Land Co., C-1246, First National Bank Building, Chicago.

HELP WANTED

Stop Daily Grind. Start Silvering Mirrors. Auto headlights, tableware, etc. Plans free. Clarence Sprinkle, Dept. 99, Marion, Ind.

Hundreds Men—Boys, over 17, wanted as Government Railway Mail Clerks. Commence $135 month. Steady. List positions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. T 12, Rochester, N. Y.

Wanted—Men, Women, age 17 to 65, for U. S. Govt. positions. Experience unnecessary. Information free. Chicago Civil Service College, Dept. K, Chicago, Ill.

Income For Life. A government job is sure, no lay-offs. Good pay; short hours, vacations; pay while sick; pensions. We'll prepare you quickly at small cost and guarantee you get position or your money back. Write today for free book R. X. 2004, listing positions. Washington Civil Service School, Paramount Building, Washington, D. C.

STAMPING NAMES

Stamp Names on key checks. Make $19 per 100. Send 25c for sample and inst. Either Sex. C. Keytag Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES

Wanted—Men and women ambitious to make money writing Stories and Movie Plays. Send for wonderful Free Book that tells how. Address Authors' Press, Dept. 31, Auburn, N.Y.

PHOTO FINISHING

Special Trial Offer. Your next Kodak film developed 5c. Prints 2c each. Moser & Son, 2122 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, O.

World's Finest kodak photo new art style. Entirely different, never seen before. Roll dev. 5c, prints 2c each. Malden Art Co., 5 Cin., O.

Old Tintypes, Daguerreotypes or Faded Pictures of loved ones can be restored so as to produce beautiful enlargements and perfect likenesses under our new process. Individual pictures may also be produced out of groups. Satisfactory results guaranteed. Prompt work. Fair prices. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 502 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

Enlargements De Luxe—5x8, 35c; 7x11, 45c. Send 20c with order, pay balance if satisfied. Ashton Photo Works, Ashton, Ill.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

$35.00 Profit Nightly. Small capital starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used, endorsed by Govt. institutions. Cat. free. Atlas Moving Picture, 471 Morton Bldg., Chicago.

HONEY FOR SALE

For Sale Select quality Clover and Basswood honey. 1921 crop. Sample 15c. Price List free. M. V. Facey, Preston, Minn.

Honey and Cheese of Superior Quality packed in family size packages, write today for Free price list. E. F. Rosa, Monroe, Wis.

Honey-Buy the best and save money. Send for prices. Sample postpaid for 15c. Wilfred Schaefer, Box 259, Hicksville, New York.

Honey Finest Clover. 3 lbs. $1.00, 5 lbs. $1.50. Delivered free. Price list free. Sample 15c. Wm. A. Cook, Attleboro, Mass.

AUTOMOBILES

Automobile Owners, Garagemen, Mechanics, Repairmen, send for free copy of our current issue. It contains helpful, instructive information on overhauling, ignition troubles, wiring, carburetors, storage batteries, etc. Over 120 pages, illustrated. Send for free copy today. Automobile Digest, 525 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

HOME WEAVING

Looms—Only $9.90—Big Money in Weaving Rugs, Carpets, portieres, etc., at home; from rags and waste material. Weavers are rushed with orders. Send for free loom book, it tells all about the weaving business and our wonderful $9.90 and other low-priced, easily-operated looms. Union Loom Works, 272 Factory St., Boonville, N. Y.

FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS

Have You a Camera? Write for Free sample of our big magazine, showing how to make better pictures and earn money. American Photography, 230 Camera House, Boston, 17, Mass.

MAIL ORDER BUSINESS

I Made $25,000 with small Mail Order Business. Sample article & plan 25c. Free Booklet. Tells How For Stamp. AC Scott, Cohoes, N. Y.

STORY WRITERS WANTED

Authors:—Stories, poems, photo plays etc. are wanted for publication. Submit Mss. Literary Bureau, C4, Hannibal, Mo.

ENTERTAINMENTS

Plays, Speakers, dialogues, and Entertainments; catalogues free. Address Dept. A, Ames Pub. Co., Clyde, O.

Three Wheel Chairs in November 617 Is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The three November wheel chairs go to Emma Tete Overcash, Thomasville, N. C., 100; Johnie E. Melton, Bulls Gap, Tenn., 85; Jesse W. Fillpot, Rich Hill, Mo., 63.



MISS ELLA VAN ZILE ENJOYING HER COMFORT WHEEL CHAIR VERY MUCH.

The figures following their respective names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by ther friends for them.

Emma Tete Overcash, age 29, is crippled in her lower limbs by spinal trouble, and in the past twelve years has not been able to walk or stand alone. Her friend, Mrs. W. E. Stinson has been largely instrumental in obtaining the subscriptions which procured this chair for Miss Overcash.

Johnie E. Melton, age 40, has been crippled in his legs and feet the past three years, caused by rheumatism. He has a wife and children, "six in the family", he writes, and being incapacitated for work is "dependent on the people for help." It is a sad affliction to fall on the head of a family.

Jesse W. Fillpot, age 33, has been an invalid from birth. He is so crippled in his lower limbs that he is unable to walk, and is almost helpless as he has only partial use of his arms. For support and care he is dependent on his widowed mother who is sixty-four years old, poor and unable to do hard work. She has sent in all the subscriptions to procure this chair for him.

As it takes 150 subscriptions to procure a COMFORT wheel chair, those who do not understand the system of our Wheel-Chair Club may wonder how each of these three applicants obtained a wheel chair by sending in a considerably less number of subscriptions than the required 150. The explanation is that the difference is made up by the subscriptions and cash contributed to the "general" (wheel-chair fund) by generous readers who thus manifest their interest in, and contribute substantially to, the beneficent work of COMFORT'S Wheel-Chair Department.

It is a shame to any community that allows a cripple in its midst to suffer for want of a wheel chair when one can be obtained free by a comparatively small effort in procuring subscriptions to COMFORT. Any cripple, or the friends of any cripple, who needs a wheel chair should write me at once for full information as to how to obtain a wheel chair free through COMFORT'S Wheel-Chair Department.

A study of our Roll of Honor is interesting, showing what wheel-chair applicants and their friends are doing in their behalf, also what benevolent readers are doing to help the general cause by liberal contributions of subscriptions or cash for the benefit of the "general" wheel-chair fund, and to these latter "good Samaritans" I am especially grateful for their generous support of COMFORT'S great charitable undertaking which thus far has provided 617 crippled shut-ins each with a much needed wheel chair. Keep up your good work, and God bless you for it.



MRS. JANE DORITY ENJOYING HER COMFORT WHEEL CHAIR.

Sincerely yours,
W. H. GANNETT,
Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 150 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 50 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscriptions, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Has Been Enjoying Her COMFORT Wheel Chair More Than Two Years

Washburn, Maine, R. R. 1.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

I am sending you a recent photograph of myself to show you and COMFORT readers how I am still enjoying my COMFORT wheel chair which I received more than two years ago. Although my right arm is helpless I can wheel the chair nicely with my left hand. I wish again to thank you and all other kind friends who helped me to get it.

Yours truly,
Mrs. Jane Dority.

Enjoying Her COMFORT Wheel Chair Very Much

Seattle, Washington.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

We received the wheel chair for our daughter, Miss Ella Van Zile, some time ago and should have acknowledged it with thanks before this, but waited to get a picture taken of her in her wheel chair. I enclose the picture and hope to see it in Comfort. She enjoys the chair very much and it enables us to get her out in this lovely sunshine. We thank you and all others, who helped us to obtain the chair, for their kindness. Wishing Comfort all kinds of success, I am,

Respectfully,
Mrs. Mary Van Zile.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dollar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

Harriet A. Bates, Iowa, for Kenneth Rose, 51 subs and $1.00; Mrs. W. E. Stinson, N. C., for Emma Tete Overcash, 25 subs.; Mrs. William Jensen, Del., for Thomas Heller, 15 subs and $1.50; Mrs. Ted Kinsler, S.C., for Thornton Gently, 14 subs.; Mrs. Emily Caldwell, Texas, for Annie Matlock, 13 subs and $2.00; Miss Brook Deskins, W.Va., for Jeanette Deskins, 11 subs.; Mrs. Rachel Rogers, Texas, for Annie Matlock, 10 subs.; Myrtle Matlock, Texas, for Annie Matlock, 8 subs.; John D. Williams, Texas, for Dee Williams, 7 subs.; Mr. John Key, Ky., for Mamie Key, 6 subs and $1.00; Mrs. J. H. Post, La., for Dee Williams, 5 subs and $5.00; Mrs. W. I. Paddock, Minn., for Myrtle Geneve Herrell, 5 subs.; Mrs. Matilda Fillpot, Mo., for Jesse Fillpot, 5 subs.; Mrs. Will Tutherow, N. C., for Clarence Wm. Tutherow, 5 subs.; M. E. Sunday School Class, Mrs. Bessie Durr, Teacher, Thomas, W. Va., and Earl Phillip, Wm. Duncan, Eldridge Thompson, Vernon Thompson, Harold Nazelrod, Kennith Pase and Hobert Smith, for general, 4 subs and $6.00; A. Steward, Maine, for General, $20.00; Mrs. Roy Wilson, Ga., for General, $1.00; Mrs. I. Octgen, N. Y., for General, $1.00; Mrs. Olive A. Tobey, Maine, for General, $1.00.

Hawks Seek Woodchucks

Foxes are great enemies of the woodchuck, says the American Forestry Magazine, while some of the larger hawks feed upon the young when they first come out of the parental burrow and sun themselves about its entrance.



The Best Support in the World For a Rupture

Is The Human Hand

The WORST Support Ever Devised, Is a Hard, Unyielding Knob, or Pad, Pressed Into the Rupture by a Steel Spring—Thereby Preventing Nature From EVER Having a Chance to Bring About a Healing of the Parts.

The Brooks Appliance most closely resembles the human hand as a rupture support. You will notice the first moment you put on a Brooks Appliance, the pliable, flesh like touch of the velvet finished rubber and it will take only this first experience of comfort and security to make you decide—"This is what I want."

For the benefit of our readers we take pleasure in publishing the Brooks offer to save all who are ruptured from wearing painful makeshift trusses that do not cure.



A Portrait Done in Charcoal by Herman Pfeifer, From a Photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, Inventor of the Appliance and Founder of the Brooks Appliance Co.

The Brooks Appliance Co. gladly sends their remarkable patented Appliance ON TRIAL to prove that it holds the rupture back, keeps it in place, prevents its coming down or slipping out and finally assists nature to heal up the rupture.

No man or woman ever can look and feel his or her best while suffering the torment, pain and discomfort of rupture.

Every day that you suffer from rupture—every hour of truss torture that you endure—after you read this page is your own fault.

For many years we have been telling you that no makeshift truss will ever help you. We have told you about the harm ill-fitting trusses are doing. We have told you that the only truly comfortable, sanitary and scientific device for holding rupture is the Brooks Rupture Appliance.

The Brooks appliance clings to you without force and you are hardly conscious of its presence. But above all else, it **HOLDS always.**

Many hundreds of physicians and surgeons recommend the Brooks Appliance and condemn makeshift trusses as more harmful and dangerous than any other method of retaining and treating rupture. Thousands of people have written us testifying to the amazing results they have secured from this great invention. Many of these people live right in your vicinity and we will be glad to send you copies of their thankful letters if you will ask for them when you write.

Men, Women and Children Find the Brooks Appliance Equally Effective.

Send the coupon **NOW** for further description of the Appliance and for our **FREE, NO RISK, TRIAL PLAN.**

Ten Reasons Why You Should Accept This Offer

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance embodying the principles that inventors have sought after for years.

2. The appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.

3. Being an air cushion of soft rubber it clings closely to the body yet never blisters or causes irritation.

4. Unlike ordinary so-called pads, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.

5. It is small, soft and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.

6. The soft, pliable bands do not give the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.

7. Nothing to get foul; it can be washed without any injury.

8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.

9. All materials are the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.

10. We **guarantee your comfort** at all times and in all positions, and sell every appliance with this positive understanding.

.....

The Brooks Appliance Co.,
157 N. State St., Marshall, Mich.

Without cost or obligation on my part please send me by mail in plain wrapper your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for rupture, and your Trial Offer.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

The Brooks Appliance Has Freed Thousands of Men, Women and Children From Rupture —Without Pain, Operation, or Loss of Time.

NEW YEAR NUMBER

COMFORT

The Key to Happiness and Success in over a Million and a Quarter Homes

Published at Augusta Maine

VOL. XXXIV
NO. 3

JANUARY
1922



See Story "Her New Year Resolution" on Page 8

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COMFORT EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

Nation-Wide Campaign against Cancer—Some Things Everybody Should Know about this Dread Disease

CANCER is one of the most baffling problems that medical science has to deal with. It is a disease that always tends to kill; by which is meant that the curative efforts of Nature, that often effect a cure of many other diseases, are powerless in the combat with cancer which, once started, always progresses to a fatal ending unless eradicated by proper treatment seasonably begun. It is understood, of course, that this statement is subject to the further qualification that the patient may die from some other cause before the cancer has had time to complete its deadly process. Cancer is not common in youth but at middle age is a grave menace, for about one in every twelve persons over forty years of age dies of cancer. After reaching a certain stage cancer almost invariably kills in spite of anything that the best medical and surgical skill can do; but if attended to early, while it is small and localized, the right treatment will result in speedy and complete recovery in a large majority of such cases.

Thus it appears that cancer need not and should not be allowed to reap its enormous annual harvest of human lives; and this scourge would be largely held in check but for the practical difficulty in that the general popular ignorance of the subject stands in the way and in most cases prevents early treatment by proper methods, both indispensable requisites for cure of cancer. Most persons who are afflicted with cancer do not detect the nature of the disease until too late or, if they do, are likely to let the opportunity for saving life slip by while trying patent medicines or worthless treatment by quacks.

So little is known of the cause of cancer that little if anything can be formulated with assurance as to prevention, and therefore, in the present state of medical science, the main reliance for reducing the inroads of the disease to the possible minimum must consist in teaching the people to recognize the first symptoms of cancer, and to seek without delay the most efficient remedial treatment known, which implies that they must be enlightened on the last proposition at least to the extent of being able to shun medical impostors and useless or dangerous pretended remedies. For this reason the week beginning October 29th was designated as "Cancer Week" for the purpose of launching a nation-wide campaign of popular instruction on the subject, under the auspices of the American Society for the Control of Cancer, by means of free public lectures and magazine and newspaper articles by eminent authorities in this line of medical practice and research. We invite attention of our readers to the following extracts from the address of Dr. James Ewing, Professor of Pathology at Cornell Medical School and a leading authority on cancer, delivered November first at a public mass meeting in Boston.

Dr. Ewing said that despite exhaustive research and study the medical knowledge regarding cancer was yet "gravely deficient, but the efforts to overcome this deficiency were most strenuous" and the advance made through the cooperation of the different branches of the profession, which have contributed valuable information relating to the disease, "has placed in our hands power to control cancer."

"Cancer affects all kinds of animals," he said, "but man is its chief victim. Cancer is not infectious and probably is not increasing in the same sense that an infectious disease increases, but being mainly a disease resulting from vicious habits and the wear and tear of life, there is very likely a slight tendency upward, and certainly an assurance that the disease will always be an urgent medical and economic problem.

"There is no evidence that the increase of cancer is directly related to diet, while there is abundant proof that the course of established cancer cannot be materially influenced by change of diet. The public should be warned against unwarranted claims and speculations to the contrary. Be careful about reading the general literature on cancer that you find on the corner newsstand.

"Heredity plays a definite role in the occurrence of certain forms of cancer, especially the rare forms occurring in children. With the common forms of the disease heredity has not been shown to be of any practical importance as a causative factor. Rarely cancer appears to run in families. Members of such families may wisely take precautions to avoid the disease, but they should not be alarmed, since cancer also runs out of families.

"The only hope against cancer lies in its early recognition. Since early recognition means the saving of life, it is the plain duty of every sensible person and especially of every educated person, to learn the early symptoms of the main forms of cancer to which one is liable."

The speaker then described the symptoms of the various forms of cancer, of which the stomach cancer is the most common, causing 30 per cent. of all fatalities resulting from the disease. "Cancer may start from lumps, warts, abrasions, sores, scaly patches or pigmented spots on the skin.

"The early cancer is not usually painful; it is not ulcerated, it does not bleed. He who waits for pain, ulceration and bleeding waits for signs of the established cancer. The earliest signs of the two commonest forms of cancer are obscure. The only adequate resource in this dilemma is regular physical examination by a competent physician every six months. In some cities free clinics for the examination for cancer have been established.

"The most generally applicable, available and efficient method of dealing with early cancer is surgical excision. For many forms of superficial, localized, accessible cancers, radium has proved itself the method of choice. The scope of radium therapy is steadily widening. The public should be warned against sweeping claims both for and against radium. For all forms of advanced cancer, radium and X-rays are generally to be preferred to an extensive operation of doubtful outcome. There is a growing tendency to limit operations in advanced cancer in favor of palliative treatment by radium and X-rays. The time is past when the surgeon may undertake to treat cancer without consideration of the value of other methods besides surgery.

"If we could eliminate bad teeth, tobacco and syphilis, cancer of the tongue, tonsil and mouth would practically disappear. Dentists have a very responsible duty in this field. In general the preventable forms of cancer arise from chronic irritation of apparently trivial nature. It is therefore wise to attend to all such minor persistent disturbances and get medical advice about them.

"A very important factor for the control of cancer is the special cancer hospital devoted exclusively to the study and treatment of this disease. Such institutions exist in many large cities, as in Boston, where you have your Harvard cancer commission, and their number is fortunately increasing."

Postmaster General Hays Speeds Up the Second-Class Mail Service

DID you receive your November and December numbers of COMFORT earlier than usual? If so, it was because Postmaster General Hays has speeded up the long-distance transportation of second-class mail matter by abolishing the so-called "Blue Tag" system which has been such a nuisance to magazine publishers and to their subscribers. Prior to 1911 mail matter of all classes was dispatched in regulation mail cars attached to passenger trains; but in that year the Post Office Department, in order to make a show of reducing expenses and saving money, instituted the innovation (officially designated "Blue Tag" system because of the color of the tag adopted to distinguish this service) of using ordinary freight trains for long-haul transportation of magazines to distant distributing centers, there to be resorted and thence forwarded by mail trains to their respective destinations. In view of the extra cost of the additional handling involved it is doubtful whether this slow and inefficient service saved the Government any expense, but it was productive of vexatious delay and exasperating irregularity in the delivery of magazines to distant subscribers. These deficiencies reached their peak under Government management of the railroads, during which we received numerous complaints of COMFORT having been delayed from three to six weeks in reaching our far western and southern subscribers; and other magazines experienced like troubles due to the same cause. In confirmation of these charges we cite the following excerpt from the report of the investigation started in the summer of 1920 by the National Publishers Association "to ascertain the cause of the intolerable delays in the dispatch of periodicals by the Post Office under what is known as 'Blue Tag Mail.'" The report, issued in October, 1920, states:

"The investigation showed that periodicals so dispatched were being subjected to almost unbelievable delays. The records of the Railway Mail Service Division of the Post Office Department disclosed that in some instances railroad cars containing Blue Tag Mail, which under normal conditions would go from New York to Chicago in 5 days, required 22 days; to Council Bluffs, Iowa, 35 days, normally 7 days; to St. Paul 36 days, normally 7 days."

Although during the year following the investigation the operation of the Blue Tag system showed considerable improvement it was still very unsatisfactory; and it could not be otherwise, for at best it is slow besides being subject to all the contingencies and causes of delay and irregularity to which railroad freight transportation is liable. Some idea of the beneficial results to be realized from the change, which went into effect on the first day of last October, may be gathered from the Postmaster General's announcement considered in connection with the foregoing explanation.

The announcement reads in part "that on October 1, 1921, the Post Office Department will reestablish the practice of shipping all monthly, semi-monthly, and bi-weekly periodicals by mail instead of by freight. This will speed up delivery of these periodicals to subscribers." And far from increasing the expense, Postmaster General Hays says that by this improved system the Government can save approximately $268,000 a year in force, rent and drayage. His explanation is that the basis of railway compensation for carrying the mails has been changed from the weight to the space method, and that transportation charges by freight have largely increased. Almost a thousand publications and millions of their subscribers are affected by this more expeditious and reliable service.

Danger from Open Wells

"IN traveling through the country," writes A. L. Potter of Independence, Kansas, "I am surprised at the great number of open wells, and wells with only a trap-door or loose cover, which are a constant source of great danger to the lives of the children on these farms." He expresses the opinion that this dangerous condition is allowed to exist through thoughtlessness on the part of the owners, and asks us to print an editorial warning. This we gladly do, for we frequently read or hear of fatal accidents due to the cause he mentions.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

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Her New Year Resolution

By Zelta Almeda Matthews

See front cover illustration.

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THE sun, peering through uncurtained windows, revealed discolored, splintery floors, tattered wall-paper, and a confusion of packed boxes of household goods just left by the moving men. A narrow ray of sunlight slanted in at the windows of the kitchen, where my husband and I were having our late breakfast at a small table. We were now face to face with our situation. This old, shabby house, which we had often jestingly called "the family relic," had become our refuge in an adversity of fortune. Our luxurious home in a fashionable part of town had been sold, and we had moved here simply because we had no other place to go.

I looked across the table at Robert's pale, tense face, and as we gazed into each other's eyes, we knew that we were both, for the moment, beaten in our struggle to keep up courage.

"Never mind, dear," said Robert presently, pushing aside his untouched plate, "we will soon find a buyer for this house, and with the money we will start over again, even if it is in a small way."

"Yes,—but, oh, Robert, it does not seem as if there ever again could be anything in life for us. We shall have to live so plainly, and scrimp, and save, and do without almost everything! Why, it is all so shabby and dirty,—and—and——." The long restrained tears burst forth.

"It will be only a little while, Eloise, and we have always said we could be happy on a desert island, if we only had each other," he said, stroking my hair gently.

"But——this!" with a wave of my hand at the shabbiness everywhere about us. "It would be easier on a desert island, far easier," I declared firmly.

"We will tell no one where we are living," proposed Robert, "and we can move from here, in a few weeks probably. Then——" But his imagination failed to penetrate beyond that point in our future.

"I wonder," I said thoughtfully, "if anyone will care about us now that we are poor. We had hosts of friends, but how many have we now, I wonder?"

This thought, which had lurked in my mind since our financial failure, a month ago, now proved unendurable, and rising from the table, I plunged into the day's work awaiting me.

From this first day in the old house, our way of living underwent a complete change. We let almost no one know where we lived, which shut off all social life and the joy of being with sympathetic friends. And we went absolutely nowhere. We had not even the simplest forms of recreation or amusement. We put in order only two or three rooms for our temporary use. We settled into an attitude of waiting, postponing every pleasure until we should move.

Finding ourselves outside the boundaries of our former methodical ways, we went to the other extreme. Our house on the Avenue, with its burglar-alarm devices and steel-barred basement windows, was tight and safe. But in this old house, with its rotten wooden shell, we were afraid—of burglars and of fire.

"If you *will* sit up, Robert, then so shall I," I declared, and I did—until to or three o'clock in the morning, sometimes later, to be sure everything was safe. This brought our breakfast about noon, and dinner at any hour up to midnight.

Weeks and months dragged by, but the house did not sell.

"How much longer shall we be in this dreadful place?" I would ask.

"Probably not more than two or three weeks," Robert would answer. "I have someone in view now who I'm almost sure will buy it."

"Well, then," I would reply hopefully, "just as soon as we move, we will really 'live' again."

But our isolation, as one month succeeded another, began to have its harmful effect on us, for we were simply "ordinary" people, interested in and liking many things, but with no especially absorbing interest to keep our minds alert and eager, and prevent our getting into the rut which excessively monotonous living invariably produces. We brooded constantly over our situation, but could see no way out. Robert was now at home all of the time. Our whole thought became engrossed with petty details of the house. We grew unhappy and irritable. Trifles assumed gigantic proportions. We had no housemaid, and I prepared elaborate meals, that Robert might choose from the different viands what most appealed to him. The decision as to what we should have for dinner became of tremendous importance. If a vegetable turned out badly, it was a tragedy; it was a calamity if the meat was a shade over- or under-done. I developed a habit of criticism and fault-finding, although I did not realize it then. All I saw was that Robert was becoming moody and cross. I tried, more than ever, to add to his comfort—not by striving for a different mental atmosphere, but by adding still more to my burden of housework, which already was beyond my strength. Everything about our manner of living was fatal to ambitious planning for a better future. We really were poor only according to our former standard of living. We could have lived much more comfortably. There was no reason for our sinking into such a way of living; but there we were. Furthermore, each of us now had various slight physical ailments, which, all put together, amounted to real ill health.

At the end of six months we were still in this house, our furniture not yet unpacked, and were living in the same unhappy way. Nothing held any interest for either of us. Days passed: life went on as in a dream.

We openly quarreled now. It was "Eloise" and "Robert" no longer; it was "you." Our life reacted on us according to our difference in temperament. He was domineering and morose; I was "on edge," sharp of tongue, and hysterical. Discovering that attacks of hysteria made Robert more sympathetic for a time, I indulged myself in them until warned by our family physician.

At last self-restraint reached its limit of endurance. Things had gone especially bad one day; one harsh remark led to another; all the irritability that had for so long been seething within us surged forth into words. Usually I got in the last word, but tonight, as Robert flung himself out of the small kitchen, in which we practically lived, he said, in a low, strangled voice: "Eloise I—I hate you—I never want to see you again. Tomorrow I shall go away,—and I shall never return." And the door slammed.

"I hope you *won't* return!" I screamed furiously after him.

We had quarreled frequently, but never anything like this before. The next day each apologized, miserably; and each miserably accepted the other's apology.

Now, I cared for my husband, and he cared for me. What was all this about? Nothing. It was simply the result of a wrong way of living, which had, following the sure course from cause to effect, developed a morbidness of mind that saw nothing in its true proportions. I think we both realized this even while we were swept along in its irresistible current. A real point of controversy might have been threshed out and the atmosphere cleared once for all. Morbidness is a disease of the mind,—a terrible one. It flays the very soul until it becomes so raw and quivering that all contact, even the kindliest, is agonizing. Only the morbid or super-sensitive can understand this. Yet there are thousands of such people, who brood, and hurt, and are hurt.

The remedy for a long-continued course of morbid thinking and feeling is complete change of thought, and for this help usually must come from the outside. It would have been well for Robert and me if someone could have pried us out of our environment, and set us down in pleasant surroundings, among cheerful, active-minded people. But there was no one to do this for us. Help, however, did come now. My Aunt Patsy, a woman of rare wisdom, and beloved by both of us, came to make us a visit. What she did not already know of our unhappiness, she quickly saw—for it was open to the eyes of the world. Robert she could not fully reach with her arguments, although he was pleased to have her with us. But so unstrung were my nerves that I was relieved to have someone else think and plan for me. We refused to leave home, so she set about getting us, or me at least, outside our four walls. She said plainly that we must find a way out, for both body and mind.

She remained with us several weeks. We took our meals at the hours which custom had established. We retired before midnight, regardless of possible burglars and fire. The housework was reduced to sensible proportions. She and I attended church, went to lectures, concerts and the theater. I called on neglected friends, and invited them to the house. Not that I had the faintest desire to do these things, but Aunt Patsy's will prevailed. Changes about the house followed in her footsteps. She ordered boxes unpacked, and a cheerful home began to take form. New and fashionable clothes were purchased for me. Mildly protesting that I was no child, nor an invalid, that my affairs should be taken in charge in this high-handed way, she answered gravely:

"Yes, dear, you *are* an invalid just now. But you won't be for long."

She bought magazines and some of the best of the so-called inspirational books. These latter aroused me more than anything else could. Aunt Patsy was quite "up" in all the most modern theories.

"I want you to understand the tremendous power of your thought over your mind and even on your body," said she. "Your ill health, and Robert's, is simply the result of depressed spirits. Happiness and health go together."

"But, Aunt Patsy, how can I change my *thoughts?*" I asked. "I can control my voice or my words, but my thoughts come and go as they please."

"You are wrong, Eloise. Nothing falls more quickly into habit than thoughts. The more you entertain any class of thoughts, the more spontaneously will that kind come to you. There are methods for the control of thoughts, and you must learn to use them. You can almost make your life what you will, through control of your thinking. Others have done this, and you, too, can do it."

"What are these methods?" I asked, still incredulous.

"Those that will be of most benefit to you just now, my dear, are what I shall call 'Substitution' and 'Suggestion'," she replied. "By 'Substitution' I mean simply substituting a desirable thought for an undesirable one. Thus, when you feel gloomy, you should in some way deliberately fill your mind with pleasant thoughts, shutting out the gloomy ones. You could read something interesting, or call on a friend, or chat with a cheerful-minded person over the phone. There is always something that a resourceful woman can think of to fit the need and occasion. There is nothing new about this method, except in this way: that it is to be regarded as a definite means to a definite, desired end, and is to be used intelligently and continually, and always instantly at the moment the need arises, before the undesired mood has established a foothold. This is not merely 'good advice' that I am giving you, but a method based on strictly scientific principles.

"By the method of 'Suggestion'," continued she, "I mean merely the suggesting to your mind of definite thoughts or trains of thought that you know will be beneficial to you."

She advised that I start each day by suggesting to myself that:

"Our home and financial position are quite satisfactory for the present."

"Robert loves me as dearly as I love him."

"I am a strong, well-poised woman, who will hold my entire life on a high level where no friction can possibly reach me."

"Nothing whatever can really harm me except as I allow it to harm me by believing in its power over me."

Aunt Patsy made it clear how a word or circumstance causes in me just such feeling as I allow it to, by the way I receive it.

"A thing that cannot be cured," said she, "must be endured. And there are only two ways of enduring,—with calmness and peace of mind, or in a spirit of futile resistance. If it *must* be endured, why not choose the pleasant way of non-resistance?"

Day after day I posed for the happy, poised woman that I wished to become. Before going to sleep at night, I always made a mental picture of the person I wanted to be, and of the home and life that I most desired; and trusted that what I thus began, in my own consciousness, God would complete in form for me. This not only gave me peace of mind, but by having my goal always before me, I took advantage of every opportunity to do even the smallest thing that might expedite its attainment. I tried to maintain a constructive attitude of mind, and never give lodgment to negative thoughts—of annoyance, disapproval, criticism, discouragement or worry. Thus, when it rained, I learned to say: "This is splendid for the crops in the country." When the sun shone, I said: "And now what a lovely day to be out of doors!"

It was at a New Year Eve party, given by old friends, that the crisis in my progress toward happiness came. On receipt of the invitation, Aunt Patsy promptly said:

"You and Robert really *must go.*"

That evening I resolved to turn over a new leaf in my book of life and cast completely off the cloud that had oppressed me for so long, and I was my old self again. Someone asked:

"Have you people been away the past year or so? No one has seen anything of you."

"Yes, we have been away," I answered deliberately, for we had indeed.

Throughout the evening Robert's gaze seldom left me. In my finery, bejeweled and resplendent, I knew I looked different to him. Excitement and pleasure brightened my dull eyes, dashed color into my pale cheeks, and gave a touch of gaiety and possibly of coquetry to my manner. It came over me with something of a shock, however, that feminine tricks and trappings could fascinate a middle-aged husband, while back-breaking scrubbing of the kitchen floor would not. I pondered it, and with some bitterness, too. Still I wished to be fair. To me it was a new Robert, quite unlike the one on whose account I had long regarded myself as a kitchen drudge. This was no complaining, cross husband; but a handsome man with charm and distinction of manner.

When Aunt Patsy was about to leave us, I suddenly felt a panic of distrust of my will power, so I got out a small Bible, and laying my two hands upon it, I took a solemn oath that I would continue this same sane course of living for at least one year. The task of dragging myself out of the pit that seemed about to swallow both Robert and me, took time, but it brought with it a degree of personal strength and poised self-reliance that I never had before.

We are living in this same house which is still somewhat shabby, but no longer cheerless. We have many guests. To our surprise, none of our former friends have been driven away by our lack of wealth, or the old house, or the unfashionable neighborhood.

"You know—we always have such a good time at your house, that I actually envy you it," bubbled a dear friend the other day.

We have been really "living", just as though we had not been expecting to move any day in the last *five* years! But the house is now sold—actually sold, and much brighter circumstances are in view for us; and it was Robert's change of mental attitude from despondency to cheerful activity, which dated from the New Year Eve party, that was the chief factor in retrieving his fortune.

Robert and I are nearer and dearer to each other than ever before. Our experience brought us a new humility before each other; there is a tolerance and deference in our relations with each other that we never knew before. How to be happy with people we love, is a problem almost more difficult than that of how to get along with people we do not care for, and it is one that thousands of men and women are trying to solve. One thing I know, and that is: that only unhappiness can come when one excludes everything from life except the petty, sordid details of mere living. One must have new thoughts, and see other people. We are gregarious; that is the law, and so absolute is this law that it is said that were two persons shut up in a room in each other's company, isolated from sight, sound, and knowledge of the rest of the world, they soon would be at each other's throats.

Had I been a more experienced woman, or a stronger and wiser one, I could have found the way to happiness long before it became so difficult. But the hard struggle makes my victory so much the more precious to me.

Saffron Rose—A Slave Girl

By Yetta Kay Stoddard

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BEHIND the blue door near which stood the straightest larch in the poor hill village of Fochi of Kweichau was Li Lu, the rose-faced one, born.

Immediately that morning Chen O, her old father, hurried along the sun-blistered narrow Street of Many Small Houses, seeking to hide his shame from mockers; but Yue Ping, Li Lu's very young mother, lay laughing to see how that new first baby of hers screwed up its funny hungry mouth and wrinkled its bulging flower-petal brow.

"Not like the ugly mother you have got?" giggled Yue Ping. "But she, that so ugly one, is only one who loves you. Very much. And will marry you to golden prince. And you shall never, never, never, be slave girl."

Then, though the slowly passing air was hot, a strange iciness settled into the tips of Yue Ping's fingers, where they rested on Li Lu's impalpable cheek; a smile of perfect contentment, as of full understanding of the everlasting peace of Zen, lifted the corners of the lips of the little dead mother. At dark time the larch leaned at the window and whispered the babe to sleep.

And between the slave market and Chen O's gold greed there was no one to stand fighting, even so helplessly as Yue Ping would have fought, in defence of the personal rights of the rose-faced.

The azaleas blossomed pink and cheerful at the edge of the bean garden. They remained Li Lu's good friends and undertook the kindly office of perfuming her mean garments. She passed them going to and from the fountain which was in the side court of the Big House on Lily Hill, where Hui K'ung lived. In among the beeches and junipers! Dim vistas there of ponds and iris-bordered avenues! And the day's one lovely joy to Li Lu was the breathing-in of bloom madness; a joy doubled when she had also a look at Hui K'ung. These were near things far off, like the mountain that had one foot in the village itself and was yet so inaccessible. Li Lu could not hope to touch the hand of the high-born boy any more than she could expect to carry forth her old mending basket and sit sewing rags beside the august lotus pools; yet, in a manner, both the youth and the beauty of the world belonged intimately to her and she took them home, in imagination, to the blue door. And in her heart all through the pitiful drudgery that made her childhood a martyrdom, she considered them her very own, her very dearest.

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Li Lu's years were ten when famine touched Fochi of Kweichau; when Kow Chu, the old woman who drove her working hours, dropped dead. She had already grown tall and slender like her lullaby larch when Chen O returned to the village for the first time since Yue Ping laughed in death. On swift feet he came, having important business thoughts in his small head. Departing, richer by one hundred cash and a measure of barley, he left Li Lu a domestic slave in the kitchens of the Big House on Lily Hill.

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The child's slavery there was all bliss. Even the heavy wooden buckets, to lift which taxed her strength to the limit, became objects of her passionate affection. What then of the venerable lotus lilies? the wan tuberoses? the beautiful boy at study within the green pavilion? To Li Lu it was all like coming to her own place at last. From the window above her sleeping mat she looked down into the Street of Many Small Houses and felt immense sorrow for the free maiden she had been, coming and going by the bean garden, thanking the azaleas, getting angry so often at old Kow Chu.

One day as she struggled with a load Hui K'ung came running out and spoke god-like words to her.

"You are like a saffron rose trying to work!"

He lifted the bucket. For a moment he stood, smiling, a radiant, powerful being. The fragile girl's thin arms trembled, outstretched.

"I am your father's most ignominious little slave," gasped she, as she staggered blindly under the bucket's weight.

If the diamond-pointed sun had come down from the skies to her she could not have known greater exultation than in that moment. She ran to place cakes close to the blessed feet of the kind little gods who held her world's hopes, her soul's boldest secrets.

"To be Hui K'ung's!" she whispered, praying—but so softly that her own heart scarcely became aware of her foolish demand.

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The second famine reached Fochi.

Hui K'ung had long before gone far across eastern waters to learn the ways of the life of strange men in a strange world known as college. It was near San-Fran, Noon-Nye-Stay, this College. And his going had been death to the trust that had dwelt in the heart of Li Lu. The hateful little old gods had promised her everything and had given nothing. She offered no cakes, no supplications, to the liars. She dared turn her face away from them. Perhaps that was how she brought to Hui K'ung's father and his household, including all the other servants who did not run away, the sickness that made them go stiff and speckled them black and hideous.

Li Lu was alone. Very frightened, very remorseful, very sad, she was, until she sought out the room where Hui K'ung had once slept, and there found the little tasseled cap that he had worn on the occasion of the bucket lifting. Seeing that there were the most ridiculous slits in the precious old thing, she ran to fetch needles and threads and then sat sewing microscopic stitches into the silk, with her hopeless young hope bringing up the silly prayer words of other days,

"To be the slave of Hui K'ung!"

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"Li Lu!"

The girl started, arose, stood with eyes dutifully lowered in the presence of her parent, who, as before, had come on running feet into his native village.

"You very rose face."

The small head waggled as he presented the tainted gift of his flattery. She was his chattel again and he had long hated himself when he thought of the handful of cash and barley grains that had been his price for her, four years since. From that same San-Fran Noon-Nye-Stay that Li Lu knew of had come to him the news that there were cash in thousands for the kind of girl his daughter must have grown to be.

"Come," he commanded.

Leaving her basket, but with Hui K'ung's cap concealed within her sleeve, Li Lu followed Chen O down through the stricken village, out along dusty roads, through other towns, until they came to Siang, where the snorting iron horse dragged them down and down along the shining road that runs with the falling of Siang into Canton. Canton itself. That is where the rose-faced one first saw Hung Lung, the very ugly Dupont Street merchant prince, and his equally ugly lady, Hoey Wu; there took her initial lesson in the time-proven art of deceiving the U. S. Immigration officials at Angel Island. And there is where she stood for the last time with respectfully bowed head in the presence of her father. Between half-closed lids she saw stacks of bright yellow coins paid into his filthy hard hand, and guessed, most inaccurately, as to the cause of his silent mirth.

Always it had been easy for Li Lu to smile. Even when the bad gods had wronged her she could show her thin white teeth in d sion. Now she dimpled as Hoey Wu laid out such soft and silken garments as befitted the "daughter" of wealthy Hung Lung. The slave's garb Li Lu kicked into a corner and laughed to see Chen O, actuated by life-long habits of frugality, gathering up the worn rags and slipping away to add, by their sale, a few cash more to his new fortune.

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On boarding the junk that was to take Hung Lung and his "family" over to the steamer awaiting at Hong Kong, a young white man brushed Li Lu's sleeve. She threw out her hand, involuntarily, and he put a card into it. There was in his eyes that which made the girl keep the strip of paper with Hui K'ung's cap, hidden close, not shown to any of her traveling companions.

All across the Pacific Li Lu rehearsed her new *role* to Hoey Wu and Hung Lung.

"Me Me Sang. My father Hung Lung. My mother, Hoey Wu. We come last spring from San-Fran to pay respect to my father's old father, to the ancestors. We go back now to San-Fran. Me Sang born Dupont Street, San-Fran."

And while Li Lu was replying thus, in anticipation, to the stupid questions that would be asked by the stupid Fan Kwel, the Immigration officials, Hung Lung would show the paper from San-Fran, telling all about his respectable family's going to Canton and giving the three of them permission to return to their respectable place of business in Chinatown.

"Where the real Me Sang? Dead?" asked the slave girl one day. Luxurious environment and indulgent treatment emboldened her to put the question.

"Me Sang married in Canton Chang Fu. Me Sang never go back to San-Fran," explained Hoey Wu, with much wise nodding.

* * * * * * * *

Smile, Li Lu. Be happy in silken softnesses, breathing your unanswerable prayers to the good, kind little gods, once more now. Believe for a while that you are going to find Hui K'ung, to give him back his mended cap, to talk with him in San-Fran of the beeches and junipers and the irises, at Lily Hill above Fochi. What awaits is a frightful awakening, a hideous shack in a hideous alley, where shall come Peek Noe, fat and old and hard on her slave girls always; and if out of Peek Noe's profits of the many years she shall pay Hung Lung the three thousand and five hundred dollars she has agreed to give him for an unsullied rose-faced girl, she is sure of getting back and getting back and getting back all of those many thousand dollars' worth. Better the loneliness of the Big House, Li Lu. Much better to be lying with the others, dead, there.

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"Oh, yes. Me Sang. I remember her well, your daughter. Cracky, she's grown these last months, Hung! It's a wonder you didn't marry her off to a Chinese dukeen or something," said Hecky McDoon, Immigrant Inspector at San Francisco, grinned as the Hung Lung party gathered up its bundles and went down with the long line of returning celestials. No question about that trio, he felt sure, and he turned to ballirag a couple of naturalized truck gardeners, anxious to get quickly to their homes in the Sacramento Valley.

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Peek Noe felt the texture of the saffron cheek. It was the place that Yue Ping had touched fourteen years before, when the cold crept into her loving fingers and stayed their gentle caressing.

"Very thin," commented Peek Noe.

"It is the long journey. Here she will soon be fat again," promised the bargainer, Hung Lung. "Have you the money now? Maybe I bring her again tomorrow?"

"There is too much danger in the streets. The missionaries watch my business too closely of late. I will pay now, here. Three thousand."

"Three thousand five hundred is the price agreed."

"Three thousand two hundred is all I can get today."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7.)

Stella Rosevelt

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



The old gentleman bent a keen glance upon the speaker at this.



Star with a startled glance, turned and confronted them.



It is needless to say that the fascinated girl accepted his invitation.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A terrible storm at sea and from a steamer running between Liverpool and New York only five escape seasickness. Among them is Stella Rosevelt Gladstone, an orphan and on her way to some distant relatives in New York. She is befriended by an elderly man, Jacob Rosevelt, who is startled when he learns her mother called her "Star," her grandmother giving her the name. A fire breaks out and she saves valuable papers. The boats are rapidly filled. Stella refuses to go unless room is made for Mr. Rosevelt, who the next day suffers from an ill turn and is carefully nursed by Stella. The sixth day they are rescued. Mr. Rosevelt is told of the care Stella gave him during his illness and while thanking her a young man approaches and Mr. Rosevelt introduces Archibald Sherbrooke, whose home is in Derbyshire where Star's father preached. Star's shawl becomes loosened and not finding the pin, Mr. Sherbrooke draws one, an exquisitely carved stone, from his necktie, and Stella pins the shawl and then tells the story of the wreck and her endeavor to save Mr. Rosevelt's life. Arriving in New York, Mr. Sherbrooke regrets the loss of her address—he would call before his return to England. He hopes they will meet again and will she always consider him her friend. He places a card in her hand with his address upon it. Stella, remembering the pin, passes it to him. He begs her to keep it as a souvenir. Wishing she had something to give, he will accept a lock of her hair. Stella is met by Mrs. Blunt, Mrs. Richards' housekeeper, who hurries her away, much to Mr. Rosevelt's disappointment. Stella receives a cool reception from her aunt who had written she would befriend and educate Stella until able to care for herself and learns she is to take the place of Maggie Flynn and to be degraded to the level of a common servant. Resenting it, she asks her aunt if her father, from what she wrote him, had any idea she was to come into the family as a servant. Mrs. Richards does not relent, and insists she fills Maggie Flynn's place or none. Stella appeals to Mr. Richards, giving him the letter written by her father to Mrs. Richards and her reply. Stella's father is anxious to provide a home and begs Mrs. Richards to have the care and education of his daughter, since she once professed friendship for Stella's mother in saving her life from drowning. Stella has one hundred pounds. Could she not use it and then teach, relieving his wife of all responsibility? Mrs. Richards is surprised at Stella's suggestion and Mr. Richards makes arrangements for her to attend a select school, she giving a part of each day to household work. By close application Stella wins, at commencement, a part in the class exercises and surprises Mr. Richards, who is present, by her instrumental music, essay and promotion to the senior class. He tells his wife she has done the last day's work in the house. Josephine, admiring the cameo worn by Stella, suggests she give it to her, as her wardrobe does not correspond with it. Going to Stella's room and finding the cameo, Josephine takes it and discovers the initials "A. S". Stella misses the cameo and surmises who has it. In the meanwhile Mr. Richards receives a letter from Mrs. Richards' Uncle Jacob. He has lost all, is penniless and will accept the home that was offered him when rich. Mrs. Richards refuses to receive him, the house is full, and Mr. Richards is left troubled.

CHAPTER X.

THE UNWELCOME GUEST.

ON the very evening of the day of that spirited discussion between Mr. and Mrs. Richards regarding the coming of the latter's uncle, a railway carriage stopped before the door of their mansion, and an old man alighted.

He was dusty and travel-stained; his hair and beard were white as snow; his clothing—a common business suit—considerably the worse for the wear; while he wore a dark green vizor or shade over his eyes, and appeared both weary and feeble.

He inquired of the servant who answered his ring for Mrs. Richards, and was told in an indifferent, almost impudent manner that she was "engaged."

"Humph!" ejaculated the visitor, lifting the green shade and giving the man a keen look; "where is your master?"

"In the library," was the rather more respectful answer.

"Show me the way there," commanded the stranger, authoritatively; and the servant turned with a subdued air to obey him, recognizing at once his superior in spite of the travel-stained, shabby clothing.

Mr. Richards received his wife's relative with every appearance of cordiality, although there was a restraint in his manner which could be felt rather than explained.

"Ah, Uncle Jacob!" he said, as he shook him by the hand and took his hat from him; "we hardly thought you could arrive quite so soon. I should have looked for you tomorrow, however. Sit down—sit down; and, John," turning to the man who had shown him in, "tell Mrs. Blunt to fix up a nice little supper and send it in here on a tray."

"Don't put yourself out, George; anything will do for tonight. I am more tired than hungry," the old man said, sinking into a luxurious chair with a weary sigh, and removing the green shade entirely from his eyes.

Mr. Richards fidgeted and looked uneasy.

He knew that there was not a room in the house that his wife would give up; every one had been arranged for company who were expected or had already arrived, and he was at his wits' end to know what to do with him.

"Uncle Jacob" poor and ill was an entirely different character from "Uncle Jacob" rich and prosperous.

But he sat chatting socially with him until Mrs. Blunt appeared with a tray and served a tempting little meal, which the old gentleman ate with evident relish.

"I was more hungry than I thought," he said, when at length he had finished his second cup of tea, eaten the leg of a chicken and a couple of rolls. "Now, if you please, I should like to be shown to my room, for I have traveled a long distance today. But—where is Ellen? I should like to exchange greetings with her before I go."

"Ahem!" began Mr. Richards, feeling extremely uncomfortable. "Ellen has a house full of company tonight; if you could excuse her, and wait until tomorrow——"

"Certainly—certainly," the old man said hastily, but in a disappointed tone; for his niece had always been the first to greet him and express her delight at his coming heretofore.

"And," continued his host, growing very red in the face, "I am very sorry, but—every room in the house is taken. Would you mind sleeping at the lodge until we can make a place for you?"

The old gentleman bent a keen glance upon the speaker at this.

He saw his embarrassment, marked his averted eye and shamefaced air, and mistrusted something of its cause.

"Sleep at the lodge?" he repeated, in a peculiar tone. "Oh, no; I've just come from Henry's, where I slept over the stable. They had a 'house full of company,' too. Is the lodge far from here? You know I've never been in this house before."

"About two minutes' walk; I will go with you and see that you are made comfortable. It is too bad that things should happen so," Mr. Richards said, with real regret, as he saw how weary the traveler was, and he had half a mind to ring and command that he be shown into one of the guest chambers in spite of his wife's objections.

"Never mind, George; I shall sleep just as well there as here, no doubt," and he arose as if anxious to get away.

"Where is your baggage? I will attend to having what you need sent down," Mr. Richards remarked, as he took up his hat to accompany him.

"I have nothing but a small valise," was the reply. "You know I wrote you that I had been very unfortunate. I was on board the ——— that was lost last fall, and everything I had on board went down."

"On board the ——— were you?" cried Mr. Richards, in surprise, and glad of any change in the subject of conversation. "Why, then, you must have known Star, as she was also on that steamer."

"Star—Star Gladstone, do you mean?" eagerly inquired Mr. Rosevelt, for it was he, as doubtless the reader has surmised before this.

"Yes, Star, or Stella Gladstone, is her name."

Mr. Rosevelt sat down again, his face full of interest and animation now, and forgetting his weariness for the time in his desire to learn something of the beautiful girl to whom he was so deeply indebted.

"Where is she?" he asked. "What do you know—what can you tell me about her?"

"She is here in this house," Mr. Richards answered. "She is the child of one of my wife's relatives who resided in England, and Ellen, upon learning that she was an orphan, and homeless, consented to have her come here," he concluded, trying to make the best of a very poor story.

"I never expected to hear anything of her again, but I am very glad to know that she is here," Mr. Rosevelt said, with evident emotion. "She saved my life during that awful time, almost at the sacrifice of her own. It would, perhaps, have been better had she not exerted herself in my behalf so much. It is not a pleasant feeling to know that one is regarded as an incumbrance and a burden," he continued, with some bitterness; "but I shall never forget her heroism while I live. She nearly starved herself to death to keep life in me."

"I am astonished at what you tell me," returned Mr. Richards, feeling a deeper interest in Star than ever before.

"She must be a pleasant addition to your family, George; she was a very attractive girl."

"Ahem!" that gentleman replied, avoiding the keen eye fixed upon him. "Yes; she is a smart and talented girl; she will make a fine woman, without doubt. Would you like to see her tonight?"

"No; I believe I am too tired. I will go to the lodge now, if you please. I can see her tomorrow;" and the old man rose again.

Mr. Richards led the way from the room, getting his baggage from the hall, and then took him through the dining-room to lead him out by a side door.

As they passed through the hall, sounds of music and laughter came to them from the drawing-room; and had any one been watching Mr. Rosevelt closely, he might have seen his lips curl with something like scorn, and his eyes gleam indignantly, in spite of his weariness.

As Mr. Richards opened the outside door leading out upon the veranda, a slight figure sprang up from the step, and Star, with a startled glance, turned and confronted them.

A look of surprise swept over her face as she saw Mr. Richards' companion; then, with a low cry of joy, she darted forward and seized Mr. Rosevelt by the hand.

"Oh, sir," she said, tremulously, "I was afraid I should never see you again! How glad I am to meet you once more!"

Mr. Rosevelt recognized her at once, and recognized, too, the heartiness and sincerity of her welcome. There was nothing forced or constrained about either her words or manner.

"Ah, Miss Star, I am as glad to see you as you can possibly be to see me," he said, shaking her hand warmly. "I little thought," he went on, "that when you and I were faring so poorly together that we were bound for the same place. I intended then to come here before this. Why did you not tell me that you were a relative of Mrs. Richards?"

"I did not think much about it, sir, or that my destination could interest you," she said.

"Tut, tut, child!" he said gently; "anything connected with you would have been of interest to me after your kindness to me. I was deeply disappointed to find you gone when I went to seek you; but they told me that some one had come and taken you away, so I was forced to go my way also. Well," he concluded, smiling, "I have found you now, and I shall not lose sight of you again."

"But are you going away now, sir?" Star asked, glancing at the bag Mr. Richards was carrying, and which had the initials "J. R." painted upon it.

"No; only to the lodge for sleeping accommodations, as there is no room in the house for me."

"No room in the house for you?" Star repeated, in astonishment; but something in Mr. Richards' face warned her that all was not as he would wish, and she added, flushing: "I wish you would take my room, then; for I can sleep very nicely on the lounge in the sewing-room."

"No, thank you, Miss Star," Mr. Rosevelt returned; "I will go to the lodge until there is room for me in the house. You are as kind and self-sacrificing as ever, I perceive, but I will not deprive you of your room. Good night, my child; I shall see you tomorrow."

He laid his hand in a tender, caressing way on her head; then went out with Mr. Richards, whom he enlightened still further regarding that eventful voyage which he and Star had made together.

She stood still in the doorway looking after them, a puzzled expression on her face, a gleam of indignation in her large blue eyes.

She had heard Mrs. Richards telling Josephine something about "Uncle Jacob" that afternoon after leaving her husband.

The name had made her think of Mr. Rosevelt, and he had been in her thoughts most of the time since; but she had not imagined that they were referring to him, or that he was a relative of the family. Now she saw that he was the "Uncle Jacob" to whom she referred, but she could not understand his being sent out of the house to sleep.

"No room in the house! What can they mean?" she murmured, with tingling cheeks, for she knew of three unoccupied beds that he might have had as well as not.

To be sure they had been made up for company that was expected, but the visitors would not arrive for a day or two, and it seemed such an inhospitable thing to send that old man away down to the lodge, with its close, small rooms, to sleep.

"I hope I shall never be rich if it would make me hard-hearted like that," she said, with indignation. "I would prefer to struggle all my life with poverty, and have a kind and generous heart—one that can feel for others in trouble and sorrow. How tired and ill he looked, too," she went on, recalling his pale face and drooping attitude, "and he is such a splendid man!"

CHAPTER XI.

FILTHY LUCRE.

The next morning word was brought from the lodge that Mr. Rosevelt was quite ill, and not able to come up to the mansion for his breakfast.

"Breakfast, indeed!" muttered Mrs. Richards, with a toss of her proud head; "as if he supposed he was going to be invited to sit at the table with my fashionable guests in his shabby clothes."

She had received a full account of his arrival and appearance from her husband the night previous, after Mr. Rosevelt's departure for the lodge.

Mr. Richards went at once to see him, and to give orders to Mrs. Mellen, the wife of the gardener, to do everything for his comfort.

Later, his wife, with much inward fretting and fuming, followed his example, not because she had any desire to see him or felt in any way anxious about him, but to save unpleasant remarks and comments.

She met her uncle with anything but a cordial greeting, and which, even in the midst of his suffering, he could not fail to feel keenly.

"I am very sorry, Uncle Jacob, that you are ill, especially as I am full of company just now, and cannot personally give you the attention that you ought to receive," she said, trying to speak sympathetically, but failing utterly.

"Never mind me, Ellen. Mrs. Mellen seems very kindly disposed, and will, no doubt, do all that is necessary for me. I am sorry to be a burden to you in my misfortune, but you have always been so kind to me, urging me so cordially to come to you at any time, that I thought you would be glad to see your old uncle under any circumstances," the old man said, regarding her closely while he was speaking.

"I hope you will soon be better," Mrs. Richards returned, evasively.

"Thank you," he returned, coldly. "Do not allow my condition to cause you any anxiety. I am very comfortable. It is very quiet here, and I shall doubtless do very well."

"Yes; you will be more quiet here than up at the house, where there are so many people and so much going on," she replied, eagerly seizing this pretext for keeping him where he was. "And," she added, "if you need anything, Mrs. Mellen can attend to all your wants."

As she went rustling out of the room and downstairs in her rich attire, her aged and dependent relative lay back in his chair, with a darkening brow and a pale, pained face.

"Money! money! money!" he muttered. "No one is of much account in this world without plenty of the filthy lucre. If I had come here as I used to, with plethoric pockets instead of an empty purse and shabby attire, no one would have been sweeter or more delighted to see 'dear Uncle Jacob' than Ellen Richards. And it was just the same with Henry and his family. When I could make them costly presents and shower favors upon them—when I was 'Jacob Rosevelt, the millionaire'—no trouble was too great, nothing too good for me. It is a cold-hearted, selfish world, no one is to be trusted."

"May I come in?" asked a gentle voice behind him, after a few minutes; and, turning, he saw two blue eyes gleaming at him from beneath soft curls of sunny hair, a pair of red lips smiling upon him, while a slight, graceful figure, daintily clad in a pretty, blue lawn gown, stood in the doorway, waiting for his permission to enter.

Jacob Rosevelt's sad face involuntarily brightened at the sight of this attractive picture, and he said, hastily:

"Well, well, child, I believe you are rightly named, for you come like a veritable star into the gloom of my life. Star Gladstone—it is but an index to your character, for you both brighten and cheer. Of course you may come in."

"Thank you," Star said, laughing, and advancing to his side. "I did not expect to be so highly complimented when I came out. I have brought you this lovely spray of oleanders, which the gardener gave me from the conservatory," and she held up her little vase containing the bright, fragrant blossoms. "And here," she continued, "is a dish of the most delicious raspberries you ever tasted, every one picked by my own fingers," and she held up her right hand, showing her slender fingers stained by the rosy fruit.

Mrs. Mellen entered at this moment, bearing a little tray with a tempting lunch spread upon it.

Star wheeled a small table to the invalid's side, spread a spotless towel, which she found upon the rack, upon it, and then deftly arranged the dishes in the most tempting way before him, putting the oleander blossoms in the center and the raspberries just under his nose, where he could not fail to get their delicious odor and long to eat them.

"There," she went on, smiling, and tossing her hat upon a chair, "I believe I am hungry myself, and if you will allow me to pour your tea, I think I could eat a slice of Mrs. Mellen's delicious bread and butter with you afterward. You don't often see such bread as that, I can assure you, and I frequently run down here and beg her to give me some."

The young girl shot a smiling glance at the woman as she spoke, and the woman's face beamed with pleasure at the tribute to her skill.

"Bless you, child!" Mr. Rosevelt said, as he unfolded his napkin and drew nearer the table, "the sight of your bright face and the smell of your berries have given me an appetite already. Sit down, sit down; my tea will taste ten per cent. better to be poured by your fair hands, and while we eat you shall tell me how it has fared with you during the past year. I see it has not changed you at heart; you are the same as when we parted, and you were as ready as ever last night to sacrifice your own comfort for a poor old man."

Star blushed. She felt almost as guilty, knowing that there had been room for him in the house as if he had been the one to turn her away.

"I knew these rooms were low and close, while my room, although rather high up, was much more airy; besides, you looked too tired and ill to walk way down here," Star explained, with some embarrassment.

"Your own is rather high up, is it? How high?" he asked, giving her a keen glance.

"It is in the third story," she answered, flushing again.

"Ah! one would be apt to get good air in that latitude," said Mr. Rosevelt, dryly. "Now tell me," he added, "what you have been doing since I saw you."

Star gave him an account of her life at school, omitting for several reasons to speak of the fate which had been intended for her, and said just as little as she could in connection with Mrs. Richards and her haughty daughter, or their treatment of her. She told him of her music, of the books she had read, and what her plans for the future were when she should graduate at the end of another year.

She spent more than an hour with him, and when at length she left him, he was apparently much cheered and a good deal better for her visit.

She went every morning afterward while her

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

LAST January when a Sisters' Pin was suggested, it was partly promised that we might have one if enough seemed in favor of it. The letters during the past year have been so encouraging that it is being considered and will be ready for use before long. Various designs were contributed and from these composite ideas we will evolve a COMFORT Friendship Circle pin, an inexpensive affair so far as money value goes perhaps, but priceless in all that it stands for—friendship and the desire to best serve one another.

Of course there was some expense incurred in the initial cost of this pin—having design made and die cast, etc.—and I assumed the responsibility of this, to a certain extent, by saying that I felt sure that enough pins would be ordered as a premium to make it worth while. I'm hoping every one of you will back me up in this. I dislike very much to have anyone say, "I told you so." However, it isn't compulsory,—you are just as much one of us whether you have a pin or not—and I'm not even expecting you to do it but I hope you will *want* to.

As has been said before, it makes me quite unhappy to be unable to print all the interesting letters received. For a while I tried writing little notes of explanation to those whose letters were not used, but to have kept that up would have meant doing nothing else, to say nothing of all the postage required. It doesn't seem fair for the writer of a perfectly good letter to have no recognition at all, so, beginning with this issue, and from time to time, so far as space will allow, the names of persons writing to this department will be published. Nom de plumes are not included.

Please regard this as my individual handshake and personal welcome. Not that I consider myself more important than anyone else but I happen to be the fortunate hostess to the largest and best Circle in the world. Let's work together for its good.—Ed.

INDIANA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

It's no use for me to tell how much I enjoy our paper. Everyone knows, if we take COMFORT we enjoy every line of it. I have never visited you before but it was not because I did not want to but rather lack of courage. I haven't the greatest store of that great helper, courage, anyway.

My letter is to one and all but especially to the Old Maids. I am one, but am writing to tell you how I have made my life worth while. I will begin back twenty years ago. Father and Mother died within a month of each other and I, at sixteen, realized I was entirely alone with an unfinished education. I decided that a nurse's training was the best education I could have and I had grown to love taking care of the sick, during mother's long illness. Four years later found me a graduate nurse, and engaged, but the Great Reaper called Death needed him, and this old, dreary world, to me then, and I lost one of the finest of young doctors. I then decided to work outside of the hospital and needed a home. I bought a small house and six lots in the suburbs of a city, paying a small amount down and the balance in small, very small, payments. Then I adopted a mother from a Widow's Home. That was the best thing I ever did for myself. She was sixty years old and true gold from the crown of her white head to the tips of her toes, and such a mother! She kept my little home so that it was a pleasure for me to come home. She was happy and I found life worthwhile. Often for six weeks at a time I was gone but she crocheted, pieced quilts, and read COMFORT. She often sold her work but I would not let her use her money in the home. What jolly times we had. One day we visited an orphanage and borrowed a little fellow of three years. He was so much company for mother that we kept him. Today he is nine years old and I have been repaid a thousand fold for the little expense of clothes, music and other things that go with the education of a child. He is a loving little fellow. Mother has gone to her reward which will surely be a rich one and again this old world is dreary but the dear and loving mother lays beside her Civil War hero and Robert and I are alone. But we are going to have a new mother some of these days and I know all the sisters join in wishing me as good a mother as the one that is gone.

Now sisters, my orphan life has known a mother and my childless life has known a child's love, which has been the greatest thing in my life. Just because you have no money left you is no sign you should not have a home of your own. Just because God sees fit to leave you an orphan is no sign you must remain so. Just because God has taken your intended life's partner away is no sign you should not have a dear little Robert like mine. God has robbed me of a lot but He has provided a substitute for nearly all. All but the fine doctor I lost sixteen years ago. None of our fine bachelor friends need apply for my address—even if you should be so inclined, for I'm really too busy to answer letters. I am beside a very sick patient now who is so nervous that the scratch of a pen would annoy her, therefore I am writing with a pencil.

If I am welcome I will come again and tell you of my work in France, which was very interesting.

YOUR OLD MAID SISTER.

Old Maid Sister.—You have the best kind of courage, the kind that makes the best of any situation and helps others while being helped yourself. I can imagine how that adopted mother felt toward you and how little Robert must worship you. Indeed we do want to hear from you again. —Ed.

COLLINSVILLE, BOX 825, OKLA.

DEAR FRIENDS OF COMFORT:

I have been sitting back here for twenty years, reading the fine things in COMFORT, and this is the first letter I have ever tried sending in. I read the letters from all and they are helpful and entertaining. I gain so many good thoughts from "Crumbs of Comfort," and am especially interested in "Poultry Farming for Women," as I have started raising chickens for profit. And I wish to ask some of the friends who are interested in poultry to write me. Would especially like to hear from some unemcumbered middle-aged lady who is fond of such work. Will answer all letters.

Yours for success, MRS. J. F. ROGERS.

CHAZY, N. Y.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Will you give a "tiny" place in the "COMFORT'S" Sisters' Corner to a newcomer? This is my first letter to COMFORT although I have been reading it for six months.

I'm from the Empire State, 'way back north. Have lived here 'most of my young life. I lived ten months in the state of Rhode Island, from Jan. 15th until Nov. 7th of last year. On that day I traveled back to "old New York". I must say I did like the country and climate there, but what I admired most was the wages I was getting. I worked at the National India Rubber Co. during that time, and my wages were anywhere, up to twenty-eight dollars a week, but that wasn't all, I loved the work I was doing. We were on piecework, and some of us girls would rush to see who would get the most out during the day. I made thirteen dollars in one day, having taken out about sixty-five thousand feet of wire. My work was always good, I never had any that came back. When any work was bad, they would look up the number on the tag, and find out which girl did it, then she would have to take a knife and strip all the thread from the wire and run it all over again, so that's the reason why most of the girls were careful. We girls had thirteen braiders to take care of, that includes putting in reels (an iron reel having anywhere from one thousand to ten thousand feet of wire on it), and taking out telephone wire and lamp cord. Some we covered with silk, of all different colors, but the white silk was the most difficult to handle as we couldn't get a little spot on it. If we did, we had to take a knife and strip the silk off and run it all over again, besides putting a patch on. We had to do the same with all other colors, but it was not so hard. I did love my work and when I left I was sorry, but we were then going to be on a schedule of three days a week, so it would not pay to stay, not for people who were boarding out; there was "hubby", baby and I. We were boarding with my aunt and she was very good to my baby girl,—I would not leave her with anybody else. "Hubby" also worked in the wire department, but he made cables and had only two braiders.

Dear Mrs. Wilkinson, please find room for my letter in the Sisters' Corner so I may hear from some of the sisters. I dearly love correspondence and I will try to answer every letter and card sent me.

Love to all.

A sister of twenty-two, MRS. WM. J. CUMMS.

ENTERPRISE, R. R. 4, ALA.

DEAR COMFORT FAMILY:

Would you all mind giving me a little space for a chat with the sisters?

I think it is unfortunate when the husband and wife are divided in the opinions, like Undecided Mother and her husband. There are others who can express their ideas much better than I can on dancing, or any other subject, and we know that often children will go against their best teaching and do wrong no matter how well they are taught. I am not in favor of dancing because my father and mother taught us that dancing would lead to sin. I hope my girls and boy will not have talent that way. Of course there are worse things than being an actor or actress, but sin is sin.

I love to read all the letters in COMFORT and have my subscription paid two years in advance and try to get my neighbors to subscribe. Some say it costs too much while others say they haven't time to read it. I do all my house work, carry water quite a distance, send two children to school, crochet and tat, and read COMFORT. I am a widow. I read the Bible and religious books a good deal, so don't have much time to gossip. Ermina's letter reminds me of a story I heard one time.

There was a crowd of women together one evening and they did nothing but gossip and talk about their neighbors. Finally one of them said: "We ought to do like Aunt Polly, not talk about anybody." One of the others said she thought she could get Aunt Polly to say something mean about someone so next time they met and Aunt Polly was there they were discussing a man in the neighborhood who didn't look decent and who didn't work much. This woman said:

"Aunt Polly, isn't John the sorriest white man you ever saw?"

Aunt Polly thought it over for quite a while then said: "I know one thing, he's the best whistler I ever heard."

On the way home they came across a dead dog. This same woman began to tell what a mean dog he had been.

Aunt Polly said: "Hasn't he got pretty white teeth?"

She wouldn't talk about even a dog. I think it would be glorious if we would all follow Aunt Polly's method.

I would like to have letters from the sisters in different states. I'd also like the book, "The Little Marplot," but write first as I only want one copy. I have ordered it several times but always received something else.

I suppose Nelle is married and thinks so much of her husband that she has forgotten all about us. I wish she would write again.

I am five feet one inch tall and weigh 116 pounds so I haven't taken up much room. I have grey eyes, fair complexion and brown hair.

Good by and God's richest blessings upon all of you.

Your busy sister, MRS. MAUD PETTIS.

Mrs. Pettis.—Your Aunt Polly story is one of the best I ever heard. If only there were more Aunt Pollys in this world.—Ed.

IOWA.

DEAR SISTERS AND EDITOR:

Once more I will ask admittance. I am sad and happy this evening. I just saw my darling baby girl's picture in COMFORT, which I sent in some time ago. Then I was happy and had everything to live for. Not long after writing my husband was taken very ill with the flu and pneumonia (we were living in Colorado then) and after five weeks of suffering passed away to his Savior and the little boy we had lost a few years before, leaving a heart-broken wife and little Aileen. Today in reading over my letter published in COMFORT, and written quite a while ago, I thought I would tell the sisters what a comfort my baby was to me during my first months of grieving. In losing my husband I lost the best that life held for me but I still have my baby to live for. Not once did the thought of giving her up enter my head and today I would part with anything but my darling adopted baby. I hope you can understand what this motherless little girl has meant to me during my grief. I think it is a crime to mother a cat or dog and neglect the human race. There are plenty of folks who need our every help. I thought the first months of my sorrow that I could never get over it but I have found great comfort in helping others which has helped to ease the ache in my heart. Our Baby knows where Daddy is. She says in her baby way. "Asleep with Jesus, some day I see him." God bless her.

HAPPY MOTHER.

Happy Mother.—The pleasure of hearing from you again is diminished by the sad news your letter contains and though our sympathy is somewhat delayed, it is sincere, nevertheless. To repeat little Aileen's words is the most comforting thought I can give you.—Ed.

FRENCH CORRAL, CALIF.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I wish Mrs. Wilkinson would tie her Billy the Goat up so he will not get this letter for he must have been hungry last time I wrote.

Of course I like to read the sisters' letters: the babies' pictures always interest me, so I'm sending a snapshot, too. If it is not worthy of space Mrs. W. can look at it anyway. It shows Rex Ellsworth, 3½ years old, holding Audira Allison, who is five months old. They are both bottle babies but I did not order it so.

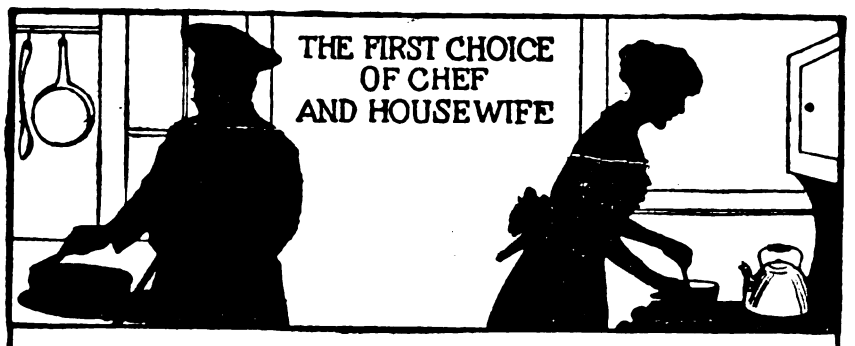
I wish Mrs. Wilkinson would tell us more about herself, and let us have that picture for which we have asked.

I put up one hundred and fifty quarts of fruit and several quarts of jelly for winter. I used to try my jelly in a saucer. Now I just watch until two drops form on the side of a wooden spoon, then it's done. So much easier and no waste.

I make serviceable aprons of 100-pound flour sacks, after the lettering is washed out and everyone says they are very pretty and they cost almost nothing. I make the front part in bib style, cut out under arms and end in sash to tie, about two inches wide. Over the shoulder to the back are the straps, two inches wide, sewed to the part that extends under the arms. The skirt part is one whole sack with selvedges on the side and is gathered to the waist. It has a hem and either rickrack braid or bias binding may be used to finish the neck and armholes. The two large pockets and front have large apples of pink and blue chambray, arranged in group of three or four, appliqued on, first basting, then chainstitching around, with a green chambray leaf on each side of the group. After one has the idea she can make up different designs. One of mine has pink roses instead of apples and when I get my clean, starched apron on over my gingham dress I feel dressed up. When I go to a neighbor's the large pocket comes in handy, to carry baby's bottle, etc. By the way, how many of you wear your housedresses short? I do and don't intend to go back to long skirts again. They are much easier to wash and iron and to wear, besides requiring less material. I do all my own sewing. My aprons are about one inch shorter than my dresses.

I love to get out in the hills and go out every chance I get. We leave the babies with their grandmother who is delighted to have them, then away to the hills we go. How many of the sisters ever went "bee hunting"? I went the other day but we didn't have any

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)



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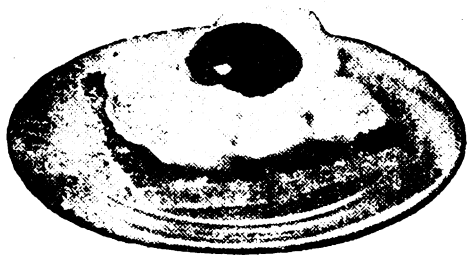
DORCHESTER MASSACHUSETTS

Booklet of Choice Recipes sent free on approval

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

ONE of these chilly winter mornings, try serving Queen's Toast to the family who may have gotten tired of "hard-boiled" or "three-minute" eggs. To be sure, it is only toast and egg, as illustrated, but so dainty and appetizing that it cannot fail to tempt even the most fussy member of the family. Then again, if you cannot procure fresh fruits for shortcakes, and most of us can't, use marmalade or jelly instead. A rather unusual shortcake recipe is given and illustrated below. I hope you like it.—Ed.

QUEEN'S TOAST.—Make thin slices of toast, butter generously and lay on individual plates. Allow one egg to each plate. Carefully separate the white from yolk, leaving the yolk in one-half of the shell so it will not get broken. Beat the white to a stiff froth and spread on toast. Slip the yolk onto the center, and set toast into moderate oven until the egg is cooked. Individual plates of hot hash topped with egg prepared in this way is very tempting.



QUEEN'S TOAST.

VEAL OYSTERS.—Cut lean veal into small sized pieces and cook in boiling water to cover till tender. Season with salt and pepper. Dip in crumbs and egg slightly beaten with tablespoon of water. Fry in hot fat. MRS. M. O. MACKINTOSH, Canton, Ill.

EASILY-MADE BROWN BREAD.—One cup molasses, two cups rye meal or graham flour, three cups Indian meal, four cups cold water, one large spoon vinegar, one heaping teaspoon soda, one heaping teaspoon salt. Mix the meals dry, then add the other ingredients, dissolving the soda in the vinegar mixed with a little of the water. Mix thoroughly and bake slowly four or five hours.

CINNAMON ROLLS.—One-half cup butter, one-half cup lard, one tablespoon sugar, white of an egg beaten to a stiff froth, one-half teaspoon cream tartar, one-fourth teaspoon soda dissolved in two-thirds cup milk, flour enough to mix quite stiff. Roll thin and cut in pieces four inches long and two and one-half inches wide, wet with milk and sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon through the center. Roll and bake in a quick oven.

LEMON CRACKERS.—One cup butter and two cups sugar beaten to a cream, two eggs, one teaspoon soda dissolved in two tablespoons of sweet milk, the grated peel of a lemon and one teaspoon of lemon juice. Knead very hard and roll very thin, and when baked the light may be seen through them.

COCOANUT COOKIES.—One cup sugar, one-third cup butter, one egg, two tablespoons milk, two and one-fourth cups flour, one level teaspoon cream tartar, one-half spoon soda, salt, one cup grated cocoanut.

SWEETBREADS.—Soak one hour in salt and water; boil in the same till cooked. Remove skins and cut in slices one-half inch thick when cool, and season each with pepper, salt and nutmeg, dip in egg and flour and fry in very hot butter; take up and keep hot. Add a little flour to the pan, and when brown add nutmeg and one tablespoonful each of vinegar and catsup. Let this boil up and pour over the sweetbreads.

FRENCH DRESSING.—One-half teaspoon salt, one-quarter teaspoon pepper, two tablespoons vinegar and four tablespoons olive oil. Mix ingredients and stir until well blended. This can be done by pouring into large bottle and shaking vigorously.

BROWN STEW.—For this dish the cheaper and less tender cuts of beef, such as the rump and round, can be used. Remove the meat from the bone and cut it into small pieces. Dredge with flour and cook in a small amount of fat until it is well browned. Add hot water, about one quart to every pound of meat; season well with salt, pepper and onion, and cook slowly for an hour. The meat should be very tender and the gravy thick. Tomato and other vegetables may be added while the stew is cooking.

SOUPS MADE FROM DRIED BEANS, PEAS OR COWPEAS.—There are a great variety of soups of high nutritive value that can be made from dried navy beans, black beans, lentils, cowpeas, or other legumes. The vegetables should be first soaked in water for several hours, overnight being usually the most convenient time. When they are thoroughly soaked, the water should be poured off and fresh water added. They should then be cooked until tender, with a little onion, celery, or other highly-flavored vegetable, and salt, then put through a strainer to remove the skins. The juice and pulp should then be either diluted or boiled down to the proper consistency for a soup and should be bound with a mixture of flour and butter, as milk soups are. An ounce of dried beans is very nearly equal in protein value to a glass of milk, although the protein is not so completely digested.

MOCK GOOSE.—Parboil a leg of pork, remove skin and rub meat well with butter; sprinkle with salt, pepper, powdered sage and cover with slices of onion. Make stuffing and cook with pork. Serve with apple sauce or cranberries.

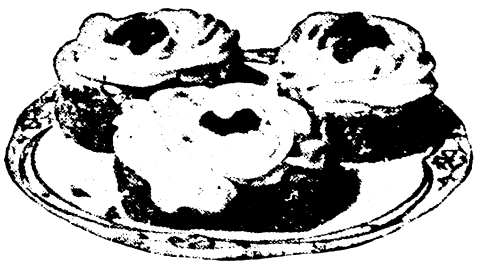
FRUIT CAKE.—One cup sugar, one cup molasses, two-thirds cup butter, three eggs, one teaspoon each of cloves, allspice, cinnamon, one teaspoon soda, two teaspoons cream tartar, three-fourths pound of raisins, three-fourths pound currants, one-half pound citron, one cup milk, three cups flour. Bake two hours in slow oven.

APPLE SAUCE FRUIT CAKE WITHOUT MILK.—One cup brown sugar, one and one-half cups apple sauce, two and one-half cups flour, one-half cup butter, one pound raisins, one teaspoon cloves, one teaspoon cinnamon, one teaspoon nutmeg, two teaspoons baking soda, one-half teaspoon salt, three tablespoons vinegar. Cream the butter and sugar thoroughly together, add apple sauce, flour, raisins, spices, salt and soda mixed with vinegar. Mix and pour into greased and floured cake tin, and bake in moderate oven one and one-half hours. —MRS. L., Millinocket, Maine.

KUMYSS.—Heat two quarts of milk to blood heat, 100 degrees. Add half a cake yeast and two tablespoons sugar dissolved in a little warm water. Let stand for two hours, then bottle and stand for six hours in a moderately warm room; then place on ice. Kumyss will keep four or five days if kept cold but it is better if made every day or two.—MRS. A. BUTORI, Meadeville, Mont.

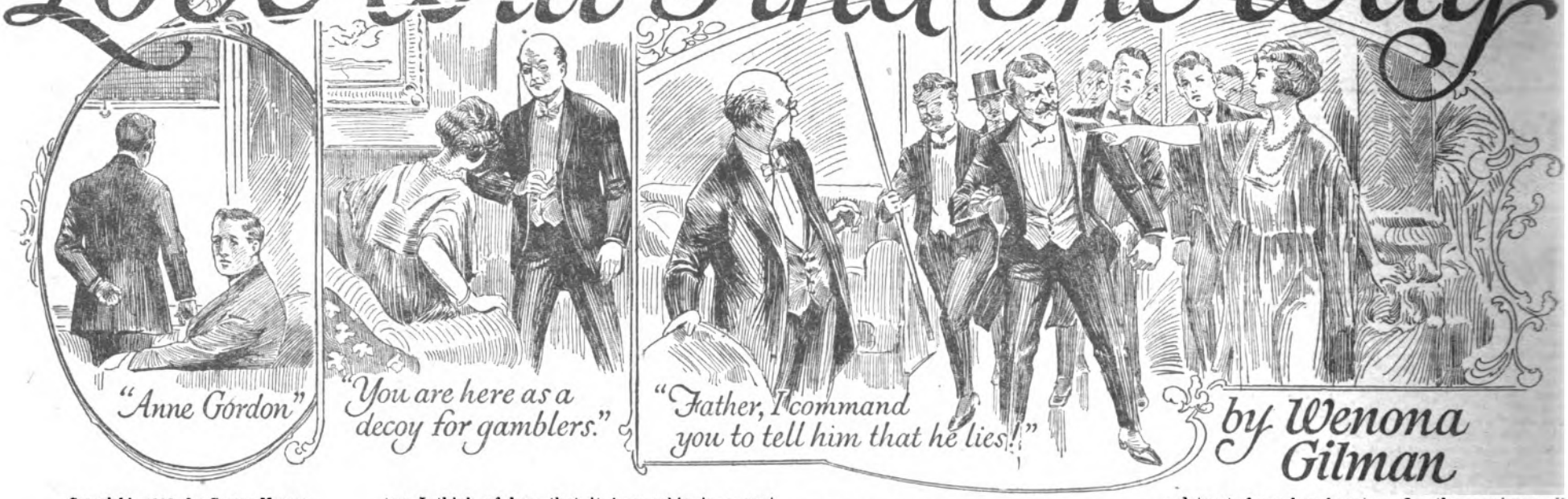
WHIPPED CREAM SUBSTITUTE.—Slice one banana for the whites of two eggs and whip until stiff. Flavor to suit taste. This makes an excellent substitute for whipped cream. To prevent fruit from settling to bottom in fruitcake, without rolling in flour or boiling, put fruit in before the flour is added and it will not settle.—MRS. MARGARET MOORE, Bosler, Wyo.

COOKED FRUIT SHORTCAKES.—Sift together two cups of sifted flour, one teaspoon of cream of tartar, and one-half teaspoon each of soda and salt. Beat one egg, add three-fourths cup of milk and one-fourth cup of melted butter and quickly stir in the flour, adding a little more milk if necessary. Turn out onto bread board, work into shape but do not knead, and very lightly roll to three-fourths of an inch thick. Spread with any kind of marmalade, thick jam or jelly, roll and cut into slices three-fourths of an inch thick. Bake until brown in a quick oven. Just before serving, cover each shortcake with an icing made as follows: Into the top of double boiler put one cup of granulated sugar, one unbeaten egg white and four tablespoons of cold water. Set into rapidly boiling water and beat with an egg beater until the icing is thick. Take from boiling water, add one teaspoon of flavoring and continue beating until firm enough to spread.



COOKED FRUIT SHORTCAKES.

Love Will Find The Way



by Wenona Gilman

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Junius Beckwith, a Westpointer, Anne Gordon, wealthy, Marian Reade, companion, friend and protegee of Anne Gordon, occupy a box at the Metropolitan Opera House. The curtain falls and Beckwith admits that "Lucia di Lammermore" has a depressing influence upon him and he cannot think of insanity without repulsion, no matter what the cause may be, and a marriage with either tainted, should be made a crime punishable by law. The next morning is Marian's birthday and deciding to go home, Anne Gordon, with a premonition that she ought to stay, exacts a promise, if any trouble comes, Marian will let her know first. Marian walks away and turning the corner meets June Beckwith and they go to the park. Remembering it is her birthday, he offers his love as a gift and asks her to be his wife. Happy in her love for June, Marian reaches home. Janet Reade, her grandmother, tells her that her mother is not dead but the inmate of a madhouse. What can she say to June? Hearing a voice, she answers to her father's call. He gives her a curious Venetian ring for a birthday gift, and questioning him where he got it he evades the answer and queries what Anne Gordon gives her. Showing the watch, her father berates Marian's friend. She might have given one thousand dollars, which he needs and will have. Marian, under the horror of all she hears, forgets all her grandmother told her, even forgets June Beckwith. Later in the night, recalling her promise to Anne Gordon, she goes to her home. A light flashed from a window opposite shows a rope hung from Anne Gordon's window, and in the window her father's face. Reaching home, Marian meets her father, tells him where he has been, and for no honest purpose, and demands that he return all he has stolen. He refuses, and only after her earnest pleading does he ask what she will do for him. Little dreaming the price she must pay, she asks for nothing but to serve him and she seals the promise upon her mother's Bible. Left alone, Paul Reade decides to keep one ring. Marian writes June she does not love him and that her soul is withered as much as the flower she encloses. Her father assures her he has obtained a position in the brokerage business and rented a house down town. June is stunned upon receiving Marian's letter and welcomes his friend, Fred Underwood, who tells him Paul Reade is a most unscrupulous villain and the house he has rented is a decoy for gamblers, that Marian is not as innocent as she appears. June cannot believe it, and Underwood will prove it to him if he cares to go. June calling upon Anne, she tells of Paul Reade's sudden wealth, and June, knowing where it comes from, as a friend, forbids Anne to go to Marian Reade's home. Going to the reception, Underwood requests Paul Reade to introduce Marian. In the meanwhile June appears with a message from Miss Gordon. He invites Marian for a waltz which she ends with Dick Gresham, the most notorious gambler in New York. The evening ended, Marian faces her father and asks who were those people. She receives no satisfaction from his answer—he expects her to receive them with courtesy, she has sworn to obey him. Anne begs Marian to come to her for a home, to divulge the secret that troubles her and she denies she has one. June Beckwith calls upon Anne, who defends Marian and with tears in her eyes pleads with him not to condemn her. If he never loved Anne before he thinks he does now and she is willing to be his wife. Marian speaks to her father of her mother and what has kept her from Marian all these years. She must see her. Her father refuses and Marian insists. There are those who will help. Paul Reade requests Ezra Morris, whose mother is hopelessly insane and confined in a house built especially for her, to allow Marian to visit her, believing she is her mother. Returning home she cries, "will the inheritance come to her?" Dick Gresham announces Anne's betrothal to Junius Beckwith.

CHAPTER XVII.

FRED UNDERWOOD'S PRAYER.

"I'M deucedly glad you've come, old man. Sit down and have a weed. What in the name of Heaven would ever become of a man if he did not have tobacco?"

June Beckwith pushed a silver stand of fragrant Havanas toward his friend Underwood, as the latter flung himself into a chair, and before replying the big man selected one and lighted it; then, with that universal comfort of the male sex between his lips, he said:

"Where've you been? You have not shown up at the club. Is it possible that you are letting this affair of——"

"I am going to ask you a favor, old friend," June interrupted hastily. "There is nothing so good for a folly of that kind as absolute silence. Don't let us ever speak of it again. I have made an egregious fool of myself, and I frankly confess that I am ashamed of it."

"All right. After today the subject shall be a forbidden one between us; but there was something that I had to say to you, and it was that which brought me here. Have I permission to speak this once?"

"Certainly."

"Then it is this, June. I am not so sure after all that we have not been mistaken. There is something in that girl's face that tells me she is not of the stamp that would be guilty of——"

A long, scornful laugh from June brought him to an abrupt stop.

"So she has succeeded in deceiving you at last, has she?" he cried, with a sneer. "Well, do you know, if it were not such an ungenerous thing, I should be rather glad. It takes away a great deal of my self-contempt. If she could succeed in deceiving a practical fellow like you, who knew the circumstances of the case, why, then there is some excuse for me, who knew nothing."

"She has not deceived me!" exclaimed Underwood, almost sternly. "There is nothing in which she *could* deceive me. I am not in love with her. She is not the kind of girl that I should want to make my wife, even if she was as pure as—as I would have my sister. It is not that at all, June. I am not in the least in love with her, but I frankly confess that she has interested me. She is there, in that house, surrounded by gamblers, a companion of depravity, and yet, something seems to tell me, as I look at her, as I think of her, that it is a robin in a nest of hawks. June, is it possible that we can have misjudged her? Is it possible that we can have been unjust to her?"

"No!" exclaimed Beckwith fiercely. "It is not possible! She has got the face of an angel and the heart of a fiend. She has willfully made of herself the companion of those people. She knows their character. She knows the business that her father follows, and she has deliberately offered her assistance to him."

Are you sure of that? There was something in her manner the other night that I could not quite understand. She seemed to be frightened. She seemed to be striving to comprehend the sort of thing with which she was surrounded without the knowledge of the world to give her the power of succeeding. I watched her closely. She seemed at times helpless, half-fainting, like the wounded bird that shrinks from your hand without the power of escape."

"And so she is teaching even you to become a sentimentalist. But it is all wasted, dear boy. I have the proof!"

"What proof?"

"This: In order to prevent Miss Gordon from going to that ball, I told her of the discovery that I had made. She was shocked, horrified, and all the chivalry and purity of her great nature was aroused for the girl who had been her friend. She would have saved her at almost any cost. She sent for Miss Reade, and together they talked of Paul Reade's business. Miss Gordon offered Marian a home with her. She offered her sisterhood. She pleaded with her to accept, and Miss Reade refused because she would not desert her father. If she clung to him, hoping for his reformation, I might still respect her; but she does not do that. She entertains his associates, she decoys his victims, she dances with his friends. And she does it all with the smiling countenance of the woman who is pleased with the adulation she receives."

"You are sure that she understood Miss Gordon?"

"There was no chance for a mistake. The conversation was definite, and strictly to the point. Of her own will she has given Miss Gordon up, who was one of the best and stanchest friends a girl ever had. And, now, if you have no objection, we will drop the subject forever, old man. I want to forget that I ever knew Marian Reade!"

"And you *can do that?*"

Underwood was looking over the head of his friend, his eyes slightly contracted, a dreamy, curious expression darkening them; but they were brought upon a level with June's face suddenly when the answer came, so singular was the tone:

"I must forget!"

"Why?"

The question was asked swiftly, sharply, and June rose and walked to the window before replying. His back was toward Underwood. He leaned against the casing and looked downward into the street, while his fingers fumbled nervously with the keys and small change in the pockets of his trousers.

"Because," he answered slowly, "I am the betrothed husband of another woman!"

Underwood's fingers opened and his cigar dropped into the cuspidor. He was sitting bolt upright in his chair, with his arm upon the table, and his eyes fixed on the back of June's head. The almost boyish coloring that characterized him had vanished, leaving him pale as death.

"Who—is the woman?"

June was too much absorbed to hear the strained tone. He did not even look around, lest his old friend should see the despair in his own countenance as he replied:

"Anne Gordon."

Underwood did not move. His pallor deepened. The silence upon them seemed almost tangible. Suddenly he heard the ticking of his watch in his vest-pocket, and a curious grin passed over his face. It was stiff and unreal, almost distorted. He pulled out his watch and looked at it, then put it back without knowing the hour. He rose, his legs feeling stiff as if numb with cold. For a moment he actually forgot what June had said, and then it came over him again with a sudden rush that seemed to send every drop of blood in his body into his head. He laughed heavily.

"You have not lost any time, have you?" he asked curtly. "Do you remember that old verse that we learned in our boyhood?

"'It is well to be honest and wise,
It is good to be loyal and true,
It is best to be off with the old love
Before you are on with the new.'"

June turned around quickly, and, advancing a few steps, faced his friend.

"I don't wonder you say that," he exclaimed. "I never felt so much like a scoundrel in my life; and I value your good opinion too highly not to explain to you. I know you will understand me, and I know that what I say to you will be as safe as if buried in a grave of silence. When the wheel of destiny begins to turn, Fred, it is impossible to tell in what groove it will stop. I don't want you to think that I am a conceited fool. I am talking to you now of something more serious than either life or death. I discovered—no matter how—that Anne Gordon loves me. Can you understand what occurred, Fred? She does not know I ever cared for Marian Reade, and I pray God that she never may!"

"And you think you can make her happy?"

"I am going to try; I am going to do everything that lays in the power of mortal man; I am going to use my best efforts. If I fail, the fault will not be mine. The hope of my life is to make her happy."

Underwood took the hand that was extended to him, and looked deeply into June's eyes. His voice was not quite steady as he said slowly:

"I believe that you mean what you say. God bless you, June!"

There was something in the tone, something in the expression, that told June all the truth. A gleam of dismay shot into his countenance.

"Fred!" he cried hoarsely, "for the love of——"

"Hush!" exclaimed Underwood, with a little wan smile. Not now. I could not quite bear it, even from you. I love you, old fellow, more than I love my own brother. Perhaps I never understood myself quite so well in my whole life as I do now. The experience has shocked me."

"But I never thought——"

"Never mind. I never thought—of myself, either, and it may be that that has occasioned most of my undoing. Let it go. I don't want you to think I envy you, June, but—I wish you loved her, old man, as I do!"

He smiled again, and as June did not reply, he turned and went quietly out of the room. He took his hat from the rack in the hall and let himself out the front door. He stood there for a moment in the gloaming, looking into the street; then:

"How curious it is," he said, half-aloud, musingly, "that he should have dealt me this blow standing in almost the same spot that he did when I told him about Marian Reade's unworthiness. Retribution is a singular thing. Well, I love him and I love her, and I pray they may be happy!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

MARIAN'S ELDERLY ADMIRER.

For several days after her visit to Judson's asylum, Marian remained closely within her own room, seeing no one except her grandmother.

It was exceedingly irritating to Paul Reade, but he realized that he must not make too much of a demand upon her, and that she must have time to recover from the shock that she had received. He strove to be as gentle with her as his irritation would allow, and did not force his presence on her.

And Marian appreciated the respite that he was giving her. She realized at last, when she could think of anything at all, that she was allowing herself too much time for grief, that she was indulging her sorrow at the expense of others; and summoning all her fortitude, she went one day to the luncheon-room.

Paul Reade rose with genuine welcome and kissed her.

"It has not seemed like home at all without you, pretty one. It is good to have you back. The rest has done you good. You are as dainty and fair as a child," he said impressively.

She tried to return the caress without repulsion.

"I am afraid I have been very selfish, very neglectful of you," she said unsteadily, "while you have been most thoughtful of me. But——"

"Don't make any explanation to me, my darling. Do you think I do not understand?" he interrupted, putting a little tremor into his voice that sounded very natural indeed. "I would have been so glad to have spared you, if only it had been in my power; but you must realize how useless it is to allow a misfortune to spoil all your life. Association with the outer world contains the only hope of forgetfulness, Marian."

She was trying to conceal from him how she shrank from his words, and there was really some warmth in her tone as she replied:

"Forgetfulness never can come to me, father. There is no hope of that, nor ever can be; neither do I forget the duty that I owe to you. I have not the right to burden your life further than it has been burdened. I am not going to be the death's-head at your festival."

"Then you are ready to come back into my life again?"

He could not quite conceal the eagerness of his tone, and she shivered a little as she replied:

"I am ready."

"Then you will join us tonight?"

She hesitated a moment. The effort she was making was a terrible one. It was to her as if she were turning from an open grave to join the revelers in a dance-hall; but she saw that the sacrifice must be made, and with bowed head she answered:

"Yes."

He turned away lest his countenance should betray the almost cruel satisfaction he felt; but before he left her he leaned across the back of her chair and kissed her.

"We are to put the past behind us as far as ever we can, dearest," he said, in a low voice; "and in order to do that we must be gay and try to forget. There is no time like the present to begin. There is a man whom I expect tonight, who may be of the greatest possible advantage to me in a business way. I could scarcely estimate to you his wealth; but it goes so far into the millions that it sounds like some of the old 'Arabian Nights'' stories when one tells of his extravagances. I am very anxious to obtain his good will, Marian. He has seen you, dear. I think he even met you on one occasion when you attended a ball with—one of your old friends. Will you try to look as well as you can, pretty one?"

She shrank back, paling slightly. She thought she saw his object. She thought his desire to be for her to fascinate his wealthy friend and marry him if possible, and aside from the vulgarity of a plan to marry her off, the thought of matrimony was a distinct pain to her. But she could not tell him that. She could not let this man, with whom she had so little in common, know how she suffered.

She struggled with herself for a moment, then answered:

"Yes, father, I will look the best I can."

And she kept her word.

The additional sadness in Marian's face did not detract from her beauty. On the contrary, it seemed to add a strong element of the picturesque, and the alluring, fascinating, seductive *personelle* had never been more appealing than as she descended to the small reception-room, when a message had been sent by her father.

He nodded his approval to her as she entered, and she smiled in return as he presented a rather elderly man whom she had met in some drawing-room during the winter before, she scarcely remembered where.

She heard the name Dwight mentioned, and then she remembered that he must be Elliott Dwight, the multi-millionaire, though there was nothing else connected with him that she could recall.

"You will excuse me for a few minutes, I am sure," her father had said, after a few platitudes had been exchanged. "There are others who require my attention. Mr. Dwight, when you have grown weary of my daughter, perhaps you will join us in the billiard-room."

"Thank you, Reade; I shall do so," the millionaire drawled condescendingly. "But one does not get an opportunity like this every day. You may only expect to see me when Miss Reade has dismissed me. I should never have the courage to leave of my own accord."

He looked sentimentally at Marian, and with a little wave of the hand, and a laugh that grated horribly on Marian, her father left them there alone.

"And you like this new life of yours better than the old?" Elliott Dwight asked, seating himself beside Marian, and looking into the exquisite face with an expression that was not good to see.

She forced a smile to her lips that she was far from feeling. There was repulsion in the very thought of allowing that man to read one emotion of her heart. Why should she allow him to think that she was not happy? What business was it of his? She was only entertaining him for her father's sake.

"Ah!" she answered, with forced animation, "what girl is there who does not enjoy life—a life that is filled with music, with flowers, with dancing? What girl does not like beautiful dresses—to be admired—to be loved? Do you think that surroundings like these awaken no emotions in the feminine breast, after years in a cottage on the banks of the Harlem River? There is nothing poetic in the Harlem River. It is not Lake Como nor Lucerne. The lights are much brighter here than the stars were there, the music is better than the sounds of the small craft on the water, and diamonds are prettier than the little flowers that grew on the banks. Oh! yes; the new life is full, the old life was empty."

How was he to know that the laugh which followed her words was the result of hysteria? How was he to know that there were the wildest tears struggling just behind it? He was not a man of any powerful discernment, and he saw nothing but lightness and frivolity in her manner and speech.

It was the correct thing, to him, for a beautiful girl to be light and frivolous. The haughty dame was the one to be neglected at home for the companionship of a dainty bit of Dresden such as he believed Marian to be. He laughed with her.

"And you like diamonds?" he asked.

"Am I a woman?" she asked archly, by way of reply.

"And horses?"

"They are a passion I have never had the opportunity to indulge."

"And theaters, and balls, and operas?"

"That is a glimpse of paradise!"

"And foreign travel?"

"That is a dream of the future."

"What place on earth would you most prefer to see?"

"You have asked a question now that would require a thousand answers. I want to see the Nile."

"Cleopatra's memory would sink into insignificance!"

"And the ruins of Troy."

"The charms of Helen would be no longer remembered!"

"I want to see India, and Austria, and Japan, and China. Oh, I want to see the world!"

"And you shall!" cried Dwight, carried away by his enthusiasm and her beauty—"you shall! All those things which you have mentioned you shall have and shall see. You shall have jewels that England's queen shall envy; you shall have such gowns as Eugenie's imagination could never have pictured: you shall have horses, and music, and laughter, and flowers, and there is not a spot on the known globe that you shall not see. Give your fancy reign, and every desire shall be gratified as if your palm held the lamp of Aladdin. Ah! there is nothing that shall be wanting—nothing in all this world, from laughter to love, my beautiful one—for I love you, and, with all this wealth of mine, the world is at your feet!"

CHAPTER XIX.

THE TRUTH REVEALED.

The laughter died from the beautiful face instantly, and, drawing herself up, Marian looked curiously upon her elderly admirer.

He was bending slightly toward her, with a light in his blear eyes that was not good to see. His cheeks were flushed and his hands trembled a little. While the thought of love—*his* love—aroused every element of disgust in the girl's nature, there was something in his earnestness that called forth her pity.

Her countenance clouded, and her animation died a natural death. She sank back into her chair, and a little shiver passed over her.

"You are very kind, Mr. Dwight," she said, gently but coldly. "I appreciate what you have said, and the honor that you have done me, but

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)



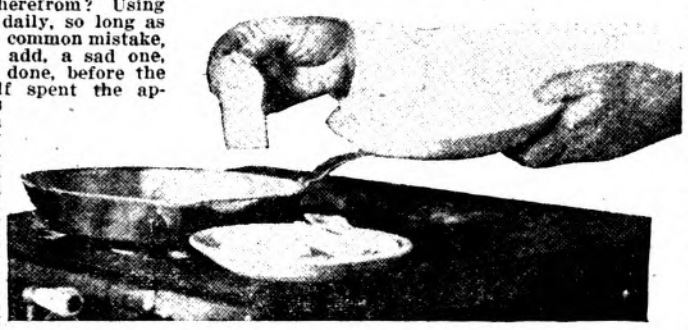
FOOD FROM FARM CELLAR AND STOREROOM

By Violet Marsh

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MANY of the foods we should eat during the winter months are found right in the farm cellars and store-rooms, including potatoes, cabbage, beets, carrots, turnips, squash, onions, celery and apples, beside the green canned vegetables and fruits. Added to the supply of stored vegetables and canned foods, dairy products, eggs, poultry and pork are usually a part of the farm production. Mutton and lamb, readily obtainable in most farming sections, is classed with beef so far as nutritive value is concerned, and scientific investigation seems to bear out the belief that they readily digest without causing disturbance. To this may be ascribed the common use of mutton and lamb in invalid dietetics, as well as in the daily fare.

Now that we have these valuable food materials right at hand, are we making the best use of them by serving well-balanced meals therefrom? Using canned foods daily, so long as they last, is a common mistake, and, I might add, a sad one, for if this is done, before the winter is half spent the appetite lags and the health of the family seems threatened. Canned berries and other fruits, be they ever so palatable, will soon become unsatisfying if served too frequently. Occasionally someone will say: "I don't can as much fruit as I used to; my family seem to care little about it." In most such cases, if we could "look within," it would be found that this indifference to canned fruit was due to monotony, and that it never would have occurred had the fruit been sometimes made into puddings with tapioca, gelatine or corn-starch, or into shortcakes, or into pudding sauces to be served on warm simple cakes, or rice.

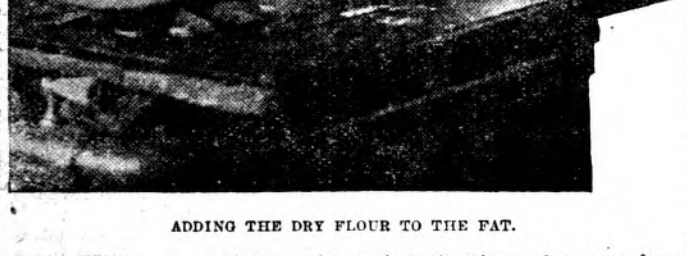


I DIP EACH SLICE OF PORK INTO DRY FLOUR AND PLACE IN STEW-PAN.

To keep well, the body must be supplied with a variety of foods, in which whole grains, fruits, vegetables and milk, which are rich in minerals and the vitamines which are absolutely essential to health, and even to life itself. Use sugar and meat in moderation, and with especial care if the body is acid. Use a variety of cereals including oats and cracked whole wheat. Save and utilize the water in which vegetables are cooked, otherwise their effectiveness is greatly reduced through the loss of mineral content. For this reason, vegetable stews should be served several times a week, and if well made and varied the family will never tire of them.

Raw cabbage soaked in cold water until crisp, then finely shredded and served with a boiled or French dressing, is a very valuable food during the winter season when fresh salad materials are scarce. Properly prepared it is delicious, besides having a high mineral content.

In the carrot we have another valuable food which contains the power of blood-purifying, and ranks next to spinach in content of iron. The onion is another important vegetable and should be freely used plain, in cream and in stews. The potato is a good food, yet alone it will not induce physical vigor, and should daily be accompanied with another vegetable.



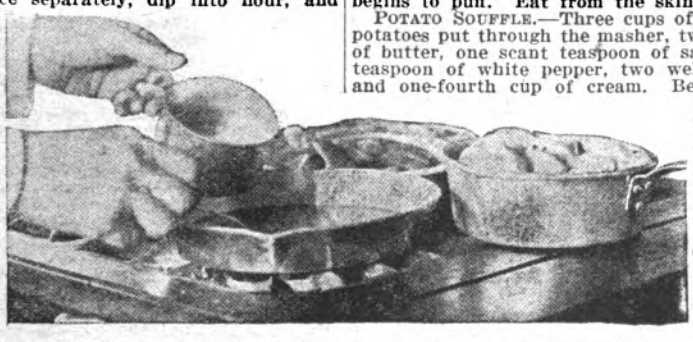
ADDING THE DRY FLOUR TO THE FAT.

Use milk and eggs daily. For children who have little appetite for breakfast, you cannot do better than to give them a beaten egg in a glass of milk just before starting off for school. Use each child's favorite flavoring, whether it is a dash of cinnamon, a little vanilla or cooked cocoa. Children cannot concentrate their minds if the stomach is empty.

Fried Pork as a Relish

There is nothing new about fried salt pork, for its use is traceable some generations back, but how many know the secret of frying salt pork so that it may be classed as a tempting relish to be served in cold weather with potatoes and other vegetables? The process is very simple, as shown in the accompanying illustration.

Cut the pork in thin slices, pour hot water over them, let stand half a minute, and drain. Take each slice separately, dip into flour, and place in a frying-pan over a moderate heat at first. When the pork begins to fry, turn each slice. The heat may be somewhat increased but never to a point where the flour will burn. Cook until crisp and a golden brown, and remove from the fat. Pour off all but three tablespoons of the fat, smooth into this three tablespoons of dry flour, and when it begins to cook, add gradually one and one-half cup of hot milk, stirring constantly. Cook until it thickens, season with pepper, and a little salt if necessary. Serve separately, or pour it over the pork. The illustrated heading of this article shows a very attractive arrangement of fried pork in the center of a platter, and surrounded on either side by steam-cooked potatoes and carrots. At the right is a dish of baked tart apples, the proper accompaniment to pork.



GRADUALLY POUR THE HOT MILK INTO THE FLOUR AND FAT.

Seasonable Dishes for the Home Table

STUFFED ROAST PORK.—Lay piece of spareribs in baking tin rib-side up. Cover with a dressing made as follows: Two cups of stale bread-crumbs, one-half cup of chopped celery, one-half cup of chopped tart apple, one-half pound of raw sausage meat, one well-beaten egg, a little pepper and salt. Add no water to the pan unless the oven becomes too hot, which should be avoided. Pork to be tender and of the right flavor must cook slowly; twenty-five minutes to the pound. Baste frequently with the drippings.

CORNED MUTTON.—Rub one and one-half cup of salt into a ten-pound piece of mutton, covering every portion, and let it stand 24 hours. Mix together three-fourths cup of brown sugar, one tablespoon of saltpeter, one-half tablespoon of baking soda, and a little lukewarm water. Lay the meat in a stone crock and slowly pour over it this mixture, wetting every part. Cover the meat with cold water and let it stand three or four days.

SCOTCH HOT POT.—Cut three pounds of mutton in small pieces and brown in a little fat, then remove to the kettle in which the stew is to be made, adding the bones. In the same frying-pan put a little more fat and cook for five minutes two sliced onions, four sliced carrots, and one medium-sized turnip cut into dice; add to meat. Put one quart of boiling water into the frying-pan with one-third cup of pearl barley and simmer until the barley has begun to cook, then pour over the meat and vegetables. Lastly add one bunch of celery cut fine and two grated potatoes, season with pepper and salt and cover closely. Add more water if necessary. Cook very slowly four hours in the oven.

POTATOES BAKED IN MILK.—Peel and slice raw potatoes very thin. Place a layer in the bottom of a deep baking dish, dot with small pieces of butter and a light sprinkling of salt and pepper. Repeat these layers until the dish is three-fourths full, or until the potato is used, and just cover with whole milk. Bake about one hour after the milk begins to simmer, but do not allow the dish to boil. When done, the top will be a golden brown.

If a potato scallop is desired, cover each layer of potato with a sprinkling of flour, and follow directions as given above.

LYONNAISE POTATOES.—Slowly fry one thinly-sliced onion in two tablespoons of pork fat until soft and a little colored, then add about one pint of freshly-boiled potatoes cut into cubes; season with pepper and salt, a little lemon juice and chopped parsley, and stir gently with a fork until the mixture is hot.

FRIED ONIONS AND POTATOES.—Fry sliced salt pork until crisp and remove from the fat, which should be about one-eighth of an inch deep in the frying-pan. Put a generous layer of thinly-sliced onion in the pan and slowly cook about fifteen minutes, then add the raw sliced potato, salt and pepper. Stir well, add boiling water until it comes about half way to the top of potato, cover tightly and set on the back of stove where it will cook slowly. When done, the water will be entirely evaporated. Stir frequently from the bottom of pan while the potatoes are cooking. More pork fat may be used if desired.

STUFFED POTATOES.—Select fine large potatoes and bake until tender but not overdone. Cut off the ends, scoop out the contents and mash with butter, cream, salt and pepper, and a little grated cheese if desired. Return the prepared potato to the skins, piling it high at the open end. Set potatoes into a baking tin with open ends uppermost and place in a hot oven until the potato begins to puff. Eat from the skins.

POTATO SOUFFLE.—Three cups of freshly-boiled potatoes put through the masher, two tablespoons of butter, one scant teaspoon of salt, one-fourth teaspoon of white pepper, two well-beaten eggs, and one-fourth cup of cream. Beat hard until light and creamy, spread on a well-buttered pie tin and bake until a golden brown. Serve at once.

ONIONS COOKED IN CREAM.—Boil onions twenty minutes, drain and use the water in a vegetable stew. Place onions in a double boiler with one cup of medium cream to about one quart of onions. Add salt and pepper and cook until soft. If a cream sauce is desired, when the onions are nearly soft, add hot milk, and about two level tablespoons each of butter and flour mixed together. Stir carefully, so not to break the onions and finish cooking.

CARROTS AND PEAS.—Scrape carrots, cut into dice, cover with boiling water and cook until tender and the water is nearly boiled away. Add an equal amount of drained canned peas, pepper, salt and butter to flavor, and serve as soon as boiling hot. The canned peas will harden if given much cooking. If a cream sauce is desired, prepare same as in previous recipe.

BEAN AND HOMINY CAKES.—Combine equal parts of boiled hominy and cooked beans, either baked or stewed, and put through the potato masher. Season with salt and pepper, add one beaten egg to every two cupfuls, and enough cream to shape into cakes. Roll in flour and fry brown. Delicious with cold meats.

VEGETABLE SAUSAGE CAKES.—One cup of cold mixed vegetables, one-half cup of cold cooked meat, and one slice of onion chopped together very fine. Add a pinch of poultry seasoning, pepper and salt, and enough gravy or cream to shape into cakes. Leftovers stuffing can be utilized in these cakes. Roll in fine crumbs and fry in hot fat.

USING LEFTOVER BAKED BEANS.—Put equal amounts of fresh-boiled potatoes and baked beans through the food chopper, season with a little melted butter, salt and pepper, and add two well-beaten eggs to a rounding quart of the mixture. Put into a deep, well-greased baking dish, sprinkle with bread-crumbs and dot with butter. Bake forty minutes in a hot oven. Serve with a sauce made as follows: One cup of tomato juice, one cup of water, one tablespoon of scraped onion brought to a boil and thickened with two tablespoons of flour mixed with two of butter. Season with salt and pepper and simmer ten minutes.

CORN OYSTERS.—Grind one can of corn very fine, add two well-beaten eggs, one teaspoon of sugar, one-third teaspoon of salt, and one tablespoon of melted butter. Mix well together and add enough flour alternately with the liquid from the corn to make a soft batter. If the corn is dry, use a little milk. Drop into hot fat by the teaspoonful and fry until a golden brown.

VEGETABLE STEW.—Soak one pint of lima beans over night. In the morning slip the skins from them, add a piece of bacon or salt pork about two inches square, one pint of diced potatoes, two sliced onions, one-half cup each of sliced carrot, turnip and celery. Cover well with boiling water, and as soon as the stew begins to boil, cover closely and cook slowly for two hours. Have one-third cup of rice cooking in a separate dish, adding it to the stew when half done. Season with salt and pepper. Bacon gives the stew a delicious flavor, or a ham bone may be used instead.

Desserts and Other Dainties

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—While one pint of milk is coming to a boil, beat three egg yolks until creamy and then beat in three tablespoons of sugar and one-fourth teaspoon of salt. Pour the hot milk over the egg mixture, beat and return to fire and while continually stirring, cook until the custard will coat the spoon. If cooked a minute too long the custard will curdle. Remove from fire and stir in one tablespoon of gelatine which has been soaked twenty minutes in three tablespoons of cold milk. When the custard begins to stiffen, beat in one teaspoon of vanilla and one-third teaspoon of almond extract, then beat in the whites of three eggs which have been beaten stiff and dry. Arrange around the sides of a deep glass dish thin slices of plain white or sponge cake, and pour in the mixture. Serve with a cold sauce made as follows: One cup of canned berries, with juice, two tablespoons of lemon juice, one-half cup of cold water, and sugar to taste. Bring to a boil, and stir in one rounding teaspoon of corn-starch wet with a little cold water. Cook three minutes.

HOT PUDDING SAUCE.—One-half cup of fruit jam or marmalade and one and a half cup of boiling water simmered together until well mixed. Add a little lemon juice to give character if the fruit is too sweet, or a little sugar if too acid. Slowly pour this hot mixture over the white of one egg which has been beaten to a stiff froth, beating constantly.

INDIAN AND SQUASH PUDDING.—Bring one pint of milk to a scald and stir in four tablespoons of fine corn-meal previously wet with cold water. Cook five minutes and take from fire. Beat in two cups of cooked and sifted squash, one-half cup of molasses, one-half cup of sugar, one teaspoon of salt, grated rind of half a lemon, one fourth teaspoon each of cinnamon and ginger, two tablespoons of butter, or three of finely-chopped suet, one-half cup of seedless raisins, two well-beaten eggs, and three and one-half cups of cold milk. Stir well and bake from three to four hours in a very slow oven.

CARROT AND APPLE BUTTER.—Measure one quart of tart apples after they are cut into small pieces without peel or cores being removed. Add water enough for them to cook in, and when soft put through a wire strainer. Add to the strained apple, one pint of grated raw carrot, three cups of sugar and the grated rind and juice of one lemon. Slowly cook until thick and clear.

MOUSSES.—This is a dish that can be made in winter without ice and salt, provided the temperature is freezing. Mousse is frozen without stirring, and about six hours should be allowed for freezing. The cream must be whipped and after standing a short time spooned into another dish from the top, as any liquid that may settle out will make the mousse imperfect.

Maple Mousse is one of the best. Heat one-half cup of maple syrup and slowly pour it over the well-beaten yolk of one egg. Beat one cup of heavy cream, and if there is any chance of liquid settling out, skim off as above described; also beat stiff and dry the white of one egg, then combine cream and egg and add to the maple mixture. When blended, pack in salt and ice, or set in the snow outside to freeze. Strong coffee may be substituted for the syrup, and should be sweetened while hot.



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Saffron Rose

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

"Three thousand five hundred awaits me in the hand of Hop Keen."

"Wait here. I will find the money. But it is too much. The girl is younger than I expected."

The fluttering heart of Li Lu. The hungry look of Hung Lung, as if he would take, if he dared, the first tastes of the wares he was on the point of delivering to Peek Noe. In the old Street of Many Small Houses, at Lily Hill kitchens also, Li Lu had heard dark whisperings of the older gossips concerning the fate that sometimes came to Chinese girls like her. So she knew without knowing. She dreaded, trembled; but stood with downcast eyes, awaiting, outwardly untroubled. Inwardly she was white hot with angry rebellion against her father, against Hung Lung, against this terrifying Peek Noe, whose pinching burned her cheek, and most particularly against the lying gods.

The prospective buyer's fat figure came sidewise through the shack door. In her hands were two bags and a small flat package. Li Lu saw. By the dim light of the shut-out late afternoon sun dirty yellowbacks and greenbacks, bright gold, worn silver pieces were counted and recounted and counted again. Hung Lung left, grinning, and with a covetous backward glance at the newly-acquired property of Peek Noe. And now, with accurate intuition, the slave girl guessed at the meaning of this last business transaction over her youthful body.

TO BE CONTINUED IN FEBRUARY NUMBER.

Cubby Bear's Birthday

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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"OH, what is this pretty thing, here in your work-basket, Grandma Bear?" asked Cubby, his eyes wide with interest. "It *looks* like a necktie for a little bear."

"Yes, Cubby Bear," sighed Grandma, but she smiled, too. "Yes, it is a necktie I made for you. I meant to keep it a secret for your birthday, but since you have found it, you may as well have it now. Let me tie it on you, and see how it looks."

"Oh, thank you, Grandma Bear. It is beautiful!" cried Cubby, and stood smiling proudly while it was tied around his neck. A beautiful necktie it was indeed, of a bright green color, with yellow stripes and black dots.

"Keep it on until dinner-time, so your mother can see how fine you are," Grandma Bear told him, for Mamma Bruin was out looking for elecampane, a plant which she needed for medicine, and would not be home before noon.

When she came, she praised the new tie as much as Cubby could wish, and they all sat down to eat dinner.

"Oh, look!" said Grandma Bear, when they had finished, "there is a spot of grease on your tie."

"Oh, oh!" mourned Cubby. "Have I spoiled it, Grandma Bear?"

"No, it is not spoiled," Mamma Bruin told him. "I can wash it, and it will be as good as ever."

The tie was washed and hung out on the line to dry, but when Cubby went to bring it in, at night, it had disappeared.

He looked all around, on the ground and among the bushes near by, but no trace of it could he find.

"It is lost, lost!" he cried, running into the house, and threw himself on the floor and wept.

Mamma Bruin went out and searched, too, but not a single yellow stripe or black dot of that birthday necktie was to be seen.

In vain they tried to comfort him. He lay on the floor, sobbing. It was not until Mamma Bruin promised that he might have a party on his birthday that his tears were dried.

"That will be three days from now," said Cubby. "I shall be glad to have a party, but I shall have to wear my old red necktie!"

Next day he was out walking, planning, all by himself, about the party, and to whom he would send invitations. A little way off, in the woods, he saw Wollie Woodchuck, Racky Coon and Minnie Mink, standing close together. Wollie seemed to be showing something to the others. Cubby started toward them, when Wollie Woodchuck looked up, saw him, and turned to run away.

As Wollie turned, Cubby saw, with a gasp of horror, that Wollie was wearing a new necktie; a green necktie, with stripes of yellow, and dots of black!

"My own birthday necktie!" thought Cubby Bear. "Oh, yes, it must be. Surely no other tie was ever like that one, so bright and beautiful!"

He had no heart to talk with Racky Coon and Minnie Mink, though they called to him. He walked sadly on by himself, thinking.

"Oh, oh, I never thought that Wollie would do a thing like that. My necktie was out on the line—Wollie must have seen it, and liked it; liked it so much he—no, no, Wollie would not *steal!*"

But why did he run away? As he thought about the matter, Cubby grew angry.

"Ye-es!" he said to himself. "Wollie ran off because he did not want me to see him wearing *my necktie!* I know what I will do. I will leave him out of my birthday party. How can I ever be friendly with him again?"

He said nothing to anyone about it, but worried over the matter until next day. Then, meeting Racky Coon, he asked,

"Why did Wollie Woodchuck run off so quickly yesterday when he saw me coming? And what was he showing you?"

"Why, why," stammered Racky, looking down at the ground instead of at Cubby, "I—I am afraid I cannot tell you, Cubby Bear."

Cubby went home, and began making out his list for the party guests. Wollie's name was not on the list, and Cubby hesitated before deciding to ask Racky Coon and Minnie Mink.

The birthday morning dawned, and Cubby rose early from his little bed.

"The sun is shining, and it will be a fine day," said Mamma Bruin.

Strange to say, Cubby Bear did not feel happy. He had invited everyone he could think of to his birthday party, even Foxy Reynard and Woozie Weasel, everyone but Wollie Woodchuck, who had been his friend so long!

With paws in his pockets, he strolled along the forest path.

He began to think of possible excuses for Wollie.

"Perhaps the wind blew the necktie off the line. If Wollie found it lying somewhere on the ground, how could he know whose it was? But then, I remember there was no wind that night. Dear, dear, dear! how I wish I could know all about it!"

Shinyblack Crow came hopping along the path, the sun bringing out shining purple shades on his black wings.

"Good morning, and a happy birthday to you, Cubby Bear," he cawed. "Why do you look so sober? One would think you would be all smiles today."

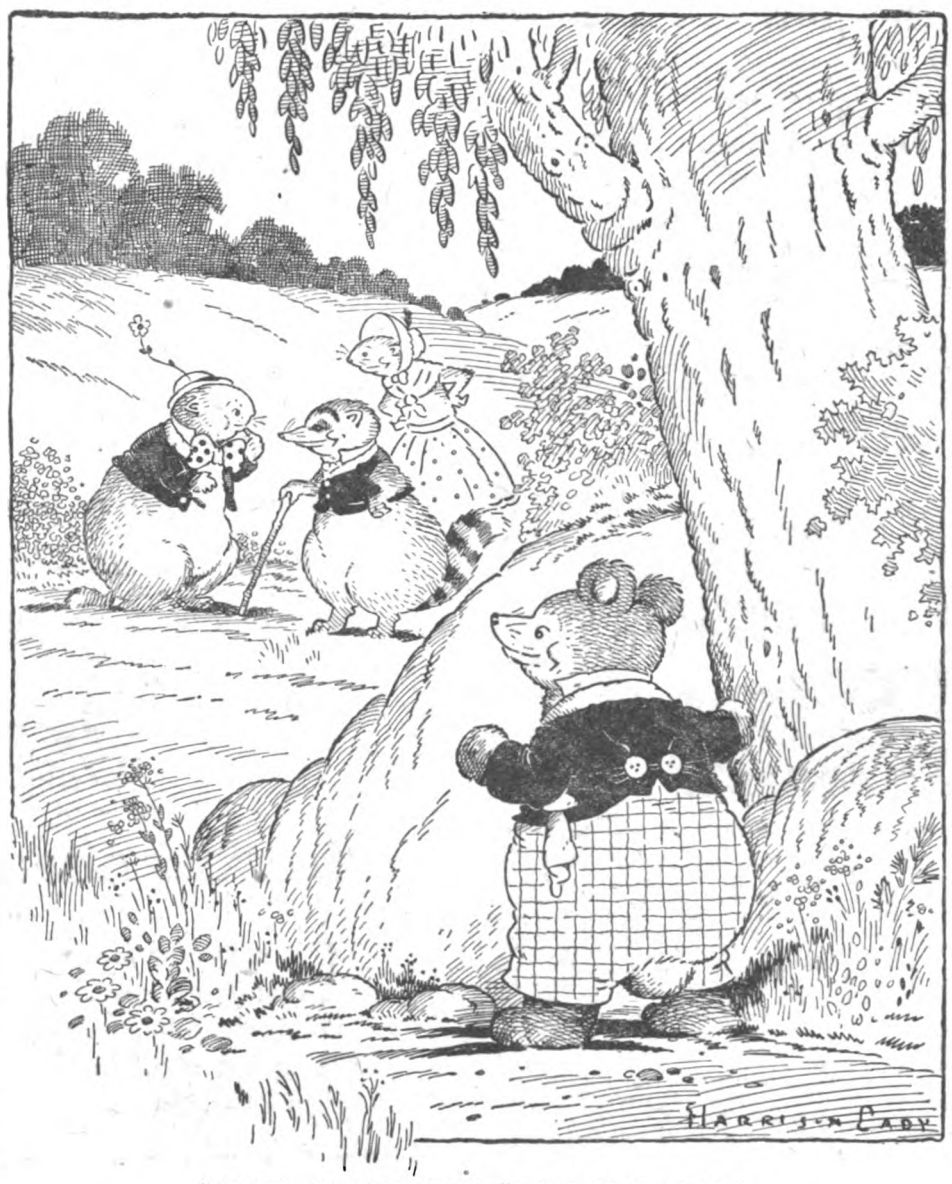
"Oh, Shinyblack Crow," begged Cubby, "will you please try to find Wollie Woodchuck for me, and tell him I want him to come to my party?"

"You told me yesterday you had invited everyone," said Shinyblack Crow. "How did you happen to leave Wollie Woodchuck out?"

"I will tell you," said Cubby. "But—but—I don't know," he added dismally. "If Wollie should come to my party wearing my necktie, then Mamma Bruin and Grandma Bear would think he stole it, and I don't want them to think so badly of him. I have always liked Wollie, though some of the animals and birds laugh at him and call him slow and stupid."

"Whatever can you mean?" asked Shinyblack Crow. "Why in the world should Wollie Woodchuck wear your necktie?"

"Oh, I forgot I had not told you," said Cubby.



"MY OWN BIRTHDAY NECKTIE!" THOUGHT CUBBY BEAR.

"You see, it was like this." And he told the whole story of the necktie Grandma Bear had made, how Mamma Bruin washed it to get out a spot of grease, how it had disappeared from the line, and how Wollie Woodchuck had worn the tie and run away when he saw Cubby Bear. He ended by asking, "Now, what do you think about it?"

Shinyblack Crow rubbed his sharp beak thoughtfully with his claw before answering.

"I think," he said, "that it looks bad for Wollie, but I did not think he would steal. I will find him and tell him you want him to come to the party. Then, if he is guilty, I think he will want to stay away. At any rate, you will feel better to ask him."

So saying, he flew away. Cubby Bear did feel better, as his wise friend had said, and went home to help Mamma Bruin get ready for the afternoon.

When he dressed for the party, he got out his old red necktie, and looked at it sadly.

"I hate to wear it," he sighed. "It is old and worn, and does not look like party clothes a bit."

Grandma Bear tied it round his neck, being careful to fold it so the worst worn places were out of sight.

"It will do very well," she said, patting his head kindly. "Forget all about it, and have a good time this afternoon."

Wollie Woodchuck came to the party, smiling and happy, with the other woods people. Foxy Reynard was the only one invited who did not come. There were so many, Mamma Bruin's house could not hold them all, but, as it was a fine day, they were quite as happy out of doors.

"I have a birthday present for you, Cubby Bear," said Wollie, who had been carefully holding something behind him. "Here it is." And he held it out, in both paws, smiling.

Wollie's present was a lovely little basket, oval in shape, and with a long handle, woven of rushes which grew in Blue Bittern's swamp, and ornamented with red rose-haws from the wild-briar rose.

Cubby took the basket, and examined it with delight.

"Oh, thank you," he said. "How could you ever make it so beautifully?"

"I could not have done it alone," answered Wollie. "My paws are too awkward, but Racky Coon helped me with it."

"And what is this inside it, wrapped in a grape leaf?" was Cubby's next question.

"Unwrap it and see," Wollie told him.

Cubby unfolded the grape leaf, and there, inside it, was his birthday necktie, every yellow stripe shining against the green, every black dot round and clear.

"Oh!" he faltered, quite at a loss for words. "Oh, I——" and he really blushed, under his fur, for Wollie—poor, bad Wollie, who must feel so ashamed, returning what he had stolen. Cubby would forgive him, oh, yes, indeed, since he was sorry, and of course he must be sorry, or he would not have brought the necktie back.

However, Wollie did not look guilty.

"I must tell you all about the necktie," said Wollie. "I did not know until Shinyblack Crow told me this morning, that the tie belonged to you, Cubby Bear. Foxy Reynard gave it to me——"

"Foxy Reynard? Then *he* was the one who took it from the line! I never thought of him! But why did he give it to you, I wonder? Why did he not wear it himself?"

"He would not dare," said Wollie. "He was up to his old, bad tricks, of course, giving me the tie so you would think I stole it. He wanted to make trouble between us. He told me a friend of his, whose life he once saved, gave it to him a long time ago, and he put it away in his den, because the bright colors did not look well with his red fur. But he told me I looked very handsome in it, and I—why, I was foolish enough to believe he meant what he said."

"Oh, that bad, bad Foxy!" sighed Cubby. "I wish he would be good. Now I see why he did not come to my party today. But," he added, his face clouding over, "why did you run away that day when you were talking with Racky and Minnie, and saw me coming?"

"Why," explained Wollie, "Racky and I were showing Minnie your birthday basket, which we had just finished, and of course I did not want you to see it."

"Yes," said Racky, who, with Shinyblack Crow, was listening, "we were all planning to give you a surprise party, Cubby Bear, before you invited us to come, and we were talking about it then."

"Now put the necktie on, and let us see how fine you look in it."

"Oh, I am so glad, so glad," cried Cubby, "that I invited you to my party, Wollie Woodchuck, before I knew that Foxy was the one to blame!"

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Time is the greatest asset.

Haste is a confession of neglect.

Gratitude is the heart's memory.

A good leader is a good follower.

Every evening we are poorer by a day.

Good deeds erect a lasting monument.

Our heart has the age of what it loves.

Mistakes are opportunities for learning.

Courtesy costs little, but is worth much.

The man that makes character makes foes as well.

Success is only the climax of intelligent effort.

A pessimist is the critic of everybody save himself.

The remedy for failure or despair is always within us.

The great empires of the past were founded on force and perished.

Be generous in feeding your mind; nourish it and care for it well.

Place a high value on yourself, and then prove that you are worth it.

The only genuine superiority is that of the mind or character.

Men who believe that they have found God feel little need of culture.

The block of granite which is an obstacle to the weak may become a stepping-stone in the progress of the strong.

The difference between rising at five and seven in the morning for forty years is equivalent to adding ten years to life.

There will alway be crooked paths for us to follow if we are content to walk in the footprints of others and do not make our own trail.

Genuine happiness and enduring prosperity can come to the world only as men and women learn to love and labor and sacrifice together.

Advice should be gently given, for hearts are like flowers, which open to the softly falling dew, but are closed to a violent downpour of rain.

Youth is not like a new garment which we can keep fresh by wearing sparingly. While we have youth we must wear it daily and so it cannot last long.

Every man has a little ability of some kind. The difference between success and failure in life is just the way in which varying abilities are put to work.

The books from which we draw culture are not alone the product of the scholar and the thinker, but of rude unlettered men in forest and at forge who have helped to make the pages by their toil.

We can lay up in our minds a store of thoughts which can be a living treasure of knowledge always with us, and from which, amid the shifting of time and circumstances we can be sure of drawing comfort, guidance and sympathy.



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE LISHA

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 55 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome. ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

I WILL have to say "Happy New Year" very loud if all of you are to hear me—from cousin Fred Goetz in Cornelius, Oregon, for instance, down to cousin Gladys Kellenes at Fort Pierce, Florida. It will be a long way between greetings, but with the strongest of shouts I wish you all the happiest possible 1922. Now all listen! Well, I hope my wishes will find your hearts even if they have to fail to reach your far-off ears.

There seem to be always plenty of years in stock, and they come marching on so regularly that we are apt to take their entrances and exits as a matter of course—simply throwing away our old calendar and hanging up another. Yet the coming of a new year should mean a great deal to all of us. I like to think of it as a big volume of 365 shining blank pages laid before me. No matter what blots and erasures we have had to make in the soiled volume of 1921 finished and ready to put on the shelf, here we have plenty of room and a new chance given us to do better and to write again—I hope with a steadier hand and a cleaner heart. In practicing with the capital letters, you might try writing Love, Truth and Humility on the first white page of 1922's Album of Days. It is a pretty safe conclusion that if you learn to write these words correctly spelled, without flourishes, and at least twenty-four times in each day, you will have a much more perfect volume to file away when the time comes to put this new 1922 up alongside of the old 1921 in Time's Public Library. We must be careful to remember that the New Year Book is a blank



UNCLE LISHA.

one. It is not a volume coming to us already filled with happy pages or sorry ones waiting to be read; with songs of prosperity of grievous tales of want. The book of 1922 is going to be just what we ourselves make it. It is for us to take the pen of our life in hand and write as best we may. And because God is a kind teacher and honest tears the best of erasers, we need not fear if we find we are making more blots and errors than we bravely planned when we started the first clean page. I'll think of each of you on New Year's Day as taking up your pen and writing the first word with a smile.

It is certain that if you keep your 1922 Day Book with as much care as Billy assumes toward his photograph album of the cousins, there will be few mistakes for which you will have to reproach yourself at the end of the year. I thought of this as I just saw Bill neatly and methodically pasting into place a charming photograph of Cousin Lorena Thrush of Olivia, Minnesota. Lorena sent in this picture begging me to give the message that she had been almost buried by letters and must ask the cousins to forgive her for not being able to answer all those who wrote to her after her letter appeared in the August number of COMFORT.

As Bill carefully closed his album and licked a drop of photo paste from the end of his nose, he said: "How about *your* picture being in COMFORT, Uncle Lisha? The cousins are all asking about it, you know. I think you ought to satisfy their curiosity,"—and he added with a sly grin—"even though they may be disappointed."

I did not think this dig of Bill's deserved a reply and kept my back turned as I banged away at my typewriter. But Bill has been talking a lot of late about having my picture come out in COMFORT. In fact, he has not hesitated to hint rather broadly that he himself would not object to making a public appearance before the cousins. I know for certain that he has asked the price of "sittings" at several downtown studios. It is because I knew of his secret hankering to exhibit his intelligent profile that I have kept it a deep secret that I had been "shot" by a friendly photographer and was to make my bow to the Family with the New Year. I knew that Billy would have put in a plea for a group portrait if he had learned of any definite plans on my part. Now the real truth is that I would not dare print Bill's picture at present. Living in the same household with him, it has taken me the whole of twelve months to realize how true a heart lies back of his gray whiskers, and how kindly a light really shines in his eyes under his shaggy brows. But these redeeming qualities would not show in a photograph, particularly one with the sort of pose Bill would be sure to adopt for the occasion. And to speak mildly, his everyday "toot enscramble" (as the French call it) is rather ferociously forbidding. It is certain that he does not look like "Happy New Year." So I'm leaving him out and will have to endure some sarcastic reproaches arising from his disappointment at being left unreproduced and unrepresented. Perhaps his expression may grow more gentle and "photographable" as the years go by. I certainly hope so.

Many of the cousins have written kind letters suggesting that my picture appear at the head of the League's department in COMFORT. To these I want to say that just as Uncle Charlie's life and spirit can never be separated from the League he founded, so I believe that his picture should not disappear from the place it has filled so long. It is enough that our hearts should be empty. I am sure that all the cousins will appreciate exactly how I feel regarding this, especially now that I have satisfied what was a part of their wish—that they might have a chance to see a picture of their new Uncle. At my dead friend's last request, I became the head of the work he began many years ago and cherished for so long, but to me, despite my new honors, it still remains (as I used to think of it during his lifetime) "Uncle Charlie's big and happy Family." I want his likeness still to remain with us as founder of our League. But in not making this change, I want you to know that you have made Uncle Lisha very happy by your loyal acceptance of his new leadership during the past year. When you look at my picture this month, imagine me as thinking of this and wishing you all love and happiness as we begin 1922 together.

And now for the letters:

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

Although I have for years been a reader of COMFORT, this is the first time I venture to write to your department. Before I go any further, let me describe myself: I have gray eyes and auburn hair, a healthy complexion and weigh 80 pounds. I was twelve years old in June. Say, Unky, why don't you describe yourself? You needn't be afraid; I should like you, no matter what you look like. Yes, Unky, I would like—no, *love* you, even if your hair hung to your shoulders, and you had a beard and eyebrows like bottles of blackest ink. If you ever come out this way, won't you come and spend a few hours with me? There would be for lunch a big plate of doughnuts, a big brown square of uncut gingerbread, and a pitcher of ice-cold buttermilk. When you had been refreshed we would go for a walk in the woods and stop at the Birch Pool and throw stones at the frogs just to see them splash. Then when we got back to "the place called home" we would get us a cool fresh glass of clear water. Uncle, won't you come and see me? I'm not like most girls; I'd rather take a dip in the Birch Pool or the Glimmerglass (both are brooks) than to go to a movie that's all the "rage," whatever that may mean. I'm not ashamed to acquire a coat of tan, to go barefoot, or to walk the pigpen fence or—anything that most girls would scorn. And, Unky, let me tell you this I do NOT use the powder puff. Well, I've written long enough. Love to you and all the cousins.

Your niece, JUDY.

I am a deeply disappointed Uncle, Judy, and you are the cause. As soon as I read your letter and heard about the gingerbread, the buttermilk, and the chance to walk with you to such charmingly named spots as the Birch Pool and Glimmerglass, I hustled at once to accept your invitation for a visit. I hastily told Billy to get out my suitcase and while I was packing he might go down and get our tickets at the Consolidated Ticket offices. "Where to, Uncle?" said Billy calmly and, as I remember now, with a bit of a malicious grin.

"Why, to get the gingerbread—I mean to see Judy, of course. Her letter will tell you where she lives."

"Well, if it does, Uncle, it hasn't revealed anything of the sort yet," replied Billy cheerfully—for he doesn't like gingerbread, anyway.

And there, Judy, was the sad fact! I looked all over, up and down and inside and out of your letter. I could not find a thing to tell me where between Portland, Maine, and Portland, Oregon, you might be dwelling, nibbling doughnuts, dipping your ten pink barefoot toes in rippling Glimmerglass, and in between times walking on the pigpen fence. You'll never know what a disappointment this was to me, Judy. I tried to conceal it from Billy and pretend I didn't much care; but all the afternoon I kept hitting two keys instead of one on my typewriter—for I was seeing in between me and the machine dark sugary hunks of gingerbread, the gleam of Glimmerglass, and the shadows of green trees in the Birch Pool. Even now I feel so badly about it that I cannot write you the description of myself you want. And of course having no address I cannot even send you my large 12 by 14 photograph showing my inkbottle beard and eyebrows which you seem to somehow have found out about. How could you disappoint me so, Judy? How could you? To dangle all the joys which you did before my eyes—and stomach—and then leave me lonely and gingerbreadless in a city whose nearest Glimmerglass is the Gowanus Canal!

BAKER, MONTANA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

Here comes a letter from the wild and woolly West. We have taken COMFORT for some time and like it very much. I live on a ranch of 1,640 acres, seven miles from Baker, the Golden Gate to the Treasure State. My chief sports are breaking bronchos and hunting.

Say, Uncle, you ought to be out here in the summer and I'm sure we could have a grand time. I killed twelve rattlesnakes this summer. I would like to send you one of the rattles, Uncle, but I am afraid Billy would see it and it would spoil his appetite for Western letters. So I will send it sometime when I write again and then he will be a little more prepared for it.

There is an oil boom in this part of the state and several companies are getting ready to start in the spring.

I suppose you would like to know what I look like: I am five feet, four inches tall, weigh 130 pounds, have auburn hair and blue eyes, and am twenty-two years old. I am very lonesome and would like to hear from some of the cousins—so do not let Billy get this letter.

Your nephew, JOHN FLO.

I'm sorry for you, John, out there all alone on a ranch two or three miles square with nothing but rattlers for neighbors. No wonder you get sore and go out and bust a few bronchos once in a while, or take your gun and shoot a new oil well. There wasn't a bit of need for you to worry about any set of number twelve rattles scaring Billy. He went rattlesnake hunting with me this summer to an old deserted stone quarry on a mountain top. We didn't find any snakes lying around loose in the sun, but Bill told me that it was his intention of capturing them by catching their tails in his mouth and snapping their heads against a handy rock. I was much annoyed that the snakes kept out of sight, for I was very anxious to see Bill perform this trick.

John, you have a most advantageous position—being only seven miles from the golden gate. I know lots of folks who seem to me to be about seven thousand miles from this happy entrance. I suppose being so near by, if you get too lonesome, you can watch your chance and just slip in when the Gate is opened extra wide to let some portly Montana copper capitalist through.

I have given you a special registry number, John, which makes you Number 16789 in the Red-Haired Division of our League. Yes, I know you called it auburn, but the distinction is a difficult one. In our Red-Haired Division, John, 16746 were originally described as having auburn head covering. Auburn-red hair is a dangerous thing to own and I must warn you to be careful. Cousin Augustus Trick had auburn-red hair—and see what happened to him!

I'm pretty certain there will be a lot of letters coming your way, John, and having to be toted the seven miles from Baker out to your Rattlesnake Ranch. It's a sure thing your lonesome days are over, and that you will have to take a little rest from slamming bronchos and rattlers, and start in licking stamps for a change.

ROCKY FORD, COLORADO.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

I live on a ranch of eighty acres near Rocky Ford where all the big watermelons grow. Each year there is a fair and one day is called "Watermelon Day." On that day over forty or fifty thousand big melons are given away. People come for the occasion from all the Western States. This is sure a fine country; none like it, in my opinion.

Now I suppose some of the cousins are wondering what I look like. I am eighteen years old; five feet, four inches tall, and weigh 125 pounds. I have dark brown hair, brown eyes, rosy cheeks and lots of tan. You have plenty of this last if you stay here long. I keep house for my father, grandfather, two brothers and one sister. I am the oldest. I have kept house for them since I was fourteen. I can bake fine bread, cakes and pies, and can cook anything. I do all our sewing and canning in addition to the other housework, and I can help out in the field also if necessary. I crated honey-dews all this fall. I do lots of crocheting when I have time. I wish you could drop in for a chat, Uncle, and I would give you all the melons you wanted to eat, also some of my baking. I will promise Billy a melon if he will let this letter go by. I would like to hear from some of the cousins, boys and girls both. As I am only eighteen, I haven't been engaged yet, but neither have I been broken-hearted—so you see I'm lucky for a girl nowadays! Well, Uncle Lisha, I must quit for this time, and perhaps I will write more of Western life another time, if Billy lets this go past his nose.

So by by, with love to all,

Your niece, BESSIE HATTON.

Great Scott, Bessie, write again quick and tell me what date "Watermelon Day" comes out in Rocky Ford! I suppose it will be just my luck to find out it took place six months ago. You say "people come from all the Western States," but I imagine a hungry Easterner (leading a refined-appearing Goat) could get mixed in with the crowd and not be ruled out by the judges when the fifty thousand melons started to roll. Bessie, you say, in your opinion, you have a fine country; well, my opinion joins with yours perfectly. Why, I never heard of quite so fine a place to live. About how big are the biggest watermelons they give away, Bessie? And can you eat 'em right off on the grounds, or do you have to lug 'em home to do the carving?

You certainly get through a lot of work in your home, Bessie, which shows how strengthening is a watermelon diet. You are an example, too, of the old rule which says that "responsibility ages." I am almost sure you are the only girl I ever heard of who was older than her father and grandfather. Billy says that this is "a manifest impossibility"—I quote his exact statement!—but I told him you said right out plain in your letter: "I am the oldest," and that if it wasn't true you would not dare invite us both out where we would be able to find out for *ourselves* about the outstanding fact. Of course, you didn't say *how much* older you were than your father and grandfather, but even if you were only half a day older it seems to me that your case would be a remarkable one. You must not keep on working so hard, Bessie, or the first thing you know you will be older than your great-grandfather. This would not be right nor respectful in a girl of eighteen.

(CONTINTED ON PAGE 26.)



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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

luck. We went until we found a spring of water where the bees water all the time, then watched closely until a bee got enough water. He then rose, circling two or three times, and we watched closely to see which way he would go. Usually they go in a "bee line" straight to the home, which is usually in a hollow oak tree, in this country. Then we went in that direction, looking carefully at the likely looking trees, but with no success. Sometimes you can see the bees coming and going out of the tree. One doesn't always find the tree quickly. Sometimes it is necessary to go back to the spring again to see if you have the right direction. After the tree is found another day has to be taken to cut it and get the store of honey, as one must be prepared. Even then most likely the one who robs the tree gets stung once or twice but the good pure honey in the comb is the reward for that. I enjoyed my trip bee hunting in spite of sore feet and no luck, for the walk was for something. I found several places to gather holly berries for Christmas and gathered some bear weed. We have lots of wild holly berries here to be had for the trouble of gathering. In November and December they are beautiful with their bright scarlet berries. Old and young gather them for Christmas decorations and to send to city friends who are not so fortunate. We have lots of spruce and cut our own Christmas trees. I gathered some bear weed to chew, bringing home both apron pockets full. It grows wild here and when chewed gives one an appetite and acts as a tonic. It is said to make one fat but I couldn't vouch for the truth of that. However, it leaves a pleasant taste in the mouth. I do not know the botanical name for it.

I don't think the wild flowers are appreciated half enough. We have beautiful flowers here, including the tiger lily, mariposa lily and pinks. My favorite, the California poppy, is plentiful and considered a sort of pest too, as it usually grows where it isn't wanted—and that from a Native Daughter, too!

I like to do fancy work. Have crocheted thirty-five yokes in the past two or three years, besides doing all my housework and other crocheting. I would like to have letters from the sisters who do fancy work. I always write long letters myself so like to receive those of equal length. There is not much to go to here so we stay home unless we take a trip to the hills. Maybe that's why I love it so.

I am tall, have black hair, black eyes and everyone says I'm still a girl, though twenty-five.

MRS. EDNA J. DAHLBERG.

Mrs. Dahlberg.—Your children are worthy of space in COMFORT, without a doubt, but the cut that would be made from the snapshot you sent would not be worthy of them. If I could I would describe the look of pleased responsibility on brother's face as he holds baby sister, and her smile—but I can't do it. She has even kicked her little socks down at the heels just like a regular baby.

Goodness, woman, why should I waste good space telling about myself when there are dozens and dozens of letters that I want to find room for?—Ed.

MILACA, R. R. 1, BOX 110, MINN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I am a new subscriber, have received two copies of COMFORT and like it very much. Sorry I didn't subscribe long ago. I'm sure I would have liked Uncle Charlie's ideas for they were mine and what he preached I've felt I'd like to go out and preach over all the land.

Dear "Discouraged Mother," I feel for you and I'd give a good deal if I could help you. I've been there myself and know so well how you feel. I have not gained perfection, yet so far as results go I feel satisfied I am on the right road.

No one, no matter how wise, can give you a panacea for making over your children. It can't be done. But what you can do—though let me warn you, you have a big job on your hands—is to change yourself. And I can assure you that in time you will see wonderful results in your girls as well.

In the first place, you have taken their quarreling too much to heart; you dwell on it continuously till it is magnified out of proportions. No one is suffering from it only in the mind. Learn to let go, say to yourself every time you are feeling worked up, that's "It's going to be well, I will not let this ruin my life." You see by your mixing in it you are building up a quarreling nature in yourself and you have no right to expect them to free themselves from that which you cannot free yourself from. All true education must commence with self, and no one should try to control others who cannot control themselves. One thing we mothers must remember is not to let our children think that we consider ourselves perfect. Were I in your place I would talk it over with my girls, and tell them that I had made a mistake in taking this trouble to heart, almost ruining my life by so doing and after this I meant to think of more pleasant things than their quarreling. What you think of you build into your heart and mind so you become gradually what you think. And I want to tell you too, not to get discouraged if it goes slowly. All progress is slow. Be cheerful about it even if you fail many times a day and know that for every step gained the next will be so much easier. Perhaps you'll know then how hard it is for your girls to make themselves over and you'll learn how to sympathize more with them. My oldest daughter has a little girl that cried so much it almost drove her mother to distraction. She was visiting with me some time ago and when we saw she was getting one of her crying spells I picked her up, laid her head close to mine and said, "Dear, here at Nanny's house you can cry all you want to. We love children that cry." Up went the little head, the greatest surprise was pictured on her face and bless you, she forgot to cry nor did she during the three weeks they stayed with me cry any more than an ordinary baby of her age.

I hope you derive some benefit from this and shall be very glad to hear from you.

Yours truly, MRS. MARY NORLANDER.

MISSISSIPPI.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

If I could write like Nelle Fischer or Pearl Vesey I would have no fears as to my letter being printed.

I am a farmer's wife and we haven't any too much of this world's goods but we manage to get along. We belong to the great army of share croppers. That is, the landlord furnishes land, seed, stock and implements as well as money to make a crop. We do all the work of making and gathering and give him half and pay back the money. To my thinking it is a poor way of living but we are going to buy our own stock and rent our land and maybe after a few years we can buy a home. I have been the mother of eight children, only four are living. Their ages range from fourteen years to twenty months so I have all I can do to care for them properly and do my housework. I love them and no sacrifice is too great to make for them. I have been told that I make a slave of myself for my children. I never go anywhere and never buy anything but what I'm actually obliged to have. I want the children to have a good time and to be dressed so that others cannot make fun of them. I never knew what it was to have pretty, dainty clothes when I was a child, although my clothes were good enough. My stepmother was a good, old-fashioned woman and my clothes were always out of style; therefore I was always laughed at. She used to tell me not to mind for I was as good as they even if my clothes were not made like theirs but what child doesn't mind being laughed at by her schoolmates? The fear of it made me keep to myself and I missed all the pleasures of mixing with children of my own age. It was the same as I grew older so I married at fourteen, the first chance I had, and went into married life entirely ignorant of everything I should have known. Do you wonder that at sixteen my husband and I separated and I was left with a little six-weeks'-old son to care for? My father died soon after that and I had to live with step-relatives with whom I could not get along and did not feel welcome. I could not work out for I had no place to leave my baby. I had several offers of marriage and accepted one. I cannot say I repent for I have a home where I can feel welcome and there is no one to criticize my every word and action. My husband loves me and is good to me, although he has no education and cannot write his name even. I respect and honor him for he is clean, upright and honorable and he does the best he can. I try to be all that a wife should be although I get out of patience with him sometimes for he is more like a child than any child he has. I don't mean that he isn't all right mentally or anything like that, only he loves to romp and play with the children. They are always getting off some joke on each other. Of course the children think Daddy is all right, and they love me too and hardly ever fail to obey. I want them to have all the fun and pleasure that I missed and I never refuse to let them go whenever possible and I always see that they look neat and clean and are dressed properly for the occasion.

I have never yet found a way to get rid of the neighbors' children without sending them home and offending their mothers.

I can't give any hints or helps for nearly everything I know I learned from COMFORT. I read a great deal as reading is about the only recreation I have. I, too, leave my supper dishes so I can read and talk with my husband and children. We read COMFORT from cover to cover, advertisements and all, and enjoy it more than any magazine we take.

I'd like to get the books "East Lynne" and the sequel "Lady Isabel's Daughter." Mrs. Wilkinson has my address. I hope you will let me be

ONE OF YOU, No. 2.

One of You, No. 2.—If you could visit some of the Hush-here-comes-father homes I know you'd be forever grateful for that husband of yours and glad to join in the fun instead of regarding it as childish of him. Such comradeship seems rather a beautiful thing to me and it would be even more beautiful if you would join in their pranks. Children remember a good time longer than they do clothes, and you surely want them to think of you in the years to come as being as good a sport as father.—Ed.

ROCK SPRING, GA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I am and have been a reader of COMFORT some thirty years and we all think we could not do without it.

I live in the country where we own a small farm and like farm life the best. We lived in town for a while but did not like so came back to the farm.



ROLAM C. AND ROY C. WHALEY.

I am the mother of ten children, seven living. I am forty-five years old and my husband is forty-nine. My maiden name was Emma Bird.

Am sending a picture of my twins, Rolam C. and Roy C., taken when they were twenty-six months old. They are six now.

With best wishes to all the sisters,

MRS. W. L. WHALEY.

Mrs. Whaley.—If Rolam and Roy had known how glad we were going to be to see them they'd never have clung to each other for protecton or looked so uncertain about meeting us. It makes them look little and lovable, doesn't it?—Ed.

OHIO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Squeak goes the hinges on the door. I knew they would for this is the fifth time I have tried to open it and it always squeaks. This time it seems as though it opened a wee bit further. I was never peeved at dear Mrs. Wilkinson for I knew she found better and more interesting letters than mine, especially Pearl V's. Pearl, where have you been keeping your dear self? And Nelle Fischer, have you come across Bachelor Bill and has he kept you out of our interesting corner?

I want to tell the sisters of something I thought out which helped me and am sure will help others like myself that can't afford any better. I had some peach basket covers around the house. I knocked off the thin boards from the hoop part, leaving the hoop which I sawed in four parts, all same length, and covered them with some old satin I had. I drove a small staple into the center of each and made a hanger for little daughter's coats and dresses when before they were hung up by the neck or arm which spoiled the looks of them. The hoops can be cut larger for grown-up clothes.

Mrs. Jessie Heffner asked to hear from someone living where the wild red haw grew. We have two red haw trees across the road from our house and they were lovely this season. I made several glasses of jelly from some of the berries. It is delicious as is the butter of the haw.

Another request was how to have blooming geraniums in winter. I had beautiful ones last winter that were the envy of all who saw them. I always slip my flowers around the first of July, that is, put the slips in a glass jar filled with rain water and let them get well rooted before putting them in the soil. By the first of August I take my flower pots into the field along some sodded fence, fill my cans with the loose soil under the sods, then I put my well-rooted slips in the pots and keep them in the shade for a while, watering them as they need it.

Mrs. George B. Jackson, I have thought of writing you a personal letter. Yours is a life worth living, helping by the light of the great tower to save so many lives.

I enjoy our wonderful COMFORT, especially the Sisters' Corner, but the greatest of my books is the Holy Bible. It is the best and most loved of all.

YOUR OLD PAL.

EVERETT, R. R. 1, BOX 63, WASH.

DEAR COMFORT FOLKS:

I saw a letter in the Sisters' Corner from Sooky telling of her troubles in getting into the Magic Circle so I think I'll follow suit and not get discouraged. I notice pictures and descriptions of the sisters' children but I think my Raymond could take a prize anywhere. At birth he weighed 10 pounds, at one month 13 pounds, at two months 16 pounds, at three months 18 pounds, at six months 20 pounds, and at eight months 25 pounds. Some boy, isn't he? and I give all the praise to our little Jersey heifer.

Do you know, mothers, that a drink of milk, after giving castor oil to the little ones, will keep the oil down? My little two-year-old boy Tommy is a delicate boy and when I gave him castor oil he would throw it up. I gave him a drink of milk after a dose one time and it stayed down. The water and oil will not mix but separates so the result is that the child throws castor oil and water up. On the other hand, the fat in milk and the oil mix and stay down.

I have described myself so many times to Mrs. Wilkinson that I think she can imagine how I look. I am 22 years old and am five feet two inches tall. I weigh 110 pounds and have dark brown hair and blue eyes. I am part French and part Italian but was born in this state. I am as busy as I can be every day but sometimes I get time to make rag dolls for my two children. A neighbor made a rag doll for my children and she gave me a pattern for the doll. I laid the pattern on a double piece of white flannel and cut it out and sewed it up, leaving a place to turn the doll inside out. Then I stuffed it with cotton and sewed the rest up by hand. I made eyes and nose and mouth with a needle and some black thread. Then I made rompers of gingham or percale and dresses, underskirt and bloomers for a girl. I made a girl doll dressed in pink for Tommy and he takes it everywhere he goes. He calls it a "Kewpie." I would like to hear from the sisters if any of them care to write.

Best wishes to all of you.

MRS. LILLIE NELSEN.

FALMOUTH, MICH.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have kept still just as long as I can.

Happy Mother, I have been married five years, have two babies, one three and one a year old. I have always had a system in doing my work and I never wavered one way or the other. My work simply had to be done. If hubby said, "Come, go with me today," it was always, "I must wash today," or iron or whatever came in order. I was so afraid a neighbor would come in and see a little dust or a dirty dish. In just five years I was a thin, rundown, senemic woman, at twenty-six.

If I had that time to live over again I would do as you are doing and if any neighbor came in and criticized my system I would tell her to mind her own business. I hope you will keep right on making hubby and baby happy.

Best wishes to all.

ANNIE.

SUNNY TENNESSEE.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Every time I receive a copy of COMFORT I think that I will write but keep putting it off. I enjoy the letters so much.

How many of the COMFORT mothers make candy for their children? It is much cheaper and better for them than that we buy, for we know just what is put in it and that everything is clean. I make fondant by mixing a small quantity of sweet milk to a pound of powdered sugar. First sift the sugar until light, then add milk, a little at a time, until creamy. Work this with a spoon until well mixed, form into any desired shape and put onto a plate to harden. Dip into bitter chocolate that has been melted over hot water. A few shavings of paraffin added to the chocolate will give it a gloss. Add nut meats, cocoanut, candied cherries or pineapple and you will have the best candy imaginable.

I have been married four years and have two babies, a girl almost three years, and a boy fifteen months old. A home is not complete without children. We lived in town until last spring when we moved to the country. I like country life better, especially for the children. I play with them out under the big shade trees and hot afternoons we go to the creek close by and there, with nothing on but their little overalls, they wade, throw rocks and have a good time. I think we mothers should take time to play with the children for soon they will be grown men and women and they will remember their childhood as a happy one.

For pin money I make and sell tatting in town. I belong to the Woman's Exchange. Membership costs $1.00 a year. They sell all kinds of home-made things, also home-cooked foods. I found a sale there for some of my candy, etc.

ROSELYN.

PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

As I like the letters wherein the writers describe themselves I will do that also for there may be others like me.

I am twenty-three years old, married to one of the best of Johns, only that isn't his name, and have three children, two girls and a boy, all under five years. I have brown hair and eyes.

One sister asked how we arranged our work. I would like to hear that subject discussed. For my part, I clean my house all over only twice a week. Of course the kitchen and bedrooms must have care every day. I haven't very good health and the babies take up so much of my time that I can't clean the rooms oftener. But I try to keep my kitchen shining for if I were a man I would not live a minute with a woman whose kitchen was in disorder. I do not believe in keeping the front of the house spotless for callers to see and the place where the family food is prepared almost filthy. I had a neighbor once whom I regarded

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Adding and Subtracting Eyebrows

I KNOW a lovely lady, to whose arched brows a poet might have indited a sonnet or two. Yet, what do you suppose? The other day I met her and her lovely brows were things of the past. Instead, one observed merely a faint line like the trail of an indelible pencil above her eyes. It was impossible to keep politely silent, so I quite boldly inquired the fate of those brows I had erstwhile admired. And what do you suppose had happened to them? They had passed away via the tweezer route! In other words, she had deliberately shut herself up in her room and proceeded to pluck her eyebrows to what she intended to be fashionable daintiness. And she plucked and she plucked and she plucked, always deciding to take out just a hair or two more, before laying down her tweezers. The result was before me! I was charitable and said naught of what was passing through my mind, but before any of my girls can go and do likewise I want to utter a loud word of warning.

My dears, a delicate brow *is* a thing of beauty, but most of the brows manufactured by tweezers are nothing of the kind. There is no objection at all to shaping the brow by the aid of tweezers. Indeed, I recommend the method. But this means to use the tweezers only to pluck out hairs that have straggled over the line of a well-shaped brow, or hairs that persist in growing across the bridge of the nose, or too far over on the temple. But not at all to pluck out the hairs wholesale until all there is by way of a brow is a thin pencil-line of hair. This is really unbecoming to most people, giving them a sort of "baldheaded" appearance, if you understand what I mean. Besides, remember that the brows have a function. They catch the dust and flying particles which might otherwise fall upon the eyelids. Removed, the eyes are much more likely to gather cinders, to become irritated by flying dust.

So, use your tweezers with care and discretion. Use them, to be sure, for I do not want any uneven brows or straggling hairs among my girls, but use them merely as a corrective not as a creator of perfectly new and startling brows.

Girls who complain of having little if any eyebrows should consider how the rest of the world is painstakingly removing all that they have. However, if like me and many other people who have some regard for old-fashioned canons of beauty, they think their brows are too light in color, they can, if they choose, without being too *very worldly*, use a tiny brush and a box of mascarra to add to their definiteness. Don't use too much mascarra, for nothing is more unlovely than smudged eyebrows or lashes. Be sparing, and when you think you have been almost stingy in the application of mascarra then next time be even a little more stingy. Put it on very carefully, in front of a mirror, in a good strong light.

By the way, be sure to keep your eyebrows clean. So many girls powder over their eyebrows along with the rest of their faces, daily, then wipe them off, and consider that all the attention they need. Use a small brush like a baby's toothbrush—not your mascarra brush, however—and brush the eyebrows against the grain—that is, toward the nose, until all dust, powder, etc., is removed. Then brush them back again the way they should lie, following the arch to its very end, and do not be stingy of your applications of the brush, for this will make the brows satiny and lovely to look upon. Only use a brush on the eyelashes most gently to remove any specks of dust or eye secretions.

And, girls, don't forget to steer clear of the absurdities of pencil-line plucked eyebrows!

Answers to Questions

DOROTHY.—The milk diet again? Well, my dear, once more I will tell you just how to take it, for if you want to add pounds to your weight, we will have to help you out, won't we? The first thing to do is to go without food, except for a glass or two of orange juice, for one entire day, drinking plenty of water. Plenty means eight or ten glasses a day. At night put to soak six prunes in a tumbler of warm water. In the morning on rising drink two glasses of warm water. Wait a little, then eat your prunes, chewing



SHAPING THE EYEBROWS WITH TWEEZERS.

them until almost liquid, and drink the juice. Fifteen minutes later, take a glass and a half of milk, "chewing" each mouthful, and being sure the milk is not too cold. It should not be lukewarm, for that is not a pleasant temperature at which to take milk, but should have the chill off. In an hour drink another glass and a half, and keep this up until about three or three-thirty, assuming that you have begun your milk at eight o'clock. Eat a light supper and drink two glasses of water between that meal and going to bed. Continue this plan for a week, taking your prunes and hot water every morning. At the end of the week drop your evening meal, and take only milk, two glasses every hour from seven-thirty in the morning until and including six-thirty at night. Keep up prunes and water in the morning, and water between your last glass of milk and bedtime. Weigh on starting the treatment and again on the afternoon of the last day of each week. You should gain from one to six pounds a week, depending upon how faithful you are and on what your activities demand of you. See that the bowels move daily. The prunes will aid in caring for this. Good luck to you!

L. M.—You would not find the electric needle so tremendously expensive, though five dollars an hour sounds so, for a great many hairs can be removed in even fifteen minutes. Peroxide, as you say, bleaches the hair, and is useful in rendering it inconspicuous. It also aids in drying the hair, but that is the function of the ammonia. Use any kind of ammonia, but be careful not to get it near your eyes. Use the peroxide one day to dampen the hairy spots, letting it dry on; then next day use the ammonia in the same way. If the skin becomes irritated from the ammonia, use a little cold cream and discontinue for a couple of days, then resume. The length of time required varies with the strength of the hair, etc. It requires a lot of patience to remove hair this way, as it is a slow process, but it is not injurious.

CHESTER, S. C.—You can't get rid of blackheads by taking anything internally. There must be an outward application. Be careful of your diet, and see that your bowels move daily, and that you drink quantities of water. Then take a body bath every day, and rub the skin briskly with a soft towel afterward. Blackheads are nothing but body secretions which the pores have been too lazy to throw off, and on which has lodged flying dust. Give your face a careful washing every night before retiring. Press out the blackheads very gently, after such a bathing, with a soft towel around the forefinger of each hand. Use one towel, and put one end around one finger, and the other around the forefinger of the other hand. After removing a blackhead, touch the spot with peroxide or boric acid, as an antiseptic. Bathe the face again after removing the blackheads, then rinse in cool water, and finally dash on cold water to close the pores. Use only tepid water on the face in the morning. A good cold cream is all right to use on the face. Any of the brands which you find largely advertised in all the magazines is sure to be all right. But never use cold cream on the face unless it is perfectly clean, and always wash off any remaining cold cream at night when you take your retiring face-bath. There is no objection to your applying another coating of cold cream immediately after, if you desire, though I believe you will find it better to use your cold cream just before applying face powder in the daytime, rubbing it well into the skin. Massaging the face twice daily will help to stimulate the little pores to do their work.

JENNY.—See my reply to "Chester." Take your hot face bath at night, but rinse very thoroughly and be sure to use cold water to close the pores. It sounds as if you had been enlarging the pores by hot applications, without taking the trouble to close them as soon as clean. Then you have been using the hot water in the morning, opening the pores just when they will have to meet flying dust and soil. Use the hot water at night, and only tepid water in the morning or the daytime. You may use tincture of benzoin in the water in which you bathe your face in the morning. It will help both to cleanse and contract the pores.

MARY LOU S.—Your skin chaps because you use too much soap and hot water on it, I imagine, and perhaps are not careful about drying it thoroughly. Use a soft wash-cloth and no soap in the water except at night. Notice I say "in the water". You must never rub soap on the face or the cloth. Rinse thoroughly in many waters. Before you apply powder rub cold cream liberally into the skin. Wipe off any surplus with a soft cloth. Then powder, using a soft pad or cloth. Certainly, powder is injurious to the eyes. Any foreign substance is. You must apply both powder and cold cream more carefully. There is no occasion for getting anything in the eyes. I am sorry it is against the rules of the magazine to recommend any one specific article. You can see this would not be fair to other perfectly good advertised articles. Try to get a good rice powder, no matter who puts it up. Always rub cold cream into your skin before going outdoors, washing the face first, and drying carefully. And you would better rub cold cream in at night before retiring, if you are having trouble with chapped skin. Swollen veins in the hands mean defective circulation. You may be wearing too tight sleeves, corsets, collars, waistbands, shoes. If not, you need, I should say, some outdoor exercise daily to stimulate the circulation. Or you can practice any simple physical exercise in your own room, including deep breathing exercises. For the wrinkles between the eyes, use cold cream on the finger tips and massage across the wrinkle—not the same way as the wrinkle but the opposite way in order to "iron out" the crease. These wrinkles may be caused from some defect in your eyes, causing you to draw them together in an effort to see properly. Have you had your eyes examined to see if you need glasses?

EMMA,—Use a little borax in the water in which you shampoo your hair—a teaspoonful. Do not rub soap on the hair or scalp but dissolve it in the water in which you are to wash your hair. Pour this liquid on the hair and rub until a lather is produced. Be sure your hair is thoroughly rinsed, as soap left on the scalp irritates the little oil cells and makes them function unduly. Air the hair daily and never sleep with it "done up," but let it hang loose. Try not brushing your hair at night for a time and not massaging the scalp, and see if the little oil glands will calm down. For the dark complexion, probably you are the type for a dark complexion, in which case it is more becoming to leave it as it is. Eat plenty of fruit, and drink quantities of water and see if you cannot clear up the skin in this way. If it is not natural, it will lighten up if you are careful of your diet, eating fruits, green vegetables and simple foods. Don't eat between meals, and see that the bowels are kept open. There is nothing to do for the large knuckles, except to get more flesh on the rest of the hands. You can, however, form a habit of gently massaging the knuckles, one at a time, with the thumb and first two fingers of the other hand. This will prevent them from increasing in size.

MOTHER OF TWO BOYS.—I know just how you feel. The matter with your hands is that they are in hot water so much that the natural oil is taken away and they dry up and wrinkle and chap. You *must* wear rubber gloves for your dishes and the scrubbing of tables, etc. It sounds like a nuisance, and the temptation is not to do it, as I know from personal experience, but believe me, dear, there is no way to avoid the devastating effect of too much hot and soapy water on the hands except by way of rubber gloves and a dishmop. You really need two dishmops—a string one for dishes, and a wiry string one for kettles, etc. Put your rubber gloves on every time your hands must go into the water, and have also a pair of canvas gloves for sweeping and dusting, handling wood for the kitchen stove, etc., etc. You can keep your hands soft and white if you will learn to use these aids, and you can't possibly achieve this result any other way. Keep a good hand cream on your dresser and when you can rub it into your hands. Almond creams are good for this purpose. Dry your hands thoroughly every time it is necessary to wet them. Remember, gloves will save the day and nothing else will. You will soon get used to them and will thank your stars you have made them part of your kitchen equipment. Don't do anything about your house without gloves—even if you use old cotton or silk gloves in place of the regular household gloves. But for dishwashing, nothing but the rubber glove will do.

DANDRUFF.—Yes, dandruff will cause the hair to fall out. Perhaps your whole bodily condition is at fault, for you must keep the body up to high health standards if the hair is to be healthy. Do you air the hair, and let it hang at night? Here is a formula for a hair tonic. Always be careful in using a tonic not to get it into the eyes, and not to let hair with tonic on it hang over the eyes.

For Falling Hair

Tincture of cantharides, one ounce; olive oil, one ounce; bay rum, six ounces; oil of rosemary, one ounce. To this add an ounce of rock sulphur broken up (it need not be powdered). This lotion should be rubbed into the scalp nightly, and the scalp massaged with a circular motion.

M. G.—The first remedy for the creases in the throat is to hold the chin up a little more. It is possible you have



DARKENING THE BROWS WITH MASCARRA.

formed the habit of unconsciously dropping the head as you walk or sit. Then the next things to do is to massage it nightly with plenty of cold cream on the fingers. Raise the chin slightly, then alternating the hands rub down from the chin toward the breast, first one hand then the next immediately following; after this massage from the point of the chin back toward the ears, the thumb of each hand under the chin, palms up, and the fingers extending backward. The thumbs should be pressed down, as the fingers go back toward the ears, and thus massage downward along the throat where the creases are.

BROWN-EYED BETTY.—I agree with you that a loss of some pounds would be a good thing for you. You will have to lose them through diet, my dear. You say you "eat vegetables" but do not tell me which ones. Cut out potatoes and rice, and don't eat much butter or sugar or milk or cream, or any cake, candy, pie, preserves. I don't think you eat enough for breakfast or lunch, my dear. It isn't how much you eat but what you eat that gives you flesh. I suggest you eat fruit for breakfast and a couple of soft-boiled eggs. For lunch, an apple, or even two, and some fruit salad, such as you could put in a little jar, or a slice of lean meat, but no white bread. For dinner, lean meats, green vegetables, fruit. Drink between meals but not at meals. Cut out milk and cream.

Address all letters containing questions to
KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. It will gradually darken streaked, faded or gray hair and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.—Advertisement.

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The best thing for steady use is Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo (which is pure and greaseless), and is better than anything else you can use.

One or two teaspoonfuls of Mulsified will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excessive oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, lustrous, fluffy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at any pharmacy, it's very cheap, and a few ounces will supply every member of the family for months.

Be sure your druggist gives you Mulsified.



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Don't let wrinkles and hideous crow feet destroy your beauty. They make you look years older than you really are. Under the magic urge of

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This dainty, colorless liquid, clean and clear as water, brings back the original color safely and surely. No danger of freakish streaks or discoloration. The restored color is even and perfectly natural in all lights. Nothing to wash or rub off.

Send coupon for free trial bottle and test as directed on a single lock. State carefully the color of your hair. Better, enclose a lock in your letter. Then, when thoroughly convinced, get full-sized bottle from your druggist or direct.

Mary T. Goldman,
1164 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is black..... jet black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... light brown.....
Name .....
Address .....

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BLUE SERGE Jumper Dress

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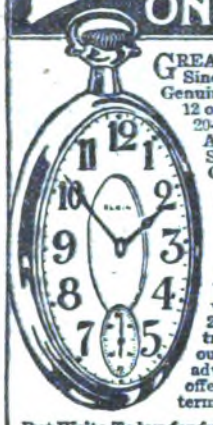
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No 408-1 — This advt. must be enclosed

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WHITE FLAME LIGHT CO. 76 Clark Bldg. Grand Rapids, Mich.

SOMETHING NEW FOR THE Church Fair



By Mary A. Roberts

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SEVERAL qualities go to make up the successful plan for earning money for the church. The scheme should involve as little preliminary preparation as need be, it should include the cooperation of as many people as possible and there should be offered for sale-articles which are sensible and to be desired.

The following fairs and socials have that spice of novelty which will make them desirable from a financial standpoint, and they are also adaptable to local requirements, talents and financial resources.

An Alphabetical Donation Party

Send out invitations to all interested in this way.:

"To Miss Mary Blake:

"You are cordially invited to attend and contribute toward an Alphabetical Donation Fair to be held in the Parish House, on the afternoon and evening of October fourth. Please send, the day before, four articles beginning with the four letters of your Christian name."

At a similar party Mary brought a table mat, an apron, some raisins and some yarn. It was very ingenious to see the manner in which those who contributed contrived to have at least one article of value, while their other donations were small, causing, therefore, no undue tax on any one individual's purse. A man named "James" brought a jar of jam, an apple, money, a china egg for darning stockings and a cake of fancy soap. Bob, his brother, brought a Japanese bowl, orris root and bulbs. One girl named Elizabeth declared the plan a conspiracy on the part of the committee to ruin her financially but she solved the problem by bringing little pin cushions in animal, fruit and vegetable shapes. They included an elephant, lizard, zebra, apple, banana, egg, turnip and horse. As she was on the refreshment committee she contributed icing for small cakes for the omitted letter "i".

The variety of articles made the fair of exceptional interest and as great care was exercised on the part of the donors there were few articles which were not salable.

The rooms were decorated with autumn flowers and branches of effective leaves, and wire netting stretched over the ceiling held artificial blossoms and quantities of Japanese lanterns, each of which held a small electric light bulb lighted in the evening.

Twenty-six booths were arranged around the room, each bearing over its entrance a large red letter. Here were the twenty-six letters of the alphabet and the articles donated were all arranged under the letter with which they began. Certain exceptions were made for convenience; for instance, all fruit was grouped under the booth F and all cakes and candies under C. The inconvenient letters X, Y and Z hung over the dining-room door because supper came "at the end".

The girls who waited on the booths wore red or yellow dresses with dainty wreaths of artificial autumn leaves upon their heads. They also wore little white aprons on which were embroidered the letter of the booth each served. When it was necessary to have more than one person waiting on a booth there were duplicate letters as, of course, in the dining-room with X, Y, Z.

Donations not easily classified were grouped under the letter M on a small table marked Miscellaneous. The refreshment committee had, of course, made their plans independent of the letter scheme to have arrangements complete.

A Shirt-Waist Sale

Invitations for a shirt-waist party for the benefit of a church were sent out on little shirt-waists cut from thin writing paper, the neck and the sleeves being trimmed with paper lace.

Everything that could be used with a shirt-waist was for sale, as well as pretty shirt-waists of all sorts of material and patterns and material for the making of the garments for those who wished to make them themselves. There were also belts, collar and cuff sets, etc. The walls were decorated with poster pictures of "Shirt-waist" girls and men, copies of pictures by the most popular American artists.

The hostesses wore shirt-waists, as did most of the guests.

The informality of this sale was its chief charm, for it really partook more of the old-time "social" than most sales.

The guests were asked to bring their workbags and one hour of the afternoon was spent over the needles while one of the hostesses read a few pretty old-time stories and some of those present sang and played.

During the afternoon a Traveling Minstrel wandered in. She read fortunes, played her guitar and sang and asked ten cents each for small cards which she sold. These were also cut in shirt-waist form and were headed with the following verse:

I ask you maids and matrons
Who all know how to sew,
What to make the garments of
For folk like these below?

The artist?	The hunter?
The dairymaid?	The prisoner?
The bird lover?	The miser?
The fisherman?	The jilted lover?
The writer?	The jeweler?
The photographer?	The bankrupt?
The nun?	The mountain climber?
The widow?	The banker?
The man on a vacation?	The editor?
The butcher?	The musician?

The answers are as follows:

The artist should dress in canvas.
The dairymaid in cheese-cloth.
The bird lover in albatross.
The fisherman in fish-net.
The writer in paper muslin.
The photographer in blue print.
The nun in nuns'-veiling.
The widow in crepe.
The vacationist in outing cloth.
The butcher in butcher's linen.
The hunter in duck.
The prisoner in crossbar muslin.
The miser in cashmere.
The jilted lover in pique.
The jeweler in cotton.
The bankrupt in crash.
The mountain climber in Swiss.
The banker in checks.
The editor in print.
The musician in organdy.

The ones who were fortunate enough to guess them all were allowed to choose a pattern for a shirt-waist dress or costume and the men were each given a cuff-link set.

A picnic supper was served which was also unique. The refreshment room was lined with small refrigerators loaned for the purpose. Each person entering the room dropped a quarter into a beanpot at the door and went "foraging". Bread and butter, hot coffee and cocoa were on a side table with plates, cups and saucers and necessary utensils. The refrigerator held salads, cold meats, pies, cakes, fruit, jams and all sorts of odds and ends that would tempt the forager. Everyone carried their spoils to some good-sized tables where kindred appetites naturally grouped together. Everyone enjoyed the fun and novelty of such informality and all voted the "Shirt-waist Sale" a grand success.

A Date Party

A Date Party makes a novel change for a church fair. In anticipation of the New Year the numeral "twelve" to represent the twelve months of the year, can be the "theme" of the "scheme". Twelve cents can be charged for admission, there can be twelve taking part in a concert, twelve waitresses dressed to represent the twelve months in the year can wait on tables, etc.

The twelve booths can also be suggestive of the twelve months of the year in decorations and supplies, though there can be modifications of the idea if desired. It is perhaps more in keeping with originality to keep as closely to the suggestive idea of "dates" as possible, which, of course, is another way of saying calendars. Everything pertaining to engagements can also be for sale, diaries, calendars of all sorts for home and office use, and other desk appointments. At the refreshment table there can be a few substantials and the sweets should be a variety of "stuffed dates," puddings and goodies of like nature.

A small boy dressed as the "New Year" can act as page and guide throughout the evening and in one of the booths "Father Time" can hold court and tell fortunes to advantage. The idea can be developed into a variety of ways according to local talent or the needs of the community and is sure to make a pleasant event on Entertainment's Calendar!

A Brown Study Sale

This makes a pleasant little church entertainment for literary-minded folk of a community. Magazines and books can be for sale but this can make more of a Fair than would be at first supposed. The room in which the fair is held can be suggestive of a library. At one of the booths packages can be sold for a certain price, made to represent books with brown-paper covers—the only clue to the contents being a description or punning title. For instance, a looking-glass could be termed "Vanity Fair," a box of paper dolls could bear the title, "Little Women," etc.

The furnishings of the room should be in brown and the decorations can be of golden rod and cattails. In the dining-room adjoining, strings of pine-cones will add to the effect, candlesticks in small logs left in the rough will provide for pretty illumination and golden rod can touch to beauty a table cover of brown lining material of cheap texture. The refreshments can consist of brown-bread, beans and turkey or beef with browned gravy, potatoes browned in the pan, brown Betty, chocolate ice cream and plum pudding. Cocoa and coffee both have the desired hue and many other dainties can be added if desired to the menu.

Out of a brown bag the children can draw "grabs" in brown paper bags; at another booth called "The Chocolate Pot" candies and chocolate cakes can be sold.

The flea, louse, mosquito and fly have all been convicted of transmitting disease; and the bedbug has been accused. The U. S. Public Health Service, however, finds that he is probably innocent. If he ever does transmit disease he does so by carrying the germs on his mouth and not in his blood; and he can do this effectively only under especially filthy conditions, which would call for drastic methods to exterminate all vermin.

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2 lovely winter weight knitted Princess Slips for only 95c. A smashing offer. The season's greatest sensation. Order today sure. Don't send one penny now. We will ship them by return mail prepaid.

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Every woman should have at least two of these extra warm Princess Slips knit in soft elastic rib from carefully selected double threads of combed cotton yarn. Lovely crocheted beading at neck and shaped waist. Color: Oxford gray with contrasting stripes. Bust: 34 to 40 inches.

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But give size and color wanted, also your name and address. When the parcel arrives pay your postman and you will receive these lovely shoes made of selected veal calf with Goodyear stitched leather soles and stylish Cuban heels. Rubber heels attached. Sizes 2½ to 8. Widths D. & E.

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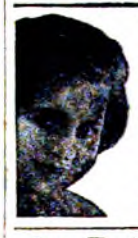
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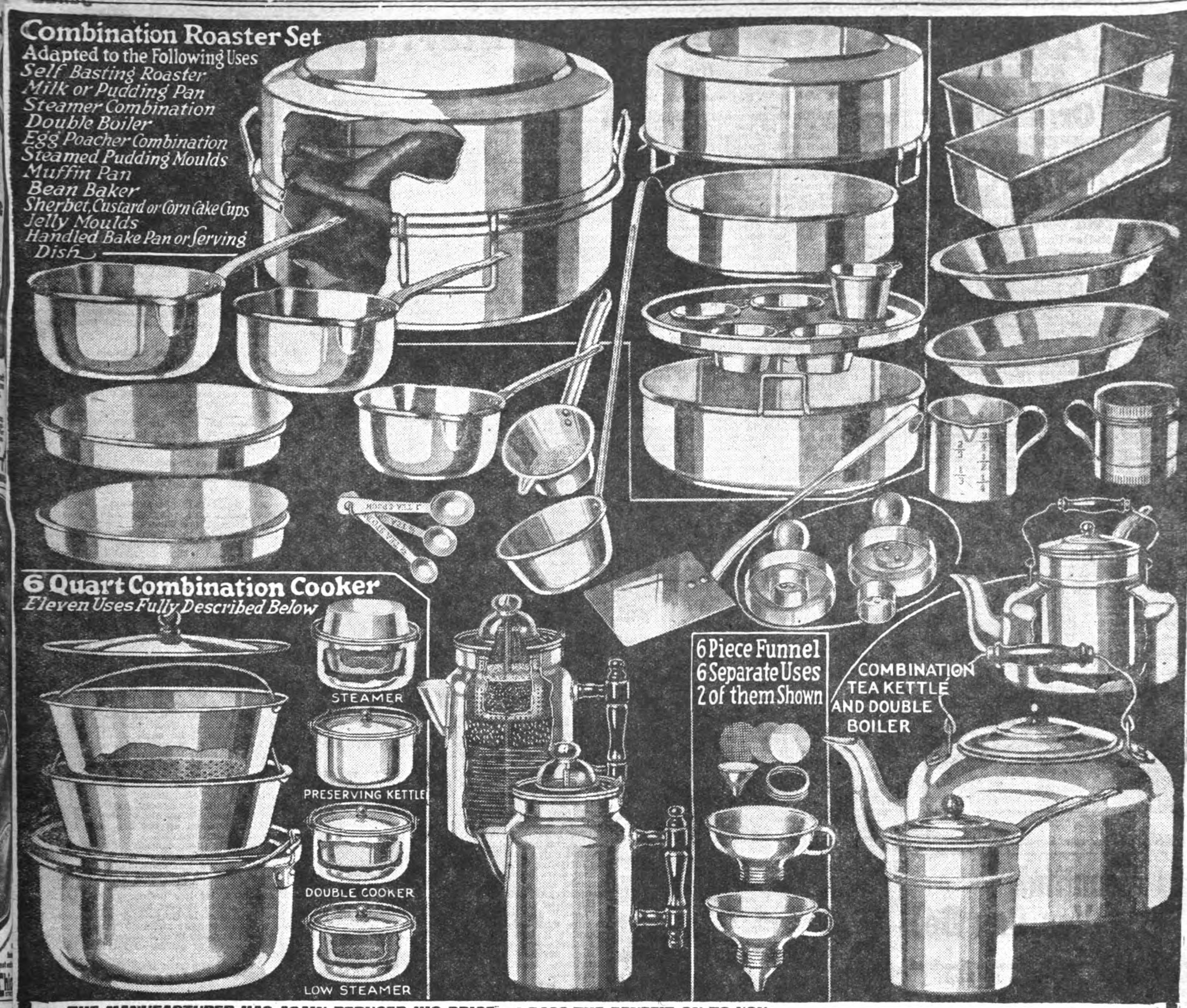
Risk a dime to get rid of them. Send your name and 10c, stamps or coin, to pay postage, and we'll mail you an extra large jar of **Harwood's Freckle Cream:** price, **$1.25.** If the freckles disappear within a month remit the price; otherwise return the unused portion of the jar.

Harwood Laboratories 408 Fox St., Aurora, Ill.



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- 1 One qt. Lipped sauce pan
- 1 1½ qt. Lipped sauce pan
- 1 Two qt. Lipped sauce pan
- 2 Pie plates—diam. 10 in.
- 2 Jelly or layer cake pans with loose bottoms (4 pieces) diam. 10 inches.
- 1 Percolator with inset, Capacity 7 cups (2 pieces)
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A New Year Eve Interlude

By Joseph F. Novak

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RICHARD Naughton had opened his country house for the Christmas holidays. A bachelor of many years' standing, this was his custom of squaring his social debts, and as he was a host without peer, an invitation to his Christmas house-party meant a week of unalloyed pleasure. Then, too he always thoughtfully terminated the affair the day before New Year's Eve, and this was nice since his guests could then return to the city and usher in the New Year as they saw fit.

Naughton, however, always remained a day longer to see that the house was closed up and properly left in charge of the caretaker.

His house-party this year had gone off in the customarily satisfactory way, and now Naughton was alone, debating as to whether he should have his caretaker drive him to the railroad depot, or whether he should motor to the city.

Personally, he preferred the machine, for it was well equipped to withstand the most freezing weather, but the lowering sky portended snow and even his staunch "Jane" (thus he spoke of his automobile) could not always conquer snow-drifts.

For some moments he sat, dressed in his heavy overcoat with its great fur collar, in the midst of the ghost-like furniture swathed in its dust-coverings, undecided. He had a handsome figure to look at, a man of clean health, a clear eye and a reputation without a blemish.

At length he decided in favor of the automobile, and with the decision, he arose, went to the garage and was soon spinning down the clean concrete road, for though the landscape was snow-bound, still there had been some sunshiny days after Christmas and the sun had eaten the snow from the concrete road and left it clear.

For many miles all went well, though the wind howled through the naked trees of the woods through which he passed, as if defying the machine and seeming to say: "You may be fleet, good sir, but I'll beat you in the race, yet."

The storm made good its threat, and announced its victory with little flurries of snow, dry as dust and stinging as needles, and after a few of these, it settled down into an old-fashioned blizzard. But even though it fell fast, it scurried across the concrete road, and the great brooms of the wind kept the road clear, as if it enjoyed the race with human-made speed, and was bound to take no unfair advantage.

Naughton, too, enjoyed the race. His sporting blood was up and he scudded along, and tens of miles he tore from the sum total he had to cover.

But after a time the storm gained, and Naughton felt his hands growing numb. This would not do, so he determined to stop at the first farmhouse he came to and ask permission to warm himself. A cup of hot coffee, too, would not come amiss. To stop would delay him, of course, but his program was to spend the New Year Eve at his club and as there would be something doing until well into the morning, it made little difference how late it would be before he arrived.

Accordingly, when the next farmhouse loomed up, he turned off the main road and up the little lane that led to the house, then parking his car, he sprang from the machine, hurried to the door and knocked.

The door was opened, after a short wait, by a woman, clad in an expensive storm coat. Over her head she had a wrap of some light material and her hair showed signs of much dressing.

Her eyes fastened themselves upon Naughton with something like annoyance in them.

"You are going out?" he queried after a courteous bow. "I wondered if I could get something to eat and whether I could warm my hands. They are almost numb from driving."

"Poke up the fire, if you wish, it is dying down. As for the eating, that is up to you. There are eggs in the pantry, likewise fresh bread. If you want coffee, make it. I'm going."

"It is storming dreadfully outside. Are you going to walk?"

"Yes, a little way. Through the field and down to the river. I cross the ice and get the interurban car on the other side."

"What will the rest of the family say when they come and find me here—alone?" he questioned.

"There's no family, except my husband, and he won't be home until late. I know that," she responded bitterly. "No one will bother you—unless a tramp might, or another motorist in distress."

"If you are going, I'd better be going, too——" Naughton began, but she suddenly interrupted him with:

"Never mind! A few minutes more or less will make no difference to me. Take off your wraps and sit up to the fire and I'll prepare some food for you," and with the words she threw the lacy wrap from her head and divested herself of her coat.

Magical change!

She was gowned in a dress of wondrous beauty, a thing of chiffon and sparkling beaded stuff that, to Naughton, was beyond description.

Then she kicked off the heavy storm boots she wore, exhibiting silk-slippered feet.

He stared at her in amazement, but said nothing for a while. He sat up to the stove and warmed his hands, watching her silently as she prepared a light meal for him, bitterness in her eyes.

At length he spoke.

"Going to celebrate the New Year's advent?"

"Yes!" she snapped.

"Without your husband?".

"A lot he cares," she returned. Then evidently brimming with her wrongs, she burst out:

"This is the last time he will disappoint me. We were to go to a New Year dance in town. But tonight he got a call from Chester, a town about ten miles from here, with reference to some business, and of course it was more important than pleasing me. I had planned so much on this affair and even made my dress so that it wouldn't cost too much, and here I am. I wanted to please him, but when he got around me in such a nice way and showed me that the affair meant quite a profit to us, I couldn't insist that he let the opportunity go. Yet not once has he ever gone out of his way to please me, and I'm sick and tired of it, do you hear? Sick and tired?" Her voice rose to an almost hysterical shriek. "Now I've determined to go to the city tonight and enjoy myself."

"It's almost eight o'clock now," he reminded.

"I don't care!" she flared. "I'm tired of sticking on this stupid farm without a bit of pleasure to lighten the monotony. I like the farm, but I'm only a girl, after all, and I want some recreation. It would do Frank good, too, to dress up occasionally and let me see in him the handsome young fellow that I loved and married. He's not a bad sort, but so thoughtless, and thoughtlessness hurts sometimes as much as downright beatings do. Oh, God, couldn't he have taken me this once, and made me happy? But no, he thinks our getting ahead is more important and when we're rich and can enjoy ourselves, we'll be so old that we won't care about life. I'm sick of it all—and—and—I'm through!"

"You are leaving your husband? Or are you simply going to the city and return again?"

"I said I'm through," she returned in a voice that left no doubt as to her intention.

"You are going to friends, I presume?"

"No. I don't know where I'm going except that I'm going to get away from here, happen what will. I'm ready to take the consequences!"

Naughton's eyes widened.

"So?" he leered just a trifle. "Well, I'm bound for the city, so why not come with me? I have a table engaged at the *Le Vanitie* Restaurant. They have a swell cabaret there and splendid food. If you feel like enjoying yourself, come with me. There won't be any harm in it, and I think you need not be ashamed of me," and he drew himself up, knowing that the girl was comparing his fine lines with the often uncouth figure of her husband. "I'd certainly be proud to escort you. Will you come?"

She looked at him a moment or two, without speaking, and he urged:

"I don't blame you in the least. It must be pretty tough for a pretty girl like you to stick around this dull place all by yourself. Your husband doesn't appreciate you, so why waste your good looks on him? What do you say? Do you want to see the Old Year out and the New Year in? Come on, be a sport! Tomorrow make a resolution to be a butterfly—leave your chrysalis! You can always get a job, and there is always room on the stage for a beauty like you! And I could help you get there!"

For some time she said not a word, but silently went on with the little meal. She brought the steaming things from the stove, then, as she slammed down the coffee-pot, she said crisply:

"All right!"

"Good!" he returned. "As soon as I'm finished, we'll go."

He hardly ate of the food she had prepared, however, as he held forth on the glamours of the city's night life. Did she dance? He did and greatly enjoyed a good dancing partner. Did she enjoy the theater? He had two tickets for one of the big *revues* that was current at one of the show-houses and though they would be late, that made no difference as those things were really great vaudeville shows and one could come in at most any time.

He saw that all his glowing pictures did not make any especial impression upon the girl, yet at the same time she showed no indication of retreating from the position she had taken, and when he had finished, and had picked up his hat, coat and gauntlets, she did likewise and said:

"I am ready."

Silently he took her by the arm and opened the door and they passed out into the night, while the wind let out a sudden shriek as if it wailed over a lost soul.

They went to the automobile and he helped her in; then, after kicking away the snow that had piled up about the wheels, he got in and they were off. Over the rough road of the little lane they crunched and on to the concrete, stretching like a long black thread through a world of spotless white to perdition.

"Some night, but a regular old-fashioned New Year's Eve," Naughton commented as they spun along. "I enjoy a night like this and as my 'Jane' here isn't afraid of anything, I feel quite at ease. Comfortable riding machine, isn't it?"

"Yes," the girl answered lifelessly, but she seemed anything but comfortable.

He smiled at her, indulgently.

"I suppose it seems a bit queer to be out of your husband's protection, doesn't it? But after all, what's a husband? Merely a meal ticket. And yours apparently was one who provided the roast beef and potatoes—and no dessert, and pleasure is the dessert of the banquet of life. Rather neat that, don't you think?" and as she nodded, he laughed: "There, there, old girl, chirk up, and enjoy this fine ride. We're actually making forty-five miles an hour in spite of the storm."

The more he spoke, however, the more uncomfortable the girl appeared, until at last terror, unadulterated terror showed in her eyes.

He noted this.

"Look!" and he shut off the little trouble light on the dash-board and they were in darkness "Doesn't it look as if we were at the end of the world—just we two?"

How horribly desolate it looked! It chilled Naughton. How, then, did it affect his shrinking companion?

"Too depressing," he commented, switching on the trouble light again. "There," that makes it more cozy. Why," and he peered into her face, "surely you are not afraid? By the way, what's your name? Never mind, I'll call you 'Cutie', may I?"

"You may—call—me—anything—oh, my God! I want to go home!"

"What?" He put on the brakes suddenly. "What? Go back to that thoughtless boob to whom fifty cents is more than his wife's happiness? Go back to a lout who leaves you at home alone on New Year's Eve when other men are taking their wives to dances and watch-night parties and the like? Oh, pshaw, girl, don't weaken."

They came to a cross road, he swung into it and into trackless snow.

"Don't call him names, please," she begged piteously. "I always loved Frank, and perhaps if I had told him how lonely I sometimes got, he might have been less thoughtless. He's always been generous and never cruel. Only I got so tired of never going anywhere and tonight I was so disappointed and angry and desperate, that it seemed as if I had no reason left. Oh, please please, take me back to him!"

Naughton's tone changed from bantering to sneering.

"Oh, you want to go back to him, do you? You'd like to go back to his protection now that you've left it, wouldn't you? Well, you won't, my fine girl, I'll tell you. You're coming with me! When a woman says she's going out for a good time and doesn't care about the consequences, she usually gets what's coming to her. You haven't got into the hands of a tender fool like your husband. You're in the hands of a man of the world!"

"Oh—oh—Mister! (and her lack of his name made her appeal the more pitiful) take me back! Oh, please, take me back!"

"I will—in due time," he mocked.

"Help!" she screamed.

For answer, he threw open the car door. A whirl of snow blew in upon them. Outside, nothing but white, chilling, unbounded trackless white.

"Scream if you like! What good will it do you? Who will hear you? When you get tired, you'll shut up," he returned, as he slammed the door.

And again the machine turned into an unbroken road.

The girl did not make any further outcry.

"Have you no mercy?" she cried. "Have you no pity?"

"You had no pity on your husband, did you?"

"I bore it a long time," she said weakly, "but after all his neglect was meant for my good. I see it now and see that had I showed him just how I felt about it, he would have listened to me. Please take me back."

"You'd better come with me," he said grimly, and his voice held out no hope.

"I'll cry out when we get to town," she threatened weakly.

"Lot of good that will do you. Anyone who hears you will think you've had too much hooch. Quit that sniveling and shut up. It makes me sore. I'm master now."

For a third time the machine turned into an unbroken road but valiantly chugged on.

"I thought you were a man of honor and decency——"

"Bah! A man of honor! He'd invite a married woman to celebrate the incoming New Year with him, wouldn't he?"

She wilted, and for some time not a word passed between them.

For a fourth time the machine careened wildly around a corner. But the girl gave no thought to the outside. There was but one thought in her mind. Each turn of the wheels was bringing nearer and nearer to the brink and now the machine seemed to dash on with the rapidity of thought.

Then came a rough bit, the machine skidded, hurtled and bumped and came to a sudden stop.

Naughton jumped out of the machine, and went to her side of the machine. For the first time he placed a hand upon her.

"We'll stop here," he said.

She looked up, dazed, but made no move.

"Come," he said, and almost dragged her from the machine.

And now she looked—wildly, unbelievingly.

For before her, snowbound but distinguishable, rose her own doorway!

The yellow light streamed from the kitchen and fell in a yellow bar upon the snow, in which the fleecy snow danced. It fell, too, upon Naughton.

The girl searched his face. A rather sad smile rested there.

"What—what does it mean?" she gasped.

"It was a rather tough lesson, wasn't it, little girl?" he said. "We only had a little joy-ride, that's all."

"Lesson? Joy-ride?" she repeated, bewildered.

"I knew you didn't want to leave your husband, and I knew there wasn't a streak of yellow in you. I saw that you were only disappointed and I knew that you would regret the step you contemplated. And I thought that if I would let you do just what you wanted to do, you would the more quickly find out that it was just what you didn't want to do. So I pretended to be a man of the caliber you undoubtedly would have picked up on the city streets or in a New Year cabaret. I know your roads hereabouts and if you hadn't been so frightened and had counted the turns you would have noted that we had made a complete square. Now, forgive my little preachment and make a New Year resolution to straighten out the little misunderstanding that might have wrecked two otherwise happy lives. Will you do that?"

"Yes, oh, yes," she replied, and catching his hands in hers, she kissed them.

"Don't," he remonstrated, "that isn't necessary."

"I am so thankful to you," she murmured.

"That's all right," he said, a bit diffidently. "I think I had better go now, it is getting late."

"Stop in a bit until Frank comes. I want him to meet you. Perhaps you will now enjoy a bite to eat more than you did a short while back."

The bitter cold of the night, and the prospect of his drive decided Naughton.

"All right, I will," he agreed, and they went in.

She put her heavy wrap out of sight, and while she did this, he poked up the fire, and then she went to preparing the meal.

In a little while there came a faint halloo from outside.

"It's Frank!" the girl exclaimed, and she ran to the door to meet him, and when he entered she threw herself into his arms, stroked his cheeks and then let her hands wander over his big broad shoulders to rest upon his heart.

"Whose machine is that——" he began, but stopped when he caught sight of Naughton.

"A motorist stopped in and asked to warm himself and get a cup of coffee. I let him in. You are not angry?"

"No. I should say not, only don't make it a practice when I'm not around, dear heart," he said.

Then he engaged Naughton in conversation until the girl prepared the little meal.

"You make our home so pleasant, Alice, that I hate to leave it. But I'll never play you such a trick again. The money in the deal tonight didn't compensate me for the shame I felt when I came to town and found everybody going to the New Year dance. Would you like to go? There is still time," he said, "and you are all dressed."

"I know, but somehow now I don't want to, although I was so anxious, I dressed up. Let us spend the New Year watches together, Frank."

"All right, but tomorrow I make a resolution that we go somewhere as often as possible, and if I'm tempted to break it, you break my head, Alice. I heard some of the folks saying how I was neglecting you—and I guess I was. I don't deserve such a girl as Alice, do I, sir?" and he smiled at Naughton.

"Well, make yourself worthy of her, brother," Naughton laughed, and then as the meal finished, he rose. "I must be on my way," he said.

They invited him to remain, but he said he couldn't and off he went. But not before Alice had a chance to whisper to him:

"God bless you, and if there is any unsatisfied desire in your heart, may the New Year bring it to you."

"Amen to that," he said.

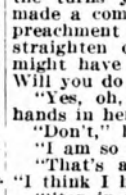
He got into the machine and hurtled through the drifts and out upon the highway, to finish his interrupted journey.

He reached the city and his club just as the bells were chiming in the New Year.

"Where in Sam Hill have you been?" one of his club-fellows asked.

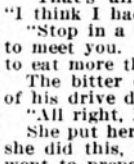
He smiled mysteriously.

"I don't tell tales out of school, dear William," he said. "I may have been in church, for all you know."



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Through the columns of this department our Doctor's advice regarding maternity and child welfare will be given free in answer to questions by our subscribers. Address Mother and Baby Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and be sure to give your full name and address. Names will not be published.

Coughs and Colds of Children

THIS seems an appropriate subject for this month's talk, for it is during the cold winter months we see the largest number of people—adults and babies—suffering with colds and coughs. We do not intend this talk to enable a mother to get along without medical attention if the child needs it, but do hope by a few simple suggestions to aid her in treating simple colds and also to call her attention to a few danger signals which she ought to know.

I know of nothing more distressing for the parents to bear than the helpless, silent suffering of a sick baby, but this seems doubly worse when the organs of breathing are affected and they cannot help but note the extreme effort and distress for the baby to gets its breath. One of the hardest tasks a mother, or even a physician, has to do is to be able to tell just when a simple cold becomes bronchitis or pneumonia. A baby is taken with what seems to be a simple cold, and within a few hours this may prove to be a serious case of pneumonia, and only the most clever medical men can tell just when this apparent cold becomes pneumonia, but the watchful mother can be guided by this rule: if the baby's apparent cold seems to be growing worse all the time instead of growing better, get a physician and have him make a thorough examination. Another condition that is sometimes confusing is to decide whether the baby has simple croup, a disease not dangerous to life, or the much-dreaded membranous croup or diptheria, which is dangerous to life. The same rules apply here, bearing in mind this: the simple cold or simple croup should and always does respond to simple home treatment; and in your baby's case, if you do not get the expected relief, do not take a chance but call in the doctor and find out positively the cause of the child's illness. In some countries over one-third of the children who die before they are five years old, die of some disease of the organs of respiration, pneumonia or bronchitis, but in the United States a larger proportion die of digestive disturbances.

We shall first take up coryza or cold in the head, snuffles. This is an inflammation of the mucous membrane lining the nose or nasal passages, and may be mild or severe, acute or chronic. The cause is not always clearly evident, but is usually caused by chilling the body, exposure of neck and head to cold air or feet and ankles to cold and dampness, also irritating gases or vapors, tobacco smoke.

Children whose circulation is not normal seem most susceptible to colds. The symptoms of coryza or snuffles are sneezing, first dryness of nose and throat, then a slight discharge, which becomes profuse. In very young children this is often a distressing condition as it makes nursing difficult, the breathing while sleeping may be nasal or snoring. Treatment: castor oil in teaspoonful doses to be sure the bowels are properly regulated, and lubricating the nasal passages every few hours with a few drops of sweet oil, or hen's oil. You might rub a little outside of nose, also put on flannel nightcap for a few days. If the cold seems severe, in addition to these things would suggest that you give baby two drops each of syrup of ipecac and sweet spirits of niter every two, three or four hours, frequency of dosage depending on severity of the case. If the baby seems to have some evolvement of the lungs or bronchi, would suggest that you apply hot camphorated oil on upper chest. To do this in the proper way you should heat some camphorated oil in a saucer, then soak in this a thin piece of gauze or cheese-cloth, apply on upper chest, and cover with a larger piece of flannel.

CROUP is a congestion of mucous membrane of larynx, slight swelling, slight dryness with spasmodic contraction of the glottis, coughing, or crowing, difficult breathing, attacks of threatened suffocation. One never forgets the symptoms of croup, and if it is a member of your own family, this croupy cough or crowing will never be mistaken. I think I can safely say that the symptoms in simple croup really seem worse than they are for in simple croup the child always gets well. The symptoms usually occur at night, the child going to bed as well as usual, or with a cold so slight that it is not noticed. After a few hours the child awakens with a feeling of suffocation and a dry, harsh cough or crow, tries to cry out, and in most every case is very badly frightened. In an hour or so the breathing becomes easier, the skin becomes moist and the child falls asleep. The next day the child may get up and be perfectly well with the exception of a slight cough, then that night go through the same experience of the night before with a slight change in symptoms; in fact, untreated, the child may go through this procedure several nights in succession. The treatment, if the symptoms are severe, is to put the child into a hot bath at once, hot or cold compresses on and around throat and upper chest. You may put on hot compresses of camphorated oil.

Subject for next month is *Coughs and Colds Continued.*

Questions and Answers

BABY'S STOOLS.—What causes my 14-months-old baby to have such an odor to his stools, ever since he was three months old? What can I do for it?
MRS. J. F., Hanover, Ill.

A.—The cause is probably indigestion, the food not being properly digested. Keep bowels regular and give baby only simple foods.

MORNING SICKNESS.—I am two months pregnant and am sick at my stomach continually, also have bad taste in my mouth. What can I do for it?
MRS. J. B., South Norfolk, Va.

A.—Keep bowels regular, avoid all excitement, sexual and otherwise. A binder giving slight upward and inward pressure relieves. Cautiously take simple, easily-digested foods.

LEUCORRHEA AND SORE NIPPLES.—I am an expectant mother and am badly troubled with leucorrhea, also sore nipples that discharge a watery substance. Will these things affect child? MRS. M. T., Minn.

A. Bathing frequently is about all you can do for leucorrhea, as douches are not safe in your condition. (b) For breasts, should wash them every day with saturated solution of boracic acid, then apply cocoa butter.

MALNUTRITION.—I have a little girl three years old, who weighs but 25 pounds, no appetite, and cries a great deal. Her body is rough and scales come off.
MRS. E. M. C., Wellington, Kans.

A.—I should say that your little girl had malnutrition and I should try and build up her general health with milk, eggs, meat juices and broths. Should give her cod liver oil and iron. Tincture of chloride of iron, eight drops in simple syrup, three times a day, after meals.

SALIVATION.—I have a baby boy two years old who slobbers so badly his clothing is wet most of the time. He has all his teeth, but has lumps on side of neck. Please give me cause and remedy.
MRS. J. B. W., Bessemer, Ala.

A.—This dribbling of saliva is a sympathetic affection, caused by some condition—this symptom, considered with enlarged glands of neck, would suggest rundown condition. Should keep him out of doors as much as possible, give cod liver oil, also tincture of chloride of iron in five-drop doses, three times a day, after meals.

ECZEMA.—My baby is twenty months old and has had eczema since she was three months old. We have tried so much, but it does not heal. We have her on a diet and she seems very healthy otherwise. Does teething have anything to do with it?
MRS. A. G., Newald, Wisc.

A.—There are so many different kinds of eczema it would not be advisable to give any suggestions about treatment without examination, but the diet is excellent. For local treatment, should bathe with Dakin's solution, then apply a little 20 per cent. sulphur ointment.

FEEDING BABY.—(a) My eight-months-old baby is nursing and seems to be doing well, but seems to crave other food, cries when she sees others eating. Would you feed her, and are soda crackers harmful? (b) My boy, nearly three years old, is troubled with his front teeth decaying. What is the cause, and what can be done?
MRS. L. P., Andover, Mo.

A.—(a) If baby seems to be doing well, I should not advise feeding her, considering her age; later you may give her gruels, custards and other easily-digested food. Soda crackers are hard to digest, unless toasted, and they are not an ideal food. (b) Cleaning the teeth often will prevent decay, also give your boy three tablespoonfuls of lime-water a day in his milk or water.

WEAK HEART.—Can you tell me what is the trouble with my five-months-old girl who, for three months, has had spells of turning blue, gasping for breath, then goes to sleep? Have noticed that when she vomits she does not have an attack.
MRS. L. S. T., Mena, Ark.

A.—I think from your letter that your baby girl has a weak heart, either congenital or an acquired muscular weakness, and when she has any indigestion with gas, this causes the spells. Should keep her digestion in good condition, bowels regular, and not allow her to eat or nurse too fast, and think these attacks will not occur.

CHEWING TONGUE.—What causes my two and one-half months old baby to chew her tongue?
MRS. F. E. L., Little Rock, Ark.

A.—I do not know unless it is tongue-tied. Have her tongue examined and relieved if this condition exists, as it is a very simple operation.

MATERNITY CORSETS.—I am an expectant mother and have a severe abdominal pain if I get up suddenly. Would maternity corsets help this, and what can I do for large veins of leg? MRS. P. O., Pa.

A.—The maternity corset will be helpful and I should advise slow movements when getting up. (b) Bandage limbs from foot up above enlarged veins with flannel bandages.

HOLDING BREATH.—I have a baby 19 months old that holds her breath if she falls or cannot have everything she wishes. The physicians here think she will outgrow it, but she does not seem to improve and I am afraid she will die in every attack. What can I do for her? MRS. G. E. B., Hailes, N. Y.
Also MRS. C. B., New Jersey.

A.—This is a spasmodic affection of the muscles of respiration, breathing, and is never fatal. During the attack, raise to sitting position, fan her, and, if not too cold, take her to open window or door; dash cold water in her face. We believe this condition has a cause in each case and is not temper, as some seem to believe. The causes are teething, improper diet, some stomach or intestinal disease, or may be connected with rickets. In your baby's case, find out the cause and remove it, lance gums freely if teething, get digestion normal, and if she seems pale give her iron in some form.

LIVER OR BROWN SPOTS.—Would it be safe to use the lotion suggested for brown spots if they are not caused by pregnancy, and will the lotion cause skin to peel? MRS. A. S., Deadwood, Colo.

A.—Yes, this is a safe treatment, and will get results if you persist in the use of it, and I never knew it to cause skin to peel.

BABY'S SCALY HEAD.—My two-months-old baby has a lot of hair, and his head is covered with scales. Have tried washing it and putting on vaseline, but get no relief. MRS. R. S., Cobden, Ill.

A.—Apply sweet oil freely, then gently comb out scales, then wash with Castile soap and water. Do this several times and I am certain you will get relief.

WEANING BABY.—At what age should I wean baby from the bottle and how often should I feed him?
MRS. C. M. S.

A.—A baby nursing breast should be weaned at the 11th month; if nursing bottle, should give it to him for two years, with the idea in mind to get him to take milk in this way. (b) A baby nine to 12 months old should be fed every three and one-half hours during day.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

as a model housekeeper, her front rooms were always shining, but one day I had cause to enter her kitchen and then I changed my mind. Such a kitchen, everything dirty, dirty dishes even under the kitchen table, and she—was she sick? Oh no, playing the piano in the front room!

I have lived in the city and in the country village and next year we expect to be in our own home in the country. I like country life so much better.

I use flour sacks for the children's underwear, sheets for baby's bed, clothes pin aprons, laundry bags, and with a stenciled design make short curtains for my kitchen.

Next time I will send some of my choice recipes for I flatter myself on being a good cook. We all take pride in some special thing and I cannot in my good looks or good letters.

Sincerely, HUBBY'S PAL.

ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER, WASHINGTON.

HELLO EVERYBODY:

May I come in for a little while? I like to read the letters from the different sisters. Wouldn't it be a grand and jolly meeting if we could all meet and have a family reunion?

Helen, I had a good laugh when I read about the lady and her nets. I never heard of putting them on their legs before. You see, I used to live in Alaska a good many years ago, but not so far north as Circle City. We were at Fort Wrangekk. Long before a steamer was hardly visible, someone would call out "S-t-e-a-m-e-r," and then it would be repeated and in less than five minutes the echo of "Steamer" would be sounding all over the bay and people would be running down to the dock. I lived near the edge of the water and looking south I could see a white spot and a long black streak of smoke—the steamer coming around Elephant's Nose. And the tourists! I've heard people speak of "country greenhorns," well, they'd have to go some to beat those tourists, for greenness. It didn't seem possible that people knew so little of Alaska. My baby was very fair with long yellow curls and blue eyes. A crowd was passing by and a girl, about twelve years old, said, "Mamma, isn't that an awful white half breed?" Her mother gasped out in a most horrified tone, "Merciful Heavens, yes. I wonder if her mother is a white woman or a squaw." Helen, I'd like to visit you and Circle City, although my daughter is nearer your age.

Mrs. George Bacher, I wonder if you would answer one more letter? I know what you received in the line of mail. Once we didn't have a mail boat for about six weeks and I received 190 postcards and thirty letters.

Mrs. Lillian Austin, I think that your suggestion is really the best for a COMFORT pin. We are all familiar with the COMFORT emblem, so why not have it in enamel colors?

I think it is all right for anyone to write of their troubles as well as their joys. Then we who think we are so badly abused and have so many misfortunes can see that we are not the only ones for there are others worse off than we are. Then, too, we can see that we are not the only ones to have the best husband, children or the most perfect of homes. I haven't the best husband living but I am convinced that he is a long ways from being the worst. Another thing, I don't think that one needs sign their name.

Mrs. George B. Jackson, I surely would like to visit you in your lighthouse home.

I gain much help from the letters and as soon as COMFORT comes I drop everything and read it.

Wishing Mrs. Wilkinson and every one of you the best of luck,
WHITE CARNATION.

OKLAHOMA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Will you allow a Southern girl to enter your circle? I live in a pretty place near the Arkansas River in eastern Oklahoma, on a farm of 120 acres.

I am still in high school and occasionally act as substitute teacher. I like that very much. I have a plan that works very well against whispering in school. Take the names of the children who whisper and stand them in a row before the school, or alone might be better, and make them talk on some given subject for a certain length of time. This will prevent the others from studying for a while but it will do a lot toward making the offenders think twice before they whisper again.

With love to all, LILY.

CHURCH, KY.

DEAR SISTERS:

I have long been a reader of COMFORT and now that the photos of COMFORT babies are published I am sending a picture of our boy, sixteen months old but only seven months when the picture was taken. His name is Elwood and he is the joy and pride of our home. I don't think a home is complete without children



ELWOOD RAMSEY.

I have one of the best of husbands and I always read the sisters' letters to him and he enjoys them as well as I do. We have been married four years and are still sweethearts. He always uses me kind and I try to treat him the same way. We live on a farm of one hundred and seventy acres and are just as happy as can be and the desire of our hearts is to bring up our little boy in the fear of the Lord.

With love to Mrs. Wilkinson and the sisters,
MRS. VENA RAMSEY.

Mrs. Ramsey.—We like your son, even if he will persist in sticking his tongue out at us.—Ed.

HARRISVILLE, N. Y.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

After reading Roy Smith's letter I felt like saying that it is not altogether the movies that have such a demoralizing effect on the minds of young people. My opinion is that if the mothers of today were as strict in the dressing of their daughters as they were in my day—about 55 years ago—we would not see so many young girls going about nearly nude. We do not have to go to the motion-picture houses to see girls (and married women as well) immodest in dress. Nothing seems to be improper to them. To look at the present style of dress answers the questions of why there is so much vice today. Why do they wear rolled stockings, knee length skirts, very low necks and thin waists? Ask them and they will say that it is the style but what are such styles for? To attract attention, of course, and they certainly do, to the everlasting discredit of the wearers. I believe in reasonably short skirts but rolled stockings make me feel I would like to thrash the wearer. One girl replied that "legs were legs," but I think modesty is more to the credit of a girl than showing her knees. Low necks are all right but there ought to be a limit. We are not living in the garden of Eden and men are not blind. Eve, when she saw her nakedness, made a covering of fig leaves. Another girl admitted that boys liked girls better if they didn't wear corsets to dances. Some of the dances are all right but others should be prohibited. We do not have to go to the movies to see these things. I am a believer in movies and have never been to one that I considered unfit for young people of either sex to see. I don't think there is any excuse for the average girl traveling the downward path. I mean the girl reared in good surroundings. Neither do I mean to shield the young men for they should have more respect for womanhood. All through the ages woman has stood for purity and she ought to set a good example for others to follow. If man suggests that which is wrong she has the right to protect her honor. The language heard among young people is appalling. I know for a certainty that the ordinary young man soon finds out who the good girls are and acts the part of a gentleman when with them but is not so careful when with immodest girls.

Is it not high time for parents and guardians of our children to take a firmer stand and endeavor to place before the younger generation a purer, cleaner mode of living? I do not mean that all girls and boys are bad but an alarming percentage are. Marriage will soon be but a mockery.

Mothers, fathers, guardians, let us try to wipe out this shadow that is hovering over the flowers of the world, reaching out to enfold them in its awful embrace from which there is no escape but a merciful death. But after death there will be a reckoning and will we be able to show a good record of what we have done to better the world?

Very sincerely, MRS. MILO MULLIN.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

To bake sweet potatoes, wash thoroughly, grease well and bake in covered pan.

To clean frying pan, rub with a hard crust of bread and wash with hot water and washing soda.

Put a pail of cold water in a newly painted room, change every two hours. This absorbs the paint smell.

Soak a new broom in boiling salt water before using. It toughens the bristles and makes the broom last longer.

A low stand such as used for irons or for placing tea and coffee pots on, kept near the oven will be found useful to place under a cake or pudding that is baking too quickly on bottom.

A root of horseradish, washed and scraped and put in the vinegar jar will add a pleasant flavor to vinegar as well as helping to keep its strength.—MRS. MARGUERITE P. SCHLEGAL, Lenhartsville, Pa.

A teaspoon of gelatine added to boiled frosting makes it as nice as the marshmallow cream which is so expensive.

I use fine wool yarn for darning toes and heels of everyday hose. It fills in faster and does not harden with frequent washing as cotton does.

In making buttonholes, first machine stitch around the place buttonhole is to be made, cut and work with No. 50 or 60 crochet thread. This makes a buttonhole that will outlast the material.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 33.)



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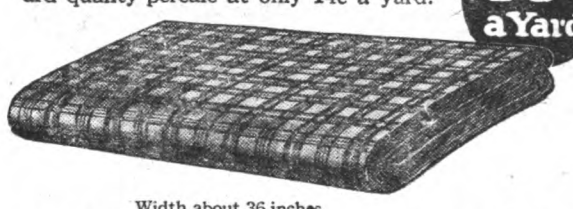


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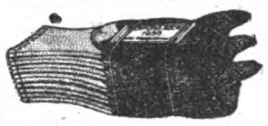


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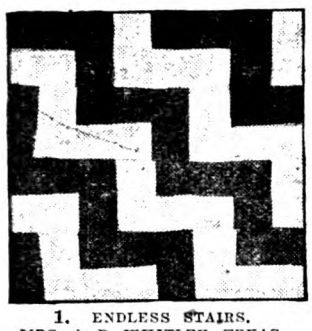
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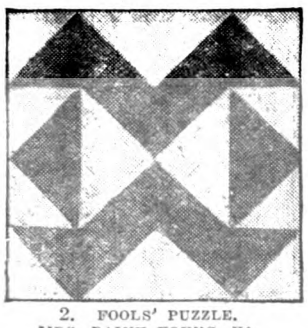
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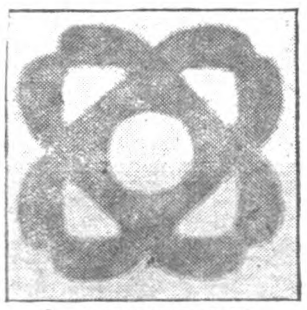
Old and New Designs for Patchwork



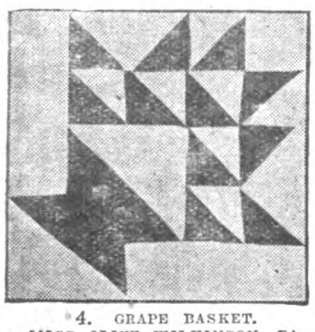
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MRS. RAINY YOUNG, VA.



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MRS. HATTIE B. WOODS, TEXAS.



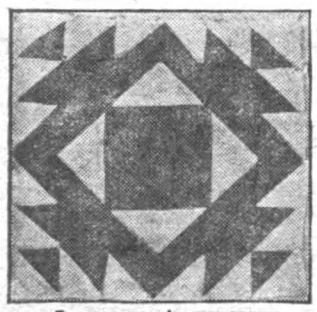
4. GRAPE BASKET.
MISS OLIVE WILKINSON, PA.



5. MOON AND STAR.
MRS. E. C. ROBINSON, VT.



6. OLD HOME.
MRS. FAYE EVANS, MO.



7. MOTHER'S FAVORITE.
SOPHIA MOULTON, IND.

Revival of Patchwork

PATCHWORK is an old, old art and one that played such an important part in the life of the early colonists in this country, that it is not quite fair to conside it simply the mere cutting up of material into bits for the sake of sewing them together; but rather an ingenious way of using odds and ends at hand, to meet a need.

The wonderful development of patchwork quilts in this new country was due largely to the climate and the native thrift of the pioneer women.

The early settlements were made along or near the coast, and the bleak winters in the northern states, together with the rude poorly heated log cabins, made more bedding necessary, than had been brought over the seas. This need, as well as all other household supplies, was met by the ability and untiring energy of the mothers of this nation.

Practically every article of clothing or household comfort in those early days was the work of their busy hands. Th hum of the spinning wheel clack of the loom or click of the knitting needles was always to be heard.

Their busy useful lives made them practical and economical, hence every scrap of material left from the family wardrobe was treasured and pieced into quilts in their hard-won leisure moments.

Fortunately the English and Dutch who settled in these northern and New England states were already skilled needle women as well as excellent housekeepers. From the piecing of coverlets they processed to quilting, then followed heavy quilted curtains for the drafty windows, and later quilted skirts of silk and satin, and quaint quilted bonnets were the style and were most treasured possessions.

Little girls were taught to sew as soon as they could hold a needle, because every girl when she was ready to marry prided herself upon the number of fine quilts she had ready. Thus the useful art of patchwork quilting grew very rapidly in those early days, because of the need of quilts and because it brought into the lives of these busy pioneer women an interesting occupation which gave them a channel or vent for their imagination.

It also unconsciously, perhaps, taught beauty of form and color combination and lead to social intercourse which was enjoyable.

Whenever women met, patchwork blocks were used as pick-up work. Patterns were exchanged and friendly rivalry created much pleasant excitement. Women's quilts became their joy and they took great pride in their skill as needleworkers and also in working out intricate and difficult patterns.

So this art grew in importance, as Eliza Calvert Hall clearly shows when she makes "Aunt Jane of Kentucky" say: "But when it comes to culling out, why, you're free to choose your own pattern. You can give the same kind o' pieces to two persons, and one'll make a 'nine-patch' and one'll make a 'wild goose chase' and there'll be two quilts made out of the same kind o' pieces and just as different as they can be. And that is jest the way with livin'. The Lord sends us the pieces, but we can cut 'em out and put 'em together pretty much to suit ourselves, and there's a heap more in the cuttin' out and the sewin' than there is in the caliker." How true this is!

So, as 'tis said that necessity is the mother of invention, I have tried to show how it was that these busy women who helped so courageously to build up the first homes in this big new country, left behind them the beginnings of what developed into a distinctly American branch of needlecraft.

The first simple patterns, planned solely that no bit of material might be wasted, began to be more complicated and attractive as soon as resources for obtaining cotton increased.

Then rivalry and the making of exhibition quilts, quilting bees and the exchange and collection of patterns, brought much pleasurable excitement into many lives which were otherwise filled with much care and drudgery.

All women enjoyed and found recreation in this work, and as the years passed elderly women loved their patchwork still more for the memories which each bright bit recalled. Each had her box of sample patterns which had gradually been collected and treasured, and one can imagine that many a pleasant evening was spent before the great fireplaces, looking them over and recalling the names of friendly givers.

Thus patchwork, due to the need which it filled, and the intense interest and keen competition which it awakened, rapidly advanced, as living conditions became easier, from simply a conglomerate mass of pieces of every hue into carefully planned designs of striking beauty.

To further follow the interesting history and growth of this branch of needlecraft we shall have to trace its journey westward with the descendants of those who first came to these shores.

As time passed, shortly after the Revolution, adventurous souls in the northern states began to follow the Ohio toward the great central West, and from the southern states the movement was also westward into the mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee.

Each and all of these families took with them their most cherished and valued possessions although the journeys were long and anything but easy.

As quilts had come to fill such an important place in the life and comfort of the family it is hardly necessary to say that any such articles were omitted from their household goods.

In this new wilderness, trials and privations were met aud overcome, and homes founded. Here the descendants of these pioneers still live under conditions very similar to those which prevailed a hundred years ago.

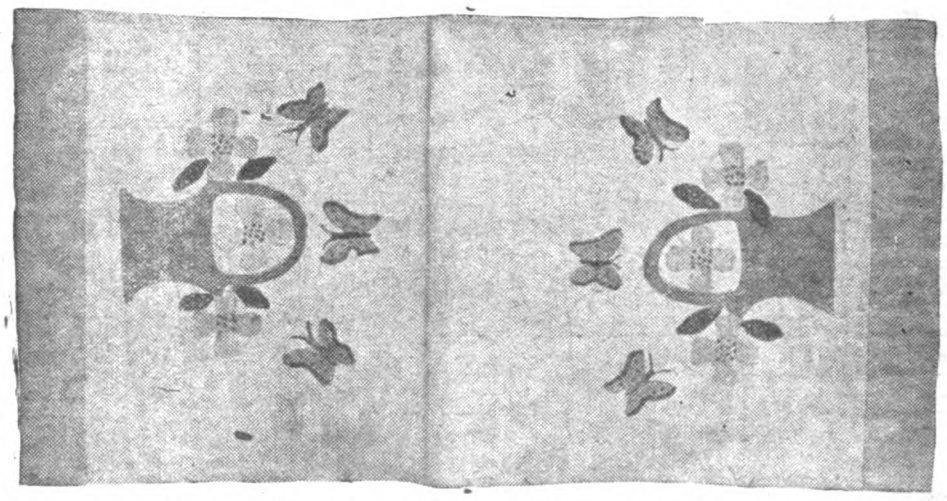
In the seclusion of these mountains, away from the progress of the past century, the primitive household arts and crafts have flourished. The simple needs of the entire family are met as before the advent of machinery, by the women exactly the same as in colonial days. Year in and year out they spin, weave and knit and for recreation turn as their grandmothers and great-grandmothers did, to the making of quilts from which they never seem to tire.

In their mountain homes, from the cradle to the grave, these isolated women sit at their quilting-frames, patiently creating work of wonderful beauty with their needles.

No bride of any country takes more pride in her dowry chest than the mountain bride in her pile of hand-made quilts.

By far the finest quilts, the most beautiful in design and of rarely fine workmanship are very frequently found in such out-of-the-way hamlets, that no influencing idea could have reached their makers.

It is especially the women of such regions who have fostered this thoroughly American needlecraft and here and throughout much of the great middle West are found the best examples, which show the same substantial and serviceable qualities that were characteristic of the budding art.



The scarf illustrated above, by Lucile Briston, Ky., is a lovely study in color. The wild roses, blue baskets and butterflies make a most delicate combination.

An Applique Scarf

The scarf submitted by Lucile Briston is a lovely example of applique and has the embroidery stitches needed to emphasize the motifs used. On a background of unbleached cotton is placed a delicate blue basket above a three-inch border. The roses, which are of two shades of a soft pink, are finished with coarse yellow French knots of a mercerized cotton.

There are many beautiful threads now on the market which are so lustrous they add greatly to similar designs worked in this way.

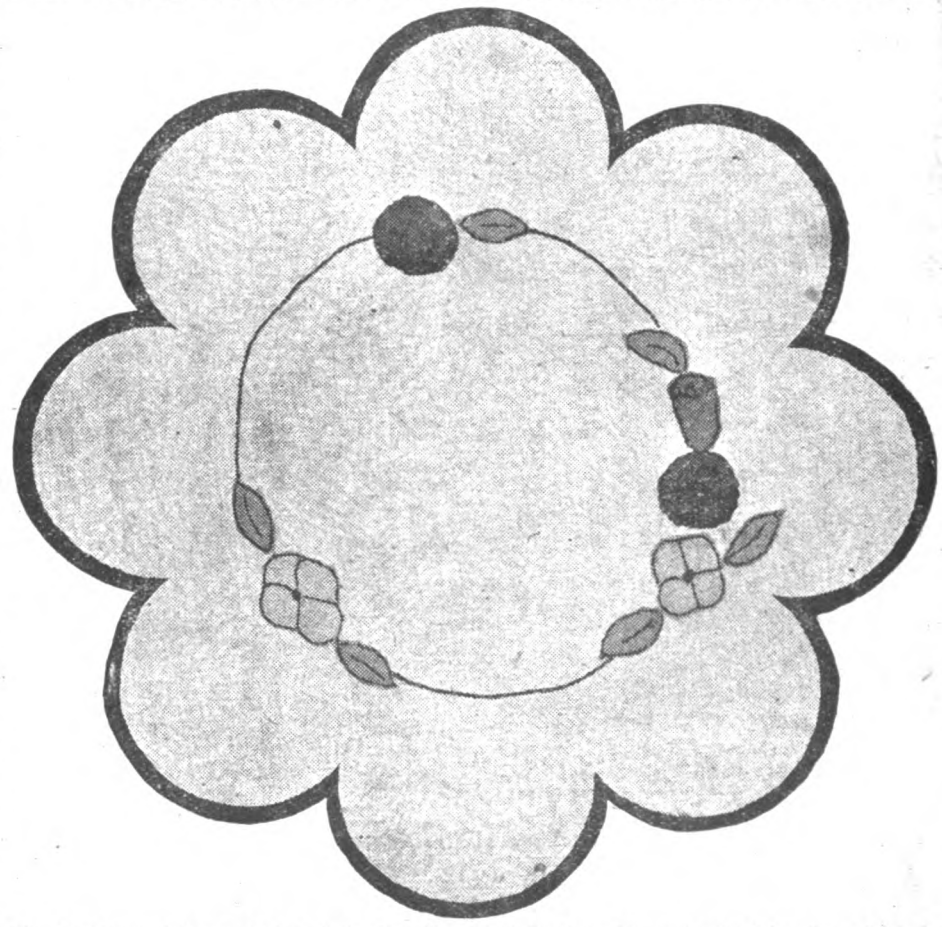
The leaves are of a quiet green, and butterflies of a pale yellow, deeper shades of the same color and black being used for French knots on the wings, the bodies and for the edges in satin-stitch.

Centerpiece in Applique

The design which was submited by Mrs. Beardon is a thoughtful combination of form and color, which results in a most pleasing effect.

The illustration, which has a twenty-inch center, gives one a very good idea of how a little outlining may be used to connect bits of applique and form a design covering considerable space but involving little work.

In this particular instance a Blue Bell, an American Beauty and a simple wild rose are the motifs, combined with a few green leaves and the outlining which is of black. A neatly bound scallop forms a most suitable edge.



The chief charm of this centerpiece designed by Mrs. Hugh Bearden, Ark., is its simplicity. It can be easily copied on either a white or cream background with soft colors which would harmonize with any room.

Quilts and Their Making

Old times can be recalled but they belong to the past as do the real calico quilts. In comparatively recent times the spinning, weaving, baking and brewing have been taken out of the home, leaving the housewife to occupy herself with tasks of her own choice and liking in her spare time.

Each of the different sorts of hand work which have survived as spare time occupations, tatting, crocheting and knitting seem to have enjoyed waves of popularity and now patchwork of a certain form, known as modern applique, is becoming the fad. This work is simply a new version of the old hemmed-on patchwork. It is interesting and is naturally leading women to turn their attention back to its source of inspiration, the hand-made quilts of earlier generations.

With so many serviceable substitutes it is not now really necessary for women to make quilts, but the strange fascination which the work has for those who do become interested has appealed so strongly that at the present time more quilts and spreads are being made, and over a wider area of country than ever before.

A hand-made quilt consists of two or more thicknesses of material held together with many stitches. So every quilt has at least a top and a bottom, and it may or may not have an interlining.

As any old experienced quilt-maker knows, patchwork, meaning quilt making, is divided into two general classes, known as pieced quilts and patched quilts.

Pieced Quilts

The pieced quilts are made by joining together separate pieces of material into blocks of like design, which in turn are set together to form the top. The patched quilts are not pieced at all, but rather have patterns appliqued of one material or "laid on" to white muslin, as this method used to be spoken of as "hemmed-on" quilts.

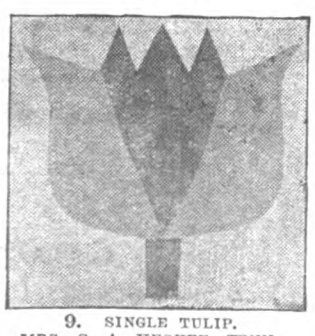
A pieced quilt of course is made up of scraps, its beauty depending wholly upon the skill which is used in sorting and arranging materials at hand, while for the patched quilt one must have certain material to work out a chosen design, hence these were the aristocrats of the old-time quilt family, while the pieced quilts came under the head of poor relations.

Pieced quilts, however, have always had their place, and make a special appeal to women who delight in the precise and accurate work necessary for their perfect construction. For convenience in making, a top composed of blocks of regular size and shape is the easier. Each of these blocks may be a complete design in itself or it may be only a part of a large pattern which covers the entire top of the quilt.

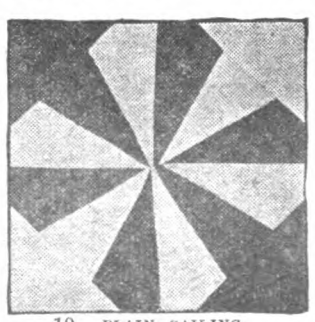
Beautiful old quilts of small pieces, carefully ar-



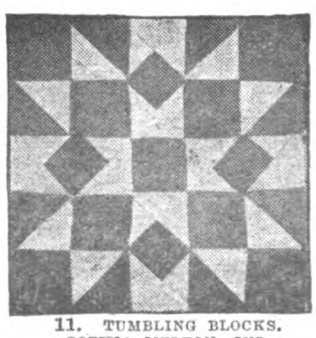
8. MISSISSIPPI DAISY.
LOUISA J. HOBGOOD, MISS.



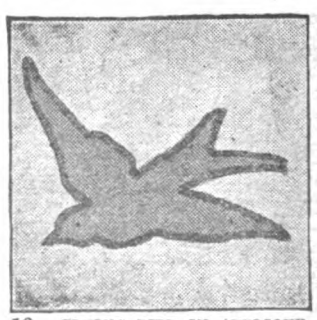
9. SINGLE TULIP.
MRS. S. A. HUSKEY, TENN.



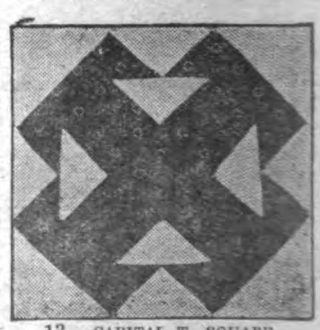
10. PLAIN SAILING.
MRS. MYRA V. PEET, N. Y.



11. TUMBLING BLOCKS.
SOPHIA MELTON, IND.



12. FLYING BIRD IN APPLIQUE.
LILLIAN BLAYLOCK, TENN.



13. CAPITAL T. SQUARE.
SOPHIA MELTON, IND.

Quilts and Attractive Modern Applique

ranged as to light and dark colors were often ingeniously worked up into a continuous pattern of most striking effect.

Very good examples of such work reached us in blocks No. 1, "Endless Stairs," and No. 26, "Shifting Cubes." Such patterns as No. 4, No. 5, No. 10, No 11, No. 15, No. 17, No. 24, shown on these pages, are equally good for either a combination of two or three colors or odds and ends if arranged contrastingly.

After the selection of a pattern considerable time will be required to cut out and arrange one's work. If using scraps an eye for harmonious color combinations is of great advantage.

As exactness in the first process, that of cutting out, is very necessary, if good work is to result, pieces of cardboard or stiff paper should be first fashioned correctly and kept for a pattern of each part. Each piece should then be cut with the greatest care. Old workers often used tin patterns, and by these each piece of patchwork was cut exactly true to it with the sharpest of corners.

After all the pieces are cut, seams of exactly the same size are very necessary if the pattern is to work out correctly.

For patchwork, a knowledge of only the simplest form of hand-sewing is necessary, the running stitch which is used for all seaming, although on some old quilts many examples of elaborate bits of needlework are often found, which gave individuality to a woman's work and in which she justly took great pride.

Patched Quilts

Many of the finest specimens of patchwork quilts which have been handed down from generation to generation are splendid examples of "hemmed-on," or applique patterns.

This more ambitious branch of patchwork has at times been considered a sort of inferior kind of embroidery, although it is not.

The art of applique is rather a distinct kind of needlework in which more is made of the manner of using and combining materials than stitchery. The effects secured in this way are simple, bold, dignified and conventional rather than merely dainty or pretty.

Many of these old quilts are really of historical value as they were made to commemorate great events in the life of our nation, just as old tapestries reflect events of their day.

By their quilt patterns women showed their sympathies and their interest in national events. For example, the "Whig Rose" and the "Democrat Rose" are both patterns which came into existence during the Harrison-Tyler campaign, when the Democrats won, amidst the greatest excitement, for the first time in forty years.

Other names of political significance which plainly show that women took a keen interest in public affairs in earlier days are "Old Tippecanoe," "Lincoln's Platform," "Harrison Rose," "Radical Rose," which has a black center to represent the negroes of the South, "Confederate Rose," "Star Spangled Banner" and "Yankee Puzzle."

From this it is evident that the rose has always been and still is a great favorite in this "hemmed-on" work.

The "Confederate Rose" and the "Rose of Dixie" recall that sorry time when brother was against brother. Some years later in the far West originated the beautiful "Harvest Rose" and "Prairie Rose." Many of these patterns and others which have been received from our readers will appear in these columns in the next few months Almost as popular as the rose is the rosebud, the poppy, the lily and the tulip.

A true appreciation of nature was shown by many quilt makers in their efforts to copy as faithfully as possible the various forms of leaf and flower.

Many of the conventionalized floral patterns on these old quilts give evidence of much ability and originality.

When a worker evidently tired of an oft repeated pattern a slight change turned it into a square different enough to require a new name, hence we have the "Pine Tree," "Temperance Tree" and "Tree of Paradise," a very good example of such minor alterations

Imagination surely was not lacking when it came to aptly applying names to these simple designs. For to call rows of small triangles running diagonally across a quilt the "Wild Goose Chase" the maker must have known something of the habits of wild geese, and have observed them traveling from the North to the South and back again the following spring. In most cases the relation between the name and the design is practically so evident that the correct name at once suggests itself.

The hardships which were constantly in the minds of the early American quilters seemed to have inspired such names as "Bear's Paw," "Pilgrim's Pride," "Texas Tears," etc.

Letters also came in for some attention and some of these were quite artistic. Among the best known are the "Double Z," "Letter H," "Letter X" and "T Square" shown in No. 13 on the preceding page.

Careful consideration of the large number of quilt patterns submitted to us in our late Prize Contest reveals but few that have been named at random or in a haphazard way, for in nearly every instance there is a reason or at least a strong suggestion for the name.

This patched or appliqued type of quilt may be called distinctly American. It was most substantial in character as only the best quality of cotton cloth entered into its construction. The careful work put into it was intended to stand the test of time, thus it became an article of use and service, as well as beauty.

The colored materials used were always of as nearly permanent dyes as it was possible to secure. In many cases the quiltmaker used her own vegetable dyes to secure fast colors and with pleasing results.

Some of the artistic possibilities in color and design was often subordinated to the desire to produce work which would be as enduring as possible.

In the oldest quilts finely figured calico in red, green, a rather violent yellow and indigo blue are found frequently appliqued on a white background. Then as the calico became inferior in quality we find the home-dyed greens, reds, yellows and pinks used in its place.

Had not such worthy material served as a basis for the beautiful work of the experienced quilter few examples would have survived to these days to have inspired our interest and create the branch of fine needlework now known as modern applique.

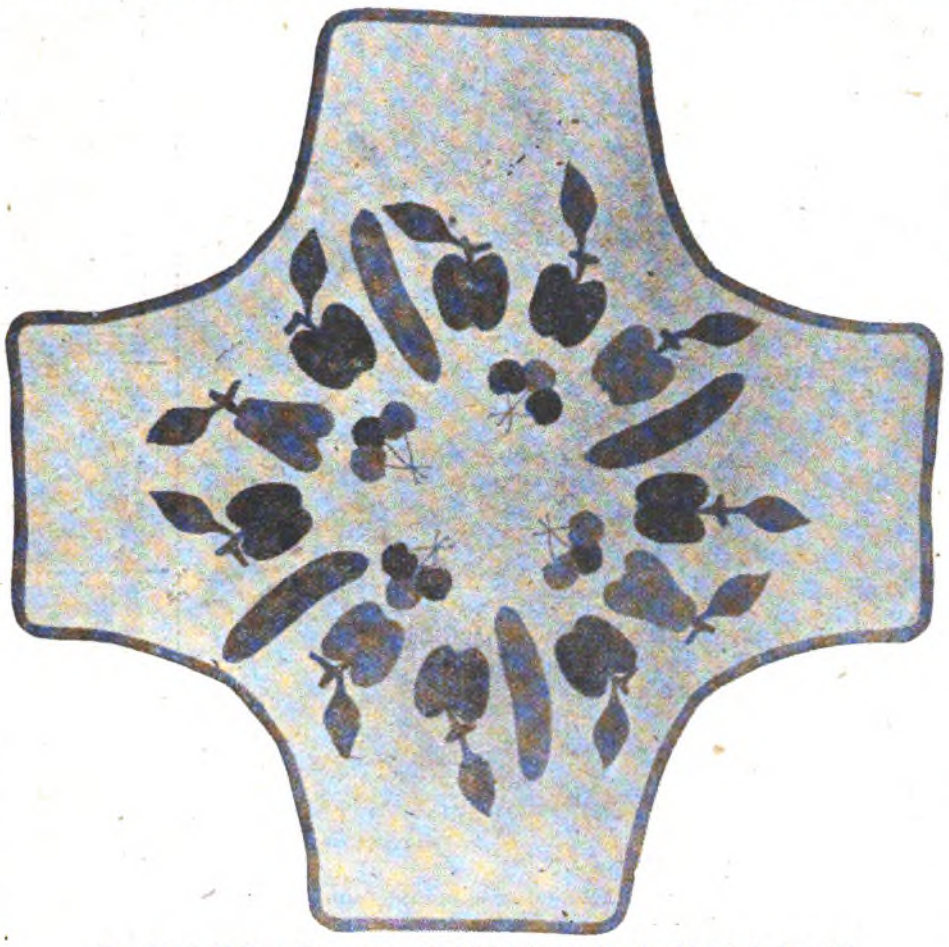
Modern Applique

Fundamentally this and the old-time patchwork is exactly the same, and the same characteristics which made for excellency in the old quilts, accuracy and painstaking care, are still necessary to produce good results.

Appliqued decorations can be classed under the head of good art, because the applied colored designs are so simple and straightforward in outline.

Nothing could be more fresh, crisp and full of spirit than some of the conventional and geometrical designs which are worked out in vivid color combinations. As formerly, nature suggests endless flowerlike forms and graceful vines which are absolutely lovely when copied in their natural colors combined with deep soft greens and quiet tones of brown.

When seeking this source of inspiration the only rule is to select flowers and leaves which have a clear, distinct and easily traced outline.



From Mrs. J. W. Yates, Tenn., comes this delightfully refreshing breakfast cloth, decorated most suitably with fruit forms in applique.

An Inviting Breakfast Cloth

This table-cover is a lovely study in color and simple forms. It is a hemmed-on design, having the edge finished quite firmly with a perfectly plain narrow yellow bias bind. The color scheme throughout is most cheery and refreshing, and the outlines very true.

The innermost groups of decorations are cherries. Two of these consist of two yellow and one red cherry, and the remaining two groups are just the opposite in color arrangement.

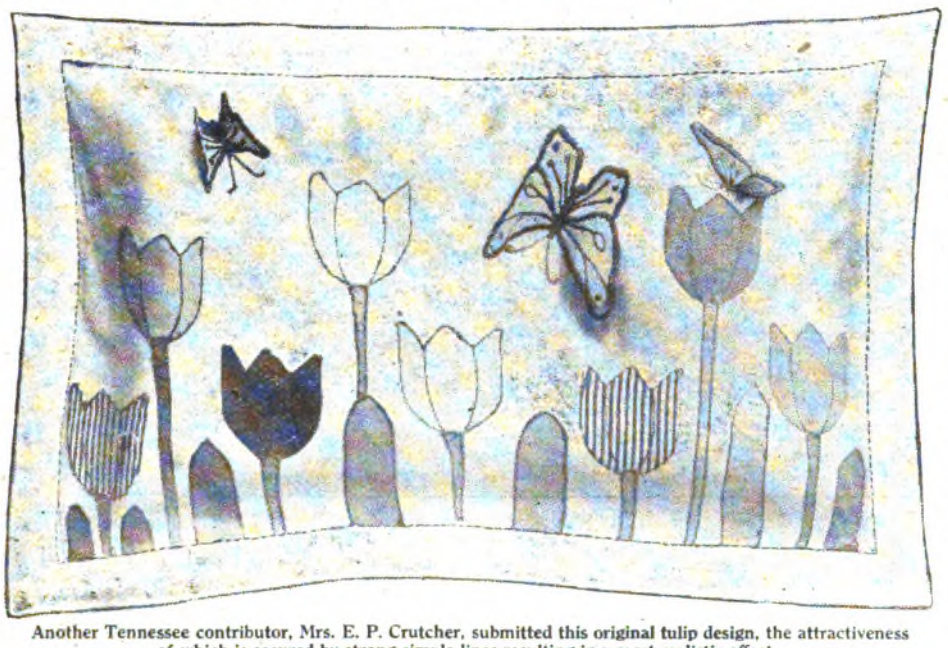
The apples are of two shades of red and a light green, the pears a yellow, while the two bananas are green and two a rich ripe yellow. All of the leaves and stems are a deep green.

Our illustration gives one but a scant idea of the beauty of the original which was submitted by Mrs. J. W. Yates.

The great popularity of modern applique makes it at present play a leading part in the handwork of the hour.

It is seen in our homes in very attractive and interesting decorations on bedspreads, table-covers, bureau scarfs, curtains, couch-covers and sofa pillows and also on wearing apparel, such as house dresses, aprons, blouses, sport hats, scarfs and little folks dresses and rompers.

Many beautiful examples of applique chosen from among the thousands of patterns recently submitted to us in COMFORT'S contest will be published in these columns in the next few months, proving beyond a doubt that our women are still as original and apt in utilizing materials at hand as were the earnest women of previous years whose devotion and love for home and family did so much towards strengthening this great and glorious nation for what it has stood through all these troublous years.



Another Tennessee contributor, Mrs. E. P. Crutcher, submitted this original tulip design, the attractiveness of which is secured by strong simple lines resulting in a most realistic effect.

Tulip Sofa Pillow

This original piece of work, designed by Mrs. E. P. Crutcher, also illustrates the chief difference between the old and the new applique work, that which is made by the addition of various embroidery stitches, which the modern worker has taken the liberty of adding.

For many purposes these extra stitches often help greatly in producing a pleasing effect in combination with the applique designs which, as in the old patchwork quilts, are cut from whole cloth.

In this piece of work, for a foundation unbleached cotton was selected. The tulip blossoms are a combination of the natural shades of the flowers, with stems and leaves of green. All of the applique pieces are brought out more distinctly by being outlined with black, as is the pillow proper also, outside of which is a flat two-inch hem.

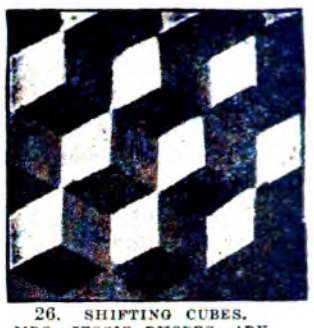
The lifelike butterflies are of yellow embroidered in black, and are entirely separate, only the slight bodies being attached to the pillow.

This work is not difficult, but as has been said before requires care to produce good results, therefore it still deserves the best of materials as in our grandmother's time.

For good workmanship uniformity of design is also important; so to insure exactness in size and shape it is of first importance that one should have an accurate, tough, strong paper pattern of each part.

Secondly, to properly cut an applique it is absolutely necessary to have a pair of very sharp, medium-sized scissors.

We also call attention to a Tulip Pattern sofa pillow illustrated on the page containing the list of prize winners in COMFORT'S Contest for Patchwork Designs.



26. SHIFTING CUBES.
MRS. JESSIE RHODES, ARK.



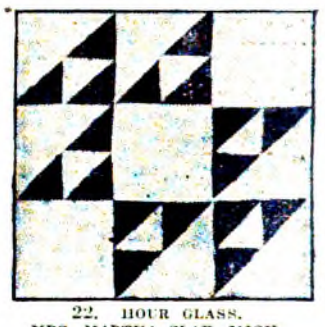
25. SOUTHERN SUNFLOWER.
MRS. S. A. HAWKINS, N. C.



24. GOOSE TRACKS.
MISS OLIVE WILKINSON, PA.



23. TULIPS IN APPLIQUE.
MISS MAYME OCONNOR, MO.



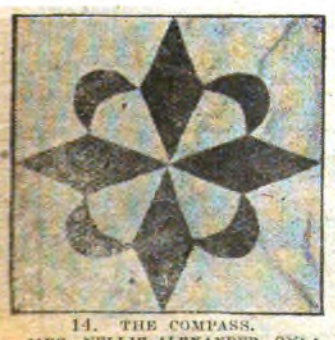
22. HOUR GLASS.
MRS. MARTHA CLAY, MICH.



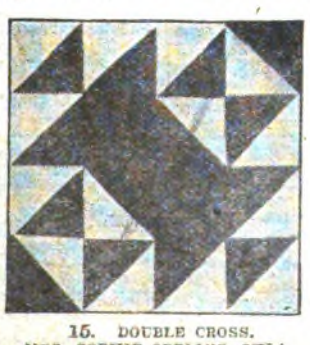
21. FORTUNE'S WHEEL.
MRS. JESSIE WARD, TEXAS.



20. BROKEN DISH.
MRS. WM. A. DOYLE, ME.



14. THE COMPASS.
MRS. NELLIE ALEXANDER, OKLA.



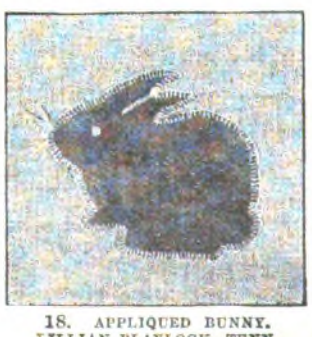
15. DOUBLE CROSS.
MRS. SOPHIE OBELING, OKLA.



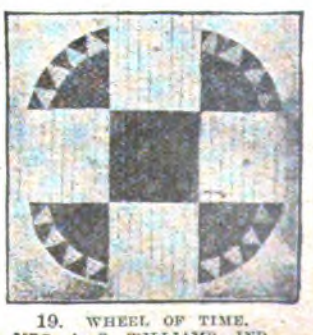
16. A STRIKING PATTERN.
ELIZABETH A. BLANCETT.



17. OLD MAIDS' PUZZLE.
MRS. S. A. HUSKEY, PENN.



18. APPLIQUED BUNNY.
LILLIAN BLAYLOCK, TENN.



19. WHEEL OF TIME.
MRS. A. C. WILLIAMS, IND.

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Love Will Find the Way

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

I realize that you have been carried beyond yourself. You do not mean what you have said, and——"

"But I do, indeed I do!" he cried eagerly. "You are the most beautiful woman I have ever met!"

Granting that to be true, a man does not love a woman exclusively for her beauty. I should be very sorry if that were true."

"Ah, why should we not love beauty? Is not the promise of heaven alluring because it is beautiful? What is the good of anything that is not beautiful? Do the deformities in nature appeal to us? No! It is the flowers that we love. It is the song-bird that we prize. It is the exquisite in architecture that we admire. It is the grandly picturesque and beautiful ocean that we revere. From the moment that we are born into the world, our intuitions teach us to love that which is beautiful, and it is one of the characteristics that last us through life. I am frank with you, Miss Reade. I love your beauty, and through it I love you."

She put up her hand with a little deprecating gesture.

"You would soon find it pall upon you," she answered, with the trace of ice growing in her tone. "I shall not always remain as I am now."

"And I shall not always live."

There was something pathetic in the words as she looked into the old face, and her voice was a little kinder as she replied:

"Longer, much longer than I shall retain my youth, I hope, Mr. Dwight."

"But——"

"Please don't let us talk of it further," she interrupted wearily. "It is quite impossible for me to give my love to any one, for it is a thing which I do not possess. Will you excuse me if I leave you now, Mr. Dwight? My father said you would find him in the billiard-room."

"Not yet. Don't go yet!" he cried pleadingly, catching her hands as she would have risen, and forcing her gently back into her chair.

"Mr. Dwight!"

"There, don't be offended. Listen to me. I am not quite a fool, Miss Reade, though I am frank enough to confess that I often act like one. I am perfectly aware that I am no longer young. I have not the 'Hyperion curls,' not the 'front of Jove,' that made Hamlet's father 'a thing of beauty.' To come down to twentieth-century slang, my day for mashing is done. I am not ashamed to consult my mirror occasionally, and it often tells me unpleasant truths. In plain English, Miss Reade, I'm old and I'm ugly."

Marian laughed with genuine mirth.

"Upon my word," she exclaimed, "your frankness is refreshing!"

"I am telling you this to show you why it is that I am not asking for your love. You are beautiful. I am rich. Your position here, you must realize, is a most precarious one. You may have affluence today, poverty tomorrow. By your own account, poverty is not a condition that appeals to you. You are essentially a butterfly. What would or could you do if you were forced to earn your daily bread? And yet, as you are situated, it may come to you at any moment. What I offer you is travel, elegance, jewelry, every luxury that money can purchase. I am willing, even, to make a handsome settlement on you, which will insure the same luxury for you all the days of your life. You may name the amount that you desire yourself, and I promise you that you shall never be interfered with in any way, neither annoyed, nor insulted, nor distressed *by my wife!*"

A stiffness like the rigidity of death came over Marian. The color receded from her face, leaving it cold and white as marble. Her eyes were opened so wide that a white rim above the irises was distinctly visible. She arose slowly, as if the effort to move were almost impossible of accomplishment. Her gaze was never once removed from the man's startled countenance.

She stood there for a moment, white and cold, and silent, and then a little wave of life seemed to flutter through her veins. Her eyes closed for the briefest instant. She staggered slightly, and caught at the back of a chair; and then the terrible indignation of the insulted, outraged woman burst over her. Her whole countenance seemed to be ablaze with wrath.

"You—coward!" she exclaimed, in a tone that sent a thrill to the very soul of the man. "You—craven! How dare you! I can find no words to express my scorn, my contempt, my loathing! Now go!"

She pointed dramatically toward the door, unconscious of the picture of bewildering grace which she presented.

But Elliott Dwight was blind to it also. He had arisen, and was standing with his hand upon the back of his chair, leaning slightly toward her. He was as pale as she herself. The eagerness had died from his countenance, but the earnestness was all there. He was silent for just a moment after she had ceased speaking, and then his voice came to him, low, and trembling, but distinctly audible.

"I cannot go," he said slowly, "until I have made some explanation to you. In justice to myself, I must ask you to listen to me. I don't pretend to be a good man, nor a wise one, but I am not worse than many others, and I tell you, upon an honor that has never been questioned by the world, that if I had known half an hour ago what I know now, I would have bitten out my tongue before speaking to you as I have done. I apologize to you most humbly. I don't wish to wound your feelings in addition to having grossly insulted you, but I feel that I must offer some extenuation for myself in justice to my manhood. Is there no exuse for me, Miss Reade? Is the fact of your living here publicly, in a house like this, no extenuation?"

A startled expression crossed her face.

"I don't understand—you," she stammered.

"You will pardon me if I speak clearly?"

"Go on."

She said it swiftly, breathlessly, and he hesitated a moment before replying.

"I am placed in a most mortifying and embarrassing position," he said slowly; "but there seems nothing for me but to either speak candidly or to be taken for a most utter scoundrel. Miss Reade, it can't be possible that you do not know you are living in a gambling-house that is the talk of all New York? It can't be possible that you are not aware that you are put here for the purpose of attracting men in order that they may be fleeced later in the—billiard-room, where I have been invited to join your father when our interview shall be at an end?"

She flung up her head with a little cry like that of a wounded animal.

He was startled, alarmed. He sprang toward her to offer assistance to her; but she stepped aside, the wildest fury she had ever known blazing from her eyes.

"You have but added to your infamy, your crime," she cried hoarsely, "by this effort to screen your dastardly conduct behind a lie!"

"I swear that every word that I have spoken is the truth!" he cried hastily.

"And I would not believe it if an angel spoke the words."

"Then the fault would be your own. You are here as a decoy for gamblers! You are here to attract to your father's tables the men whose weakness for beauty is greater than their love of play. I believe that I am committing an act of generosity when I tell you this. The whole town is talking of you. There is scarcely a rich profligate in it who is not familiar with your name. La Belle Marian, of New York, is becoming as famous as La Belle Corinne, of Paris, and your father knows it!"

He was standing in front of her, but she sprang by him with the swiftness of a tigress. With one bound she reached the door and flung it open; then her voice, clarion-throated, sounded through halls and corridors:

"Ho!" she cried. "Father! *Father!* FATHER!"

There was that in the tone which brought instant response. As if by magic, the doors were flung open, and men issued from them, some with billiard-cues in their hands, some flushed, some pale. Leading the number was Paul Reade, with fright in his dastardly eyes, and near him, half-concealed by the crowd, was—Fred Underwood.

"What is it?" demanded Reade, in tones of alarm.

"Look there!" exclaimed Marian, pointing with dramatic finger toward Elliott Dwight, who stood more like a statue than a living man. "That man has dared to insult your daughter, and in extenuation he tells me that I am here, the inmate of a gambling-house, a decoy, and by your will. Father, I command you to tell him that he lies!"

CHAPTER XX.

FRED UNDERWOOD SAVES MARIAN.

A silence that was painful even to the members of that hardened group fell upon the men gathered about Marian and Paul Reade. She stood there with arm outstretched in the direction of Elliott Dwight, and her blazing eyes turned full upon her father's ghastly face; but it fell gradually as she saw Paul Reade's head sink forward on his bosom, and realized that not a word had fallen from his white lips in response to her command.

The terrible excitement slowly faded from her face, like a light that is gradually extinguished for want of sustenance, and in its place came a lingering horror that no words could describe. Her arm fell, and into her face there came an expression which no witness of it ever forgot.

She did not speak; she could not; and Paul Reade stood there with bowed head, like the criminal that he was, silent through fear in presence of that righteous wrath.

In face of it all Elliott Dwight stepped forward. There were few men among the number who did not feel more respect for him than they had ever done before as he spoke to them, his voice low but distinctly clear as he said:

"Your father's silence must convince you, Miss Reade, that I have not lied. Since you have made public the insult which I offered you, the apology must be public as well. It was the result of ignorance, and not intention. It was the result of misconception, and not maliciousness. I do not regret that I have told you of a disgraceful truth of which you were in ignorance. Painful as it is and has been, I do not regret that this scene has taken place, since it clears you, in the eyes of all these people, of a shame that never should have attached to you. I feel that I have saved your reputation against your own father; and if it has cost me a humiliation, and has struck a blow at my vanity, the price is small indeed. There are others here, Miss Reade, who will bear witness that I have not lied."

She had never glanced in his direction; her eyes were still fixed upon her father; but every word that he had spoken was distinctly audible to her. As his voice ceased she took a step forward and put out her hand pleadingly.

"Father," she whispered hoarsely, "speak! say something! Say anything that will but convince me there is some awful mistake. Say something to prove to me that it is not so bad as he has said!"

Still only that deathly silence answered her, and then hope died. Her hand dropped again. She stood there for a moment with the most immortal despair pictured on her countenance, and then she turned and staggered through the hall and up the stairs. The men stood back with bowed heads and allowed her to pass between the human walls.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34.)

Prize Awards in COMFORT'S Applique and Patchwork Contest

In response to our Prize offer for Applique and other pieces of Patchwork there were thousands of pieces of work submitted, many in original design, some of which are shown on the regular Fancy Work pages in this month's COMFORT. We of course could accept only a small part of the thousands of samples submitted but several hundred patterns were found to be suitable for reproducing in COMFORT and we are now having cuts made so our readers will be able from month to month to get an idea of the great variety of artistic work that is being done in this form of needlecraft.



JARDINIERE OF TULIPS BY MRS. A. J. CREECH.

This sofa pillow cover is one of six original and beautiful designs which were submitted by Mrs. Creech, one of our special prize winners.

This design is very attractive, being well balanced, without being stiff. It is an excellent example of ample applique decoration, so placed as not to suggest an overcrowding of the space, of simple, natural outlines and practically perfect workmanship.

The background is white, jardiniere deeper shade of lavendar, leaves and stems a soft sage green.

The tulips are of two shades of lavendar, the two outer leaves being of the darker shade, and the center petal light, overlaid with a smaller piece of dark as is indicated in our illustration.

The ruffle is of white, finished with a hem stitched edge.

FIRST PRIZE—Mrs. L. A. Vernon, Conn., Luncheon Set, $3.00

SECOND PRIZE—Mrs. M. E. Brown, Tenn, Dress, $2.50

ORIGINALITY—1st Prize: Irene Harpham, Mo., $2.50. Special: Mrs. E. P. Cruteher, Tenn., (Tulip Pillow), $2.00; Mrs. J. W. Yates, Tenn., (Fruit Centerpiece), $2.00; Mrs. Hugh Bearden, Ark., (Centerpiece), $1.50; Lucile Briston, Ky., (Scarf), $1.50; Miss Missouri B. Moore, Ky., $1.00; Mrs. Emma West, Tenn., (2 Pcs.), $2.00; Janie Becker, Mich., (3 Pcs.), $3.00; Mrs. Cornelia Shappell, Iowa, (Design and Border), $1.50.

SPECIAL PRIZES—Mrs. Mamie Barnes, Tenn., (Scarf and 2 Pcs.), $5.00; Mrs. A. J. Creech, Ky., (6 Pcs. Pillow Covers), $6.00; Mrs. Flossie Wahler, Okla,, (Design for Curtain) $2.00.

The Following Ten Received Prize of $1.00 Each

Mrs. Nettie Vining, Ga. Mrs. Annie Allen, Okla. Mrs. R. V. Grant, Ky. Annie Sue Manning, Ala. Elva A. McCoy, Ky. Mrs. W. B. McHughes, Tenn. Mrs. Rebecca McCray, Ohio. Mrs. T. J. Leonard, Ohio. Mrs. M. P. Williams, Tex. Miss Tillie Krause, Tex.

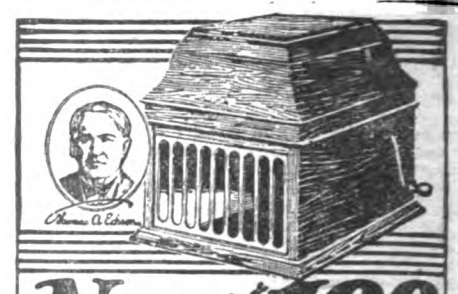
Special Prizes $1.00 Each

Mrs. A. J. Diggins, Nebr. Mrs. N. M. Mitchell, Tenn. Mrs. Ben Allen, Mo. Mrs. Rosa McGie, Calif. Mrs. Elizabeth Brooke, Ill. Mrs. Amanda A. Harmer, Ga. Mrs. Dora Jenkins, Ga. Marie H. Carey, Pa. Miss Callie Brown, Krause, Tex. Mrs. A. J. Diggins, Nebr. Mrs. N. M. Mitchell, Tenn. Mrs. Ben Allen, Mo. Mrs. Rosa McGie, Calif. Mrs. Elizabeth Brooke, Ill. Mrs. Amanda A. Harmer, Ga. Mrs. Dora Jenkins, Ga. Marie H. Carey, Pa. Miss Callie Brown, Miss. Mrs. Jacob D. Maury, Ohio. Mabel Acree, Fla. Mrs. Elmer E. Gates, Colo. Mrs. Edna Morgan, Kans. Mrs. G. W. Kendall, Tenn. Mrs. Wm. Sowers, Okla. Mrs. Ida Smith, N. C. Mrs. R. B. Walton, Va. Mrs. M. E. Brown, Ind. Delila Gibson, Tenn. Mrs. B. F. Brent, Ky.

The Following Received 50c Each for One or More Samples

Mrs. David Resh, Ohio. Mrs. Charity Windham, Miss. Mrs. Haddock, Okla. Mrs. Geo. W. Wright, Mo. Mrs. E. V. Chavis, N. C. Cora B. Evans, Ky. Mrs. Vane Henness, Oregon. Miss Daisy E. Thayer, Mich. Mrs. Hannah Todd, Mo. Mrs. Emmie Smith, Ark. Mrs. Gertie Miller, W. Va. Mrs. Rose McVey, Iowa. Mrs. Phil Prinz, Tex. Mrs. Clara Johnson, Mo. Miss Helen Uulshafer, Pa. Mrs. Loretta Reece, Ala. Florence Otto, Ill. Louise Bond, Ind. Mrs. Chas. Davidson, W. Va. Miss Nellie Giffons, Ill. Mrs. Elmer Livergood, Kans. Mrs. Bera Berry, Ark. Mrs. Vernon R. Bradbury, Pa. Mrs. J. D. McBryde, N. C. Lou E. Evans, Ky. Mrs. R. J. Hill, Mo. Mrs. Lillie Fleming, Miss. Mrs. Geo. V. Sikes, Va. Mrs. Hannah Todd, Mo. Mrs. T. J. McLain, Idaho. Mrs. Ida C. Keller, Ohio. Mrs. L. A. Wirmer, Kans. Mrs. John J. McCoy, Va. Mrs. W. T. Crabtree, Va. Miss Mayme Oconnor, Mo. Mrs. Martha Clay, Mich. Mrs. Jessie Wosd, Tex. Mrs. A. C. Williams, Ind. Elizabeth A. Blancett, W. Va. Mrs. Sophie Obeling, Okla. Mrs. Nellie Alexander, Okla. Mrs. Faye Evans, Mo. Mrs. Olive Forinash, Ind. Mrs. Grace Reed, Mich. Mrs. W. E. Campbell, Tex. Mrs. May McKibben, Ga. Mrs. A. E. Strickland, Miss. Miss Ella Richcreek, Va. Mrs. Mat Looney, Ark. Mrs. Myra V. Peet, N. Y. Mrs. Hattie B. Woods, Tex. Mrs. C. E. Robinson, Vt. Mrs. Rainy Young, Va. Mrs. A. B. Whitley, Tex. Mrs. Josie Rhodes, Ark. Mrs. Lizzie Vandegrift, Mo. Louisa J. Hobgood, Miss. Lillian Blaylock, Tenn. Miss Olive Wilkinson, Pa. Mrs. Macom Paulk, Ga. Mrs. Wm. A. Doyle, Maine. Mrs. S. A. Hawkins, N. C. Sophia Melton, Ind. Mrs. Minerva Hahn, Ohio. Gertrude Fryett, Ohio. Mrs. John Hare, Pa. Mrs. Inez Burt Geiger, Calif. Mrs. Eleanor Spriggs, Ohio. M. A. Triggs, Nebr. Mrs. J. E. Miller, Ohio. Mrs. Margaret Turney, Md. Mrs. Mary Bryan, Va. Mary Gilbert, Iowa.

The additional list of Prize Winners will be published in the February issue.



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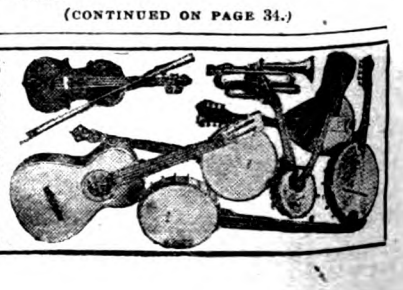
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Stella Rosevelt

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

vacation lasted, always taking him something in the way of fruit or flowers, and cheering him with her lively chatting, until he began to look for her coming as the chief event of the day.

He continued to remain at the lodge, in spite of the fact that the company had all departed, and there was now plenty of room in the mansion.

Mr. Richards had gone West on a prolonged business trip, and, of course, could not use his influence as to any change; while Mrs. Richards appeared to ignore his presence entirely, unless she came upon him unexpectedly, when she would treat him with indifferent politeness.

Josephine's attitude toward him was one of proud disdain, although once she professed great friendship for him.

In September Mrs. Richards and her daughter went to Long Branch for a change, leaving the household in charge of Mrs. Blunt.

Star began school again, going back and forth by rail, as the town house would not be opened again until October.

During the absence of the family, Mr. Rosevelt frequented the house, as he was glad to avail himself of the privilege of the well-stocked library to while away the long hours of Star's absence.

In the evening she would entertain him with her music, while on Saturday they both felt like children out of school; and thus, day by day, they grew to feel a deep affection for each other.

He had long ago learned just how Star was regarded by the family, and how they had attempted to degrade her to the level of a common servant, and this did not tend to make him entertain any deeper respect for them.

His information on this point he had gathered chiefly from Mrs. Blunt. Star would not talk about it, always evading or changing the subject in a dexterous way that amused him in no small degree.

Meanwhile, Josephine and her mother were flourishing among the fashionable at Long Branch.

The season proved to be a very gay one; every hotel was crowded, and many noted people from various countries were sojourning there.

Among others, the Richards heard upon their arrival, there was a young English lord of great reputed wealth, having, it was said, the largest rent roll in Derbyshire, England.

"They say he is the handsomest man in the place, as well as the richest," Josephine said to her mother, the night after their arrival at the gay watering place.

"How old is he?" asked Mrs. Richards, pricking up her maternal ears at once over this wonderful information.

"About twenty-one or two. He has been traveling in this country for a year, just to see a little of the world before settling upon his own estate. It is whispered," the eager damsel went on, with flushing cheeks and sparkling eyes, "that he has heard of the beauty of American ladies, and is on the lookout for a handsome wife," and Josephine tossed her head with a conscious smile, as her eyes wandered to the reflection of her own fine face and figure in an opposite mirror.

"That is somewhat doubtful, I think, since the English nobility are very jealous regarding marriages outside the pale of their own rank. However, such things are happening every year now, and this young lord may be captivated by some of our American beauties, after all," and Mrs. Richards bestowed a glance of pride upon her handsome daughter, and thought how delightful it would be to figure as mother-in-law to an English lord, and to be able to say, "my daughter, Lady So-and-So."

That evening Josephine Richards, the most brilliant girl in the ballroom of the Howard House—the hotel where they were stopping—was made supremely happy by receiving an introduction to Lord Carrol, of Carrolton, Derbyshire, England.

One look into the frank, handsome eyes of the manly stranger, one touch of his hand, one tone of his rich, musical voice, as it vibrated in her ears, and she knew that she had met the man whom she should love with the one great passion of her life.

He was tall, with a well-developed form, straight, strong and lithe; a splendidly shaped head, with masses of waving brown hair; clear, truthful, brown eyes, full of fire and intelligence; a full, rather low, brow, a straight nose, and a smiling but decided mouth, with brilliant, even teeth.

"It was not much wonder that the "girls were wild" over such a man as this, and he a lord, with a rent roll of sixty thousand a year.

Josephine herself, at nineteen, was a magnificent-looking girl, at least when she was good-natured and animated.

My Lord of Carrolton seemed no less pleased with her than she with him, and spent a goodly portion of the evening by her side, after making her acquaintance, much to the chagrin and indignation of other anxious, blooming maidens and fond, managing mammas.

"Have you ever visited Europe?" the young peer asked his companion, as he led her to a seat at the conclusion of a quadrille.

"Never, my lord, but I think we shall persuade papa to take us upon a European trip by another year. Mamma has some distant relatives, I believe, somewhere in England," Josephine replied.

"I trust you will be as well pleased with my country and countrymen as I am with America and Americans," Lord Carrol remarked, gallantly, with an inclination of his grand head, and bestowing a look of admiration upon his companion.

Josephine's dark eyes dropped shyly beneath his glance, while the blood went rippling to her heart with a thrill such as she had never before experienced.

"I shall remain two or three months longer," he continued; "and I think when I do return, notwithstanding I love old England very dearly, I shall go with something of regret."

Josephine's heart leaped exultantly; she would meet him often, perhaps, this noble young peer; and what might not happen in two or three months?

"Do you remain long at Long Branch?" she asked.

"Three or four weeks, perhaps. I find it very pleasant here," he said; and again that thrill leaped through her veins. "I shall then go to New York," he added, "where I shall make my headquarters until I return to England."

"Perhaps we can help make your stay in New York pleasant," Josephine said, with her most brilliant smile. "Mamma and I are to remain here until the first of October, when we shall go home, and can, perhaps, help to show you more of our great city than you would otherwise see."

"Thanks; I shall be very happy to avail myself of your kindness. But there is the signal for supper; may I take you in?"

It is needless to say that the fascinated girl accepted his invitation, and spent the hour feasting more upon the young lord's handsome looks and charming conversation than upon the choice viands which he placed before her.

It was evident that he also experienced pleasure in her society, for, when he took her to Mrs. Richards, he asked and obtained permission to call upon them on the morrow.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CAMEO RING.

A fortnight passed, and the Brooklyn beauty, as Miss Richards was designated, together with the attention she was receiving from the handsome English lord, formed the principal theme of conversation at the fashionable watering place.

Mrs. Richards was in her element, and conducted herself remarkably well.

His lordship considered her a woman of very fine appearance and of wonderful tact; and it was noticeable that when he was in her presence he paid her full as much homage as he did her daughter; but people, of course, said this was all for a particular purpose.

"By the way," she said to him, one day, when they were comparing the merits of their respective countries, "I am more than half English myself. The late Lady Thornton, of Hallowell Park, Devonshire, was an aunt of mine—at least, my mother was her half-sister—and I have other distant relatives living in the same county."

"Indeed!" said Lord Carrol, his face lighting at this intelligence. "I had no idea that you had any English blood in your veins; I thought you were purely American. I have often heard my father speak of Sir William Thornton, of Devonshire, and his son, Sir Charles, was at Oxford with me. I was only slightly acquainted with him, however, as he took his degree a year before I took mine. I am very happy to learn of this fact," and, as if by some fascination, the young nobleman's glance sought Josephine as he spoke.

"I once visited at Hallowell Park when I was a young girl," Mrs. Richards continued, although a flush arose to her cheek as she remembered all that had transpired during that visit, for it was then that Star's mother had saved her from drowning. "It is a lovely place, and a very large estate, I believe."

"So I have been told. Sir William was quite an active statesman before his death, which occurred only a year after his wife's. They had only one child, Sir Charles, I believe."

"Has he a family?" Mrs. Richards asked quickly.

"I think not—at least, I have never heard of his marriage. If he should die without issue, I suppose the estate would pass into other hands."

Mrs. Richards started, and gave the young man a quick glance at this.

"Whose, I wonder?" she said, reflectively, and suddenly seemed to lose all interest in the conversation, and the young lord turned his attention to the more appreciative Josephine.

The month which the Richards spent at Long Branch was an eventful one; it was the most brilliant season that Josephine had ever known.

The last evening of their sojourn at Long Branch, Miss Richards descended to the veranda of the hotel, dressed with the utmost care and taste.

She was brilliantly, dazzingly beautiful.

The men watched her every movement with admiring glances; the women could but acknowledge her superior charms, yet with something of a feeling of envy on account of the prize they believed she was about to bear away with her.

Lord Carrol seemed drawn to her as the needle to the pole. He had been sitting at one end of the veranda when she came down, but he almost immediately arose and went to her side, while he would not have been human not to have betrayed his appreciation of the exquisite toilet, which seemed to enhance her beauty more than ever.

"What will the devotees at beauty's shrine do tomorrow, Miss Richards?" the young lord asked, with a smile and a glance which told her what she knew already—that she was particularly attractive tonight.

"The Howard House possesses a galaxy of beauties, and I do not think there will be any occasion for the 'devotees,' as you call them, to neglect their duty tomorrow," she answered, smiling, too, but with heightened color.

"Ah! but it is plainly to be seen where they have bent the knee most devoutly," he replied, with a gesture which called her attention to the many admiring eyes fixed upon her.

She shrugged her graceful shoulders with an air of impatience, as if annoyed to find herself so conspicuous, while her darkly fringed lids drooped over her glorious eyes, hiding the wistful look which had suddenly crept into them.

"The night is lovely, and the band is playing delightfully; let us go out and wander about the grounds for a little while," Lord Carrol said, after a moment of silence, during which sweet, enticing strains came floating toward them on the evening air.

She took the arm he offered her, her heart throbbing so wildly that she feared he would detect it, and they passed down the steps and away from the crowd on the veranda, some of whom smiled to hide their envy, others indulgently, as if upon a pair of lovers.

"I suppose this will be our last night in this charming place," the young man said, as they slowly wended their way along a sheltered avenue.

She looked up with a slight start at the word "our." He noticed it and smiled.

"I said 'our', because I, too, shall leave on the afternoon express tomorrow. I have business in New York which will occupy me for a week or more."

Josephine flushed with pleasure at this, for she felt sure that the "business" was only a pretext.

"Oh!" she thought, "if he would but speak a single word to commit himself that night, she could go away in the morning with a light and happy heart."

But he had never hinted of love for her; he had accompanied her and her mother almost everywhere they had been, often showing Mrs. Richards more attention than herself. He had danced with her, rode with her, walked with her, and no word beyond the most commonplace expressions of friendship had ever fallen from his lips.

They wandered on and on, the moonlight streaming upon them through the overarching branches of the trees, and making lacelike patterns upon the smoothly graveled walk at their feet, and he talked only of yesterday's boating, yesterday's racing—of anything save what her heart was craving to hear.

The band played its softest, sweetest strains; the leaves rustled whisperingly above their heads, suggestive of lovers' vows; they were almost alone in the beautiful, moonlighted avenue, and everything was conducive to love-making, if his lordship had only been so inclined.

Soon they came out by a fountain where the lights were shining brilliantly, and he led her to a rustic seat, placed her in it, and sat down beside her.

"I shall be very sorry to go," Josephine said, with a pensive sigh, as she looked around on the lovely scene; "it has been very pleasant here this summer."

"It has, indeed, and I shall carry the memory of it with me for a long while," her companion replied. "You have some very beautiful places of resort in your country, Miss Richards. You and your mother have made my sojourn at Long Branch more than pleasant. Since learning that you have English blood in your veins, I have grown to regard you almost as my own people; and sometimes," he added, smiling, "I have felt as if I might be intruding myself too much upon you; but I trust I shall be able to return some of your kindness when you come to England."

Josephine's heart sank like lead in her bosom. These were surely very commonplace words to speak to her on the eve of her departure, if he entertained anything of affection for her.

"It would be a great delight to me to visit England," she returned; "and you have told me so much about your beautiful home—your mother and sister—that I have a great desire to see both it and them."

"You must come to Cheshire Park—my mother's and sister's home. Next year I shall hope to show it to you," he said, earnestly.

Did he mean that he hoped she would go there with him, or was it merely a wish that she would visit England, that he might be able to return some of the courtesies which she and her mother had shown him?

She could not tell, but hope seemed deserting her; her heart beat heavily, she grew pale and sad, and a slight shiver shook her.

He noticed it.

"You are taking cold, I fear; we ought not to sit here in this evening air."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

HOW I EARN MONEY AT HOME

AND IN THIS WAY MAKE UP FOR HENRY'S SHRINKING SALARY

Every Wife or Self-Supporting Girl Can Use Extra Money for Clothes. Thousands Are Now Making It Themselves—Right at Home in This New Way.

By MARY WALDEN

"MY dear, you should have seen her at church this morning. She looked positively 'dowdy.' It's a shame! Mary used to be such a well-dressed girl—until she married that bank-clerk. I should think he'd feel like—"

"Sh-h-h! She's on this car. Over behind you. She might hear."

The street car was crowded and they hadn't noticed me before, but I *had* heard—and my face flushed red with resentment and shame. It was true—I *did* look "dowdy"—and I knew it.



"It helped us over the hard spots by turning spare hours into dollars."

I got off the street car at the next corner and walked the remaining blocks to my home—and Henry.

My husband is one of the "white-collar men" whose salaries haven't kept pace with the mounting cost of living. I had been earning a comfortable living for myself when we had married, and since the cost of everything had kept rising higher and higher I had sometimes hinted to Henry that I would be glad to take a position again, but he had always vetoed the idea strenuously—so I had gone on skimping and scraping—and wearing "made overs."

But I resolved as I walked homeward, that Henry or no Henry, I was going to find a way to make extra money for clothes, and do it, at least until things took a turn for the better.

When I got home Henry was comfortably smoking and absorbed in his Sunday paper, and his contentment somehow irritated me terribly. To make matters worse he held up the magazine-picture section of the paper as I came into the room, and remarked that he had never seen the girls wear "such good-looking duds as they do this year."

Henry is really a perfect dear and adores me, but he should have had more sense. I lost my temper, snatched the paper from him, and cried:—

"If you like to see nice clothes so much, why don't you buy your wife some of them?"

Then I rushed to my room, still carrying the Magazine Section of the paper, and threw myself across the bed for a good cry. Henry came and knocked and spoke to me, but I wouldn't let him in.

After a while I sat up and began to idly turn the pages of the paper I had taken away from Henry. All of a sudden I sat up straighter and gasped. A woman was looking out of the page at me, holding a bank check in her hand, and across the top of the page were the words, "How I Make Money—Right at Home!"

I devoured every word of the advertisement. When I had finished I felt that I had found the work I was looking for. I resolved to write for the particulars to the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company, but to keep it a secret from my husband.

To make my story short, I found their prospectus so convincing and reasonable that I sent for and received an Auto Knitter outfit, including the wonderful little machine, the Auto Knitter. I kept it in the bottom drawer of my bureau while Henry was in the house. At the end of a month I sent my first shipment of soft, warm, well-knit wool socks to the company. By return mail came my first check—and oh joy! the thrill of that first check.

Well, I kept on making socks, sending regular shipments to the Company, and before very long I presented myself before Henry in a pretty new accordion-pleated frock. His mouth opened, and he just stared at me in admiration, without a word. Finally he managed to say, "Where did you get it, Mary?"

"I earned it!" I replied brightly, not sure just how he would take the news. Henry looked for a minute as if I had said I had stolen it. Then I made him sit down and hear what I had to say.

"You know as well as I do," I said, "that it is the middle-class people who are having the struggle nowadays. Everybody knows it. Look at the married women who have taken business positions to help out their husbands! Nobody thinks the worse of them for it. Isn't my plan for making money in spare time at home, without neglecting you or little Helen, better than taking a position? Why, nobody needs to know a thing about it!"

That fetched Henry, as I was sure it would. He said:

"Well, you've been a 'contrary Mary'—but I guess you're right. Let's see how you do it."

So I took the light, portable Auto Knitter out of the bureau drawer, quickly clamped it to the table, and showed Henry how it worked. I had had enough practice by that time so that I made a pair of socks so quickly that Henry's eyes nearly popped out of his head.

"And you say the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company buys the socks from you?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, "they guarantee to always take every pair I make—at a guaranteed price. And they pay the transportation charges on ten dozen pair or over, besides sending me the yarn to replace the amount used for the socks I have sent them. So you see the yarn hasn't cost me anything since the first lot."

Henry was certainly astonished, and when he saw how fascinating the work was he said he had no objection to my continuing it.

The result was that I didn't have to go without any of the things I needed for myself or little Helen last Winter, or the following Spring and Summer. Henry is succeeding much better now, but I still use the Auto Knitter regularly—sometimes making socks to send to Buffalo, sometimes making them to sell to friends who have seen the strong, warm, long-wearing Auto Knitter Hosiery and want some of it.

Whenever I hear a woman complaining about the high cost of living and clothes, I always try to tell her how the Auto Knitter will help her to make money at home in spare time. Then I tell her, just as I am telling you, that the Auto Knitter Company will make a contract with each of their workers to pay her a liberal guaranteed wage on a piece-work basis. In this contract you are perfectly free—you can work for them as much or as little—or not at all—yet for every shipment of socks you send them you get your pay-check—promptly.

No matter where you live I feel sure that you want to know all about the machine that has meant so much to me. By all means write to the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company, Dept. 101, 630-632 Genesee St., Buffalo, N. Y., at once and find out about this pleasant home occupation. Find out what substantial amounts even a part of your spare time will earn for you.

Send your name and address now and find out all the good things that are in store for you.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company, Inc.
Dept. 101, 630-632 Genesee St.,
Buffalo, N. Y.

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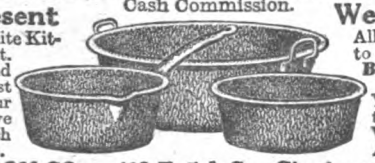
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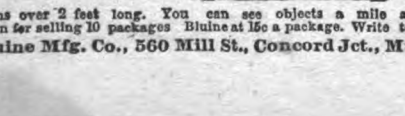
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Conducted by Cousin Marion

In writing this department always sign your true name and give your address; if not, your letter will receive no attention. Name will not be published.

LAST month something was said about New Year resolutions. Since then I've had a perfectly wonderful idea, and one that will be much easier than endeavoring to live up to a long list of New Year resolutions. It's this: Let's take twelve of our faults—maybe you haven't that many but I'm sure I have—and try every month to overcome one fault. Take another fault for the second month, still keeping up the good work of the first month. Let me see, which shall I try first? My greatest fault is—but I'm not going to tell you, now, at any rate. Tell me how you succeed.

Happy New Year.

UNDECIDED, Mich.—Candidly, I think the young man in question would be much better off if you refused to marry him. You admit that you don't like the idea of being married and that you don't care to discuss his business affairs with him. Why marry, then? Let him find a girl who will appreciate the good qualities you say he possesses and the home he has to offer. Just because he lives alone is no proof that he is marrying just for the sake of getting someone to do his work for him and if you truly loved him you would understand that, and be glad of the opportunity to make a home for him. Furthermore, if you marry him, don't discourage him when he comes to you with his business problems and worries. If you were in business you'd naturally expect your partner to take an interest in everything, wouldn't you? Marriage is a partnership and why should you shirk your share of the responsibilities? You'd expect to share in the profits, I'm sure.

PINKIE, Tenn.—Really, Pinkie, I'm not sure which is the better method, to keep a fellow guessing or tell him frankly that you love him, after he asks you, of course. I should say it would depend upon the fellow. One might object to uncertainty and quit because he thought the girl didn't care for him, while the other would lose interest as soon as he felt sure. You'll have to decide which method to use, though, as a rule, it is better not to let them feel absolutely certain of you. (2) There are various ways of making a boy give up bad company. You could associate with them yourself, just to show him what he is doing, but I would never advise that. In the first place, people would never understand, and you'd get yourself talked about, and secondly, it is dangerous. Bad people are often interesting and fascinating and they might, in time, convince you that maybe you were a little bit narrow-minded, etc., and it is said of vice:

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

The better way would be to tell him that you can't afford to be classed with such people as he associates with and leave it to him to decide which he prefers.

I. K., Missouri.—There is nothing you can do but, as you say, wait a year or two and see what happens. Chances are you will be in love with someone else by that time.

BRIGHT EYES, Newton, W. Va.—If you are in the habit of asking your fiance's permission when you wish to spend the night with a girl friend, I suppose you should do it this time, but I'd simply tell him that I was going. Time enough for this "asking permission" stuff after you are married. (2) What would I say if a boy asked me what I wanted for Christmas. What wouldn't I say? I'd start in with A and go through the alphabet. A—automobile; B—books; C—candy, even though I'm dieting; D—diamonds; E—eardrops, vampy ones; F—flowers; and so on, down to Z, though I'm not sure what I want in Z. Zebra is all I can think of just now and I haven't room for one.

MISS D., Ohio.—If ever I learn of a "forty-year-old man living on a big hill farm in West Virginia," I'll let you know, but remember, I assume no further responsibilities. This isn't a matrimonial agency. Must it be a hill farm? Wouldn't a nice valley farm do? A bachelor and a hill farm ought not to be difficult to find and so long as you didn't insist upon curly hair and a wart on his nose, it ought to be easy.

L. J., Machias.—Your mother is right.

FORSAKEN GIRL, Ga.—Treat your girl friends nicely at all times, regardless of how they use you. Because they are rude and unladylike at times is no reason why you should be like them.

KIP, Minn.—So sweet of you to think I'm a "dimpled darling of nineteen or twenty". Horrors! Do I sound like that? Dimpled? Yes. Darling? Well, some people think so, but never again can I be nineteen or twenty. What's the idea, Kip? Trying to have some fun with your poor old cousin? Your spelling is too terrible to be real and your penmanship is too good to be consistent with your spelling. As for your elopement, is that a joke, too? If it isn't it ought to be. As for your slang, Hot Dog, Kip, if you must use it be up to date. The expressions you asked about were old when I was a girl.

WALTER AND B., Texas.—Girls are forgiving creatures and I can understand how even a "nice good girl" as you specify, would make up with a fellow after he had insulted her by going with an indecent girl. Girls often think that by kindness they can reform men. Yes, Walter, I think a "nice good girl" would do just such a thing as that and still be much better than the man who presumes to doubt her. (2) Do I think a girl who allows herself to be hugged and kissed by all the boys she knows, would make a good wife? Surely not a good recommendation for the girl—but how about the boys who hugged and kissed her? Do you think there should be different standards of morality for the sexes? (3) If the mother or older sister were in the habit of preparing the meals then there is no reason why the younger sister should do it when her beau calls unexpectedly at meal time—only he shouldn't call then. Of course if it is a sort of test I suppose she could do it all with her own fair hands and invite him into the kitchen to see that she pared the potatoes properly and didn't waste anything, etc. Really, Walter and B., who are you that you should set yourselves up as judges over a girl's morals and ability? Better give your own morals and achievements the once over.

MRS. M. J., N. Dak.—Dear me, women are never satisfied. If they aren't trying to get a new man they are trying to make over the one they already have. Yes, I know, most of them need it, but don't you try too hard. Let the poor dears alone, feed 'em well and don't nag or scold and you'll get along much more comfortably. Besides, he had all these faults when you married him, didn't he? Men are much the same. I've noticed that men who admire quiet, dignified women marry giddy, frivolous girls and then spend the rest of their lives trying to make them over into quiet women. Funny, aren't we?

MARY J., Bay City, Mich.—Why does a boy ask a girl how old she is? Because he wants to know, I suppose, though it isn't a polite thing to do. (2) Could your mother get married after she is a widow and have six children? Now, Mary, that's not fair. Not even your mother knows that. Of course she might have five children, but six—well, I don't dare say that she would. Let's wait and see.

WORRIED, Ark.—It is rather selfish of your mother to object to your friendship, and possible marriage, with a man you have every reason to trust and respect. It would be different if you were a very young girl, but a woman of thirty-seven should be capable of knowing what is best and, naturally, you want a husband and a home.

PINKY, N. C.—If he doesn't show any more enthusiasm, ask him why and offer to release him from the engagement. The invitation to call should come from his mother.

JEWEL, Missouri.—When he has a steady job and gives up drinking and being wild and has five hundred dollars in the bank, will be time enough for you to love him. Your mother and brother know best.

SAMMIE AND SMILEY.—It would be better if your parents would allow you to have boy friends call at your home. Put it up to them as a plain honor proposition: they to allow you callers and certain privileges and you to promise on your honor not to do anything wrong—your parents' idea of wrong and not yours or your boy friends. I wouldn't advise this in every case but your letters were above the average.

PEGGY, Pa.—You are right, the boy is "odd" who will take you to church in his car but not to dances. Rather a nice odd, though. If that's his only fault, hang onto him.

MARGIE, Virginia!—Did you do wrong when you climbed out of your window and went to a dance? I don't know, Margie, but I hope you didn't. Anyway, don't do it again.

By, COUSIN MARION.

Stella Rosevelt

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

"No, I am not taking cold; I will tie my handkerchief around my throat, however," she answered.

It was so pleasant sitting there beside him, so pleasant to listen to his rich, deep voice and look into his clear brown eyes, that she could not bear to think of going back to the hotel just yet.

She tied her handkerchief about her white throat, and as she did so, the light struck full upon a ring which he had not seen her wear before.

It was a lovely cameo, very delicately cut. It was Star's little treasure, the gift of Archibald Sherbrooke.

"Pardon me," Lord Carrol said, with a slight start, as he observed it, "but you have a ring on your hand that I have never seen you wear before. It is very lovely. May I examine it more closely?"

Josephine unhesitatingly laid her hand on his palm, her whole body thrilling as his fingers closed over it, and he bent his proud head to examine the ring.

She had had made poor Star's pin into this ring, which she had worn a few times, and then, tiring of it, had thrown it into her jewel box, where it had lain unheeded until tonight, when a sudden whim had caused her to put it on.

"It is a very finely carved cameo," he said, after a few moments, during which he had regarded it intently. "I once saw one so nearly like it that I do not think I could distinguish it from this. It belonged to—to a friend of mine, although that was in the form of a pin."

"Was your friend a lady or gentleman?" Josephine asked, quickly, and not giving herself time to realize that she was betraying undue curiosity.

"A gentleman," he returned, briefly.

"It is a pretty trifle, which was given to me by a relative," Josephine said, without even wincing at the lie, yet feeling guilty and uncomfortable to have the stone recognized.

"It is evidently quite a valuable cameo," Lord Carrol returned, thoughtfully, "and the person of whom I spoke prized the one he had very highly, for he is something of an artist, and had it carved in Italy after a design which he made himself."

"Indeed! Is your artist an Englishman?" Miss Richards asked, with downcast eyes, and more interested in this matter than she cared to appear.

"Yes; and his name is Sherbrooke—Archibald Sherbrooke," Lord Carrol replied, while he regarded her intently.

Josephine started, and the color flamed into her face.

Archibald Sherbrooke!

The name smote her unpleasantly, for she remembered those two initials, "A. S.," which were marked on the back of the setting of the cameo, and having two tiny strawberry leaves engraved underneath.

Could it be possible that Star—the despised girl at Yonkers—knew Archibald Sherbrooke, the friend of Lord Carrol, and that he had given this elegant cameo to her?

The thought was not a pleasant one, for it told her that if such was the case, and there could be no doubt of it, that Star was known and appreciated by one whom this English lord held in high esteem.

She would have liked to question him more about this "friend" of his, but did not wish to betray too much curiosity lest he should mistrust that she had the identical stone which he referred to, and should in turn ask unpleasant questions of her.

She therefore changed the subject as quickly as possible, hoping to win him to a mood more congenial with her own feelings and desires.

But her efforts proved unavailing, for his lordship had suddenly become thoughtful and taciturn; and Miss Richards at last, berating herself soundly for having worn that unlucky ring that evening, signified her desire to return to the hotel.

Mrs. Richards had watched them saunter from the veranda in a flutter of anticipation, hoping that the all-important moment had at last arrived.

But one glance at her daughter's face when they came back told her that the much-wished-for crisis had not arrived, and she felt deeply disappointed.

"Good night and good by!" Josephine said, holding out her white hand to her companion as they entered the hotel. She could not trust herself longer in his society, lest she should betray something of her disappointment and ill-nature. "I must say my farewell now, I suppose, since we are to leave by the early train tomorrow."

"It is always hard to say farewell to our friends," Lord Carrol answered, smiling as he took her extended hand. "However, I can say it with a better grace now than if it were to be a final one. But are you going to leave us so soon? There is a gay company in the dancing-hall, and I fear many will be disappointed if you flit so early."

"Yes, I am going up to my room," she answered, wearily; and he noticed that she had grown very pale and was shivering.

"I am really afraid you have taken cold; you look ill, and I fear I kept you out too long," he said, anxiously.

"No," she returned, brightening a trifle as she saw how troubled he was on her account. "I have not taken cold, but I do not feel like dancing tonight, so I will retire. Good by for a week."

"Yes, for one week; then I shall see you in your own home at Yonkers," Lord Carrol said; and just then Mrs. Richards approached them.

"How is it that you two young people are not in the ballroom?" she said, brightly.

"I am taking leave of Miss Richards, who thinks of retiring, as she says you leave on the early train," explained his lordship.

"What is the trouble, Josie—are you not well?" the elder lady asked, with maternal solicitude.

"Yes; but I do not wish to dance tonight, so I am going upstairs."

"Then I'll go with you, for I have not quite finished packing. Well, my lord," she added, turning cheerily to him and giving him her hand, "I trust you will spend the coming week pleasantly, and then we shall expect to see you again."

"Thanks. Shall I have the pleasure of meeting Mr. Richards then? Will he have returned by that time?" the young man asked.

"Yes; he returns next week," Mrs. Richards answered, a new idea striking her.

Probably he wished to consult formally with her husband before proposing to Josephine; the English, she knew, were very punctilious regarding such matters.

Yes, she was confident, now she thought of it, that was why he had not come to the point tonight.

So, after a few more cordially spoken regrets, good wishes, and so forth, they left him and sought their rooms.

Lord Carroll turned and went out into the grounds again, his face grown very grave and thoughtful.

"I never would have believed it. I do not understand it at all," he muttered to himself.

But what he did not understand or could not believe, the future must develop.

The next morning Mrs. Richards and her daughter left for Yonkers, and the same afternoon Lord Carrol was *en route* for New York City.

TO BE CONTINUED.



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Reward No. 7417

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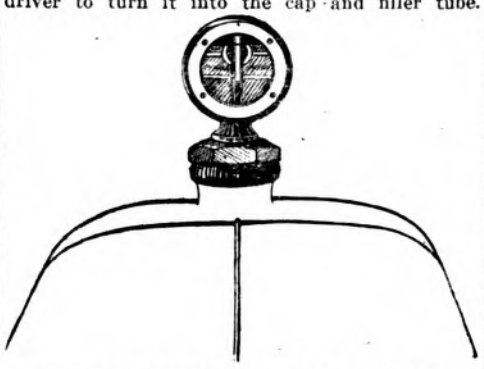
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Automobile and Gas Engine Helps

Questions relating to gasolene engines and automobiles, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Auto Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, free, in the columns of this department. Full name and address is required, but initials only will be printed. That we may intelligently diagnose your trouble please state the year in which your car was made.

Radiator Cap Lock

A METER which fits into the radiator cap and registers the operating temperature of the motor is becoming quite popular. It has likewise become a popular practice for thieves to remove the meters whenever the chance presents itself. Every owner will therefore do well to provide some means for locking the radiator cap. Special caps with locks incorporated may be obtained from almost any accessory house. However, if the owner does not wish to go to this additional expense, a simple means of providing a lock is to screw the cap on tightly then drill and tap a small hole through the cap and radiator filler tube. Place this hole at the back of the cap so that it will not be seen by anyone standing at the front of car. Use a screw without a head which requires a small screwdriver to turn it into the cap and filler tube.



RADIATOR THERMOMETER AND CAP LOCK.

This hint, if followed, will prevent small boys from removing the meter, also provide protection against the average person who would resort to such a practice.

Helpful Pointers

Tire Chains

Although this department has printed articles at different times regarding the proper installation of tire chains, we deem it proper again to warn owners against fitting chains too tightly so that they cannot creep around the tires. If the chains are prevented from creeping, the links will rapidly cut into the rubber bead of the tire. On the other hand, if the chain is allowed to creep, the wear will be distributed over the entire tire and the effect on the rubber will be negligible.

Alcohol Fumes

Owners who are using alcohol in the cooling system of the car must not lose sight of the fact that alcohol when heated releases fumes that are inflammable. When the radiator is boiling over, do not remove the radiator cap and hold a lighted match over the filler tube to determine the amount of water in the system. If you do, the alcohol fumes are very apt to ignite and singe your eyebrows, mustache, etc.

Simple Oil Test

Speeding the motor after it has been allowed to stand for a long period on a cold day is an expensive habit. Many are of the belief that to gain a proper operating temperature the motor should be raced for a few minutes when first starting out. Nothing can be more injurious in most cases. The cold thickens the oil so that it does not circulate properly until the temperature is raised. Therefore, it will be realized that the bearings and cylinders are deprived of proper lubrication and the racing motor is causing excessive wear. To gain some idea of the condition inside the motor on a cold day, pour some cylinder oil in a glass and place it outside for a few hours. Notice that it will not flow as freely as when it was warm. Instead of racing, allow the motor to run idle for a few minutes when first starting. This will allow the oil to raise in temperature and circulate freely without causing damage to the motor.

Connecting Rod Bolt

Many motors have connecting rods of the hinged type, i. e., the cap is hinged on one side and bolted on the other. This type of rod is very successfully used, but due to the strain taken by the bolt it has been the writer's experience that it is good policy to replace the bolt when overhauling the motor. Believing that many owners will undertake the overhauling of their motors during the winter months, this hint is printed as a warning against becoming convinced that the bolts are perfect. Outwardly they may appear to be perfect yet they may be very near the breaking point. When you replace the old bolt it is given a strain which you are unable to determine, and again we warn that for the consideration of the few cents involved in purchasing new bolts it is good insurance against a repair bill of one hundred or more dollars which would be incurred if one of the bolts let go while the motor was being operated. More than one owner has paid a large overhauling bill and then had the misfortune of breaking his crankcase due to a broken connecting-rod bolt. The trouble was due to the repairman removing the bolts and believing them to be perfect has not seen fit to install new bolts. If you have your repairing done outside, never object to the use of new connecting-rod bolts; it is much better to insist that new ones be used.

The Fuse

When the headlights refuse to burn or perhaps the horn does not operate, the owner will often pull at the connections, look for bare wiring or make the different adjustments possible. He has so little bother with fuses he forgets that they are in the electrical system. It will be well to look at the fuse before going to the above trouble as a blown fuse that requires replacing may be the only difficulty.

Answers to Last Month's Quiz

1. Kerosene is a heavy liquid for vaporization. As a matter of fact, unless it obtains heat and plenty of it, there will not be sufficient vaporization for this type of internal-combustion engine. Due to there having been brought forth no absolutely successful device for the heating of the fuel, kerosene has never proved popular for the automobile motor.

2. A low-tension magneto is an instrument which generates current of low voltage of pressure, i. e., it is not of sufficient power to jump the gap at the spark-plug. For this reason it is necessary to use a coil for stepping up the current to a high voltage or pressure. The armature of the magneto contains only a primary winding while the transformer coil has both primary and secondary windings. The high-tension magneto requires no separate transformer coil for the reason that the armature contains both the primary and secondary windings and is therefore capable of stepping the current up to a high pressure without outside aid.

3. Especially during the cold weather considerable gasolene is apt to enter the cylinders in the raw state and not in the form of vapor. This raw gasolene attacks the film of oil on the cylinder walls and gradually thins it to the extent that the oil seal breaks down and then the gasolene commences to work past the pistons and down into the crankcase. Here it mixes with the cylinder oil, soon robbing it of its lubricating qualities, and naturally the bearings and the working parts of the motor suffer. It is a good plan to examine the oil in the crankcase about every 500 miles during the cold weather and drain it off if it is thin or you can detect the odor of gasolene in it. Throw the old coil away and replace it with fresh lubricant. When starting a motor on a cold day you have probably noticed that it will not immediately fire on all cylinders. The cylinders that are not hitting are being subjected to a gasolene bath as above outlined, and one will do well, as before stated, to keep close watch on the condition of the oil.

4. The chances are that the water has frozen in the small tubes or passages which connect the upper and lower tanks of the radiator. Circulation is of course halted and the intense heat soon causes the water in the jackets around the cylinders to boil. The remedy is to thaw out the front of the radiator.

5. There being no breather for the crankcase, or the breather not affording sufficient ventilation, so to speak, enough gasolene has reached the crankcase to form a combustible mixture which was set off by the heat in the cylinders.

Monthly Quiz

1. If you should bridge the terminals of a storage battery with a pair of pliers there would be snapping of sparks yet you would feel no current. Why is it so?

2. A manufacturer will rate his motor at 50 H. P., yet you will pay a tax to the state for only 24 H. P. Why is it so?

3. Your motor misses when running idle and you want to determine if this condition is due to worn intake valve guides. How would you proceed?

4. Your storage tank is full of gasolene and you note the reading of the speedometer when filling the tank and after all the fuel has been exhausted. Is this the proper way to determine the mileage you are receiving to the gallon of gasolene?

5. You are in doubt as to whether or not there is ice in the cooling system of your car. What is the first precaution you would take?

Answers to Correspondents

ENGINE HARD TO START.—I notice your reply to "A. F. B.," Farmington, Minn. (November issue). You state that "it makes no difference where it (the Ford) is cranked from, if we could spin it at the same rate it would start one place as well as the other," which of course is correct. But it will start from either end easier if the clutch is in (unless it is a new car), due to the fact that when the bearings become slightly worn it allows the fields to part from the magneto, but the clutch has a tendency to push them back to their place. If "A. F. B." will have his magneto overhauled by a good man for this trouble, he should stop it, or if he is a fair mechanic and can learn the correct distance to set his field from magneto and take up worn part by using washers, etc., and so fix it that it must stay in place, his car will start as well as ever.

Respectfully, W. A. WHERRY, Newberry, S. C.

A.—It gives me great pleasure to print the foregoing letter from a COMFORT reader in South Carolina. This reader evidently has experienced the same difficulty as "A. F. B.," who wrote me regarding his being able to start his Ford much easier from the rear wheel than by the hand crank. I want to thank this reader for the suggestion and at the same time invite all others who can assist us in solving difficulties to write.

DRY BATTERY TO RUN MOTOR.—Will one-eighth horsepower electric motor run successfully on dry battery? (2) My 1914 model Ford seems to fire too soon. Running in high it jumps as if the valves did not close soon enough. I refaced the valve seats and reground the valves. Is it possible that I ground them too much and that this causes them not to time right?

C. S., Oxford, W. Va.

A. An eighth horse-power electric motor will not operate successfully for the reason that unless a very great number of cells were used you could not obtain the required voltage. (2) Regarding the jumpy action of your 1914 Ford motor, it is impossible for me to state from this distance whether the recutting of the valve seats has anything to do with your difficulty. I know of some owners who use a certain type of thimble over the valve tappets and employ shims to take up the play between the tappet and the valve stem. If you are using such a device, it will be well to determine whether the valves are now properly closing. The removal of a shim may be sufficient to obtain the proper clearance. The Ford motor has plenty of clearance between the tappet and valve and, providing you are not using special shims, I doubt whether the recutting of the valve seats would remove sufficient material to take away much of the clearance. It might be well, however, to inspect each valve when closed to determine whether it arrives at a proper seat. If a piece of newspaper can be placed between the tappet and valve stem then you can rest assured that the valve is seating. Recutting seats and refacing valves should alter the timing sufficiently to affect operation. It might be just possible that you did not do a good job of valve grinding or that your seat tool left chatter marks that did not grind out. This condition would result in loss of compression and jerky operation. I of course assume that the operation was satisfactory before recutting the seats and ignition was not affected during the period in which you were doing the work.

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30 x 3½	7.95	13.65	33 x 4½	13.95	23.45
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31 x 4	10.00	16.90	35 x 4½	14.95	24.45
32 x 4	11.50	19.75	36 x 4½	15.45	25.45
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31x4	8.25	36x4½	11.75
32x4	8.95	35x5	12.10
33x4	9.25	37x5	12.25

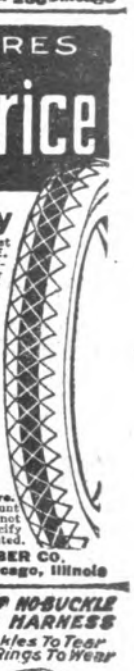
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31x4	7.45	1.75	36x4½	9.50	2.95
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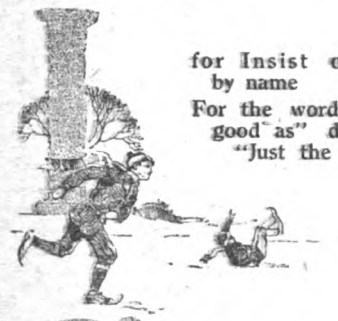
30x3	$ 9.50	32x4	$16.10	33x4½	$22.15
30x3½	11.25	33x4	17.00	34x4½	23.20
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Poultry Farming for Women

BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Getting Ready for the Hatching Season

WITH the coming of the New Year all us poultry people commence to plan for the breeding season. First comes the birds to be used. Of course, we all want to improve the egg production of our future stock, and now is the time to do it.

I have already advised you to get thoroughbred male birds from poultry plants which have made a specialty of grading up their stock for egg production, and now comes the matter of selecting hens to mate with the good cockerels. Few people, except professional breeders, use trap nests, so I am sure most farm wives will be glad of suggestions for reading the visible characteristics and signs of good layers.

One of the most noticeable marks of a heavy producer is the lack of yellow pigment at the end of the laying year. It takes a lot of color material to make egg yolks, and the pullet that starts the year with bright yellow legs and beak will, if a high producer, finish with practically no yellow color. The vent is most easily affected, and loses the yellow color after a very few eggs are produced. The earlobes are next easily affected, and may become quite pale after two or three weeks of heavy production. The earlobe test, of course, applies only to those breeds having white earlobes. The beak is affected next, usually losing its color after about three or four months of heavy production. When a bird stops laying the different parts gradually recover their color in the same order, earlobes first, beak next, and shanks last. Only strong, healthy birds should be considered, as sickness may, in some cases, cause a loss of yellow color.

High producers may be detected by the condition of the plumage at the end of the laying season. Birds do not, as a rule, lay and moult at the same time, although exceptions to this rule may sometimes be found. The birds that stop laying and moult in August or early September should be disposed of, as it appears that birds moulting late usually start laying again just as early in the winter as those that moult early. Trap-nest records show that the birds that lay late and moult last are the birds that started laying first the previous fall. The late moulting birds are the highest producers; those moulting in November or later should be the best for breeding stock.

When selecting breeding stock, the pelvic bones may be used as an indication of present production. The pelvic bones are the two little bones either side of the vent, between which the eggs must pass. If these bones are two, three, or even four fingers apart, we may know that the hen is laying, provided she is not over fat or abnormal in some way. If these bones are widespread, thin and pliable, it indicates a high producer. If these bones are hard and rigid, even though they may be spread and the bird producing at the time, it indicates a low producer.

High-producing hens must have a large capacity in order to allow for well-developed egg producing organs. They must also have a large capacity for food materials and a strong digestive system. As the pullet matures and comes into laying condition, the breastbone is forced forward and downward to make the necessary room in the body cavity. Other things being equal, the capacity may be rated by the distance from the pelvic bones to the rear end of the breastbone. Relative measurements may be obtained by comparing birds of the same breed, as different sized birds would not be comparable.

High-producing individuals invariably show what might be termed as quality, that is, soft, pliable skin over the breastbone and the abdominal cavity, and absence of hard fat. Some over-fat birds may have widespread pelvic bones and show large capacity, but they are entirely lacking in quality, and consequently should be eliminated from the high-producing class.

The activity of a bird is a very good indication of her production. The high producer must have more to eat of everything that a hen requires for production, consequently she is the first down in the morning and the last to roost at night. She will range farther and is always looking for something to eat. The best layer is the best worker every hour in the day.

From the time the breeding stock is selected in the fall, it should receive the very best of care, ever keeping in mind the fact that strong, fertile, hatchable eggs during the breeding season are essential to success. Health, vigor and vitality are necessary, and the winter should be spent in storing reserve energy which may be thrown into the hatching of eggs.

Clean, dry quarters are absolutely necessary for good health. The house should be located where good water and air drainage may be had. Where the soil is suitable, and rats are troublesome, dirt floors are probably the best. On damp land, moisture-proof cement floors, well covered with soil or sand, are most satisfactory. Small flocks in small houses usually give slightly better results than large flocks.

Fresh air and sunshine are absolutely necessary in every poultry house. They are even more important in the breeding house than in the laying house. The open front, cloth front, or combination of glass and cloth seem to give the best results. In any case, the location of the openings should be such that the sun may reach every part of the house at some time during the day, and provide an abundance of ventilation without drafts in all kinds of weather. Sunshine is the best disinfectant, and fresh air is the best tonic.

Do not crowd breeding stock; allow four square feet of floor space or over to each bird. Allow the breeding stock to run out of doors every day in the year, but make the house so much more comfortable that they will not care to go out in bad weather. Clean litter in the houses, and a sheltered run outside, will encourage exercise.

Feed of the breeding stock need not be so different from that for the laying stock except that the protein in the mash may be reduced, and a larger proportion of the whole grain fed. The ration should be bulky and rather low in beef scrap. The method of feeding is quite as important as the kind of food used. Scatter the grain in clean, dry litter, and keep the mash always before the birds. Use every possible means to encourage the birds to work.

Green food in some form is necessary every day in the year. Mangels are perhaps the most convenient and cheapest form of green feed. Hens will consume during the winter about one ton per one hundred birds. Cabbage or sprouted oats are also very satisfactory. The green food problem may be greatly simplified by using clover hay, or at least a part clover hay for litter. Where clover is home grown, it is not an expensive form of litter, as the hens recover all the food value in the leaves, and the stalks are even better than straw. A fresh grass and clover sod is, of course, the best source of summer green feed.

Sour skim-milk seems to be the most satisfactory single food that we have for poultry of all ages. When fed to breeding stock during the winter, better egg production, higher fertility, higher hatchability and stronger chicks may be expected. Results will warrant paying at least one cent and sometimes two cents per quart for the breeding stock.

The whole object in caring for the breeding stock during the winter is the production of strong, healthy chicks. Remove from the breeding pen any chicks that show signs of weakness or sickness during the winter. The campaign for the eradication of bacillary white diarrhea by means of the agglutination test has proved beyond doubt that all breeding stock should be tested and all reacting individuals removed. This is the only means by which any breeder can be sure that his stock can be free from disease. Quality in hatching eggs is more important than quantity. Quality in eggs means more and better chicks with much less expense in labor and equipment.



WATCHING THE CHICKS COME OUT OF THEIR SHELLS. THIS LITTLE GIRL ATTENDED TO THE INCUBATOR WITH ONLY A LITTLE HELP FROM HER MOTHER. THE HATCH WAS MADE IN A NORTH ROOM, AND THE INCUBATOR CARRIED OUTDOORS FOR PHOTOGRAPH.

The one desire in incubation is the production of strong, viable chicks; that is, chicks strong enough to stand outdoor life rather than weak chicks that will require constant attention. Failures in incubation are due to poor eggs more often than to poor incubators, although the incubator usually gets the blame.

Even though the breeding birds may have been carefully selected, there will be always some eggs produced that are unfit for incubation. If possible, select only eggs that weigh about twenty-six ounces to the dozen. The extra large eggs are as undesirable as the extra small ones. Select eggs with strong shells, free from ridges or uniform color and shape.

Hatching eggs should be collected at least twice each day. They may be injured by cold weather in winter or broody hens in summer. They are also apt to get soiled or broken in the nest. An ample supply of good nesting material and some kind of nesting or padding in the basket or pail used in collecting eggs is desirable.

Much better results may be expected if eggs are incubated as soon after they are laid as possible. Eggs saved for hatching may be packed in cases and held at a temperature of about fifty to fifty-five degrees. If eggs are held more than four or five days, it would be well to turn the cases over each day or two. Where eggs are held more than ten days or two weeks, poor hatches and weak chicks are usually the result.

An incubator usually gives best results when operated in a cellar or basement. This is usually due to the fact that a uniform temperature and a moist atmosphere may be more easily maintained. Where an incubator is operated in a very dry atmosphere, it is advisable to add moisture either by using a moisture pan under the egg tray, or by sprinkling the eggs. The room where an incubator is operated should be well ventilated.

After the lamp is lighted and the machine heated to 102½ degrees, the top or regulating nut on the connecting rod, immediately above the regulator arm, is screwed until the disk is raised one-fourth of an inch above the chimney—such an adjustment being considered by manufacturers

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)

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Gardening Hints for January

JANUARY is a quiet season for the gardener, but it is a fine time to think over the mistakes of the past year and start anew with some good New Year's resolutions. If we make up our mind to "Do it now," a great many of the trials and tribulations of gardening, the mistakes, little errors, delays and dismays may be forestalled or minimized. Here's how to begin the New Year right.

Overhaul the small garden tools and implements during the idle hours that are sure to offer a good opportunity in January. We know that there are chores to do and snow to shovel or scrape off the roads with a snow-plow, but these things do not take up all the time. Check over the garden tools and set to one side all those that need repairs. Perhaps the hoe needs a new handle; at any rate, it must be well sharpened. The same applies to the spades and shovels and the spading fork. Dull or damaged tools make work out of pleasure for the farmer who does not put them in shape when he has the chance. The hand cultivator and the planter should be oiled and any missing or badly-worn parts replaced to assure good work when needed.

Take half a day for putting the machine shed in order, and while you are in the mood do the same in other buildings. It is surprising how much trash accumulates. Better celebrate with a big bonfire than leave it around to get under foot for another year. Unless roofs and windows have been repaired earlier in the winter, now is a fine time to see where patching is necessary. Light, fine snow will sift in through cracks in roof or walls to slowly melt on costly machinery. The hammer and saw and a few boards will keep it out—with your help.

Remember how the hens pestered you last summer by doing a lot of volunteer digging and damaging the garden stuff? Neither the wife nor the children were able to keep them out—but a high and tight fence would do it. No doubt the posts are there now. Why not nail a piece of two-by-four at the side of each sound post to give you a height of about six feet, then tack on woven wire? It will not cost much as compared to the cash value of garden truck and it will assure you of all the greens and beans and "sass" you like so much. Incidentally, it will save you replanting where the chickens have scratched out seed. Make a good gate wide enough to admit horses and small garden machinery; beside it make another small gate of about ordinary door width. Make both as high as the fence, and see that they will close and *stay shut*. A good plan is to rig up the small gate with a weight that pulls it shut, and it is a lot safer than depending on the memory.

Speaking of chickens, it may be well for the farmer—or more likely for the farmer's wife, who usually "tends the hens"—to look over the brooders and incubator, if either he or she is fortunate enough to own such necessary equipment. If not, there may be new nest boxes and "nurseries" to make, and before spring comes is the time to do it. More than once we have seen mother or the girls busy with a hammer or saw playing carpenter while the men folks are away in the fields trying to catch up with the early plowing. But is it fair to expect them to take time from the cooking and baking and housework to play carpenter—even if they do make a darned good job of it? We think not, when the same work could be done by the men in the idle moments while there is snow on the ground.

If the young fruit trees in the new orchard are not protected from mice and rabbits, take a roll of tarred paper and make some plain black winter "cuffs." It will not take long to wrap the paper around each small trunk, but it will take a lot of time and work to bridge graft and heal the damage done to the same trees by mice or rabbits if the trees are not protected. Remember that mice usually work out of sight under the deep snow and that the damage they do to the sweet tender bark may not be revealed until spring when the snow melts. That is why this work should be done before the snow is too deep in the orchard.

Last month we spoke of the garden plan drawn in ink on good stiff, durable paper. This plan lists the crops you intend to grow. But have you thought about the seed supply? Here is another place where our "do it now" resolution must be remembered. Perhaps you have sent for the latest seed catalogues; if not, do it now. Avoid the new and untried and stick to the things that you really know will do well in your soil and climate. Incidentally, we call attention to the fact that not all seed houses may be depended upon fully; therefore we direct readers of Modern Farmer to those advertised in COMFORT as having our full endorsement. Good seed of guaranteed high germination and pure strain is far cheaper in the long run than any low-germinating, dried-out old stock, even if it does come in a fancy package at a so-called bargain price. It pays to buy the best from seed companies that sell the best only. Don't wait until spring before placing your order. Don't buy poor seed and start under a handicap.

Weeds and Concrete Fence Posts

Concrete fence posts have gained considerable popularity, but not a bit more than they highly deserve. In spite of their relatively high first cost, which by the way is not so high when we compare them to cedar posts at war-time prices prevailing for the last two years, their long-wearing, almost everlasting qualities recommend them to the farmer who looks to the future.

Whether a farmer has had experience with concrete posts or not, he has a good general idea of their usefulness. Still, new things do come to our attention from time to time. Here is one of them.

We were particularly struck by the neat and clean appearance of the roadsides and fence corners on a certain Middle Western farm. It was a welcome contrast to the weedy, neglected fences bordering the same road not far distant. We spoke to the farm owner and here is his explanation:

"For years I tried my best to keep down the weeds along my fences but in spite of all that I could do in the time I could spare, the weeds got ahead of me. Then I put in forty rods of new fence, using concrete posts. Yes, I made the posts myself, my boy and I. The first summer I went at the weeds as usual, cutting those that I could reach with the mower, and using a scythe in the worst spots in the corners. One day a fire somehow got started in the dry weeds lying beside the fence. I watched it for a while to see that it did not get out of hand, but everything but the cut weeds was too green to burn so I left it alone. Golly, it did a clean job. Took everything on both sides of the fence, too.

"That gave me an idea. You see, the fire could not hurt the concrete posts, so I just cut the weeds when they are in bloom and let them lie until they are thoroughly dry, then I touch them off and let 'em burn. It is surprising how little is left after the fire goes along a fence. You can see for yourself. Right here was one of the worst spots on the whole farm three years ago. Now it is in grass from the edge of the plowing right up to the roadside. A couple of years usually does the work, and the grass comes in as soon as the weeds are gone. Sometimes I scatter a bit of blue grass or clover, but for the most part the grass is self-seeded.

"You know, I think that concrete posts would do more to clean up the roadsides than all the weed laws in creation. If weeds are cut before they go to seed and burned, a man can get the upper hand in a hurry, and with very little trouble. There is another point, too. When I had the old fence and the weeds along it I had big snowdrifts every winter. Now, with the ground clean and bare, there is nothing to hold the snow so I have no drifts. That is worth considering. No drifts, no mud holes in the spring. That's my way of looking at it. Now I never put in anything but concrete posts. In time I hope to see them over the whole farm."

This is what one farmer has to say. Have any other readers of Modern Farmer had experience? If so, we would like to hear from them.

Select Young Shade Trees Now

Shade trees do not live forever, though it is true that they do outlive the ordinary span of human life by many years. We all enjoy the fine big trees in the front yard and would be lost without their friendly shade in the hot summer time. Therefore we should be constantly on the lookout for signs of approaching old age, and when these symptoms are noted plans should be made for the future.

The farmer who has a woodlot of his own or who has easy access to one in his neighborhood should find little difficulty in getting fine young trees to replace the old ones. When this is possible there is a considerable saving in the cost of trees, as compared to their price if purchased from a nursery. Often the only expense is in the form of time and labor connected with their digging and replanting. Locally-grown young trees also have another advantage in that they are almost certain to be adapted to the soil and climate where they are found, whereas nursery trees may take some time to become "acquainted" with their new home or may die in the attempt.

While trees are free from foliage in the winter time is the best time to pick out those to be used for replacements later on. First look over the grounds in the yard or elsewhere to get a good idea of what is required in the tree line, varieties, size, etc. Then go to the woods or woodlot and pick out good sturdy youngsters. Choose trees having straight trunks, clean limbs and a symmetrical crown. Avoid one-sided trees. Pruning and trimming can do a lot to correct such deformities, but why not begin right with trees that need little or no trimming? It is here that the freedom from foliage is a distinct advantage. With no leaves to block the view, it is not difficult, as it would be in the summer, to make good selections. Diseased or deformed limbs and other objectionable features may be seen and avoided.

If trees are to be planted in a comparatively open or sunny spot, do not make your selections in dense timber where they have grown in heavy shade. Try to find trees growing under conditions as nearly like those they will find in their new location after transplanting. Avoid the soft-wooded, short-lived, quick-growing trees except for windbreaks where rapid growth is essential. The oaks, elms, maples, and some of the nut trees such as hickory, chestnut or walnut, make ideal shade trees under a wide variety of conditions of soil and climate throughout the entire country.

Mark the trees you have selected plainly so that they can be found later without trouble or delay. If this is not done you will find that in the early spring when you go out to dig them up they will be difficult to locate. Ordinarily the best marker, and the one most commonly used, is a wide piece of old white cloth. This is about all that can be done at this season of the year, though trees are sometimes moved in mid-winter by those who do not object to the "chore" of digging in frozen ground. For our own part, we are quite content to wait until the ground thaws in the spring. At that time we will give briefly the most essential details of digging and transplanting young trees.

Suggestions for Wool Growers

Wool growing is one branch of farming in which the producer continues to turn out a product without having more than a general idea as to the market outlets and demands. Formerly this was due to the lack of adequate and re-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

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The best cough medicine you ever used. A family supply easily and quickly made. Saves about $2.

You might be surprised to know that the best thing you can use for a severe cough, is a remedy which is easily prepared at home in just a few moments. It's cheap, but for prompt results it beats anything else you ever tried. Usually stops the ordinary cough or chest cold in 24 hours. Tastes pleasant, too—children like it—and it is pure and good.

Pour 2½ ounces of Pinex in a pint bottle; then fill it up with plain granulated sugar syrup. Or use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup, if desired. Thus you make a full pint—a family supply—but costing no more than a small bottle of ready-made cough syrup.

And as a cough medicine, there is really nothing better to be had at any price. It goes right to the spot and gives quick, lasting relief. It promptly heals the inflammed membranes that line the throat and air passages, stops the annoying throat tickle, loosens the phlegm, and soon your cough stops entirely. Splendid for bronchitis, croup, hoarseness and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of Norway pine extract, famous for healing the membranes.

To avoid disappointment ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

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Making Good Health a Habit

By Frances L. Garside

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MISS Marshmallow Nose usually has cheeks that are unnaturally red. Her teeth are bad, she stoops when she walks, and folds up like a jackknife when she sits. She eats what isn't good for her, she finds her recreation in a badly-ventilated moving-picture theater, and she doesn't get enough sleep.

All this explains why her cheeks are not naturally red. She bought that coloring of a druggist at the same time that she had him put up a prescription to cure her of headache, palpitation of the heart, indigestion, constipation, cramps—and, oh, goodness, one doesn't know where to end.

The prescription is in Latin and it is a dead secret between her doctor and the druggist. She, with her aches, and drawls that she is all right, is typical of thousands of young girls today.

When it was found that forty per cent. of the young men of America were physically unfit, some one asked, "How about the women?" Well, it was found that they "were more unfitter," and to remedy this—to make the girlhood of America a healthy, life-loving thing—the Young Women's Christian Association has opened a Health Center in New York City where girls are examined free, and given treatment that is not beyond their power of commanding.

They are not told, "You must go to Florida," or, "You must go to a specialist whose charges are a dollar and a half a minute." They are sent to a gymnasium, and the director puts them through a course of sprouts, so to speak. If they have started to grow crooked, the corrective exercise makes them grow straight.

The Health Centers are primarily for the working girl, but all are welcome and all is free. The physical examination is unique because it is so all-embracing. It deals not only with the body of the subject, but goes into her environment, her habits and her dress. She describes the conditions in her home, place of work and what is her form of recreation; she tells all she knows about the habits and health of her parents; she shows her shoes, and if they are high-heeled and the sole is not flexible, she gets her first prescription right there. How many glasses of water does she drink during the day? There must be at least ten. How long does she sleep? How much fresh air does she have at night? Does she wear corsets? Does she walk any, and how much? Show how you sit when at work. Give an example of how you carry yourself when you walk.

There is nothing left untold when the doctor is through, and the remedies are so simple they are within the reach of the girl in the remotest country hamlet. There must be long walks every day; there must be loose-fitting clothes, and in time the girl will have developed such muscles she will not need the support of a corset. There are gymnasiums in every home, if one will look for them. The girl denied use of a gymnasium in a city can improvise one in her father's barn, and all the expensive equipment in a gymnasium offers no greater advantages than skinning the cat on a tree at home.

That is what the Health Center is for; to make good health a habit; to make it a fad; to start it in New York, and watch it spread all over the map. It is a better fad than the one of sitting over a beaded purse by the hour, straining one's eyes. The results are more splendid than if one spent a month embroidering a blue rose and a pink forget-me-not on a bath-towel. A girl hasn't learned how to live unless she has learned how to keep well.

The girls are asked to return in six months for the second examination; in the meantime, they are taking the treatment which consists of the corrective exercises, a change to a simple diet, more walks, more water, hot baths at night and cold in the morning, windows open at night, and all recreation taken in the open air. To insure this latter "prescription" being taken, a recreation leader gets up long hikes for the girls, with a weiner roast or a nutting party or a clam bake as an objective.

But—to do all this, there must be suitable clothing, so that the prescription goes right into the patient's wardrobe. Everything must be sensible, comfortable and light weight. There must be no ostentatious display of finery and style, "comfort" being regarded as higher than both.

The American man who has succeeded makes his wife and daughters the shop windows in which to display his success. He loads them with laces and furs and jewelry; they ride, and are never known to walk, and eat rich food that is not good for them. The result is that the rich have as hard a time in keeping well as the poor. This was proven in recent statistics compiled in Washington which showed that the children of the wealthier classes were under all health standards, making a poorer showing than the children of the poor.

Of course if a girl seeks health, she can't hunt up a comfortable cushion to sit on while she seeks it. She must put on thick-soled shoes and give it a chase. But that she will overtake it, and come back glowing with the exercise and with a color in her cheeks that did not come from the druggist, has been proven by the good results attained by the Health Center in the very short period of its existence.

The prescriptions are not written in Latin. They are in plain English, and they are as well known to every woman and girl in the nation as if they appeared on the billboards.

Go to it, girls! Straighten your shoulders, lift up your chin, and march out with the army of young women all over the world who are engaged in the laudable and pleasing task of making themselves 100 per cent. physically fit.

How About Your Stomach?

If Acid, Sour, Gassy, and You Bloat or Feel Stuffed Up After Eating Try Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets

The stomach may be rather sluggish in digesting the fried eggs you eat for breakfast and the delicious croquette and salad for lunch. On top of this a soda confection is apt to add to the indigestion. It is a good rule to follow each meal with a Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet to avoid dyspeptic results due to eating and drinking. Should the stomach sour, with water-brash, biliousness, and the peculiar gassiness due to indigestion these tablets bring relief because they supply the alkaline effect to the stomach and thus offset the acidity of such dyspeptic conditions.

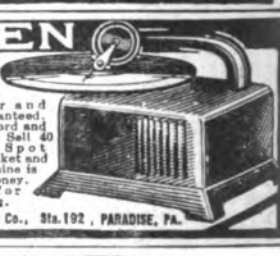


You Radiate Happiness When a Good Meal Sits Well in the Stomach

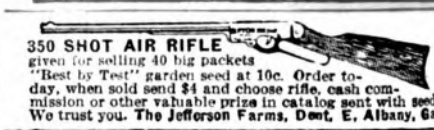
It is well to know this and not deny yourself the pleasures of the good things to eat and drink through fear of indigestion. You will find Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets on sale in all drug stores at 60 cents a box.

ALWAYS keep C. B. Q. Tablets in the medicine cabinet. They cure Colds in 24 hours and relieve La Grippe in 3 days.
At All Druggists—30 Cents
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GIVEN



Real Talking Machine. Plays all disc records, singing, band, instrumental. Clear and distinct. Guaranteed. Lots of fun. Record and needles included. Sell 40 packets Garden Spot Seeds at 10c a packet and the talking machine is yours. Send no money. Write today for seeds and catalog.
Lancaster Co. Seed Co., Sta. 192, PARADISE, PA.



350 SHOT AIR RIFLE
given for selling 40 big packets "Best by Test" garden seed at 10c. Order today, when sold send $4 and choose rifle, cash commission or other valuable prize in catalog sent with seed. We trust you. **The Jefferson Farms, Dept. E, Albany, Ga.**



WRIST WATCH GIVEN
Dandy Wrist Watch guaranteed 5 years given for selling two lots of 20 pictures at 10 cts. each. Order 20, when sold send the $2.00 and choose wrist watch or other valuable prize according to big list sent with pictures. **RAYART CO. Dept. 18, Chicago**

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

Billy always scorns all bribes, Bessie, and he gets many and various offers from the cousins. So it was not your promise of a melon that got your letter past his "scentsorship." The fact is, he got so excited arguing with me that he dropped the letter and I hid it under the blotting paper on my desk. What started him scrapping was the question of honey-dew melons. "I like them, Uncle Lisha," he said, "but I insist that the naming of this modern melon is an example of our tendency toward exaggeration in nomenclature." These were his very words—or something worse!

But I stood up for you, Bessie, and told Bill that the trouble was he had never sampled a real ripe specimen of the Rocky Ford, 1921 model, self-eating honey-dew. "Bill," I said, "there's no exaggeration about the sort of melons Bessie crates up in her old age. Why, they are so full of honey that one of 'em can keep a hive of Colorado bees a whole winter, and they are so crammed with dew that you can't eat 'em without putting on rubber boots." And then Billy flared up and said he could never discuss anything seriously with me—which he knows isn't so. So you see your cheery letter had a *meloncolly* effect on poor Billy, Bessie. But don't let that scare you from writing again at once and telling me the date in 1922 for Rocky Ford's watermelon distribution.

DUNDAS, MINNESOTA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

For many, many years we have been subscribers to COMFORT, so many that I am ashamed to tell, as it would reveal how old I am; but I know that intermittently for the past twenty-five years we have had it make its monthly visit to the Harris home. All of these years I have been a silent listener to all of your conversations, having many a merry laugh over the mishaps of Billy the Goat and the rest of Uncle Charlie's family. But this is the first time I have talked, and surely after so many years of silence I ought to have a respectful hearing!

Now, Uncle Lisha, I am neither slim nor fat, a farm Daisy nor a giant for work, but I am just a plain, everyday girl, one who has seen much of life in the thirty-six years in which I have been learning "What is life?" Sometimes Life seemed a place where it was all sunshine (for somebody else—not me), but most of the time I have had many problems and perplexities confronting me which have had to be solved. I have never shirked my responsibilities in solving them as they came, and I have discovered that in solving our problems, in seeing them through, do we find that the sunshine is in us; that it is our outlook on Life which makes it a place of glorious, happy, blissful hours, or one of despairing, black, gloomy days. I wish I could make the cousins see how good, how glorious, how wonderful is Life when we discover that it is not the things which are around us, but the thoughts which are in us, that make or mar our happiness. Do I see only sunshine for others and not for me? No; now I see that Life is what we make it. And I know that even Billy the Goat will agree with me that Life is, after all, a happy experience in which thoughts and deeds of goodness, happiness and unselfishness bring their reward.

Now, cousins, Uncle Lisha and the Goat will say that I am preaching and they do not want such letters, and so I am going to quit. But I would love to hear from some of the older cousins. I said I was neither slim nor fat; I am the general average; tall, five feet, eight inches; a decided blonde with big blue eyes, a bright outlook on Life and determination to never expect something for nothing.

But here comes Billy!

A niece and cousin, MARTHA HARRIS ANDERSON.

After being "careful and troubled about many things," Martha, your letter shows that you have won at last the freedom of the knowledge that all the light and happiness we seek for in life must come to us from within. In your problems and perplexities, in "seeing them through," you have been able to learn how to "see through them." Much of experience has become transparent to you and can never again confuse you or hold you back. Fifteen or twenty years ago you probably thought of life as ready to *bring* to you all sorts of wonders, joys and happy experiences. And now, after a considerable wandering and stumbling in darkness, you get on a lighted path and find that it is we ourselves who must bring the wonder, joy and happiness into life if we are ever to find it there. When you have once thoroughly understood this, you have a grip on the greatest truth in the world. You have built a foundation upon which you can safely swing the rest of your life—knowing it is strong enough to bear any load. Youth is beautiful in its clear-eyed and often harsh judgment regarding right and wrong. It is only the touch of Life as a teacher that can give the knowledge of just why these rights and wrongs exist as they do and why we must learn to say, "Neither do I condemn." You have been to school, Martha, and you have found out something very wonderful. You can well be proud and happy concerning your discovery and need not be "ashamed to tell" of your thirty-six years. You know, I am sure, that what you have gained from the toil of Time you have paid is well worth the price. I am going to consider you as just grown up, and as having lately taken your Diploma of Happiness in the University of Life.

Billy liked your letter, although I must say that even with all his gray hairs he still retains plenty of youthful snap judgments and intolerances—which sometimes make him lovable and sometimes the opposite! I must tell you the joke he cracked after reading your last paragraph.

"Uncle Lisha," he said, "I see Martha says she is 'a decided blonde.' Did I ever tell you of the man I knew who was corresponding with a widow who described herself as 'a decided blonde' and whom he married after a short acquaintance? Well, he said afterwards that there was no doubt about her blondeness, but that he was never able to agree with any of her decisions." And Bill chuckled so that he almost swallowed a wad of Wisconsin letters he had just got nicely bunched on the port side of his jaw.

But, Martha, I think that Billy liked the "decision" your letter told about just as well as I did—and as all the wisest of our cousins will, too.

RETRIEVE, TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

I am a little girl ten years old and I weigh sixty-one pounds. I have dark brown eyes and hair and fair complexion. I am in the fifth grade and learn fast. My teacher is Mr. B. D. Jones. I am at school now. Well, I will get to work.

Your loving niece, OLIVETTE BAIRD.

Olivette, your letter did great credit to Mr. B. D. Jones. I looked very hard for misspelled words, but everything was as perfect as Prof. Noah Webster—who wrote a big dictionary and was awfully fussy about spelling—could demand. Everything, Olivette, but one word. Yes, I must break the sad news: you put an "s" in "complexion"! Yet that is better than spelling it "complection," which is the way some wicked eighth-grade pupils often do—and they make Billy frown and raise his eyebrows most tremendously.

I'm glad you "learn fast," Olivette, and I hope you keep right on moving upgrade aboard the School Express of the B. D. Jones Railroad. Sometimes it seems that no matter how fast we learn, wisdom keeps about two jack-rabbit jumps in front of us; but if we didn't hustle along, chugging in lively fashion, just see how far we would be left behind! Why, we might remain sidetracked at Stupidity Junction all our days!

There was never a better sentence, written, Olivette, than the one with which you end your letter. Someone has sounded the slogan of "Down with the gospel of folded hands!" When we all "get to work," my dear, we will all "learn faster," and the slow, stupid old world move forward accordingly. For we're only in the fifth grade now!

CARRIZOZO, BOX 146, NEW MEXICO.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

I have just received the last number of COMFORT and thought I would write you a line. Now, Uncle Lisha, I feel sure Billy the Goat is asleep under the table, so please be very quiet about this and maybe we can get it by without his knowing anything about it. I don't see how any goat could treat some of the letters as he does, but perhaps some of them deserve even worse treatment and I'll bet maybe my letter gets it.

Well, Uncle and cousins, I am a cowboy when I can be anything, but just at present I can't do much. I was in France for two years and that German gas got me. It is surely fierce stuff. I am getting O. K. now, but it has been one fight. Shall I tell you folks how I look? Well, I am six feet tall, have black hair and eyes and dark complexion, and am twenty-three years of age. Some of the fellows call me "Curly" and others call me "Romeo." Gee! that "Romeo" makes me mad as fighting cats. I guess that's one reason they do it. What can a fellow do about it, Uncle? I sure don't like it.

Come out to my ranch here, Uncle Lisha, and we can have some fine sport hunting. We have plenty of doves, quail and rabbits down here in the valley, and deer and other game in the mountains.

Boys and girls, please write to a lonesome cowboy. I will answer all who write—or bust a hame!

Sincerely your nephew, THEO CARMICHAEL.

Teddy, I'm glad you're getting the best of the Hun gas by dosing your sore lungs with Carrizozo sun and air. I didn't have to scrap with Bill about your letter. He gave it up at once and said: "Perhaps he'll write again and send me his photo for my album, Uncle Lisha. If he is a curly-haired Romeo he must surely be one of our handsomest cousins, and I should have him for my collection." So if you want to keep on the right side—which is the outside—of Billy, Teddy, you'll ride at once into Carrizozo and have your picture taken showing as many of your curls as can be put on a six-by-ten plate. If you want to have your fellow cow-chasers stop calling you Romeo, I think the surest remedy is to use a shears or safety-razor blade on those curls—but have your picture taken before you perform the amputation, or Billy will be sadly disappointed.

Teddy, I'd like to come down and hunt deer with you among the Jicarilla Mountains and chase a big buck over the Capitan Pass, but unfortunately I am detained in Brooklyn just now looking over a heavy mail from New Mexico and other places around the globe. I'm sorry about this for Lincoln County would just suit me, Teddy, old man, as I am strong for mountains, and you seem to have the peaks and high spots bunched pretty thick in your vicinity.

You say you'll answer all the letters you get "or bust a hame," Teddy. You should have said "strip a gear" or "puncture a tire." In these horseless days it is only old farmers like myself or young cowpunchers like you that know what a "hame" is. The rest of the cousins will have to ask their dads. Don't forget to send the picture for Bill's album, Ted, or I'll think you are saving all your photos to send to Cousin Juliet.

ALLSTON, BOX 22, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

I am about to make a statement for which I may be mobbed if some of the conceited girl readers of COMFORT ever lay hands on me, but if you, Uncle, will back me up in what I am about to state, I am surely safe. Here is the statement: If you want to see real genuine and purely unadulterated feminine beauty you should go to France. Most of it is not false, made-up beauty; most of the French girls are as fresh and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34.)



ALL THIS JEWELRY FREE

This "Lucky Tige" **CHARM** with 36-inch silk Cord, this Im. **WRIST WATCH** with adjustable leather strap and buckle, this pair of sparkling pierceless **EAR RINGS, 3** Gold plated **RINGS** and this handsome 36-inch Oriental Rice Bead **NECKLACE** with Tassel Beaded Drop. We give **ALL** these **7** articles **FREE** for selling only **12** Jewelry Novelties at **10** cents each. Send today. We trust you and treat you square.
A. W. MEAD MFG. CO., Providence, R. I.





Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from our eminent legal adviser on all questions of law except divorce matters.

Address Home Lawyer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

M. E., Connecticut.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the man from whom you purchased your property could not thereafter convey good title to any part of the land he sold you, and that the title of the subsequent purchasers of property from the same tract could only hold title to such portion of the land as had not been previously conveyed by the man who formerly owned the whole tract.

Mrs. E. O. H., Arkansas.—Under the laws of Indiana, we think that it is necessary for a mortgage to be recorded, in order to make it a valid lien upon the mortgaged premises as against the claim of an innocent purchaser of the property who has no notice of the existence of such mortgage. (2) We do not think it is necessary to commence foreclosure of a mortgage upon its due date, but we do think the mortgagee has a legal right, if he so elects, to commence foreclosure as soon as there is a default in the payments under the same. (3) We think it will be necessary for you to have the deed you mention examined in order to determine your rights thereunder.

F. A. S., Arkansas.—If the will contest you mention was not settled out of court, we think you should be able to determine the disposition of the matter from the court records in the county of the state where the case was tried.

L. C. L., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving widow and two children as the only heirs-at-law and next of kin, his widow would receive one-third of both the real and personal estate, the balance going in equal shares to his two children. (2) Under the laws of Pennsylvania, we do not think a married man has any legal right to beat or abuse his wife.

Miss L. L., North Dakota.—We do not think marriages between second cousins are prohibited by the laws of any of the states of the United States.

Mrs. E. M., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a widow or widower is endowed of an estate for life in one-third of all the real property of which the deceased consort was seized as an estate of inheritance at any time during the marriage, unless the same be released; and this right of dower cannot be defeated by will. (2) We think it important that wills be legally drawn and executed, and we think it safer to have the same drawn by some one who has knowledge of the law relating to wills.

Sam, Georgia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that only your mother's share of your father's estate can be disposed of by your mother; we think she can dispose of her own property in any manner she may see fit, but that she cannot transfer the property belonging to the other parties interested in your father's estate.

Mrs. J. E. H., Pennsylvania.—We do not think the validity of your daughter's marriage is affected by reason of being married in another state, nor by reason of her false statement of her age at the time of procuring the marriage license.

G. L. DeC., Florida.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that your recording officer is entitled to make a charge for furnishing you with a certified copy of the records.

Mrs. H. E. W., Kansas.—We do not think you could succeed in an action brought to set aside a deed upon the grounds that you executed the same during minority, if you have allowed nineteen years to elapse since you came of age.

L. E. M., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the statute of limitations runs against an action for damages for slanderous words spoken, written or printed within one year; we think the statute of limitations runs against action on proceedings based upon the other cause you mention, depending upon the nature of the action or proceeding brought against the guilty party.

Miss A. J., New Jersey.—We think the laws of both New Jersey and Pennsylvania provide for the payment of so-called inheritance taxes on the transfer of estate property in cases where the amount involved exceeds the exemptions.

Mrs. T. J. B., North Carolina.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that illegitimate children legally bear their mother's name.

H. H. S., Missouri.—We do not think the same property could be legally assessed as belonging to two different owners at the same time; we think you should appeal from the assessment.

J. S., Texas.—We think that if your land is properly posted against trespassers, any person who trespasses thereon would be liable to prosecution for doing so.

E. M., Florida.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving a surviving widow and children, such widow would be entitled to receive dower of a one-third interest for life in his real estate and one-third of the personal estate absolutely; we think the dower claim is a preferred one, and superior to that of a creditor, provided such widow has not released her dower right in the property; we think that instead of the dower the widow can elect to take a child's part in the estate, in which event she takes a fee-simple estate in the realty; we think such an election must be made within twelve months from the probate of the will or granting of letters of administration; we think acceptance by the widow of the terms of a will would bar her from such intestacy rights in the estate, except as to such rights in real estate not disposed of by the will. (2) We think that children born to parents who are never married are illegitimate, and legally take the mother's name.

Mrs. A. G., Michigan.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the landlord you mention is not entitled to possession of his real estate during the term of the existing lease of the same, unless the tenant makes default in the terms or conditions of such lease.

Mrs. M. J. S., Florida.—We do not think you can now recover any portion of the property, formerly belonging to your mother, sold through a court proceeding forty years ago.

E. P., Kentucky.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving widow and one child, his widow would receive an exemption of $750 from the personal estate, and in addition thereto one-half of the surplus of the personal estate, and dower of a one-third interest for life in the real estate.

T. J. H., Arkansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving widow and children, his widow would be entitled to receive dower of a one-third interest for life in the real estate and one-third of the personal estate absolutely, the balance going in equal shares to the children; we think that such property as had been advanced to any of the children during the lifetime of the decedent should be charged against such child's share in the estate, provided it can be shown by the proper evidence that such property was turned over to such child or children by the decedent as an advancement from his estate.

M. C. O., Tennessee.—We do not think your husband could contract a valid marriage with another woman, during your lifetime, unless he was divorced from you; we think such a marriage was a bigamous and criminal marriage, and would not invalidate your rights to a pension under the Federal law providing pensions for soldiers' widows in case of his death.

Mrs. A. E., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a husband or wife may renounce any devise under the will of the other, and take, if there be children, dower in the real estate and one-third of the personal estate, or, if no children, one-half of both real and personal estate absolutely.

Mrs. P. G., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a husband cannot be held liable for the payment of his wife's debts contracted before marriage.

The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.)

liable information regarding commercial supplies, movements, prices, and general market conditions. Now that reports are issued regularly to cover these points by the Bureau of Markets and Crop Estimates, and with all signs pointing toward the universal adoption of uniform grades for wool, losses due to errors in judgment or lack of information on the part of the growers may more easily be avoided.

The following suggestions are offered by the department as a guide to sheepmen, covering the correct preparation of fleece for market. Preserve them carefully for use at shearing time.

1. Shear sheep when the wool is absolutely dry; never shear when it is moist or damp.
2. Shear sheep only on a smooth, dry surface, preferably a smooth board floor. Never shear on a dirt floor or outside where dust blows.
3. Keep fleece intact; avoid second cuts, which reduce average length of staple.
4. Clip all tags from fleece and pack them separately. Never leave them attached to fleece; they reduce grade.
5. Roll or pack fleece with flesh side out; never with weather side exposed.
6. Fold, roll, or use fleece box for preparing fleece.
7. Tie each fleece separately. Never tie two fleeces together, nor pack and market untied wool.
8. Use only enough twine to tie fleece securely.
9. Use paper twine or twine with a hard glazed surface. Avoid sisal or binder twine, which fray off and damage wool.
10. Protect fleece from chaff, hay, dust, twigs, or other foreign matter.
11. Place fleeces in regulation wool sacks or cover them with canvas or new burlap. Comply with your local market requirements in this important detail.
12. Store wool in a clean, dry place until sold. Never permit wool bags to lie upon the ground. Do not store them in the cellar.
13. Pack white and black wool separately; never mix the two.
14. Separate the burry, seedy, cotted, dead, black, and gray fleeces from the clean, white, well-grown wool and pack separately. To pack them all together lowers value of the mixed lot.

Beef from Velvet Beans

A steer fattening experiment recently completed in Mississippi by the U. S. Department of Agriculture shows that velvet beans are well adapted for use in making beef. With this crop becoming more and more popular in the South each year because of the high yields produced, the results of this experiment will be well received.

Feeding mixtures of velvet beans dry with silage and cottonseed were compared with combinations of silage and dry velvet beans, and silage and soaked velvet beans. The mixture of silage and soaked velvet beans resulted in the most economical and profitable production of beef, while the mixture of silage, dry velvet beans and cottonseed meal proved to be more satisfactory than the mixture of silage and dry velvet beans.

Feeding experts who have analyzed the results of the experiment believe that with velvet beans becoming more common annually in the Southern States, and with the soaked beans easily available to combine with the silage as a beef feed, we may look for a considerable increase in the finished beef output from these regions.

Telling Age of Sheep

The age of sheep is highly important from the buyer's standpoint, and unless he can tell the age by looking at the teeth there is great chance of a mistake. Here is a brief statement of the condition of sheep's teeth at different ages which will serve as a handy reference.

Lambs have a full set of baby or "milk" teeth very soon after birth, consisting of four pairs of incisors all in the lower jaw. At from 12 to 14 months two permanent teeth appear in the center; at from 22 to 24 months another tooth appears on either side of the center pair; a third pair appears at 34 to 36 months; the final or last pair comes in at 46 to 48 months. When the fourth pair has come in a sheep is said to have a "full mouth".

From this point on it is more difficult to judge the age of sheep. An experienced sheep judge or buyer can make a close guess by examining the extent to which the incisors have spread and worn, for as a sheep grows older the teeth gradually wear shorter and shorter and seem to spread. Still later, teeth are lost; in this condition a sheep is said to have a "broken mouth", and is known to have passed its prime. Since grazing is hampered by the absence of a full set of front teeth, such sheep should be avoided. This is especially important for the farmer who buys Western ewes in early spring in the stockyards. Western sheepmen turn off ewes having broken mouths because they cannot graze well and profitably. Therefore any shipment of Western ewes will be likely to contain several broken-mouthed ewes. Unless the feeder is aware of the danger he is quite likely to find that his purchases will not perform well on account of lost teeth. An old and successful sheep feeder who has devoted most of his life to the business says, "Always buy your sheep with their mouths open". It is good advice.

New Things in Agriculture

"Kanred," a New Wheat

"Kanred winter wheat is a new bearded variety especially adapted to large sections of Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming and South Dakota, where it should replace Turkey Red, Kharkof and other winter varieties now popular," says Circular 194 just issued by the United States Department of Agriculture.

Kanred is highly resistant to prevalent forms of stem and leaf rust, is less liable to winter killing than Turkey or Karlof, and matures somewhat earlier than these varieties. It outyields the hard winter wheat varieties now popular in the winter wheat section by from three to five bushels per acre, another point in its favor.

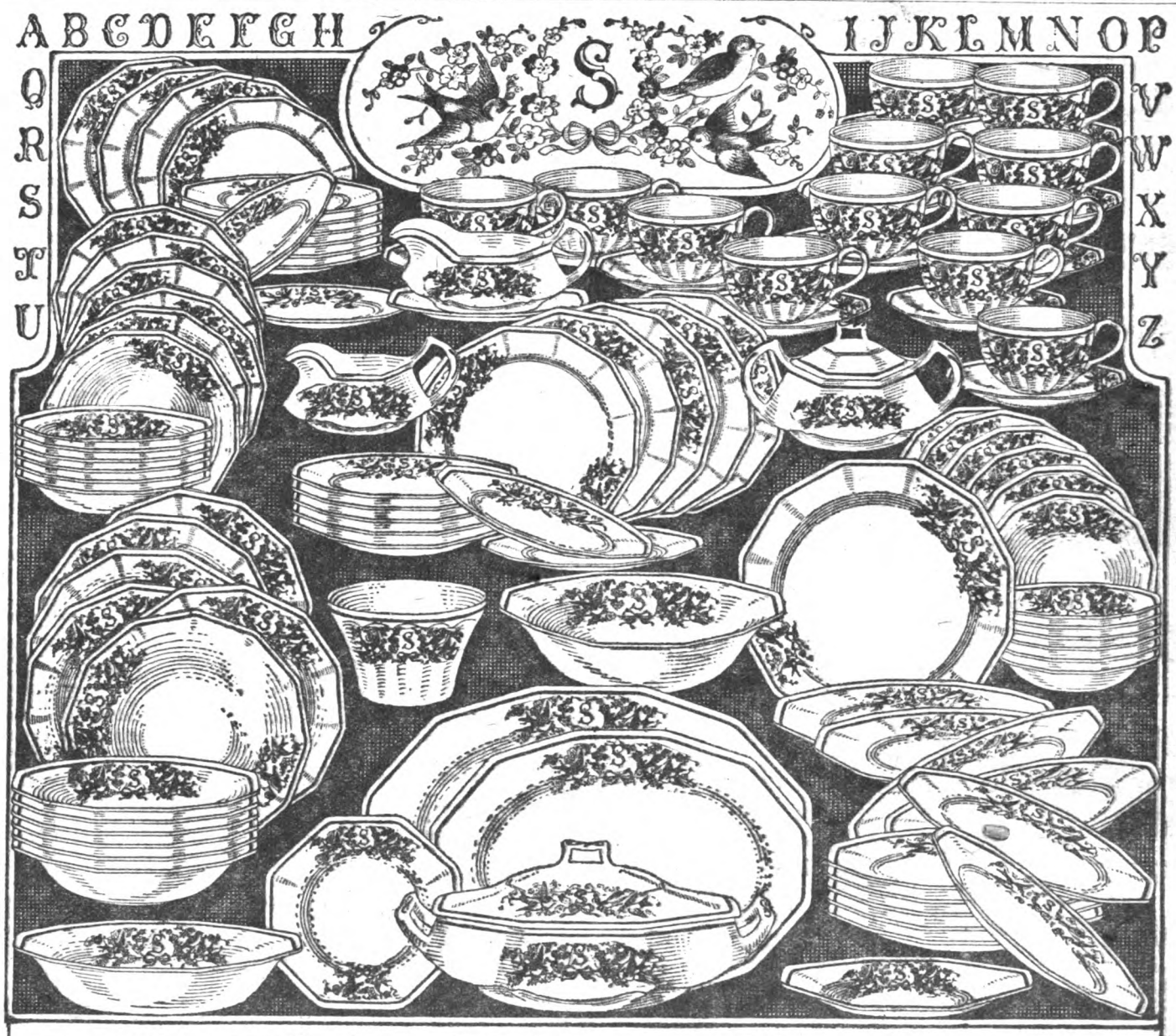
The new variety was developed from a single head of Crimean wheat selected at the Kansas Experiment Station some ten years ago. From this source it is estimated that 2,000,000 acres were harvested in 1921. Kanred is a hard red winter wheat resembling Turkey. It is bearded and has white hairless chaff. The increased yields it has made, and its highly rust resistant quality, explain its growing popularity.

In milling and baking tests Kanred has compared favorably with other hard winter varieties. Pure seed is highly important. The new variety closely resembles others in appearance; for this reason, certification of seed has been found essential. This is done through the Kansas Crop Association in co-operation with the Kansas Agricultural Experiment Station.

An Oat Hull Remover

A machine has recently been placed on the market which removes oat or barley hulls from the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)



110-Piece Dinner Set

Superb Bluebird Monogram Design

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A Complete Service for 12 People

This splendid set consists of:

12 dinner plates, 9 in.	1 gravy boat stand.
12 breakfast plates, 7 in.	1 covered vegetable dish, (2 pieces).
12 coupe soups, 7½ in.	1 oval open vegetable dish, 8½ in.
12 fruit saucers, 5¼ in.	1 round vegetable dish, 8¾ in.
12 cups.	1 bowl, 1 pint.
12 saucers.	1 sugar bowl and cover, 2 pieces.
12 oatmeal dishes, 6 in.	1 cream pitcher.
12 bread and butter plates, 6 in.	1 pickle dish.
1 platter, 11½ in.	1 butter dish, 7½ in.
1 platter, 13¾ in.	
1 gravy boat.	

This set is one that will add tone and beauty to any dining room. With ordinary care it will last a lifetime. Weight packed, about 100 pounds.

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Enclosed find $1.00. Ship special advertised 110-Piece Bluebird Monogram Dinner Set, No. G6702A. I am to have 30 days' free trial. If I keep the set I will pay $2.70 monthly, $29.90 in all. If not satisfied, I am to return the set within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any express charges I paid.

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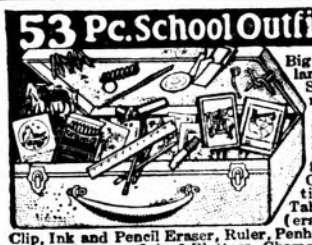


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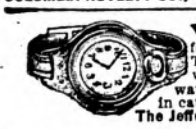
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The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be taken to your local doctor.

Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published

MISS I. M. H., Pineland, Texas.—"Sunken eyes" are due, as a rule, to lack of fat in the orbit. There is no remedy for the same except a general building up of the system.

MRS. W. L. S., North Fairfield, Ohio.—To get rid of the "lice and nits" in your son's head, apply at night tincture of larkspur.

MISS A. M., Minneapolis, Minn.—Blushing is purely a nervous phenomenon. There is no remedy and no treatment, medical or otherwise, that will do any good.

MRS. E. G., Manton, R. I.—You probably have a serious kidney trouble. Have your urine examined and, in this way, find out the true condition of your kidneys. In the meantime you might take a tablespoonful of Basham's mixture, well diluted, after meals. You should also live principally on a milk diet.

MRS. H. N., Altura, Minn.—You are probably suffering from malarial poisoning. Take a tablespoonful of Warburg's mixture after meals. Your husband should have his appendix removed.

MRS. L. A. M., Rutledge, Mo.—Probably change of climate, as you suggest, would benefit your husband's throat. In the meantime have him use, as a gargle and spray, Dobell's solution. Also apply to the nostrils white precipitate ointment, at night only.

MRS. E. D., Philadelphia, Pa.—For the gravel, you mention, one of the best remedies is effervescing potassium citrate. Of this remedy take a tablespoonful in a glass of cold water four times a day. Of course you must avoid sweets and pastries of all kinds. For the irritable heart action, probably a five-grain pill of asafœtida, taken three or more times a day, will be beneficial.

MISS L. G., Chatham, Va.—"Head noises," due to doubt to a catarrhal condition of the middle ear, are very annoying and also very hard to cure. Only persistent treatment for a catarrhal condition of the nasal passages, and also of the tube leading from the middle ear, will help the condition mentioned. Consult a good ear specialist and be treated for this condition. Of course your general health must be taken into account and any circulatory or irregularity of heart action must be remedied as well. High blood-pressure will also aggravate the condition, as well as excessive nervousness.

MRS. A. D., Annandale, Minn.—You have an intercostal (between-the-ribs) neuralgia, following your exposure husking corn. Take five-grain tablets of bicarbonate of soda four times a day, and apply, locally, chloroform liniment to the painful side.

MR. S. B. D., Buell, Va.—Lobelia is good for asthma, but dangerous. Better take 1-150 tablet of astropin once or twice at night. This remedy is safe and very efficacious in asthmatic conditions. All so-called asthmatic remedies are built on this remedy in various combinations.

MRS. A. M., Elmwood.—Kindly give the state you come from in the next letter. There are all manner of cures for rheumatism, but the best one remedy is ten-grain tablets of salicylate of soda taken with a large glass of water after meals. Locally, apply chloroform liniment. Of course avoid sweets of all kinds, including pastries, and drink plenty of water.

MISS A. D., Lind, Wash.—Remove the blackheads with a comedo extractor, then apply a hot stoupe to the face. After you have thus prepared your face, apply lotio alba.

MISS L. S. K., Anderson, S. C.—If you are run down and anemic the Basham's mixture will do you good. Take a tablespoonful, well diluted, after meals.

MRS. G. W. S., Goodwin, Ark.—You probably have a nervous trouble which causes excessive action of the heart. Take a five-grain pill of asafœtida after meals for some time and note action of the pills.

MISS H. E., Waynesburg, Pa.—Remove the dandruff from the scalp by using green soap, followed by the application of linseed oil. Keep the oil on the scalp over night and in the morning wash the oil out of the hair with some good tar soap. Then apply a two per cent. solution of resorcin dissolved in equal parts of alcohol and water. Repeat this treatment if necessary.

MRS. N. F., Quebec, N. C.—You probably have some adhesions following your many operations. Would not advise any severe exercises but would advise breathing exercises. Stand erect and take in a full breath, rising on the toes at the same time. Do this slowly for five minutes three times a day. You can take cascara sagrada pills for your constipation.

MRS. F. D., Castile, New York.—Gall stones, if obstructive, are best removed by operation. Large doses of olive oil eaten on salads are indicated and may prove helpful. Also American Oil, or some form of liquid paraffin, is helpful to lubricate the intestinal passages. Sweets and starchy foods should be taboo in most cases. Water should be drunk freely, and ten-grain tablets of bicarbonate of soda taken after meals, to relieve excessive acidity if indicated.

MRS. V. M., Vincennes, Ind.—Malaria is at the bottom of your melancholia. Take thirty drops of fluid extract of eupatorium, well diluted, after meals. Of course, exercise in the open and try to forget your gloomy forebodings.

MRS. I. T., Galien, Ill.—Boils in the ear are due to a direct infection of the part. Douche the ear with a tablet of chlorezene dissolved in a pint of hot water. After the douche, instill in the canal two or three drops of the following solution: Fifteen drops of carbolic acid, fifteen drops of tincture of iodine added to one ounce of equal parts of alcohol and water. Internally, you might take a tablespoonful of Basham's mixture, well diluted, after meals.

MRS. E. S. S., Watseka, Ill.—The collection of gas in the intestines is due always to some form of indigestion resulting from getting improper foods, such as sweets, pastries, etc. You must keep your bowels free by using some effective cathartic, and take, after meals, some tablets known as compound bicarbonate of soda tablets. You can obtain these tablets at any reliable drug store and they will prove effective in your case. Improving your digestion will tend also to increase your flesh.

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The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27.)

ground grain. This machine will no doubt be welcomed by hog breeders and feeders, as the hulls have always been a source of trouble in feeding either ground oats or ground barley in the form of slop to young pigs.

Feeders report frequently that trouble with oat hulls has compelled them to give up using an otherwise ideal forcing feed for young pigs, as the hulls cause strangling, choking or vomiting; some go so far as to attribute certain digestive disorders to the same cause. With the new machine, which sifts the hulls out of the ground grain and leaves only the clean meal, the former source of trouble will be avoided. The machine is placed on the market by a well-known manufacturer of feed grinding mills, and should fill a real need on the part of the great many hog feeders who grind their own oats or barley for hog feed but who have always had difficulty on account of the hulls.

Brief Facts for Busy Readers

A half-million-dollar cash crop of watermelons is grown annually in two counties of southeastern Missouri on land which until recently was considered swamp. Clearing and drainage has obtained a sandy soil, with abundant moisture and hot weather, to make this new district the most important melon shipping region in the country.

Of the 753 Eastern farmers who were asked to state what they found to be the chief advantage in owning a motor truck, 91 per cent. replied, "My truck saves me time". Farmers' Bulletin No. 1201, giving in full the results of this interesting investigation, may be secured on application to the Division of Publications, United States Department of Agriculture, free of charge.

Yeast as a feed for laying hens has not been found beneficial, according to a recent report of the Poultry Husbandry Division of the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture. The egg yield was not greater than that from a check pen of hens fed without yeast. These tests of the feeding value of yeast were not conducted on an extensive scale, but from all indications it is unlikely that yeast will be found of value in feeding laying hens.

Presence of garlic or wild onion bulblets in wheat grown and marketed in Eastern States increases risks of spoilage, decreases milling output, and lowers value of flour. Garlicky wheat is "docked" to offset a discount of 25 cents to $1.00 a barrel, the allowance made by the mills selling garlick-tainted flour. The Bureau of Markets and Crop Estimates recommends rotation of crops, careful preparation of land and the purchase of clean wheat seed of good quality as the best means of controlling and eradicating garlic.

The majority of accidents to motorists are caused by their own recklessness, and 90 per cent. of them are the direct result of speeding, according to a statement in Public Roads. A three-months' study of motor accidents and their causes on Maryland roads was the basis for the facts published. It was also found that very few accidents were due to the condition of the roads themselves, aside from slippery surfaces resulting from rains.

Kindness pays in livestock management. Keep livestock quiet and gentle by being quiet and gentle yourself, and insisting that your hired man do likewise. Your feeding costs will be lessened and your results surprisingly improved. Every farmer knows that livestock lose weight by shipping; this loss is mainly due to digestive troubles caused by the excitement and fear of train travel with its noises and jars. The same holds true on the farm.

A canning plant in Michigan has installed a germinator which will test 7,000 ears of sweet corn a week for its farmer patrons. This shows clearly the value of testing seed corn as held by a large canning company. With the new machine testing can be done on a larger scale and more economically than by each individual farmer. It has been found that the increased vigor and yield of the sweet corn crop give better profits to both the growers and the canners.

As a fertilizer for alfalfa, sulphur seems to be proving highly valuable, to judge from reports received from Oregon. On 27 fields the average yield increased by 144 per cent. in 1920, and indications so far last year indicate a still greater increase. Especially is this the case in old fields which have been steadily decreasing. The expense of sulphuring an acre of alfalfa, including the cost of the sulphur, does not exceed $3.50 per acre. At this reasonable figure it will be highly economical for use in regions where it is recommended by experts, following experiments.

A very simple muffler or silencer for a farm gas engine may be readily made by running the exhaust pipe into a barrel or box placed a foot or so under ground, then filling the barrel with round stones about "first-size". This method proves very effective, costs little or nothing, takes little time to construct, and may be depended upon to make the troublesome and noisy exhaust almost vanish. In case of back-firing, no damage can result, as the loose stones "give" slightly, then settle back into place.

Ergot, a widespread disease of rye and occasionally found in wheat, is steadily increasing in the United States, according to a report published by Prof. H. L. Bolley, of the North Dakota Experiment Station. It not only reduces yields by destroying the heads of grain, but it is poisonous to livestock which eat it in the grain, in the straw or in ground feed. It is particularly harmful to mares or cows which consume it in quantities during the period of gestation, for the reason that it is likely to result in abortion. more careful threshing, screening of seed, and purchase of ergot-free seed grain are control measures.

Questions and Answers

BUYING SEED CORN.—I am a new settler here in northern Minnesota and want your advice about getting seed corn. The corn I brought in from Iowa and planted last fall did not ripen, but I hardly expected it to, and didn't mind as I wanted it for winter roughage, anyhow. What I want to know is where to get my seed for next spring. Here in my neighborhood every man has a different story to tell and they grow everything from flint corn to white or yellow dent. Shall I buy my seed from them? If so, which kind is best?

C. E. C., Minn.

A.—Do not depend on your settler neighbors for advice. They may be almost as new to climatic conditions and soil requirements as you are, and can hardly be expected to either tell you the right thing or supply you with the seed best suited to your locality. Write to your Agricultural Experiment Station at Minneapolis and get bulletins on corn. These will tell you all you want to know about best varieties to plant, etc. Also send to some well-known seed house for a catalogue, and buy guaranteed seed of known germination. It is more economical in the long run.

HOGS EAT SOFT COAL.—My hogs have been eating the soft coal we have had piled up in the yard until we could build a new coal-bin. Is it safe to let them eat it or will it do them any harm, do you think? What makes them eat the coal?

L. C. P., Indiana.

A.—Hogs require charcoal in some form in their diet. When it is not provided they will eat other things, such as soft coal for instance, to satisfy their bodily need and craving. They will not be harmed by the small amount of soft coal they have eaten, but it would be better—and cheaper—to supply them with either hardwood or corn-cob charcoal and have the supply where they can get at it at all times. Some hog raisers provide a separate self-feeder for this purpose, others keep a small pile of charcoal in a large and strong box laid on its side in the feedlot and staked down with posts; still others keep a large stump in the lot and burn it from time to time as the pigs remove the charcoal formed by the burning.

MOLDY CORN DANGEROUS.—We have had a good deal of moldly corn this year and I would like to learn if it can be fed to hogs safely. I have heard that it is dangerous for horses, but one of my neighbors has fed it to hogs, he says, and without doing any harm. Please tell me what I can do with it as we have a big pile lying beside the corn-crib.

MRS. J. W., Illinois.

A.—Many serious losses have been reported following the feeding of moldy corn to livestock. Horses are especially liable to sickness, and even death, from eating moldy corn. Hogs are liable to injury, so we should strongly advise against feeding it to them. Cattle and sheep are not so subject to injury, but they are by no means immune to the ill effects that may result from the utilization of moldy corn as a feed. The corn thrown out of the crib because it was found to be moldy may represent a considerable loss to you, but not so great as if the corn were fed to livestock and the feeding resulted in sickness or death of valuable animals.

WATCH, CHAIN AND TWO RINGS



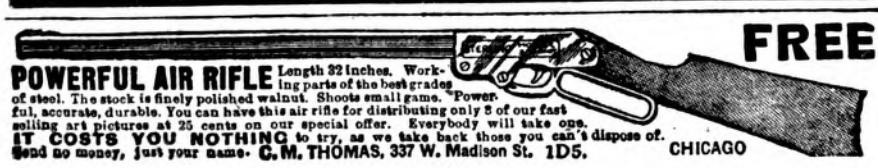
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Because she is not laying. Maybe it is not her fault. A hen is an egg factory. She takes raw material and manufactures eggs from it. Give her a food that contains material for 25 yolks and 100 whites and she can lay but 25 eggs. Balance that ration. Give her material for 100 yolks as well as 100 whites. You can learn about it in our book

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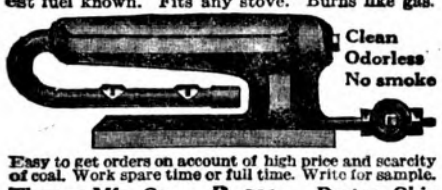
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Don't send a cent: Cut out this adv. and mail to us, giving your name and address, and we will send you two $1.00 boxes ARROW EGG TABLETS. When they arrive, pay the postman $1.00 for one box, the other is yours free of charge.

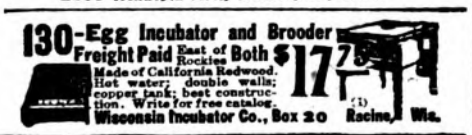
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Write for FREE sample of old reliable Make-em-Lay Egg Tonic in powdered form. Start hens laying at once. Let me prove it FREE. Send no money.
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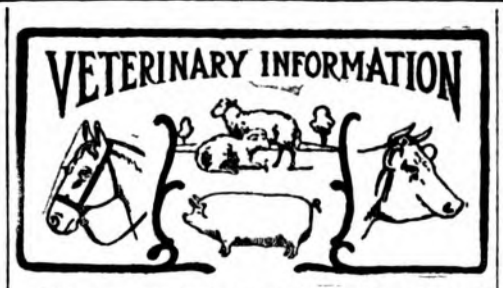
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Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

New Facts About Cholera

VETERINARIANS have been worried and owners of swine disappointed ever since vaccination as a preventive of hog cholera came into vogue because the results from the use of virus and serum have been irregular and in some instances apparently injurious. In seeking to explain and offset the contradictory results of vaccination and illness that often has lingered after its application, veterinarians and research workers in the laboratories of the experiment stations and firms manufacturing biologic preparations have blamed a "mixed infection" for the trouble and have supplied a biologic for the prevention and cure of that somewhat mythical ailment. Hemorrhagic septicemia has also been thought responsible and vaccination against that as well as cholera has been practiced. In some cases, too, disastrous sickness following vaccination has been attributed to putrid changes in the serum, and one unfortunate veterinarian was sued by the owner of a herd of hogs that died after vaccination and had to pay for the animals, as it was proved that he had not been cleanly in his application of the treatment. Dr. Robert Graham, animal pathologist of the Illinois Experiment Station, now states as the result of extensive research work that the presence of *Bacillus botulinus*, type A, has been found related to 90 per cent. of the outbreaks of disease following vaccination and has frequently been encountered in the surface soil of many of the infected premises. Dr. Graham has also found that the bacillus mentioned was present in some 16 per cent. of the samples of virus and serum he purchased in the open market. Bacterins against hemorrhagic septicemia proved worthless and even detrimental when used to offset so-called "breaks" following vaccination. The outcome of the experiments of this scientist is that he advises simultaneous use of serum, virus and botulinus antitoxin for the immunization of hogs against cholera and prevention of the injurious after effects to which we have referred. Botulinus antitoxin is now on the market and certainly should be employed by veterinarians in the way suggested.

MAMMITIS.—I have a cow that freshened a year ago last April. In four months she went dry in her left front udder. She is fresh again but that part of the udder does not give as much milk as the rest. Can you tell me the reason and what to do to make the flow of milk increase? (2) She has had two attacks of meningitis of the brain. What can I do to prevent it?
MRS. L. B. C.

A.—Mammitis (garget) has affected the quarter of the udder and it will not be likely to regain its full function. Indeed, the attacks may recede until the quarter eventually is ruined for milk production. Some improvement may result if you strip that quarter clean three or four times daily; massage it thoroughly each time and each evening rub in a mixture of 1 part each of turpentine and fluid extract of poke root and 6 parts of melted lard. (2) You should have described the symptoms. True cerebro spinal meningitis, often called "forage poisoning," usually proves fatal. A preventive serum has been prepared by Dr. Robert Graham of the Illinois Agricultural Experiment Station. Have your veterinarian apply to him for a bulletin about the treatment for "botulism".

HIGH RINGBONE.—I have a pony ten years old that has a solid lump or growth on her left hind ankle. It has some movement and only bothers when trotting. She wears off the toe by hitting it on the ground. If the growth cannot be taken off, can the ankle be made free in action? R. E. H.

A.—We suspect that a high ringbone is present in this case and if so it may eventually unite the bones of the joint and do away with motion. If it is a callous growth instead of a bony one, there is some possibility that persistent use of a proprietary reducing preparation, which you can buy at a drug store, may relieve the stiffness. It would be better, however, to have a qualified veterinarian make an examination, as he may decide that line or point firing and blistering should be done.

SHRINK IN MILK: THRIFTLESS PIGS.—Can you tell me what caused my cow to shrink in milking? She freshened last March and gave four and one-half gallons of milk at a milking and now only one-half gallon. (2) I bought some young pigs ten months ago and they are not doing as they ought—they do not look more than five or six months old. I feed them corn and slop. What is good for them? J. W. S.

A.—This cow should be carefully watched as she may be robbing her own dairy or being milked by another cow, calf or pig, or by campers or other people. If such does not prove to be the case, give her a pound dose of Epsom salt in three pints of warm water well sweetened with molasses and afterwards feed roots or silage and bran and oilmeal to regulate the bowels. If possible, feed well on clover or alfalfa hay and allow ground oats or barley and corn meal in addition to bran and oilmeal. Apply to the State Agricultural Experiment Station for bulletins on cow feeding and management and feeding of swine. (2) The pigs are probably infested with worms. Withhold feed for 24 hours, then give a little slop or water, for each 50 pounds of body weight of pig, 2½ grains each of santonin and calomel, 1 dram of powdered areca nut and ½ dram of bicarbonate of soda. Repeat the dose in 10 days.

INDIGESTION.—Can you tell me what causes my cow to have dumpy spells and not eat her food and throw up her food and hay, and then in a week or so she gets all right? She will freshen next month. Is there a remedy? MRS. J. M. S.

A.—Indigestion, no doubt, causes the attacks described. Sometimes they are incidental to pregnancy and cease after calving. If you have not done so, the cow should be "dried off" at once. Have her take outdoor exercise daily. Feed good clover or alfalfa hay, roots or a little sound corn silage and enough bran and flaxseed meal to keep her bowels active. Do not feed corn or any constipating feed. If another attack occurs, give her a pound dose of Epsom salt in three pints of warm water well sweetened with molasses. Afterwards, if necessary, mix in the food twice daily a tablespoonful of a mixture of two parts of powdered wood charcoal and one part each of bicarbonate of soda and powdered ginger root and nux vomica.

INDIGESTION.—I have a five-year-old mare, and about two months ago she began to lose in flesh and her hair seems to stand out, does not lie down. I have been feeding her grass instead of hay until a month ago. I am not doing any heavy work with her. J. W. S.

A.—The mare apparently is suffering from indigestion. Have her teeth put in order. Then feed good mixed clover and timothy hay and a mixture of whole or crushed oats and one-ninth part of wheat bran, by weight. Allow one pound of hay and one pound of the grain mixture in three feeds, as a day's ration. Add a few ears of hard corn at noon in cold weather. Bed with sawdust or shavings if she eats her bedding. Have her work or take outdoor exercise every day. Carrots would be good for her. Also allow free access to rock salt.

TICK FEVER.—Will you describe how tick fever works on cows? I lost a fine Jersey cow, some say from tick fever. I have taken COMFORT for years and would not be without it. G.

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Through This Wonderful New Method You Can Now Learn To Play Your Favorite Instrument in a Few Short Months. Entire Cost Averages a Few Cents a Lesson

"HOW did you ever do it? Where in the wide world did you ever learn to play so quickly?"

This is the question that thousands of my students have been asked and are being asked daily. With my wonderful easy print and picture lessons for beginners, their progress has been nothing short of astonishing.

Even if you don't know the first thing about music, don't know one note from another—with this new method you can easily and quickly learn to sing or to play your favorite musical instrument. And all in your spare time at home—without a teacher!

To those not acquainted with my system this may sound like a pretty strong statement. Yet I stand ready to back up every word of it.

I have taught music to over 250,000 men, women, and children in all parts of the world. Just think!—over a **quarter of a million graduates.** Their thousands of grateful letters to me are more convincing than anything I could say of the true merit of my system.

But I don't ask you to judge my methods by what others say or I myself say. You can take any course on trial—singing or any instrument you prefer—without risking a single penny. I want you to judge entirely by your own progress. If for any reason whatever you are not satisfied with the course or what you can learn from it—then it won't cost you a cent, as outlined in our guarantee.

My method removes all the discouraging drawbacks and entangling hindrances of the old way of learning music. There is no need of joining a class, pinning yourself down to certain hours of practice, paying a dollar or more per lesson to a private teacher.

All these obstacles have been eliminated entirely. In their place are delightfully clear, easy and interesting lessons which make every step as simple as A, B, C. You take lessons in the privacy of your own home with no strangers around to embarrass you. Practice whenever it is most convenient for you.

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Piano	'Cello
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So easy is my method that children only 10 to 12 years old have quickly become accomplished singers or players as well as men and women 50 to 60 years old—including many who have never before taken a lesson.

And my lessons are just as thorough as they are easy—no "trick" music, no "numbers," no makeshifts of any kind. I teach you the only right way—teach you to play or sing by note.



Think of the pleasure and happiness you can add to your own daily life once you know how to play! Think of the popularity you can gain—for players and singers are always in demand at social gatherings of every kind.

Thousands of our students now play in orchestras, at dances, etc. Many have orchestras of their own. Why can't you do the same?

Special Offer

When learning to play or sing is so easy, why continue to confine your enjoyment of music to mere listening? Why not at least let me send you my free book that tells you all about my method? It shows you how easy it is to turn your wish to play or sing into an actual fact. Just now I am making a special short-time offer that cuts the cost per lesson in two—send your name now before this special offer is withdrawn. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. No obligation—simply use the coupon or send your name and address in a letter or on a post-card.

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Mr. David F. Kemp, U. S. School of Music,
41 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," and particulars of your special offer. I am interested in the following course:

on .....
(Name of Instrument or course)

Name .....
Please Write Plainly

Address .....

City..... State.....

A.—Tick or Texas fever is indicated by high fever, loss of appetite, suppression of cud-chewing, weakness, emaciation and a bloody condition of the udder. There is no successful medicinal treatment. The infection is communicated by cattle ticks and if they can be kept off attacks will not occur. Cattle should therefore be dipped frequently, their legs and bellies also kept smeared with crude (Beaumont) oil and a rotation of pasture followed to starve out the ticks. Cattle may also be minimized against the disease. Apply to the State Agricultural Experiment Station and U. S. Department of Agriculture for bulletins on the subject.

COW POX.—I have a cow that has white knots or blisters on her teats. Some of them are changing to look like blood boils. Is it serious? MRS. M. C.

A.—The symptoms described are those of cow pox, which is contagious and is readily spread from cow to cow by the milker's hands. It can also be communicated to cows by a milker who has recently recovered from smallpox or vaccination against that disease. Isolate affected cows and have them milked by a person who does not handle the other cattle. Twice daily immerse the affected teats for five minutes or more in a hot 1-1000 solution of chinosol or in hot water containing all the boric acid it will dissolve. Then dry gently and swab the sores with a saturated solution of permanganate of potash. If any sore is tardy in healing, apply strong iodin ointment twice daily.

NERVOUS HORSE.—I have a horse that keeps in good appetite and appears to be in good health, but stays thin. He kicks and paws all night. He balks sometimes and will not go. Is there a remedy? N. D.

A.—The horse naturally is nervous and as that is temperamental it is unlikely that he can be much helped by treatment. Allow him a box-stall when in the stable or turn him loose in a shed at night. As pinworms in the rectum may be causing the kicking, give him a pint of raw linseed oil carefully, by way of the mouth, as one dose. When it has acted, inject into the rectum two-thirds of a pailful of lukewarm water containing two ounces of sulphate of iron (copperas). It would also be well to have his teeth put in order by a veterinarian. Feed well on oats, bran, ear corn and good mixed clover and timothy hay.

SORE FEET.—I have a young heifer that was probably foundered last winter and the top of each hoof is very sore. All remedies have failed to help. S. E. S.

A.—Perfectly cleanse the affected parts and cut away any parts of the hoof that may be loose or rotten. Then bathe them thoroughly, once, with hot water containing two ounces of powdered bluestone (sulphate of copper). Afterwards apply two or three times daily a lotion composed of one ounce of acetate of lead, six drams of sulphate of zinc and one pint of soft water. Label the bottle "poison" and shake it well before using.

Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24.)

and expert operators as most desirable for incubation. The machine once being "set" for this degree of temperature, any excess of heat causes the thermostat to expand, which makes it press on the lower nut of the connecting rod, so instituting a tension that influences the regulator arm at the point of balance, raising the disk over the lamp chimney in sympathetic conjunction with the thermostat. Reverse the condition to a dying lamp and a sudden cold wave, and of course the thermostat contracts, and general release of pressure allows the regulator arm to resume a normal balance, which permits the disk to lie closely down on the chimney. It will be readily conceded that on a correct adjustment of the machine before the start, depends the operator's peace of mind and subsequent success.

After the incubator has been properly located, fill the lamp, light and hang in place, using only a moderate flame at first. Leave all the ventilators open for a few hours, to thoroughly air the machine; then close and adjust the regulator so that an even temperature of 102½ degrees, with the disk one-fourth of an inch above the lamp chimney, is steadily maintained for twelve hours before setting the eggs. Patience and scrupulous exactness at first will save accident and loss later.

Money in Poultry and Squabs Start small, grow big, get winter eggs, keep healthy fowls, raise prize winners. Our stock pays best, low prices on leading varieties. Big Free Book tells how. Crescent Poultry Co., Box 2, Des Moines, Iowa



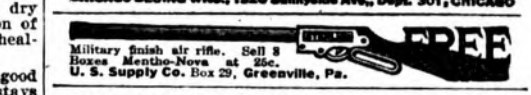
BABY CHICKS Superlative Quality. 12 cents each and up. 17 leading breeds. Satisfaction Guaranteed.
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Military finish air rifle. Sell 8 Boxes Mentho-Nova at 25c.
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When the cold trays and eggs are first put in, the temperature will run down, but do not turn up the lamp or alter the regulators. As the eggs gradually become warm, the heat will creep up again. After the first day, the trays must be shaken out every night and morning, and then turned and allowed to cool to ninety degrees. The time allowed for the process must be regulated by the temperature of the room; if very cold, five minutes will be enough; if moderate, twenty or thirty will be needed. They must not be allowed to chill, but the more airing they get under that point the stronger the chickens when hatched. The eggs should be tested on the seventh and fifteenth days. This is best done by a block tin device sold by all incubator companies.

The guide which is most reliable in determining the progress of the hatch is the development of the air cell. This is a little space in the large end of the egg which is visible at testing time, and should continue to grow larger and larger until about the nineteenth day, when it occupies about one-fifth of the egg. Unless this air cell is developed correctly by the nineteenth day, the chick cannot turn itself in the cell, and hence sticks fast and dies. The development of this air cell is the vital point to be considered in obtaining a first-class hatch. If it develops slowly, which is usually the case, give the machine and eggs all the air you can. This can be done by opening the slides in the ventilators full width and cooling the eggs as long as possible each day. The cooling is best accomplished by placing the trays of eggs on top of the machine (closing the doors meanwhile) and leaving them there until the thermometer drops to about eighty degrees.

After the morning of the twentieth day do not open the incubator until the hatch is over, or until late on the twenty-second day, and do not get nervous if the temperature runs to 104 or even to 105; it is caused by the animal heat of the chicks, and will do them no harm. Turning down the lamp slightly will of course reduce the heat, but be very careful not to let it run below 103 during the last twenty-four hours. Low temperature prolongs the hatch, weakens the chickens, and makes them susceptible to all sorts of ailments.

As the amount of moisture in the egg chamber is as important as the heat, I think it is advisable for every beginner to buy and use a hygrometer. They cost only about $1.50, register the moisture just as plainly as a thermometer does heat, and are just as easy to read.

During the first week, the hygrometer should register 75 degrees; the thermometer, 102½.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)

Ladies Wrist Watch

With Silk Ribbon Bracelet



For A Club Of Only Ten

WE have long searched the market for a suitable wrist watch for our girl readers and at last we have found it.

The above illustration really fails to do the watch justice. We know you will instantly fall in love with it. It is the popular **octagon** shape, only 5-16 of an inch thick and one inch in diameter. It has a high-grade jeweled Swiss movement and will keep accurate time. The dial is pure white with Arabic numerals. The bracelet is made of the finest black silk ribbon with a genuine rolled-gold catch and slide.

If you want a dainty, stylish, up-to-date wrist watch that you will be proud to show your friends, here is your opportunity to secure one absolutely free. You can easily secure the small club mentioned below and as soon as you have done so this beautiful wrist watch is yours without one cent of cost.

Given To You! For a club of only ten one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this fine wrist watch with ribbon bracelet exactly as described above, absolutely free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 75110.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



5 Rose Bushes

THIS year we are giving our readers **five** splendid varieties of Hardy Ever-blooming Roses. They are the **"Alexander Hill Gray,"** a deep golden yellow, **"Columbia,"** a beautiful deep pink, **"Lady Gray,"** a light pink rambler, **"Eugene E. Marlitt,"** a magnificent bright red giant, and **"Bessie Brown,"** a white and pink beauty. Each bush is **one year old** and in a **growing condition** when delivered to you.

No matter where you live, our grower will send the bushes at the proper time to plant in your locality. You will receive them packed in damp moss, by prepaid parcel post, and we **guarantee** that they will reach you in perfect condition. If, for any reason, they do not, or if any of the bushes fail to grow or otherwise prove unsatisfactory, we will replace them for you **free of all cost.** We will give you these five beautiful rose bushes upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you the above described five rose bushes free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8661.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



54 Inch Rope Of Pearls

Reward No. 9882

For A Club Of Two!

THE dream of every woman and girl is to possess her own necklace of gleaming, iridescent pearls. There's a wonderful fascination about them—a beauty that appeals to every feminine heart.

Now your dream can come true—for we are giving away this handsome, full **opera length** rope of Parisian pearls. It is 54 inches long, all the pearls are of uniform size—¼ inch in diameter—of perfect finish and luster, far handsomer than the ordinary imitation pearl necklace sold at a high price. It can easily be wound **twice** around the neck, making the double rope as shown in our illustration.

By rare good luck we secured first choice of these necklaces from a large importer and at a price that enables us to give them for an unusually small club. Please read the following offer and learn how you can get a beautiful, 54-inch rope of pearls free of all cost.

Given To You! For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this handsome, opera length Pearl Necklace free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9882.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

What A Beautiful Life-Like Doll For Some Little Girl In Your Home!

Won't She Fairly Shout With Joy When She Finds This Big, Handsome, Sleeping Dolly Is All Her Own!



Nearly One Foot And A Half Tall

Look At Her Beautiful Dress And Real Stockings And Slippers

YES, we will send this big lifelike Doll to any little girl whose Papa, Mama, brother or sister will send in a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT. Not since before the war have we been able to offer such an expensive Doll. No city store will show a larger or handsomer Doll this season at anywhere near the price we paid for this one. We bought five thousand of them in one lot direct from the factory—that is how we secured them so cheaply. **And just think**—a club of only **six** subscriptions to COMFORT brings this beautiful Doll right to your door—yours to have and to own without one cent of expense. What a delightful surprise for some little tot in your home!

She Can Open And Close Her Eyes. She Has Imitation Teeth, Long Golden Hair And Wears A Pretty Dress With Real Stockings And Slippers.

NOW let us tell you more about this Doll. she stands **nearly a foot and a half tall.** The body, arms and legs are made by a new improved process which renders them practically **indestructible.** The head is **unbreakable** and head, arms and legs are movable. And if you could only see her hair. It is a light golden color, thick, long and luxuriant, **falling far below her waist.** Her eyes are as blue as the sky and she can open and shut them and go to sleep **like a real baby** whenever you want her to. Her rosebud lips are parted in a winsome smile showing her pretty white teeth in a truly lifelike manner.

She is fully dressed from head to feet in the latest style with cute short sleeves, handsome figured lace trimmed waist and short pleated skirt and she wears real stockings and slippers with silveroid buckles. **You can undress and dress this Doll as often as you please and you can take off her stockings and slippers and put them on again just as you do your own.**

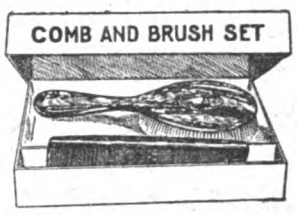
Fathers and Mothers—just look at this beautiful Doll as she stands smiling and waiting for someone to pick her up, hug her and kiss her and take her out to play. Don't you think **your** little girl would just love to have her for her very own? Of course she would—and you should take advantage of this offer **at once.** Remember we have but five thousand of these Dolls on hand and when they are gone this offer will be withdrawn.

FOR A CLUB OF ONLY SIX!

YOU can surely find six neighbors and friends who will be glad to subscribe to COMFORT at the present bargain rate of 50 cents a year. Send us their names and addresses and the money collected ($3.00 in all) and we will send you this big, beautiful Sleeping Doll, fully dressed and otherwise exactly as described above, packed in a strong box so that it cannot possibly get broken, free by parcel post prepaid. There will be no expense to you whatever. Your Mail Carrier will deliver the Doll right to your door without charge. This Doll is **Reward No. 7806 and please mention this number when ordering.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

2-Piece Toilet Set



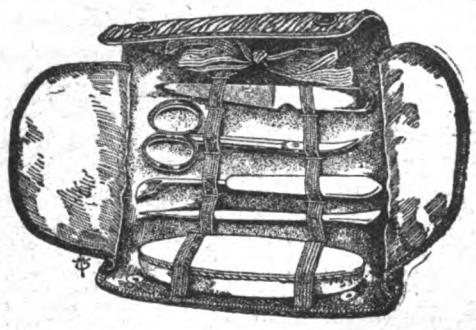
THIS is a good grade Toilet Set, consisting of comb and brush. The comb is seven inches long, with coarse and fine teeth, and comes in the new popular "Malachite" green finish. The brush is nine inches long, two and a half inches wide, with firm white bristles, and is finished in the same beautiful "Malachite" green, with a silverine shield on the back. We have given away thousands of these sets and it never fails to please.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Comb and Brush Set free and prepaid. **Reward No. 9982.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

French Ivory Manicure Set

In A Roll-Up Leather Case





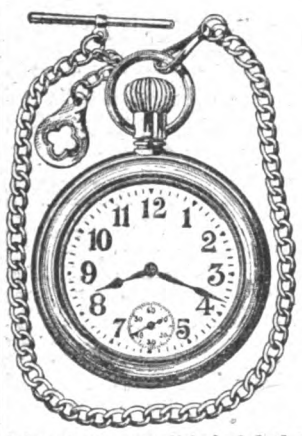
Given For A Club Of Four!

A PRACTICAL and beautiful Set, containing everything necessary for the proper care of the nails. It consists of a 5-inch flexible polished steel nail file, a pair of 3½-inch polished steel curved nail scissors, a 4-inch cuticle knife with French Ivory handle, a 4-inch French Ivory nail stick, and a 4½-inch nail polisher or buffer with French Ivory Top. All these articles are neatly contained in a moire-lined, **genuine leather case,** measuring 5½ inches wide and 6 inches from end to end when opened. The case rolls up as shown in illustration, and fastens with two snap clasps. In this form it resembles a miniature pocketbook, and is just as convenient to carry, as it measures only 5½x2 inches and only 1 inch in thickness.

Although we offer this Manicure Set for an unusually small club, please understand that each and every piece is strictly high grade and regulation size. We know that every woman and girl who accepts this offer and earns one of these splendid Sets will be more than delighted with it. It is free on the terms of the following offer.

Given To You! For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this splendid French Ivory Manicure Set in a roll-up leather case free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8124.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



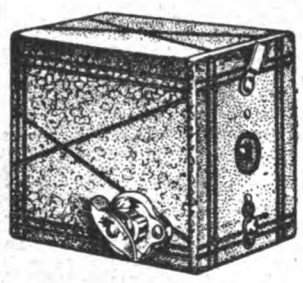
Gent's Watch and Chain

Reward No. 7696

For A Club Of Six!

A WATCH that any man or boy may feel **proud** to carry, and an excellent timekeeper. It has a handsome polished **nickel case;** the movement is **American made, stem wind and stem set,** the **dial** is pure white with **large plain easily read figures.** We have already given away thousands of these watches and they never fail to please and satisfy. Now is the time for you to secure one of these guaranteed watches before the price of them goes up still further as it is pretty sure to do in the near future. We will send you this watch exactly as described, **together with a chain,** if you will accept the following

Club Offer. For a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed watch, also a handsome chain free by Parcel Post, prepaid. **Reward No. 7696. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**



Premo Camera

Reward No. 7944

Films And Instruction Book Free

THIS is not a toy but a genuine **"Premo"** camera, made by the **Eastman Kodak Co.,** therefore you can depend upon it to produce the most pleasing and satisfactory results. It takes a picture 1¼ by 1¾ inches, is fitted with the best quality **Meniscus lens** and an **automatic shutter** adapted for snapshots and time exposures. The pictures may be taken either the long way or the short way of the camera. It uses the regulation roll film cartridge containing six exposures, and this may be put in the camera and taken out **again in broad daylight,** so that you don't have to go into a dark room every time you want to load the camera. Anybody can make good pictures with this camera. Being small and compact, it is just the thing to carry with you to "snap" pictures of your friends, sports, etc., with. And remember, we send you not only the camera itself but also include **One Six Exposure Roll Film Cartridge and Instruction Book,** all packed together in a strong box and sent to you **Free by Parcel Post, prepaid,** on the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For a club of four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you by parcel post, prepaid, this Premo Camera with one Roll Film Cartridge containing six exposures and complete Instruction Book. **Reward No. 7944.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Sweet Grass Basket



For Your Sewing And Fancy Work

WHERE is the woman who does not "just love" these beautiful Sewing Baskets made of **sweet grass?** Their delightful **fragrance** which is practically everlasting is like that of flowers; they are handsome in appearance and very strong and serviceable, being hand-woven by the St. Regis Indians of Canada, who produce the finest hand-made baskets in the world.

Of ample size—eight inches in diameter and three inches deep—and with its close-fitting top, this sweet-grass Basket is just what you need in which to take along **your sewing or fancy work** when calling or visiting. And at home it holds your work, along with scissors, buttons, thread and other necessities, so that you always know just where to look for them. And the Basket itself is such a beautiful ornament for any room.

The Indians sell these Baskets for $2.00 and $3.00 apiece at summer resorts, but by buying in large quantities they let us have them at a special low price. Therefore, we are able to offer the Basket herewith illustrated and described for a very small club of subscriptions as you will note by reading the following bargain offer.

Given To You! For only four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this fragrant, sweet-grass Sewing Basket free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 8084.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

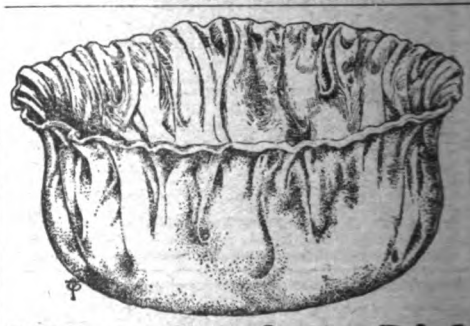


Little Giant Typewriter

A REAL machine that writes very distinctly. Has every letter in the alphabet, all the numerals from 1 to 10 and punctuation marks. Uses any size letter paper up to 5 inches wide. For correspondence, making out invoices, statements, addressing envelopes, etc., this machine will do the work well. It is very easy to operate, in fact, a child can write on it after a little practice.

Given To You! For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Typewriter free and prepaid. **Reward No. 8853.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



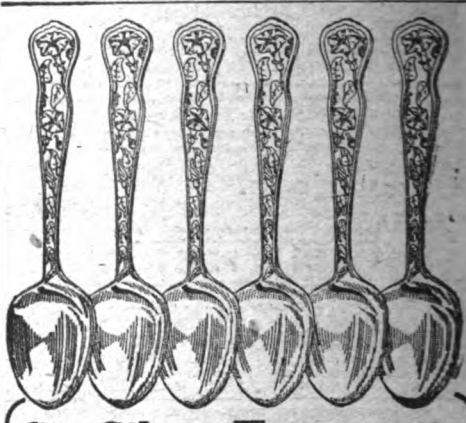
Silver Bonbon Dish

THIS beautiful dish can be used for a variety of purposes—for candy, nuts, salted peanuts, popcorn, etc. It is much larger than it appears in the above illustration, measuring over five inches in width and two inches deep. It is heavily silver plated outside and gold lined. Needless to say, it makes a handsome ornament for the sideboard and will last a lifetime.

We will send you this handsome Silver Bonbon Dish free upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this Silver Plated, Gold Lined Bonbon Dish free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9942.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Six Silver Teaspoons

The Beautiful "Morning Glory" Design

BY buying in large quantities we are enabled to offer our readers this handsome set of six teaspoons for the ridiculously small club mentioned below. They are six inches long, silver plated on a white metal base, so there is no brass to show through, and they will never have that dingy or tarnished appearance even after years of constant use. The design is the beautiful **"Morning Glory"** deeply embossed on the handles which are finished in soft, elegant **French grey.** The bowls of the spoons are perfectly smooth and bright polished.

The rich design and splendid wearing qualities of these teaspoons combine to make this the most attractive premium offer in years. Our illustration does not do them justice. They must be seen to be appreciated. We know they will exceed your highest expectations.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you **six** of these fine Silver Plated Teaspoons free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 9682.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Deformities of the Back

Thousands of Remarkable Cases

An old lady, 72 years of age, who suffered for many years and was absolutely helpless, found relief. A man who was helpless, unable to rise from his chair, was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. A little child, paralyzed, was playing about the house after wearing a Philo Burt Appliance three weeks. We have successfully treated more than 45,000 cases the past 19 years.

30 Days' Trial Free

We will prove its value in your own case. There is no reason why you should not accept our offer. The photographs show how light, cool, elastic and easily adjusted the Philo Burt Appliance is — how different from the old torturous plaster, leather or steel jackets.



Every sufferer with a weakened or deformed spine owes it to himself to investigate thoroughly. Price within reach of all.

Send For Our Free Book.

If you will describe the case it will aid us in giving you definite information at once.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO.
334-13 Odd Fellows Temple
JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

RITA or, the OUTCAST SISTER

By LIBBIE SPRAGUE PHILLIPS

SPECIAL SALE PRICE with a six (6) months' subscription to THE ILLUSTRATED COMPANION ONLY 25 CENTS.

This Book contains one of this noted author's best novels.



Pressed close against the window pane was a wan, white face.

The pathos of this story sweeps all before it. It touches the heart of humanity everywhere. Even the man with a heart of stone learns from this story that deep down under the cold, hard strata of stone, he has in his heart a deep well of human sympathy for the erring one; that he has also a heart capable of love and admiration for the good and noble character of Luella, the gentle, loving, self-sacrificing sister. Righteous indignation is aroused toward Silas Lockwood, her relentless and unnatural father. The heart's emotions like a great ocean billow, rolls on from the beginning to end of the book; when you lay it down and say blessed is God who rules over all for the good of all. Thousands will want to read this book and pass it on to their friends. Libbie Sprague Phillips writes exclusively for THE ILLUSTRATED COMPANION; has done so for 10 years. One minister has furnished it with sermons for 13 years; other writers have contributed regularly for years. THE ILLUSTRATED COMPANION is 36 years old. The years of continued service of its writers show that our magazine is one of fixed and standard worth. We know you will enjoy reading it. THIS OFFER of magazine 6 months and book, for 25 cents is made to get new trial subscribers. Book without paper, 10c. Address

F. B. WARNER CO., Dept. C. T., 96 Chambers St., New York

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!



THROW YOUR VOICE

Into a trunk, under the bed or anywhere. Lots of Fun fooling the Teacher, Policeman or Friends.

THE VENTRILO,

a little instrument, fits in the mouth out of sight, used with above for Bird Calls, etc. Anyone can use it. NEVER FAILS. Also a 32 PAGE BOOK which gives full instructions on Ventriloquism. Formula for Secret Writing [Invisible Ink], 12 Money Making Secrets and 10 BIG TRICKS ON MAGIC all for 10¢

ROY. NOV. CO., Dept. 331, So. Norwalk, Conn.
LARGEST and OLDEST Mail Order House in Connecticut.



REMNANTS SILK, VELVET, GINGHAM, ETC.

WONDERFUL BARGAIN IN 4-POUND BUNDLES

of beautiful Silk Remnants for fancy work, quilts, portieres, pillows, etc. Send 10 cents for a big package of lovely silk, including free quilt designs and catalog describing our 4-pound silk, velvet, gingham, and other remnant bargain bundles; also instructions how to earn money at home by sewing.

AGENTS WANTED To sell our Remnant Bargain bundles

UNION S. WORKS, 207 Factory St., BOONVILLE, N. Y.



Blue Bird WATER SET

Six fine shell glasses and full-sized pitcher, handsomely decorated. All given free for selling only 40 packs vegetable seeds at 10c per large pack. Sell easily. **Earn Big Money on Premiums.** Send no money. **We trust you** with seeds until sold.

American Seed Company, Box F-32, Lancaster, Pa.



Not a toy but a genuine Violin, perfect tone, handsome appearance. Boy Included. Sell 40 packets Garden Spot Seeds at 10c a packet and violin is yours. Write for seeds today. Lancaster Co. Seed Co., Sta. 161, PARADISE, PA.

Missing Relatives and Friends

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT reopens the "Missing Relatives' and Friends" column.

To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will secure only one new yearly subscriber to COMFORT at 50c. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column by securing only one new subscription at 50c. If a longer notice is required send one 50c subscription for each additional seven words.

About 18 years ago our aged Uncle Kosek left Chicago. Can anyone tell me where he lives? Heard he moved to Minnesota. Mrs. J. P. Slater, Jim Falls, Wisc.

Would someone knowing the whereabouts of J. A. Shaffer, formerly of Hilgard, Oregon, please notify Wm. T. Cluster, Fidelity, Box 7, Ill.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Cooper D. Heath, age 39, tall, dark complexion, please write Mrs. Ira Day, Harmany, N. Car.

Can anyone give me the address of Perry Pults, Emma Pults or Maude Sawyer, who lived in Springfield, Mo., about 20 years ago? Mrs. H. B. Myers, Cherokee, Box 25, Kansas.

Anyone knowing the address of Mr. Harry N. Pimm, last heard from in New York, please communicate with Miss D. L. B., Kinston, 808 Chestnut St., N. Car.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Joseph Blazer or wife, last heard of in Nebraska, please write Mrs. Jim Smith, Wallowa, Box 322, Oregon.

Anyone knowing the address of Simon Canty, last heard from in Potter County, Pa., please notify his sister, Mrs. Katie Jackson, Lincolnville, R. R. 2, Box 58, Maine.

Wanted: Information of Mrs. Grace Hinman (now probably Roumaine); was heard from in 1913. Write Harry Hinman, Indianapolis, 426 Sander St., Ind.

Mrs. H. Frank Lewis, Athens, Ala., would appreciate information of her brother, Audie Vinson, last heard from at Ogden, Utah, last January.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address but we will print only initials if so requested.

C. L., Vermont.—Living as you do on a well-traveled highway, it should be quite possible for you to build up a profitable trade in home-canned fruits and vegetables attractively put up by you in glass. For vegetables, we suggest as a beginning: tomatoes, string beans of the yellow or wax variety, and pumpkin. For fruits: cherries, strawberries, peaches and pears. For jellies: currants, grape and quince. You should have a sign prepared in black and white, and sufficiently large and plainly lettered so that it may be easily read by motorists. This might read: "For Sale. Delicious Home Raised and Home Preserved Farm Products. A Trial Purchase Will Make You Stop Again." Below this sign and in connection with it should be a shelf, upon which you could exhibit several sample cans of your most shining, attractive and colorful products. If you wish, you could go to the extra small expense and trouble of printed labels bearing your name and the name of your farm. Another nearby sign might also list, according to season: "Special This Month: Strawberries and Wax Beans." As to prices, a most important feature, estimate carefully and liberally the cost of each product, cost of can, fuel, labor, etc. Add to this such a profit as you think will properly compensate you and make your home business worth-while. Touring city people will pay well and willingly if your products are flavorful and attractively put up. You will be helped in estimating how much you might charge by asking the prices obtained for high-grade glass-containered canned goods at the best of the stores in your nearby town of St. Albans. You might eventually find it profitable to advertise your home-canned products in St. Albans newspapers—giving the location of your farm and inviting inquiries and calls from motor parties.

P. P., Markham, Minn.—Although we have several times printed in this column directions for the resilvering of mirrors, we regard the operation as a difficult one and one which can hardly be successfully done as a home job. We advise you to purchase a new mirror, or give your present one into the hands of some furniture shop and let them have the work done for you. (2) Perhaps more than any other stains, those made by blood are more successfully removed if taken in hand soon after the stain occurs. The fact that your stain is on so delicate a fabric as chiffon will make its removal more difficult. Try first the soaking of the chiffon in a weak solution of soda, followed by a subsequent rinsing in a weak solution of alum. If your fabric is a colored one, you must be careful of the strength of your soda solution. Another good method would be to mix common starch to the consistency of ordinary laundry use. Spread this mixture quite wet over the stained places and wash off in warm water after the starch has dried on.

GAIL, Texas.—Julia Ward Howe, the author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," was born in 1819 and died during 1910. (2) The best authorities unite in declaring the author of "Annie Laurie" to be past finding out. The celebrated ballad has sometimes been said to have been written by a Mr. Douglas who unsuccessfully paid court to the daughter of Sir Robert Laurie—which shows that the sweetest singers are not always lucky lovers!

D. P., Belleville, W. Va.—The U. S. Navy maintains aviation schools. Write to the Bureau of Navigation, Washington, D. C., and inquire concerning joining this branch of the service. You would find private aviation schools expensive.

M. H., Catawba, Va.—Mirrors are backed not with paint but with quicksilver—the application of which is a difficult and not an amateur job. See reply to P. P., Markham, Minn., in this issue.

J. M., Dawson, Ala.—If we understand your inquiry correctly, we assure you that you can readily redeem any U. S. Government bonds or certificates which you may own. Ask your postmaster or your nearest bank concerning this, and do not sell your holdings without proper and responsible advice.

A. G. K., West Virginia.—A U. S. silver half dollar of the date of 1853 is worth from $150 to $250 should the coin be one without arrow heads at the side of date and without rays around eagle. If the coin has both arrow heads and rays, it is worth no more than its face value.

W. W., Lavonia, Ga.—The moon is considered by astronomers to be a "dead world." It is not inhabited and is not believed to have ever been inhabited. (2) Our column will not permit us to give space to tell you how you should address letters to the heads of "every nation on earth." This would be a considerable matter. Briefly stated, the head of a republic might be addressed: "His Excellency, the President of the French Republic," or a monarch: "His Majesty, the King of Italy." Your postmaster can give you information concerning the rates of postage to foreign countries.

J. B. W., North Carolina.—The engaging of policemen is a matter entirely within the control of the different municipalities who establish various requirements as to age, height, weight, mental equipment, etc. You would have to write to the police department heads of the various large cities in order to find out specific requirements and form of procedure in the selection of candidates.

L. R. H., Oklahoma.—To tan a calf skin with the hair on, the skin should be stretched flesh side up and carefully scraped with a dull knife to remove all fleshy matter. Finish by washing well with soap and warm water. Now turn the skin, and scrub the hair well with soft soap and warm water, using care to rinse well. Take one-half pound each of common soap and ground alum and dissolve with an ounce of borax in a gallon or less of water. Add sufficient rye meal to make a stiff paste and spread this paste over the flesh side of the hide. Fold up lengthwise with the flesh side in, and let remain in an airy, shaded place for ten days or longer. Then shake out, remove all paste from the surface, wash with warm water and dry. A second application may be necessary if the skin does not seem in a condition where all blood and flesh matter has been removed and absorbed. You will have to work the finished dried skin until it is soft, by rubbing it over a rounded beam, by working it over with a dulled knife on the flesh side, and by a thorough rubbing and pummeling with your hands. The secret of the Indians' very successful tanning was generally owing to their careful and persistent hand work on the skins they cured.

C. F., Lawrenceburg, Tenn.—There is no vacant public land in the state of Tennessee. The following is a list of the states which offer the best opportunities for homesteading. In each case the name of the town or city where the principal U. S. Land Office is located follows the name of the state: Arizona, Phoenix; California, San Francisco; Colorado, Denver; Idaho, Boise; Montana, Helena; Nevada, Carson City; New Mexico, Santa Fe; Oregon, Portland; Utah, Salt Lake City; Washington, Seattle; Wyoming, Cheyenne. In writing to any of these, address Register of U. S. Land Office in the particular city and state which may interest you.

C. B., Ellsworth, Kans.—We are not aware of any large premium being offered for U. S. silver dollars of the dates of 1894 or 1904. We think in some way you have confused your information with the rather astounding premium which is commanded by U. S. silver dimes of 1894. Dimes of this date which have an "S" under the wreath below the words "One Dime," are extremely rare. They are worth from $250 to $500 each, according to condition. Without the "S" mint mark the dimes are worth but their face value.

Try It Three Times Free!

Dr Caldwell will send you a trial bottle of his famous Syrup Pepsin free of charge, enough to relieve three stubborn attacks of constipation.

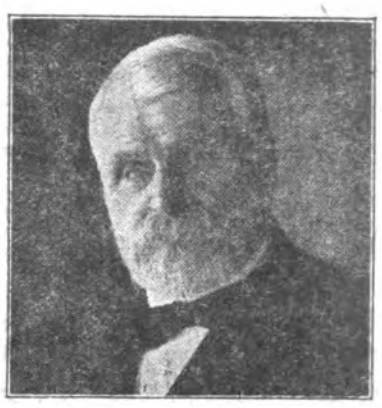
SEND HIM YOUR ADDRESS TODAY FOR YOUR FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

PEOPLE who are occasionally or habitually constipated will be glad to know of a remedy that brings quick relief; and to dispel all question and doubt I will send a small bottle, enough to relieve three attacks of constipation, free of charge. I ask no money or promise of money, just your name and address in the most convenient way for you.

What I will send you is a compound of Egyptian Senna and other simple laxative herbs with pepsin, known to druggists as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. I have been making it for 29 years, and it is today the largest selling liquid laxative in the world. You can buy it in any drug store. A dose would cost you less than a cent, and a bottle will last even a large family several months.

My object in sending free trial bottles is to prove to skeptics and doubters, at my own expense, that my Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is a different laxative from any other you may ever have tried. I want to prove that it will relieve any case of constipation, no matter how old, chronic or stubborn; that it will help to regulate your system so that medicines can in time be altogether dispensed with; that it is smoother and pleasanter than others; that it does not pain or gripe.

Thousands of people after using Syrup Pepsin promptly discarded strong physics, cathartics and purgatives; pills, salt waters, calomel, coal tar drugs in candy form and such things. They wrench the system and cause a reaction worse than before. My Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin operates gently and smoothly, and is safe. That is why over 8,000,000 bottles were bought in drug stores last year, several million by mothers who gave them to constipated infants and children. Elderly people, too, prefer mild Syrup Pepsin, for they have not the strength to stand powerful drugs. This is especially gratifying to me, as I know the troubles of the old, being myself in the 83d year of my age.



DR. W. B. CALDWELL
who will send three trials of his Syrup Pepsin free of all cost

There is someone in every family who should send for the trial bottle that I offer free, and parents should send in behalf of the children. Send for it if there is constipation only now and then, and keep the free bottle until it is needed; send for it if there is chronic constipation, and use it at once; send for it if someone is subject to headaches, biliousness, feverishness, loss of appetite, dyspepsia, restlessness, sleeplessness, indigestion, sniffling and colds, for even common colds are complicated with constipation.

CLIP AND MAIL

Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 553 Washington St., Monticello, Illinois.
Send me a trial bottle of your Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin free of all cost. I or some one in the family will give it a trial the next time there is constipation.

Your name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

If you prefer, simply send your name and address on a postcard or in a letter. I will understand.

Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29.)

Second week: hygrometer, 70 degrees; thermometer, 102½ to 103.

During the third week we have a changed condition of affairs. The small systems of blood vessels of the first week have greatly increased, so that by the fourteenth day the white of the egg is full of veins in which the blood is rapidly circulating and the chick is growing fast. Bear in mind that the first ten days are devoted to development, and in that short time the chick is fully formed in all its parts. During this period the quantity of blood circulation is comparatively small.

Then comes the ten days of growth, or increase in size of the body and its parts, when great quantities of blood are rushing through the numerous blood vessels, carrying the building material. It is during this latter period that the water (after being used in the blood circulation) should be allowed to escape freely from the egg, with consequent rapid enlargement of the air cell. Therefore, during the last week of incubation, I would remove the water pans or wet sand from the egg chamber, and let the humidity decrease even to 50 degrees, or possibly to 40 in some cases. Simply removing the extra supply of water usually answers the purpose.

The moisture supply must be renewed again on the nineteenth day for another distinct purpose. If the air surrounding the hatching eggs is dry, the chicks are likely to have a hard time breaking through the tough inner lining of the eggs. When this parchment-like lining is dry, it is exceedingly difficult to tear it, and its strong bands may hold a vigorous chick a prisoner even after it has broken the outer shell clear around.

Keeping the air of the egg chamber moist renders the inner linings of the egg-shell easy for the chick to burst through.

The greatest danger from overheating comes during the first few days of incubating. It is well to hold the temperature at the level of the tops of the eggs under 103 F. for the first week. I like to keep it at 102.

During the third week the animal heat exerts some influence, and 103 will be about right at the upper part of the egg.

While the chickens are hatching from the eggs, 104 may be registered at the level of the tops of the eggs. In some parts of our country, where incubators are operated at altitudes of several thousand feet, the temperature may run a degree higher than I have indicated. At these altitudes, where the air is usually very dry, the matter of extra moisture supply becomes a very important item in successful incubation.

It is quite an exertion for the chicks to pick their way out of the shell, consequently they should remain in the incubator at least thirty-six hours and be given time to rest and recover strength. If bacillary white diarrhea, which is transmitted from the chick to the mother hen, be present in any of the chicks, it will be voided in the droppings from the very first. To prevent the spread of this disease from chick to chick by the picking up of infected droppings, the incubator should be darkened as soon as the first chick is out, and kept darkened until the chicks are removed to the brooder. There is very little danger of disease spreading by this means after the chicks are moved to the brooder and have a chance to take food into the digestive system.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor, free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

W. H. H.—The Reliable Poultry Journal, Quincy, Illinois; The American Poultry Journal, Chicago; Successful Poultry, Syracuse, N. Y.; Farm and Poultry, Boston, and at least half a dozen others.

Repeat the Egg

The New Discovery to Make Your Hens Earn More Money

A combination of high class drugs in powdered form to be mixed with the feed, measured with an ALUMINUM spoon which we send you FREE.

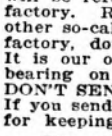
$1.00 PACKAGE FREE

It stimulates the whole system and puts your hens in condition to lay double the number of eggs when they are the highest. Drop us a card today and say: "Send me FREE a $1.00 box REPEAT THE EGG."

DON'T SEND ANY MONEY

We will send you a $1.00 box and will include FREE a $1.00 box (2 in all). Pay the postman $1.00 when the two $1.00 boxes arrive. Money will be refunded at end of 30 days if not satisfactory. REMEMBER THIS—if you have used other so-called egg tonics and they were unsatisfactory, don't fail to try REPEAT THE EGG. It is our own discovery—a powder—and has no bearing on any other kind. Write today but DON'T SEND ANY MONEY. AGENTS WANTED. If you send $1.00 in advance we will send a card for keeping record of the eggs you get daily.

The W. A. KITTREDGE CO.
Poultry Dept. C, Tunkhannock, Penna.



Get My Reduced Prices on OLD TRUSTY

Find out how much I can save you on Old Trusty Incubators and Brooders. Nearly a million owners.

Quick shipment from factory at Clay Center, Neb., or warehouse at St. Joseph, Mo. Mail a postal or letter today.

H. H. JOHNSON, "Incubator Man" Clay Center, Neb.





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Guaranteed Timekeeper

We positively give this Genuine Stylish Wrist Watch & Handsome Ring for selling only 25 & 12 beautiful Art and Religious pictures at 10c. Order today. You can't fail.

It's easy our way

GAIR MFG. CO. 1928 Sunnyside Dept. 201 CHICAGO



Money Making Poultry

Our specialty. Leading varieties pure bred chickens, turkeys, ducks and geese. Prize winners. Best stock and eggs. Lowest prices; oldest farm; 37th year. Fine catalog FREE. H. M. JONES CO., Box 22, Des Moines, Iowa.

I. V. S.—Refer to the poultry advertisements in last month's COMFORT and you will find an answer to your question about oat sprouters.

M. B.—This is a case which is almost impossible to diagnose without personal examination. The swelling and lumps may be the result of roup. But from your description of the bird's general condition of health, I am inclined to think that they are tumors or some malignant growth. If you think you have any skill in surgery, it might be advisable to lance and treat them but, frankly, I would rather kill and burn the carcasses than to risk torturing the bird and perhaps spreading the infection.

F. L. D.—I cannot give the address of breeders in this column. It would be quite safe to use the cockerel this year, and dispose of him at the end of the breeding season.

A. E. B.—The chickens must have been hatched from eggs laid by hens that had suffered from roup at some previous time. Chickens hatched from such eggs very frequently develop a sort of roup, hardly noticeable except for a slight discharge and the offensive breath which you describe. I advise you to get rid of them before they develop any more active symptoms, and under no circumstances should you be tempted to use any of their eggs for incubation.

Valentines



Big Package For One Subscription!

All the Newest Valentine Post Cards, Cut-Outs, Folders, Novelties and Some Up-to-Date Valentines With Envelopes in Which To Enclose Them.

WE realize that it is hard for our readers to secure the latest up-to-date Valentine novelties so we have had this special assortment made up for us **at a great bargain.** Just see what it contains:

1 Large Lace Two Leaf Valentine Folder with Envelope, 1 large Embossed and Colored Valentine Folder with Envelope, 1 large Magic Turnover Valentine with Envelope, 1 small Magic Turnover Valentine, 1 small Embossed Valentine Folder, 2 Heart Valentine Folders, 3 Assorted Valentine Novelty Cut-Outs, 1 Juvenile Valentine Heart, 1 Embossed Valentine Enclosure Card, 1 Handsomely Colored Valentine Bookmark, 5 Colored and Embossed Valentine Post Cards.

Our illustration is, of course, greatly reduced in size. The lace Valentine is 5 inches long and 4 inches wide, of **fine lace work** with a **heart and gold decorated base** and a charming verse on the inside. Then there is a dainty embossed Valentine 7 inches long and 5 inches wide. Another is a pretty **heart-shaped Folder,** 7x5 inches, on the background of which is shown the face **over Valentine** is a genuine novelty and shows a cute juvenile scene. We also include in the collection **two pretty embossed Valentine Folders** with verse inside, **three choice assorted Valentine Novelty Cut-Outs, one Colored and illustrated Valentine Heart, one Valentine Bookmark one small Magic Turnover Valentine and five handsome Valentine Post Cards embossed in gold and many bright colors,** each with some suitable sentiment expressed by an appropriate verse.

We will send you this choice Valentine collection **free and postpaid** if you will accept our special offer printed below. Be sure to send your order early so as to get it in time for St. Valentine's Day.

Our Free Offer. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you this big package of handsome Valentine Novelties free by mail, postpaid. **Premium No. 7291.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Shaggy Teddy Bear

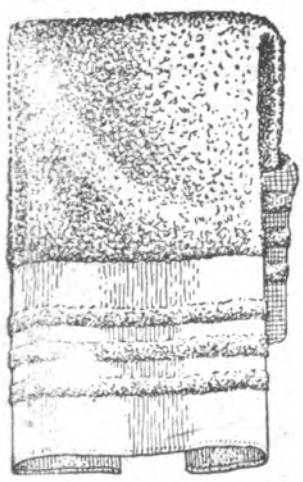
EVERY little boy and girl wants a Teddy Bear and here is an opportunity for every father or mother who reads COMFORT to get one without expense. "Teddy" is a plump, shaggy fellow, 10 inches tall, made of brown plush, carefully stitched and finished, and his head and legs are jointed in such a manner that you can place him in almost any position. He will stand up, sit down, stand on his head, walk on all fours, in fact he gets himself into all kinds of positions, so comical and lifelike that it makes the children scream with delight just to look at him. Teddy is so well made that he cannot easily become broken, and with ordinary care should last for years. We will send you Teddy free if you will accept the following special offer:

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Teddy Bear free and prepaid. **Reward No. 9992.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Two Turkish Towels

Good Size Soft And Fleecy

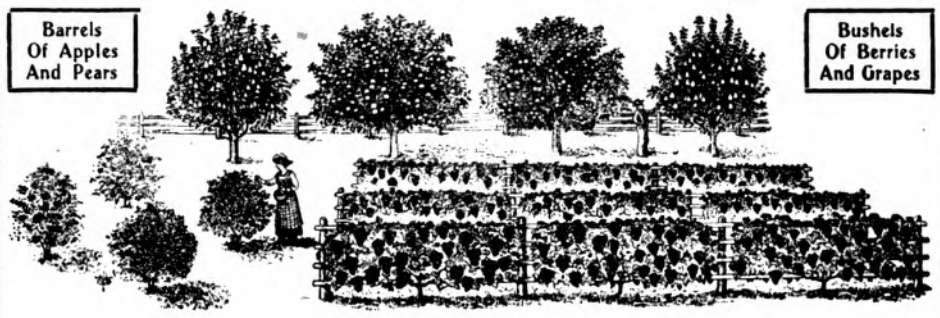


AFTER bathing there is nothing quite as fine as a good **rub down** with a **Turkish towel,** in fact it is the **best** towel for all purposes, whether for the bathroom, guestroom or everyday family use. They absorb the water much more readily than other towels and the **soft fleece-like surface** imparts to the body a delightful feeling of warmth and well-being. They are also fine **for baby's toilet** as they will not hurt the tender skin. The towels offered here are **15 inches wide and 32 inches long** which is a good convenient size for all-round family use, and are of good weight, well made and finished. We will make you a present of **two** of these towels upon the terms of the following offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you **one pair (2)** of these fine Turkish Towels **free by parcel post, prepaid. Premium No. 9912.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Plant This Grand Fruit Orchard





Delaware Grape



Bartlett Pear



Concord Grape



Wealthy Apple



Rex Raspberry



Niagara Grape

For A Club Of Two

We Will Send You Seventeen Apple And Pear Trees, Berry Bushes and Grape Vines!

BY special arrangement with the growers in Michigan we can again, offer our readers this grand Fruit and Orchard Collection of 17 Choice Fruit Tree Grafts, Berry Bushes and Grape Vines. If planted at standard distances apart they will nicely fill **an eighth of an acre.** Or they can be planted closer if desired, or they can be made to form a border around your yard or lot. Wherever grown, however they will in due time yield loads of the finest Apples, Pears, Grapes, Raspberries and Dewberries every year as long as you live. We believe it would be difficult to secure as much **actual value** from any other assortment of the same size.

Here is what we give you:

One Snow Apple Tree, One Wealthy Apple Tree, One Kieffer Pear Tree, One Bartlett Pear Tree, Two Lucretia Dewberry Bushes, Two Rex Raspberry Bushes, Three Niagara Grape Vines, Three Delaware Grape Vines, Three Concord Grape Vines.

The four Apple and Pear Tree Grafts in this Collection are **one foot high, grafted by experts from bearing trees with good records.** They will take root as soon as planted and grow rapidly into vigorous healthy trees.

The nine Grape Vines are a product of southern Michigan, where the finest grapes in the world are grown. From selected vines, cuttings are taken and buried in underground pits until they undergo a process known as "callousing." After being properly "calloused" the cuttings will take root as soon as planted. **The "calloused" grape cuttings in this Collection are all produced in this manner. They will grow rapidly and bear large crops of choice grapes as soon as large vines planted at the same time.**

The two Raspberry Bushes and two Dewberry Bushes in this Collection are one-year-old youngsters, ready to set out as soon as you receive them. They will begin growing at once and develop into fine, heavy-bearing bushes if given proper attention.

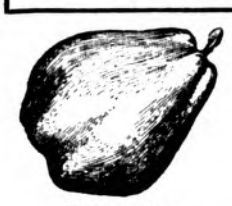
All Will Bear Soon! The orchard which you plant with this fine Fruit Collection will prove an ever increasing source of pleasure and profit to you year after year. All the trees, vines and bushes will bear fruit in a remarkably short time. In two years the Raspberries and Dewberries will commence bearing. The following year you will have grapes and some pears. (A properly cared-for Grape Vine will yield a bushel of grapes every season.) Your Apple and Pear Trees will begin bearing in from three to five years. Then you will have loads and loads of fine fruit in increasing quantity every year.

Guaranteed To Grow! Everything in this Collection **is absolutely guaranteed to grow.** We stand behind every Collection sent out and the growers in turn stand behind us. You may rest assured that if you order this splendid Collection (and you surely ought to), it will reach you in **good condition** and grow to your **entire satisfaction** if the directions for planting are carefully followed. If any of the trees, bushes or vines fail to make growth satisfactory to you, we hereby guarantee to replace them promptly and **absolutely without charge to you.** You cannot lose. You run absolutely no risk in accepting this offer.

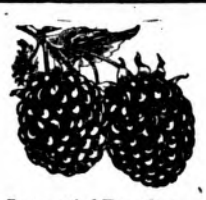
Full Planting Instructions! With this fine Fruit and Orchard Collection we are also going to send you **complete instructions for planting.** These directions are fully illustrated with pictures and diagrams showing you **just what to do and when and how to do it.** By following these simple directions you should in a few years have one of the finest orchards in your neighborhood.

Our Free Offer! Send us only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each and this remarkable Fruit and Orchard Collection is yours free—the two Apple Trees, two Pear Trees, two Dewberry Bushes, two Raspberry Bushes and nine Grape Vines. The whole collection will be carefully packed, securely wrapped and sent to you by prepaid parcel post, direct from the Michigan growers **at the proper time for planting in your locality.** Remember we guarantee that everything will reach you in perfect condition. Be sure to send in your order this very day and ask for **Reward No. 9542.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine



Kieffer Pear



Lucretia Dewberry



Snow Apple

Box Of Initial Stationery

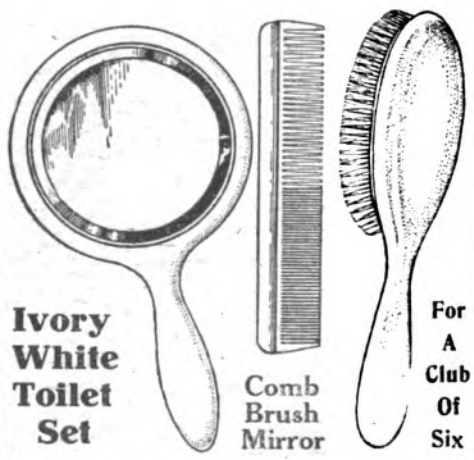


Latest Style Monogram

IT is now the **height of fashion** and evidence of the **very best taste** to use stationery with **your own monogram initial or "crest"** on it. In this offer we give you **two dozen sheets white linen stationery** 10½x6¼ inches in size, **each sheet beautifully embossed in colors with any monogram initial you desire and two dozen envelopes.** Just think how nice it will be when writing to your friends to have your own **letter crest monogram initial embossed in colors** on this high-grade **fine quality stationery.** Remember you get **one full quire** of choice paper and **twenty-four envelopes** in this complete writer's outfit. Don't hesitate to send for this premium today because you will surely be delighted with it.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you a box of this Initial Stationery free by parcel post, prepaid. **When ordering be sure to specify what monogram initial you want. Reward No. 9482.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



PURE white, with a fine smooth finish, this handsome Comb, Brush and Mirror Set equals in appearance the finest French Ivory. The Comb is 7½ inches long, very light and dainty, with both coarse and fine teeth. The Brush is 10 inches long and 2½ inches wide, with medium-length, finest, stiff bristles. The Mirror, which measures 10x5½ inches, is made of heavy, flawless, beveled French glass, 4½ inches in diameter.

No lady could wish for a finer Toilet Set than this one. It has the air of refinement found in the highest grade Ivory Sets, it is just as durable and can be cleaned as often as desired without injury to its smooth ivory white finish.

We will give you, free, this fine Ivory White Comb, Brush and Mirror Set in a fitted box upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this Comb, Brush and Mirror Set in a fitted box, free, by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 7796.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Writing And Drawing Outfit



For A Club Of Two!

HERE is something that is **needed** in every home and by every **schoolboy and schoolgirl**—a big value-assortment **of almost everything** needed for writing and drawing. **Our** illustration is, of course, greatly **reduced in size.** The Case, which is made of **fine leatherette, is 10½** inches long and **2½** inches wide. **It is of the folding** style, with a snap fastener, **so that** it can conveniently be carried in the pocket or in the children's lunch basket. Inside the Case there are **three high-grade pencils with erasers, one good quality penholder with pen, one twin pencil** (in reality two pencils in a combination holder), **one pencil sharpener, one large rubber eraser, one 10-inch ruler** and an **aluminum collapsible drinking cup with cover.**

This Outfit is manufactured **by the American** Lead Pencil Company, **which is sufficient guarantee** of its fine quality, and **we know that it will** please our readers, especially **those who have** children going to school, and **of course it is just** as handy in the home, **because all the pencils,** penholder, etc., are **high grade and just what** grown people like to use. **If you will accept the** following special **offer we will send you one of** these fine Outfits free.

Given To You! For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this complete Writing and Drawing Outfit, exactly as above described, free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9972.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Gold Birthstone Rings

THE most popular ladies' rings worn today are these beautiful birthstone rings. Not only is it considered lucky to wear one of them but they are now and always will be exceedingly stylish. We are able to illustrate only three of the rings but there are **twelve** in all—a different stone for each month of the year, and of course you should wear the stone that is symbolical of the month you were born. The following is a list of the **twelve** rings, names of the stones and the month to which they apply:

No. 8411, January, Garnet. **No. 8421, February,** Amethyst. **No. 8431, March,** Bloodstone. **No. 8441, April,** Diamond. **No. 8451, May,** Emerald. **No. 8461, June,** Agate. **No. 8471, July,** Ruby. **No. 8481, August,** Sardonyx. **No. 8491, September,** Sapphire. **No. 8501, October,** Opal. **No. 8511, November,** Topaz. **No. 8521, December,** Turquoise.

Each ring is guaranteed genuine **gold** filled, which looks exactly like solid **gold** and will wear for years. **In fact we absolutely guarantee each ring for at least five years.** The rings themselves are perfectly plain, the stones are solitaires and perfect imitations of the real gems. The setting of each ring is the ever popular "Tiffany" style. As a Christmas, Birthday or all-the-year-round gift for wife, mother, sweetheart or sister, nothing could be more appropriate and acceptable than one of these beautiful guaranteed rings set with the birthstone of the person to whom it is given. We will send you one of these rings free upon the terms of the following offer:

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you one of these beautiful gold-filled Rings by parcel post, prepaid. **Please be sure to give size and number of ring wanted.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



31-Piece Dinner Set

THIS splendid set of dishes is full size for family use and consists of **6 Plates, 6 Cups, 6 Saucers, 6 Cereal or Fruit Dishes, 6 Individual Butters** and large **Meat Platter** all handsomely decorated with clusters of **purple wood violets** surrounded with rich green foliage and bordered with **lovely tracings of gold.** Our illustration gives you no idea of the real beauty of these dishes. This is by far the handsomest, daintiest dinner set we have ever offered and we are positive that it will **more than please** every woman who secures one of them on the terms of our very liberal offer. No matter where you live **(if it is not outside the United States),** we will ship you this set by express direct from the pottery in Ohio. You are to pay the express charges, but they will be but a fraction of what this set would cost you at retail.

Given To You! For a club of only ten one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome 31-piece Violet Decorated Dinner Set carefully packed to prevent breakage, charges collect. **Reward No. 75010.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

It's Nerve Force from Nuxated Iron

that helps make STRONG, MAGNETIC, FORCEFUL MEN AND WOMEN, who make their over mastering presence felt the moment they enter a room.

NUXATED IRON

contains the principal chemical constituent of active living nerve force in a form which most nearly resembles that in the brain and nerve cells of man. It also contains organic iron like the iron in your blood and like the iron in spinach, lentils and apples. Organic iron enriches the blood and plenty of rich red blood means more nerve force, so that Nuxated Iron not only feeds what might be termed artificial nerve force to the nerve cells, but it stimulates the blood to manufacture a greatly increased supply of new nerve force. If you are weak, nervous or run-down, get a bottle of Nuxated Iron today, and if within two weeks' time you do not feel that it has increased your nerve force and made you feel better and stronger in every way, your money will be refunded. Sold by all druggists.

BIG VALUE for 10 Cts.



6 Songs, words and music; 25 Pictures Pretty Girls; 40 Ways to Make Money; 1 Joke Book; 1 Book on Love; 1 Magic Book; 1 Book Letter Writing; 1 Dream Book and Fortune Teller; 1 Cook Book; 1 Base Ball Book, gives rules for games; 1 Toy Maker Book; Language of Flowers; 1 Morse Telegraph Alphabet; 12 Chemical Experiments; Magic Age Table; Great North Pole Game; 100 Conundrums; 3 Puzzles; 12 Games; 80 Verses for Autograph Albums. All the above by mail for **10 cts.** and **2 cts.** postage.
ROYAL SALES CO., Box 448, South Norwalk, Conn.



$1.97

GUARANTEED WATCH

To advertise our business, and introduce our bargain price list of Elgin Watches, we will send this elegant guaranteed watch by Parcel Post C. O. D. **$1.97 ONLY**, nickel silver plated case, stem wind and stem set, genuine American lever movement, fully guaranteed a reliable timekeeper. Give your full P. O. address, box or St. No., and watch will be sent at once. Pay your Postmaster $1.97 and it is yours. Satisfaction guaranteed. **Boston Jewelry Co.**, 39 W. Adams St. B31, Chicago, Ill.

Earn a Real Phonograph



Beautifully finished, nickel winding crank, spring motor, speed regulator, stop lever. New improved sound box with mica diaphragm, makes perfect reproductions of all kinds of music. Send name and we will send 24 of our Art Pictures to dispose of on special offer at 25c each. Send us the $6 you collect and we will send this new improved E. D. L. Phonograph and a selection of six records free. Write at once.
E. D. LIFE, 337 W. Madison St., Dept. T-8, Chicago

FREE



All this jewelry is yours for selling only 6 Boxes Mentho-Nova at 25 cts. Needed in every household. Sells easily. Order today. When sold return $1.50 and all 6 pieces are yours.
U. S. SUPPLY CO., Box 329, Greenville, Pa.

SCHOOL BOX FREE



with Fountain Pen, Pencils, Knife, Pen Holder, Eraser, for selling 10 packages Bluine at 15c a pckg. Write today.
BLUINE MFG. CO., 562 Mill St., Concord Junction, Mass.

VIOLIN GIVEN



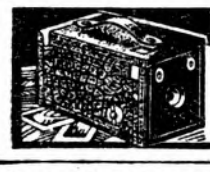
This special sweet toned Violin given for selling two lots of 20 pictures at 10 cents each. Order 20 pictures, when sold send the $2.00 and choose Violin or other prize according to big list sent with pictures.
RAY ART CO., DEPT. 48, CHICAGO, ILL.

MOVIE MACHINE FREE



Have Your Own "Movie" at home. Wonderful moving picture machine, complete with gas generator and 3 sets assorted reels (96 views). Shows large clear pictures. **Sent Charges Prepaid** for selling 35 large colored pictures or 35 packages Fancy Post Cards at 10c each. Order pictures OR cards **TODAY.**
GATES MFG. CO. DEPT. 525 CHICAGO

FREE

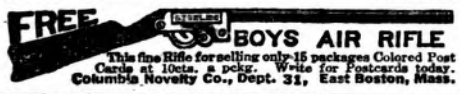


Eastman Camera. Load and unload in daylight. Takes pictures 2 1-4 x 3 1-4, sharp, clear and distinct. Sell 40 packets Garden Spot Seed at 10c a packet and Camera is yours. Send no money. Write now.
Lancaster Co. Seed Co. Sta. 99 PARADISE, PA.

PLAYS

Dialogs, Monologs, Musical Comedies and Revues, Minstrel Opening Choruses, Darky Plays. Catalog Free. Vaudeville Acts, How to Stage a Play, Make-up Goods
T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 6 CHICAGO

FREE BOYS AIR RIFLE

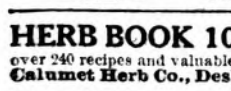


This fine Rifle for selling only 15 packages Colored Post Cards at 10cts. a pckg. Write for Postcards today.
Columbia Novelty Co., Dept. 31, East Boston, Mass.

CARDS

Send 5 cents for large Sample Album of Hidden Name, Silk Fringe, Envelope, Friendship, Joker's, Lover's and all other Kinds of Cards, Post Cards and Premiums. Star Bean Catcher and list 980 Songs given Free. No trash. **OHIO CARD CO., B-14 Columbus, Ohio.**

FREE



American Watch or choice from premium list. Sell 30 pkgs. NEEDLES at 10c.
SenecaSupplyCo., D-12, Oneonta, N.Y.

HERB BOOK 10c

tells how to make medicine from Herbs for all diseases; over 240 recipes and valuable herb secrets worth $$.
Calumet Herb Co., Desk 6, South Holland, Illinois



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

TENNESSEE SUNBEAM, Stanton, Tenn.—It is correct that you should thank anyone—boy or girl, man or woman—for any great or small attention which may be shown you. You may ask into your home your escort who has brought you home. If he does not accept the invitation—which is his best course if the hour be a late or inconvenient one—you may then say "good night" and thank him in simple and direct fashion for having brought you back. If it has been at his invitation you have attended the evening's entertainment, you should include in your farewell thanks a word concerning the pleasant time you have had. (2) Somehow one thinks of a book on "developing personality" as having been written for and being most useful to an enterprising young salesman or business man. We could not say how much this sort of a work might help a Tennessee Sunbeam to shine brighter, unless we had a glimpse of its pages and saw exactly how the author planned his developing advice. Too much personality might easily not be an attractive thing in a young girl—just as some sunbeams can shine too warmly at times for the comfort of all concerned.

PURITY PEARL, Trenton, Ill.—We do not think you should say one word to your sister regarding her husband's flirtation with another woman during this two weeks' absence of his wife. How do you know that the affair will go further or result in the "ruination"—which is a strong word—of your sister's two children? We think your letter sounds over-excited. We advise you to keep your own counsel and await events. If your brother-in-law's misconduct continues, your sister will find it out soon enough and can decide her own course of action. At present you would be only making accusations. To interfere between husband and wife is a serious matter. We believe "hands off" is the best rule for relatives of a young couple to follow—unless their advice and help is seriously asked. (2) Your parents are wise and right in their counseling you to not "stop speaking" or to take other action which would "disturb things" in the home of your brother-in-law. If you like, you may treat him coolly and tell him exactly why you do this. But even this is a dangerous and perhaps unnecessary course in punishing what may have been only a short and fickle fancy on his part. Your loyalty to your sister does you credit, but fighting comes from too intense partisanship, and happy homes are those freest from quarrels, accusations and recriminations. Think this over and be calmer.

M. T., West Virginia.—In the seating of a party at a hotel or restaurant dinner table the convenience and pleasure of all should be considered. In such a seating, whether a gentleman is brought at a lady's right or left hand makes absolutely no difference so far as etiquette is concerned. We regard your question as referring to ordinary informal dining of mixed parties and have so answered it.

BROWN EYES, Arkansas.—The interrogative phrase, "how do you do?" has come to be regarded not as a question to be answered, but as a greeting of the same sort as "good morning" or "good evening." It may be responded to as conventionally as made. The greeting, "How are you?" must be regarded, however, as a distinct inquiry and needs acknowledgment and reply. You are lucky if you can respond promptly: "Fine, thank you; how are you?" Happiness and good manners are thus both correctly exhibited! (2) A girl should not "keep company" with any boy before she has finished her schooling. This does not rule out boy and girl parties or other entertainments. Be guided by your parents and their wishes. To wait until you are eighteen is a simple and safe plan to follow.

IRISH, Wisconsin.—To the vacation acquaintances who, on saying farewell, expressed pleasure at having met you, you could have correctly answered: "Thank you; I hope we may have the pleasure of seeing each other again."

W. M. G., Sesser, Ill.—A boy may offer his arm to a girl to assist her when this may seem necessary; or he may more simply and informally hold her arm to aid her safety in any short crossing or dangerous bit of going when they may be walking together. Girls are independent creatures nowadays—and do not have to hang upon a man's arm in the fashion of fifty years back.

MORNING GLORY, Stanton, Tenn.—If a boy asks to be your escort upon any occasion, thank him and say "Yes"—if you wish to accept his invitation. Nothing else is necessary and no set answer or "full reply" is required. (2) Most assuredly you could gain help and information from a good book on etiquette. Such books are not written—as you think—entirely for the use of "society people." No, indeed; these gilded creatures are supposed to be always correctly informed concerning the proper thing to say, do or wear.

ORPHA, Winchester, Oregon.—When you dropped your fork at this restaurant party, it would have been correct for you to allow it to remain where it fell. The waiter could then have been summoned to bring you a clean bit of silver. But to have retrieved the fork yourself was no great blunder, and you were foolishly sensitive if you allowed this simple and most natural error to spoil your evening. (2) At a home dinner where no servants were present, it would be correct for you to pick up any dropped table article yourself—unless some man in the party was rapidly courteous enough to regain it for you first. In any case of such awkwardness on your part, you should properly say a simple word of apology to your hostess.

WEST VIRGINIA ROSEBUD.—Eighteen is an early enough age for a girl to begin "going" with boys. (2) At Christmas, or any other time, a man does not properly present any gift more elaborate than books, candy or flowers to a girl who is not his fiancee. Nothing need be given in return by a girl except a note of thanks, although she may if she wishes, and friendship permits, give a book or some little article of her own handiwork to a young man whom she likes and who has remembered her at Christmas.

BLUE EYES, Crowville, La.—Accidents, like necessity, cannot be governed by law nor by any rules of etiquette. If your buggy was stuck in the middle of a cold and knee-deep creek, it was decidedly correct for you to allow your escort to carry you to dry land and for you to thank him for the rescue. You should be glad he was a young man in whom you could "put confidence." Any other sort might have dropped you in mid-stream.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.

I find the old-fashioned cat stitch to be far superior to any other I have used for patching knit underwear. It is less noticeable and leaves no raw edges and one doesn't have to watch her work so closely.

If one is fond of lemon pie and cannot get lemons, use one tablespoon lemon extract and two tablespoons vinegar instead of juice and rind of lemon, using favorite recipe for remainder.—MRS. ZEDDA JACOBS, Rockford, Iowa.

A little baking powder added to whites of eggs will make the meringue stand up better and not get watery when cold.—NAOMI.

Those who have large families and small purses, like myself, try knitting stockings for the children of common twine, such as merchants use for tying up packages. They are warmer than the cotton ones sold in stores and wear much longer. I dye them black and they look almost as good as store stockings.—MRS. ADA CORNELISON, Diggins, Mo.

Requests

How to make "Nigger Head Pudding."

Lois Neville, Meredosia, Ill., wants to buy the March, April, May and June, 1921, issues of COMFORT. Write first.

Wanted.—Poem, "The Drummer of Shiloh."—MRS. CHARLES H. CHURCH, New London, 191 Hempstead St., Conn.

Mrs. Emma A. Field, Babylon, Box 326, N. Y., would like the poem, "The Cuckoo," published in a school reader years ago.

Wanted.—The old song containing the words, "Oh, it's g-l-o-r-y to know that I am s-a-v-e-d. I'm h-a-p-p-y to tell that I am f-r-e-e."

Mrs. S. E. Clifford, Los Angeles, 5320 Holmes Ave., California, an invalid from neuritis and rheumatism, would like to have letters and cards sent her.

There were fourteen requests for information from anyone who had used the Auto Knitter. Would suggest that this be taken up with the company selling the machine. Doubtless they are in a position to furnish reference list.

If any sister has the July, August and September issues of COMFORT for 1921, that they will lend me, I wish they would write. I wish only one copy of each. Will pay postage.—MRS. WILL SHOCK, Elma, R. R. 4, Box 64, Iowa.

Will some reader please send me August, 1920, COMFORT. I have every copy of COMFORT for twelve years back but this one and I want it very much. Will return favor any way I can.—MRS. EURIE BARFIELD, Okolona, Box 126, Ark.

Remedies

If nipples are sore, bathe in alum water after baby nurses, being sure to wash well before next nursing.—NURSE, Indiana.

Use salty butter on caked breasts. Massage well with this for ten minutes. Relieves pain and if repeated the breasts will not have to be lanced.

RINGWORM.—Apply the juice of a green walnut to affected parts once or twice a day for two or three days. This is a sure cure but will cause severe burning and smarting for a few minutes.—MRS. J. Y. BASTICK, Elora, Tenn.

WORMS.—An old neighbor told me of this remedy which I have used successfully with my children. Steep the inside bark from witch-hazel limbs, and let the children drink all they will during the day. Give castor oil at night.

Contributors to Sisters' Corner

The following list contains the names of those who have written for the Sisters' Corner. Lack of space prevents printing the letters.

Stella Cockrell, Ark. Hazel I. Black, Calif. Florence M. Lawrence, N. Y. Mrs. Etta Sacher, Ark. Mrs. Ray Beekman, Mont. Mrs. W. Hoskins, Ohio. Mrs. Freeman E. Dye, Kans. Mrs. H. I. Lawrence, Kans. Effie O. Taylor, Tenn. Clara Ferguson, Miss. Mrs. John H. King, Ohio. Mrs. Peter J. Shinick, Maine. Betty Jo Williams, Tenn. Lula Noblitt, N. C. Beryl Zirbel, N. Y. Grace Somers, N. C. Mrs. Harry C. Martin, Va. Maude Lee Dunnbar, Tenn. Mrs. Emma O. Bryant, Ala. Mrs. Arthur Harmon, Mo. Mrs. Allie Crowley, Calif. Mrs. Julia Noel, W. Va. Mrs. N. Y. Olinger, Mo. Mrs. Cliff Bell, Ga. Mrs. Maud Crowson Stone, Ala. Lusetta E. Whitney, Ky. Mrs. Ella Griffin, Va. Mrs. Charles A. Jones, Ohio. Mrs. Jesse C. Miller, Ala. May Shinn, Ark. Leila Beckett, Wyo. Mrs. Hewitt A. Rushing, Ala. Alma Anderson, Minn. Mrs. John Beneze, Ind. Mrs. Clara Soneless, Ark. Emma C. Neff, Mo. Mrs. Owen Gray, Texas. Mrs. G. L. Sabdridge, Va. Miss Conchita Chase, Ga. Mrs. W. E. Gren, S. C. Mrs. Bessie Hinson, N. C. Mrs. J. W. Gifford, Wyo. Mrs Edna Moore, Mich. Mrs. M. Dayton, Ind. Mrs. Laura Leddon, Fla. Mrs. Ella Patterson, Maine. Hallie Maye Sumner, Miss. LuVera Smith, Tenn. Miss Lillia Richardson, Mo. Miss Winnie Pearl Grant, Ark. Miss Ida English, Fla. Mrs. C. A. Deal, Ind. Irene Briggs, S. Dak. Mrs. Henry Wells, Nebr. Mrs. S. E. Clifford, Calif. Mrs. Emma Elbert, Ill. Mrs. Edith Jeter, La. Mrs. R. Merle Abbott, Iowa. Mrs. C. S. Blake, Okla. Mrs. Minnie Greene, N. C. Mrs. H. F. Jumper, Miss. Mrs. C. Hamilton, Pa. Marie Goldie Horn, Ohio. Mrs. Rose Beene, Texas. Mrs. Mamie Smallwood, Ga. Virginia Williams, Tallahassee, Fla. Katie Mae Jones, Tallahassee, Fla. Mrs. Cleveland Turnage, Tenn. Mrs. Bertha Cook, Wisc. Mrs. Pearl Williams Harris, N. C. Mrs. Sue Putnam, Ark. Mrs. J. T. Bastick, Tenn. Mrs. Lewis Stadler, N. C. Mrs. Raymond Green, N. Y. Mrs. J. F. Blakley, N. C. Beth Walker, Texas. Alvis Jones, Ark. Marguerite Middleton, Mich. Juliette Williams, Okla. Flossie Kendall, W. Va. Mrs. Maud Moore, Texas. Mrs. Will Ricketts, Tenn. Miss Maggie Fraley, Okla. Nellie Owens, Va. Mrs. Margaret Victor, Iowa. Ella Bella Haskins, N. C. Mabel Stratem Velva, N. Dak. Mrs. Alice Roberts, Texas. Mrs. E. Melborn, S. C. Mrs. Esta Shieler, W. Va. Mrs. W. R. Almon, Colo. Mrs. N. Kelley, Va. Mrs. Ophelia M. Alvis, Tenn. Birtie Wallace, Tenn. Thula Sheffield, Ark. Elsie Bray, Okla. Bessie Newman, Okla. Mrs. Charles Keefer, Ind. Miss Emma Gouldman, Mo. Ella Florence Krown, Ky. Cleo Coran, Okla. Rilla Harris, Texas. Fred Bizzell, N. C. Mrs. R. C. Lambert, W. Va. Susan Otis, Kans. Mrs. R. H. Fleenor, Ore. Belle Mayfield, Texas. Mrs. H. Griswold, Wash. Nettie Loud, N. Y. Mrs. C. L. Fandren, Texas. Miss Claressa C. Harris, Va. Miss Ethel Farmer, W. Va. Mrs. Clarence Tigner, Ohio. Winnie Grant, Ark. Mrs. W. E. Baker, Wash. Mrs. Julia Peratt, Ky. Mrs. Achsa B. Murphy, Kans. Clara L. McKamie, Tenn. Kathryn Weber, Wisc. Mrs. Edna Daves, Okla. Edna J. Vawter, Kans. Mae McClendon, Ala. Anna Lee Dean, Ark. Ina Jean Johnson, Ohio. Lois Ballard, N. M. Lula Holmes, Ky. Mrs. J. T. Jacobson, Wash. Gillie F. Johnson, Va. Mrs. Harvey L. Caracofe, Va. Mrs. Charles H. Church, Conn. Mrs. P. C. Armstrong, Nebr. Mrs. Will Shock, Iowa. Ruby Stonecipher, Texas. Christine Goad, Tenn. Mrs. Anna Rawlins, Ohio. Mrs. Myrtle W. DeGeer, Mich. Miss Golda Price, N. C. Ella Beggs, Ark. Eva Skelton, Tenn.

The Remarkable Story of "Eva Dean"



NOTE—This is a story of "Eva Dean." In its brief way it presents the story of hundreds of other women who, in the fascinating manner described, have been able to provide themselves with the extra money which slender incomes so often cannot afford. If it shall have shown the way to happiness to but one woman, instead of hundreds who will respond, it will have served its purpose.

How One Woman Solved the Money Problem

Was this Eva Dean? I could scarcely believe my eyes. A miracle had happened in only a few short months. The prosperous looking, handsomely gowned woman before me was indeed my friend, Eva Dean. But what a transformation!

I knew that she had been very hard up and with only her husband's limited earnings on which to depend. Then, too, I had heard about some serious financial trouble the Dean's had while I was away. Yet, here she was, at a time when work was scarce and wages getting lower and lower, well dressed, happy as a lark, and with a smile of contentment on a face which showed not a trace of the hardship I knew she had endured.

She must have read the question in my eyes and, as we entered her beautifully furnished home, she had told me the whole story.

"This is it," she said with pride, "the Gearhart Knitter which has helped me out of my trouble and made me one of the happiest women on earth. Every day I devote a little of my time to knitting the Famous Allwear Standard Hosiery.

You know my circumstances a few months back. I was almost desperate. I thought of sewing, washing, working out,—anything to overcome that terrible need for money. Finally I learned that the Gearhart Company of Clearfield, Pa., wanted women to do machine knitting at home. They said the work was easy and that they would pay me generously for every pair of standard Allwear Hosiery I could send them. They offered me a three year contract and as I found them to be a very reliable, long established company with bank references and hundreds of satisfied home workers, I promptly decided to send the moderate amount required to secure the knitter and start in making money.

It has proved a really delightful and restful occupation for me. It has turned my spare moments into golden hours. You see for yourself what I have gained, happiness at home, new clothes, things for the children, and money in the bank.

The Gearhart Knitter and the wool to make the hosiery came together and I got busy right away,—nothing difficult about it, no special training necessary,—so easy in fact that my husband and the children often help me.

Let me tell you, those checks from the Gearhart people came in mighty handy. One after another they arrived, as fast as I could send them the beautiful knitted Allwear Hosiery."

The story of Eva Dean was finished and then I was treated to the surprise of my life. With a few simple movements she had the Gearhart Knitter started and at the bottom there appeared a lovely knitted sock of wonderful quality.

No wonder the Gearhart Knitter is known as the standard knitter, the fastest, most complete and reliable knitter made! No wonder the Gearhart home industry has so many happy, contented women!

My heart goes out to the woman struggling to make ends meet and to her I say, "Write to the Gearhart Knitting Machine Company of Clearfield, Pa., right away. Get a Gearhart Knitter, knit all the Allwear Hosiery you have time for and accept the liberal pay checks which they will send you for the pleasantest, nicest home work imaginable."

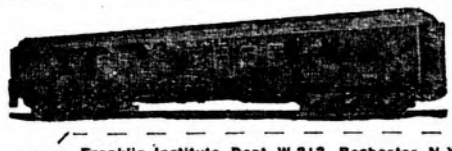


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Particulars of the Gearhart Knitting Company's Allwear Hosiery Home Industry Plan will be sent on request. Write for their Profit Guide Book and samples of Knitting free. Gearhart Knitting Maching Co., Dept. C O 628, Clearfield, Pa.

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W. J. NICHOLSON,
R. R. 2, Box 27, Bristol, West Virginia

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Deafness



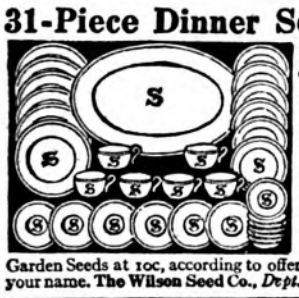
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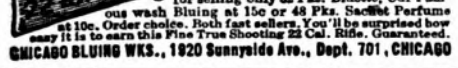


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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26.)

pretty in the morning as they are at night or any other time. I am speaking about beauty that is natural. Here in America most—or many—of our girls have to make up their faces a-fresh each day, but in France true beauty is found in all its many and various forms without any special make-up. Every standard of real, true, pure beauty is represented, and there one sees style and genuine beauty combined. There are all types: the sylph-like brunette with her tantalizing aloe dark eyes and irresistible manner, and the pink-white golden blonde, with her pretty round face and pretty violet sky-blue eyes. You could not resist them even if you would. These girls are not generally of the aristocracy, either, but are generally they are of the bourgeoisie, and believe me, they are pretty in lines of face. I will guarantee that most of them have natural red lips. Yes, real red, and not paint or lip-stick but genuine color. Of course, we have a few pretty women in the United States, at Hollywood and on the high-priced stage, but there are not a great many of them at that. The average American girl or woman is totally, hopelessly plain. Whether this state of affairs comes about through a lack of care and knowledge in "self-adornment" or through circumstances more deeply rooted, I do not know and wish you could tell me. One thing is true: a pleasant woman is almost always pretty—as pleaasnt thoughts make pleasant faces. Most of the girls in France are full of sunshine and free from worry. They are care-free in a way, even though they have some care and are thoughtful of others.

Really, Uncle, it would do anybody good to get away from the camouflaged faces here in America. Indeed, it would be a great relief for you and Billy to get away from our ugly, cranky women here and visit France for a while. There you can find women who are noted for their beauty and cheerfulness the wide world over. Indeed, the stay of a fortnight in the trenches was well-repaid by the beautiful dream-visions which greeted the boys' eyes when they retired for a rest in back of the lines. Say, Uncle, if there is any real beauty in America, I guess I have been blind. I don't think it exists except on the stage and in the movies. Of course, our women are the *most, most* wonderful in other ways of any in the world, but when it comes to a question of *beauty*—well, they are not in it with the French girls. I am,

Lovingly your nephew,
JACK WILCOX (ex-soldier).

You don't want anyone to "back you up," Jack; what you are going to need, and need badly, is someone to "stand in front" of you with a fence of six-inch armor plate. If there is any bomb-proof shelter in Allston or any of the nearby Boston suburbs, I strongly advise you to take cover at once. For you will certainly receive the bombardment your poor judgment and bad eyes deserve. Because I really feel sorry for the dreadful fate you have coming to you, I will make my own critical jolt a mild one. I don't have to bring up any particular verbal arguments to prove you dead wrong, Jack. All I have to do is open Bill's album and look over his carefully arranged photos of cousins from the North, South, East and West—but not a one from France! And these cousins, Jack, are not Hollywood stars nor highlights of musical comedy. They are not "aristocracy" or "bourgeoisie." (That last is an awful word to spell, Jackie boy, and I'll bet you had to look it up in your French dictionary!) They are the sweet, simple, entirely charming faces of healthy American-bred girlhood. And I'll back 'em in any beauty exhibit, at any time, against all of those aloe-eyed sylphs and pink, white, violet, sky-blue, variegated Parisian charmers you are boosting so wildly. And, Jack, your argument for the non-painted and non-lip-sticked beauty of your French girls is made shaky by the fact that France is greatest producer of cosmetic and toilet preparations in the world, and the highest-priced articles of this sort sold in this country (to your Hollywood girls, for instance) are those bearing French labels. I'm afraid you didn't look close enough at those "red lips"!

Jack, I think your guess about being "blind" may be a right one, after all. I advise you to open up your eyes and wipe out of 'em any "dream visions" of beauty formed on moving-picture or stage standards. The beauty of American girlhood and womanhood exists just where the "wonderful ways" you write about also dwell—and that is right in the homes of the forty-eight states that make up the greatest country in the world. There are mighty few things Americans have to go abroad to find better than they can get in our own broad land. And certainly feminine beauty is not one of the things we need to voyage to gain. Finally, Jack, you tell a very different tale from the stories told by most of the "ex-soldiers" that Billy and I know. If there are too many "camouflaged faces" in Allston to suit your simple tastes, why not pack your old kit bag and start south or west?

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for January

"Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these you have done it unto Me."

Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Every month brings to me many letters which disregard this simple and necessary rule. Appeals unaccompanied by the references required will be destroyed.

Lancelot G. Reaves, Toney Creek, Anderson Co., S. C. The crippled son of a widow. Money is needed to help him prepare for an operation which may enable him to walk. Here is where greenbacks can work a real miracle. Carrie Hall, Strieby, N. C. A girl of fifteen who has been a cripple since infancy. Clothing is needed and money to buy crutches. Luther Eslinger, Crosby, Tenn. A shut-in for sixteen years. Lives under lonely conditions and asks for letters and reading matter to help him pass the long winter days. Genelie Watts, Taylorsville, N. C. An almost totally helpless shut-in. Send cheer and a shower of dimes to this poor creature. Mrs. Agnes Freeman, Spencer, Va. Struggling with ill health to support herself and children. Money and second-hand clothing will give her a much-needed boost. Mrs. Leona Reed, Laurel Fork, Va. A widow with five girls of ages from four to seventeen, and a little boy of two. A worthy and well-recommended case. Clothing will be of great help, but dimes and dollars will aid most. Elmer D. Hagelberg, Charles City, Iowa, sends earnest thanks for all who have remembered him in his need.

It is the New Year. Another twelve months stretch before these stricken and needy ones. You can help make the year brighter for them if you will. We have a command telling us to let our light shine before men. Cousins, it is your light of "good works" which can throw cheer into dark shut-in corners of these sad lives. Your own lives will be made brighter by the light of reflected love.

Lovingly,

Uncle Lisha

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

How to become a Member

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

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Love Will Find the Way

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

Some of them were professional gamblers, others gentlemen about town, others profligates of the worst stamp, and a few even thieves, but there was not one among them whose heart was not touched; there was not one among them who did not feel that Paul Reade was a scoundrel too deep to merit any name.

And, singularly enough, there was not a word spoken. One or two of them who had been playing billiards had left their coats behind. They secured them silently, and in solemn procession they left the house.

Paul Reade, alone, deserted, still stood there, apparently unconscious of his position. For the first time in his life, he was bitterly ashamed. For the first time in his life, he genuinely suffered. He raised his head at last and looked about him.

Even Dick Gresham, the gambler, the thief, both in one, had abandoned him.

* * * * * * *

A clock had just sounded the last stroke of three, when softly, noiselessly the front door opened, and a little, darkly-clad figure emerged from the dimly-lighted hall. She stood there for a moment as if meditating upon what she should do. The electric light from across the way fell aslant upon her ghastly countenance. It was dreary and desolate and bleak with a despair that knows no name. Her face was lifted as if in half-unconscious prayer, and then slowly, wearily, she descended the steps that led to the street.

She walked onward, staggering under her weight of mental anguish, but had proceeded less than half a block when a hand was placed lightly upon her shoulder.

"Where are you going?"

The voice startled her, and she glanced up with a little inarticulate cry:

"I don't—know you!" she gasped.

"Yes, you do," he answered kindly but firmly. "I am Underwood, and I am your friend."

"You were—there?"

"Yes. I heard everything, and I have been standing outside your door ever since, because something told me that you would need me. I should not have gone until I had seen you if it had been next week or next month. Where are you going?"

He asked his question with authority, and she shivered and glanced away.

"I—I don't know," she stammered.

"Yes, you do, or if you don't, shall I tell you? You were going to do the first thing which comes into every woman's head when she gets into trouble. You were going to—the river. I don't ask you if that is true, because I know it. I saw it in your face as you passed through the hall and up the stairs. That is the reason that I waited for you."

"But why have you done it? What is it to you?" she cried desperately. "There is nothing else for me. You heard what he said. My own father has disgraced me. My name is upon the tongue of every profligate in New York. Tomorrow my shame will be heralded in every paper in the land. Let me go! My life is my own!"

"There is where you are wrong again. It is not your own. You have no more right to it than you would have to money that was intrusted to your keeping. You have no more right to take the life which God has loaned you than you would have to take mine. You are not going there. You are coming with me."

"But——"

"I don't ask you to go back there to that home which can be a home to you no longer. I don't ask you to sleep again beneath the roof of a father who has proven himself more your enemy than a ravenous beast could be. I am going to take you with me."

"I don't know you!"

"But I know myself, and that is quite enough. You need not be alarmed. I never yet betrayed any one who trusted me, and I am not going to begin on a girl who needs friendship as you do. I did you a wrong once, and I am going to save you now, even against your will, as a sort of atonement."

"You did me a wrong?"

"Yes. A great and grievous one. But now is not the time to tell you of it. It is enough to say that I believed of you what Elliott Dwight believed—what half New York believed—and yet, at the same moment, I doubted. It was that which took me to your house; it was that psychic influence. But the middle of the street is not the place for a conversation at this hour of the night. Come with me."

"I cannot."

"You can and shall. Do you think I would leave you at your command now. Listen to me, little one: I am the friend of—Junius Beckwith."

She shrank from that name as from a blow. Her head fell, and a low, gasping moan issued through her white lips.

"And he—believes me——"

She could not finish the tortured sentence. Underwood took her hand and drew it through his arm with a protecting gesture.

"Never mind what he believes," he said, more gently than he had yet spoken. "You may be sure that you will be safe with me, because—June loves you."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Don't give the baby patent medicine. If you feel you must use advertised remedies try them on yourself or, better still, on the dog. Let your family doctor attend to the baby.

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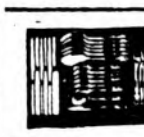
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DOES YOUR STOMACH LET YOU SLEEP

If you toss from side to side and cannot sleep, if you awake frequently, if you are nervous and have a restless, "fluttery" feeling—your trouble is very likely due to gas on the stomach.

Gas on the stomach is caused by undigested food. It is usually the result of eating too much or the wrong kind of food. The way to overcome it is to find out the right kind and the right amount of food which your stomach can handle without allowing it to form gas, and to cleanse the stomach and intestines of all old accumulated poisons and destroy the harmful toxins and bacilli.

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Wanted To hear from owner of good farm for sale. State cash price, full description. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

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Stamp Names on key checks. Make $19 per 100. Send 25c for sample and inst. Either Sex. C. Keytag Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

Four Wheel Chairs in December

621 Is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The four December wheel chairs go to Abner Van Buren Garrison, Dabney, Ark. 117; Henry W. Kreger, 144 East Webster St., Portland, Oregon, 93; Kenneth Rose, Guthrie Center, Iowa, 92; Glen G Grogan, R. R. 1, Wanette, Okla., 63. The figures following their respective names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends for them.

Abner Van Buren Garrison, age 25, has been helpless from birth, never able to walk, has very little use of his hands and is dumb. His height is 5 feet and his weight only 77 pounds. His mother writes that a wheel chair, which was given him some time ago, was much enjoyed by him and was a great help to her in caring for him, but it is broken beyond repair, and so the COMFORT wheel chair that I am sending this unfortunate cripple will be a blessing to both.

Henry W. Kreger, age 32, has been slightly crippled from birth, but was able to earn his own living until about six years ago when rheumatism of the joints set in and has progressed to the degree that, although he now suffers but little pain, his joints have become enlarged and so stiffened that he is almost



CATHERINE DENTINGER ENJOYING HER COMFORT WHEEL CHAIR.

helpless, his knees, feet and hands being badly crippled. He is dependent on his father and brother, at present living in his brother's home. During the past two years has been confined to his bed most of the time. Mrs. Jessie Eisenhardt became interested in his behalf and sent in a club of 87 subscriptions toward his COMFORT wheel chair which, as she writes me, will be a great help to him.

Kenneth Rose, age 6, has been crippled from birth and suffers from weak spine and nervous trouble; has never walked.

Glen G. Grogan, age 8, is entirely helpless and unable even to talk, caused by injury to spine suffered at birth.

I hope these December wheel chairs will reach their destinations in time to bring a ray of Christmas cheer into the dreary lives of these four afflicted shutins; and surely it must be with a sense of joyful satisfaction that you, who have helped them to obtain these much needed comforts, will learn of the beneficent results of your efforts.

Begin the new year right by doing your utmost to help the many unfortunate cripples on our waiting list to obtain the wheel chairs for need of which they are suffering but have no hope of relief except through the assistance of COMFORT'S Wheel-Chair Club.

With very best wishes for a happy and prosperous new year, I am,

Sincerely yours,
W. H. GANNETT,
Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 150 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 50 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscriptions, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Enjoys Her Wheel Chair Very Much

Republic, R. 2, Ohio.

Dear M. Gannett:

I am sending you a picture of Catherine in her COMFORT wheel chair. She enjoys her chair very much. I am thanking you and every one who was so kind to help her get her chair.

Yours truly,
Mrs. Theo C. Dentinger.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dollar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions or amount of cash sent.

Mrs. Jessie Eisenhardt, Wash., for Henry Kreger, 87 subs; Mrs. Robert I. Grogan, Okla., for Glen Gordon Grogan, 63; Mrs. Maggie Nissen, Del., for Russell Harry Williams, 42; Mrs. John D. Sparks, Calif., for Lennie Olene Sorelle, 34; Mrs. John Blalock, N. C., for John Blalock, Jr., 32; Mrs. Julia Wyatt, Ark., for Ina Smithson, 20; Mrs. R. H. Haddock, Fla., for Margaret Ward, 10; Mrs. H. E. Mantooth, Okla., for G. A. Cole, 9; Mrs. T. F. Melton, Tenn., for Johnie E. Melton, 9; Mrs. Chas. Siegel, Oregon, for Henry Kreger, 6; Mrs. Forrest Little, Ohio, for Annie Matlock, 5; Mrs. T. E. Peacock, Ala., for Clydics Lonease Peacock, 5; Frankie M. Norton, Okla., for Ira M. Norton, 5; Harriet A. Bates, Iowa, for Kenneth Rose, 5 subs and $5.00; Mrs. M. J. Garrison, Ark., for Abner Garrison, $10.00; Country Culture Club, Mo., for general, $2.50; Mrs. Josie Stewart, Minn., for general, $1.00; Lulu O. Snead, N. C., for general, 1.00; Mrs. Lillian Cram, N. Y., for general, $1.00.

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VOL. XXXIV
NO. 4

PEACE NUMBER

COMFORT

The Key to Happiness and Success in over a Million and a Quarter Homes

Published at Augusta Maine

FEBRUARY
1922



The Nations Gather at Uncle Sam's Round Table to Limit Armaments and Promote Peace.

See Editorial, page 2, also Illustrated Sketches of Delegates, page 10

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COMFORT EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

What the Armament Conference Is Doing to Avert War through International Understanding

THE importance of the Conference on Limitation of Armament, now in session at Washington, cannot be overestimated. The war-scathed, debt-ridden, tax-oppressed peoples look to it with hope akin to despair for early amelioration of their condition, and to avert the threatened cataclysm of another world war already foreshadowed by the storm clouds that are brooding over the western shores of the Pacific Ocean. International jealousies due to bitter rivalry in attempted territorial and trade expansion, such as held Europe at hair-trigger nervous tension until it exploded into the World War, are rife in far eastern Asia where the conflicting interests of the East and the West are contending for mastery.

Although, excepting two sporadic instances of success on the American continent, all previous efforts to bring about a reduction or limitation of military and naval establishments by international agreement have failed dismally, the present Conference at Washington bids fair to pass into history as memorable for its world-wide beneficent achievement.

Why Previous Armament and Peace Conferences Have Failed

Passing without mention the many older parleys, and coming down to the famous conference of the powers that fought and finally crushed Napoleon, known as The Congress of Vienna, which assembled in 1814, after the great French Emperor's defeat and banishment, and made over the map of Europe, the record shows that on its program was a proposition to limit armaments in the interest of economy and peace, but although the victors divided the spoils of war they were too mistrustful of each other to agree on any plan to reduce or restrict armaments. The consequence was that armaments increased as national fears and jealousies grew, and the history of Europe has continued to be a shameful record of a succession of land-grabbing wars.

In 1818, three years after the adjournment of the Congress of Vienna, the world saw the first instance of an international agreement for limitation of armament in the treaty between the United States and Great Britian limiting their respective naval forces on the American lakes to a total of four small vessels not to exceed a hundred tons each, to be assigned for service, one vessel each on Lakes Champlain and Ontario, and the other two on the upper lakes. This treaty, the product of amity and mutual confidence, is still in force and has not only saved the United States and Canada many millions of dollars in expensive naval armament, but its spirit has been carried further without formal agreement so that these two countries present the unique spectacle of three thousand miles of international boundary totally devoid of any form of fortification on either side. Instead of forts and garrisons to guard the border the United States and Canada have a permanent joint Boundary Commission to settle all questions that may arise in regard to the boundary, while the frontiers of European countries bristle with extensive fortifications and big guns at every strategic point.

The only other successful armament conference was 84 years later, in 1902, when Chile and Argentine Republic, after settling their boundary dispute by arbitration instead of by war, agreed to reduce their respective navies to specified proportions by selling certain of their ships of war, and not to increase their naval forces during the next five years. As in the case of the United States and Canada, the treaty was lived up to and has been productive of permanent cordiality and mutual confidence between these two South American republics.

Europe meanwhile developed into an armed camp, and the expense of maintaining its continually increasing armies and navies grew to be so intolerably burdensome that in 1899 Czar Nicholas II of Russia summoned the nations to "A Conference on Disarmament" (the name was afterwards changed to "Peace Conference") to be held at The Hague in Holland, the purpose of which, as stated in the Czar's invitation, was "to put an end to these incessant armaments and to seek the means of warding off the calamities which are threatening the whole world; such is the supreme duty imposed on all states." Representatives of twenty-six nations, including the United States, met, debated, and did some research work through committees, but accomplished little or nothing of practical value. For the prevention of war they proposed nothing other than general arbitration treaties the utter futility of which was painfully demonstrated by the outbreak of the World War. As to limitation of armaments, the chief object for which the Conference was called, they were unable to agree on anything except to recommend that the governments "take up the study" of the subject.

Due largely to Germany's gigantic military and rapidly growing naval establishments in connection with her inordinate ambition for territorial and trade expansion, the mental atmosphere of Europe had become, by 1907, so charged with apprehension of the imminence of a great war that the call, issued in that year, for the "Second Hague Conference" expressly stated that limitation of armament was not to be considered or discussed at the meeting. Nevertheless the American delegation brought up the subject, but the Conference refused to act on it otherwise than by repeating the useless recommendation of the previous Hague Conference. Seven years later Germany, having completed her preparations and matured her plan, sprung the World War, confidently expecting that, with the help of Austria, she would win a speedy victory. Prior to the war the attitude of Germany was enough to render general limitation of armament impossible. And since the war, although general limitation of armament is one of the stated purposes of the League of Nations, that international alliance has neither made any effort, nor proposed any plan, for accomplishing this object.

Important Factors Favorable to Success of the Washington Conference

The defeat of Germany, resulting in the loss of her navy and the enforced reduction of her military equipment to proportions that are no longer formidable, has eliminated the one insuperable obstacle that previously barred the possibility of general limitation of armament. Before the war Germany's navy was second to that of Great Britain, and growing so rapidly that it was straining the resources of the latter country to pursue her policy of maintaining her naval strength at double that of any other country—meaning, of course, Germany, whose aims she feared, and with good reason as was proved by the World War which Germany would have won but for the vast superiority of the British navy. Since the war Britain has abandoned her former two-to-one naval program, as she has no suspicion of any hostile designs on the part of the United States whose naval strength now ranks second in the world. Japan ranks third with a navy which, since the elimination of the German menace from the Far East, is larger than is warranted by her resources or required for protection of her legitimate interests. Yet she is building ships in accordance with a plan for naval increase so large as to raise a suspicion that she has ambitious designs that conflict with the proper interests of the United States.

Fortunately our country is so located geographically that it can regulate the size of its standing army without much regard to the military establishments of other nations, and as only the sea powers can reach us to do much harm the direct interest of the United States in limitation of armament applies chiefly to naval armament. Great Britain, the United States and Japan are the only important sea powers, and as an armed conflict between these two great English-speaking nations, which would be ruinous to both and destructive of the white man's civilization, is unthinkable, Japan's ambitious naval program with her attitude as to our interests in the Pacific and her aggressive policy in China constituted the outstanding bar to reduction of naval armament on the part of the United States. Such was the situation when the Armament Conference assembled in Washington on November 12th at President Harding's invitation.

At the opening session Secretary of State Hughes, head of the American delegation, made a direct hit, and a strong one, at the pivotal problem by proposing that the United States, Great Britain and Japan consent to an immediate reduction of their naval armaments by scrapping some of their largest battleships, and accept for the next ten years a limitation that will bring the British and American navies down to a specified equal strength and restrict the Japanese navy to three-fifths the strength of either of the other two, and that they agree to a cessation of naval construction through that period except for replacement within the allotted strength. The British consented willingly and promptly, and the Japanese, after holding out a while in an ineffectual effort to get the ratio changed in their behalf from three-five to seven-ten, finally agreed to the original proposal. This arrangement is productive of two highly beneficial results; it very largely reduces the naval expenses of these three nations and at the same time operates as a practical guaranty against war between them, for it allows each a naval force sufficient for defence but inadequate for offensive operations.

In view of what has been said it does not need to be explained that this limitation of naval armament would not have been agreed to by these three powers without also arranging an adjustment of their conflicting interests in China and in the Pacific, and thereby removing the conditions there (especially the strained relations between Japan and the United States) which were as surely fomenting a World War as were the previous conditions in Europe—but with this difference, that in the case of the Pacific the United States in all probability would be the first, instead of the last, to receive the shock of battle. Aside from the menace to the Panama canal and to our important island possessions, the United States never can allow any nation, singly or in combination with others, to assume mastery over the Pacific Ocean, or to extort from China exclusive or preferential commercial privileges, as Japan has been doing by successive encroachments in defiance of what is known as the "Open Door" policy of the United States in insisting on equal rights for all nations to trade with China.

The delegates representing the United States, Great Britain, France and Japan in the Conference have agreed on a four-party treaty designed to smooth out the causes of irritation in the Pacific; and it is expected that this treaty will receive the approval of the U. S. Senate, which is necessary to make it effective. The Conference is making progress with encouraging prospects of ultimate success in the direction of rehabilitating the rights of China as a sovereign nation, including the recognition of the "Open Door" policy. Thus it appears that all the matters which most deeply concern the interests of the United States have a most favorable standing in the Conference. The problems involved in the limitation of European military armaments are being earnestly considered by the delegates of the nations most interested. They must cut down their armies or face the alternative of national bankruptcy. The Conference now expects to finish its work before February, and the final results will be discussed in our March number.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

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Stella Rosevelt

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



"Young lady, pardon me the Liberty I take."

"This is the picture I particularly wish to show you."

"Star, I love you."

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A terrible storm at sea and from a steamer running between Liverpool and New York only five escape seasickness. Among them is Stella Rosevelt Gladstone, an orphan and on her way to some distant relatives in New York. She is befriended by an elderly man, Jacob Rosevelt, who is startled when he learns her mother called her "Star," her grandmother giving her the name. A fire breaks out and she saves valuable papers. The boats are rapidly filled. Stella refuses to go unless room is made for Mr. Rosevelt, who the next day suffers from an ill turn and is carefully nursed by Stella. The sixth day they are rescued. Mr. Rosevelt is told of the care Stella gave him during his illness and while thanking her a young man approaches and Mr. Rosevelt introduces Archibald Sherbrooke, whose home is in Derbyshire where Star's father preached. Star's shawl becomes loosened and not finding the pin, Mr. Sherbrooke draws one, an exquisitely carved stone, from his necktie, and Stella pins the shawl and then tells the story of the wreck and her endeavor to save Mr. Rosevelt's life. Arriving in New York, Mr. Sherbrooke regrets the loss of her address—he would call before his return to England. He hopes they will meet again and will she always consider him her friend. He places a card in her hand with his address upon it. Stella, remembering the pin, passes it to him. He begs her to keep it as a souvenir. Wishing she had something to give, he will accept a lock of her hair. Stella is met by Mrs. Blunt, Mrs. Richards' housekeeper, who hurries her away, much to Mr. Rosevelt's disappointment. Stella receives a cool reception from her aunt who had written she would befriend and educate Stella until able to care for herself and learns she is to take the place of Maggie Flynn and to be degraded to the level of a common servant. Resenting it, she asks her aunt if her father, from what she wrote him, had any idea she was to come into the family as a servant. Mrs. Richards does not relent, and insists she fills Maggie Flynn's place or none. Stella appeals to Mr. Richards, giving him the letter written by her father to Mrs. Richards and her reply. Stella's father is anxious to provide a home and begs Mrs. Richards to have the care and education of his daughter, since she once professed friendship for Stella's mother in saving her life from drowning. Stella has one hundred pounds. Could she not use it and then teach, relieving his wife of all responsibility? Mrs. Richards is surprised at Stella's suggestion and Mr. Richards makes arrangements for her to attend a select school, she giving a part of each day to household work. By close application Stella wins, at commencement, a part in the class exercises and surprises Mr. Richards, who is present, by her instrumental music, essay and promotion to the senior class. He tells his wife she has done the last day's work in the house. Josephine, admiring the cameo worn by Stella, suggests she give it to her, as her wardrobe does not correspond with it. Going to Stella's room and finding the cameo, Josephine takes it and discovers the initials "A. S." Stella misses the cameo and is suspicious who has it. In the meanwhile Mr. Richards receives a letter from Mrs. Richards' Uncle Jacob. He has lost all, is penniless and will accept the home that was offered him when rich. Mrs. Richards refuses to receive him, the house is full, and Mr. Richards is left troubled. Upon his arrival he is taken to the Lodge to sleep, Mr. Rosevelt meets Star who offers her room to him and does all she can to brighten his life. Mrs. Richards receives him coldly, and Josephine ignores her uncle. Mrs. Richards and Josephine go to Long Branch where they meet Lord Carroll, of Carrolton, Derbyshire, England, who appears pleased with Josephine and requests permission of her mother to call. Noticing a ring Josephine wears and examining it he sees the initials "A. S". Josephine claims it is given by a relative. Lord Carrol cannot understand it. The next day he leaves for New York.

CHAPTER XIII.

A GLAD MEETING.

BACK and forth every day from Yonkers, patiently and uncomplainingly, went Star Gladstone to her school, glad to pursue her studies and music at any cost or sacrifice.

One day, after school, Star had an errand at a music store, and was detained so long that she was obliged to hurry with all her strength to catch her train.

She entered the station breathless, just as the last bell rang and the train began to move.

Hoping to overtake it even then, she ran for it, her small feet barely touching the ground as she sped over it. She reached the last car, put forth her hand to lay hold upon the railing and spring upon the steps, when a firm grasp upon her arms from behind rendered her efforts fruitless, and a deep, rich voice said:

"Young lady, pardon me the liberty I take, but that is a very dangerous experiment."

The train was gone. Mr. Rosevelt would look for her in vain when it came in, but Star could not regret it, although she had exerted every nerve to catch it, for she would know that voice no matter where she heard it; and, with a vivid flush leaping to her cheeks, her pulses thrilling with excitement and delight, she turned quickly to find herself face to face with her whilom *compagnon de voyage*—Archibald Sherbrooke!

His face lighted brilliantly in an instant as he recognized her, for, although she had changed somewhat during the past year, growing lovelier than ever, he had never forgotten those starlike eyes, those waves of soft, golden hair shading her forehead, nor that sweetly smiling, scarlet mouth.

"Miss Gladstone!" he cried, putting out his hand to her. "I had no idea whom I was saving from committing such an act of imprudence when I saw you about to leap upon that moving train; but I am doubly glad now that my presumption prevented you from doing anything so rash, and gave me this unexpected pleasure."

"I am glad, too, for I am delighted to see you again, Mr. Sherbrooke," Star said, heartily and frankly, as she gave him her neatly-gloved hand, and looking straight up into his handsome eyes in a way that testified to the sincerity of her words.

"I know it was imprudent to try to leap upon a moving train," she continued; "but there is some one at home who is always disappointed if I do not return at a certain hour, and so I was anxious to catch it. However, another leaves in half an hour; and, indeed, I am very glad to have met you."

She was the same, and yet not the same; she had developed wonderfully since that morning when he had parted from her on the steamer.

Her hair was still of the same beautiful golden hue as the lock which she had severed for him, and which he still treasured: her eyes were the same heavenly blue, her smile as bright and sweet, but there was an added, indescribable charm about her that made her tenfold more lovely in his sight.

"Thank you," he said, in reply to her hearty greeting; "and now, if you have only half an hour before another train goes, let us make the most of it, and find a seat in the waiting-room, where we can compare notes on the last ten months."

He led the way to the ladies' room, found a comfortable chair in a corner for her, where they could talk undisturbed, and the half hour slipped by before they had any idea that it was time for Star to go.

"There is my train," she said, suddenly starting up as the first bell rang; "I must not miss this one, or Mr. Rosevelt will surely think something dreadful has happened to me."

"Mr. Rosevelt!" repeated young Sherbrooke, in surprise.

"Yes; is it not singular? We met as strangers on board the steamer, and, after all, we were coming to be inmates of the same house, and did not know it"

"Yes, it is strange. He was a fine-appearing old gentleman. I trust that he has recovered from the effects of his exposure at sea."

"Not entirely, and I fear he never will," Star answered, with a sigh. "His health is not very good, and his eyes trouble him exceedingly at times. They were injured by the reflection of the glaring sun in the water while we were in that open boat. We are excellent friends, and he watches anxiously for my return every day."

"Do you come to New York every day?" her companion questioned.

"Yes; I am attending a seminary in Brooklyn, and for the present go back and forth every day. But see," she added, pointing to the clock; "there is only one minute more, and I must find a seat."

He assisted her to enter and conducted her to a seat; then, extending his hand, he said, smiling:

"If you come to the city every day, I shall hope to see you again."

The ever ready color leaped to her cheeks again, more at the look he gave her than at his words.

She was upon the point of giving him her address and asking him to come out to Yonkers to see her and Mr. Rosevelt, but the train started, and she was obliged to leave her invitation unspoken.

He had only time to lift his hat, dart away and leap upon the platform, before the train was under way.

Archibald Sherbrooke not only hoped to see her again, he did see her many times after that, for he contrived to be at the station on some pretext or other, or overtake her on the way thither, every day for nearly a week, and he was always greeted with a glad look and smile. Every day she grew more beautiful in his sight; every day his eyes told her so, and these chance(?) meetings grew very sweet to them both.

"You must come out to Yonkers, some day, and see Mr. Rosevelt," Star said, upon one of these occasions.

"There, I declare, we have found so much else to talk about that I have not even told you where I live," she said, laughing.

"And I am invited out to see Mr. Rosevelt, am I?" he asked, with a twinkle of mischief in his fine eyes.

"Yes," Star returned, demurely. "I know he will be very much pleased to see you—indeed, he said so when I told him of our meeting. He remembers how good to him you were after his rescue."

"Thanks. Then I shall certainly avail myself of your invitation, and go out to see Mr. Rosevelt some day very soon," he said, with a grave bow; but his eyes told her that she would be the star to attract him thither.

"You say he remembers what transpired on the steamer. Do you remember, too, Miss Star, how you told me at parting that I should always be your friend—that you would never forget me?"

Star's glorious eyes drooped, and the quick color rushing upward, stained all her fair face to those soft yellow curls on her forehead.

"I have not forgotten," she murmured, softly.

"Neither have I, as perhaps this will prove to you," said the young man, lifting a tiny locket which hung from his watchchain, and, touching a spring, held it up before her.

It contained nothing save a tress of shining hair, and Star knew in an instant to whom it had once belonged.

Like a flash she remembered the cameo that he had given her as a souvenir, and a choking sensation came into her throat.

She knew by the way he was looking at her—by the way he had asked her if she "remembered"—that he was wondering if she had kept his gift as he had treasured that lock of silken hair.

There was not a piece of jewelry about her person, and he had remarked that fact the first time he met her there at the station.

"You have kept it all this time," she said, scarce knowing what to say from embarrassment, while she wondered what she ought to tell him about the cameo.

"Certainly I have kept it all this time. I urged you to give it to me, and you do not suppose I was going to cast it lightly aside, do you?"

"Perhaps not," she answered, with downcast eyes; "but I hardly thought you would keep it in—in such a way; and—oh! Mr. Sherbrooke, I have lost that lovely little cameo that you gave to me."

She looked up at him now, and he noted the troubled, even pained, expression that was in her eyes.

"Lost it!" he repeated; and, although he did not intend it, his face clouded, whether from disappointment or some other feeling she could not tell.

She could not bear that he should know how she had lost it, and she felt that she was guilty of no untruth when she explained its absence thus.

"Yes," she returned. "Please do not think that I did not prize it, for I did more than I can tell you, and I hope even yet to be able to recover it."

He did not reply, but his face had grown grave, almost severe, and she imagined there was something of constraint in his manner at parting with her.

She felt that he was hurt by her seeming carelessness or indifference for his costly little gift, and bitter tears kept welling to her eyes all the way home.

This was Thursday—she had first met young Sherbrooke the previous Friday, and there had not been the slightest cloud to mar their intercourse until now, though they had met almost every day—and Star went home feeling somewhat sad and depressed.

But the next morning her sadness disappeared when Mr. Rosevelt told her that he was feeling so strong and well that he would like a change, and he proposed to go to New York and call upon their young friend.

He had given Star his address, and when she left for school on Friday morning, it was arranged that Mr. Rosevelt should go to town that afternoon, and she would meet him at Mr. Sherbrooke's studio after school and they would return together.

It seemed, however, as if everything went wrong for our young friend that day. Her thoughts were playing truant, and half the time were far away in that artist studio where Mr. Rosevelt was visiting.

When the hour came for her to join them she was her own bright self once more; and when, in answer to her gentle knock upon his door, Archibald Sherbrooke opened it to admit her, he thought she had never seemed so lovely before.

He had begun to realize that he loved her more dearly than any other object on earth, and that his heart had not really been his own, if the truth were known, since that day when they had parted on the steamer; and he had that morning come to the conclusion that the time should not be far distant when he should tell her in words of the emotions she had awakened in his heart.

"This is a pleasure that I had not anticipated until about an hour ago," he said, with a brilliant smile, as he took her by the hand and led her into the room, where she found Mr. Rosevelt reclining comfortably in a luxurious chair.

"And this," Star said, looking around her with a long-drawn breath of delight, as she noted the many beautiful paintings hanging on the walls, "is a pleasure which I had not anticipated."

"Ah! then it is my work which shall give you pleasure, rather than my society, as I had presumed to flatter myself," the young man said, ruefully, and making a comical grimace, although his eyes were looking down into hers with an expression which made her tremble.

She laughed, while a lovely color leaped to her face. But she tried to hide her embarrassment by retorting, archly:

"I suppose I must be polite, and affirm that I expect to enjoy both; but really, Mr. Sherbrooke, although I knew you were an artist, I had no idea that you painted such delightful things."

"You give me more credit than belongs to me," he answered, smiling; "but wait until you are rested, and then I have something in particular to show you."

"Oh, I am not weary. Let me look now, if you please; we have only an hour, you know;" and she began to move about the room, examining with no uncritical eye the works upon the walls.

At length they came to a corner where there stood an easel, upon which there was a picture covered with a green cloth.

Mr. Sherbrooke removed the covering, simply saying:

"This is the picture that I particularly wished to show you."

It was quite a large painting, and represented a young man and maiden standing on board a steamer, while silver-tipped waves and a deep blue sky formed a charming background for their youthful figures.

The former stood in an eager attitude, with one hand extended, a smile on his handsome lips, a gleam of wistful admiration in his honest brown eyes, while his companion seemed to be clipping a tress from a massive braid of shining golden hair that hung over her shoulders.

The fair young girl was a faithful representation of Star as she had appeared on that day, which they both remembered so vividly, and in the act of severing that lock at his request. She stood with drooping eyes, a flush on her cheek, a half smile on her beautiful scarlet lips, a shy and modest grace in her posture, while her slender fingers daintily held braid and scissors.

Archibald Sherbrooke watched her as she gazed upon his picture, his heart in his earnest glance; while Star, although her eyes were riveted as if fascinated upon the familiar scene, could not say one word regarding it.

"What do you think of my work, Miss Gladstone?" he asked, gravely, and breaking the silence which was becoming very oppressive to him.

"It—it is very—correct, I think," she faltered, with averted eyes and deepening color.

An anxious gleam shot into his eyes at her reply.

"Have I displeased you by putting it on canvas?" he asked, earnestly.

"N-o," she returned, somewhat hesitatingly.

"I fear I have," he said, still more gravely than before. "Do not hesitate to tell me if you are offended, and I will obliterate it with one sweep of my brush."

His eye was full of pain, a deep flush burned on his cheek, while there was a thrill in his low, earnest tone that set her pulses bounding afresh.

She glanced up at him, smiling slightly:

"No, I am not offended," she said; "but I'm afraid I appeared very foolish that day to offer you a tress of my yellow hair."

"Have I made the picture appear so?" he asked quickly.

"No; you have made it altogether too beautiful," she answered, earnestly, and then was covered with confusion at having admitted so much.

"Thank you," he said, brightly, his face clearing. "I could not do that, if I had spent twice the time I did upon it, and"—bending nearer to her, and speaking in a tender tone—"it is a picture that I painted for myself alone; no one has ever seen it before, and I shall always keep it."

He covered it carefully with the cloth again as he ceased speaking.

"These are nearly all my work," he said, as she turned to look at some others; "they are the united work of an old artist, 'our master,' we call him, and of three of my friends—companion artists. We have been traveling together during the last ten months, and these pictures are some of the results of our pilgrimage. We are to return now in a couple of months, having spent our year in America both pleasantly and profitably, I trust. We had to make our headquarters somewhere, so we took this room as a sort of studio, and thus putting our work all together, we manage to make quite a respectable display."

"I am glad to have seen these pictures," Star said, "and to know they are all the work of my countrymen. I wish, however, that I was going back to England in a month or two," she concluded, with a sigh, and a tear springing to her eye.

"Do you?" her companion asked, eagerly. "Then you have not become weaned from your native land?"

"No, indeed," she said, earnestly. "I love it as dearly as ever, and if I live I shall go back some day to my home."

The young man bent toward her, an eager light in his eye; his lips parted as if he were about to speak, but Mr. Rosevelt, from the opposite side of the room, suddenly addressed some remarks to him, and he was obliged to turn his attention to him.

CHAPTER XIV.

"LET ME DEPICT YOUR FUTURE."

Before Mr. Rosevelt and Star left him, Mr. Sherbrooke arranged a little pleasure trip to Coney Island for the following day.

"I think I should enjoy the trip very much," Mr. Rosevelt said. "Yes, yes, Sherbrooke, thank you, we will accept your invitation." Star will, I think, be willing to shorten her [illegible] a trifle, so that we shall be able to leave the city by half-past ten."

Yes, Star said she would do that; and the matter once decided, her face brightened and her eyes glowed with anticipation.

As for Archibald Sherbrooke himself, he sat down after his guests had departed, and allowed his thoughts to have their own way.

"She is as lovely as a dream," he murmured, watching her from the window as she tripped lightly along by Mr. Rosevelt's side. "I did not think, when I started for America, that I was coming to meet my fate; but so it proves. Unless I can win Star Gladstone's love, the remainder of my life will not contain much that will be worth living for. And yet there is something that I cannot quite understand about her; there is a reserve, an occasional sadness, that seems strange in one so young, while once in a while she lets fall a word which makes me fear her life is not as bright as it should be. There is something of a mystery, too, about Mr. Rosevelt. How sort of 'seedy' and neglected he looked today, and I judged, when I met him before, that he was a man of abundant means, and without a care, pecuniarily."

He arose and went over to the easel, and removing the cloth, stood looking at the lovely girl with a world of affection in his handsome eyes.

"My glory-crowned Star," he murmured, "I began to love you the moment that you fell exhausted into my arms when you were rescued from the hungry jaws of death, and I will spend my life in winning you if need be. I have seen no other woman your equal during all my sojourn in America—at least, no one who has so moved

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This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

IF a prize were to be given for the best letter and the decision left to the sisters, it is quite certain that it would be awarded to the woman whose letter follows. She doesn't tell us of an easier way of doing our housework or a better method of caring for our babies, but from the sad experience of her own life, with its bitter after-knowledge, she gives other women a clearer understanding of what is best, and strength to go on in the face of difficulties.—Ed.

LOUISIANA.

DEAR LETTER FRIENDS:

I have watched from time to time for letters on divorce in our paper and have read each one with interest, and now I beg to say a few words on that subject. If it were not that I believe my life history will help others, I would remain silent, but I hope it will be a lesson to some one.

I married nineteen years ago a man I loved and one who loved me. He was a dreamer and a man easily flattered. I handled all the practical problems of the family and until eight years ago he was a successful man and a devoted father. At that time another woman came between us. I endured it for a year and at the end of that time we separated. I kept the children but he has helped support them. Today he is a failure, a nervous wreck. He married the woman but found that he did not love her. The constant drain she made on his purse and the fact that his expenses were doubled caused him to fail in business. He lived with a divided mind, his thoughts always with his children, whom he has seen only once in seven years. All of this he told me recently under heartbreaking conditions. Our oldest son who was seventeen died and his father came to the funeral. Afterward we had a talk. His grief was sharpened by the fact that his son had died regarding his father as guilty of conduct unbecoming a man, had not known nor could know what good qualities his father possessed. Thus seven years after our divorce we agreed that it had been a mistake, that it was a crime against the boy by whose coffin we met again. In my sorrow came a flash of light. I had failed. I had taken my husband for better or worse and when the worst arrived I failed him. I was not true to my marriage vow. I discarded him, separated him from his children. He was a dreamer and responded to flattery. I should have had more patience, and I say to any mother who is tempted to divorce the father of her children, have patience, keep him in the eyes of his children upright and honorable. Remember your marriage vow and try to think that for every fault in a human being there is a contrasting virtue. May this heart-breaking confession help some one as it is too late for me. My husband has returned to his wife and I have taken up the burden of being father and mother to our two children left. They are both girls and if possible they shall be fortified against wrecking their lives as their mother has wrecked hers.

Best wishes to all, HEART-BROKEN.

WARRIOR, ALA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Can't you hear me? Please let me come in. I look forward to the coming of COMFORT for then we all want to read it first. It surely deserves its name for could anyone wish for greater comfort than to open the paper, fall into a chair and devour its contents. The letters I find in COMFORT express my thoughts much better than I can. Send COMFORT to your friends for a Christmas or birthday present and after they have had it in their homes for a year they will never be without it.

I wonder if Mrs. Wallen is in school? I was left a widow at eighteen with one child. How was I to support myself and child? How was I to give the child an education? I wanted to enter school but how could I with a baby only a year old? Well, I went, but don't ask my classmates how many times I cried and how discouraged I became. I had a dear mother at home who cared for the baby, a dear father to give me encouragement, a very kind teacher and the best classmates in all the world, so who would not have succeeded under such surroundings? Now my child is in school and I am its teacher. If I had become discouraged I couldn't have given my child the advantages I am now able to give it, neither could I have the advantages I now enjoy.

The day before Thanksgiving I asked my pupils what they had to be thankful for. One little boy said he was thankful he had a good dog; another was thankful he did not have to stay after school and another was thankful he didn't have a broken leg. So we ought to be thankful for the things which we have and the things we have not.

I would like to correspond with readers between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five.

VIRDIE LEE JOINER.

Mrs. Joiner.—Apropos of being thankful, we are reminded of the words of Mrs. Wiggs: "Don't you go and git sorry fer yerself. That's one thing I can't stand in nobody. There's always lots of other folk you kin be sorry fer 'stead of yerself. Ain't you proud you ain't got a harelip? Why, that one thought is enough to keep me from ever gettin' sorry fer myself."—Ed.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I've been a silent reader of COMFORT for over ten years and I find it a great comforter too.

This is what I want to ask: What to do with and how to handle a jealous husband?

I do not expose my family troubles to my neighbors; in fact, I try to keep them hidden for nothing hurts my pride so much as to have anyone know that my husband and I do not get along well, and he seems to know that too. He is as good to me in some ways as any man on earth could be. He works hard and wants me to dress nicely and buys more expensive clothes for me than I buy for myself. He is always willing to help me with the cooking or washing when he is not busy, but he is always hunting for something to pout about.

If I go to a neighbor's house and stay a few minutes longer than he thinks I ought to, or go to town and don't hurry home, he will ask me if I saw such and such a man or say, "You must have found something interesting to stay so long," and he is really peeved too. He doesn't want me to go out with my women friends and can hardly stand it for me to talk

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Comfort Sisters' Recipes

WITH so many delightful holidays to choose from, February should be the most festive of all. Whether the decorations consist of a log cabin, a cherry tree and a hatchet, or hosts of hearts and fat little Cupids, it is bound to be a success. We are all patriotic, and romance, another's if not our own, appeals to us, and if the cherries and hearts are of pasteboard and the Cupid from the ten-cent store, who shall presume to criticize? It is the spirit that counts.—Ed.

BUTTERMILK DOUGHNUTS.—One cup of granulated sugar, one cup buttermilk, one teaspoon soda, one egg, one-half teaspoon grated nutmeg, one teaspoon salt, one teaspoon cream of tartar, one teaspoon baking powder, one-quarter teaspoon ground ginger and about three cups of bread flour. Beat well the sugar, egg and nutmeg, add buttermilk, leaving a tablespoon to dissolve soda in. Add other ingredients, beating smooth before adding flour. Use just enough flour to roll and handle easily. Fry in deep, hot fat.—MRS. ROBERT ALLENDER, Springfield, Ohio.

MOLASSES DROP COOKIES.—One cup sugar, two-thirds cup shortening; mix together and add one egg, one-third cup molasses, two teaspoons soda dissolved in one cup lukewarm water and pinch of ginger. Sift in four cups of flour, stir well and drop from spoon onto greased tins. Bake in quick oven. If these spread too much, add a little more flour.—MRS. L. M. B., Holden, Mo.

POTATO BISCUITS.—One and one-half cup flour, three teaspoons baking powder, one teaspoon salt, one cup mashed potato, one-quarter cup shortening and about one-half cup milk. Sift together flour, baking powder, and salt. Add shortening, then mashed potatoes. Mix and turn onto floured board. Knead slightly and pat into sheet about one inch thick. Cut in rounds and bake about fifteen minutes in hot oven.—MRS. EVA HAMMON, Los Angeles, Cal.

VALENTINE CAKES.—Stir one-half teaspoon of soda into one cup of thick sour milk, add one beaten egg and one cup of sugar. Sift together two even cups of sifted flour, one and three-fourths teaspoon of baking powder and one-fourth teaspoon of salt. Beat all together and, lastly, beat in one-eighth cup of melted butter. Pour into one large or several small round tins, reserving some of the dough for a small cake to



VALENTINE CAKES.

be baked in a round tin and cut up for the decorations. Bake in a moderate oven. When cake is cold, fill a paper funnel having a small opening with heavy whipped cream, and press the cream from the funnel into decorative shapes. Now onto the cream place in wing-fashion two half circles of cake cut from the upper crust of the small cake. In the center place a tiny cupid doll and under one arm place a small card which reads, "Be My Valentine."

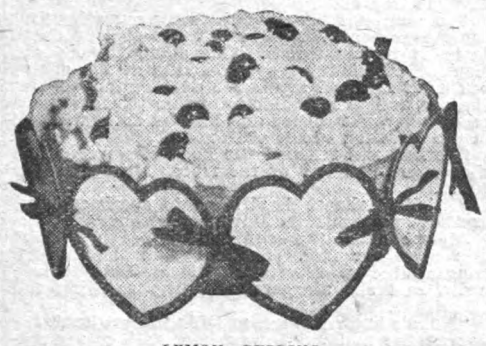
BROWN BREAD.—Two cups of whole wheat flour, three cups of corn meal, one cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one teaspoon each soda and salt dissolved in a little buttermilk. Make batter soft enough to drop from spoon and put in two well-greased one-pound coffee cans. Place in water almost to top of cans and let steam for two hours. Then take tops off cans and place in hot oven.—MRS. GERTIE POPE, Munford, Ala.

CINNAMON BREAD.—Beat to a smooth paste four tablespoons of sugar with an equal amount of shortening. Sift with two and one-half cups of flour, five teaspoons of baking powder, one teaspoon of cinnamon a half a teaspoon of salt. Rub the shortening mixture into the flour, mix to a soft dough with half a cup of milk and half a cup of water and stir in one cup of seeded raisins. Turn into a greased pan to the depth of one and one-half inches. Brush the top with melted butter, then sprinkle with two tablespoons of powdered sugar mixed with half a teaspoon of cinnamon. Bake twenty minutes.—MISS GLENDORA CLAPPER, Grayling, Kansas.

DIVINITY FUDGE.—Put three cups of granulated sugar, one cup of water and one cup of corn syrup, and let boil until it can be formed in a hard ball in water. Beat the whites of two eggs, and pour boiling syrup into them, beating constantly. It will require beating fifteen or twenty minutes. Beat in three fourths teaspoon salt and before hardening a large cup of English or black walnuts. Turn into a square pan and cut into squares before it hardens.—RUBY BOOTH, Washington, D. C.

PRUNE SALAD.—Wash two dozen prunes, remove pits and soak prunes over night. Mix together one and one half cups cottage cheese, one quarter teaspoon salt a little pepper and one half cup chopped walnuts and stuff the prunes with this mixture. Place three or four prunes on lettuce leaf and serve with French dressing made by beating well together one third cup salad oil, two tablespoons lemon juice, one half teaspoon salt, one quarter teaspoon pepper and paprika. Pour into bottle or jar and shake well.

LEMON PUDDING WITH VALENTINE DECORATIONS.—Soak three cups of rich milk, one heaping cup of fine bread-crumbs from the soft part of the bread, and one cup of package cocoanut for two hours. Cook ten minutes, then add three eggs and two-thirds cup of sugar well beaten together, and the grated rind of one lemon and about one-third of an orange, taking care that none of the white is used. Bake in a round deep dish in a



LEMON PUDDING.

very moderate oven about thirty minutes. When cold, cover with a frosting made as follows: One scant cup of granulated sugar, three even tablespoons of water, and the unbeaten white of one egg put all together in the upper part of a double boiler. Have rapidly-boiling water in the lower part of a boiler when the upper part is set in. Cook seven minutes, beating constantly with an egg beater. It is ready for use and will hold its shape. Decorate the frosting with candied cranberries which are prepared by dropping the cranberries into a boiling syrup made from equal parts of sugar and water. Only let them stand in the syrup a few moments, as the skins must not break. Dry on oiled paper. Repeat process if necessary.

Decorate the dish by cutting hearts from cardboard, edging them with red ink and tying together with narrow red ribbon.

Let the Boy Decide

If you feel that oats don't differ much, please let the boy decide. Serve Quaker Oats and some less flavory oats.

Do what he says about it.

The mother's problem is to make the oat dish tempting. This is the children's premier food—the greatest food that grows. It supplies 16 needed elements—1810 calories per pound. It is almost the ideal food in balance and completeness.

Quaker Oats are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats.

We get but ten pounds of such flakes from a bushel.

The result is a flavor which has won the world. Millions of mothers, nearly all the world over, get this brand for their children.

Your grocer will supply it if you ask for Quaker Oats. He will charge no fancy price.

The larger package—price, 30 cents—will serve 62 liberal dishes. Don't forget this when you order oats.

Quaker Oats

Flaked from flavory queen grains only

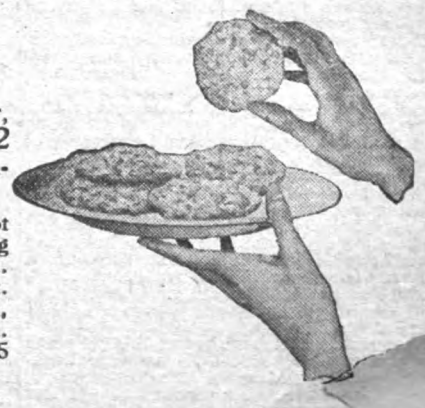
Packed in sealed round packages with removable covers

For Children's Delight

Quaker Macaroons

1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 eggs, 2½ cups Quaker Oats, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla. Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with teaspoons, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.



Love Will Find The Way

by Wenona Gilman



He leaned his head on his hand and looked down on his plate.



She turned and caught him by the arm like a tigress.



"You must not mind him. He don't know what he is saying."

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Junius Beckwith, a Westpointer, Anne Gordon, wealthy, Marian Reade, companion, friend and protegee of Anne Gordon, occupy a box at the Metropolitan Opera House. The curtain falls and Beckwith admits that "Lucia di Lammermore" has a depressing influence upon him and he cannot think of insanity without repulsion, no matter what the cause may be, and a marriage with either tainted, should be made a crime punishable by law. The next morning is Marian's birthday and deciding to go home, Anne Gordon, with a premonition that she ought to stay, exacts a promise, if any trouble comes, Marian will let her know first. Marian walks away and turning the corner meets June Beckwith and they go to the park. Remembering it is her birthday, he offers his love as a gift and asks her to be his wife. Happy in her love for June, Marian reaches home. Janet Reade, her grandmother, tells her that her mother is not dead but the inmate of a madhouse. What can she say to June? Hearing a voice, she answers to her father's call. He gives her a curious Venetian ring for a birthday gift, and questioning him where he got it he evades the answer and queries what Anne Gordon gives her. Showing the watch, her father berates Marian's friend. She might have given one thousand dollars, which he needs and will have. Marian, under the horror of all she hears, forgets all her grandmother told her, even forgets June Beckwith. Later in the night, recalling her promise to Anne Gordon, she goes to her home. A light flashed from a window opposite shows a rope hung from Anne Gordon's window, and in the window her father's face. Reaching home, Marian meets her father, tells him where he has been, and for no honest purpose, and demands that he return all he has stolen. He refuses, and only after her earnest pleading does he ask what she will do for him. Little dreaming the price she must pay, she asks for nothing but to serve him and she seals the promise upon her mother's Bible. Left alone, Paul Reade decides to keep one ring. Marian writes June she does not love him and that her soul is withered as much as the flower she encloses. Her father assures her he has obtained a position in the brokerage business and rented a house down town. June is stunned upon receiving Marian's letter and welcomes his friend, Fred Underwood, who tells him Paul Reade is a most unscrupulous villain and the house he has rented is a decoy for gamblers, that Marian is not as innocent as she appears. June cannot believe it, and Underwood will prove it to him if he cares to go. June calling upon Anne, she tells of Paul Reade's sudden wealth, and June, knowing where it comes from, as a friend, forbids Anne to go to Marian Reade's home. Going to the reception, Underwood requests Paul Reade to introduce Marian. In the meanwhile June appears with a message from Miss Gordon. He invites Marian for a waltz which she ends with Dick Gresham, the most notorious gambler in New York. The evening ended, Marian faces her father and asks who were those people. She receives no satisfaction from his answer—he expects her to receive them with courtesy, she has sworn to obey him. Anne begs Marian to come to her for a home, to divulge the secret that troubles her and she denies she has one. June Beckwith calls upon Anne, who defends Marian and with tears in her eyes pleads with him not to condemn her. If he never loved Anne before he thinks he does now and she is willing to be his wife. Marian speaks to her father of her mother and what has kept her from Marian all these years. She must see her. Her father refuses and Marian insists. There are those who will help. Paul Reade requests Ezra Morris, whose mother is hopelessly insane and confined in a house built especially for her, to allow Marian to visit her, believing she is her mother. Returning home she cries, "will the inheritance come to her?" Dick Gresham announces Anne's betrothal to Junius Beckwith, and for several days Marian remains in her room. Again mingling with her father's guests, she is introduced to Elliott Dwight, a multi-millionaire who, by his words and manner, arouses Marian's suspicions as to his motives. She demands of her father, and before his guests, to deny that she is an inmate of a gambling house, a decoy by his will for his guests, that it is not as Elliott Dwight says. Her father's silence convinces her it is true and in her anguish Marian leaves the house. She is stopped by Fred Underwood. Her heart sinks. June believes her guilty. Underwood assures her June loves her.

CHAPTER XXI.

A DEAD HOPE.

A THRILL of warmth and life passed through Marian's heart as she listened to those low-spoken words. She bowed her head, and did not resist the directing hand of the man whom she had learned to trust in those few moments, in spite of the stinging blow which her confidence in the sex had but just received. She gave herself into his hands with a blind obedience to his will that would have touched a less sensitive man than Fred Underwood.

He did not speak to her again, but called a cab when they had reached the corner, and placed her in it. She did not listen to his directions to the coachman, but shrank back into the corner, and remained there until he took her by the arm and gently lifted her out.

The massive building before which they had drawn up was elegantly lighted, but she had no difficulty in recognizing it to be a hotel. Still, she asked him no questions, but waited in the ladies' parlor until he had secured her a room. He led her to it himself.

"I shall call for you to take you to breakfast in the morning," he said gently. "Don't go down until you receive my card. Will you promise?"

She looked up at him gratefully.

"Yes," she said slowly.

"Then good night."

"Wait one moment. There is one thing I want to ask before you go. Did—did he—Mr. Beckwith—believe that—that awful thing of me?"

Underwood hesitated. He disliked to tell her that, and yet there was nothing else to do.

"We all believed it," he answered at last, "There was nothing else for us to believe. You must not be too hard on us. Did you not tell—Miss Gordon that you knew?"

"Knew what?"

"Knew you were there among gamblers—knew that your father's associates were people of that class?"

"No."

"She sent for you, did she not? She asked you to leave your home and come to live with her?"

"Yes."

"And you refused, giving as your excuse that you could not leave your father?"

"Yes."

"You told her that you knew of his disgrace."

Marian fell back with a little cry.

"And she meant—this?" she gasped. "She knew that my father was using me for an infamous purpose, and believed that I was lending myself to it? She believed me capable of that?"

"Then to what did you refer, Miss Reade?"

She hung her head, and even under that depth of misery a vivid flush colored her white cheeks.

"I cannot answer," she said hoarsely. "My disgrace and his are great enough. I cannot add to it. You have been kind to me, Mr. Underwood. You have shown me friendship when I needed friendship most, and God will bless you. Good night."'

"You will remember your promise about breakfast?"

She hesitated. All the old bitterness was burning in her passionate eyes again.

"Give the promise back to me!" she cried out. "It is much better not. You have saved me from a great sin—that of suicide. I promise that I will think of that no more; but there is that in my life which I can tell to no one. The shame of living among gamblers is not the only one that attaches to me, and I should be but a source of sorrow to those who love me."

"It can't do you any harm to give us time to talk this over," he answered, feeling that it was worse than useless to attempt to argue with her at that time. "You are tired and worn out. You are not fit to think, much less plan for the future. Let me come tomorrow and talk to you. I agree that I will not insist on your doing anything. It is much better for you to act under advice than to rush into something that may bring you only trouble in the future."

"You will say nothing to Miss Gordon of my whereabouts?"

"Not until I have received your permission."

"You are very good to me."

"You will wait?"

"I will wait."

"Good night. Go to bed and to sleep. You are exhausted. Don't try to think tonight. You may be perfectly sure that whatever plans you would make would be certain to go wrong in your present mental state. I shall do the thinking for you. God help you, little one!"

He closed the door upon himself without giving her time to reply, and she listened to his quick footfall as it went down the hall. Then she turned around with a little sigh and looked about her.

There was nothing wild or hysterical about her. She seemed to be half-stupefied under the blow that she had received. She sat down on the side of a chair for a few moments, then mechanically began to undress herself. She crept into bed, almost unconscious of her own act. The mental bewilderment made thought chaotic, and under the numbing effect of her terrible sorrow she fell asleep.

Underwood's card was brought her the following morning before she had finished dressing. She sent a message and joined him a few minutes later in the parlor. He had ordered breakfast in a private room, and led her there, looking down into the shadowed face with much earnestness.

"Did you sleep?" he asked, when the door of the breakfast-room had been closed upon them.

"Yes. It was singular, was it not?"

"No. A shock like that will often induce sleep. I thought you would. Are you feeling better?"

"I don't know. I had not thought of it. There is so much else to consider that there has not been time for reflection on that subject."

"Then you have thought of other things?"

"I don't believe I have."

"You have waited for me. That was right. Well, we are going to consider it all now. I am going to tell you a most astonishing thing."

He did not continue, though she looked at him questioningly, and she asked at last:

"What is that?"

"There is not a word of all that which occurred last night in the papers this morning. I have looked over every one carefully, and not a syllable of it all is in print."

"That is surprising."

"Surprising? It is a miracle!"

He leaned his head on his hand and looked down at his plate. For the first time Marian observed how pale and worn he was. That knowledge seemed to give her courage. She could not understand it; but his weariness seemed to act upon her like a tonic. She was silent for a little while, then she exclaimed slowly:

"What is there in the fact of its not being in the papers that affects you so seriously, Mr. Underwood?"

He rose suddenly and went to the mantelpiece. He leaned his elbow there and looked down in the empty grate for a moment in troubled silence, then he said, without glancing in her direction:

"It places me in the most uncomfortable position that I have ever been in in my life. There is no reason why I should not tell you, for I feel that I can trust you. Miss Reade, Miss Gordon is the betrothed wife of June Beckwith."

He was looking at her very straight then. He was leaning against the mantelshelf, with his hands thrust deep into the pockets of his trousers. A red spot burned in either cheek, and there was a light in the blue eyes which no one had ever seen there before.

She started, but her eyes did not wander from his.

"I know it," she answered, in a low tone.

"Well, the case is this: I am betraying no one's confidence, only giving my own. June loves you. Anne Gordon loves June, and—I love Anne Gordon."

"Mr. Underwood!"

Marian was on her feet, and would have approached him, but he waved her back.

"Not yet!" he exclaimed. "I am too weak for sympathy. Let me go on. June knows all this; but Miss Gordon is entirely ignorant of his affection for you. Now, this is my situation. How will it be possible for me to tell this story to Miss Gordon and June without—without——"

"Without being accused of doing it to gratify your own ends? You can't. You must not. I am sorry for you, Mr. Underwood, deeply sorry; but even if you did this thing it would only place you in a false position and do no good. Under no circumstances could I ever be June Beckwith's wife!"

She dropped her head before replying.

"Why?"

"Because of the shame that attaches to me. Would you want it said of your wife that——"

"Anything, if I loved her!" he answered passionately. "What is there in all the world that can count against that? There is nothing under heaven that could separate me from the woman I loved—except my honor. I told you I was coming here today to advise you, to tell you what it was right that you should do, and instead I have come to ask advice of you. What am I to do? What are we both to do?"

"Nothing. I tell you there is nothing that can be done. We are in the hands of fate. My case is hopeless. I ask you, for my sake, to say nothing. It would but make it all the harder for me. There is nothing that I would not give up for Anne Gordon's sake. I love her as no girl ever loved her sister. I should still entreat of you to be silent, if every obstacle were removed between me and—Mr. Beckwith. What is your answer? What are you going to do?"

He turned away with a little groan and hid his face on his arm.

"Somehow I felt hope strong within me last night," he answered wearily. "But it is dead this morning. I shall be silent for the present, because I must."

CHAPTER XXII.

PAUL READE'S ADMISSION.

There was some psychic influence or some presentiment of evil in the atmosphere of Paul Reade's home that evening, for it was impossible for Janet Reade to sleep. All night she tossed from side to side, fitfully dozing occasionally, but to awake with a start a moment later.

More than once it had occurred to her to get up and go to Marian's room, to see that all was well with her dear one, but then came the reflection that she would but disturb her, and she remained where she was, awaiting the morning.

But as morning broke she became more calm, and fell into a sleep from which she did not awaken until the clock was on the stroke of nine. There was a dismal oppression upon her. It seemed somehow that some horrible thing had occurred during the night, and unable to rid herself of the thought, she arose at last, dressed herself hastily, and hurried to Marian's room. The bed was undisturbed.

She could not have explained the sensation that came over her. A horror like the grip of death fastened in her throat. She stood there for a moment with dilated eyes, looking at the snowy bed as if it could give some explanation of that absence, and then, unable to endure the mute message longer, she turned and hurried down the hall in the direction of her son's room.

She had not reached the door, however, when she came upon one of the maids sitting on the stairs.

"Estelle," she said, striving to speak without excitement, "has Miss Marian gone out?"

Almost before the sentence was begun the girl was upon her feet. Something in the flushed, frightened face seemed to alarm Janet Reade anew, and she staggered slightly, catching the balustrade.

"I don't know, ma'am, anything about her," answered the maid. "I was just waiting for you to wake before going to you. Miss Marian did not sleep in her room last night."

"But she was here at nine o'clock. She kissed me good night before I went to bed."

"I know, ma'am, and it is that which frightens me. Miss Marian was here at one o'clock last night."

"How do you know?"

"I was up. I saw her go to her room. I went in this morning as usual—but she was not there."

"It is strange. Estelle, I don't know whether I dreamed it, or whether there was some excitement in the house last night. What was it?"

"An awful thing, ma'am. You did not dream it."

"What was it? Speak out."

"One of the gentlemen—offended Miss Marian. She called her father an—— Oh, ma'a… an awful thing to tell you, but—— Marian found out that this is a—a… house, and——"

"A what?"

"A gambling house!"

There was a long silence. It seemed … Reade that every drop of blood in her … suddenly grown stagnant. She could sc… lieve the evidence of her own senses.

"What is it—that you are—saying?" … manded hoarsely.

"That this is a gambling house, ma'a… was a terrible scene. I never saw any… it in all my life. Miss Marian called h… and every man in the house heard what … to him. She went to her room after … I have not seen her since."

There was another silence, a trifle lon… the first; then, as if death spoke in … tones of her voice, the old woman said f…

"Wait for me here, Estelle. I may n…"

With tottering step she walked in the … of her son's room. She opened the door … a knock, and went in.

He was sitting beside a table with a … brandy before him, his disheveled hair and … eyes telling their own story. He looke… she entered, his face growing hard and … he recognized her.

"Paul," she said faintly, "what have y… with Marian?"

"What have I done with Marian?" he … "Nothing. I have done nothing with h… her, but she has ruined me! Ruined me, … hear? I have not dared to even look at … There is not a human being that will eve… these doors again as long as I live. Cu… I have never had anything but torture f… and her infernal mother since——"

"Hush! You shall not speak like tha… presence. All the torture that you have … was of your own making. If you are ruin… it was a ruin that you have brought up… self. Paul Reade, is it true that the pla… you have taught your daughter and you… to call home is a gambling-house?"

"Yes!" he cried defiantly, and with a s… that of a rabid dog. "Yes! So she has t… Well, she told the truth. It is a gamblin… I had her here for the entertainment … friends. I had her here to attract the f… would not have been attracted by play… came because she was beautiful, and th… not refuse to play after they had acce… hospitality. Now you know. Are you bet… fied?"

She did not reply. She could not. The … old face was set and cold. She was … against the wall, looking at him as if s… scarcely believe the evidence of her own … ears. There was a long silence betwee… during which Paul Reade poured out a … brandy and drained it. She did not rem… with him. It is doubtful if she even s… though her eyes were fixed upon him.

She did not know how long she stood t… she saw that there was nothing further … gained from him. She turned away weak… tottered to the door. When she had rea… she paused with her hand on the knob, and … to him again.

"Do you know where Marian is?" she … without a word of reproach.

"Isn't she here?"

"No."

"Then I suppose she has gone to th… friend of hers who is the cause of all these … notions that she has got into her head. … pose she has gone to tell Anne Gordon … scoundrel her father is."

Janet Reade did not wait for the conclu… of the sentence. She had heard enough. … frenzy was upon the now thoroughly … man.

He got up and staggered after her. He … open the door, which she had closed behi… her, and called out with one of those laughs th… only a drunken man can produce:

"Go there and find her, old lady! G… and give her my love! And be sure, when y… get there, to tell Anne Gordon that it was … who stole all her pretty jewels. Tell her that, … she will call for it, I will give her back the … tiful ring that I kept from the lot. Tell h… that Marian, her beloved friend, was the swee… child who persuaded me to return them."

She turned and caught him by the arm … a tigress.

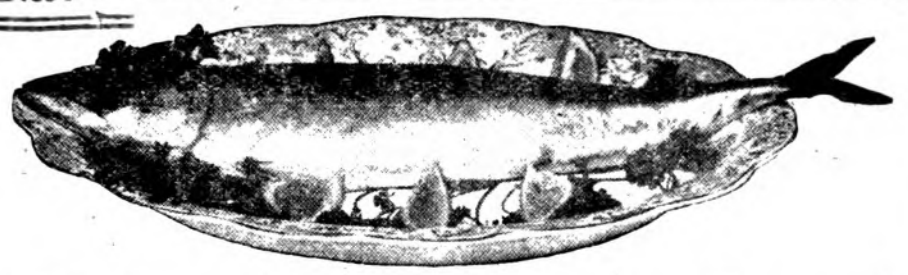
"What is that you are saying?" she de… anded hoarsely.

"The truth!" he cried, with another of … fiendish laughs. "She never told you? … is like her. Well, I stole the jewels, and … saw me do it. She forced me to return … but I forced her, in return, to come in… house with me. She did not know what … was, or she would not have come to have sa… me from the penitentiary. That is like her love. … I got even with her for making me give them up. … I got even with her! I got even with her!"

He turned and reentered the room, conti… to repeat the sentence, and laughing all the … like a maniac. He slammed the door behind … and she heard him still going over the words … one hears in a dream.

The horror of it all had stunned her. She … not moved, when the same maid who had spoken to her in the hall advanced and placed her hand gently on her arm.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 35.)



Fish as a Winter Food

By Violet Marsh

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IN most parts of the country, fish is a very safe food in winter as the cold weather aids materially in keeping it fresh while in transportation and in storage. Much of the fish caught in a freezing temperature is at once spread and allowed to freeze hard before it is packed for shipment, and arrives in our markets in this condition. Frozen fish, if it has been kept frozen, is uninjured, and if carefully thawed in very cold water will have all the flavor of freshly-caught fish. It must be removed from the water as soon as the frost is out of the fish, and wiped dry, for if allowed to soak the flesh loses its hard, firm consistency, will be flavorless and break to pieces while cooking.

Those who find difficulty in obtaining fresh fish in winter may safely resort to the smoked, salted and canned varieties, salmon being the most valuable among the latter. Salted mackerel is usually packed in half barrels and shipped to all parts of the country, and in this particular fish is found our most valuable preserved variety for winter use, as its high content of fat protects it against loss of nitrogenous material through salting. Fish containing little or no fat must not be relied on for nourishment when once it has been either dry salted or soaked in brine, and should be served with an egg or drawn-butter sauce made with milk. Salt fish should be soaked in fresh cold water, with the skin side up, to draw out the salt. Over night is none too long, and sometimes as long as twenty-four hours is necessary.



FISH-BALLS, TURNIPS AND BEETS.

Smoked salmon and whitefish are favorites among the cured varieties and are delicious and appetizing. To prepare the whitefish, cover with boiling water and let it remain fifteen minutes, then remove all the bones, cover again with boiling water and keep just at the boiling point for ten minutes. Salmon is prepared in the same way, except that it is sliced before soaking and should stand a little longer in the boiling water. Both kinds may then be flaked, mixed with an egg or butter sauce. It also makes a delicious dish when escalloped with bread-crumbs, or rice and strained tomato. The addition of a few left-over peas or carrots makes an appetizing combination.



FRYING FISH-BALLS IN DEEP FAT.

As the juices of all fish flesh are alkaline, it is well to use either lemon juice, tomato sauce or vinegar as a neutralizing agency. Of these three acids probably that of the lemon is the most valuable. Long before these days of dietetic research, sailors knew that lemons were an unfailing preventive of scurvy, and in some countries vessel owners were compelled by law to carry a sufficient supply of this valuable fruit for every man aboard ship. Canned tomato is also used for a like purpose when men are dependent on a diet lacking in fresh foods. Vinegar should be used sparingly, for while it contains a valuable acid, it is more or less irritating.

Recipes for Cooking Fish

TUNA LOAF.—Pick into small pieces one full-sized can of tuna fish and with a fork mix it with three tablespoons of either cream, or canned milk, one cup of soft biscuit crumbs, one tablespoon of spicy chopped pickle, one-eighth teaspoon of white pepper, one-half teaspoon of salt and two well-beaten eggs. When well blended, turn onto a lightly-floured board and shape into a loaf, then roll in fine stale bread-crumbs. Place very thin slices of salt pork or bacon in a baking tin, lay the loaf on them, dot the top with butter and bake in a moderately hot oven thirty minutes. Serve with a well-seasoned white or egg sauce.

BAKED FISH.—Use whitefish, bluefish, flounder or other fish not rich in flavor nor fat. Clean and split down the back. Wipe dry. Make a mixture of one-fourth cup of salad oil, two tablespoons of lemon juice, one-half teaspoon of scraped onion, a small pinch of poultry dressing, salt and pepper. Spread over the fish, let it stand one hour, giving it an occasional basting and turning. Dip in bread-crumbs, pour a little strained tomato over the top and bake in a hot oven. If the fish appears to be drying, add a very little hot tomato occasionally.

STEAMED CANNED SALMON.—Drain one large can of salmon, saving the juice. Pick into small pieces, mix with one-half cup of light cream, two well-beaten eggs, one cup of freshly-boiled and mashed potato, one-half cup of fine biscuit crumbs, one-half teaspoon of salt and a little pepper. Stir with a fork. Turn into a brown-bread tin, or small pail having a tight-fitting cover and steam one hour. Serve with a sauce made as follows: On the back of the stove in a sauce-pan melt two tablespoons of butter, smooth in three tablespoons of dry flour, and when it bubbles add one and one-half cup of hot liquid, using the fish juice and enough milk to make up the quantity. Add salt and pepper to taste, and lemon juice, chopped pickle or other acid to give a bright flavor.

SALT MACKEREL.—Soak in cold water, fish side down, from twelve to twenty-four hours, changing the water occasionally. There are three satisfactory ways of cooking salt mackerel; boiling, broiling and baking.

To boil, cover well with cold water, slowly bring to a boil and keep at a simmering heat until it flakes.

To broil, wipe dry, lay on a well-greased bread toaster, and cook over a bed of hot, bright coals, first cooking the flesh side a little, and turning frequently. Have ready some melted butter to which a little pepper has been added and pour it over the top.

To bake, lay in a baking tin that is only a little larger than the fish, sprinkle with a little pepper and bread-crumbs, cover with either milk or strained tomato and bake in a hot oven.

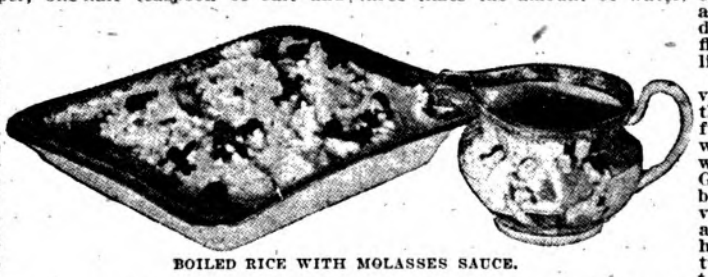
SALT CODFISH BALLS.—Soak one cup of raw salt fish over night in cold water. Drain and pick into inch pieces. Pare and cut into several pieces enough raw potato to make about three cupfuls. Put the potatoes and fish into a stew-pan with the fish on top, add boiling water until it reaches nearly the top of the potato, and boil until the potato is done. Drain well, mash fish and potato together and beat until light with two tablespoons of butter and a little pepper. When partly cool, add one well-beaten egg and beat hard. With the spoon, shape each ball a little and place them in a wire basket and fry in smoking hot fat until a golden brown. Only do a few at a time as they cool the fat quickly. Combined with boiled turnips cut into strips, and boiled beets, you have a "tasty" dinner.

SMOKED SALMON.—Cut into thin slices, soak several hours in cold water, drain, cover with boiling water and let stand at a simmering heat twenty minutes. Drain, pick into fine pieces and add to it a hot white sauce well seasoned with butter.

Another delicious dish is to mix four unbeaten eggs, four tablespoons of milk stirred smooth with one of dry flour and one cup of finely-picked salmon prepared as above. Beat together with a spoon, put two tablespoons of butter into a frying-pan and pour in the mixture. Stir continually over not too hot a cover until the egg is creamy. Serve on hot buttered toast or with baked potatoes.

Other Seasonable Recipes

VENISON ROASTED AND BROILED.—Venison is one of the most easily digested meats, and is highly recommended for invalids. The usual way of roasting is after the rule for roast beef, and should be cooked rare as it dries and loses its flavor from hard cooking. In Virginia, the favorite way is to wash the roast in a weak vinegar water and then thoroughly rub with warm fat. It is then covered with a well-greased paper, and over this a flour-and-water paste is spread. It is again wrapped in greased paper and allowed to stand until the following day when it is roasted between closely-fitting pans on a rack. Cover the bottom of the pan with boiling water but do not allow it to reach the rack. The oven should be hot. A ten-pound roast should cook about two and one-half hours. When about half done, baste thoroughly every fifteen minutes, and when nearly done remove the papers and baste with currant jelly that has been melted with three times the amount of water, or with cider, after first dredging with flour and a little salt.



BOILED RICE WITH MOLASSES SAUCE.

In broiling venison for the sick, carefully trim and wipe with a wet cloth. Grease the broiler with venison fat and broil over hot live coals, turning every ten seconds. The steak should be cut fully one inch thick and broiled four minutes.

BROWNED CHESTNUTS.—Large Italian chestnuts are the best for this purpose. On one side of each nut make two incisions which cross each other. Cook in boiling water to cover for thirty-five minutes, or until soft when pierced with a toothpick. Drain and remove the shells and under brown skins. Have salad oil in a sauce-pan, pour in the nuts and brown while constantly turning and moving them about. Sprinkle with salt as they are removed from the hot oil.

QUICK SALAD DRESSING.—Into the bottom of a bowl put the unbeaten yolks of two eggs. Mix together one teaspoon of dry mustard, one teaspoon of sugar, one-eighth teaspoon of black pepper, a dash of cayenne and one teaspoon of salt, and add to the egg with two tablespoons of vinegar and two tablespoons of lemon juice. Beat hard with a spoon until thoroughly blended. Now take the egg beater and gradually beat in one and one-half cup of salad oil, beating until light and stiff.

APRICOT WATER ICE.—Pour two cups of boiling water over one cup of sugar, bring to a boil, cook eight minutes and set away until cold. Mash half a can of apricots through a coarse sieve, eliminating the skins, and add to syrup. Pack and freeze the same as ice-cream.

BOILED RICE WITH MOLASSES SAUCE.—Wash one cup of rice through several waters until all the loose starch is removed, and drain it. Have five quarts of water boiling hard, add one teaspoon of salt, and slowly drop in the rice. If the water ceases to boil at any time, stir the rice gently from the bottom of stew-pan with a fork so not to break the grains. Boil rapidly for about twenty-five minutes. Drain rice through a colander, cover it with a cloth, and set the colander over hot water where the rice grains will swell and keep separate. If desired, seedless raisins that have stood in hot water twenty minutes may be added to the drained rice.

SAUCE.—One cup of good molasses, one-half cup of water and two tablespoons of vinegar cooked slowly for ten minutes. Two minutes before the sauce is done, add half a cup of small seedless raisins that have been soaked for five minutes in boiling hot water and well drained.

DATE TAPIOCA.—In a double boiler bring one cup of milk to a scald, then stir in one and one-half tablespoons of granulated tapioca and one-third teaspoon of salt, and cook twenty minutes, stirring frequently. Beat one egg, add four tablespoons of granulated sugar and stir into the tapioca. Cook three minutes then stir in one-third cup of dates that have been skinned, stoned and cut into small pieces, and pour into serving dish. Serve with a lemon sauce made as follows: Cream one-third cup of butter with three-fourths cup of sugar mixed with one and one-half level tablespoon of flour. Pour over it one and one-half cup of boiling water, stir smooth and cook eight minutes. Add one small lemon cut into thin slices without peeling. Remove the seeds. Let stand fifteen minutes without further cooking.

APPLE SLUMP.—Into the bottom of a deep sauce-pan that will cover tightly put five apples, peeled, cored and cut into eighths, adding one-half cup each of molasses and sugar, one-eighth teaspoon of salt, one-fourth teaspoon of grated nutmeg, and about half a cup of water. Cook hard without stirring until the apples are about half done, then add soft dumplings made as follows: One cup of flour, one rounding teaspoon of baking powder, a little salt and one teaspoon of butter. Mix with milk to the consistency of a soft biscuit dough. Drop in spoonfuls onto the apple mixture, cover tight and cook twenty minutes without lifting the cover. The amount of water used will somewhat depend on how juicy the apples are. Dish dumplings onto deep serving dish and pour over the apple and juice. Serve with whipped cream.

RAISIN-APRICOT PUDDING.—One cup of washed seedless raisins, one cup of drained canned apricots from which the skins have been removed, and one-half cup of water. Bring to a boil, and thicken by stirring in one-half cup of sugar which has been thoroughly mixed with two tablespoons of corn-starch. Cook five minutes, add the juice of half a lemon, one-half cup of apricot juice and a pinch of salt. Beat until smooth and set away to cool. Add more sugar if necessary. Pour the mixture into a pudding dish, and cover with a rich biscuit dough made of one cup of flour. Dot with butter. Bake in a hot oven until brown. Serve with a sauce made as follows: Into a double boiler put one cup of marshmallows, and when thoroughly softened gradually beat in one-half cup of rich milk or cream and one teaspoon of vanilla. Serve cold. Sweetened and flavored whipped cream is also delicious with this pudding.

RASPBERRY FLUFF.—Put one pint of canned raspberries through a sieve to remove the seeds. Add the juice of one orange, one tablespoon of lemon juice and one cup of sugar. Bring to a boil and simmer until thick, stirring frequently. Pour the fruit onto four stiffly-beaten egg whites, beat well together, and pour the mixture into a deep earthen baking dish. Bake fifteen minutes in a hot oven and serve at once with whipped cream.

Of the world's oyster crop, approximately five-sixths come from the Atlantic Coast of the United States.



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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

to any of the men of the neighborhood, especially if they are single, and all this in his presence even. I can't treat my neighbors and company as nice as I'd like because he gets mad, and acts so that he hurts my feelings and wounds my pride. I try not to notice it but my friends ask me why he acts that way. Now I have tried being kind and patient with him but the kinder I treat him the worse he gets. I have talked the matter over with him in a good way and told him that he was making my life miserable as well as his own. Just last night, our little boy, five years old, was invited to a children's party and asked me to go with him, but I got him ready and let him go with some children living near, just to prevent a fuss. I have been thinking of that all day for I know mothers and fathers should pal with their children and make them feel that they are interested in their pleasures. He was the sole cause of my refusal to accompany my boy. He didn't say a word but began to pout the minute the child mentioned going for he thought I was going with him. I have tried going to places whether or no but there is always a big fuss when I come home. I have even tried playing jealous and making a fuss but nothing seems to do any good. I have stood this seven years and am willing to stand it longer if any of the sisters can give me any encouragement that he can be broken of the habit. I'll do my best. He says he loves me and that I do not care for him or I would be jealous too. He is wrong, for I do love him very much but his jealous heart and lack of confidence is turning me from him. Please help me if you can. I am twenty-three years of age and he is fourteen years my senior.

LENA.

Lena.—That husband of yours is too much of a problem for me but maybe someone who has had a similar one can tell you what to do.—Ed.

KENTUCKY.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Do you, my dear friends, think it is a sin to tell a falsehood in order to keep down some great trouble?

Also what do you think of "love at first sight"? This may seem a foolish question but I would like to know if true love ever does come at first sight?

I have never had the courage to write before for I know there are many letters more interesting than mine.

I live on a small farm in Kentucky. Am five feet, six inches tall, dark brown hair and eyes and am eighteen years of age.

KENTUCKY LASSIE.

Kentucky Lassie.—My, such a lot of subjects you have given us to talk about. We'll see what the rest think about them.—Ed.

LORAIN, 1307 Eighth St., OHIO.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

This is my first attempt to get into the corner and I truly hope someone will hear me knocking and open the door. I've taken COMFORT for years; that is, I've read it for years as someone in my family has taken it when I haven't. The Sisters' Corner is my favorite. I am at present corresponding with two of the sisters and enjoy their letters so much that I catch myself watching the mailman closely when it is time to hear from them.

I have come for help. I've seen many helpful ideas in COMFORT but don't remember anything about the sisters entertaining their club. I belong to a club of young married women, none over thirty years, and there are eight of us. We are known as the "Daisy Club" and meet once every two weeks, on Friday night. We meet at night because our Johns, Bobs and Freds take care of the youngsters for us. We look forward to an evening free from household duties and care of children. We always have contests, two of them, play a game or two, then have lunch of not over two eatables and a drink. It doesn't cost very much that way and we aren't allowed to go beyond one dollar for the four contest prizes. Fifty cents for first and ten cents for second and twenty-five cents for one and five cents for another. We are getting to be great bargain hunters, trying to get something nice for the money we are allowed to spend. It is fun, trying to get a better bargain than someone else. I won a box of writing paper at the last club meeting, and a small crocheted doily.

I would like to have the sisters tell me of any contest, not too hard, and games that we might play at our meetings. We have had all the books in our Public Library treating on the same and we are slowly but surely running out of contests and games.

To change the subject, I wonder if anything can be done to cure my two boys of fighting. One is eight and the other six and from the time they get up in the morning until they go to bed at night it's nothing but quarrel. I hate to have them grow up with a habit of that kind and they are also setting a bad example for their little two-year-old brother. Will some of the sisters that have had experience in breaking their children of this habit, write and tell me how it was done? Don't tell me your children never fought; I hate to think that mine are the only ones that never do that. But wouldn't it be heavenly if none of us ever quarreled.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

Cubby Bear's Pride

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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CUBBY Bear was on a visit to his little cousins, Bonniebelle and Jackie Bear, and one evening they all went out for a walk with Uncle Bear, to see Silver Waterfall by moonlight.

On their way home, they were crossing a broad, smooth road, when Cubby exclaimed:

"What is that I hear? Oh, oh, I believe it is one of those awful creatures I saw once before—yes, I can see its great eyes of fire now, coming this way along the road!"

"Yes, yes!" cried Uncle Bear, "it is a frightful monster-o'-squeal! Quick, quick, hide here among the bushes!"

"Honk, honk, ho-o-onk!" shrieked the monster, as it rushed toward them.

They were nearly blinded by the bright light, but were all out of its way as it sped past.

"We can leave the road now," said Uncle Bear, as they stood watching the red light disappearing down the road, "our way lies back through the good, safe woods again." He crossed the road leading Jackie and Bonniebelle, then turned to see if Cubby followed.

But Cubby was looking at something in the road which the others had not noticed.

"Come and see what I have found," he said. "The monster must have thrown it out here. What can it be?"

They turned it over and looked at it on all sides, but could not tell what it was.

"We will carry it home, anyway," said Uncle Bear. "Perhaps it could be used for a chair, or a footstool."

In the morning, they showed the object Cubby had found, to Auntie Bear.

"What can it be?" she asked. "It is pretty—so smooth and brown, just the color of the leaves on the ground when the snow goes off in spring."

"It's something for me to jump over," said Jackie, who liked to boast. "I will set it up on end, the highest way, and show you how I can jump. Watch me!"

He tried, but instead of clearing it, his hind paws struck against the top, and over it tumbled, Jackie with it.

He started to scream, but stopped in the midst of a howl, for in the fall, the fastening which held the cover of Cubby's new "footstool" had burst apart. The suitcase, for that is what it really was, lay open on the floor. The bears all gazed in wonder at its contents.

"Oh, the pretty, pretty things!" cried Bonnibelle.

Together they examined the treasures, filled with delight and amazement, and spent a happy morning dividing them.

Uncle Bear had a fine coat, Auntie Bear a quantity of handkerchiefs, Bonniebelle was overjoyed with a silver-backed mirror, and Jackie had stockings and a necktie.

They insisted that Cubby Bear should keep more than the others, because he was the one who found them. He had a beautiful yellow gold wrist-watch, a pair of shiny black shoes, four high, stiff white collars, a red-covered book, a magazine with pictures inside, some kid gloves which were too small for his paws, a hair brush, a pair of dark-colored goggles, a white vest and a straw hat with a blue band.

Two days later, his visit ended, Cubby started for home.

"Have you seen Cubby Bear since he came home from his visit?" asked Chirpy Chipmunk of Shinyblack Crow.

"No," answered Shinyblack Crow. "Why do you ask?"

"He is so changed!" said Chirpy solemnly. "And he has such fine things to wear! He will not play with his friends any more—perhaps for fear of spoiling them, but I suspect it is because he has grown proud."

"But that is not like Cubby Bear," objected Shinyblack Crow.

"Ah, but wait till you see him all stylished up so grandly!"

Just then Bunny Rabbit came along, wiping a tear from his round right eye with the tip of his long left ear.

"What is the trouble?" asked Chirpy.

"Oh, faltered Bunny Rabbit, "I just met Cubby Bear, and he—he was not kind to me. We have been friends for always, but now, he looks through his dark goggles and will hardly speak."

"Did you say he wore goggles?" asked Shinyblack Crow. "Perhaps he cannot see well with them, and did not know who you were."

"Hush!" whispered Chirpy. "He is coming this way now."

"Then I shall go," said Bunny Rabbit, and hopped off rapidly.

Shinyblack Crow watched Cubby curiously as he came along. He was certainly changed. He hobbled along painfully in the stiff, shiny shoes, holding his head carefully erect to keep his new hat, which did not fit him, from falling off. He stopped, and anxiously brushed a spot of dirt from his white vest. Under one arm he carried a red-covered book.



TOGETHER THEY EXAMINED THE TREASURES, FILLED WITH DELIGHT AND AMAZEMENT.

"Good morning, Cubby," greeted Shinyblack Crow.

"Ah—how do you do?" replied Cubby, and walked slowly past them, holding up his wrist so they would be sure to see his new watch.

"You see?" said Chirpy.

Little was talked of in the Pleasant Forest for the next few days but Cubby Bear's new possessions, and his pride.

"I asked him to play with me," said Racky Coon to a mournful group of the little forest people, "but he only said, 'It might take the shine off my shoes.'"

"I know what we will do," said Minnie Mink; "I invite you all to a jolly play-party near Mamma Bruin's house, *right now!* I shall not invite Cubby Bear. Let him be stuck-up with his fine new things if he wants to—we will not let it spoil all our fun. Come!" and Minnie started for her party, beckoning them all to follow.

They missed Cubby's help in their games, but kept at them, nevertheless, with much noisy laughter.

Shinyblack Crow, watching closely, saw the curtain at Mamma Bruin's window move a little, and Cubby's face peeping out wistfully from behind it. He hopped away from the others, and going to Mamma Bruin's door, tapped gently.

Cubby Bear opened the door.

"I have come to talk to you," said Shinyblack Crow, and stepped inside.

"Minnie Mink is having a party," he began, "and you are not there. Were you invited?"

"N-no," faltered Cubby.

"Do you know why?" asked Shinyblack Crow.

"N-no," said Cubby again.

"Well, then, I will tell you," said his caller. "First, let me ask you a question. Am I your friend, or not?"

"Oh, yes, indeed!" cried Cubby heartily. "You have helped me many and many a time when I needed a friend."

"Well, then," went on Shinyblack Crow, "I want to help you now, for you need a friend worse than you ever did before."

"What do you mean?" asked Cubby.

"You are in danger of losing *all* your friends," said Shinyblack Crow solemnly. "You have hurt and grieved them all, and for what? Because you have some fine new clothes, and it makes you look down on the rest of us. I am surprised at you, Cubby Bear. Do your new clothes make you happy? You do not look so!"

In truth, he did not. He stood looking down at the floor, and his lower lip was trembling.

Suddenly he threw out both his paws.

"No," he cried, "I am *not* happy! At first I was, and felt very grand walking past you all, showing off my new things. But now—now I would rather be out here playing with the others than to own so many fine things and be alone."

Old Grandma Bear, in the next room, had been listening. "I can tell you how to be happy again," she said. "Divide with your friends, and let them see that you still love them."

A great wave of shame rolled over Cubby Bear. He had not given even Grandma Bear anything from his treasures! He had not thought of it.

"I want to give *you* something first," he said, running into her room. "What would you like best?"

"The magazine," Grandma Bear told him promptly. "I love to look at pictures."

So Cubby gave it to her, with a kiss, then turned to Shinyblack Crow.

"Now let me give *you* something," he offered. "Come and look the things over."

"I need nothing," said Shinyblack Crow. "My feathers are all I want to wear. I could not fly so freely up in the sky if I had to carry any of these things about with me."

Cubby Bear brushed his hair carefully, put on his white vest, and fastened on his wrist-watch. Then he gathered up his arms full of treasures, and went out, Shinyblack Crow following.

"I am going to Minnie's party," he said.

Cubby was wearing his old-time smile of friendliness as he went toward the group of little woods people.

"I have some presents for you," he told them. "Here, Minnie Mink, is a book with a pretty red cover, for you."

They crowded eagerly around him.

"And you may have these shiny shoes, Mollie Woodchuck."

Wollie pulled on the shoes, and walked back and forth in great delight.

"Nicest things I ever owned!" he cried. "I shall polish them every day with soft moss."

Cubby gave the dark goggles to Wise Owl, and the gloves to Racky Coon, whose paws are much like hands. He had just finished giving something to everyone there, when Dr. Squilly Porcupine joined the group. They all showed him their gifts, chattering excitedly.

"Now something for Squilly!" they cried.

Dear, dear, what should he give? The white vest would be too large, and the straw hat Squilly could not possibly wear. Surely he could not part with his beautiful wrist watch!

Squilly Porcupine stood looking at him, smiling hopefully.

"Something for Squilly Porcupine, "said Minnie Mink.

"Yes," said Cubby Bear at last. "yes, I have just the gift for Dr. Squilly—this shining, beautiful thing on my wrist. He needs it to look at when he counts the pulse of his patients. Hear it talk—it will tell him how fast their hearts are beating. Hold out your wrist, Squilly, and I will fasten it on for you."

They all thanked Cubby Bear joyously for their gifts, and as he smiled upon them he felt a warm glow in his heart.

No more was he alone—shut off from the others—they were all his friends, and life was happy once more.

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MARCH COMFORT

Our Household Number, as usual for that month, will be largely devoted to the interests of the mistress of the household, lightening her tasks and improving the home for the health, comfort and welfare of all its inmates. The following are some of the

Special Features for March

"Give the Housewife a Chance" Tells how by proper arrangement of the kitchen and equipment with suitable appliances much time and labor may be saved to the housewife for needed rest and recreation.

"Making Home Attractive" This depends more on knowing how than on the amount of money expended.

"Marriage" A fine story, by Maud Mary Brown, that exposes some of the causes that wreck the happiness of married life.

"Fine Laundering at Home" How the most delicate fabrics can be laundered perfectly.

"Busybodies" An interesttng article on various kinds of mischief-makers and how to deal with them.

"Corn Meal as a Food" Gives a large variety of ways of cooking and serving this valuable food.

"Correcting Cross Eyes" Cross eyes endanger the vision. No child need grow up with this affliction.

"Cubby Bear Umpires the Frogs' Jumping Contest" and has a hard time of it.

If the number over your name on the wrapper on this magazine is 400 it means that your subscription expires with this present issue and that you will not receive March COMFORT unless you renew your subscription at once—we can not send you a single copy, after expiration, until you have renewed. Don't miss March COMFORT.

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February, 1922

Crumbs of Comfort

Work today.
Wrong makes wrong.
Love is the test of life.
Death reaps unweariedly.
Who thinks evil, does evil.
Time is the surest conqueror.
To be useful is man's first duty.
Learn something new every day.
Few men are criminals by choice.
The voice is an index of the mind.
Much ignorance is but lack of opportunity.
Labor is the best thing to make us love life.
The best time to acquire knowledge is Now.
Uprightness is a creed that can be universal.
They are too wise who never stop to wonder.
He is the best served who can wait on himself.
What we call years are but moments of Time.
A wealthy man is a man who has saved money.
Try to keep an open mind and an even temper.
To behold suffering without pity is a great offense.
We may be neither wise nor great, but we may be kind.

One truth a man lives is worth a thousand he only utters.

Men who have the least experience often give the most advice.

Genius is the working of the fully-emancipated spirit of man.

Kindness is more than righteousness and tenderness more than duty.

If we despise our fellows we are sure to misapprehend their conduct.

Rough hands grow gentle when they touch the heads of little children.

Yesterday is for contemplation, today for action, tomorrow for anticipation.

Injury to one should concern all, for whoever harms a brother, harms brotherhood.

The mother of the useful arts is necessity; and that of the fine arts is superfluity.

Our business in life is not to get ahead of other people, but to get ahead of ourselves.

There are so many voices in this world that it is not always easy to hear the voice of God.

None who have ever bowed before the newly dead have regretted that they have loved so much.

Let two things stand like stone: kindness in the trouble of another and courage in your own difficulties.

It is in the open country that we can best read and contemplate the power, wisdom and goodness of God.

Use law and medicine only in cases of necessity. They are good remedies, bad recreations and ruinous habits.

Do not scorn the commonplace: the commonplace sun in the commonplace sky makes up the commonplace day.

The destiny of any nation at any given time depends upon the opinions of its young men under five and twenty.

Jesus was convinced that love alone was the master law of the world, and he based his whole life upon this conviction.



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE LISHA

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 55 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.
ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

LET us snuggle up closer as we talk this month, for there is a sleet-laden wind blowing over Brooklyn, headed in from the sea, and the Weather Bureau cheerfully remarks that the mercury is to crowd deeper into the thermometer tonight, with a heavy snowfall to follow. It is surely February and midwinter. Billy, who has a bit of a cold, has just sneezed loudly. He has a rug over his lame leg, and he is sitting close to our lukewarm radiator, drinking a cup of hot ginger tea and trying to keep warm by reading six Florida letters at one time. Bill always picks out Southern letters to read and nibble when the weather is coldest. It is fun to watch him shiver these days when his nose touches a letter from Duluth, St. Paul or Medicine Hat.

But as the wind howls and the snow blows, these indoor hours grant us more time for reading and thinking. An old English proverb says: "Winter for the study and summer for the field." Now when the meadows are perhaps leg-deep with white drifts, and stone walls and fences are almost blotted out, we can cure and garner a crop of thoughts that may nourish us in any future days of short fodder and long snows. But we must be careful to gather in the right sort of harvest free from weeds and mold. Moldy and weedy thoughts make stale brain-food and can only satisfy stale minds. Right thinking furnishes the motive power of the world's progress. It is the nourishing impetus of all man's growth upward from the start made from racial infancy thousands of years ago. As nations and individuals we move forward only according to the quality of our mental nourishment. How carefully then should we watch the sort of thoughts we stow away for use and keeping! From this store we have ourselves and others to feed. From it we must choose our seed for the plantings of later years.

According to present-day standards, Washington and Lincoln—the two great men we honor this month—were both of small education. They were largely self-taught. Yet they succeeded in richly filling the storehouses of their brains by hard study and diligent self-training. How well they managed in gaining a harvest of character from their seedtime of thought their lives tell us. Washington's letters and state papers, Lincoln's inaugural addresses and Gettysburg speech, have become classics of our country and of the world's literature. Through Washington's two terms, his eight troublous years when our Republic was like a squalling teething infant, he truly fathered the young nation and taught it to take its first footsteps in paths that our leaders of later years have found it always best to follow. In his Farewell Address, he left us a heritage of wise statesmanship that has many times proved its value in swinging the course of our foreign policy to the side of justice, righteousness and safety.

To Lincoln came the heavy task of holding our nation united when delays and futilities of his predecessors in office had let the slavery question breed hot dissension in a country grown strong and lusty since Washington had taught it the new ways of self-government. It is no reflection upon Washington's glory to say that as the years pass the fame of Abraham Lincoln seems to rise in a luster shining perhaps brighter than even that of the Father of our Country. This may be because Lincoln is closer to our own times and we can know him better and feel nearer to his great humanity and his tender heart. The preservation of the Union, the freeing of the slaves, the doing of that justice which is only justice when tempered by mercy, these were all passionate instincts with Lincoln and the well-springs of the fine utterances which passed so often from his lips in public speeches and papers, and in private letters and talk. Throughout all ages Lincoln will stand as the true and perfect leader of the common folks he loved so well. He was the perfect exemplar of that government of the people, by the people and for the people of which he spoke, which he labored successfully to save, and which he died in the task of keeping united and imperishable.

What Washington and Lincoln gave to us of heart and brain was only that which they had first gathered of themselves. Because their harvest had been free from tares, the seed-thoughts they were able to sow were of the kind destined to yield a thousand fold. I want you all to read again sometime during this month the story of the lives of Washington and Lincoln—particularly of their early days when they were perhaps of the same ages as many of you who will read what I am writing here. Then read Washington's Farewell Address and Lincoln's first and second inaugural speeches, and the twenty-line Gettysburg utterance which will endure for twenty centuries, or for as long as men live banded together in communal effort for fraternal ends. From the lives and words of these two great ones of the earth we can win great thoughts for our own; we can light our own feeble candles of inspiration from their brilliant shining; we can take new love for our country and new faith for the future of a form of government which can breed such men to lead it. I like to think that if Washington was the Father of our Country, so Lincoln may be considered its Great Brother. A love of human kind was the very fiber of his being and not a matter of abstract phrases or a demagogue's attitudes. He never thought of himself as apart from the nation he led or of any of its people whom he loved—either of the North or South. He was comrade and captain. Because he understood much, he found it easy to forgive. If he had any pride, it was that of the humble; and all his life he was glad to know himself one of the "common folks" of whom he said, with tender humor, that God must love them because he had made so many. To me in all history there is no man whose life and lips so often speak the spirit of Christ.

So as we sit by the fire these days and nights of long February storms, let us read, and think as we read, of these two men that this month of winter gave to our country for its birth and saving, and who were great enough to be a gift of our nation to the world. At Washington, a mighty and historic gathering has been working to bring in a dawn that may see a stilling of war drums and a cessation of the horrors and destruction of war. Both Washington and Lincoln well knew the fearful pain and loss of wars which were the more terrible by being struggles in which brother can be truthfully said to have fought against brother. If they could speak at any Conference for the Limitation of Armaments, we can know the advice they would give. It would be well for us if their voices could be heard; but in their silence we can think of them as bending above the councils of the fretted and war-bankrupt nations and saying with one voice: Let us have Peace.

And now for the letters:

TOCCOA, BOX K, GEORGIA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

It's a long, long way to Tipperary—from Georgia to Maine, from Maine all over the United States, but that is where I go this afternoon when I come for a chat with you and the cousins.

On the Southern Railroad, five miles from the South Carolina line, is a town called Toccoa. It is located in that part of the state known as "Cherokee Georgia"—so called because it was once inhabited by the Cherokee Indians. That was long, long ago and there is left to us only the names they gave some of our mountains, rivers and valleys. Some of the names are: Toccoa, meaning "beautiful"; Tallulah, "terrible"; Hiawassee, "pretty flower"; Nacoochee, "evening star"; Cohutta, "frog mountain"; Chattahoochee, "flowered rock". There are some very pretty legends connected with these places.

I wish you all could have spent your vacations last summer in the North Georgia mountains with me. I have always stood proudly by our North Georgia scenery as being the prettiest in the world, but when an artist (famous in both Europe and America) said that he had painted in many countries but loved above all "the exquisite wildness of the mountains of North Georgia"—why then I was sure that our country really is the prettiest.

I had one of the most enjoyable summers I ever spent, and it was all because I have been on more fishing trips than ever before in one season. I'm a faithful follower of Izaak Walton, and some of my happiest hours have been spent on the banks of a lake, just fishing. I am a great lover of all outdoor life. I have always wished I could live on a ranch and have a horse all my own, to ride when and where I pleased and just as much as I wanted to. I wouldn't care if I lived forty miles from a town. Now, somebody laugh, and tell me there isn't any such place nowadays! I'm quite used to hearing that when I talk about living in such a far-off spot.

You are all going to think I am a perfect tomboy if I do not inform you better. Ever since I can remember I have been making my own clothes. I know how to keep all the house spic and span, and I like to do it, too. I especially like the kitchen and can cook fried chicken to tempt the palate of an epicure, but I can cook other things equally well.

I am a ————, but I will let you guess for yourself what kind of work I do, also what my age is. I like the cousins to describe their personal appearance as this makes them more real when I know something about how they look. This letter is too long for me to put my description in it and I'll have to wait till next time—if there is a next time. There may not be, for if Billy gets this I'll never have the nerve to try again.

I would like to have any of you cousins write to me. I wish most that some who live on ranches and farms would write, but I'll be happy to hear from any.

Just one thing more: I have had the most fun the past summer telling stories to the children in our own neighborhood. All the boys and girls from five years up to seventeen are in my audiences. I felt quite complimented when the older boys began to come. Sometimes they would not let me stop until almost midnight. Now, Uncle Lisha, don't you go and pretend you do not understand what kind of stories I tell them: for they are all good stories and some are Bible stories.

I am sending my love to Uncle, but want it divided up among the cousins.

Your niece, RUBY WATKINS.

Ruby, I wouldn't be a bit surprised to hear that you spoke pretty intelligible Cherokee—after reading the words you scattered through the pages of your good letter. About all one would seem to need for a Cherokee dictionary or phrase-book would be a few time-tables of your North Georgia railroads. Your Injun language is very intriguing, Ruby. As I read about your mountain scenery I commenced to think to myself: "How I would love to stand on tallulah cohutta, gathering the sweet hiawasses and watching the rise of the toccoa nacoochee!" It is certainly a charming tongue, and I hope the next letter you write will be entirely in Cherokee so I can have more practice in learning to speak. Billy says it sounds much more melodious than either Russian or Yiddish.

I am sure your mountains are beautiful, Ruby, even if I have not seen them. They doubtless have the deep shadows and the softly-curved outlines of all heavily wooded highlands. It is these which, to my way of thinking, offer the most beautiful sort of mountain scenery. Not much remains save strange and barren grandeur in those granitic and dentated summits that mark peaks of more Alpine heights. Beauty stays below the timber line. Give me for choice the gulfs and coves of your lower and deeply-forested mountains. I want my hills to have their fur left on!

You mustn't be too sure, Ruby, that a ranch might not be found for you situated "forty miles from a town." Why, I have a letter this month from a cousin in Nevada who tells of living a *hundred* miles from a Main Street! There's lots of space left yet in the West—particularly in Nevada and Utah, but the trouble is that where this space is thickest, there is not much else but emptiness. It's sure you will receive letters from cousins out on some of the big ranches of the big West, and you will be able to write to them and swap Cherokee words for Sioux nouns and adjectives.

You seem to be pretty much of an all-round sport, Ruby, and can manage a fish in a lake as well as in a frying-pan. You can kick up the dust outdoors and can keep out the dust indoors. As to your work in life, I'm going to guess that you teach a school. You write such a good hand and number the pages of your letter so carefully, that from these hints I am willing to risk my reputation as an Uncle-guesser.

When you gather a group around you and tell them stories, Ruby, you are pursuing an ancient occupation, and one of the oldest and most popular in the world. Much of what we treasure as literature of the early days of earth's beginning started down the centuries to us on the tongues of minstrels and tellers of tales. It was on oral history and romance that man had to depend for thousands of years before the written and printed word was known or had become plentiful. Everyone loves to be told stories, and we are all little children and listeners when it comes to this. So

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 35)

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Big Men of the Armament Conference

See front cover design.

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IN marked contrast with previous international conferences the present Armament Conference is dominated by broad-minded statesmen instead of subtle diplomats. Another notable feature of its personnel is the conspicuous absence of the men who formulated the Paris peace treaty and wove into it the League of Nations monstrosity. From this and the further fact that the administration of every government, except that of David Lloyd George in England, that had any part in bringing forth the League of Nations pact has since been voted out of office it may be fairly inferred that the nations of Europe, after a test of more than two years, are not enthusiastic over the work of their representatives at Paris and for this reason have sent to Washington a different set of men hoped to be auspicious of better results.

Recognizing the immense importance of the opportunity the principal nations represented at the Armament Conference have selected their biggest men for this job. Yet the four American delegates measure up creditably with any of them and have



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ARTHUR J. BALFOUR—BRITAIN.

so conducted themselves as to gain the confidence and respect of all.

The nine nations allegorically pictured on our front cover are represented by thirty-two delegates entitled to sit in the Conference and speak and act for their respective governments, and the delegations from countries having major interests at stake are accompanied by a host of expert advisers, assistants, clerks, stenographers and interpreters.

America's Big Four

Doubtless all our readers retain a vivid recollection that President Wilson, contrary to all American precedents, attended the long-drawn session of the Paris Peace Conference as self-constituted representative of the United States, and that his colleagues and advisers who accompanied him on that mission he chose exclusively from his own political party. Although President Harding conceived the idea of the Conference for Limitation of Armament and developed it into a living and fruitful reality, he has maintained a dignified aloofness from all meetings of the Conference except the first which he opened with an address of welcome in behalf of the Government and people of the United States. Nevertheless he has



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CARLO SCHANZER—ITALY.

kept in close touch with its deliberations, and without intruding his personality has rendered helpful assistance in its work through frequent consultations with our four delegates.

Viewed from any angle or judged by any criterion the four men appointed by President Harding to serve as delegates for the United States are of such distinguished ability, so eminently qualified and of such high character that they have been generally acclaimed as individually above criticism and exceptionally strong collectively as a working team. Their choice is the more acceptable from the fact that they were selected with a view to giving representation to the important constituent elements of the nation and Government.

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES, Secretary of State, heads the American delegation and represents the President, the executive head of the nation. The Conference did Mr. Hughes the honor of choosing him for chairman. Mr. Hughes is one of the most eminent lawyers in this country; was Governor of New York State from 1907 to 1910, Judge of U. S. Supreme Court from 1910 until he resigned in 1916 to run as the Republican candidate for President; being defeated by President Wilson he resumed the practice of law in which he continued until appointed Secretary of State last March by President Harding.

ELIHU ROOT, of New York, distinguished the world over as one of the most eminent and highly respected of jurists and especially as an authority on international rights and obligations, represents the general public. Mr. Root has the exceptional honor of being the only American member of the Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague, Holland, a world tribunal to decide claims and disputes between nations. He has rendered the country notable service as member of the Alaskan Boundary Tribunal; as Secretary of War, 1899 to 1904; Secretary of State, 1905 to 1909; U. S. Senator, 1909 to 1915, and as Senior Counsel for the United States in the North Atlantic Fisheries Arbitration in 1910.



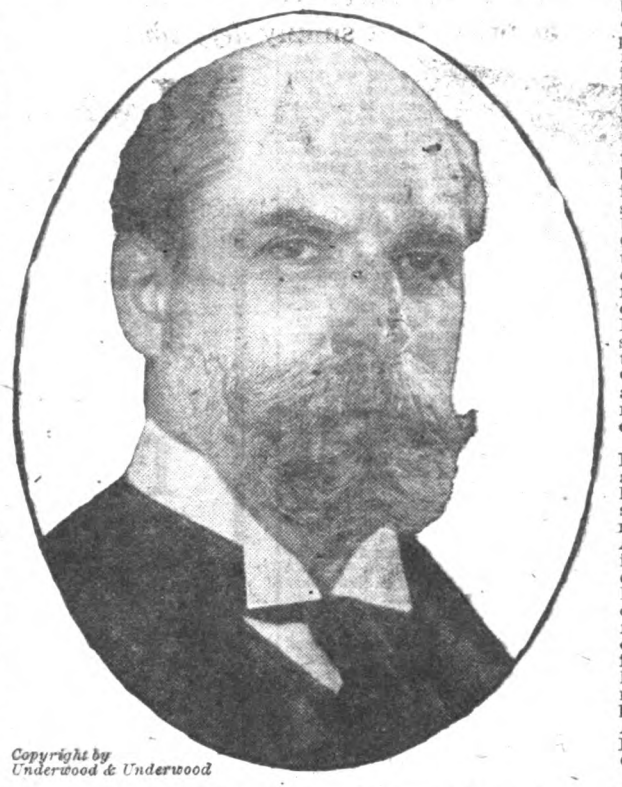
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H. A. VAN KARNEBEEK—HOLLAND.

HENRY CABOT LODGE, senior Senator from Massachusetts and Republican party leader in U. S. Senate, represents the majority political party of the Senate. During his remarkable public career of thirty-five years continuous service in Congress (from 1887 to 1893 as Representative and since then as Senator) he has served on the most important committees and manifested a high degree of statesmanship in dealing with national and international problems. He has also attained fame in the literary field as the author of a large number of books and magazine articles, mostly historical.

OSCAR W. UNDERWOOD, Senator from Alabama and Democratic party leader in U. S. Senate, represents the minority party of the Senate. Mr. Underwood has risen to prominence through a long and creditable career in Congress, having served from 1895 to 1915 as Representative and since then as Senator. As Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, the most important committee of the House, in 1914 he was largely instrumental in framing the tariff bill which bore his name and embodied the revenue policy of his party, then in power. He is an able, broad-minded man of large experience in public affairs and ranks high as a Senator as well as a party leader. He is well qualified to do his part of the big job to which President Harding has appointed him and his three associates.

As any treaty stipulations worked out and agreed to by the Conference, even though accepted by our delegates, have to be approved by a two-to-one majority of the U. S. Senate before they become binding on the United States, it is fitting that the Senate should be thus represented on our delegation, although in this as well as in appointing a representative of the opposition political party to participate in the work and share the responsibility President Harding has reversed the policy of his predecessor.



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CHARLES EVANS HUGHES—UNITED STATES.

British Delegation

The importance that Great Britain attaches to the possibilities of the Armament Conference is revealed in the large caliber of the men she has chosen to represent her. David Lloyd George, the responsible head of the government (under the King), was to have come as head of the British delegation and even went so far in his arrangements as to engage his passage for that purpose, but at the last moment had to change his plans because a critical turn in the negotiations for the pacification of Ireland required his presence in England.

ARTHUR J. BALFOUR, whose picture, taken in the railway station at Washington on his arrival to attend the Armament Conference, appears on this page, is generally considered, next to Lloyd George, the greatest living English statesman. He now occupies the high office of Lord President of the Council, and among other important offices that he has held were Secretary for Scotland, Chief Secretary for Ireland, First Lord of the Admiralty, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and he has also been Prime Minister, the position now held by Lloyd George. He is the author of several books on philosophical and economic subjects and has been active in promoting educational work.



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V. K. WELLINGTON KOO—CHINA.

AUCKLAND GEDDES, British Ambassador at Washington, acts as delegate in the absence of Lloyd George or of any other British delegate. He is a physician by profession and has been Professor of Anatomy at the Royal College of Surgeons, Dublin, and Principal of McGill University in Montreal, Canada. He served in the South African War, and in the World War from 1914 to 1916. Later he was Director of Recruiting, Minister of National Service, President of the Local Government Board, Minister of Reconstruction and President of the national Board of Trade of Great Britain.

LORD LEE OF FAREHAM, First Lord of the Admiralty, was in the military service until 1900, when he retired from the army, but reentered in 1914 for service in the World War. He was British Military Attache with the U. S. Army during the Spanish-American War, and later Military Attache of the British Embassy at Washington, where he married Miss Ruth Moore, of New York. Among the high civil offices that he has held were Director-General of Food Production, and Minister of Agriculture. He has traveled far and wide over Asia and North America and, having spent much time in the United States and Canada, at one time having been Professor of Strategy and Tactics in the Royal Military College of Canada, he has acquired a sympathetic understanding of the mutual interests that should draw the English speaking nations of the earth ever more closely together in a perpetual bond of friendship and cooperation for the peace of the world.



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CARTIER DE MARCHIENNE—BELGIUM.

The other four British delegates are Colonials, representing the respective interests of the colonial Dominions that sent them to the Conference.

SIR ROBERT BORDEN, former Prime Minister of Canada, who represents "Our Neighbor on the North," is recognized as one of the Dominion's ablest statesmen. He is a strong man and exercises a harmonizing influence in the Conference. He is said to advocate the "general principle that in foreign relations in which one or other of the Dominions has a paramount interest, the view of the Dominion in question shall be not merely heard and considered but shall prevail." It is understood that, while loyal to the British Empire, he recognizes that "Canada and the United States are in the same boat when it comes to world politics," and it is reported that he influenced the British delegation to consent to abrogate the British-Japanese treaty of alliance by showing that in case Japan should attack the United States Canada's vital interests would compel her to fight on the side of America. Mr. Borden represented Canada in the Imperial War Cabinet in 1917, and in the Imperial War Conference of 1918.

GEORGE F. PEARCE, Australian Minister of Defense, represents the Commonwealth of Australia which is deeply interested in Far Eastern and Pacific questions before the Conference as well as in the proposed limitation of armament. In 1911 he represented Australia in the British Imperial Conference.

V. S. SRINIVASA SASTRI, Member of the Vice-Regal Council of the Government of India, is at the Armament Conference to represent Britain's great Indian Empire which has a population of two hundred and fifty million souls. He is a native Hindu and prominent leader of the Moderate Party. He represented India in the British Imperial Conference at London in 1921.

SIR J. W. SALMOND, Judge of the Supreme Court of New Zealand, represents that thriving and enterprising Dominion. He has been Professor of Law in the University of Adelaide, and Solicitor-General for New Zealand, and is an author of books on law and legal history.

French Delegation

France has sent a very strong delegation headed by her Prime Minister and seconded by a former Prime Minister, both celebrated for their wonderful oratorical talents.

ARISTIDE BRIAND, Prime Minister of France, came as the head of the French delegation and took an active part in the work of the Conference during the first five weeks of its sessions. He then returned to France to attend to official duties that required his presence in Europe. He is one of the few public speakers whose superb oratory is so compelling as apparently to cast a hypnotic spell over an audience. The day before leaving for home he carried his efforts in behalf of France to their climax in a speech of impassioned eloquence that thrilled the delegates to the Conference, level-headed and experienced men of affairs that they are.



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VISCOUNT D'AITE—PORTUGAL.

RENE VIVIANI, former Prime Minister of France, head of the French delegation since the departure of Briand, is a man of great ability and long experience in public affairs, and as an orator is a good second to Briand. When, in 1917, Viviani as head of the French War Mission to the United States visited America his captivating speeches gained him the sobriquet "The Eloquent Voice of France."

ALBERT SARRAUT, Minister of Colonies, is a prominent Member of the Chamber of Deputies (corresponding to Member of Congress in America). He was formerly Under Secretary of State for the Interior, and has written a number of books on political subjects.

JULES JUSSERAND, French Ambassador to the United States, is last, but by no means least, of the French delegation. He has held his present post at Washington continuously since 1902, and is exceedingly popular in America. He speaks and writes perfect English and is a noted French authority on English literature; he is the author of numerous books and magazine articles.

Italian Delegation

MARCHESE DELLA POMETTA, Minister of Foreign Affairs since July, 1921, heads the Italian delegation. He has a thorough knowledge of the Near East, and especially of those turbulent trouble-makers, the Balkan States and Russia, having spent many years in the latter country as diplomatic representative of Italy.



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ARISTIDE BRIAND—FRANCE.

CARLO SCHANZER, Senator and formerly Minister of the Treasury, is one of Italy's foremost authorities on international law, Professor of Constitutional Law in the University of Naples, and author of many books on subjects pertaining to law and science of government.

LUIGI ALBERTINI, Senator and editor of the Milan *Corriere della Sera*, the most important paper in Italy, was one of the principal leaders of the movement that brought Italy into the World War on the side of the Allies.

Japanese Delegation

PRINCE TOKUGAWA, President of the House of Peers (the upper branch of the Japanese parliament), is in all respects capable and worthy to head the delegation from that wonderful island empire. He is a prince of royal blood and but for a caprice of Fortune might now be wearing a crown and wielding imperial powers. He is heir to the throne occupied by a long succession of Tycoons whose regal power and splendor rivaled, and at times eclipsed, those of the Mikado until the revolution of 1867 deposed the last of the Tycoons and left the Mikado sole and undisputed monarch. However, Prince Tokugawa is too big a man to have any of the weaknesses and obnoxious traits that sometimes mar an aristocrat;



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PRINCE TOKUGAWA—JAPAN.

on the contrary he is democratic in his views and in his intercourse with men. He has traveled the world over, speaks English fluently, and is one of Japan's ablest and most progressive statesmen.

VICE-ADMIRAL KATO, Minister of the Navy, was chosen to serve as a delegate because of his expert knowledge of matters pertaining to the Pacific that are to be considered by the Conference, and in which Japan is especially interested. He also speaks English.

BARON KIJURO SHIDEHARA, has been connected with the diplomatic service and has represented Japan at the capitals of various countries, finally rising to the position of Japanese Ambassador to the United States. His experience, and especially that as Ambassador at Washington, qualifies him to render useful service at the Armament Conference. Japan has sent a strong delegation.

Chinese Delegation

The former vast empire of China, with its four hundred million inhabitants constituting nearly a fourth of the world's population, since the revolution that overthrew the monarchy has been, and still is, in the throes of civil war. On the abolish-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32.)

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Stella Rosevelt

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

my heart—and I know of no one in all England whom I should care to win for my bride."

Saturday came, and at an early hour Star awoke and arose to see what the morning promised and to prepare for the anticipated pleasure of the day.

She ran downstairs to practice for an hour, after which she went to her breakfast, and confided to Mrs. Blunt the fact that "she and Uncle Jacob" were going to have a holiday—her throbbing pulses warned her not to mention the third member of the party, lest she should betray more than she cared to.

This duty over, she returned to her room to give her attention to that, for once with her, very important subject for consideration—her toilet.

She arranged her shining hair with great care. It was her glory, and Archibald Sherbrooke had made it appear such in that picture which he had shown her yesterday, and which she now remembered with crimson cheeks and glowing eyes, as she brushed those shining strands until they gleamed like burnished gold. She then wove it into one massive braid, as she had worn it that day which neither of them would ever forget, and tied it a little way from the end with a fresh, delicate blue ribbon.

This done, she donned the spotless white dress, with a broad belt of blue, and its great bow on one side, and fastened a simple knot of the same at her throat, but heaving a regretful sigh as she thought of her precious cameo, and wished she could have had it to wear today. Then she tied a pretty chip hat, with its mull trimmings and bunch of forget-me-nots over her golden head, and blushed rosy red at the vision of loveliness that looked out at her from her small mirror.

Taking her roll of music, and throwing a fleecy shawl over her arm, she ran downstairs with a light, springing step, intending to go to the lodge for a word with Mr. Rosevelt before she went to the station.

"Where are you going, miss, rigged out in that style?" was the rude query that saluted her ears, as she came out upon the veranda, and stopped for a moment to fasten her gloves.

Looking up, she saw Josephine sitting at one end of the porch, and half hidden by the luxuriant growth of vines climbing the trellis.

Her radiant face clouded; it seemed almost like an omen of evil to have her anticipations of pleasure broken in upon thus.

"I am going to New York to take my music lesson," she answered, touching the roll underneath her arm.

"Do you always dress yourself out like that to take your music lesson? Perhaps you are trying to strike up a flirtation with Professor What's-his-name," sneered the haughty beauty.

Poor Star glanced down at her offending dress, an indignant flush rising to her cheek.

The entire cost of it had been less than what Josephine was accustomed to pay for even a pair of shoes; and yet she knew, without being told, that the gay belle, with all her expensive trappings, had never looked half so fresh and lovely as she did at that moment.

Josephine realized it also, and her heart was filled with bitter envy and malice.

"Go back upstairs and change your gown," she continued, angrily, without giving Star an opportunity to reply to her taunting remarks. "You have no business to go to the city, dressed as if you were going to a party."

Star's small head came up like a flash of light; her eyes darkened and glowed with a sense of wounded pride and injustice.

She stood still a moment, her scarlet lips compressed until only a narrow line of red was visible; then, in a calm, clear, but very decided tone, she said:

"You have no right to lay such commands upon me, Miss Richards, and I shall not obey you."

"You insolent beggar; what do you mean by answering me in this way?" began the astonished girl; but Star had glided down the steps, and was walking with a proud, elastic step down the avenue; consequently her rage was expended upon the empty air.

Mr. Rosevelt was standing on the porch of the lodge when Star came along, and he, too, marveled at her exceeding beauty, saying to himself that he had never seen her so brilliant and spirited before.

"Good morning, Uncle Jacob," she said, brightly, as she saw him standing there, and her indignation immediately began to subside.

"How well you are looking," she said, gayly. "I just ran down to see if you were all right, and to jog your memory about our little celebration today."

"You did not need to do that, Starling. I am as eager as a schoolboy for my day of pleasure," he returned, with a fond smile, adding: "But how dainty you are this morning. I shouldn't wonder if our artist friend would be wanting to paint the picture of a 'star' one of these days, eh?"

Star blushed and laughed lightly.

She could have told him, had she chosen, that it was already painted.

But she only charged him playfully to make himself look as young and charming as possible if he intended to be her escort to Coney Island; then, waving him a farewell, she tripped away with a smile on her lips, a song in her heart.

When Star reached the place appointed as the rendezvous by Mr. Rosevelt and Mr. Sherbrooke, this latter gentleman also thought her the fairest object he had ever seen, and knew that, as he clasped her small hand, his eyes were betraying that old, old story of which his heart was so full.

The sail down the river was even more charming than they had anticipated. The day was perfect, the air being just cool enough to be exhilarating, while our trio of friends were in a mood to enjoy everything in the way of pleasure that might present itself.

After several hours of pleasure, Mr. Rosevelt said that he should be obliged to give up and take a rest.

So Mr. Sherbrooke ordered a room for him at the hotel, and he went to "take a nap," while the young man, with a feeling of exultation that now he should have Star all to himself, took a carriage for a long drive upon the beach.

For miles and miles they drove over the smooth, hard road, both in their happiest mood, and giving themselves up to the enjoyment of the hour.

Every moment spent in Star's society only served to entangle our young English friend more securely in the meshes of love's net; while she began to realize that the world would never be quite the same again to her when he should be gone, and no prospect of their meeting again.

"He is going away next week," she kept saying again and again to herself, while a chill pain gnawed at her heart. "How can I bear to have him go, and feel that I may never see him again? Oh, England, my home! my home! would that I also could go back to you!"

So intense was her longing for her home, so keenly did she regret this parting, which she felt was inevitable, that the tears sprang into her eyes, and a deep sigh came welling up from her burdened heart.

"Miss Star, why that doleful sigh?" exclaimed Archibald Sherbrooke, in surprise.

Star started, and looking up, found her companion's eyes fixed upon her with grave questioning.

She colored vividly, fearing he had read something of her thoughts.

"Did I sigh?" she asked, evasively.

"Yes; and I did not like the sound of it, either. Are you tired of driving? Shall we go back and try something else?" he asked, only anxious to give her pleasure.

"Oh, no; this is delightful," she answered, quietly. "I fear I have been guilty of rudeness if I have given you the impression that I am not enjoying every moment of this lovely day. Do you know, Mr. Sherbrooke," she asked, with a smile that had a tinge of sadness in it, "that I am indebted to you for the only real holiday that I have had since I came to America?"

He regarded her with surprise.

"Is it possible?" he asked. "I fear, then, that you have not had a very happy life during the last year, or else you are working too hard over your books."

She feared she had betrayed more than she ought. She did not want him to know how hard life had been made for her. She was too proud to complain of the ill-treatment, the coldness, and even dislike which had been her lot, where she had expected to find only kindness, love and sympathy.

"I have been working pretty busily," she answered, as if that were all. "I am anxious to graduate this year, and I have to apply myself rather closely with my music and other duties."

"Why are you so anxious to graduate this year? Why not take more time, rather than run the risk of injuring your health?" he questioned, gravely.

"I am going back to England sometime," she said, her eyes kindling, and the sooner I can complete my education, the earlier I can go. I have my own future to carve out, Mr. Sherbrooke, and my aim is to prepare myself for a teacher."

"Your own future to carve out!" he cried, greatly surprised. "I thought you had friends here who were to care for you always."

She colored, but answered, gravely:

"I should not be content to pass my life here. I shall stay only long enough to complete my education; then I shall go back to my own country to teach."

He understood her; he saw, even though she would not confess it, that her life since coming to America had not been a happy one.

She was going to be a teacher, she said; she was bending all her energies in that direction, and was working, he felt assured, far beyond her strength.

She did not look fit to fight the battle of life alone; she was slender and delicate, although he felt that, in spite of her fragile appearance, there was an element of strength in her character which would overcome every obstacle which it was possible for a human being in her position to overcome.

She had "her future to carve out," she had told him. What did she intend that future to be?—what were her hopes, her aims, her plans? Surely not to teach always.

Ah, if she would but learn to love him—if he could win her, it would be very different from the wearying, dragging life of a teacher.

Before he was hardly aware of his intention, his heart had overleaped every barrier, he bent toward her and said, in a low, earnest tone:

"Star, I love you. Let me depict your future for you."

CHAPTER XV.

A FATAL MISTAKE.

The beautiful maiden cast one startled glance up at her handsome lover, and then grew colorless as the dress she wore.

But when he softly laid his hand upon hers, saying, gently, "Darling, I have frightened you with my abruptness," her whole being thrilled beneath his touch, and the rich crimson swept swiftly up over neck, face and brow, until it lost itself in the fluffy masses of sunny hair which lay upon her forehead.

"I could not help it," he went on, a glad light leaping to his eyes as he saw her blushes; "and I have known that I love you, my beautiful one, for a long time. Do you remember that it was I who received you into my arms when you were lifted to the deck of our steamer from that frail boat in which you so nearly perished? Do you know that your fair face lay upon my breast, and as I looked down upon you, I knew that no other had ever moved me so strangely and so deeply, despite its pallor and the tale of suffering that I read there? Its power grew upon me during the few days which followed, and while we were so much together, and when at last we were obliged to part, and I begged a tress of this sunshine"—touching the massive braid which lay over her shoulder almost reverently—"the picture that you made, with your shy grace and modest beauty as you unhesitatingly clipped it for me, stamped itself indelibly upon my heart, where I have carried it ever since, growing to love it more and more, until I determined to make it always mine by putting it on canvas. I did not know as I should ever see you again, and yet I have been haunted by a feeling that some magnetic influence or strange power of attraction would eventually draw us together again; and so it has proved. Star, I know that I love you as deeply and truly as it is possible for one human being to love another. You say you love England; you wish to go back and make your home there. Tell me that, some day, I may take you there—that my home shall become your home, and you will be my cherished wife. My darling, you have made yourself very fair today—so like the picture I have painted, and which I showed you yesterday, that something has whispered to me that a thought of me prompted it; that there was something of tenderness in your heart which made you put those shining locks, which you have been wearing in another fashion of late, into this massive braid again, and tie it with this lovely blue, so like your eyes. Raise them, dear, and let me look into them, to see if I can read anything of the story I wish to know. Tell me, Star, that when I come to America again, I may come to claim this hand and call its owner my wife."

His hand had rested lightly upon hers all the time he had been speaking. She had not attempted to withdraw it, and now his fingers closed over it in a firm, loving clasp.

It still lay trembling but unresistingly there; and when, as he bent to look into those drooping eyes, she lifted them to his with one shy glance of answering tenderness, he knew that he had not sued in vain.

"My own darling!" he whispered, passionately, his face flushing with happiness; "you do love me; I read it in your eyes, and the world was never so bright to me as at this moment; but tell me, shall I have what I want—will you give me your promise that, next year, when you have completed your education, instead of going back to England as a teacher, you will go with me as my wife?"

She grew suddenly grave, and lifting an earnest look to his face, said:

"I have told you that I am only a poor girl, with my own fortune to carve out. You have no idea how poor I am, how dependent, how friendless. You, perhaps, have proud relatives; you may occupy a place far above me socially, and your friends might object to your claiming one in my position as your wife."

"I care nothing for your poverty or dependence, dear," he returned, tenderly; "it cannot alter the fact that you are the only woman whom I shall ever love well enough to make my wife. But," he added, with a thoughtful look, "I forget that I am almost a stranger to you—that you know nothing of me, that I have told you nothing——"

"I have not given it a thought," Star interrupted, earnestly. "I can trust you; I know you are true."

His face grew radiant.

"You will never regret your trust, my darling," he said. "I—am an artist, Star, but I believe I can take care of you, and promise you that you shall never know the meaning of the words poor and dependent again. Of course I have friends, and—but I will tell you all about them some other time. I want my promise now—you will give yourself to me, dear?"

"Yes," she breathed, her scarlet lips parting slightly with a tremulous smile, "by and by, when I am better fitted to be your—wife."

He longed to take her in his arms and draw her to his heart, and kiss the lips that had promised him the greatest joy he had ever known; but there were other carriages near, and curious eyes all about them; so he could only clasp that small hand more fondly, and murmur low and tender words to tell of the deep, true love of which his heart was full.

"You shall indeed go back to England now, my darling," he said, "but never to teach. You shall remain here until you have completed your course of study if you wish; then I shall come, before this time next year, and take you to my—our home. I shall return with a happy heart now, for I shall have an object to work for and something to look forward to. Ah, my dear, my dear, do you realize what is in store for us?—a long life of joy and love together, with brightest hopes and congenial tastes. Star, my beloved—my star, indeed!"

Who can wonder that she gave herself up to the bliss of loving and being loved, when wooed in this tender manner?

Who could chide this heart-hungry maiden, who had been starving for affection and sympathy, for feeling that she had never known happiness before?

And she loved him with all her soul. He had won all the passion of her young heart, and she gave herself up to him wholly, unreservedly, trusting him without a suspicion or thought that he could be anything save truth and honor itself.

Twilight was beginning to gather when they returned to the hotel where they had left Mr. Rosevelt, but it was not yet so dark but that that gentleman remarked the glorified expression of the young man's face, and the brilliant light which gleamed in Star's radiant eyes.

"May I tell our dear old friend, Star?" Archibald Sherbrooke whispered, as he assisted her to alight from the carriage.

She started, and grew crimson.

"Oh, Mr. Sherbrooke, not tonight, please."

"To whom are you speaking, my Star?" he interrupted, with assumed sternness and reproach.

She glanced up questioningly, yet with burning cheeks, for she knew what he meant, but was not quite sure yet what he wished her to call him.

"My mother calls me Archie," he said, with a meaning smile.

"Must I call you that?" she asked, her heart thrilling at the name, yet instinctively shrinking from addressing him quite so familiarly yet.

"There is no 'must' about it, nor about anything else that you do not like, my darling," he said, very gently, but looking a trifle grave, she thought.

"Then please let me go—Archie, for I know Uncle Jacob is wondering why it takes me so long to get out of the carriage, and—ever so many people are looking at us," Star said, wishing she could hide her hot cheeks, and realizing, if he did not, that he was holding her hands a great deal longer than there was any need of doing.

A brilliant smile parted his lips as he released her, and she darted away, just as a servant came forward to take the horse, he following more leisurely to give her time to recover herself a little.

"You have enjoyed your drive, little one?" Mr. Rosevelt asserted, questioningly, as she came and stood beside his chair, while he regarded her with a keen glance.

"Very much, Uncle Jacob; and you—are you rested?" Star asked, eager to turn his attention from herself.

"Entirely, and am as hungry as an old bear, too."

"I am delighted to hear it," young Sherbrooke said, now joining them.

They went in to an inviting meal, spread in a private room for them. The young man had given an order to this effect before going to ride, as he had noticed that Star was annoyed at dinner by the attention which her lovely face had attracted.

When the steamer arrived, Archibald found a sheltered seat for Mr. Rosevelt, and then drawing Star a little apart, wrapped her shawl carefully about her and sat down beside her, her hand clasped in his under cover of its soft folds.

"He will not mind, and I want you to myself," he whispered. "I cannot see you tomorrow, love, for it will be Sunday, but Monday or Tuesday I shall come to you. I cannot wait longer."

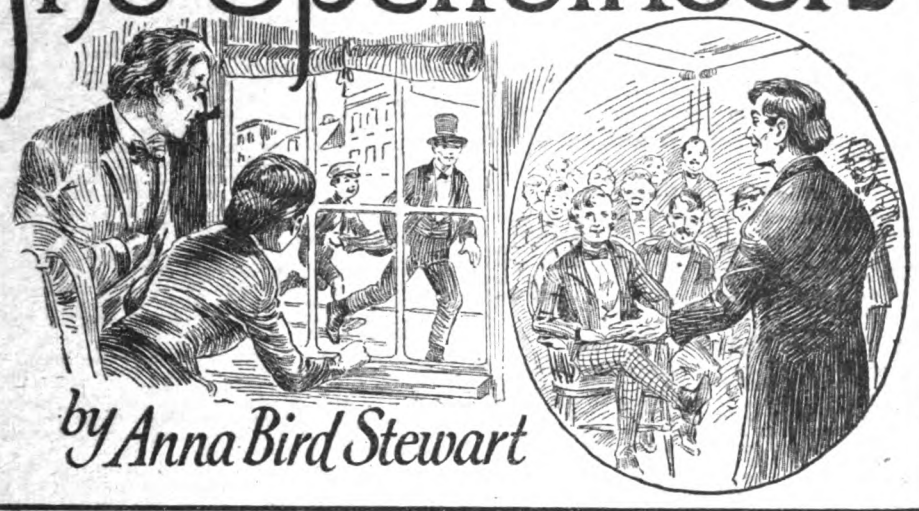
Star glanced at him somewhat anxiously.

She knew what that coming would entail upon her—sneers and taunts, and perhaps more unkindness than she had ever yet received from Mrs. Richards or Josephine.

Mr. Richards, she felt assured, would be more

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

The Spellbinders



by Anna Bird Stewart

The ten-year-old boy, who figures in this episode in President Lincoln's early career as a rising young lawyer, lived to realize his inborn ambition to become "famous" as an actor. This "little Joe Jefferson" grew up to be the great Joe Jefferson, famous in the title role of Rip Van Winkle, and one of America's most popular, highly respected and best beloved actors. He was a cultured gentleman and a good man; his fair fame was never sullied by a suspicion of scandal. Like Washington and Lincoln, he was born in February, the short month that has given the world so many celebrities. He died April 23, 1905, at the ripe age of seventy-six. He was on terms of personal intimacy with many prominent men of his time, among them President Cleveland who took pleasure in Jefferson's companionship. President Lincoln's fondness for a good play well acted is well known.—EDITOR.

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"WELL," said the homely man, "where did you come from?" He had been standing inside the narrow hall of the building looking at the small stranger on the stoop.

Quite unaware of the scrutiny, the boy was apparently, though silently, making an impassioned address to an invisible multitude in the unpaved street before him. The interruption brought him back rudely into the commonplace present. What had seemed, in the vivid imagination of childish make-believe, to be the Roman Forum, was, after all, only the unkempt, straggling aspect of an Illinois town, and the glory of the last days of the Republic had degenerated into the mediocrity of the year 1839.

"Well, well," repeated the ugly man.

Something in his smile made the youngster laugh in return. The words of his response rolled out with quaint, grown-up effect.

"Did you mean whence did we come originally, sir, or immediately?"

The man chuckled. "Both, if you are inclined to be generous."

"We have been touring the West, mostly in Illinois, for some time," the child told him. "But we are natives of New York."

"And may I ask who 'we' are?"

"The Jeffersons." The boy's voice took on a tone of surprise and reproach at the inquirer's ignorance.

"Oh, to be sure! Your father is the actor."

"So am I an actor," the child declared proudly. "We all are. Why, I began when I was a baby. I have Grand father's name, too, just like Father's, so I have to be the best of us young ones. Mother calls that 'tradition'."

"Then you must be little Joe Jefferson."

"Well, I won't always be little." Joe looked at the man with the direct, searching glance of childhood. Apparently satisfied, he went on. "Some day I'll be big Joe, when I'm a man. You know, I'm going to be famous. Aren't you?"

"I'm afraid not, Joe."

The child's sunny face clouded. Hope and ambition had been his training for so long that he almost distrusted a man not acknowledging them. With intuitive feeling his companion understood.

"I tell you what, Joe," he said quickly. "See the window up there in this building, the one with the books on the sill? Well, that's my office. You come up there sometime and we'll talk it over. I have a great big Shakespeare book I'll show you."

"Are you an actor, too?"

"No, I am a lawyer."

"I'll come, but I can't come now. There's my Father going toward our new theater. Whenever I see him, that's my cue, so Mother told me this morning. I'm to remain close to him in expectation and anticipation of the immediate advent of a rehearsal." The lad quoted his mother, with mischievous imitation of that formality of manner and diction which her stage experience unconsciously taught her to assume in all serious situations.

At this they both laughed merrily, the child who could talk like a grown person, and the man who could think like a child. A moment later, when the little fellow ran to join his father, in obedience to the maternal precept and to his sense of professional obligation as well, it was with the unspoken though firm conviction that in this man he had found a friend.

Joe met his father standing before the new theater. Standing there had become a habit with J. Jefferson. That small square building represented his entire fortune. Furthermore, it represented more money than he had before owned in several seasons, the profits of eight phenomenally successful weeks with his repertoire company through the West. He was building hopes upon the result of a long season here in Springfield during the session of the state legislature. A poor actor with a wife and family all in the same business has need of hopes; it is seldom that he has anything else.

The new opera house was not a thing of beauty. It covered a small, narrow lot with a plain, straight board structure, bare of ornament or paint.

"Looks something like a dry goods box with a roof, father," was the youngster's comment. "But it's the only thing you and I ever owned with a roof, so we're sort of proud of it."

"Yes," said his father cheerily, "a poor thing, but mine own.' And then, it might be worse. It might be like those playhouses of old Shakespeare's time, and not have any roof at all."

A newcomer drew near the father and son with a too obvious intention of making friends. Little Joe looked at him suspiciously.

"I take it, sir," began the stranger, "that you are not from the West."

Mr. Jefferson bowed low. "No, sir—New York, like Melancholy, 'claims me for her own!'"

"I, too, am only a sojourner. I come from Chicago."

Mr. Jefferson bowed again, sympathetically. He had often played to empty benches in Chicago.

The stranger continued. "I shall be here for some time, and shall be glad to see more of you. You will find me every evening at the revival services in the big tent. Come join us. We have," and the revival leader swelled up noticeably, "we have exceptional singing."

"Thank you, sir, I should be pleased to attend your performances, but unfortunately from now on my evenings will be occupied."

"Might I be permitted the liberty of asking your name?"

"Assuredly, sir. I am called Joseph Jefferson, from an illustrious father."

"Ah," said the inquirer, to whom the name meant a long line of noble statesmen. "And what, my dear little boy, might you be called?"

The youngster cleared his throat and took his father's pose as he answered in the identical manner, "I am called Joseph Jefferson, from an illustrious father."

The father laughed.

The man from Chicago gave an angry snort at the exactness of the imitation. Such impudence! Life was too serious for anyone to make sport of him. "Children should be seen and not heard!" he said with severity as he passed on. The child's clear voice followed him down the grassy path.

"Say, father, he must be an actor, too, because he quotes Shakespeare"

It was the last straw. When the angry gentleman met the chairman of the city council further down the street, he stopped, turning back toward the new building. "What is that man doing here?" he demanded.

"Who? The fellow standing in front of the new theayter?"

"*What?*"

"What did you think it was in your Chicago innocence, a meetin' house?"



Photo from Underwood & Underwood

JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

"Brother, joke no further about the hall of sin."

"You talk like a real gospel minister ought to, more than any one I ever heard," said the committee man. "Yet you're only the fellow that 'raises the hymns' and does some of the talking at a tent revival. Not much difference between you and a play-actor. Guess there ain't much real religion in you. What about it?"

"Brother," began the revivalist in protest. Then he suddenly changed his tone into one of extreme practicality. "Look here, if that theayter starts working it's going to interfere with our business."

"Shouldn't be surprised," the councilman agreed laconically.

"Have the show people much money?"

"They leased that lot, and have put up their own building. Wasn't any place in town fit for a real show."

"I see. Well, have they paid a license?"

"Not as I heard tell. And I calculate I'd know if any money was coming in our way."

"Ah!" said the holy gentleman from Chicago. He looked keenly at the shrewd face of the local politician, and apparently satisfied, suggested that the requirement for a license would settle things up all around.

The city councilman was puzzled. Politics he knew. The church, however, he had unthinkingly held in the veneration accorded by a small town where religion is kept clean of corruption, greed and wire pulling. Yet he was a shrewd man and his scruples had never overburdened him.

"Just what do you mean?" he demanded.

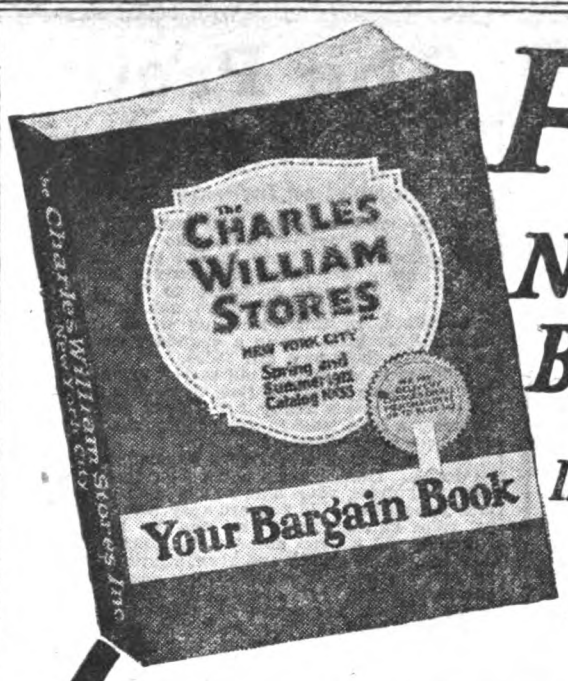
"Let the city insist upon a license. They had money enough to put up a building so they ought to be able to pay. If they can't, Springfield has a new building without cost. The revival gains fame for driving sinners from our midst, and removes competition at the same time. See?"

"Suppose they pay?"

"Better still. The city is apparently richer by so much. You gain popularity, and election is coming, that's one of its peculiarities. Moreover, the revival has a subject for sermons ready-made."

"What do you get out of it?"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34.)



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Conducted by Katherine Booth

Formal or Informal Hair

WITH bobbed hair half "in" and half "out"—those who have bobbed their hair in the past reforming and laboring to coax it back to the length necessary to "do up"; and those who have not bobbed their hair before, rushing feverishly to do it now—many of my girls are in a quandary as to what to do with their own fair locks.

Well, girls, don't bob, unless you are about sixteen and have plenty of time to grow a new crop before you are a really full-fledged young lady. It takes a long time to grow hair, so treat what you have with respect.

But there is a much more important question to decide. Hair forms a setting for the face, and how you dress your hair reacts upon your general appearance. If you are very prim and tight in your hairdressing, who can be blamed for thinking you a prim and prudish young woman? And if you are untidy and always falling to pieces as to your hair, who can avoid jumping to the conclusion that you are untidy in every other way? If you are marceled stiffly and properly and your hair is "just so," you give the impression of a very formal and correct young woman. Well, if that is what you would like to be, stick to marcelles and oddles of invisible hairpins, so no single hair may stray from the path



THIS GIRL'S HAIR IS INFORMALLY BUT BECOMINGLY ARRANGED.

of perfection. But if you think you would rather be and seem to be a jolly, good-natured girl or woman, a lover of innocent good times and a good companion, then be a little less formal in your hairdressing.

Of course the secret of all good hairdressing is perfectly clean hair—hair that has had the day's dust brushed out of it before going to bed, and hair that has been aired over night, and hair that is shampooed every two weeks—or at least every three weeks. It should be full of life, and willing to stand out from the head in becoming fluffiness. Hair which is not washed frequently slinks close to the scalp and will take on no becoming curves or fluffiness. So, first of all, see that your hair is clean.

Then make up your mind that you will not strain your hair back from your forehead, but will see that you have a graceful "hair-line," by arranging the hair so that it falls loosely and softly down on the forehead, either side of the part. Invisible hairpins will enable you to arrange the hair in the most becoming lines.

I say do not strain your hair away from the forehead, but on the other hand do not brush the hair in great "gobs" over the ears, leaving the back of the head scant of hair. Sometimes I think girls forget to look into their hand mirrors, or I am sure some of the hairdressing I see would not be existent. I am sure the girls look only at their front face, and never give a glance to the back or sides of their hair, or they would see how out of proportion the enormous ear-muffs are compared to the little wisp of hair which too often is all that is left for the back of the head. See that you do not make this mistake, but portion your hair out so that your head is symmetrical and well-shaped after the hair is dressed.

You will find it comparatively simple to dress your hair any way you desire, if you part it here and there and handle only a portion of the hair at a time. And if when you have just the droop of hair you desire on the forehead, you fasten it securely in place with pins which cannot be seen. Avoid the appearance of skewered hair—let your pins be truly invisible.

Some girls part off the front half of the hair and after adding another part, either side or middle, but usually to one side of the middle, arrange this front half of the hair first, pinning it at the sides where needed, then pinning the ends against the back of the head half way down, doing up the back half of the hair over these ends. Others do up the back half of the hair first, combing it up and turning the ends under, pinning it more than half way up the back of the head, then arranging the front half of the hair, tucking its ends under, and pinning it to the back of the hair. The thing for you to keep in mind, however, is that you can fix your hair anyway you like—there are no set rules. Just experiment and make a pretty picture of it, but try not to have it look too considered—that is, as if you had spent a lot of time on it.

Answers to Questions

JESSIE.—All kinds of bleaches we want, do we? Well, one of the best for the face is as follows, but it isn't anything you can have "put up" at the druggist's. You can get the ingredients, but the real value on the bleach lies in what you do with them. Buy a jar of theatrical cream and a pound of almond meal. For your first application take a heaping teaspoonful of the cream and to this keep adding meal until you have about all the meal the cream will hold: to this stiff mixture add just enough hot water to make a paste thin enough to spread. Have ready two masks of cheese-cloth—squares with a hole for your nose—and after dampening them spread the paste on one and lay the other over the paste-spread side of the first one. The face should have been bathed in very hot soapy water. Rub gently with the flats of the fingers to speed up the circulation and stimulate the pores to action; then apply the pack, patting it close to the facial skin. Over this place two hot wet Turkish towels of small size—one folded over the upper half of the face, the other over the lower half, leaving only the nostrils uncovered. Have a bowl of very hot water at your side with two more towels, and as the first ones cool replace them with hot ones. Keep this up for fifteen minutes, then remove the pack, wash the face in warm water gently, then in cool water and finally in cold water. Take six of these treatments, three days apart, and you will find your skin appreciably beautified. For a neck bleach, the following is good, though you may, if you wish, use the almond meal bleach on a cheese-cloth strip long enough to go around the throat and wide enough to come well down over the shoulders.

Bleach for the Neck

Mix one teaspoonful of lemon juice with an ounce of strained honey, add six drops of bitter almonds (this is poison, so be careful) and the unbeaten whites of two eggs. Into this stir fine oatmeal to make a paste. Spread on a cotton bandage and tie around the throat.

For the hands, bathe thoroughly, then apply the following lotion:

To Whiten the Hands

Rosewater, four ounces; orange-flower water, four ounces; borate of soda (borax), one-half dram; spirits of benzoin, one dram; bruised almonds, one ounce.

Add the almonds to the first two ingredients and let stand 24 hours, then filter, add the soda, shake gently until all dissolved, then add the benzoin a drop at a time, shaking as you do so. Your druggist can put this up for you. You can apply this lotion several times in one evening, letting it dry on. Then before going to bed coat the hands with lanoline, draw on rubber gloves or thick cotton gloves and go to bed secure in the thought that you have improved the appearance of your hands most decidedly. For wrinkles in the forehead, first find the cause. Do your eyes bother you, so that you involuntarily crease the brow in using them? Then get glasses at once. Do you fret over trifles? Stop it! In other words, get rid of the facial expression which is causing the wrinkles. Cultivate a smooth brow, with the temples "loose"—turn up the corners of the mouth and you will see how the temples loosen—and you will go a long way toward avoiding wrinkles. In the meantime massage the wrinkles you already have, night and morning and any other time that is convenient, dipping the finger-tips in cold cream and with the first two fingers of each hand rubbing *across* the wrinkles. If they are horizontal your massage movements should be up and down; if they are vertical, your movements should be from left to right, and vice versa.

HAZEL EYES.—You weren't in time for the December COMFORT, my dear. This is the first issue after your letters. You see, magazines of such a big circulation as COMFORT have to be gotten ready for printing a long time in advance. Now about the various troubles of which you write. You do not weigh too much, and should be perfectly satisfied when you gain some more. As to whitening the hands, see my answer to "Jessie." This will fix you up. Your experience helping your mother will show you that she does not have an entirely pleasant time of it and that she needs her daughter's help. You can help without ruining your hands if you buy some rubber gloves for the dishwashing, and some heavy cotton gloves—like garden gloves—for dusting and sweeping. You will have to remove them occasionally for certain kinds of work, but not often. For peeling potatoes, put a kid finger on the finger you cut against; also rub a cut lemon on the hands afterwards. It is perfectly all right to take a reasonable care of one's hands and it should not at all interfere with doing one's work well. Of course you can's wear the gloves when washing, but after washing, rub some cold cream into the hands at night and sleep with gloves on. This replaces some of the oil the laundry work has used up. You can rub on some of the Whitening Lotion I recommend to "Jessie," as soon as you are through with the washing. If the cuticle is, as you say, rough and hard around the nails, keep it softened with vaseline rubbed on at night. The dandruff may come from not frequent enough shampooing. How about it? Try shampooing once in two weeks, but be careful not to rub soap on the hair or scalp. Dissolve white soap in hot water, and use the liquid, being sure to rinse thoroughly after you have given the hair and scalp two or three thorough applications of the liquid with rubbing and rinsing. Certainly your hair will break if you "rough" it. Don't do that. Keep it well shampooed and you will find it gains in fluffiness. Drink lots of water daily—eight or ten glasses, so that the body elimination will be aided. This will help all body conditions. And eat sensible foods, chewing each mouthful until it is liquid. All these things help, my dear. About the eyes, you may need glasses, though I hope not. Be careful never to read except in a very good light. Have the light fall over your left shoulder, never falling on your book from in front. Never read when the light begins to grow dim; never read lying down. And the moment your eyes begin to feel tired stop reading! Better not read at night—that is, by artificial light—for a time. Read only in the daytime when the light is bright and good.



THIS GIRL, CHOOSING FORMAL HAIR DRESSING, MUST BE FORMAL IN MANNER.

MRS. R. L.—Of course, the first thing for dandruff is to see that the scalp is kept clean with frequent shampoos, and that the brushes and combs are thoroughly washed at the time of the shampoo so that the scalp may not be reinfected. With this preliminary disposed of, suppose you try the following remedy for dandruff, highly recommended:

Remedy for Dandruff

Beef marrow, five and one-half ounces; black balsam of Peru, 150 grains; acetate of lead, 30 grains; rectified alcohol, one fluid ounce; cantharides powder, 12½ grains; essence of clover, five drops; essence of cinnamon, five drops.

The two latter ingredients may be omitted and some other essence added, if desired. Mix well, then, with a pad of cotton dipped into the mixture, apply to the scalp by rubbing it along the part. Part again about half an inch away, and from forehead to nape of neck, and rub that part, and so continue until you feel you have rubbed every portion of the scalp. Do this every night for a week, then shampoo and omit the treatment for a week, after which resume for another week, and so continue until the dandruff has disappeared.

KITTY OF WEST VIRGINIA.—See answer to "Jessie" for face bleach, but I imagine you do not need anything of the kind. I should be inclined to believe that you were not eating just the right kinds of food—a little too concentrated, or too many sweet and fat things. Cut out sweets, such as candy, pie, cake; also hot biscuits and griddle cakes, etc., and gravies, rich desserts. See what happens when you eat custards, blanc manges, apple sauce, baked apples, stewed prunes, rice pudding, etc., instead; and cereals and soft-boiled eggs and toast for breakfast; no pork or veal, no rich gravies, and nothing between meals but water and plenty of that. To keep your face free from shine, try rubbing it with corn meal after washing. Or use the little beauty bags made of two squares of cheese-cloth, and half filled with rolled oats. Use instead of a washcloth, washing the face first with clear water, then dipping the bag into the bowl quickly and applying to the face. A milky substance will ooze from the bag. Do not rinse the face but let it dry with gentle pattings. It will not be shiny. Dry the bag, as you can use it more than once.

VIRGINIA.—So you are one of those who bobbed their hair and now wish they hadn't. There is no way to help you to have it "grow out at once". You will have to put up with it until little by little it adds inches to its length. Massaging the scalp nightly will help to stimulate growth, and keeping the entire body well fed and nourished will also help.

CHICKENPOX.—I am sorry it is against the rules of this department to answer letters by mail, and I am even more sorry that I cannot help you out about the scars. Massaging with a good cold cream sometimes helps. Using cold cream before applying powder also aids slightly in concealment.

MOTHER.—You must make that small boy of yours sit up straight. Perhaps he is not very strong and so he just naturally slumps down when he is seated. See that he eats plenty of nourishing food. You do not tell me his age, but any child should drink several glasses of milk each day, and if he is over four, as I suppose he is, he should have a good bowl of cereal with cream and sugar in the morning—but not too much sugar. Give him soft-boiled eggs, also. Do not let him eat any fried foods, nor too much meat. Be sparing of cake, never let him have pie. Do not let him eat except at regular hours. You can give him milk between your regular meal hours, but do so regularly, so that this constitutes another meal for him. If he eats candy, let it be following a meal, not between meals. Encourage him to eat apples and other fruit, except bananas. If you increase his strength, you will increase his ability to hold himself erect without effort. Not sufficient strength may be where the trouble lies. Weigh him every week and see if you are making him gain as he should. Write either to the Children's Bureau, Washington, D. C., or to the Elizabeth McCormick Memorial Fund, Child Welfare Department, Chicago, Illinois, and ask for a weight chart showing just what your child should weigh year by year. Then have him practice arm-and-shoulder exercises, also breathing exercises daily. It takes time, but it is really essential. Make a game of it. Offer a small prize when he can bend forward and touch the floor with his finger-tips without bending his knees and then bend backwards and touch the floor with his finger-tips that way. Whatever you do, do not use braces; that only takes all the work off the muscles and makes them lazier and more inadequate than ever.

Straightening Exercise

Have the boy stand erect, with heels together, toes slightly turned out, chin up, chest out, shoulders dropped. Now have him breathe in through the nose slowly, counting five or six, or as much as he can stand without losing his breath at once, for the point of the exercise is to have him hold the breath for a moment and then let it out again, through his nose, to the same number of counts as it took him to breathe it in. Repeat this ten or twelve times. Now have him raise his arms to shoulder height, extending them straight out in front of him, back of hand to back of hand. Now have him throw his arms back without letting them fall below the level of the shoulders, and without bending the elbows. He is to throw them back as if they were going to meet behind his back. Of course they won't meet—they can't—but he can throw them with as much force as if he were trying to make them meet. Be sure they are kept shoulder high, and that he is standing straight as he exercises. Bring the arms back, without bending or lowering, and repeat several times. This is an excellent exercise. Then have him practice the floor-touching exercise, being sure that the knees do not bend. He

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)

Hair Often Ruined By Careless Washing

Soap should be used very carefully, if you want to keep your hair looking its best. Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and ruins it.

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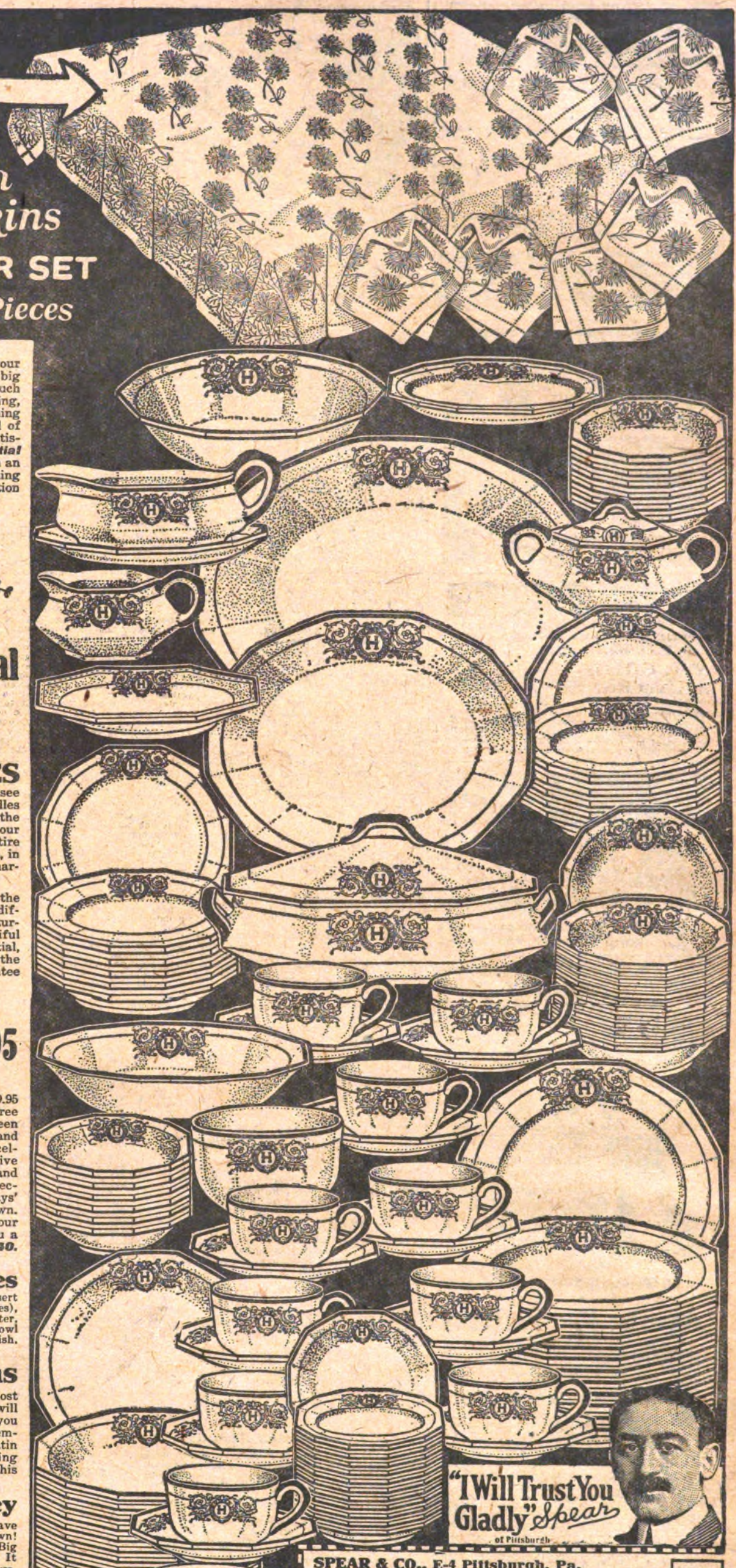
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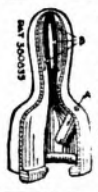
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Winter Coughs and Colds of Children —Continued

IN our last month's talk we were discussing croup and its treatment, and suggested the hot bath if symptoms were severe. You should use some mild emetic, syrup of ipecac in one-half to one teaspoonful doses, every two hours until relieved. If you have not the ipecac, dissolve a little mustard in lukewarm water, as this is a simple emetic available in most homes. Tickling the upper part of throat will often cause vomiting and relief. If none of these simple things relieve, get a physician and he will give hypodermic of apomorphine, one-tenth gr., which rarely fails to cause vomiting. If possible, moisten the air in the room by vapors of steam from kettles. Have child inhale steam from pitcher of steaming hot water to which has been added a teaspoonful of cooking soda. Have seen cases relieved at once by covering mother and baby with large sheet, and then slaking lime under the sheet, as they get the moist fumes from the slaking lime.

These cases are not serious, and the only precaution to follow is to be sure that you have a case of simple croup and not the fatal membranous croup or diphtheria.

MEMBRANOUS CROUP is classified by most boards of health as laryngeal diphtheria, and is a disease of childhood, very fatal in character,—the danger is great in proportion to the youth and feebleness of child. There is intense swelling of larynx which is soon covered with thick membrane that quickly spreads to the vocal organs and inner surface of the epiglottis. There is huskiness of the voice, harsh, croupy, metallic cough, which may change to a husky sound. With simple croup there is a high-pitched or crowing sound, and this is one of the points of distinguishing the two conditions. Breathing is difficult and the child cannot rest lying down; if exhausted it lies quiet for a moment, then starts up in fright, breathing heavily, with whistling sound as it takes in its breath. This is a serious disease, and if you suspect that your baby has it get a competent physician at once. There are a few simple things that you can do before the physician arrives; syrup of ipecac in one-half teaspoonful doses, but you have to use emetics with caution, as the patient's strength is to be considered. Inhaling vapors of slaked lime under sheet will help to dissolve membrane or at least detach it so that it can be coughed up. Hot compresses around the throat and the upper chest are helpful. To maintain baby's strength you may give liquid nourishment and brandy or whiskey in doses of ten drops to one teaspoonful according to age.

I know of no more serious condition to contend with than membranous croup in a baby, and often it puzzles the physician to know what to do first as you must do the right thing and do it quickly. The most important thing is to loosen the membrane that is slowly but certainly choking the baby, and during the meantime you must keep up the baby's strength. If antitoxin is available and the symptoms seem serious it would be good treatment for the physician to give a moderately large dose of antitoxin. The favorable symptoms are looseness of cough, changing of the whispering voice to hoarseness, and fever moderating. The unfavorable symptoms are loud breathing with prolonged expiration, whispering voice, or no voice at all, and congestion of face and neck, nosebleed, cold feet, clammy perspiration, lips blue, all of which show baby is struggling to get oxygen into its lungs.

In our last two talks we have tried to offer some simple suggestions as to treatment of coughs, colds and the different kinds of croup, but we wish to impress upon the mothers this fact: the best treatment in the world is preventive treatment, and what we mean by this is to avoid the colds. Dress the baby warmly, avoid drafts and try and keep it in the same temperature. Cold weather will not make a baby take cold if it is only dressed properly; it is the sudden changes, drafts, wet clothes, especially wet feet.

Keep the child's digestion in good condition, for it is a well-known fact that if the digestion is upset the child is more susceptible to colds.

Don't take chances by dosing a child with any of the cough medicines that are put up and for sale all over the country. If a cold gets beyond your treatment with syrup of ipecac, hen's oil, goose oil and camphorated oil, locally, get a competent physician and have him intelligently prepare medicine and prescribe treatment for the baby.

In our Question and Answer Department we often answer the same question over and over, and while we are willing to do this it would be more helpful to all interested if you would cut out these questions and answers and paste them in a scrap-book for future reference. Our subject next month will be *Indigestion of Babies.*

Questions and Answers

DIET AND WORK DURING PREGNANCY, BABY'S WARDROBE, ETC.—I am an expectant mother, four months pregnant, and am writing for advice in regard to baby's wardrobe, what clothing, material, etc. What things will I need to get myself, diet during pregnancy, about working, and will it do any harm to wear corsets?

MRS. A. T. E., Ind.

A.—For baby, flannel receiving blanket, three flannel abdominal bands, 18 inches long and five inches wide, pinked, not hemmed; three shirts, pinning blanket of outing flannel, three nightdresses of outing flannel, three dozen diapers made out of cheese-cloth or cotton diaper cloth. For yourself, clean sheets, nightdresses, abdominal band made out of cotton flannel. There should be two basins for hot water, bed-pan, rubber sheeting large enough to cover bed and a small piece one yard square, one pound of antiseptic absorbent cotton, four ounces of powdered boric acid, bottle of olive oil and vaseline. Keep yourself in as near a normal condition as possible, regular diet, being especially careful to have kidneys and bowels performing their functions in a proper manner. You may do your work, in fact work in moderation will take up your time and help your digestion, but avoid getting overtired, or heavy lifting, avoid jolts and jars and do not run a sewing-machine, avoid excitement of all kinds, have clothing comfortable, but hanging from shoulders; maternity corsets are helpful as they give more or less abdominal support.

VARICOSE VEINS, BROWN SPOTS.—I am an expectant mother and am troubled with varicose veins. Can you suggest treatment? Also what can I do for brown spots on face? MRS. G. W., Carrol, Iowa.

A.—For the varicose veins, bandage the legs with three-inch flannel bandage (cut on the bias) from toes up to and above the veins involved.

For the brown spots get the following recipe filled, and if this lotion is patiently and persistently used as directed you will get relief:

RECIPE.—Hydrargyri Chloridi Corros, grs, 6. Acidi Aceticum, *Dil*, drams, 2. Boric acid, scruples, 2. Aqua Rosae, Qs, ad, ounces, 4

M, Sig. Apply on spots, night and morning, until they are removed.

Caution: This should bear a *Poison* label.

The brown spots, which occur in young mothers, are simply a discoloration of skin, unattended with alteration of surface, and are caused by the physiological changes of the circulation to the skin at this time.

The foregoing recipe and explanation that follows it appeared in this department in our last August number. Since then we have received so many requests to furnish it by mail or reprint it in COMFORT that we here suggest that our women readers clip it now and paste it in their scrap-books for future reference.—Editor.

FOOD AND SLEEP, TEETH.—My baby, 13 months old, has but four teeth, and I am writing for information. Also, will you give list of foods to give her, and tell me how much sleep she should have?

MRS. L. W. H., Coolidge, Texas.

A.—I should not be alarmed about baby's teeth, as in healthy children they are sometimes delayed in coming. The baby's diet should be largely milk, and if you add a tablespoonful of lime-water to each six ounces of milk, it will aid in the development of the teeth and bones. A baby thirteen months old should go to bed at 7 P. M. and sleep all night and have a two-hour nap in forenoon and the same in the afternoon, taking care that the child has fresh air.

COLOR OF STOOLS, ETC.—What is the cause of stools of baby turning diapers pink? Will external piles get well of their own accord, or what can be done for them? Is there any danger of taking douches during monthly period?

MRS. L. S., Ohio.

A.—I know of but two things that will cause diaper to be pink or red; baby or the mother taking, internally, phenolphthalien, as a laxative, or if there was a little blood in the stools this would become pink if diaper was wet.

Sometimes piles dry up if cause is removed; if not, have them removed under cocaine.

Yes, there is danger of suppression if douches are taken during monthly period.

BED-WETTING.—I have a girl, five years old, that wets the bed every night, and, as I have had her treated for four months without relief, I come to you for help. MRS. G. B., Elizabethtown.

A.—Bedwetting sometimes is an obstinate condition to treat as you must first remove the cause. This may be a highly nervous condition, malnutrition, relaxed muscles, impaired health from diseased tonsils, or adenoids, or from constipation. Would suggest that you get her general health in the best possible condition, remove tonsils and adenoids, if need be, or if they affect breathing. Keep bowels regular, give dry supper, no liquids before going to bed, and make a practice of getting her up when you retire, and you will soon establish a habit.

PEDICULOSIS.—One of my children has head lice and I have tried castor oil, also coal oil, without relief. Please tell me what will relieve this condition, also what will kill the eggs, as I am thirty miles from a physician. MRS. R., Colorado.

A.—Should apply kerosene oil to head freely, wrap head in cloth and leave all night, then shampoo head thoroughly with soap and warm water, comb out hair with fine-tooth comb, then apply a little mercurial ointment (blue ointment) all over head; leave three hours then shampoo head with soap and warm water. One or two treatments will get rid of them.

CONDENSED MILK, AMOUNT AND FREQUENCY OF FEEDINGS, LOOSE BOWELS, IRRITATED BUTTOCKS, COLD IN BABY THREE MONTHS OLD.—Mrs. J. R., Pennsylvania; Mrs. R. E. M, Commus, Mich.; Mrs. W. S. K., Bow Island, Alta., Canada.

A.—The ideal food for baby is mother's milk, if healthy; next best, cow's milk, modified; if neither is available, we then have to use condensed milk, malted milk, etc. In any of these you can safely use lime-water, tablespoonful to six ounces of food. It cannot do harm, and most certainly is good, to neutralize acidity of stomach, also good for bones and teeth. Equal parts of lime-water and milk, in teaspoonful doses, will often relieve acid vomiting in babies and adults.

A baby six months old should be given six ounces of food every three hours during day.

For a cold, in baby three months old, should grease sides of nose with hen's oil, one or two drops in each nostril, for head cold. Warm camphorated oil on chest, if chest cold, with fifteen drops of syrup of ipecac, every three hours, as an expectorant.

COLIC.—My baby, six weeks old, has colic badly and is badly constipated. I nurse him but he cries awfully after nursing. Have tried milk of magnesia, catnip and fennel, and have to give him tablespoonful doses of castor oil to get result. How much water should I use as rectal enema for a baby of his age?

MRS. H. H., Bloomville, Ind.
MRS. T. F. P., Rockwood, Tenn.

A.—A nursing baby's digestion will be like its mother's, only worse if hers is bad. Get your own digestion in normal condition, not alone with laxatives but by diet—eat fruit, apples, one first thing in morning and last thing at night, with glass of water, prunes, figs, bran muffins, bran gruels, molasses cookies, etc.

Have baby nurse slowly; rapid nursing causes gas and colic. Teaspoonful doses of castor oil is good treatment for gas; tablespoonful doses are too large for six-weeks baby.

Four ounces is the amount of liquid used for an enema for baby, but should only be used in an emergency.

WEANING BOTTLE-FED BABY.—My bottle-fed baby will be a year old in May, and should I wean her before summer? What and when should I feed her, as she has no teeth? MRS. C. R., Cleveland, Okla.

A.—Do not hurry about weaning her as she will take more milk this way, and you can begin feeding her food with caution after she is one year old. (b) Give her oatmeal gruel, orange juice and any simple broths.

BOILS.—I have an 18-months'-old girl who has boils, or something like a boil as they start in as a white-headed pimple, then get red, and harder until they come to a head, then burst, a soft core comes out and they heal up, leaving a purple spot where the skin seems to draw in. Her health seems good aside from this. Please give cause and treatment.

MRS. A. S., Wooster, Ohio.

A.—The cause of the condition you so clearly picture is due to the condition of your little girl's blood, and, while her health may seem to be normal, this is nature's way of throwing off impurities. Give her the following internally:

RECIPE.—Tinct. Chloride of Iron, one-half ounce. Simple syrup, q.s, ad, six ounces.

M, Sig. Teaspoonful in water, after food three times a day, through glass tube if she will take it this way.

For local application, get your druggist to put you up one pint of Dakin's solution, and bind on gauze or cotton wet with this solution, night and morning, at any stage of their development, and I think you will soon clear up this condition.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

Love to all and I would like to receive letters from sisters in different parts of the country. Will try and answer any that I may receive.

MRS. R. V. LONG.

Mrs. Long.—Perhaps if you had told us some of the stunts you do at your club meetings we would know better what to tell you about ours. And while you are about it, you might as well tell us about the lunches you serve and the presents you give, so we can do likewise, if your way is better than ours.—Ed.

INDIANA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

May I come into your cozy corner for a chat and a bit of advice?

Not so very many years ago, when I was a girl, I had a letter printed in the Cousins' Department and received many beautiful cards and interesting letters from all over the United States. Since that time I was married to one of the best men in the world, but he died three years ago and left me with two babies.

This is the advice for which I ask: Do the COMFORT sisters think a woman should marry again when there are children? Perhaps someone from their own experience can tell me if happiness was the result. I have a good home but it is somewhat of a struggle to keep it and the two children.

I would say to Undecided Mother, by all means give your daughter dancing lessons. Nothing gives such beauty and grace of body as dancing. It does not mean that she will ever be on the stage and actresses can and do live good lives.

Country Lassie, don't be discouraged at twenty. In ten years from now you will wonder how you thought your dreams had come to an end.

I hear someone say "description" so I'll give a short one and then go. I am twenty-eight years old, five feet, six inches tall, have dark hair and eyes and fair complexion and, best of all, a sense of humor.

I would like to hear from some of the sisters if they will send to Mrs. Wilkinson for my address.

I will close with a little rhyme that expresses my sentiments exactly:

Love to make you happy,
Health to make you blest,
That is all I wish you,
Leave to God the rest.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

What is the opinion of the sisters as to remarriage?—Ed.

BARLOW, OHIO.

DEAR COMFORT:

I am enclosing money for my subscription. It hasn't expired, but never in the ten or twelve years that I have taken it have I missed receiving it.



BELLE MAXINE LANE.

I have a darling baby girl, named Belle Maxine, thirteen months old and weighing twenty-four pounds. She walks and says several words. I hope to see her picture in COMFORT.

Yours respectfully, MRS. MABEL LANE.

Mrs. Lane.—Of course she is serious looking. Who wouldn't be with only one thin soda cracker for a Valentine lunch. Don't you care, Belle, in a few years you'll be eating turkey and pudding 'n' everything.—Ed.

MISHAWAKA, IND.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I am a stranger to you but you and the sisters are far from being strangers to me. I have been reading the sisters' letters so long and have received so much help, encouragement, new ideas and hearty laughs that I feel selfish. I have never forgotten when I was about seventeen (which was a long time ago) I put my name in COMFORT for postcards and received 1,300. I have them yet and my little girl is fond of them when sickness confines her to her bed.

I am married, 33 years of age, 5 feet, three inches tall, have dark brown hair and blue eyes and have one little girl (Bonnalyn Virginia), aged eight years. My occupation is cigar manufacturer. I have solved my problem at least of earning money at home as my shop is built on the rear of our home. My husband works steadily and has good habits but I like to help financially as we are buying our home. Any other sister running a "buckeye" please write to me or any others also as I like to receive letters. Mrs. Wilkinson has my address. And now to return some of the help I have had.

Do all the sisters know that a tablespoonful of vinegar will take the place of an egg in a cake?

That ladies' black stocking legs can be made into lovely underdraws for kiddies? I rip them, starch and iron them to make the work of cutting and sewing easier. Then wash again when finished.

That tailor's samples make good holders or lifters if stitched together and a garter hook on the corner to

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

MOTHER!

"California Syrup of Figs" is Best Laxative for Child



Accept "California" Syrup of Figs only—look for the name California on the package, then you are sure your child is having the best and most harmless laxative for the little stomach, liver and bowels. Children love its fruity taste. Full directions on each bottle.

Ask your Druggist for "California Syrup of Figs"

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

hang it up by? Wool doesn't heat through as easily as some other materials.

That a very pleasing little gift for shower or birthday can be made from a man's three handkerchiefs? Get the white ones with dainty colored borders. The cap is made by sewing tape around about two inches from the hem and running a narrow elastic through it. The apron is made by cutting off the corner about six inches and using it for a pocket. A ribbon or India linen band finishes it. The remaining handkerchief can be easily converted into a pair of sleeve protectors. Fold this one diagonally *twice* and measure out from point in center the width of hand or wrist and cut, curving slightly at top or hem as top must be wider than the wrist. The remaining corners can be used for cuffs. Gift may be made more elaborate by adding rosettes of baby ribbon, harmonizing with the colors in borders.

And how many of the sisters are helping or cheering our disabled soldiers over the country? I mean personally, not through the Red Cross (for we all do that). They were cheered when they went away, why not cheer them now when they need it most? Such a large, loving, jolly family could do wonders if each sister only helped one. I have helped four, and two of them had to have help for their families, and I intend to help as long as I hear of their needs. Let's hear from some of the sisters interested in this work.

Love to all. A HOOSIER SISTER.

PICTURE BUTTE, ALTA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have read your letters for so long that now I must try my luck too. Would a person ever believe there were so many cheery housewives in this world? It has done me good to read their letters for I am to be married in the near future and sometimes I have wondered if I would get tired of doing housework every day when I might stay single and enjoy myself. But the COMFORT sisters seem so happy with their work and children that I think I'm safe in trying it.

COMFORT is an American paper and thus is not in many of our Canadian homes around here.

I will describe myself before closing. Nineteen years old, five feet, three inches tall, weigh 112 pounds, have dark brown hair and greyish brown eyes. I have one sister married also four married brothers and one brother with me at home. We live on a farm. Our nearest neighbor is half a mile away. It is lonesome in the winter. I would like to hear from some of the girl members.

Sincerely your sister, ILA F. MCNABB.

KOSSUTH, MISS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I must stop long enough to tell that "love and kindness" rule the whole world, whether it be to a gray-headed man and woman or tiny baby tots.

South Carolina Sister, sometimes I have as many as 14 youngsters whose ages range from two years to thirteen all rippling with fun and playing. What do I do when I feel nervous and need my own two kiddies to help me? Tell all of the children to help sweep, brush, wash dishes, draw water or whatever I need and then off to their play again. Treat the neighbor's child as you do your own and if it dislikes to help you will soon see the little feet going in a hurry toward home and no harm done. I don't mean to keep the neighbor's child busy all the time; it's the child that wants to stay with you, like your own, and then it needs the training. Every neighbor I have had since I have been housekeeping says I could take their children away from them, and some even beg their parents to let them come and live with me. I have the first child to scold for ever coming. I have been unable to see after them many a time, and then I would quietly say, "honey, mama might need you, and you go now and see," and not even the child, let alone the mother, was the least bit hurt. This rule will work every day and seventy times seventy each day. I am 36 years old and been married 15 and these years have proved it to me. Don't make your child work all the time its company is there; give them a chance to enjoy themselves for a child is a child. But when the child of your neighbor just wants to stay with you all the time let them help you for many children will try to get away from mama and go visiting just to keep from helping her and when you find it out let them learn that we all have to work.

Sure enough dear "Mollie Joe" I will give you my ideas how I would play. Treat your stepmother as you would your own mother and try to love her, for love hides a multitude of sins. Do the home errands as you always did, let her help and when it comes to buying buy for her and yourself the same priced goods and if she should get a little nervous sometimes allow for that for I imagine a stepmother has a handful the same as the stepchild and when she is in a pleasing mood talk over the ways of the home and let her have one job and you another. Should one wash one week, or scrub or bake, let the other do it the next, try it time about or day about. I had the experience of this "time about" plan when I was a girl. There were nine of us children and I was the oldest girl and one orphan boy older than either of us nine children. Mother was not well so I cooked the breakfasts with the help of one of the little boys. Each one of the boys helped us when his turn came around and never a word did I hear from either one for each knew when his time came. The same way when the supper dishes were washed. Now each one of the nine has a home of his own and the orphan boy has, too. And dear old dad and mother still live and keep house and have an orphan girl with them. Always find room to help the children without parents and never impose on them. Many will give them a home as a slave and not as a child.

I believe in each one doing his bit. I earn my own spending money every year and I don't have to "fuss" over the pocketbook. I can fruits and vegetables for the market and sold, last season, seventy dollars' worth. I save all in the home I can. I make my own laundry soap, also my toilet soap, no grease nor lye used and it doesn't cost over two cents a pound to make the laundry soap. I use any color and any perfume in my toilet soap. I make over many pieces of clothing, cut down dresses for the girl and there are many things to be made over to save the cost of buying. I color her school dresses; when she gets tired of one I color it another and she loves it like a real new one. Don't buy costly clothing for the growing child unless you make it with larger seams and hem so as to let it out and nine times out of ten when it is let out it shows signs of wear and will have to be colored over to hide this.

I make my own garden. Raise many thoroughbred Brown Leghorns as it doesn't cost any more to raise a pure-bred fowl than it does a mixed. When I want to buy anything and haven't the money I buy on the installment plan as I then can have time to make my own money to pay for it. I bought my sewing machine this way, and when I got it paid for I bought my organ, and then I bought my typewriter. I don't know what I will buy next.

Don't think I have to buy things this way or not get them for my husband buys for me and is as good as any man ever was, but I always wanted to help win the battle and am succeeding and hope my experience will help others.

I am a real flower lover and spend many hours among the plants. I draw my water in the afternoon and let it warm in the sun before watering plants. I use equal parts of chip dirt or woods earth, sand and good garden loam for all pot plants. I didn't have much luck with my pot plants until I began to use an insect destroyer on the leaves as little insects would gather under them and take away the nourishment or coloring and soon the leaves would drop off.

I wish, Mrs. Wilkinson, that you could come and spend the day with me, for life on the farm is not in the least as it is in the city. There is "big" room in the fields, meadows, and the long highways where fast speeding autos travel and enjoy the pleasant breezes of summer. Nature's way seems beautiful, no hand of art can ever be compared with our Creator's hand, every vine, tree or river is just a picture; if we always tried to find the "beautiful" every thing would be different. I always try to picture the "beauties" of everything, the setting sun, a fleecy cloud, a bird on the wing, the grazing cattle, a playing child and hundreds of others too numerous to mention are all living pictures. When the blues overtake you sisters call to remembrance what I have said and stop a minute to take in pictures of reality.

A long-time COMFORT Sister,
MRS. F. T. MULLIKIN.

TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND FOLKS:

This is my third attempt to enter the corner but I shall keep on trying until I succeed. However, by my past failures I lost the only potted plant I had, a wee fern. My neighbor said the "Corner" was a fake and I told her it wasn't and that I would write a letter and if it was not published within two months I would give her my fern. It was not published. Then she told me to try again and if successful she would return my poor little fern. I failed that time also but here I am again. Please Mrs. Wilkinson, print this for I am a lover of house plants and that was the only one I had. That's a dear, I knew you would.

I am going to mention a subject I would like to hear discussed by both sexes. "Can a woman of the streets be uplifted?" I say, "Yes," that by the right treatment the majority of them can be. Some women do not care for the good, pure life while others are longing deep down in their hearts for friends, husband, home and babies.

Another question, Is it fair to scorn a girl gone wrong through love of a man? Now mothers and fathers, think of that innocent girl of yours, loving to distraction a man she thinks is all that is good and true. He makes her think he loves her. The courtship ends with the disgrace of the little girl, besides the mental and physical suffering she must undergo. What of the man? He goes free without a sign of disgrace or suffering. The girl is scorned by all, even those who were once her dearest friends and unless she has a strong will power and friends to aid her she will end by becoming a woman of the street.

Let every person remember what Christ said, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." I have given this subject much attention of late years, since the dearest friend I ever had was betrayed by the man she loved. Thank God, that with my encouragement she is now a happy wife of a good husband. Another case in town of an orphan girl who got a wrong start and kept going down until she was a horrible creature, smoked, drank and used morphine. I saw her one day as I was waiting in the station for a train, and asked her what pleasure and happiness she found in such a life. She told me how she longed for a home, some place where no one knew her past and how she always dreamed of a dear baby to care for, and a good husband. I talked to her and persuaded her to go to a hospital and be cured of the drug habit and to hold up her head and try to do what was right, and when people saw she was doing right they would forget. She took my advice. That was three years ago. Two years ago she married a soldier; they have adopted a baby boy and now she is living a clean life.

I will give you a description of myself and then go. I am five feet, two inches tall, weigh one hundred and ten pounds, have brown hair, blue eyes and am twenty-four years old. Have an average good husband and two boys, one seven and the other two. A little baby girl passed away three years ago.

TEXAS BLUE BONNET.

PARLIN, COLORADO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND FRIENDS:

This is "Happy Mother from Colorado" coming in again for a little chat. I want to tell you how I solved those perplexing questions in the February issue of COMFORT, 1921. First, though, let me say Mrs. Wilkinson must be one of those lovely but heartless housekeepers I spoke about, for she sent me a stack of nice letters sympathizing with me but printed those in COMFORT which were more criticizing—all of which were for the good of the soul.

Now I've taken a fifteen-year-old orphan girl out of an orphanage to be company for me on the lonely ranch and also to help care for baby. She is such a treasure it would be hard to do without her.

Also I finally got courage enough to tell my unwelcome neighbor to stay home during the day so she has not bothered me much since but, folks, she is not my mother-in-law as some of you supposed in your letters. Since then my health has improved and life looks bright and sunny to me again. It seems to me if we would each try hard to love more and criticize less, life would be summer for all.



MARY ELLEN MCDONOUGH AND HER MOTHER.

Our ranch is twelve miles from Gunnison, where the State Normal is located. The streams around here are filled with native trout, and every summer are lined with fishing tourists. The climate is very cool and delightful in summer, but winters are long and severe. The summer season is comparatively short and hay is the principal crop raised.

Am enclosing a picture of our baby, Mary Ellen, taken last August with her mother—which we would like to see printed in COMFORT.

Why don't the mothers write more letters to our corner, telling of their experiences with children? I am sure there are many hearts hungry for just those kind of letters, offering friendly counsel.

I would especially like to hear from some of the ranch mothers.

MRS. CLARIBEL MCDONOUGH.

Claribel.—If you could see my house sometimes you'd know—but there, I'm not even going to make any damaging confessions. The letters of criticism had to be printed to make things interesting. Who ever heard of an entirely affirmative or entirely negative debate? It would have been possible to have printed just Mary Ellen's picture but why do that when everyone is interested in Mary Ellen's mother? Your reference to loving more and critcizing less makes me believe that you will like this poem of Strickland Gillilan's, long a favorite of mine. I'd give credit to the paper I clipped it from years ago but I've forgotten. Thanks just the same.—Ed.

"Folks need a lot of loving in the morning;
The day is all before, with cares beset—
The cares we know and they that give no warning;
For love is God's own antidote for fret.

"Folks need a heap of loving at the noontime—
In the battle lull, the moment snatched from strife—
Halfway between the waking and the croontime,
While bickering and worriment are rife.

"Folks hunger so for loving at the night-time,
When wearily they take them home to rest—
At slumber-song and turning-out-the-light time—
Of all the times for loving, that's the best!

"Folks want a lot of loving every minute—
The sympathy of others and their smile!
Till life's end from the moment they begin it,
Folks need a lot of loving all the while."

DURANGO, COLO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have had several mothers ask me how I cured my two-year-old girl from sucking her finger, so I decided to submit the answer to you for publication in COMFORT if you see fit. While I do not say that every child can be cured in the same way, it worked with mine, but every mother has to learn what appeals to her own child the most.

By the time my baby was two years old, the habit of sucking her finger had become so constant and annoying that I could hardly bear it, besides she was deforming her finger. I knew I had to do something. We lived in the country where my little girl didn't get to see many toy displays as town children do, but she enjoyed pictures and books. One day I picked up a catalogue and showed her some pictures of pretty dolls and not having any idea my plan would work I said to her, "Now if you won't ever suck your finger any more, mamma will send and get you one of these pretty dolls with hair like yours and slippers on its feet." She was too young to know how to make me a promise, but I could see she was thinking, wide-eyed and sober. She knew what I meant. About three days passed and she had not sucked her finger, then one night she woke up beside me and I noticed she was very restless so, thinking she would go right back to sleep, I didn't say anything to her. But she turned and twisted for quite a while, when in the dark I heard the little tongue lisp in a whisper, "*Doll would come,*" so I knew then that she was trying to go to sleep without sucking her finger. I will say the doll wasn't long in arriving, and I never, not even once, ever caught her with her finger in her mouth again. She loved that doll better than any toy she has ever had.

If people could only realize the explicit faith a little child puts in the words of older folks, how very careful they would be to keep every promise made to a little one. 'Tis a terrible thing to destroy a little child's confidence. We can all learn so very much from babies. I like this little verse:

"Speak gently to the little child,
Its love be sure to gain.
Teach it in accents soft and mild,
It may not long remain."

MRS. C. MOXLEY.

NEBO, N. CAROLINA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I feel like an intruder to call so often but you have asked me to come again and many of the sisters have written me requesting me to write again to our corner so here I am. Since my letter was printed in June COMFORT I have received so many letters I couldn't answer all but I want to thank each and every one of you who wrote me nice chatty letters without getting an answer,—all except the ones who send endless chain prayers, and there were not a few of those. I burned them soon as I received them and think I did right.

First I must express my appreciation of COMFORT as I think more of it than any of my magazines. One of COMFORT'S chief virtues is that there is always something as an incentive to better living, especially in the Sisters' Corner. I most truly appreciate the good things you shower upon us from the printed page.

I enjoy all the letters but especially those telling of ways of doing things, the common everyday tasks which fall to most of us. Each of us has some way of doing our work that is different from others; many prefer to have a routine for their work. That is, washing on Monday, ironing on Tuesday, baking on Wednesday, and so on. I don't think there is any harm in this but there is harm in the absolutely senseless manner in which so many rigidly adhere to this routine. It doesn't matter if their heads are splitting, if their backs are aching and they feel scarcely able to stand, they have an insane belief that the washing has got to be done on Monday and so on. I believe in routine as long as it is reasonable and not at the expense of our health. I have washed a lot of times on Thursday or Friday and it did just as well. Here is an idea on which many will not agree with me I'm quite sure. Instead of putting baby to bed at six as most all of you do, I find it far more convenient to put him to bed at eight. Therefore he sleeps until eight in the morning, giving me plenty of time to get the morning work done before he awakes, and that is my busiest time. By eight I'm through with the work and have ample time for his bath, etc. I also have time at night to cuddle him in my arms and sing snatches of little songs to him. He looks for this every night and I wouldn't have him miss the joy of being cuddled in my arms for anything. Being up until eight doesn't affect his health in the least. I'm sending in a little poem I'd like to see in COMFORT.

I have a few ideas to pass on that I hope will be helpful to other mothers. For making pin money at home I have had success in making dainty baby clothes for mothers. Here is a novel idea for a cover for baby's carriage. Take four fine embroidered linen handkerchiefs, join together with Baby Irish insertion. Finish edge with Baby Irish lace and place a bow of blue satin ribbon in center. Partly worn table linen makes ideal soft towels and wash-cloths for baby. To make an unusual creeping rug for baby, take an old grey blanket and all over its surface sew funny animals cut from bright colored materials. These may have flat button eyes if desired. I am making my baby boy a nice story book from the Cubby Bear stories.

Will someone please tell me how to acquire swiftness? I am like the tortoise, slow. I can't be fast like some. It is a natural characteristic; however, I always try to be sure if I am slow and heed the motto, "All that you do, do with your might, things done by halves are never done right." For instance, I never think of washing dishes without rinsing the soap from them, while a great many people leave soap on dishes, pots and pans. These same people keep clean floors,—I prefer clean dishes first.

Thank you Mrs. Wilkinson for baby's picture appearing in COMFORT.

I'm ashamed to have talked so long and said so little, one of my failings.

MRS. CLARENCE MASON.

Two Little Pairs of Boots

"Two little pairs of boots tonight
Before the fire are drying,
Two little pairs of tired feet
In a trundle-bed are lying;
The tracks they left upon the floor
Make me feel much like sighing.

"Those little boots with copper toes,
They run the livelong day!
And oftentimes I almost wish
That they were miles away,
So tired am I to hear so oft
Their heavy tramp at play.

"They walk about the new-ploughed ground
Where mud in plenty lies;
They roll it up in marbles round,
And bake it into pies;
And then at night, upon the floor,
In every shape it dries.

Today I was disposed to scold,
But when I see tonight
These little boots before the fire,
With copper toes so bright,
I think how sad my heart would be
To put them out of sight.

"For in a trunk upstairs I've laid
Two socks of white and blue;
If called to put those boots away,
O God, what should I do?
I mourn that there are not tonight
Three pairs instead of two.

"I mourn because I thought how nice
My neighbor ' 'cross the way'
Could keep her carpets all the year
From getting worn or gray;
Yet well I know she'd smile to own
Those little boots today.

"We mothers weary get and worn
Over our load of care,
But how we speak of little ones
Let each of us beware.
What would our fireside be at night
If no small boots were there?"

POINT, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT since I was a wee lassie and now that I have a family of my own I enjoy its helpful pages more and more.

I am a great lover of good reading and a subscriber to several magazines but find none so near perfect as COMFORT.

I am sure there are more sisters than myself who enjoy reading what the opposite sex has to say of us, but remember, men, you can't judge all women by what you see and find in a few. Being one myself, I know there is as much difference in women as to their individualities, as there is in darkness and daylight. I think the greatest fault to be found with our sex is knocking the other woman. I have learned this from experience and know whereof I speak. If one can seemingly dress nice and be a little free from the burden of a large family, because their less fortunate sister or neighbor cannot know just how the family purse is handled or know the private affairs of the other, they start their tongues wagging to injure that party's good name. This is done because they are jealous of their tact and economy. They never stop to think of the harm they are doing or the example they are putting before their children. Neither do they think that they are rearing girls of their own and perhaps some day someone will misjudge them and cause their lives to be miserable.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)



For Sick or Well

JELL-O

is equally delightful. Its delicacy, its goodness and its beauty appeal alike to young and old.

Made in a Minute

JELL-O is made by adding the contents of the package to a pint of boiling water. There is no fussing or bother about it. Jell-O is made from the choicest materials that can be secured. Write for a free booklet.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY, Le Roy, N. Y.

St. Valentine's Afterglow

By Joseph F. Novak

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A WHIRLING blizzard with its dust-like, stinging snow, made the down-town district seem veritable valleys filled with innocuous bullets, and as Maclyn Townshend left the club where he had been in attendance at a directors' meeting, he threw up his arm to shield his face from the onslaught.

He had come to the meeting in a taxi-cab, but the storm, which had commenced early in the morning, had grown to such violent proportions that the taxi companies had suspended operation temporarily, and he now had to rely on the street car.

He careened along like a drunken man, the wind ever catching at the skirts of his coat and trying its best to make him aviate.

"Confound this!" he muttered, "why hadn't I sense enough to wait and have one of the boys take me home in his machine?"

Sliding, slipping, struggling, he finally reached the street corner where he was to get his car, but none being in sight, he scudded to the shelter of the store on the corner, a fashionable candy-shop.

Inside the door, he brushed his snow-frosted person and called the girl in attendance to wait upon him.

"A hot chocolate, Miss, if you please, and make it snappy, for my car may come at any minute," he said.

The girl smiled in a superior sort of way and soon had the smoking drink before him.

He sipped it, all the while his ears pricked expectantly for the clang of a car bell, for the plate-glass windows were completely snow-covered and he could not see outside.

"What a fool I am to keep up that immense house on the North Shore, when I could rent bachelor quarters at the club and be comfortable. I think I'll sell the blamed place."

A faint, muffled clang started him to his feet and to the door, but it was only a car on the cross-line wearily making its way along, and he subsided.

The minutes passed; he finished the chocolate and then, there being nothing else to do, he examined the window-display.

It was an extravagant lay-out. There were candy boxes, heart-shaped, in brilliant red or satiny-white. Plaster Cupids perched at vantage points, or danced atop the various conceits of belles and beaux.

"Valentine Day must be coming," he mused, then mentally noting what day it was, he continued to himself: "Sure enough; in a little more than a week. Lovers still send Valentines, though the style is more to candy and flowers, evidently. In my day, it was the thing to send a big paper creation, full of love-darts and sentimental rubbish and the more mushy the verses and the more gaudy the colors, the more it was appreciated. Well, let the youngsters of today be as foolish as we were. I thought, in those days, that I was very blase, but as I reminisce I realize that I was just as crazy as the rest." From which soliloquy one might have thought Maclyn Townshend was at least sixty, though as a matter of fact he was only forty and at that one would have doubted that he had already reached twoscore.

The street car finally came and he made a dash for it. He found he had his choice of seats and sank into one of them. The vehicle droned along and finally, after what seemed an interminable time, he reached the corner a few blocks from his home. He covered the short distance as fast as the snowdrifts permitted and hurried into the house.

Everything was in perfect order, for his housekeeper was a jewel. What a contrast the place was to the wild night outside!

He threw off his wraps, and then walked briskly up and down until the chill left his body, and then went to his comfortable library.

As he gave himself up to the comfort of the room, he found his inclination to dispose of the place melt away.

"No, old shack, I think I'll keep you," he mused. "Where could I put all the truck you hold? While I'm alive, all your heavenly junk interests me and when I go, let someone else make the bonfire! One doesn't always come across so perfect a home—and you are perfect, except you lack a wife to lady it over your splendor."

Feeling no inclination to go to bed, and beset with a desire to browse a bit, he lit a cigar and then scanned the book-shelves looking for something to read.

"I wonder if there are many people who possess first issues of magazines such as I have or copies of publications long out of print. By Jove!" and he came to one shelf, "I must look at some of these old fellows."

He opened the door and picked at random, an old magazine.

"'Fletcher's Magazine'," he read, "I surely did enjoy it."

It was a periodical that had devoted its contents to romance and it had appealed to him in his romantic days.

He sat down and went through the publication, page by page, until he came to an installment of a serial:

"Heart o' Gold,"
By
Octavia Green.

"Gosh! I remember that I once read this darn mush aloud to Gloria Leeds."

As the name came to his mind, he felt a little tightening in his breast. In those days, Gloria had been his goddess, his all. He really believed then that he loved her, and, dear me, no doubt he did, for he sent her flowers and candy and books in those days and quoted poetry to her.

This was not the first time that Gloria Leeds' name or thoughts of her came to him. They came and went at odd intervals; perhaps when he saw someone who reminded him of her, or when some old memory brought her back to him.

But he had been a lax lover, for though he had always been courteous, thoughtful and kind and foolish after a serious sort of fashion, his attentions were the attentions of a *friend* and when Gloria began to look elsewhere and at others, he had quietly stepped aside.

After a bit, their paths had separated, and he lost sight of her.

Whenever he thought of Gloria, that queer little catch would come to his breast, and the desire to see her persist, but he always construed it as a wish to have Gloria see what a really successful man he had become, for in those days he had been notorious as a man who didn't have to work if he didn't want to.

He sat down and read the installment of the story through. Yet, to save him, he could not recall what had preceded the installment he had read, nor how the story ended.

"Confound it!" he grinned, "wouldn't it kill you the way a thing like that will persist? I wonder how the blamed story did end?"

He picked up the catalogue to his own library, but failed to find the book listed. Then he took a copy of the catalogue of the city's public library but it was not listed in it, either.

He realized that the work had been ephemeral, it had appeared in the magazine, and there had probably been but one addition of it in book form, and now just because he wanted it, he couldn't get it.

At length, to get the matter from his mind, he threw the magazine aside and picked up the evening paper.

This, however, gave him an idea, for as he turned the pages, he came to "Martha Marton's Column." Martha dispensed information on all subjects from how to make soup from dishwater to how to hold a husband's love, and procured for her readers, gratis, everything from a button-hole to lost relatives.

"Wonder if she could get the book for me?" Maclyn thought, and then because the desire to get the book had become an obsession, he sat down and wrote a letter asking if the book could be procured for him.

It might have ended there, but "Martha Marton" was zealous, and in a week or so, he received a daintily written note stating that "if Mr. Townshend would kindly call at No. 500 Riverdrive Terrace, Bluefield, he could get the volume he desired."

The missive was signed "Lurene Warner."

Townshend grinned. Bluefield was a distant suburb of the city and he had whizzed through it many times. Such being the case, he could easily take his machine and dash up there—perhaps that very evening.

Having decided to make the call, it occurred to him that he ought to take something as a gift in return for the book for, from the stationery, and the neighborhood, he surmised that the writer would not take money for the volume.

What had he on for that night? He glanced at the calendar.

"February 14th."

Nothing to do!

St. Valentine's Day.

Wouldn't he feel foolish buying flowers and candy on that day of all days? Well, it had to be done, and even if he were to try and explain nobody would believe otherwise, so let them think his purchases were Valentine tokens.

So, with his day's work done, and dinner over, he stopped in at a florist's shop where he purchased a fragrant basket of flowers in which roses predominated, and then proceeded to a candy-shop where he bought a ten-pound box of candy.

"All dolled up as if I were going to make a proposal," he laughed to himself. "I hope my offering will compensate for the book."

He placed his offertory in the machine and started off, and after a rather long drive, reached Bluefield. Number 500 was an aristocratic old house suggesting family and ancestors.

He crunched over the hard snow with his burden and then rang the bell.

He waited for a while—no answer. Then suddenly the vestibule light illumined and a pert, saucy face, the prettiest thing imaginable, appeared between drawn curtains.

"Who are you?" demanded the vision, with a little shout.

"I'm Townshend," Maclyn yelled back good-humoredly, "I came for the book."

"Oh!" and the door was opened immediately.

"Good evening," he greeted. "I won't keep you long. May I have the book you wrote you had?"

"Why—why——" she hesitated. "Please come in and let me explain, first," and she threw open the door, so Townshend could do nothing less than accept her invitation.

"These are for you," he said, presenting the flowers and candy, "that is, provided you get me the book."

"Oh, how lovely! May I consider them as Valentines and tease my friends about my unknown admirer?" she bubbled.

"Aren't you just a bit of a flapper to be talking of admirers and such?" demanded Townshend virtuously, but with a twinkle in his eye.

"No, indeed," indignantly. "I received fifteen Valentines today; I'm not a child," and she took the paper from the flowers, shrieking with delight as the beautiful basket came to view.

"What about the book, Lurene?" he queried with good-humored impatience.

She looked at him, and a little dejected droop came to her lips.

"Take back your flowers and your candy, Mr. Townshend. I can't give you the book."

"Then why—why——" he started.

"Please don't explode, Mr. Townshend," she begged. "The book is in the house, but I cannot give it to you because it isn't mine. I want to tell you this, however. I can operate a typewriter and I've commenced to typewrite the story, and when it is done, I'll send it to you. You don't care about the *book*, do you? It's the *story* you want, isn't it?"

"True enough," Townshend admitted.

"Very well. That's what I thought. But I wanted you to come to make sure that I had the right book. Let me show it to you," and she danced out of the room.

She was back in a minute or two, however, bearing a volume, fresh and new as if it wasn't of a vintage of twenty years ago.

"That's it, isn't it?" she asked, placing it in his hands.

"Yes——" he stopped. For on the inside cover a plain card, on which a verse was written, was pasted. He gazed at it for a moment, then gently raised it, and underneath were written the words:

"A Valentine gift to Gloria,
From her true friend,
Maclyn."

Memories crowded upon him. For several minute he stood quite still, gazing at the book which was like a segment of the past.



The shocked voice of a woman interrupted him.

He was aware of the girl's curious scrutiny of him.

"Come here, Lurene," and then as the girl came to his side, he again raised the card.

"Did you ever see this inscription before?"

"Oh, no!" Lurene replied promptly and positively.

"Listen, Lurene, is Gloria Leeds your mother?"

"Why, yes. Did you know her? How perfectly thrilling!"

"Yes, I knew her very well and when we were youngsters a bit older than you (for I don't suppose you are more than fifteen or sixteen) we were very fond of each other. Our ways drifted apart, though, and we've not seen each other for many, many years."

"You were *very fond* of my mother, Mr. Townshend?" Lurene queried.

"Yes, I thought a great deal of her and I suppose in time I might have fallen in love with her," he smiled, to counteract the effect of his more serious previous tone.

"I don't believe you are a bit serious!" Lurene challenged. "You wouldn't smile if you were."

"Why not? Now that it is all over may I not smile?"

"I think it is dreadful to laugh over a dead love. I don't think my mother would. I know that she cherishes a very tender feeling for you, for many times I've caught her looking at a box of keepsakes—and it was in that box that I found the book you wanted, Mr. Townshend."

"Now Lurene, the movies have been having their effect upon you. You know very well that so noble a woman as your mother would not keep a lot of trash from former admirers to mull over. I'm sure she burned all the junk I sent her."

"Gloria Leeds did not," contradicted Lurene. "She kept it all, even your picture. Shall I show it to you to prove my words?"

"Listen, little girl," Townshend said seriously. "Do you realize that you are not acting right toward your mother? I'm sure she'd be very vexed if she knew what you contemplate."

"Oh, but see how romantic it is! Why, I always knew there was a secret in her life, but she wouldn't tell me what it was when I joshed her about it."

"Lurene, Lurene, you are hopeless, I'm afraid," he said gently. "I'm sorry that I yielded to the impulse to write for the book. I didn't know that I was, figuratively, opening a book that ought to remain closed."

"Would you rather it wouldn't be opened? Did you really love Gloria Leeds, and has the sight of the book brought regrets?"

He shouted explosively.

"Oh, Lord, child! Is your mother a widow and do you want me for a stepfather since you seem to be trying to fix it up between us?"

"No," she replied scornfully. "I've got the nicest daddy and he's very much alive, thank you. I wanted to know because I've read of men who remained true to a first love and I wanted to know whether such things really happen."

Believing it all a lot of romantic rubbish in the girl's head, he thought to tease her, and so said, seriously:

"Well, Lurene, to satisfy you, I will tell you this: I believe I did love Gloria Leeds all these years, for I never found any inclination within my heart to propose to another woman. Does that confession suit you?"

"Gloriously," she returned, and dashed from the room. In a moment, though, she was back again.

"I'm going to show you those keepsakes and see if you recognize them——" and she tumbled them out upon the floor.

"Stop, Lurene," Townshend's voice was very stern, as he saw the relics which only a woman very much in love would treasure. "Are you so utterly without principle that you pry into your mother's private affairs so ruthlessly? I cannot conceive of a child of Gloria Leed's doing such a thing. Now, put every one of those things back into that box. I shall leave at once."

"My hevins!" She grabbed me by the coat-tail. "What about the flowers and candy?"

"They're Valentines from—you don't know whom," he snapped. "Now put those things away, quick!"

"I—I—think you're just awful!" and Lurene started to cry as she sat on the floor and began to put the things away. "Here I believed you a regular hero who had remained true to—to—the memory of Gloria Leeds and—and—you're a regular brute."

Townshend could not resist the girl crying. After all, she was such a child, a youngster coming into the romantic age, and what would be in extremely bad taste in a grown-up was really, after all, excusable in the child. The whole had appealed to her romantic spirit.

He picked her up from the floor.

"There, there, little girl. I didn't mean to be harsh with you and I'm sorry I hurt you——"

"Well—well——" Lurene blubbered, "I thought you'd like to know that G-G-Gloria Leeds was remaining true to you."

"It touches my vanity, Lurene," he said, "but it is unkind and disloyal to your mother to reveal her secret to me, don't you see? I——"

"Lurene!"

The shocked voice of a woman interrupted him.

The girl looked up from Townshend's arms.

"Mother!"

And she hung herself dramatically upon the woman who had entered.

"Lurene! Who is this man?"

"Mother, don't scold! It is like a beautiful story. Mother, don't you recognize Mr. Townshend?"

Townshend was staring at the woman, and recognized Gloria Leeds immediately. There seemed to be no change in her except a maturity that had only enhanced her beauty. Never before had Townshend felt his blood riot so, and then he knew that he had always cherished a deep love for this woman.

"Mr. Townshend!" she exclaimed, and he saw a glorious light in her eyes.

"Why, darling mother! I showed Mr. Townshend all the little keepsakes he gave you years ago, and which you so treasured. I wanted to show him that you still thought of him, and he has confessed that he loved you. Let him explain, my dear *Aunty!* Gloria Leeds, my dear sir, is not my mother, but my mother's sister," and with the shot, Lurene dashed away.

Talk about a most embarrassing moment! But though it was embarrassing, it was most glorious embarrassment.

"I suppose I might just as well make a clean breast of it, Miss Leeds. Do you recall the time we read 'Hearts o' Gold' aloud, together? The other evening I came across an installment of it in an old magazine, and desiring to read the whole book, I asked for it through 'Martha Marton's' column. Lurene wrote to me to call for it, and here I am."

Gloria Leeds had dropped into a chair. Now she sat quietly, without speaking.

"Lurene made some interesting revelations," he hinted, for the witchery of her presence showed him how much he desired her. He saw why Lurene had spoken as she had; the child had romantically planned to bring them together.

What use was there in delaying?

"Gloria!" he began impulsively. "Squelch me if you do not wish to hear what I am going to say, but if there is any response in your heart, let me go on. I love you, Gloria, and tonight I want you. You wonderful girl, you who had never lacked for suitors, was it because of me you remained single? Was it for the same reason that I never selected a mate? Can you think of me again as your lover and consent to marry me? What a pity we wasted these most glorious years when we could have been together. But I made the rare mistake of mistaking love for friendship in those boyhood days! We stand, dear, at the end of a brilliant afternoon. Soon the sun of our lives will begin to set. May we not, then, enjoy the afterglow of our love together?"

For a few minutes longer Gloria remained silent. Then:

"You quite take my breath away, Maclyn. I never expected to see this day. I can say that I never saw a man for whom I cared enough to marry—ah, dear, why quibble? We are, as you say, at the end of a brilliant afternoon. If we have wasted the sun-time of our love, let us not waste the afterglow. I am not young, yet the years seem to have made no difference in you. I have waited, Maclyn, for you, though I only realize it now. But dear, oh, dear, what shall I do to Lurene?"

"You'll kiss her for being a most engaging little Miss Fixit, that's what you'll do," he said, and rising from his chair, he caught her in his arms, and with his heart upon his lips, he kissed her.

"I know now, why I could never bring myself to part with my home, dear. I was keeping it for you."

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(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)

Stella Rosevelt

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

considerate of her feelings; yet, under any circumstances, this visit of her lover would be a very trying one.

She thought perhaps she ought to tell him something of her life during the past year, that he might not be wholly unprepared when he should present his suit for what she feared would be a very disagreeable interview.

But she was so supremely happy sitting there by his side in the glorious moonlight, and knowing that she was so tenderly beloved, that she could not bear to mar it by so much as a word or thought of what she had suffered in the past, or might have to endure in the future, until he should come for her to claim her as his wife. No, she would not tell him; she would wait until after he had been presented to her guardians. There would be time enough then, and it would be just as well.

But it was a fatal mistake.

Had she told him then, all the pain and anguish, all the misery and hopelessness which she afterward experienced would have been spared her; but how could she know?

So they sailed on up the river, side by side, hand clasped in hand, and thought only of the supreme happiness of the moment.

"Monday or Tuesday you are coming to Yonkers?" Star murmured, in reply to this remark of her lover's. "I thought you were to be away from New York next week?"

"And so I am; I am coming to Yonkers to see you," he answered, smiling. "My darling, do you not know that all the world is changed for me now?"

It certainly was for her, she thought, with a tender little smile, and then she said:

"Have you a card and a pencil? I must tell you where to find me, you know."

"True. How stupid of me not to have thought of it," he returned, as he searched his pockets to find what she wanted.

"I thought it better to write it than to tell you," she said, archly, "fearing you might forget."

"I own that I am not in a condition to remember anything tonight, save that you love me and that I have won you," he whispered, putting pencil and card into her hand.

She wrote the street and number of the house where she lived, and gave it back to him, and he put it away without even looking at it.

Mr. Sherbrooke accompanied Mr. Rosevelt and Star to the station where they had to take the train for Yonkers.

"I shall see you again very soon," he said to the old gentleman, as he shook his hand at parting.

"I trust so. We shall be glad to see you at any time; and many thanks for this day's pleasure," Mr. Rosevelt replied, heartily.

"The obligation is all on my side," Archie said, with a meaning glance at Star, which made the color come again and her heart to bound like a roe in her bosom.

The bell warned him that he must go, and with a lingering, loving pressure of her hand, he reluctantly bade them a final good night and went away.

CHAPTER XVI.

A GREAT SHOCK.

The next morning, on descending to her breakfast, Star found the whole house in a state of great excitement.

On asking Mrs. Blunt the meaning of it, that good but evidently much disturbed woman informed her that a "real live English lord was expected to arrive the following day, and Mrs. Richards had given orders that everything be done up in the grandest style possible."

"A lord?" Star said, smiling—she had seen many a lord, and had not been very crushingly impressed with a sense of her own inferiority and insignificance in consequence—"a lord, Mrs. Blunt?" she repeated, laughing. "You will find him simply a man, very much like the rest of mankind. He will eat, and sleep, and talk, and walk exactly like anybody else. But what may his lordship's name be, and what brings him here?" she concluded, with some curiosity.

"Lor', Miss Star, you take it pretty coolly, or I'm much mistaken," Mrs. Blunt remarked, with an admiring glance at the girl's bright face; "but I suppose it's because you're accustomed to seeing 'em, being English yourself. But a lord is considered some pumpkins on this side of the water—at least, madam appears to think so, since he was courting Miss Josephine all the time down at Long Branch, and she hopes to have him for a son-in-law one of these fine days."

Star looked surprised at this bit of information. Mrs. Richards and Josephine had been home a week, and she had heard nothing of this before, although the subject had been pretty thoroughly discussed among the servants of the household. But she had been so intent upon her studies and music, going from home so early and returning so late, and keeping her own room so much, that it was nothing strange.

"Is Miss Josephine engaged to him?" she asked.

"Couldn't say positive, Miss Star, as to that; but if she ain't, she's expecting to be, and doing her prettiest to catch him, or I'm much mistaken. She's talked of nothing else since she got home; and the beautiful dresses she's bought, and the grand things she's been planning to do when he comes, would fill a book if rightly writ up. It's a mystery to me how anybody so grand and mighty can walk on two legs like the rest of us common mortals," she concluded, with grim humor.

Star laughed merrily.

Evidently Mrs. Blunt, as a loyal subject of a democratic country, did not look forward to the advent of this young sprig of nobility with very much relish.

"You have not told me his name yet," Star said.

"Carrol—my Lord Carrol, of Carrolton, Derbyshire, England, and goodness knows what else," Mrs. Blunt replied, spitefully, but with a toss of her head so exactly in imitation of Josephine when that young lady went soaring among the clouds, that Star was infinitely amused.

"Lord Carrol, of Carrolton," she repeated, reflectively. "I have never heard of any one by that name, and we lived in Derbyshire, too; but of course there are a great many people there of whom I know nothing."

"That's true, no doubt; but his being a lord don't make him any the better worth your knowing, according to my way of thinking. But, gracious me! I mustn't stand here talking, when there are such heaps of work to be done;" and the excited woman began to bustle about the room with decidedly more of energy than grace.

"Now, Mrs. Blunt," Star said, picking up an apron and tying it around her slim waist, "since you have such 'heaps' to do, let me do something to help you."

"Blessings on you, child, for your kind heart and willing fingers, and when you're married, if I'm living, I'll make your wedding cake for you," was the answer.

"Thank you, Mrs. Blunt; I shall not forget your promise, you may be sure," laughed the happy girl.

Monday, all day, the greatest excitement prevailed, as on the preceding day, in the Richards' mansion, for its ambitious mistress had determined to make a favorable impression upon the young lord whom she was anxious to secure as a son-in-law, and accordingly spared neither pains nor expense to make her house and hospitality as imposing as possible.

Star was away, as usual, all day at school, and therefore was not mixed up in the confusion; but, upon her return, she could imagine something of what had been done, for the house was a perfect bower of beauty, and order, and cleanliness from top to bottom.

Flowers of the choicest description were everywhere; fresh draperies had been put up wherever they were needed, and most tastefully arranged; the servants were all arrayed in immaculate suits, and went tiptoeing around with that air of importance and expectancy which betrayed the interest they felt in the arrival of an English peer; while Mrs. Richards and Josephine were perfectly gorgeous in new dresses of latest fashion and most artistic design.

The coach, with its burnished trimmings and its span of spirited bays in their gold-mounted harness, was standing before the door, ready to go to the station to meet the expected guest; and with all these evidences of preparation around her, Star would have been less than human not to have experienced some curiosity regarding my Lord Carrol, of Carrolton."

"Well, it may be one of the 'good times that I can't be in,' as poor Glory McGuirk would say; but then I had my good time yesterday, and I don't know as I care very much," she thought, with a smile half sad, half tender, as she watched the carriage containing Josephine and her father whirl away in grand style to the station.

However, thinking it might be expected of her to make a good appearance in case she should happen to meet the distinguished stranger, she changed her school dress for a fresh, blue lawn, trimmed with a dainty white edging, spanned her small waist with a broad belt, and fastened a bunch of waxen snowdrops at her throat.

When her toilet was completed, she sat down by her window—which, although in the third story, was upon the front of the house, where she could look directly down upon the porch, and also commanded a view of the winding avenue which led down to the road—to watch for the return of the coach and the coming of the illustrious guest.

Sitting there, she fell to musing—to thinking of the time when she should go back to dear old England, the land of her birth, the home of her love.

Only a few months more and her course of study would be finished; a little more of faithful application to her books, a little season of patience and forbearance, then a life of brightness and happiness.

Some one would come for her then, and she would go away forever from the slights, and sneers, and malice which had made her life so cheerless and forlorn, so hard to endure during the past year.

So absorbed did she become thinking of this, that she did not hear the carriage when it turned in at the gate and came smoothly rolling up over the hard, graveled driveway, and it had almost reached the door before she was aware that at last the noted, titled stranger had arrived.

She leaned out to look as the spirited horses were reined in before the porch, and the sound of laughter and gay voices came floating up to her ears.

A tall, darkly-clad figure sprang out and held forth a hand to assist Josephine to alight; but a massive post was in the way, and she could not see his face. Mr. Richards followed the young people, and they all passed up the steps together.

It was a pretty picture that she looked down upon, for now she could see all that transpired. Mrs. Richards, handsome as any queen in her elegant black silk dress and duchesse laces, her diamonds gleaming like drops of dew in a moonlight night; Josephine, bright and sparkling in an elaborate street dress, with her jaunty hat and bright plumes, standing proudly beside the finely-formed young man as he exchanged greetings with her mother; and Mr. Richards, stout and comely, a perfect pattern of the hospitable host, with his good-natured face, which was expressive of a most cordial welcome.

But Star had grown suddenly pale as snow, and caught her breath convulsively, as a clear, manly laugh rang out on the air at some jest of Josephine's, and then the stranger turned, hat in hand, having made his bow to his hostess, to speak to Mr. Richards, and thus she could look directly into his face.

There was a look of horror in her eyes as they were fastened upon that handsome face, her lips were drawn and pinched, and the pain that was clutching at her heart betrayed itself in a low, sobbing moan.

There was no mistake—although she could scarcely credit her own senses—she knew that dark, chestnut-crowned head, that handsome, smiling face, that straight, stalwart form but too well, even though a cruel mist was creeping up before her eyes to hide him from her sight. She knew that clear, ringing voice, even though the roaring sound in her ears seemed striving to drown it. Josephine's guest—her accepted lover she had tried to make it appear—the titled stranger, Lord Carrol, of Carrolton, was no other than her betrothed, Archibald Sherbrooke!

TO BE CONTINUED.

St. Valentine's Afterglow

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

Shortly after, Lurene looked into the room.

"May I have the candy, please. I suppose you'll want to give Aunt Gloria the flowers since it's St. Valentine's Day. I'd really rather she had them. I always knew auntie had a blighted romance," and picking up the box of candy she marched out, flinging over her shoulder as she did so:

"I guess I know when I ought to fade-out!"

Townshend looked at the flowers. Then he picked up the book which had brought it all about.

"I gave you this in the sunshine of St. Valentine's Day," he said, placing it in her hands. "These are my Valentine for St. Valentine's afterglow."

The Woman Who Wished She Could Play the Piano

And How She Found an Easy Way to Turn Her Wish Into a Fact



A YEAR or so ago this woman didn't know one note from another. Today she plays the piano—entirely by note—better than many who have been playing for years. Here she tells how she learned and why it was so easy. Thousands of others, from school children to men and women of 50 to 60, have also learned music in the same easy way.

FROM the time I was a child, I have always had a yearning and longing to play the piano. Often I felt that I would gladly give up half of my life if some kind fairy would only turn my wish into a fact. You see, I had begun to think I was too old to learn, that only some sort of fairy-story magic could give me the ability to play. I was 35 years old—and the mother of a small family—before I knew one note from another.

Until I learned to play, hearing music—especially the piano—always gave me almost as much pain as pleasure. My enjoyment of it was always somewhat soured by envy and regret—envy of those who could entertain and charm with their playing, regret because I myself had to be a mere listener. And I suppose it is that way with every one who has to be satisfied with hearing music instead of playing it.

Again and again, parties and other social gatherings have been all but spoiled for me. I could enjoy myself until some one suggested music or singing; then I felt "left out"—a lonesome wall flower—a mere looker-on, instead of part of the party. I was missing half the fun.

The way I have suddenly blossomed out in music (almost overnight, you might say) has been a big surprise to all who know me, and to myself as well. My friends seem to think it must be that I had a previously undiscovered genius for the piano. But if there was any genius about it it wasn't on my part, but in the lessons I took—a new and simplified method that makes it remarkably easy for anyone to add music or singing to their daily lives.

I learned entirely by home study—in my spare time—from fascinating Print-and-Picture lessons that make everything so simple and easy that one simply can't go wrong on them. I call it a short-cut way to learn—it is so much simpler and so entirely different from the old and hard-to-understand methods. I know that I made better and faster progress than I ever could by bothering with a private teacher or joining a class. In fact, while I don't like to brag, within six months after I took my first lesson, my playing was better than that of many of my friends who had studied two or three years under private teachers—not because I was any more apt than they, but simply because the wonderful Print-and-Picture lessons sent me by the U. S. School of Music were so easy to understand.

Within a year after I took my first lesson, I began teaching my two little girls to play—using exactly the same lessons I myself had studied. And I notice that both of them seem to be getting along better than any of their playmates who have private teachers. In addition I am saving the money it would cost to have a private teacher—I figure it would cost at least $3 to $5 a lesson to have a teacher whose instruction could compare with that contained in the printed lessons from the U. S. School. Yet, from the first lesson to the last, the total cost of learning the way I did averaged only a few cents a lesson.

My only regret is that I didn't know of this really wonderful method years before. The ability to play is such a great comfort. No matter how much I am alone, I never get lonesome—I can always turn to my piano for amusement. I am never at a loss for a way to entertain callers. I no longer feel that I am "out of it" at social gatherings. Do you wonder that I so gladly recommend the method that has brought me so much pleasure and satisfaction?

* * * * * * *

This woman's experience is by no means unusual. Over 250,000 others—from school children to men and women of 50 and 60—have learned to play their favorite instrument or learned to sing in the same way this woman did. Largely through the recommendations of satisfied pupils, we have built up the largest school of music in the world.

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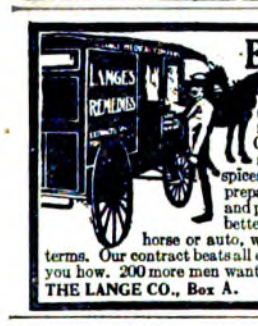
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The Boy Who Had Never Seen an Indian



By Carolyn Sherwin Bailey

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"I SAW Painted Feathers this morning," the boy said as he threw himself down on the rude log settle in front of the fire and stretched out his hands to feel the blaze. "He seemed angry about something," he went on, but he and the young braves were glad to see me. They like us, mother. Painted Feathers remembers how you took care of his little daughter, Laughing Eyes, when she strayed away from their camp up in the Blue Ridge, and he still wears the beads you gave him around his neck. Heap big chief, Painted Feathers, but I guess we've made him our friend."

The woman in homespun who bent over a savory stew brewing in a kettle that hung from the crane, smiled as she looked down in the boy's manly face. He was the counterpart of his father who had gone over the Blue Ridge hunting and never returned—lost in the trackless wilderness of the woods they feared. He wore the same kind of a rough suit of tanned skins, hide boots, and fur cap. His eyes were just as deep and fearless as his father's had been. He was his mother's mainstay now in the little cabin set so far apart from any other habitation in the depth of the wilderness. And there were Indians near, although they had been, so far, only friends to the two settlers.

"I tried to understand what Painted Feathers was angry about," the lad continued.

"What was it, Eli, nothing that we have done, I trust?" the boy's mother asked, her voice trembling a little as she peered through the window at the gathering dusk and the gloomy forest that surrounded them.

"Oh, no, mother," Eli hastened to assure her. "As nearly as I could make out, Painted Feathers and the tribe are afraid of losing their land. They pointed toward the direction the Shenandoah takes, beyond the Blue Ridge, and then flows into the Potomac. They say that the land in that valley is being measured off with strange instruments and by white men who are going to bring their own tribes and build their own camps there. You can't blame Painted Feathers, mother, for his tribe settled here first. I thought as I came home what a pity it would be to take the land away from the Indians; such lofty trees and the silver river, and the buds of the wild flowers opening everywhere. I never saw the mountains look so blue as they did in the sunshine this morning, and Painted Feathers has lived here for years and years," he said, his clear, boyish voice full of sympathy.

"I know, too, how Painted Feathers feels about this valley," Eli's mother said. "He knows every deer track, and spring, and partridge call for miles around. But I think this is all talk about surveyors being about, son. No one has marked out the lands in all this time, and they would scarcely begin now. How much longer the days are!" she added, turning toward the door to open it and let in the earth-soaked wind of the evening. It was early spring and the twilight was long and mellow.

She almost overbalanced, in opening the door, the boy who stood outside. His hand, which he had raised to knock with, went like a flash to his cap now. He pulled it off and stood, bareheaded, as he bowed like a young cavalier and smiled up at her. He was about Eli's age, she thought, between seventeen and eighteen, but a different sort of lad from her pioneer son. He was tall and slender and his long, pale face had the lines of an aristocrat; even his taper fingers showed his gentle heritage. Eli was like some sturdy oak, deep rooted in forest soil; but it seemed to Eli's mother as if this other boy who had come so unexpectedly to their door was a garden sapling, uprooted and out of place in the wilderness in which he now stood. When he spoke, the accents of his voice were those of the aristocrat.

"May I ask shelter of you for the night?" he begged courteously. As he spoke, Eli's mother noticed that he carried surveying instruments and his clothing was weather stained, and worn. "I have come all the way up the Shenandoah and over the mountains, measuring and marking the land, and making maps of its important features," he said. "I have not slept more than three or four nights in a bed, but after tramping through your wild forests all day, have lain down before a fire on a little straw or fodder or a bear's skin like some beast of the wood. And my cooking has been done on sticks over the same fire with chips of wood for plates," he smiled as he told of the hardships. "I have strayed away from my companions," he said, "and do not know where to spend the night."

Eli, crowding close to his mother, in the doorway, had been listening to the tale of the stranger lad with the greatest interest. He pushed open the door now.

"Come in," he said.

"Yes, you must come in, and share our supper, and stop with us in the cabin as long as you like," Eli's mother added. And in a few minutes the three were gathered around the rough deal table before the fire, eating bowlfuls of the steaming broth.

"My name is Eli. What is yours?" Eli asked, between mouthfuls.

"George," said the other lad. "I live at Mount Vernon. Our neighbor, Lord Fairfax, has an estate so large that it extends way over the Blue Ridge Mountains. Ever since I was a little lad I have ridden and walked with Lord Fairfax, and when he decided to have his estate surveyed even as far as this distant boundary, I gladly undertook the work. I like this wild life and the adventure of making new paths in the wilderness."

"Tell me about some of your adventures, George," Eli begged, leaning across the table, his eyes bright with excitement.

"The narrowest escape we had," George replied, "was when we made our beds on the ground from straw a few nights since and were awakened by smelling something scorched. The straw was on fire, and we were almost burned ourselves."

"Have you seen any Indians?" Eli asked.

"Not an Indian," the young surveyor replied. "Indeed, I wish that I might for I never have seen an Indian in my life. They were long ago driven out of Virginia, you know, by the Colonists. Once, though," he added, "and not so many days ago, if I remember rightly, we were setting up our stakes about a tract of land near here and we heard a sudden crackling in the bushes. There was a bit of bright color showing among the branches as we looked, like the bright feathers of a chief's head dress, but it was gone in a moment. It may have been only a scarlet tanager, though, or a red-headed woodpecker," he said carelessly.

The words had scarcely escaped his lips, though, when a sudden light flashed across the window of the cabin, lighting like day the scene outside. As scarlet and yellow leaves are whirled in a moment by a sudden gust of wind from a forest, so the thirty or more Indians who surrounded the cabin seemed to have flashed out of the woods—as swiftly, and as silently. Painted Feathers led them, dressed in fresh war paint as were all the other braves, and a scalp dangled menacingly from his belt to show that he was bent on warfare. With fierce gestures toward the cabin and the three white faces that peered in terror from the window, the Indians made their preparations. They had brought music for their war dance. One of the younger braves drummed loudly on a deer skin that he had stretched over an iron pot; another rattled a huge, dried gourd filled with shot and decorated with a horse's tail. The others built a great fire directly in front of the cabin, pulled blazing brands from it and danced in a circle with wild yells and whoops.

Eli whispered his frightened explanation to the other lad. "It's Painted Feathers and his band of braves, and they're dancing the death dance. When they finish they'll set fire to our cabin, I'm afraid. He used to be our friend, but this morning he seemed in a great rage about his land and hunting ground being taken away from the tribe by settlers," Eli's voice was only a whisper as he finished. "It wasn't a wild bird that you heard and saw in the woods when you were surveying, George. It was Painted Feathers watching you, and now he has followed you to our cabin."

The other lad's heart beat with terror, but his voice did not falter, as he spoke bravely:

"Then I am going out to give myself up to the Indians, Eli. I won't have your life and that of your mother endangered when you have been so kind as to take me, a stranger, into your house, and feed, and shelter me." He made a quick movement toward the door, but Eli intercepted him.

"Wait, George; don't! It would only satisfy their rage without really doing any good. Let us think a moment."

But as the three waited and watched, the cabin lit brightly by the fire outside, the seconds seemed hours. The shouting, excited Indians piled more logs upon the fire and fed it with pine knots until the sparks darted in a crimson cloud as high as the tops of the trees. As they danced, they circled nearer and nearer the cabin, their shrieks growing each moment more shrill and menacing. The time for action was come if the cabin and its occupants were to be saved. Before either his mother or the boy surveyor could stop him, Eli stepped out in front of the cabin, alone, and unprotected. He stood there, one hand held out in welcome to the terrible Indian chief.

The sudden apparition of the boy was a surprise to the Indians. They were silent for a moment, spellbound by the boy's bravery, and interested, as well, in something that he drew from his coat and held out in supplication toward Painted Feathers. He had grasped the object from its place on the shelf over the fireplace before he left the cabin. It was a tiny moccasin made of the softest of deerskin and embroidered with bright beads. Painted Feathers drew nearer to look, and Eli spoke to him.

"Laughing Eyes left her moccasin in the wigwam of her pale face friends. We kept the moccasin because we love Laughing Eyes. We found her when she strayed from the tribe and we gave her back to her father, Painted Feathers, the big chief."

As the boy spoke, Painted Feathers nodded his great head slowly, and a smile softened his grim face. As he loved the trackless wilderness, and the stars, and the flaming fires of the tribe, Painted Feathers loved his little brown daughter. Her laughter was his sweetest music, her slim dark arms thrown around his neck were like the clinging of a green vine to some storm-beat tree of the forest. Eli was quick to see the advantage that he had gained and he acted upon it.

"A strange pale face has come to the cabin. He measures the land in the valley, but he is the friend of the Indians. He will protect their hunting grounds, and keep away strange tribes from the west. Will Painted Feathers say 'how' to the stranger?" Eli asked, his voice trembling a little at what might be the outcome of his bold request.

Painted Feathers held the little moccasin in his hand now, the touch of it warming and softening his stony heart. Then he slowly nodded his head in assent, stalking nearer the cabin door.

"Come, George," cried Eli breathlessly. "Come out and meet your friend, Painted Feathers, the big chief."

In the flaring light of the torches, the great Indian solemnly shook hands with the boy surveyor. Then, as the two boys stood in the doorway, the chief went back to the fire and gave a quick order to the braves. In a second their fearful death dance was changed to the slow, stately steps of a dance of welcome. At its end they put out the fire, and filed silently back into the forest.

Snuggled under bearskins in front of the warm hearth, the two boys slept but little that night, and talked a great deal about their wonderful adventure.

"You needn't be afraid to go on in the morning, George," Eli assured the boy surveyor. "Painted Feathers' tribe is the only band of Indians anywhere around here, and now that he knows you are his friend, he won't harm you."

"I shall never forget you, Eli," said George. "You have taught me how to be brave."

His companions found the lad in the morning, and, with many thanks and assurances of his friendship, the young surveyor left the settlers' cabin and started away to finish his work and his trip. "I may see you on my way back, Eli," he said. But although Eli watched and waited for a glimpse of the other boy whose visit grew to seem like a dream, he did not come to the cabin again.

Over a score of years passed. Where the trees had grown there was a town now, and the cabin itself was replaced by a comfortable frame dwelling. Eli's mother was an old lady, and he a man grown; and it was a time of great stress for America, the period of the revolution.

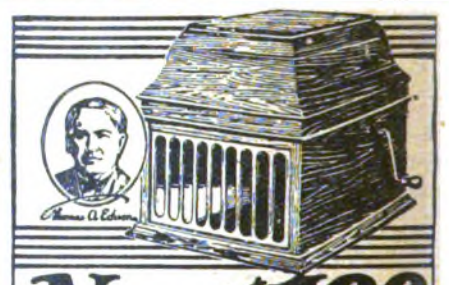
"Great news, mother!" Eli exclaimed as he came in one day. "They say that General George Washington has taken Lord Cornwallis and all his army as prisoners. Yorktown has surrendered, and the war is over."

"General George Washington?" repeated his mother, her mind going back through the years. Then a thought came to her. "Eli," she said. "Do you remember the lad surveyor who stayed with us for a night when you were a boy? He told me his full name as he was leaving, and, all these years, I have never thought to speak of it to you. George Washington, he said he was."

The man's eyes flashed. "One and the same," he said. "The great General, and our lad who had never seen an Indian."

Exceptions to all Rules

An Ohio judge says women must stop coming into his courtroom attired in peekaboo waists. What's become of the old-time theory that justice is blind?—*Indianapolis News.*



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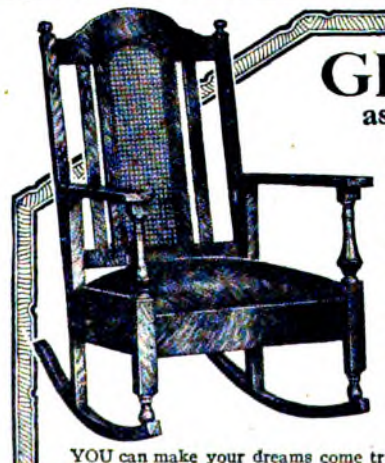
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How I Earn $2.00 to $3.00 a Day At Home in Spare Time

A Pleasant, Profitable Occupation That Helps Us Make Both Ends Meet

By Mrs. Emile Vancoillie



"I do the knitting without neglecting my children or household duties."



Mrs. Vancoillie

NOW that I am actually earning from two to three dollars a day, right at home, *in my spare time*, our trials and troubles back in the Fall of 1919 seem like a dream—a nightmare that I am glad to forget.

But I can tell you there was nothing imaginary about those days, while we were struggling along trying to make both ends meet—and never quite succeeding.

My husband worked in a mill, and made good wages, but it seemed like he couldn't earn enough money to keep up with expenses. With our two little children to clothe and care for, it seemed like we were always paying bills, or planning how we could lay aside the money to pay them.

Often my husband and I would talk things over, trying to find some way out of our troubles. I was eager to help, but I couldn't leave my home and children and go to work in a factory. I didn't know any sort of work that I could do at home to make money. It began to look like there was no answer to our problem.

AND so things went along until one day late in December the express man drove up to our house and left a wooden box, addressed to Mr. Vancoillie. That night when my husband came home from work I showed him the box and asked what was in it.

"Oh, we'll call it a Christmas present for you," he laughed, and began taking the boards off the top. Pretty soon he lifted out some sort of a machine and set it on the floor.

"What in the world do you call that?" I asked.

"It is an Auto Knitter," he replied, a machine to knit wool socks. I heard about it and sent for some of their literature. It looked so good that I decided to try out their plan. So I sent for one of their machines to surprise you."

Now it isn't like my husband to make wild, reckless decisions. But for the life of me, I couldn't see the idea back of this purchase. I made up my mind that he sure had slipped up this time.

"A knitting machine!" I exclaimed. "Why, I never knit a sock in my life. I don't know the first thing about knitting."

"Of course you don't," replied that exasperating man of mine. "And you don't need to. See, we have an Instruction Book that tells just how to knit standard wool socks on the Auto Knitter. You can learn from this."

"But after the socks are knit—what then? What will we do with them?"

"Oh, that's the best part of it," my husband explained. "The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company agrees to buy every standard sock turned out on the machine. We simply bundle up the socks and send the package to them. They pay us a fixed price per dozen pairs. Also they send us yarn to take the place of that used in knitting the socks. So you see, we always have yarn to knit more socks."

WELL, I must say I felt a lot better about the Auto Knitter after he explained it that way. If I *could* knit socks right at home, and sell them for real money, it sure would be fine. Why it was as good as going out and working for wages—and I could do the knitting in spare time without neglecting my children or household duties.

But I still had my doubts about the Auto Knitter. I was afraid I would never learn to run it. However, when I read over the Instruction Book I found it wasn't nearly as hard as I had imagined. Then I sat down to the machine and began practicing. The machine was shipped with a piece of work already started on it, and that was a big help. It took a little time, of course, but in three days I had the machine working fine, and was making one sock after another.

Of course the neighbors soon learned about the Auto Knitter. I showed them samples of the socks, and they all wanted some right away, when they saw the fine work. So I began taking orders right away, and didn't have time, at first, to knit any for the company. I found there was a good sale for ladies' stockings, too, so I knit them as well as the socks.

ON March 12, 1920, I balanced up my little account book, and found that, after taking out the money to pay for the machine, I had a clear profit of $33.00—all earned in spare moments between my regular work.

I kept right on with my knitter during that Spring and Summer. When I didn't have any home trade, I sent the standard socks in to the Auto Knitter people, and I always got good treatment from them. I could plan every time on getting a check from them by return mail. And they always sent along the replacement yarn, just like they agreed to do.

But the real test of the Auto Knitter came late in the Fall. From November to January the mill where my husband was employed was closed down a good part of the time, and he didn't have regular work. There was nothing else he could find to do in a mill town like this, so at last he turned to the Auto Knitter. "I am going to see what I can do to make money at home," he said.

Well we both worked at the little Auto Knitter, and kept it busy during those "lean" months. And as a result they proved to be "fat" months for us. We never had to worry about "no work at the mill," as so many others were doing. If we didn't have home orders, we kept right on knitting, because we knew we could sell every standard sock to the company.

DURING this dull period the Auto Knitter just about made the living for our family of four. We hardly had to touch our little savings account. I can't imagine how in the world we would have made out without the machine, and the checks that it brought us so regularly.

After my husband went back to work at the mill full time, I kept right on knitting in my spare moments. In February, 1921, I made $59.99, and in March, $64.30. All of this was for home trade. The socks were sold to friends and neighbors without a bit of trouble.

My trade has kept growing steadily, and now I can count on making from $2.00 to $3.00 regularly every day, besides doing all my housework. And I have orders for from three to four weeks ahead. I can always knit a sock now in 10 to 12 minutes, and a lady's stocking in 15 minutes. The knitting is so easy and pleasant. It rests me from my housework. And I am making money every time I turn the handle of the Auto Knitter.

* * * * *

Make Money Right At Home Knitting Socks on the Auto Knitter

You have read here what Mrs. Vancoillie says about the Auto Knitter. There isn't a bit of guesswork in what she says. Here are actual facts, put on paper. The old problem of making both ends meet set the Vancoillies to thinking. Then came the Auto Knitter to help. And now, *in her spare time*, Mrs. Vancoillie is making from $2.00 to $3.00 a day. Just imagine $50.00 to $75.00 a month "extra" money!

We stand ready to make you the very same offer we made Mrs. Vancoillie. Our Home Work Plan is for you, too. You make standard wool socks in your own home in spare time, with the Auto Knitter. And we pay you for making them. That's the plan in a nutshell.

A Ready Market for Every Standard Sock

But, much as we like to receive shipments of standard socks from Auto-Knitter owners, there is nothing at all in our Work Contract to *force* you to send your output to us. We agree to buy every standard sock sent in to us, the year around, and to pay a fixed price. We will also send replacement yarn for each lot of standard socks sent in. But you are at perfect liberty to sell these wool socks wherever you please. Local stores are often glad to get these fine wool socks and pay good prices for them. It is very likely, too, that your friends and neighbors may want a supply.

The machine itself is thoroughly substantial. Many Auto Knitters have been operated for years with perfect satisfaction. The machine weighs about 20 pounds and may be clamped to any ordinary table. It makes a sock—top, body, heel and toe—without removing the work from the machine. And it's all done in a surprisingly short time.

Previous experience with machinery is not necessary. Nor do you need to know how to knit by hand. The Instruction Book makes everything plain. With the Auto Knitter you can learn to turn out standard wool socks that have all the strength, warmth and quality of hand-knitted ones.

Write for Full Information About Our Home Work Plan

If you have been seeking some way to turn spare moments into money, then take this chance to get the facts about the Auto Knitter. Will you spend just two minutes *now* to find out all about a new, pleasant occupation that can be conducted right at home? You aren't obligating yourself at all when you sign and mail the coupon. The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company, Inc., Dept. 102, 630-32 Genesee Street, Buffalo, New York.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company, Inc.
Dept. 102, 630-32 Genesee Street, Buffalo, New York.

Send me full particulars about Making Money at Home with the Auto Knitter. I enclose two cents postage to cover cost of mailing literature, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

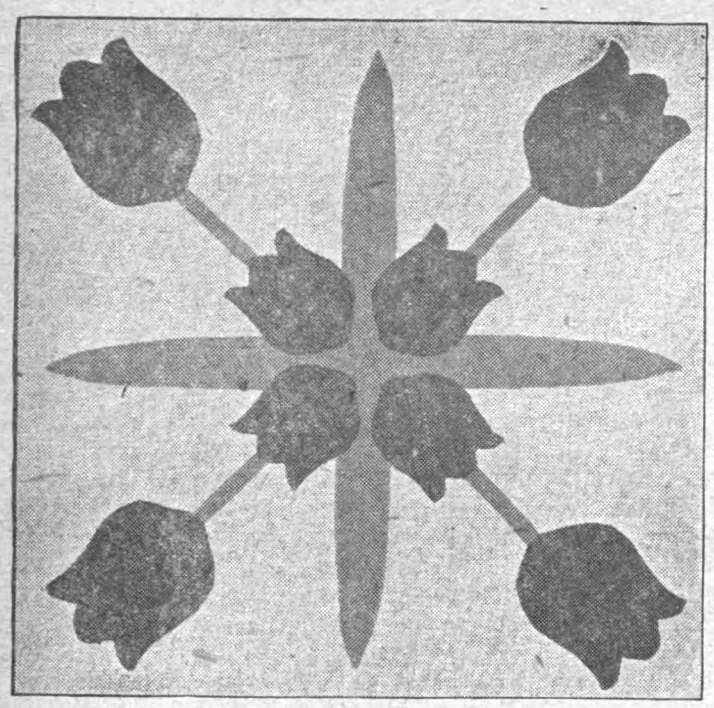
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Comfort 2-22

Things for Baby Wear



This conventionalized tulip design combines eight of the flowers which are of true and graceful outline, with leaves of a soft green. Whether or not the design is original we do not know, but it is a fine piece of needlework. Submitted by Annie Sue Manning, Ala.

Knitted Infant's Set

(Six months to one-year size.)

Materials required. Three to four skeins of white threefold Saxony, 1 pair No. 10 and 1 pair No. 14 steel needles. Our illustrations show hood and jacket finished with blue silk forget-me-nots, and the bootees with tiny pink rosebuds, either of which suggestion can be used on a set. Three yards of narrow white or colored ribbon will be needed and one and one-half yards of wider ribbon for ties. To work the forget-me-nots one will require three skeins of light blue twisted silk, one skein yellow and the same of light green.

For roses, four skeins pink and the same amount of yellow and green will be required.

Pink ribbons with the forget-me-nots and light blue with the rosebud decorations make a most charming combination, or white can be used if preferred.

Directions for Knitted Jacket

This little garment is worked lengthwise, beginning by casting on 110 stitches for one side of the front and working around and binding off on the opposite front.

Knit plain, back and forth, for 38 ribs, turn, bind off 32 sts easily for armholes, knit balance of row, turn. Knit one rib on these stitches. Knit next row, finishing by casting on 22 sts for back of armhole.

Knit 70 ribs for back of jacket, then bind off 32 sts, knit balance of row. Knit 1 rib and 1 row, cast on 32 sts and complete second front by knitting 38 ribs and binding off easily so as not to draw work.

For the Sleeves

Lay fronts and backs together and sew up shoulders. Turn work so seam will be inside and beginning under arm, if one prefers to knit sleeves in, pick up 62 sts and knit 40 or 42 rows with smaller needles, rib cuffs by knitting 2 and pearling 2 sts for two inches, bind off and sew up.

To make sleeve with ribs running lengthwise cast on 55 sts, knit back and forth for 46 ribs, bind off loosely. Pick up 46 sts, knit 2, purl 2 for two-inch cuff, or these can be made longer and turned back.

Collar

Pick up 70 sts for this. Work 2 ribs, knit 1 row, purl 1 row, 3 times, work 14 ribs and bind off. Run ribbon through the purled rows.

Directions for Knitted Hood

This is begun in the center of the crown by casting on 80 sts on fine needles. Knit 2, purl 3 for 14 rows, using large needles. Knit 10 ribs casting 1 st at the end of each row, then knit 30 ribs, knit 1 row, purl 1 row, knit 1 row, purl 1 row, knit 1 row, purl 1 row, knit 15 ribs for turn back and bind off loosely. The purled rows mark the turn back of the front of the hood.

Join ribbing and 10 rows of ribs together to form crown of hood, drawing up the 1st row so to leave a space about the size of a half dollar which is filled in with a crocheted wheel made as follows: Ch 4, join, fill with 15 or more d c, ch 2, 1 d c on d c, 2 d c on next, repeat, sew or crochet in place on the inside.

To finish the neck of the hood, turn back the front and pick up stitches and knit back and forth making 8 or 10 ribs. Bind off.

Mocassin Bootees

Casting on 60 sts on large needles, knit 2 ribs, cast 1 st on each end for next 4 rows, knit 3 ribs, cast off 1 st at end of every other row until one has 9 ribs, knit 3 ribs on these stitches.

Knit 1 row, purl 1 row, repeat twice more. Then 6 ribs, knit 1 row, purl 1 row, 7 ribs. Bind off. Sew up the bottoms and fronts of bootees and turn over tops. Run ribbons through purling, which should come on the outside.

Decorations

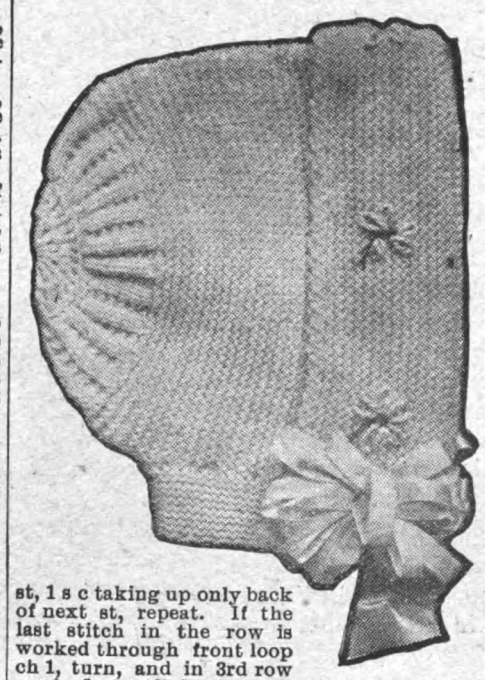
The little forget-me-nots are formed of five blue silk lazy-daisy stitches around three yellow French knots and one stitch of green for stem. These are placed on the front of both jacket and hood and the top of the bootees. If rosebuds are preferred, begin each wth three yellow French knots and around these form the roses with pink silk, the stitch used being really an outline stitch but worked round and round, and closely together, first binding the knots together, and then round and round, each stitch placed so as to bind and hold up the previous round. These little buds stand right out instead of being allowed to lie flat on the wooly background. Finish each with three green stitches or loops and narrow green ribon to form tiny leaves.

Apple-Seed Stitch

This is simply single crochet stitch worked as follows:

Make a ch, turn, 1 s c in each st excepting the first, ch 1, turn.

2nd row—1 s c taking up only front loop of



KNITTED HOOD.

st, 1 s c taking up only back of next st, repeat. If the last stitch in the row is worked through front loop ch 1, turn, and in 3rd row work first stitch through back loop only. Next through front loop, thus alternating in every row.

This result in an uneven surface will give no suggestion of being single crochet, and is as attractive as it is simple. All that is necessary is to be careful to start correctly, then the stitches of each row will alternate as they should.

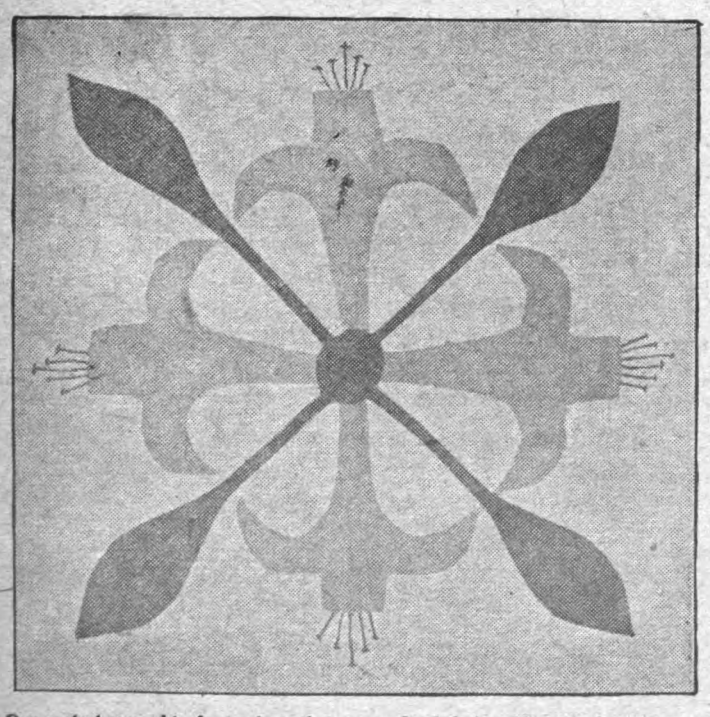
Bye-Low Baby Blanket

This beautiful warm and cozy blanket or carriage robe may be made to complete and match the Knitted Set.

It is made of four strips of colored wool, either of baby blue or light pink and three of cream white embroidered to match the set.

Threefold Saxony, or if a carriage robe is planned, four Germantown are the best weight wools to use. The quantity needed depends upon the size of the blanket or robe required.

The apple-seed stitch is used throughout and fully described above. Each strip should measure about nine inches. For this width the number of stitches in the first chain will vary according to the wool and size of crochet hook used. Make four strips of color the length desired, then begin and end each of the three cream white strips with a square of color, thus making a border top and bottom of the blanket.



Our contest seemed to demonstrate that among floral designs lilies are almost as popular as roses and tulips. Our illustration hardly does justice to the original quilt block, as the pink of the lilies was too delicate to show up more clearly. The leaves and circle of green help to make the whole a very attractive design. Submitted by Mrs. E. V. Chavis, N. C.

Baby's Slip-On Sweater

Those who prefer a sweater to a jacket may make a cozy little slip-on of white or any dainty color of twofold Saxony on a No. 6 or 8 knitting needle. This little model is light in weight and lacy in appearance.

Cast on 50 stitches and knit 1, purl 1 across. Knit back. This forms the pattern, repeat these two rows for the entire garment. Knit six-inch piece in this way, then cast on 30 sts on each side for the sleeves. Knit three inches on these 110 sts, turn. Knit 45 sts, bind off 20 sts for the neck and across the remaining 45 sts. Knit over 45 sts back to the neck, cast on 10 sts for the front and knit three inches.

Bind off 30 sts easily for the sleeve. Slip remaining stitches on a third needle. Finish opposite side in the same way to this point. Work on remaining stitches for the front for six inches. Bind off.



KNITTED INFANT'S JACKET.

For the Cuffs

Pick up 24 sts and knit 2, purl 2, for two inches. Bind off.

Sew up sleeves and sides of sweater.

The Collar

Finish the neck with a small collar of plain knitting in contrast to body. For this pick up 40 sts at the edge of neck and knit plain, adding an extra stitch at end of every fourth row at each side until the collar is as wide as desired. Work about 18 sps in all. Bind off.

The collar may be of a different color from the sweater or a band of color may be worked in three ribs for the edge.

Filet Square for Bedspread

Ch 124 sts.

1st row.—39 sps, ch 5, turn.

2nd row.—1 sp, 37 blks, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

3rd and 4th rows.—1 sp, 1 blk, 35 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

5th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 13 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 13 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

6th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 13 sps, 2 blks, 5 sps, 2 blks, 13 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

7th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 8 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 8 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

8th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 9 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 9 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

9th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 10 sps, 3 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 2 blks, 10 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

10th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 9 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

11th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, 6 sps, 11 blks, 6 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

12th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

13th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 5 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

14th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 8 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

15th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 8 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

16th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, 3 blks, 8 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

17th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 5 sps, 5 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 4 sps, 5 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

18th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

19th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

20th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

21st row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

22nd row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

23rd row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 3 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 3 blks, 2 blks, 5 sps, 3 blks, 5 sps, 4 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

26th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

27th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 17 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

28th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

29th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 9 sps, 4 blks, 9 sps, 4 blks, 9 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

30th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 9 sps, 3 blks, 11 sps, 3 blks, 9 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

31st row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 8 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 9 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 8 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

32nd row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 13 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 13 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

33rd row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 14 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 14 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

34th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 35 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

35th row.—Same as 34th row.

36th row.—1 sp, 37 blks, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

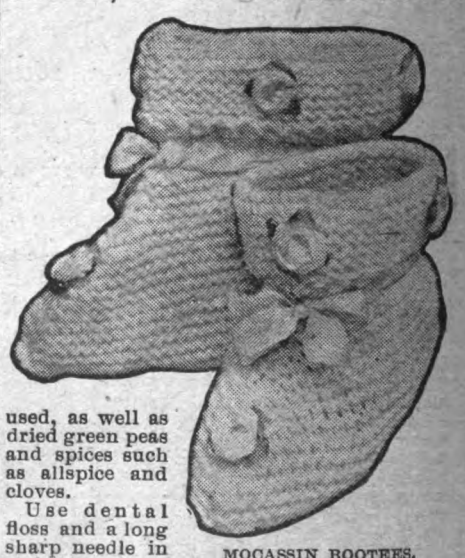
37th row.—39 sps.

For the Edge.—Work 2 d c into every space, 1 d c on the stitch between the sps, 6 d c into each corner space.

Some Unusual Beads

Now that necklaces are worn on all occasions and are really considered an almost indispensable accessory it is interesting to know that very effective strings can be made of some of the simplest materials.

At the grocers one will find many beans of various hues, dotted, spotted and streaked with brilliant colors, also small shiny black ones and round, fat white ones. These can all be used, as well as dried green peas and spices such as allspice and cloves.



MOCASSIN BOOTEES.

Use dental floss and a long sharp needle in making up.

The dark beans may be combined with the light ones or either sort may be strung with glass beads of contrasting colors.

The only difficulty one will encounter is in piercing them. Small holes can very easily be made with the proper needle.

After the holes are made string the beans and give them a coat of varnish. When dry they will be ready to string on the floss into necklaces. Peas colored with oil paints and then varnished may be alternated with the beans or allspice may be substituted for the peas.

Allspice and cloves combined with glass beads of different sizes are also very pretty.

To make a necklace of these one will need a fairly good-sized bead and some small ones. First string a large bead, then a clove, running

Yokes in Plain Crochet

the needle in at the small end and out at the head. Next a small bead of bright color, one allspice pod, one small bead, one clove, threading this one from the large end to the small, then one large bead and repeat the spices.

This makes up very prettily and will keep indefinitely if a coat of varnish is applied first as directed and allowed to thoroughly dry.

Ordinary pea or lima beans which are thoroughly dry will take the most vivid colors, and so may be used entirely if no other kinds can easily be procured.

These brilliantly colored beans are also most effective for trimming baskets or bags.

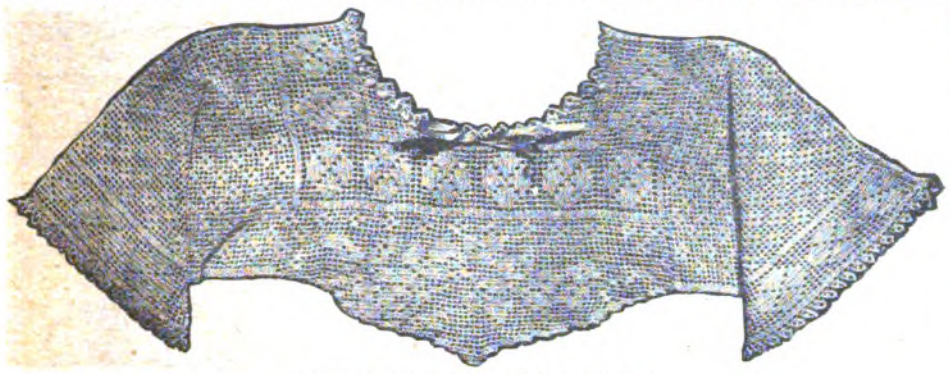
Rose Beads

These beads are most delicate and may be made at home at one-tenth the cost of a string of real rose beads.

To be sure they will lack the fragrance of the rose beads, but they will make up in quantity and inexpensiveness.

The following amount will make about four long chains.

Mix two tablespoons of corn-starch with just



NIGHTGOWN YOKE WITH SLEEVES.

enough water to make a thin paste adding a bit of coloring to give just the rose, lilac, yellow or green which you prefer.

This coloring matter may be a bit of dye or water color, a few drops of bluing, red or purple ink. In one way or another one may secure almost any shade desired.

To this add one-half cup of fine table salt, which has been heated very hot over the fire.

The combination makes a soft paste which should be vigorously kneaded until the coloring matter and salt are evenly distributed and the whole a firm, smooth dough. Now mould into small balls, sticking a coarse pin through each while soft and then standing on a cushion to dry. These beads may be either round or oblong, graduated in sizes and smooth or marked with pin points, up and down or round and round. The surface can also be embossed by rolling over anything which will trace a pattern on it.

After hardening about a day the beads will be ready to be strung on the dental floss, which will wear better than any coarse thread.

String lavender beads with tiny gold beads, rose with silver and yellow or green with white

As gifts these chains, made to harmonize with the clothes of your friends will be sure of a welcome.

Nightgown Yoke with Sleeves

In following these directions No. 70 or 80 cotton will have to be used for a size 36 yoke, coarser cotton will result in a larger size.

First work the square which outlines the neck.

Begin with ch 45 sts, turn.

1st row—1 d c in 4th st from hook, 39 more doubles, ch 5, turn.

2nd row—1 d c on 4th d c, ch 2, sk 2, 1 d c, repeat, making 11 sps, 4 d c, ch 3, turn.

3rd row—3 d c, 4 sps, 3 blks (10 d c), 5 sps, ch 5. turn

4th row—4 sps, 5 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

5th row—2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

6th row—2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

7th row—1 blk, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

8th row—Same as 6th row.

9th row—Same as 5th row.

10th row—Same as 4th row.

11th row—Same as 3rd row.

12th row—Same as 2nd row.

13th row—1 blk, 11 sps, 1 blk, ch 2, turn.

Now repeat the figure 4 times, making 1 blk on each edge Then make 1 row of 12 sps and 1 blk on lower edge only, make 1 figure same as first figure with 4 d c on 1 blk along one edge only.

For each shoulder, work on the ends 13 rows, making 1 blk, 4 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, repeat pattern from 4th row. Make four figures on each side. Break thread.

For back make a strip to match front and join to shoulders with thread and needle.

Next work the front which is shown below square yoke design. This is begun by working 1 d c into the 1st ch, ch 2, 1 d c into top of 1st d c, ch 2, repeat, making 1 d c in the end of each row, or 68 sps in all, ch 5, turn.

2nd row of Front—1 blk over 2nd sp, 5 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, repeat sps and blks, ending with 1 sp after last blk, ch 3, turn.

3rd row—1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, repeat until center is reached where there will be only 2 sps before the next blk, sp, blk, then finish as row is begun, ch 5, turn. This row if correct will have 12 groups of blks and sps with 3 sps between each excepting the center two groups which have only 2 sps.

4th row—Same as center row.

5th row—4 sps, 1 blk, 24 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 23 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.

6th row—3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 21 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 6 blks, 24 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

7th row—4 sps, 1 blk, 25 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 18 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.

8th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 21 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 29 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 3, turn.

9th row—1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 23 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 5 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 19 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, ch 5, turn.

10th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 20 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 8 sps, 2 blks, 13 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

11th row—4 sps, 1 blk, 10 sps, 4 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 7 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 17 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.

12th row—3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 17 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5, turn,

13th row—4 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 6 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 6 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 7 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 3, turn.

14th row—2 blks, 9 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 4 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 7 sps, 2 blks, turn, sl st over last 2 blks, ch 3.

15th row—2 blks, 9 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 3 sps, 6 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 8 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 6 sps, 2 blks, turn, sl st over 2 blks, ch 3.

16th row—2 blks, 4 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 5 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 2 blks, ch 3, turn, sl st, ch 3.

17th row—2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 5 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, turn sl st, ch 3.

18th row—2 blks, 4 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 6 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 3 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, turn, sl st, ch 3.

19th row—2 blks, 5 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 6 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, ch 3.

20th row—2 blks on 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 8 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 11 sps, 2 blks, turn sl st, ch 3.

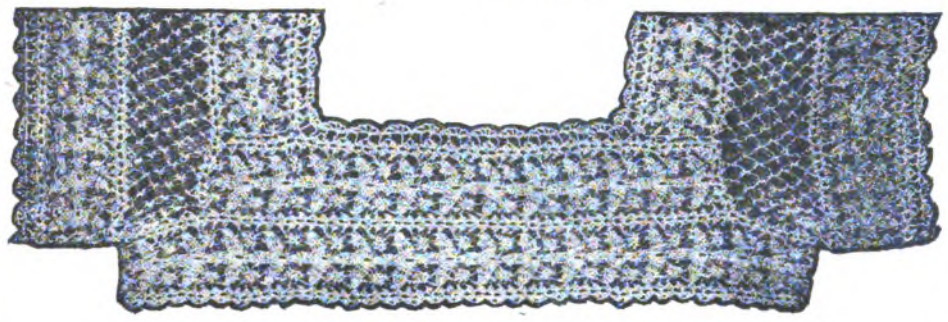
21st row—2 blks, 8 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, ch 3.

22nd row—2 blks on blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 8 sps, 2 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 7 sps, 2 blks, sl st over 4 d c, ch 3.

23rd row—2 blks, 7 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 11 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, sl st, ch 3.

24th row—3 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 22 sps, 3 blks, sl st, ch 3.

25th row—3 blks, 19 sps, 2 blks, 5 sps, 3 blks, sl st, ch 3.



'LACE YOKE IN IVY LEAF DESIGN.

26th row—3 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 16 sps, 3 blks, sl st, ch 3.

27th row—3 blks, 14 sps, 3 blks, sl st, ch 3.

28th row—3 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, sl st over 7 d c, ch 3.

29th row—4 blks, sl st over 4 d c, ch 3, 2 blks on 7 d c. This completes the point which forms the lower part of the front of the yoke.

A straight strip is next worked across the back.

Start as in the front making 67 sps in the first row below the square neck design.

2nd row—1 blk, 5 sps, repeat 10 times, finishing with 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

3rd row—1 blk over 1st sp in 2nd row, * 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, repeat from * 9 times, then 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 3, turn.

4th row—Same as 2nd row. This gives one ten complete figures and two unfinished ones at either end.

5th row—3 sps, 1 blk, * 5 sps, 1 blk, repeat from * 9 times, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

6th row—2 sps, * 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, repeat across, ending with 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

7th row—Same as 5th row.

Repeat pattern beginning with 2nd row.

This gives one four figures in width. Next row 67 sps, ch 3, turn, 1 d c on each d c, with 2 d c on each sp. This completes back.

Sleeves

These are of the all-over design just finished and may be made as long as desired.

Starting in the back, make 4 d c under the end double in the last row of doubles. Work 1 sp at end of each row or 14 sps in end of work before square yoke is reached, into the end of this work 13 sps, alongside of strip over the shoulders work 1 sp at end of each row, or 42 sps, 13 sps along the end of front square yoke, 12 sps on end of rows below this, and finish with 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

2nd row—1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk (this last blk should be on a line with center two blocks of second figure in the front; if not, work this block so it will be), then 5 sps, 1 blk, repeat, ending with 1 blk.

3rd row—1 blk, necessary sps so as to bring two blocks in each figure in correct place, the same as in strip worked across back.

The sleeves, as shown, are ten figures deep, then blocks on each edge are omitted and spaces made instead, as the sleeve is joined together from this point on. Make five more figures follow with one row all spaces, then one row doubles.

One should have 88 spaces to have border on sleeves work on correctly. If necessary the work can be increased or decreased in the last two rows given, then follow doubles with one row of 88 sps, ch 5, turn.

Border

4 sps, 3 blks, 8 sps, 3 blks, * 8 sps, 3 blks, repeat from *, ending with 4 sps.

2nd row—3 sps, 5 blks, * 6 sps, 5 blks, repeat from * ending with 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

3rd row—2 sps, * 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, repeat from *, ending with 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

4th row—1 sp, * 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 2 sps, repeat from *, ending with 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

5th row—1 sp, * 4 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 2 sps, repeat from *, ending with 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

6th row—Same as 4th row.

7th row—Same as 3rd row.

8th row—Same as 2nd row.

9th row—Same as 1st row.

10th row—All spaces.

11 row—Doubles.

12th row—All spaces.

Edging

Ch 5, 1 s c on d c between 1st and 2nd sps, ch 5, 1 s c on next d c, repeat around.

2nd row—9 s c under 1st ch 5, 5 s c under 2nd ch 5, ch 5, turn, 1 sl st in 5th s c on 1st ch, turn, 5 s c under ch just made, ch 3 for picot, 5 s c, under same ch, 4 s c under 2nd ch in 1st row. This completes one point. Work the other sleeve to match.

The neck may be finished with a beading and the same pointed edging if one likes a square neck, or the corners may be filled in as follows to form a round neck: Begin on neck side of shoulder opposite second figure and working towards the corner make 11 sps. Now on the front work 1 d c, ch 2, 1 d c, this makes 2 sps along front edge of neck, turn. Make 10 sps over sps along shoulder edge, turn, sl st over last sp, ch, 9 sps, 1 d c in front edge, ch 2, 1 d c in front edge, turn, 8 sps.

Continue in this way shortening each row and working along the front until one finishes with 1 sp only. Break thread.

After all four corners have been filled in, in this manner, add a beading of trebles with ch 2 between for running ribbon, and pointed edging to match sleeves.

MRS. M. E. LUKE.

Ivy Leaf Lace Yoke

Materials.—No. 50 crochet cotton and a proper sized steel hook. Fresh designs are always in demand for yokes, as there is no end to the fashioning of corset covers, camisoles, nightgowns, chemises and combinations.

The way in which this yoke is made is a favorite method of forming any pretty insertion pattern in a yoke, using either one or two strips for the front and back and with or without sleeves.

Begin with a ch 6, join in ring.

1st row—Shell on 3 tr c (ch 3 for 1st), ch 3, and 3 tr c in ring, 4 knot sts, each one-fourth inch in length, repeat from beginning of row, ch 6, sh in ring, turn.

2nd row—Ch 4, sh in sh, * 1 knot st, fasten in 1st knot, 1 knot st, fasten (with a d c) in next knot, ch 5, fasten in same place, 1 knot st, fasten in next knot, 1 knot st, sh in sh, repeat from *, turn.

3rd row—Ch 4, sh in sh, * 1 knot st, fasten in 1st knot, 1 knot st, 15 tr c in loop of ch 5, 1 knot st, fasten in next knot, 1 knot st, sh in sh, repeat from *, turn.

4th row—Ch 4, sh in sh, * 1 knot st, fasten in knot, 1 knot st (5 tr c in 5 tr c, 2 knot sts), repeat twice, 5 tr c in remaining 5 tr c, 1 knot st, fasten in knot, 1 knot st, sh in sh, repeat from *, turn.

5th row—Ch 4, sh in sh, * (in 5 tr c make 2 triple trebles, 2 double trebles and one treble, keeping the top loop of each on needle, work off the 6 sts, 2 at a time until 1 st remains, close with a tight ch st, 1 knot st, fasten in knot between 2 sts of previous row, 1 knot st), repeat twice, 2 triple trebles, 2 double trebles and 1 tr c in next 5 trebles, work off as before, sh in sh, repeat from *, turn.

6th row—Ch 4, sh in sh, * 1 knot st, fasten in center knot, 1 knot st, fasten in tip of 2nd leaf, ch 5, fasten in same place, 1 knot st, fasten in knot, 1 knot st, sh in sh, repeat from *, turn.

Repeat from 3rd row until you have made patterns enough for the back strip, according to the size of the yoke.

The model shown is for size 34 and has 12 patterns across upper band in the back and 12 or 13 across the front, for the lower band which can be made in one piece 32 or 33 patterns will be needed.

Shoulder Strap

Fasten thread in shell of lower row just beyond end of the upper row.

Make 1 sh, ch 3, turn, sh on sh, joining into end of upper row

Repeat making 6 shs along the end, joining the last one to the end sh of upper row, turn. 1 sh, 1 knot st, join between 1st and 2nd shells on edge of upper row. 1 knot st, 15 tr c under the ch between 3rd and 4th sh, 1 knot st, join between 5th and 6th sh, 1 knot st, 1 sh between 7th and 8th sh, turn. Work seven or more patterns for strap. Join to opposite side and then shell down the end of upper row in the same manner as work was begun.

Move the other strap in the same manner. If sleeves are not desired finish neck and armholes with beading as shell.

Sleeves

Begin by fastening thread to sh beyond work on lower row. Make 1 row of knot sts working into each sh, and joining to sh on edge of lower rows on each side. Repeat knot sts, working back and forth until space is about the width of the shoulder straps.

Finish with a band of 12 or more patterns, fastening the shells on the edge to the last row of knot sts.

For beading on sleeves and neck fasten into work ch 5, 1 d c, ch 2, sk 1 sh, 1 d c, repeat.

For Scallop

1 s c on d c, 3 d c, ch 3, 3 d c on next d c, 1 s c on next, repeat around.

This pattern also makes a very pretty all lace camisole by using a sufficient number of rows.



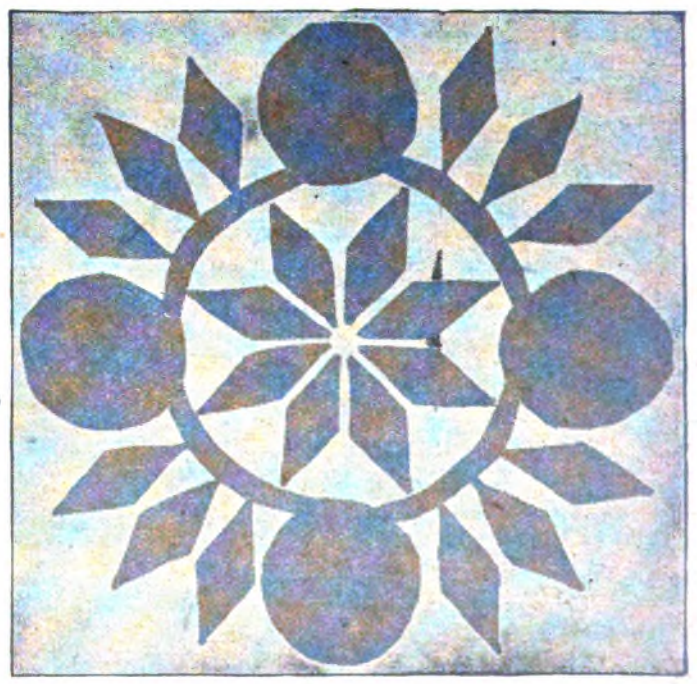
In this moss rose design, which may or may not be original, the blossoms, which are of red, are of one piece, cut as shown to produce a petal-like effect. The buds have red centers and the leaves and stems in their arrangement help to complete a graceful design. Submitted by Mrs. Vernon R. Brandburg, Pa.

Narrow Edging

Begin with ch 12 sts, 1 d c in 8th st from hook, 3 more d c in next 3 sts, ch 5, turn, 4 d c on ch 8, ch 5, turn, 4 d c in sp. Make this insertion the desired length, then turn, ch 4, 1 d c in sp, ch 4, 1 d c in same sp, 6 d c in every other sp.

Our Patchwork Contest

The interest shown in our patchwork contest was far beyond our expectations. The four designs published this month are selected from among a number of fine pieces, both in design and workmanship which we consider worthy of a special prize. Next month these entire two pages will be devoted to new designs in applique and old designs which have pleased quilt makers for many years. For other designs see page 25.



This is an example of a geometrical design in an applique quilt pattern. The parts and colors are arranged in such a way as to secure a well-balanced whole both as to form and color. The background of white has a center of eight red diamonds surrounded by a green circle overlaid with four red circles at opposite points. The spaces between these have two green and a center diamond of red. Submitted by Gertrude Fryette, Ohio.



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The Lester Park-Edward Whiteside photoplay, "Empty Arms," inspired the song "Empty Arms". A third verse is wanted, and to the writer of the best one submitted a prize of $500.00 cash will be paid. This contest is open to everybody. You simply write the words for a third verse—it is not necessary that you see the photoplay before doing so. Send us your name and address and we shall send you a copy of the words of the song, the rules of the contest and a short synopsis of this photoplay. It will cost you nothing to enter the contest.

"EMPTY ARMS" CONTEST EDITOR.
World M. P. Corporation,
245 W. 47th St., Dept. 682, New York, N. Y.

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This Month, for selling only **12** twenty-five cent boxes of Mentho Nova Salve, **greatest ointment** invented for cuts, burns, catarrh, etc. Send **at once,** as number of Talking Machines on these terms is limited. Plays dancing, singing or instrumental music. Handsome metal case. Premium List forty other offers sent with salve. **We trust you.**

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Scouting as an Eye-Opener

By M. R. Piper

TIME was—and not so long ago, either—when small boys were regarded by us grownups as more or less a nuisance and a liability, to be tolerated because individually we were fond of them in spite of their being such a care, and we hoped some day, by the grace of God, they might outgrow the trying period of adolescence and turn out men worthy of our well-meant efforts at upbringing.

We were prepared for the worst—knew they would forever be up to some mischief or other, go off fizz-bang like a Fourth-of-July firecracker when least expected to do so. In our milder moments we murmured, "Oh, well, boys will be boys," and in harsher moods there was always the woodshed for recourse. We hoped they would understand some day.

Today we are just beginning humbly to perceive that it is we, not our sons, who did not understand, and for some of us it was Scouting that was the eye-opener. Scouting that showed us that the small boy isn't a liability at all, that if given half a chance he is an incalculable asset.

In the first place, Scouting revealed what some of us might have forgotten—that a boy is an incessant dynamo of energy. He must be doing something every waking moment or "bust". He abhors inactivity, as Nature is supposed to abhor a vacuum. It is this fearful and wonderful energy which is responsible for nine-tenths of the mischief he gets into. It took a movement like Scouting to drive it into our rather inelastic minds that this same energy conserved, directed, constructively applied, could work wonders not only for our own peace of mind and the boy's delight and well-being but also in the up-building of a man-power "physically strong, mentally awake, morally straight," developing normally out of a boy power of the same high caliber.

Given this energy, every small boy would, if he saw his way to it, prefer to use it constructively rather than aimlessly or destructively. He is infinitely happier building bird-houses and



SIGNALING ACROSS A RIVER.

watching with proprietorial interest while his feathered tenants move in, than he ever was exercising his skill with the sling-shot. He gets ten times the satisfaction out of helping a farmer extinguish a forest fire in a valuable woodlot than he could possibly get out of robbing the same farmer's apple orchard. He would prefer being a trusted police aide helping direct traffic in a big parade than to dodge the "cop"—having smashed somebody's window or been surprised "rattling the bones" in a back alley.

The Scout program supplies an endless variety of interesting occupations for idle moments, occupations such as every boy naturally delights in and which incidentally serve to develop character, form good habits and rouse ambition.

What do Scouts do? What do they not do? They hike and cycle and swim and camp. They study birds and animals in their native haunts. They learn how to find their way in the woods by night or day, with or without a compass. They build shacks and shanties and set up signal towers, from which they wig-wag messages from camp to camp. They know how to tie all kinds of knots, how to identify trees by bark as well as by foliage, how to build a fire in the open and cook their own food over it. They know what to do in case of fire or panic, how to render first aid and artificial respiration, how to save life in times of emergency. These and a hundred other pursuits are open to the Scout. They are the things the boy enjoys doing and knowing, and enjoys doubly because he is doing them with his chums under the leadership of the right kind of man, the boy-hearted, red-blooded scoutmaster who as the Director of Boy Energy is holding down one of the biggest jobs in the world, and doing it for nothing, too, mind you—that is, he does it for nothing in the money sense. Every real scoutmaster will tell you he is more than repaid for all his expenditures of time and energy and thought by what he in turn gets back from his investment in boy life.

But these things, vital as they are, are only a small part of what Scouts do. The key-note of Scouting is service. Scouts not only learn to help themselves. They learn to be constantly on the watch to help others. Every Boy Scout, from the moment he receives his Tenderfoot badge from the hands of his scoutmaster, is sworn to do the Daily Good Turn which is fundamental in the movement.

Possibly the Good Turn may need a word of explanation for the uninitiated. The Scout may not count as a Good Turn any act which is in the ordinary line of duty. He may not count the home chores which he is expected to do anyway as a helpful, responsible member of the home-community, nor may he count doing his regular job as an employee of somebody else. The Good Turn is an extra act of kindness or good will for which he goes out of his way. It may consist of picking some pieces of broken glass from the highway or helping a bewildered stranger find his destination. It may be the finding of a lost child, the escorting of a blind man for his daily walk, the shoveling of snow for some manless household, the binding up of an injured dog's foot. It may be, and in hundreds of cases it has been, a big service, the rescue of a person from drowning, the putting out of an otherwise disastrous fire, the flagging of a train in season to avert disaster. But big or little, the principle is the same, an act of unselfish good will and helpfulness rendered with no thought of gain or praise simply because a Scout, according to his own law, is enjoined to the will and power to serve.

Perhaps it took the war to show us what an asset for community service Boy Scouts organized and ready, like a much-advertised beverage, for "instant use," might be. Selling Liberty bonds, operating war gardens, collecting peach pits and locating black walnut timber for government use, serving as aides and messengers at hospitals, collecting books and magazines for training camps, working with the Red Cross, the Salvation Army and scores of other organizations and institutions devoted to patriotic or humanitarian purposes, Scouts proved over and over that boys, organized for service, loyal, efficient, *trained*, could and would "carry on" whenever the call came.

The war ended but Boy Scout community service went on. In hundreds of towns and cities they are regularly enrolled fire aides to the fire departments, conduct annual clean-ups and safety-first campaigns, fight forest fires and tree blights, help exterminate flies and mosquitoes, co-operate with fish and game commissions in the preservation of wild life, plant shade trees, co-operate with city health departments and city planning commissions in making communities safe and beautiful to live in, patrol dangerous crossings near school buildings, remove disfiguring signs, raise and lower community flags—do, in short, a multitude of things that ten years ago we would not have dreamed boys could do or would be asked to do. Here again Scouting leads the way, shows us that boy energy constructively applied offers almost unlimited possibilities for community betterment.

Scouting has as an avowed objective the training of citizens and it applies to the project the same sound pedagogic principle—that of Learning by Doing—that it utilizes in the rest of its program. Boy Scouts learn citizenship by practicing it here and now. Working for their respective communities and for the nation, they come to feel a sense of civic loyalty and responsibility they would otherwise never know.

A small boy standing at salute very straight and very solemn, in the presence of the scoutmaster and a troop of scouts, all equally grave and ceremonious! Do you see him? Listen to what he is saying. They are great words and they are going to mean a great deal in his young life, God willing.

"On my honor I will do my best:
"To do my duty to God and my country, and to obey the Scout Law;
"To help other people at all times;
"To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight."

This is the pledge the Tenderfoot must take before he has the right to wear the coveted Scout uniform and the trefoil badge, whose points serve to remind him of the threefold promise he has made. With this pledge the Scout must keep faith all along the way to the best of his ability whether he be the veriest tyro in the movement or the Eagle with his at least twenty-one merit badge to his credit.

And they do keep faith, too, marvelously, beyond our expectations. Perhaps the thing works out so remarkably because it is a self-imposed discipline, something he takes upon himself, because he wants to assume it, not because some alien-minded adult has thrust it upon him.

Let no one think Scouting is for any one type or class of boy. It is for all boys everywhere, rich or poor, privileged or underprivileged, the city boy, the town boy, the boy in the small village, even the boy in the remote rural district who may affiliate with the movement as a Pioneer Scout, practicing Scouting "by his lone" until he can connect with a patrol.

Thanks to Scouting, we are beginning to get a glimpse into the basic realities of boyhood, learning that boys will indeed be boys to the end of the chapter but that it rests with us in no small degree to determine whether they will be boys plus or boys minus, assets or liabilities.

Pointed Paragraphs

Why does a man who is really good usually look so sad?

Musical directors beat their way through the world by scores.

Trousers that bag at the knees are often pressed into service.

After a man has passed the chloroform age he begins to lean toward the simple life.

The richest man in the world was born without a cent in his pocket.

Much of the milk of human kindness is adulterated beyond the cream-generating stage.

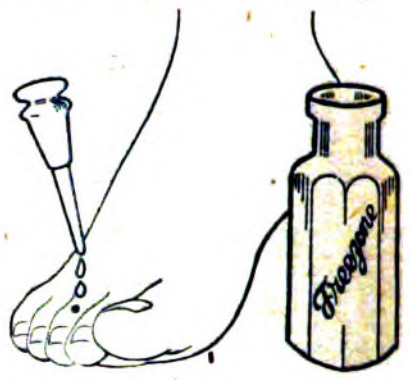
Still, a man never seems anxious to marry a woman who isn't afraid of a mouse.

Some people get so tired by doing nothing that they are never able to do anything else.

Don't judge a man by the clothes he wears. Form your opinion by the apparel of his wife. —*Chicago News.*

Corns

Lift Off with the Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between toes, and calluses, without pain, soreness.

Famous Old Recipe for Cough Syrup

Easily and cheaply made at home, but it beats them all for quick results.

Thousands of housewives have found that they can save two-thirds of the money usually spent for cough preparations, by using this well-known old recipe for making cough syrup. It is simple and cheap but it has no equal for prompt results. It takes right hold of a cough and gives immediate relief, usually stopping an ordinary cough in 24 hours or less.

Get 2½ ounces of Pinex from any druggist, pour it into a pint bottle, and add plain granulated sugar syrup to make a full pint. If you prefer, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, it tastes good, keeps perfectly, and lasts a family a long time.

It's truly astonishing how quickly it acts, penetrating through every air passage of the throat and lungs—loosens and raises the phlegm, soothes and heals the membranes, and gradually but surely the annoying throat tickle and dreaded cough disappear entirely. Nothing better for bronchitis, spasmodic croup, hoarseness or bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract known the world over for its healing effect on membranes.

Avoid disappointment by asking your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with full directions—and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

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FREE! A 42-Pc. FULL SIZE DINNER SET.

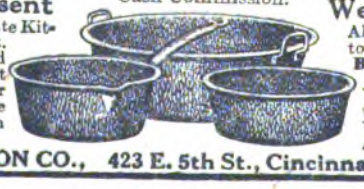
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Avoid Perils of Dyspepsia

In Place of Starving or Suffering Try the Plan of Full Meals and Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Most everyone has gone through the misery of a sleepless night from dyspepsia. A host of such



people found they could eat what they liked without sour risings, belching, gassiness, heaviness, palpitation or restless nervousness due to indigestion if they simply settled and soothed the stomach with a Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet after eating and before retiring. If you are subject to such misery get a 60 cent box of these tablets today and you will fairly revel in the freedom from your old time enemy.

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LATEST and most fashionable style of women's three-strap kid slippers in extra fine quality, well-made to render greatest service and satisfaction. Has the popular, stylish military heel, with springy rubber heel attached, thus insuring great comfort and much greater wear on heel. Your satisfaction is guaranteed or your money will be refunded. In order to show the largest possible number of women the style, satisfaction and economy possible in ordering these slippers, we will give absolutely free with each pair ordered a stylish pair of fine quality silk hose to match.



$2.96

Brown or Black PREPAID

Order your size and width. Sizes 2½ to 8; widths c-d-e-ee. Remember that the low price means an enormous number of sales, so to be sure that we will be able to supply you in your size and color, send your order today, with money order for $2.96. We will send silk hose free.

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For Aches and Pains

Sloan's Liniment is recommended as an external application in the treatment of rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, lumbago, lame back, sprains and strains, sore muscles and a host of other external aches and pains.

Don't rub Sloan's, it penetrates. At all druggists, 35c, 70c, $1.40.

Keep it handy

Sloan's Liniment Pain's enemy

The OLD RELIABLE REMEDY for Colds

BREAKS COLDS IN 24 HOURS LA GRIPPE IN 3 DAYS



WORLD'S STANDARD FOR TWO GENERATIONS

BEGINS acting within ten seconds. Safest and most dependable family remedy for Colds, Headaches and La Grippe.

Don't experiment—insist upon Hill's Cascara Bromide Quinine. World's standard Cold remedy for two generations.

Demand red box bearing Mr. Hill's portrait and signature. (203)

At All Druggists—30 Cents
W. H. HILL COMPANY, DETROIT

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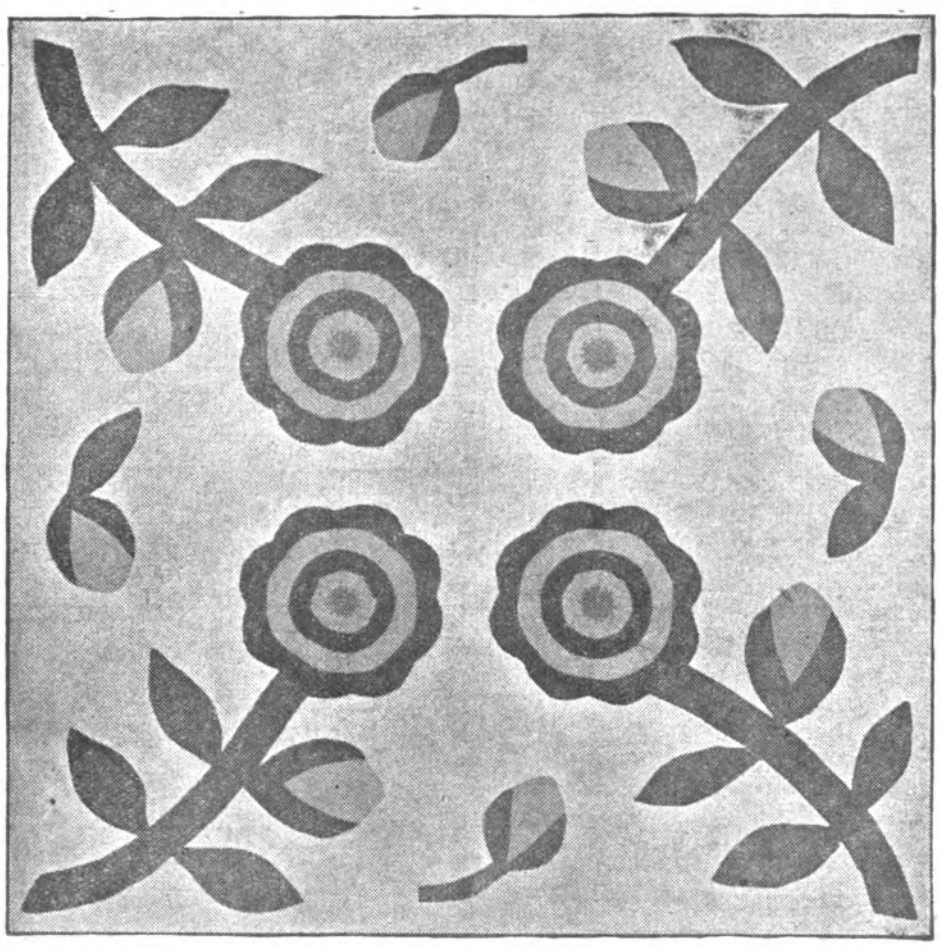


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The Patchwork Prize Contest



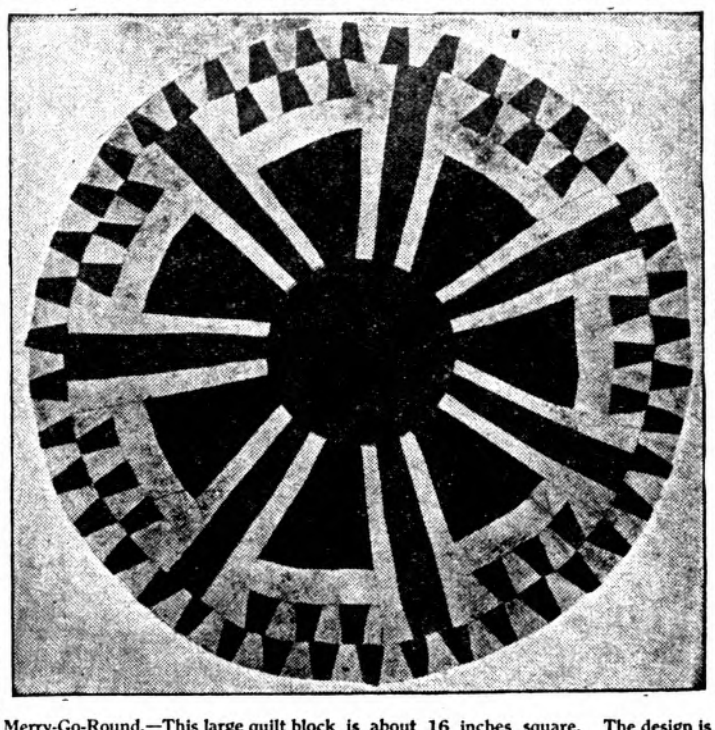
This quilt square which was submitted by Mrs. Nettie Vining, Ga., is a most striking and handsome design, it is also a pattern which makes a continuous or all-over design, due to the manner in which the rose sprays start from the corners. The completed squares measure 18 x 18 inches. Background, as usual, should be of bleached or unbleached cotton, roses have a scalloped edge of red, this is overlaid with pink, then red and pink again, with a yellow center. Stems and leaves of green, buds of pink.

Another List of Winners

The response to our recent offer was certainly great, both in quality and quantity, and was far beyond our expectations. The popularity of quilting seems to be as great if not greater than ever before. This is not confined to the country and smaller places but also exists in the cities, where women may be found in classes in the large department stores undertaking the creation of a modern applique quilt.

A beautiful basket design for a bedroom set will be shown in our next issue, as well as the lunch set designed by Mrs. Vernon, our First Prize Winner.

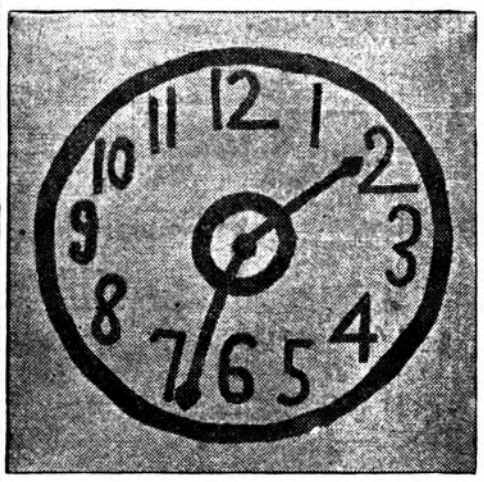
In quality much of the work received was elaborate and would compare favorably with the finest pieces of handwork. In quantity we were favored with several thousand designs, each of which had to be tagged and numbered. It was then several days' work to select the best and eliminate all duplicates; then these in turn had to be carefully considered and the prizes awarded. As letters had to be written in some cases and other delays considered it was impossible to publish our complete list last month, so we are happy to announce the following additional winners:



Merry-Go-Round.—This large quilt block is about 16 inches square. The design is pieced of red, white, blue and yellow, but it is a good pattern for using up effectively odd bits of material, if strongly contrasted. As shown, the center circle is of yellow surrounded by six spoke-like pieces of blue, between these is red set in with narrow strips of white. The edge is finished with two rows of blue and white, cut in tapering shapes, and pieced together as shown. Submitted by Miss Callie Brown, Miss.

Ind. Clara G. Fisher, Pa. Mrs. S. J. Spradlin, Tex. Bessie Stapleton, Tenn. Mrs. Wm. Stickles, Wisc. Mrs. Hulda E. Phillips, Ill. Mrs. Blanche I. Owensby, Okla. Mrs. M. E. Collins, Oregon.

Miss Edna R. Warzbach, Tex. Mrs. Henry Bursaw, Wisc. Mrs. W. J. Williams, Ala. Mrs. Alice Phillips, Tex. Bessie Liggett, Ind. Mrs. C. E. Heritage, Ohio. Mrs. S. A. Huskey, Tenn. Cora Okerson, Ill. Miss Mandie Sargent, Ala. Ida L. Southard, Mo. Agnes Shuler, Tex. Mrs. Jennie Williams, Ala. Mrs. J. J. Phillips, Colo. Mrs. Mabel Miller, N. Y. Mrs. M. E. Richardson, Ala.

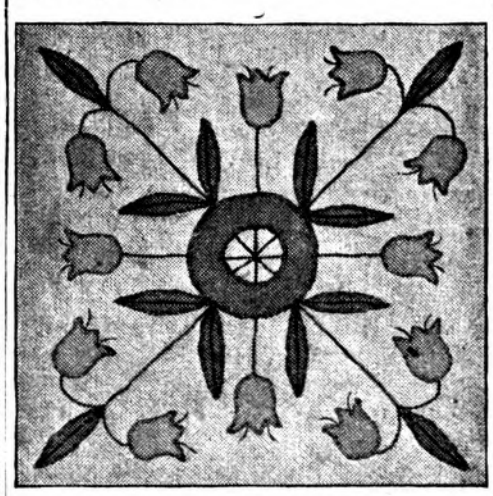


Wheel of Time—Yellow background, with black figures. This interesting design is a very good example of both originality in design and fineness of workmanship. Size 15 x 15 inches. Submitted by Mrs. Rosa McVey, Iowa.

Special and Other Prize Winners

Mrs. Anna Walters, Iowa. Mrs. G. W. Searl, La. Hortense Green, Colo. Mrs. T. C. McInnis, Tex. Dollie Hicks, Nebr. Mrs. Ida Keller, Ohio. Mrs. Lottie Fields, Va. Mrs. T. C. Roetker, Ill. Mrs. Mary T. Work, Ill. Mrs. Della Byfield, Kans. Kathryn Hamer, Ohio. Mrs. F. A. Tichards, Va. Mrs. Ellen Scott, Ill. Mrs. Kallenberger, Calif. Mrs. H. W. Peterman, S. C. Mrs. Herman Grassel, Ill. Mrs. W. B. Walton, Tex. Mrs. E. P. Wheeler, Colo. Mrs. F. L. Kadlick, Kans. Mrs. Arthur Smith, Kans. Miss Eva M. Bell, Ky. Leona Hunter, N. Y. Marie Stromberger, Ill. Alice M. Coggins, N. C. Mrs. J. A. Underwood, Mo. Mrs. S. J. McElhannon, Ga. Mrs. Anna B. Weeder, Mich. Mrs. B. M. Dickey, Pa. Mrs. M. G. Henderson, Okla. Mrs. F. M. Littleton, N. Mex. Mrs. M. M. Waddell, Va. Mrs. Chas. Crossley, Pa. Mrs. Winnie Toothman,

It has occurred to us that many women would be glad to secure a book of the best of the beautiful designs which we have selected from those submitted. We have decided to publish such a book, giving illustrations, descriptions and suggestions as to colors for each design. It will not be sold, but given free as a premium. We will announce its issue as soon as published.



This beautiful design shows small bell-like blossoms of pink with green leaves, and band in the center. Stems and veins of leaves are outlined with black and all edges are finely buttonholed with black. Bleached or unbleached cloth can be used for background. Size 18 x 18 inches. Submitted by Mrs. Geo. W. Wright, Mo.



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FREE Blue Bird WATER SET

Six fine shell glasses and full-sized pitcher, handsomely decorated. All given free for selling only 40 packs vegetable seeds at 10c per large pack. Sell easily. **Earn Big Money on Premiums.** Send no money. **We trust you** with seeds until sold.

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3 Piece Toilet Set Free for selling only 8 boxes of our famous ROSEBUD at 25c a box; a home necessity. EASY TO SELL. WE TRUST YOU. Big catalogue sent with goods. Order today.

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CABBAGE, New Glory, early, sure header, large.
CABBAGE, Danish Ball-Head, best winter sort.
CARROT, Perfect, Half-long, best table sort.
CELERY, Brittle Winter, best, crispest. Keeps well.
CUCUMBER, Emerald White Spine, great favorite.
LETTUCE, Cream Butter, tender, popular heads.
MUSKMELON, Sweetest Gem, best garden melon.
WATERMELON, Deposit Early, earliest, sweetest.
ONION, Prizetaker, weight 3 lbs., 1000 bus. per acre.
PARSLEY, Triple Curled, best, most ornamental.
PARSNIP, Improved Guernsey, white, sweet.
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RADISH, White Icicle, best, early, long, tender.
SPINACH, Summer, fine for greens.
TOMATO, Greater Baltimore, best, large, smooth.
TURNIP, Yellow Rutabaga, sweet, long keeper.
ASTERS, Show mixed. PINKS, 50 Grand Sorts.
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WAVES OF GOLD. ORCHID SWEET PEAS.
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Make better gardens. All are tested for purity and vitality. Have been giving satisfaction for over 50 years. Be sure and try our

5 FINE VEGETABLES, 10c
One large packet each of Bean, Beet, Lettuce, Radish and Tomato —postpaid. All are heavy yielding and exceptionally fine in quality. Try them.

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SPECIAL OFFER of TESTED SEEDS



If you write now for our 1922 Catalogue, we will send the famous HENDERSON Collection of seeds—one packet each of **Ponderosa Tomato, Big Boston Lettuce, White Tipped Scarlet Radish, Henderson's Invincible Asters, Henderson's Brilliant Mixture Poppies, Giant Waved Spencer Sweet Peas.**

HOW TO GET THEM
Simply state where you saw this advertisement, enclose ten cents for mailing the Catalogue, "Everything for the Garden," and the seeds will be sent without extra charge.
EMPTY ENVELOPE COUNTS FOR CASH
These tested seeds come in a coupon envelope which, emptied and returned, will be accepted as a 25-cent cash payment on any order amounting to $1.00 or more. Don't delay; write at once.

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Bigger and better than ever, the most beautiful and complete horticultural publication of the year, a book of 176 pages.
16 color pages. Over 1000 beautiful engravings showing actual results. A mine of valuable garden information. Send today for this helpful guide to a better garden and the special seed collection.

PETER HENDERSON & CO. 35 & 37 CORTLANDT ST. NEW YORK CITY

2247 BEANS FROM 1



This is what **C. H. Fuller,** 30 Loomis St., Montpelier, Vt., grew from 1 of my **1200** to **1** Beans. One plant produced **358** pods. See his report in my **Seed Book.** It is a great Bean.

My **Improved Stock** is better than ever—grows strong and erect, branching freely, producing handsome well-filled pods up from the ground, which literally load the plant. Beans being pure white of the finest quality.

Plant after danger of frost only one Bean in a hill and they will mature a crop in from 70 to 80 days. The yield will surprise you. **Packet 60 Beans 10c, 3 pkts. 25c.**

Fancy Prolific Pickles—One of the choicest strains Cucumbers for pickles, also good for slicing. Very early, producing great quantities of fruit, bear all summer. **Packet (over 100 seeds) Six Cents.**

Giant Tomato—One of largest grown, vines very strong, will carry enormous weight of fruit, specimens often weighing 2 and 3 lbs. each, very solid, few seeds, crimson color. **Pkt. (100 seeds) 5 cents.**



27 Varieties Flower Seeds—Special Mixture for outdoor culture prepared specially for a gorgeous Flower Bed, of 20 square feet, wonderful colors. 27 kinds (over 3,000 seeds) Eight Cents.

Special Offer—I will mail **one packet** each, **1200 to 1 Bean, Giant Tomato, Fancy Prolific Pickles, 27 Varieties Flower Seeds,** all **4 packets** for **10c,** or **3** packets of each for **25c.**

1922 Seed Book *free,* 17 Novelties in colors, hundreds Best Vegetables and Flowers. Lowest Prices. Write today.

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Cabbage—Perfection worth 15c
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Tomato—Everbearing, worth 20c
10 Spring Flowering Bulbs, worth 25c—Full size packages

This Collection of World Beaters worth $1.25
Guaranteed to please. *Write to-day; mention this paper.*

SEND 10c to help pay postage and packing and receive this valuable Bumper Crop Collection of Seeds, postpaid, together with our big, instructive, beautiful Seed and Plant Book. Tells all about Buckbee's Famous "Full of Life" Seeds, Plants, Bulbs, etc.



H.W. BUCKBEE Rockford Seed Farms Farm 408 **Rockford, Ill.**



February Odds and Ends

FOR most of our readers February is sort of "betwixt and between." We do our chores night and morning, remark that "the back of winter is broken," wonder if the groundhog will see his shadow, sit back to rest a spell with the cord-wood cut and split. Perhaps our thoughts run to plans for the coming summer; roads none too good and the weather unsettled; even though February has only twenty-eight days, the time is likely to pass slowly. At no other time of the year does the farmer have so much time to "kill," and at no other season does he have more time for reading. The good wife adds the remark that "February is the worst month in the whole year for having the men folks everlastingly around the house where they get under foot and are a nuisance with their questions and advice!"

Cleaning Work Harness

Yes, February is a dull month, but it can be made to pass both quickly and profitably. For instance, there is sure to be repairing needed on the heavy harnesses. Why not get them down off the cobwebby pegs and give them a thorough overhauling and cleaning. Take one harness at a time, take it apart, and remove buckles and loops wherever possible. Unless you have a harness room with a work table (there are far too few of these on our farms), perhaps the machine shed or granary will give the most room. With a dampened sponge wipe off the dust and mud; do not have the sponge too wet or the leather will absorb water. Then rinse out your sponge, squeeze it almost dry, rub it on castile soap or saddle soap, and work it in the hand, squeezing it until the sponge is full of fine thick creamy lather. Take one strap at a time and rub until all traces of sweat stains and dirt are removed. Do this to each piece of harness in turn, leaving a little lather on. Then rinse out your sponge, make fresh lather as before, and work it well into the leather. Do this carefully and thoroughly, and put the parts in a moderately warm place to dry. While these parts are drying, clean and polish buckles, bits and other metal parts. By this time the leather parts will be partly dry. Rub them off with a dry cloth, and assemble. The saddle soap remaining in the leather will keep it soft and pliable for a long time. Some farmers do nothing further with it. Others oil their harness, and for this purpose nothing is better than a little neat's-foot oil. To oil harness, take a cloth moistened in oil and apply to the *flesh side* of the leather in long, light strokes. Do not soak the leather; two ounces will usually be all that you need to oil a whole harness. Hang newly-oiled harness in a warm, dry place for a day then rub off with a dry cloth. Occasional oiling throughout the season will be time well spent, and will counteract in a measure the ill effects of the sweat, dirt and barn fumes of ammonia which are unavoidable when harness is hung beside or behind each team in the barn.

In the Sugar Bush

In many regions the sugar bush, with its slush underfoot, its roaring fires, its sweet-smelling kettles and its raw spring winds, is just a memory—something we hear Gran'pa tell us about as we sit around the fireplace in the evening. We regret that it is so; no memory of pioneer days bears a richer tang of romance. But many are fortunate enough to have a grove of hard maples and no doubt there are a number of our readers who could spend an evening telling us about tapping trees and "sugaring off."

The sap season extends from late February through March, depending on the locality and the season. Trees are tapped with a ⅜-inch bit and spouts made of hollow elder sticks, or metal ones from the store, are driven in, one to each tree. In the old days tiny birch-bark buckets were used to catch the sap; now tin pails, covered to keep out rain and bits of bark, are used instead. Times change in everything, it seems. An average tree will yield for 10 to 12 gallons of sap, running from four to eight per cent. in sugar content. In small woodlots the sap is usually boiled down to syrup or sugar in the woods over open fires. This was the old-fashioned way; now we find more elaborate refining sheds with large vats and receiving tanks located in the best maple-sugar districts. Sap is slowly boiled until it weighs around 10 or 11 pounds to the gallon, when it is ready for syrup. The froth is skimmed off from time to time and, to keep it from boiling over, the piece of salt pork on a stick is still being poked into the bubbling liquid, just as it was in Gran'pa's time. When maple-sugar is desired, syrup is still poured upon the snow to test it, and when it makes a waxy mass (that the children relish now as then) it is "sugaring off" and ready to pour into cakes.

Odds and Ends

In many sections the hotbed is started before the end of February, but we have already given detailed instructions in the making of hotbeds and cold-frames. Besides, it is a bit late now to begin, as part of the work, such as digging pits and making compost heaps, should have been done in the fall before the ground froze.

On many farms the chickens are considered as the property of the "missus," and their care and management is her chore. Still, a bit of help in dull February may not be taken amiss. Perhaps there is the incubator to clean and repair, new trays to make, a lamp to fix. These are jobs for Dad and the boys and not for Mother. It seems only fair that all who help dispose of the fresh eggs at breakfast should take a hand in their production. Then, too, there is no time like early spring for getting the new roosters. They should be bought on merit alone from a poultryman who has made a record for both production and business integrity. They should be placed in the flock *early* to insure that their blood will be mingled with that of your own hens to the improvement of the offspring. Many farmers who know full well that "a sire is half the herd" overlook the value of a good rooster in the barnyard flock.

It is a bit early to speak of testing seed, whether for the garden or for the field. In most localities March is early enough. But it is not too early to think of the source of seed supply. "What will I need and where will I get it?" is a good question to ask yourself as you sit smoking your pipe by the fire in the evening. Don't wait until spring plowing starts before you give serious thought to your seed corn, seed grain, clover or garden seeds. Take your catalogues, seed circulars and lists of seed producers; list your needs, then write a few letters for latest quoted prices, etc. The time will be well spent, and you will have what you need on hand when the time comes.

Perhaps you will be planting some new trees in the orchard this spring? Maybe the orchard is to be enlarged, or new berry bushes are needed for the garden? What we have said about seed goes for the orchard and berry patch also. Decide what you will need, study your catalogues, and place your order early. The old saying that "the early bird gets the worm" does not apply to the spring robin only. It applies directly to the farmer who makes his wants known in time to have his order filled before the rush season, it lessens the danger of having shipments delayed until damaged by warm weather, it enables him to finish his planting before growth starts. For best results, it is a difficult matter to do the planting too early; the frost in the ground prevents it.

Starting an Asparagus Bed

Asparagus is always welcome on the farm table. We have never yet known a farm family to complain because it had too much asparagus to eat. From Gran'pa to Gran'ma right down to the "littlest one" the fondness for this tasty, wholesome and appetizing vegetable is never fully satisfied, it seems. For that reason, and because of the frequent inquiries received from readers of COMFORT on the subject, we offer these suggestions and instructions relative to asparagus culture.

Best Varieties and Best Soil

Seedsmen offer for sale a long list of varieties of asparagus, but in the main the difference between them is very slightly defined, and may be attributed to a large extent to environment and cultural methods. Market demand and district preference in a measure determine whether the white or the green varieties will be well received in any given region. For general use over a wide territory the standard varieties most popular are: Palmetto; Mammoth, several sorts including Columbian White; and Giants, of three kinds, Argenteuil, Reading and Bonvallet. Personal taste and preference have the final word in deciding the variety that shall be grown. If seed of any standard variety is purchased from a reputable seed house we are, at any rate, getting off to a good start.

Asparagus grows best and produces most succulent shoots when grown in fertile, well-drained soil, and thorough tilling is essential to success. A deep, rich sandy loam with an abundance of humus and underlain by a porous and friable subsoil is the ideal asparagus soil. Soil preparation consists of the application of well-rotted manure, deep plowing and repeated disking until a loose, well-worked seed-bed results.

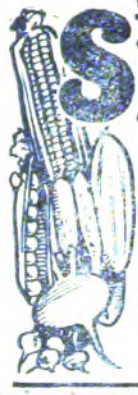
Starting Plants from Seed

The asparagus bed may be started either from seed or with year-old roots purchased from the seedsman, but the former plan is somewhat preferable as it gives a wider selection of roots at a reduced price. In our discussion we will begin with the seed and grow into the crop.

"Buy good seed" is old advice—but it is good advice. To hasten germination it is a good plan to soak seed for a day or so in lukewarm water before planting, but be careful not to scald. Plant

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 37.)

SAMPLE OUR SEEDS



Guaranteed Fresh Tested Seeds Full of Life and Growing Power

PAKRO Seeds are the purest, strongest, freshest and most rigidly tested seeds money can buy. Absolute satisfaction or money back. To new customers we will mail three 10-cent packets of PAKRO earliest vegetables, Radish, Lettuce and Tomato for 10 cents. Write today for the PAKRO Garden Annual in four colors—a wonderful guide to better gardens—*free.*

American Seed & Seedtape Co.
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3 Glorious ROSES

Everblooming, Guaranteed True to Name. All bloom this summer. Mailed postpaid for..... **25c**



Radiance—Intense pink
Alex. Hill Gray—Yellow, fine bud
Crimson Queen—Velvety crimson

5 Pkts. Flower Seeds
The following collection blooms from early summer to late fall: Aster, Petunia, Pansy, Phlox and Salvia. Generous pkts. **Extra special value postpaid 10c.**

I will also mail 5 packets of Daisy Seed (five colors) for 15c, or I will mail the above 3 Collections, the 3 Roses, the 5 pkts. of Flower Seeds and the 5 pkts. of Daisy Seed all for 40c.

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Lists 400 roses, all the newest and best. Dahlias, Ferns and everything for house and garden. Send for it.

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"The Most Wonderful Tomato Ever Grown" That's what one of my customers says of Beebe's Early Prolific. It is a wonderful bearer, beginning to bloom when only 6 or 8 inches high. Fruit is as large as any of the early varieties, almost perfectly smooth and of superb quality. Very few seeds, making them excellent for slicing. Splendid keepers and good for shipping. Bear from 10 days to 2 weeks before any other and continue to bear until frost. Stand hot, dry weather better than any other sorts. You will make no mistake by planting some of these. Price 20c per packet. Write for Catalog of trees and seeds.

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81 Court Street, Beatrice, Neb. [22]

Wonderful **BARGAINS** in Fruits Shrubs and Ornamental **TREES**

100 Strawberry Plants For $1

My direct-from-grower, down to bedrock prices save you 50 per cent. Never before have we offered such wonderful bargains, such as 20 Red or Black Raspberries, $1. 12 Blackberries, $1. 20 Gladioli Bulbs, assorted, $1. 25 Asparagus, $1. 12 Apple Trees 4 to 5 ft., $2.95. Many others. Big catalog shows fruits and ornamentals in actual colors. A detail planting plans. Free.

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Free for Testing

A pair of mated **Everbearing Strawberry Plants FREE** if you will report your success with them. Will bear loads of big red strawberries from June to November of same year plants are set. We have been breeding Everbearing strawberries for the past 12 years and have counted 480 berries, blossoms and buds on a single plant in September. A postal will bring the plants and 5 kernels of **Burbank's new Golden Pop Corn.** Also our colored catalogue of **"Blizzard Belt" Products** with seed for a Silk Leaf Poppy Garter thrown in for good measure. Send 10 cents for mailing expense or not as you please. Write today and get acquainted with our Hardy **"Blizzard Belt"** Seeds, Trees and Plants. THE GARDNER NURSERY CO., Nurserymen and Seedsmen, Box 507, Osage, Iowa.

Five Dozen genuine Progressive Everbearing Strawberry plants mailed at proper planting time for **$1.00** if ordered now direct from this advertisement.

SEEDS Grown by a Woman

Everybody is delighted with my New Early June Asters. Largest, earliest and best. Continuous bloomers.

For 10c I will send 5 liberal packages, white, pink, lavender, crimson and purple. No better seeds grown.

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Charlotte M. Haines
Dept. 103, Rockford, Illinois.



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$3.50 Per Thousand. Our strong, healthy, tremendous bearing plants guarantee *big crops of luscious berries.* Best varieties for all kinds of soils. Full line of Raspberries, Blackberries, Currants and Asparagus. Large stock of extra fine Grape plants. GREATLY REDUCED PRICES. Our customers are making up to $1200 per acre from small fruits. New color catalog free. Write today.

BRIDGMAN NURSERY CO., Box 17, BRIDGMAN, MICH.

The Earliest Tomato Is John Baer. Way ahead of all others in earliness.

To introduce our **hardy Northern Grown Seeds,** will send the following 10 pkts. for 10c: John Baer Tomato, 1200 to 1 Beans, Beet, Carrot, Cucumber, Lettuce, Onion, Parsnip, Radish and Superb Asters. Due Bill for 10c with every order. Money back if not satisfied. Big catalog of Seed Bargains free. Send today. J. W. JUNG SEED CO., Station K, RANDOLPH, WIS

STRAWBERRY PLANTS THAT GROW

Our 32 years' experience assures you the strong, healthy, heavy-rooted plants that produce biggest, surest crops. (Profits $500 to $1500 per acre). Raspberries, blackberries, etc., of same high quality. Send for beautiful colored catalog free. Write today.

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PROTECT YOUR HOME and Earnings



With this 25 Cal. regulation blue steel AUTOMATIC REVOLVER $9.75
Regular Price $22.50
OUR PRICE
While they last

Keep one of these safety brand new revolvers in your home and be fully protected against burglars, thieves and hold up men. It's a terrible fright to wake up in the night—hear noises downstairs or in the next room—and realize your neglect has left you wholly UNPROTECTED.

Buy one of these revolvers and be always fully protected. Handsome blue steel, gun-metal finish. HAS DOUBLE SAFETY and is practically "fool-proof" against accidents. Perfect grip, accurate aim. Rifled barrel, hard rubber, checkered grips, safety lever. Holds 7 cartridges. Small, compact, lies flat and will not bulge out pocket. Shoots the Standard Auto Cartridges.

SEND NO MONEY

Order today. Just send your name and address and say which Automatic you want.

No 487 is 25-calibre, 7-shot, as illustrated, Regular price $22.50. Our price $9.75
No. 3587. Same style as above, only 32-calibre. 7 shots. Regular price $25.00. Our price only $11.00
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No. 4087 30-calibre, genuine imported Luger. Don't be misled by a gun that looks like a Luger automatic. We are selling this wonderful world-famed gun at such ridiculously low prices because of our ability to purchase in quantities. The Luger shoots 9 shots. Has automatic magazine ejector. It is the latest model with safety attachment. Regular value up to $90. Our special price, while they last, only $28.50

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I've always given the BEST course for the LOWEST price. Now, with three schools, I can cut the price lower and pay your fare, too. And if not convinced after a week that I can make you a GOOD mechanic, withdraw from school and the week costs you NOTHING. Write today for Free Book and PROOF that easy Rahe training will get you out of the rut in a few weeks.—HENRY J. RAHE.

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6,000 Miles Guaranteed
SEND NO MONEY



Here is the greatest tire offer ever made. Never before such low prices. Brand new Inner Tube given Free with every one of our special reconstructed tires guaranteed for 6,000 miles. We ship at once on approval. Pay only when convinced.

Less Than ½ Price

28x3	$6.40	34x4	$9.95
30x3	6.75	32x4½	10.10
30x3½	6.95	34x4½	10.95
32x3½	7.25	35x4½	11.25
31x4	8.25	36x4½	11.75
32x4	8.95	35x5	12.10
33x4	9.25	37x5	12.25

Write Today No money now—just your name and number of tires wanted. Pay on arrival. Examine and judge for yourself. If not satisfied return at our expense and your money immediately refunded. Be sure to state size and whether clincher or straight side. Don't delay—send now. Immediate shipment.

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Made of pliable Chrome Leather. Broad, Solid Oak Leather Heels, Double Thick Soles. Dirt and Water Proof.



$2.85 Bellows Tongue. Sizes 5½ to 12.

Guarantee

You must be entirely satisfied or we will refund your money.

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Send no money. Just send your name, address and size. Your shoes will be sent by return mail. Pay postman $2.85 and postage on arrival.

CIVILIAN ARMY & NAVY SHOE CO.
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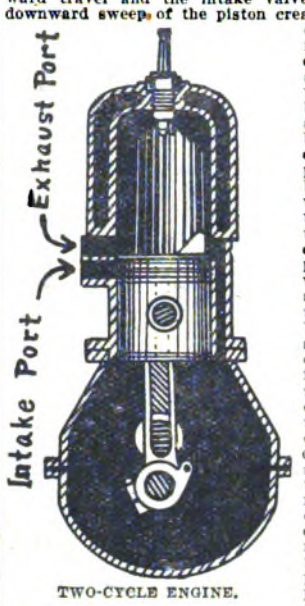
Questions relating to gasolene engines and automobiles, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Auto Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, free, in the columns of this department. Full name and address is required, but initials only will be printed. That we may intelligently diagnose your trouble please state the year in which your car was made.

Answers to Correspondents

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TWO- AND FOUR-CYCLE ENGINES.—Kindly explain the meaning of "two cycle" and "four cycle" as applied to gasolene engines, and describe the difference in them.

MRS. A. R. S., Montague, Calif.

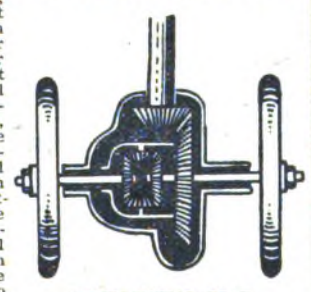
A.—Practically all present-day gasolene internal combustion motors, except small marine engines, are of the four-stroke cycle type. During the pioneer days a few two-stroke cycle motors appeared on the market but results were not sufficiently satisfactory to warrant development for general purposes. As you probably know, there is a piston in each cylinder which travels up and down the cylinder bore. You also probably are aware that each cylinder has at least two valves, one termed the intake and the other the exhaust. These valves are mechanically opened and closed and timed by gears so that they operate at the right time to accomplish certain results. To gain an understanding of the four-stroke cycle, more commonly called four cycle, consider that the piston has reached the top of its upward travel and the intake valve has opened. The downward sweep of the piston creates a vacuum which draws a combustible mixture from the carburetor. As above stated, the intake valve is open, thereby opening the passage so that gas can be drawn from the carburetor. When the piston reached the bottom of its downward stroke, the intake valve closes, thereby sealing the cylinder tightly. The piston travels upward on its next stroke and pushes the gas ahead of it. You will now understand that the piston compresses the gas into little space at the top of the cylinder. When the piston reaches the top of its upward or compression stroke, a spark takes place at the plug and ignites the tightly-compressed gas. A condition which might be compared to an explosion takes place and forces the piston down. This is the third or power stroke. When the piston completes its power stroke the exhaust valve opens and the next stroke of the piston, which is upward, pushes the burned gases out of the cylinder. The separate strokes in the cycle are suction, compression, power and exhaust. The two-cycle motor has approximately the same operating principle as described above with the exception that the work is accomplished in two strokes of the piston instead of four. The design of this type of motor is such that the upward stroke of the piston draws the combustible mixture into the crankcase and also compresses at the same time the charge of gas that was taken into a crankcase on a previous stroke. Bear in mind that on a single stroke the piston has drawn in a mixture and also compressed one. At the top of the upward stroke a spark ignites the tightly-compressed gas in the same manner as in the four-cycle type. At this point the piston is pushed down by the force of the expanding gas and delivers its power. At the same time, however, the downward sweep of the piston compresses the charge of gas in the crankcase. As the piston nears the bottom of its downward stroke it uncovers ports in the cylinder wall so that the burned gases can get away. At the same time the gas that has been compressed in the crankcase is allowed to enter the cylinder. It is common practice to use a deflector on top of the piston so as to direct the new charge to the top of the cylinder and in this manner crowd out the burned gas. It is now probably clear that the downward stroke has taken care of the power and exhaust and that in two strokes this type of motor has accomplished what the other type required two additional strokes for the same result.



TWO-CYCLE ENGINE.

FUNCTION OF DIFFERENTIAL.—Please explain why one rear wheel of an automobile will sometimes turn and the other one stand still in a slippery place. I have 1919 Stevens Six. Can I change the timing gear without taking the motor from the frame? And if I buy a new timing gear will it be marked like the one that came with the car? E. H. D., Huchinson, Ky.

A.—The differential incorporated in the rear axle permits one rear wheel to travel faster than the other or entirely independent of the other if required. The working principle of the differential has been fully explained in an earlier issue of COMFORT but for your benefit I am printing the accompanying cut from which you should be able to grasp a knowledge of the operation. A large bevel driving gear is attached to the differential housing and is independent of the shafts which drive the rear wheels. At the inner end of each axle shaft is attached a small bevel gear. The differential housing, sometimes termed the casing or drum, carries several bevel pinions which mesh with the gears attached to the axle shafts. Let us assume that one wheel is jacked free from the ground and the power is applied to the axle. Reference to the simple sketch will undoubtedly permit you to understand that it is possible for the small pinions to run around on their axles and drive the free wheel while the one on the ground will remain stationary. The studs which support the small pinions are carried by the differential casing and since the large bevel gear is attached to this casing, it will be clear that the studs, pinions, casing and large bevel gear must turn forward and in this manner the driving action is applied to the wheel offering the least resistance. When both wheels are on the ground and offer about the same resistance, the small pinions remain stationary and form a lock between the bevel gears attached to the axle shafts. In this manner both wheels are caused to turn forward at the same speed. However, just as soon as one wheel offers a greater driving resistance than the other the small pinions revolve on their axles and apply the drive to the wheel offering the least resistance. This is the reason a wheel on ice or in mud will spin around while the other wheel on dry ground will remain stationary. I have never had occasion to do any repair work on your make of car but I venture to state that the changing of timing gears does not necessitate the removal of the motor. Usually it is necessary to remove the radiator and then take off a cover from the front end of motor. I believe you will find timing instructions in your instruction book or if such is not the case a letter addressed to the car manufacturer will bring complete instructions for handling this class of work.



DIFFERENTIAL GEAR.

DRY CELLS UNSATISFACTORY SUBSTITUTE FOR STORAGE BATTERY.—I have a 1919 model Maxwell car with twelve-volt storage battery to furnish current for the ignition, lights and starter. Would it be possible to use dry cells instead of storage battery? Would they run the starter and lights? H. M. B., Oildale, Calif.

A.—Dry cells are satisfactory when used for intermittent service only. About eight dry cells would supply current for ignition for a short time while you were having the storage battery repaired or recharged but they would not furnish current for lights and starter. You could not do away with the storage battery and use dry cells all the time.

TRANSFORMER FOR FORD CAR.—I want to know how to wire my Ford car so to make the lights as bright when running in high gear as they are when running in low, and yet not affect the power of the engine. I mean without batteries and just using the magneto.

A. P., Weslaco, Texas.

A.—You should be able to purchase a transformer arrangement from an accessory store in your vicinity. Usually six-volt headlight bulbs are used in connection with this device. If you have a mail-order catalogue in your possession and will turn to the section allotted to accessories for Ford cars you will find listed a socket which will accomplish the result you desire.

SELECTING AN AUTO-TRUCK.—I intend to buy an auto-truck and would like your advice as to size suited to my use. My idea is that a two-and-a-half-ton truck is what I need for hauling hogsheads of tobacco from factory about a mile to warehouse, also to truck tomatoes from river wharf to canning factory. But at times I may use truck for other hauling. Could Ford one-ton truck be converted into one-and-one-half-ton truck by using larger springs? Does Ford make a two-ton truck? Can truck be bought with self-starter? If I buy direct from factory does local agent get commission on sale, or do I get benefit of factory price?

J. B. S., Henderson, Ky.

A.—In the arriving at a decision as to the proper class of truck to purchase you should not take into consideration maximum loads you might be called upon to haul but endeavor if possible to figure out what the average load will be. You state that in your opinion a two-and-one-half-ton job will be about right. If your average load will be two and one-half tons then you are justified in purchasing a truck of that capacity. However, if you will only be called upon to haul two-and-one-half-ton loads occasionally and at other times will carry an average of a ton then the purchase of a two-and-one-half-ton truck would be an unprofitable investment. It would be much better for you to purchase a truck rated at a ton to one and a half tons. When called upon to haul two and one-half tons you could divide the loads and with a speedy smaller truck you could make approximately the same time and at a much smaller operating cost. I understand from your letter that the hauls for the most part will be short ones, and this would indicate that the truck would be standing a great portion of the time. A high-price truck is an expensive proposition unless you can keep it moving and for this reason I believe it would be much better to invest in a smaller truck, possibly of the ton to ton and one-half class. I do not believe the Ford people would approve of your increasing the carrying capacity of their truck. I do not know of any two-ton truck manufactured by the Ford Company. There are numerous trucks on the market fitted with starters, lights, etc. I am unable to advise you regarding the commission proposition. If you are interested in a certain type of truck and cannot locate a dealer, I would suggest writing direct to the manufacturer. You will then be advised where the dealer for your territory is located or will give you a price for direct delivery from the factory.

CHANGING TRANSMISSION BANDS OF FORD.—What is the best way to change transmission bands of 1919 model Ford car? If car is going in reverse can the clutch be let in to back faster the same as in going ahead, without injuring the gear.

S. G. N., Highland Springs, Va.

A.—The removal of the bands on your make of car necessitates the removal of the upper half of the transmission case. The lining is riveted to the bands. The best method is to obtain a form that is the same shape as the band. Be careful that the lining takes the shape of the band and does not take a straight line from rivet to rivet. Regarding the operation question, I believe you would stall the motor were you to follow out the plan outlined. You could not engage high and reverse speeds at the same time. Allowing the clutch to drop in would engage the high speed.

Rain Proofing the Top

The formula given below is said to be very good for waterproofing top material:

One pint turpentine asphaltum, one pint best Japan, one-half pint good linseed oil. If necessary thin with turpentine or gasolene. Apply as sparingly as possible so that it will not soak through the material and stain the under side.

Answers to Last Month's Quiz

1. The reason that you do not feel the current when bridging the terminals of a storage battery is due to the fact that the voltage of the current is very low. Some batteries are rated at six volts while others are of 12 volts. The snapping of sparks is the result of touching a terminal of the battery with the pliers and then losing contact. The current is made to arc in this manner and is not the result of the current jumping a gap to complete a circuit through the pliers. As an illustration of the effect created by current voltage, consider the dry cell. No one takes any care in the handling of this cell as he has learned that no shock will result regardless of the terminals touched. However, let this current from the dry cell be passed through a coil and it will increase in voltage to a point where it will contract the muscles of the average person to a point where he is helpless to let go until the current is shut off or reduced in voltage. It is the pressure or voltage of the current that one feels and without outside aid it is a feature lacking in the storage battery and is the reason that no shock is experienced.

2. When a manufacturer advertises his motor as 50 horse-power he is stating the exact power which has been determined through tests. However, were you to apply for license and be taxed for only 24 horse-power, it is due to the fact that the state computes horse-power by the N. A. C. C. and S. A. E. formula. This rule takes into consideration a piston travel of 1,000 feet per minute and is as follows: the square of the bore in inches multiplied by the number of cylinders and the product divided by the constant 2.5.

3. If the motor misses when running idle you can readily determine if the condition is due to worn intake valve guides by raising the hood and squirt in gasolene at the top of the guides. If the engine commences to fire evenly it is evident that the guides are worn sufficiently to allow auxiliary air to dilute the mixture to such an extent as to render it non-combustible. The idea involved is that instead of drawing air down the worn guide, gasolene was taken in and consequently the cylinder commenced to hit. Naturally, after taking in all the gasolene around the guide, auxiliary air will again be drawn in and the cylinder will misfire as before.

4. The only correct way to determine the distance that your car will travel on a gallon of gasolene is to conduct a special test. Drain all gasolene from the carburetor and disconnect the gasolene line. Attach a tank that will hold a gallon on your windshield and connect it with a rubber hose to the carburetor. Pour in a gallon of gasolene and then start the motor. Take notice of the speedometer reading and drive your car on a straightaway and at a speed of about 25 miles per hour until the motor dies for lack of fuel. Again take notice of the speedometer reading, and the remainder obtained by subtracting the first reading from the second reading is the exact mileage your car will travel to the gallon of gasolene. The reason you do not obtain this mileage as an average for everyday driving is due to the fact that a number of stops and starts are made, and low and second gears used frequently, the car allowed to stand with motor running, etc.

5. When in doubt as to whether or not there is ice in the cooling system of the car, before starting make certain that the pump is free. If ice forms in the pump and the motor is started there is certain to be shearing off of pins and keys, etc. Many cases of overheating during cold weather can be attributed to a pump rendered inoperative by freezing.

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31 x 4	10.00	16.90	35 x 4½	14.95	24.45
32 x 4	11.50	19.75	36 x 4½	15.45	25.45
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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Brooders and Baby Chicks

THE coming year's success depends largely on the number of chicks which can be carried through from hatching time to the eighth week in vigorous health. It is the chick that grows in frame and vitality during these first weeks that makes the heavy layer and the plump table bird in later life. It is estimated that not seventy-five per cent. of the chickens hatched on the general farm live to be four weeks old, even when hens are being used to do the incubating and brooding, and not more than fifty per cent. when incubators and brooders are being used, and it is due solely to the want of knowledge on the part of the person who has them in charge. Given a hundred chicks from eggs laid by healthy birds, and hatched in an incubator which has been properly operated, the losses should not exceed five per cent.

It must be understood that the first two weeks are the really critical time in a chick's life. If they get stunted or upset in that time no amount of care afterwards can counteract the damage done to their constitutions. Of course, the first consideration in caring for incubator chicks is the brooder. The continuous house, heated by hot water pipes and divided into small runs with a hover in each, is the one employed in large poultry plants, and is undoubtedly the best, but such a house is expensive to erect and not practical for a small poultry keeper. Next comes the outdoor colony brooder with two compartments, in one of which is a hover heated by a lamp. The outer, or exercise compartment, is warmed only by the air from the hover compartment, and so of course is much cooler than the hover compartment, but still warm enough for baby chicks to play in in cold weather. Such brooders are complete in themselves, being thoroughly stormproof, and can be placed in any convenient sheltered place. They cost from nine to fifteen dollars, but by that time the chicks have grown considerably and furnish a great deal more animal heat than they did at first.

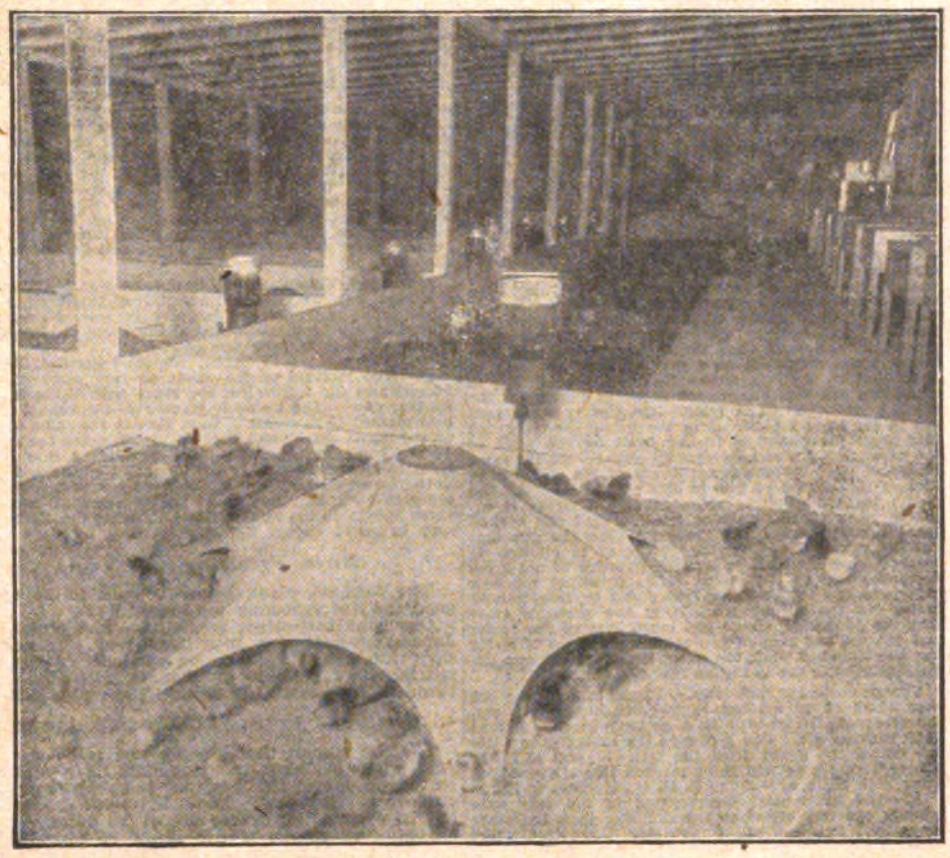
After the babies are about four weeks old, it is well to take out the frame with the fringed woolen material attached, and use another frame covered with burlap, which is to keep the cotton batting in place.

Before using the brooder, give it a coat of whitewash and cover the floor with sweepings from the haymow, or finely-cut hay, to make a warm carpet for the chicks to stand on. Of course, such brooders should be well housed in a light, dry place. A good coop can be made out of a piano box or large dry goods box. A piano box can usually be got for about two dollars from any store that sells pianos, and will, with the addition of a couple of small windows and paint or roofing paper, make it waterproof. It makes a good house in which to keep two or three such small brooders, or the same number of portable lamp-heated hovers.

If the weather is still cold, the room or coop in which the fireless brooder is being used must be heated in some way, otherwise the chicks will be chilled when they run out to feed or take exercise which is necessary for their health. If the coop being used is an ordinary colony size, three by six, and not more than two and one-half feet high, a good lantern will heat it to about sixty degrees, which is the right temperature for little chicks to play in. Keep the floor of the coop covered to a depth of four or five inches with sweepings from the haymow, or finely-chopped hay. Be careful that the material used is always clean and dry. Never under any circumstances use anything that is in the least moldy or musty, for the spores which cause deadly diseases are bred in the mold.

If an outdoor brooder or portable hover is to be used, light the lamp and get the temperature under the hover up to 90 degrees with a moderate flame, at least a day before the chicks are to be put into it, so that you can be sure that the lamp is running evenly. A thermometer comes with all such brooders and hovers, so it is easy to regulate the heat. When chicks are put into the hover, the heat from their bodies will run up the temperature to 100—perhaps more—but don't alter the flame of the lamp. The chicks can push their heads out of the curtain which encloses the hover, and get cool air if they need it, so there is no danger of their being overheated if the lamp is properly adjusted to keep the empty hover at 90 degrees.

When the hatch is all over in the incubator, take out the trays, eggshells, and any moisture pans which may have been used, and leave the chicks in the machine for twenty-four hours before moving them to the brooder. If the incubator has side ventilators, they can be opened to their full extent; if not, the door of their machine can be so fixed that there is the tiniest space for ventilation if the heat goes above 101.



TWO-DAY-OLD CHICKS AND ROW OF HEATERS.

Next in order comes what is known as the portable hover—a metal, drumlike affair, heated by a lamp and which costs about six dollars, and is very convenient because it can be used in any home-made coop.

Another make on the same order is fashioned somewhat like an umbrella, and can also be used in any room or coop.

Last of all comes the fireless brooder, several makes of which are now on the market, and range in price from two and a half to five dollars, but they can be made at home for about fifty cents each, when empty cases can be had from the grocery store, or a dollar if lumber has to be bought.

The first requisite is a box two feet square and seven inches deep, with a lid at least five inches deep. Or, if you can get two strong boxes the same size, which are six or seven inches deep, take off the lids and use one of the bottoms for a lid. Put two hinges on the back, and a hook and eye at the front. Cut a hole three inches square in the center of the front for the chicks to run in and out of. At both ends of the lid or top box, make half-inch holes three inches apart, and an inch from the top. Then make a frame to fit inside the box and rest on the cleats; cover it with burlap, and then cut a long strip of felt, flannel, old blanket or any soft woolen material. It does not matter so much what it is so long as it is warm and woolly. It should be about four inches wide. Make cuts one inch apart the entire length, leaving about half an inch as a heading. Then stitch the fringed material to the burlap, commencing in the center of the frame and going round and round, the rows to be about an inch apart. At first, put the frame on to the cleats in the lower part of the brooder, with the fringed material hanging down, to make a comfortable covering for the chicks. After the babies are about two weeks old, the frame must be put on to the frame in the top part of the box, which will lift the ends of the material about three inches from the floor of the brooder.

At first, when the screen is in the lower part of the brooder, fold a piece of cotton batting and fit carefully over it, filling in the entire space to the edge of the box. In the top half, put a layer of excelsior about an inch and a half deep, then fill in with cotton batting to the edge. The burlap on the frame being porous, and the cotton batting ditto, allows a perfect system of ventilation from the front opening to the holes in the top part of the brooder. Of course, when the frame is moved to the top part of the brooder, some of the cotton batting has to be removed.

If the brooders have been used before, they should be disinfected as advised for incubators in last month's COMFORT.

Having the chicks housed, we must consider the feed and care for the tiny creatures. Always remember, in looking after chicks, that they are infants, and as sensitive to cold, neglect or improper feeding as a human baby. You know that when a baby is clean, warm and well fed, it will be contented and happy, but let anything go wrong with it, and it squirms and cries. Well, it is just the same with chicks. Go into a brooder house in the evening, when everything is settled down for the night, and if everything is all right, they will be lying stretched out and you will hear little twittering sounds of perfect content. If the brooder is not warm enough, or the day's food has contained anything irritating, they will be standing up, huddled together, and uttering sharp little sounds, which are unmistakably cries of trouble. Cultivate the habit of noticing such signs, and be guided by them, for a happy chick is a healthy chick, and a healthy chick makes a profitable bird.

Chicks must have nothing to eat for the first thirty-six hours, for just before they break their shell the remaining part of the yolk is drawn into the chick's body, and must have time to digest and be assimilated before any other food is introduced or the digestive organs will be overtaxed and bowel trouble is likely to result.

If chicks are put into a compartment brooder, shut the small door which communicates with the outer compartment and keep them confined to the compartment where the hover is for the first two days. If the portable hover is being used, stand it in a box or make a screen of cardboard or fine-mesh wire about three inches wider all round the hover so that the chicks can come from under the curtain and play in the small space yet not be able to wander off in cold corners, as they are apt to do before they have learned to accept the hover as home.

With the fireless box hover, make some sort of a small enclosure in front of the box opening and gently shoo them back into the box every hour or so, for there is no warmth to attract them to this sort of a hover, and it is wise to do some little teaching of this sort, even with a heated hover, especially at bedtime, for there is always danger of some foolish little fellows getting sleepy and forgetting which way they ought to go.

The fireless brooder of the dimensions given will accommodate fifty chicks for two weeks, and twenty-five after that age. But remember that it

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 33.)

No-Cold Brooder Stove — Greatest Oil Burning Stove Ever Invented



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Saffron Rose—A Slave Girl

By Yetta K. Stoddard

Copyright, 1922, by W. H. Gannett, Pub., Inc.

PART II.

"COME!" Li Lu followed reluctantly, shaking.

"Keep close, offspring of filth!"

A white man was approaching. Li Lu, behind Peek Noe's fat back, put out a shy hand. When she had passed, the man was reading a card.

Take this to Miss Francis Kennett, 19 Davis Street, and she will find friends for you.

Not the slightest notion had entered Li Lu's brain as to the meaning of the foreign writing, but the card had come to her from one who carried, "You can trust my kind of human being" in his eyes, and she offered it, a silent appeal, to one whose expression of face seemed to her to bear the same index of trustworthiness.

Rex Cardiff blew forth a mighty

"Whizz-ee! A slave girl, newly imported, or I'm a toothless whale!" Wheeling, he followed Peek Noe and her pathetic trailer until they stopped before a run-down three-story building in Pacific Street. Then he rushed to the nearest safe telephone, got 19 Davis Street on the wire; got Miss Kennett, the missionary, herself; told his brief story in the briefest possible time. So, he was right! There came the words:

"It's very probably Peek Noe's new slave girl. We had heard, indirectly, that she was importing one. We can't act before dawn tomorrow, but your quick action gives us time to make preparations."

That was Rex Cardiff's part in Li Lu's near-tragedy. He proved to himself that it was only frightfulness at hand for her and not yet arrived, for he went back to Pacific Street and watched before the house she had entered. No one went in there. No one passed out. A faint light in an upper window burned for a while. Then there was darkness, unbroken. Perhaps Peek Noe had not had time to advertise her acquisition. Perhaps Li Lu had taken ill; had committed suicide. Which would be a good thing, if she had.

* * * * * * *

Over housetops in the early morning hours crept the missionary, accompanied by her Chinese woman attendant and two officers from headquarters. They came to a narrow skylight.

"It is here," announced the Chinese woman.

"Are you sure of it? No mistakes this time," said one of the men, recalling many an ineffectual raid of like beginning.

"Sure," she repeated, and silently tugged at the sky-light frame. They peered into the room below. There crouched a young girl. There stood her keeper, a high-binder giant in Peek Noe's pay.

It was a fight, a quickly-finished one. Within the quarter-hour Li Lu, between Miss Kennett and the Chinese woman, was slipping over roofs, in through the window of a Christianized Chinese bric-a-brac dealer's place, down his back stairs to the side door of a Jewish cobbler's shop, thence to his cellar. They emerged later from a Greek's small fruit store and made their way, unmolested, to the safety of the mission.

* * * * * * *

But now that Li Lu had found such blank disappointment in this San-Fran that she had so gladly come to, she could no longer see kindness anywhere around her; though Miss Kennett's eyes twinkled it; though all the Chinese women and girls at the mission spoke it to her, gave it to her in gentle service.

Li Lu wept bitterly, angrily, passionately. Li Lu had a three-day fit of temper, of such reckless violence as only the placid Oriental woman, once aroused, is capable of displaying. She hated her latest captors. She declared now that Peek Noe was better to her than these white pigs who had stolen her from her rightful mistress. She had learned, she said, in the few hours of companionship with Peek Noe, just what such people as these would do to her if ever she fell into their power. She understood how they stewed young Chinese girls' brains and fried their eyeballs. When the time came to go before the white judge she would tell him that she was indeed the daughter of Hung Lung; that Peek Noe was her friend, the go-between arranging a suitable marriage for her. Peek Noe had certainly paid money for her and did not Li Lu therefore belong? Must she not go back to Peek Noe? Was Li Lu a cheater? Chinese people, even Chinese slave girls, are honest. Had these white pigs paid any money for her?

In vain Miss Kennett told the child of the dangers she had so narrowly escaped. Stubborn refusal to be helped met her, hour after hour. In a moment of inspiration the missionary asked,

"Your village, Li Lu? What is the name of the place you first came from?"

"Fochi in Kweichau," answered sullen Li Lu.

"The young man who came last Sunday, Miss Kennett, said that Kweichau was his province. He may know her people," whispered one of the Chinese women.

"We must try to communicate with him. Even if he never heard of her, he may know some one whom she knows and can thus assure her that she is safe with us." Miss Kennett at once began pulling some of the tangled strings that connected her with the Chinese population of city and surrounding farm lands.

* * * * * * *

Before the Juvenile Court went Li Lu, made ready by a thousand fears to lie herself back into Peek Noe's possession. She took the stand, fluttering, downcast lids betraying the intense emotional strain she was suffering. The answer to the first question would not come.

"What is your name?" was angrily shouted at her for the third time.

"My name Me Sang," she faltered.

"Your father is Hung Lung?"

"Hung Lung."

And she repeated the lesson learned from the lips of Hoey Wu, the lesson which the too smart Mr. Hecky McDoon had not given himself the opportunity of hearing.

Other Chinese witnesses were called and swore to the filial relationship between Chen O's daughter and Hung Lung. A superior looking Chinese youth entered the court room when the last of the perjurers was completing the destruction of the missionary's hopes. At Miss Kennett's beckoning he approached the rail, and in that moment Li Lu raised her eyes and looked around for the first time. Her surprised glances met the surprised glances of this boy.

"Take her home with you, Hung. She's yours according to this evidence," the judge was saying.

Li Lu with no understanding of the English words yet felt the finality of them, and suddenly addressing the interpreter, but with gaze still fixed on the Chinese boy, she said:

"I lied. Tell him I am Li Lu, a slave girl at the Big House on Lily Hill at the village of Fochi in Kweichau. My father, Chen O, sold me twice and Hung Lung who bought me last from Chen O, sold me again here in San-Fran."

"How does she know she was sold?" thundered the judge. Vibrant silence following the girl's sudden change of manner, her startling words, there had been the instant before. The question came booming like a cannon shot.

"Tell him," answered the clear and convincing answer of an aroused Li Lu, "that I saw the money counted into my father's hand, Chen O's hand. First it was a few small coins and some food he got for me. I was little then and the people in the village were starving and dying. The second time in Canton Hung Lung bought me and made my father rich. Hung Lung and Hoey Wu brought me on the ship. They said to tell the white pigs I am Me Sang. Me Sang married Chang Fu in Canton. The third time it was Peek Noe who bought me with gold and paper money. Much, much. Heeps, like this!"

"She lied once. How do we know she isn't lying now?" asked Hung Lung's lawyer, snarling at the notorious name, Peek Noe, which he had been trying to keep unspoken in that place.

The Chinese boy came to the judge's desk, interrupting.

"She is telling the truth. She is Li Lu, called 'Saffron Rose'. She lived in my father's house," he said, so simply that the informality of his speech and act passed unnoticed.

"What is she to you?" asked the judge.

"She would have been my wife when I finished school and went back to Fochi. My father promised it," answered the boy.

"When are you going back?"

"Next year, I hope, if it can be arranged.

"Ask the girl to give you this young man's name," directed the judge, turning to the interpreter.

"It is Hui K'ung. And here is the cap that I have mended very neatly and brought to him!" Li Lu was triumphantly drawing attention to her fine sewing, as if that proved who she was and where she came from.

"Miss Kennett, I assign her into your custody until Hui K'ung is ready to marry her," pronounced the judge.

Li Lu, somehow getting hold of his meaning, came forward at once and stood between the missionary and Hui K'ung. She had begun again to smile at the thought of the kindness of the little old gods behind the kitchens at home. She imagined that she saw her miserable and unworthy self following her lordly golden prince, Hui K'ung, up through the Street of Many Small Houses, past the beans and the good azaleas, to long-enduring happiness at the Big House.

* * * * * * *

Laughter on the dying lips of Yue Ping! You knew it all then, in that peaceful moment of your going, Yue Ping?

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

Speaking of economy, everyone has their opinion of what economy really is. For example: if the mother has only a limited amount of money to invest in the family wardrobe, which is better, to buy good material that will last more than one season and can be made over to look well or to buy cheap material and wear it only a shorter time?

Will be glad to correspond with all who care to write, and enclose stamp.

VEE VERNON.

Mrs. Vernon.—As to what constitutes economy should prove interesting for a discussion and I'm sure there will be some good letters along that line.—Ed.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Mrs. Martha McCall's letter inspired me to send a little song which I sing to my babies, and I think it helps to keep my little girl from being timid in the dark.

Lullaby

"Sleep, little baby of mine,
For night and the darkness are near,
But Jesus looks down through the shadows that frown,
And baby has nothing to fear.

"Shut little sleepy blue eyes,
Dear little head be at rest,
For Jesus like you, was a baby once too,
And slept on his own mother's breast.

"Sleep little baby of mine,
Sleep on your pillow so white,
Jesus is here to watch over you dear,
And nothing can harm you tonight.

"Oh, little darling of mine,
What can you know of the bliss,
Of the comfort I keep, awake or asleep,
Because I am certain of this."

My little girl always says, "Jesus won't let anything hurt me in the dark." She is three and one-half years old and we have a sweet baby boy of three months. Of course we think they are both the best ever. She is still Mamma's and Daddy's baby anyway and says she's their big baby girlie while baby boy is her girlie—and Mamma's and Daddy's.

I do not believe in whipping children much, although my little girl has been several times. I find it does more harm than good. Now I put her in a room alone, the sunniest room, with all her toys. She is allowed to open the door but she knows she mustn't come out until she is "Mamma's lady baby" again. When she is ready to be good she comes out and says, "The naughty girl is gone and Mamma's lady baby come back," and she always has a kiss for me. The banishment from me and baby hurts more than anything else. I have one of the best "Daddy Mans" as she calls her daddy and we both look forward to "when daddy comes home," the whole day. Even baby boy is learning and always has a big smile for daddy.

Mothers, don't spoil your babies. Of course you love them, we all do, but it is so much better for a little baby to stay on a bed, by a window, than to be held and bounced continually. My boy spends most of his day from bath time, 8.30 A. M., until evening on the bed by the window, where the sun shines in and how happy he is. When he gets sleepy he simply shuts his eyes and is asleep. We hold him a long time every evening and of course I hold him at different times during the day, to rest him, but he is always contented on his bed. I arrange the curtains so the light and sun does not shine in his face and eyes.

I am twenty-four years old and have been married five years.

A HAPPY YOUNG MOTHER.

LYON, MISS.

DEAR COMFORT FRIENDS:

I've been helped so much through COMFORT that I'd like to give something in return.

How many study at night? Hubby and I do. We each have a small dictionary that we carry in our pockets and during our spare moments we study twenty or twenty-five words. At night we spell the words we've studied, giving pronunciation and definition. We also study history.

When I was about eight years old, our teacher organized a "Sunbeam Club." We each were supposed to be sunbeams and our task was to do a kind deed each day. We met every Friday afternoon at the home of one of the members and gave an account of our deeds. We were also taught to sew at these meetings. Maybe some mother or teacher could organize such a club in her community.

I'd be glad to hear from some of the sisters and next time I'll give a description of our home.

MRS. J. R. GOODWIN.

PEORIA, ARIZ.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I am going to ask you to please print this in the Sisters' Corner. Since my letter came out in the October issue of COMFORT I have received letters from all over the United States, asking about Arizona. I have tried to answer all who sent stamps but I find it impossible to answer all as I would like to. I receive from one to six letters every day. I wish I could correspond with every dear sister I have heard from but

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)

Do You Want $200 a Week?

The Amazing Story of Carl Rowe Who Rose from an Income of $50 a Week to $1000 a Month

My name is Rowe—Carl Rowe. I live in a small city in New York State.

I am going to tell you an amazing story about myself. It may seem too strange to believe, but you can easily verify everything I have to say.

Two years ago I was a baker. I was struggling along, trying to make the money in my pay envelope meet the increasing expenses of our family. There was no prospect for the future.



Today, just two years later, I am a sucessful business man. I have plenty of money for all the things we need and want. Last month I made $876 during my spare time, and was able to put $200 a week in my savings account.

I am going to tell you how it happened.

Please remember that two years ago I had no surplus cash. I was in the same fix as nine out of ten other men. Expenses were constantly mounting and my salary, although it had increased, could not keep pace with the cost of living. My wife had to do without things that I knew she ought to have. We wanted an automobile, but we couldn't afford it. We wanted to buy our own home, but we couldn't afford that.

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The Comer Manufacturing Company has an unusual opportunity open to women that will enable them to make at least $2.00 an hour in their spare time. Maggie McCoy of Georgia makes from $275 to $350 a month as a Comer Representative. Mrs. W. J. McCrary made $253 in less than two months' easy spare time work. Mrs. Goldie Nielsen earned a profit of $23 in her first three hours' work. Mrs. Jennie O'Ross made almost $50 in 5 days' spare time.

Any woman who fills out the coupon below will learn how to make her spare time pay big cash profits.

It made me desperate to think of what might happen if I became sick or lost my job. I worried about it, and so did my wife. We were living from hand to mouth, and we didn't know what calamity and hardships might be lurking just around the corner.

And yet—today—I own our nine-room house. I have an automobile. I have money for books, the theatre, or any other pleasures that I may want. I have the cash today to educate my son and send him through college.

Here is how it happened. One day in glancing through a magazine I read an advertisement. The advertisement said that any man could make from a hundred to three hundred dollars a month during his spare time.

I didn't believe it. I knew that I had worked hard eight hours a day for $50 a week, and I figured that no man could make that much during a couple of hours a day spare time.

But as I read that ad I found that it pointed to men who had made that much and more. In the last paragraph the advertiser offered to send a book without cost. I still doubted. But I thought it was worth a two-cent stamp, so I tore out the coupon and put it in my pocket and next day on my way home from work I mailed it.

When I look back to that day and realize how close I came to passing up that ad, it sends cold chills down my spine. If the book had cost me a thousand dollars instead of a two-cent stamp, it would still have been cheap. All that I have today—an automobile, my home, an established business, a contented family—all these are due to the things I learned by reading that little eight-page booklet.

There is no secret to my success. I have succeeded beyond any dream I may have had three years ago, and I consider myself an average man. I believe that I would be criminally selfish if I did not tell other people how I made my success.

All the work I have done has been pleasant and easy, and withal, amazingly simple. I am the representative in this territory for a raincoat manufacturer. The booklet that I read was one issued by that company. It tells any man or woman just what it told me. It offers to anyone the same opportunity that was offered to me. It will give to anyone the same success that it has brought to me.

The Comer Manufacturing Company is one of the largest manufacturers of high-grade raincoats on the market; but they do not sell through stores. They sell their coats through local representatives. The local representative does not have to buy a stock—he does not have to invest any money. All he does is to take orders for Comer raincoats and he gets his profit the same day the order is taken. Fully half my customers come to my house to give me their orders.

My business is growing bigger every month. I don't know how great it will grow, but there are very few business men in this city whose net profit is greater than mine, and I can see only unlimited opportunity in the future.

* * * * *

If you are interested in increasing your income from $100 to $1000 a month and can devote all your time or only an hour or so a day to this same proposition in your territory, write the Comer Manufacturing Company at Dayton, Ohio. Simply sign the attached coupon and they will send you the eight-page booklet referred to by Mr. Rowe and full details of their remarkable proposition.

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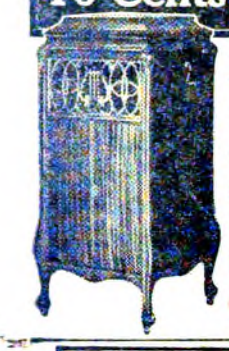
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A Cobweb Party for Valentine Day

by Mrs. Blanche Cole Rosedale



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A Valentine party should be a frolic. A Cobweb party is a frolic from beginning to finish and so is particularly suitable for this holiday.

TO arrange the cobweb take as many white strings (grocer twines), of uniform length as you expect guests; the length to vary with the age of your expected visitors and the size of your house. Thirty feet is a good length for young children, fifty to a hundred feet, or longer, is good for adults and joyous young folks, especially if you have a staircase to work around.

On the end of each string tie a card bearing the guest's name. These can also have numbers or flowers or quotations which will later determine supper partners. Or they may contain a fortune. Favors may be used, if you wish, thus allowing each guest to choose a string at random. The strings rolled in separate balls with the name cards at one end are now laid on a chair or table at the entrance to the room in which you expect to entertain. Tie each string to the legs of the table, to parts of the chair or more artistic in effect, to a decorated heart-shaped frame, so that the cards or favors are visible. Whatever you fasten the strings to, be sure it is solid. The newel post of the banisters is good. Take the balls one at a time and pass them back and forth through the rooms, under the tables, around the piano legs, over the curtain poles, through the banisters and finally, when the end is reached, tie to the nearest object and affix to the tip end of each string, candy, a gift, a valentine or a fortune; according to what you put on the first end and to what you wish to spend. For be it known that no matter how well provided for we may be, we all enjoy carrying home a dainty little favor, or a mirth provoking couplet or picture.

After having carried the first string through devious courses do the same with the rest. You will soon be able to pass the strings over and under one another so that the room looks as if a giant spider had spread snares. If you expect over twenty guests, better not make the strings more than seventy-five feet long, unless your rooms are large. The guests, when all are assembled, are directed to select a thread of the web and follow it up to the end. The first out receives a prize.

This is an excellent entertainment to hold in the Grange hall, or church parlors. The most diffident of persons will be jolly and friendly after giving and receiving aid from his fellow toilers in unfastening the occasional snarls.

The remainder of the evening may be spent in accordance to the age of the guests.

With crepe paper or evergreen branches it is possible to screen off one corner of the room as a Cupid's Bower or Post Office. A child dressed as a fairy or in any form of cupid outfit considered feasible (little gauze wings and a paper quiver of cardboard arrows are effective and easily-made features of such a costume), may distribute valentines. A pretty idea is to simulate a large valentine with crepe paper and have the child, or if preferred a young lady in valentine costume, give out the tokens.

With shelf paper each door and window may be made to simulate a valentine. Strings of paper, such as every house specializing in valentines carries, gives the room a festive appearance.

Games

Among the games may be considered any frolic.

DO YOU REALLY KNOW YOUR LADY? is a good game.

Supply every lady with a number, every gentleman with a paper and pencil. The ladies retire to an adjacent room which is darkened—a sheet is hung as a curtain in the connecting doorway. Two slits are cut in the upper part and one in the lower. Following their numbers, the ladies stick both hands and one foot through the curtain slits—they may shake them—they may remain but a second. The gentlemen are required to write the names of the ladies. Winner, of course, receives a prize. To avoid slitting a good sheet, three breadths of cloth may be stitched together, leaving opening in the seams.

HOW LONG?

Ten candles are stood in a direct row and lighted. The player is supposed to blow all ten out—if possible with one breath. The number of candles left standing show how many years it will be before the player marries.

ORIGINAL VALENTINES.

Supply each man with a card and pencil, allow five minutes for each to write a valentine. Then read aloud. The one voted best wins a prize.

The cobweb party is usually so lengthy an affair that by the time Cupid has given out the valentines there will remain space for but one or two games before supper.

If the guests remain after supper, a Circular Love Story is always interesting. Seat the guests; give them numbers; select a master of ceremonies. He calls any number. The person holding that number begins a love story. Just as he is nicely going, the master calls another number. The person thus called must continue the story and so on. With clever people this will result in a delightful hour.

Supper Service

Probably the entire house, except the kitchen, has already been requisitioned for the use of the guests. Supper must in some way be accommodated. With green boughs or crepe paper cover stove and sink, and transform tubs and tables with crepe-paper cloths covered with cupids and valentines into buffets and set the supper out in the kitchen. Of course, if the kitchen is large enough, you will have no trouble in setting your guests at a long table, or at many small ones. For doilies use hearts cut from red paper. In the center of the table place a valentine pie with paper ribbons reaching to each plate. The pie may be small because it is to contain only slips of paper with either verses of love poems, or jokes written on each. Love poems are fine for February, but jokes bring a laugh and the hostess who can bring enough laughs is a success. Excellent jokes are constantly printed in newspapers and magazines.

Each guest is, of course, to read his slip aloud.

A little ingenuity and skill with scissors and brush will enable one to make valentine and cupid place-cards. A moderate expenditure will buy cupid dolls, favors—anything. But never think that a party depends on expenditure. Little funny ten- or twenty-five cent prizes, statuettes, candy images, clever pictures, booklets, tiny mirrors, powder-puffs or little home-made articles are just as acceptable as the expensive prizes and favors which we all know how to buy if we wish to spend freely. A table decorated with a half-dozen candlesticks with valentine shades and with simple red hearts will conduce to merriment just as readily as one loaded with expense.

If you cannot seat the guests at table, here are two novel methods of serving. Place baskets holding refreshments for two, or one, on the table or buffet. Let each gentleman take his basket to his fair lady. Or if your menu cannot be thus served, have one girl guest and escort accountable for each course.

Suppose menu consists of

Bouillon and bread sticks,
Salads and sandwich,
Ice cream and cake,
Coffee, cheese and crackers.

This is a very elaborate supper for a small party.

One girl may have a table either at the kitchen door or in the rooms, whichever fits the individual circumstance. Here, from a chafing-dish or the kitchen range—or a pitcher—she may serve the bouillon, whilst her escort with the bread-stick basket sees that everyone is cared for.

Then the next couple may dish out and pass the salad and sandwiches—so on through the menu.

Bouillon, sandwiches, cake and lemonade is a simple, reasonable menu for giving folks.

The bouillon may be clear beef broth seasoned with celery and parsley, or chicken broth. In neither case is it a great expense as the meat is still available for the family use.

The sandwiches should be cut heart shape, and may be plain bread and butter or filled with chopped chicken, seasoned with paprika, or with chopped ham, or cream cheese and chopped pickle.

Cake may be a plain cake made in jelly tins, cut in heart shape and iced. Remnants may be used for family pudding.

A large cocoanut layer cake with ring, thimble and penny in it is always enjoyed.

For salad the simplest is Rigoletto Salad: One cup chopped walnut meat, one cup chopped celery, two cups chopped apple, a little salt and mix with mayonnaise. Serve on a lettuce leaf.

For little folks serve bread and butter, sandwich and cocoa—or lady-fingers and vanilla ice cream.

Ice cream and cake seem to be universally liked.

A simpler menu would be sufficient, and the nature and variety of the refreshments must necessarily depend largely on locality and circumstances.

St. Valentine's Day

By C. L. Cheever

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ST. Valentine's Day is the day set apart for all true lovers.

With us the day has left an influence which has been given to it by the many generations of young lovers. In these days we get a suggestion of lavender or a wave of musk that still hovers around the old, yellow, crumpled love-missives that have survived the years, and that our great-grandmothers received and opened blushingly, and read with palpitating hearts.

It seems strange that this plain little valentine of two hundred years ago should have caused a tremor; the paper is coarse and brownish, not an attempt at ornamentation, with just a few lines of crude verse written in a stiff, conventional hand. But, after all, it was written from the full heart of some seventeenth century grandfather.

With specimens of the valentines which have been circulated for hundreds of years, the date is easily told for with time grew boldness of thought and elaboration. After the heart and dove valentines—these mostly deformed and carrying in their bills scrolls and ribbons with little sentiments written upon them, and modest little hearts, very unsymmetrical,—then there came those decorated with larger hearts outlined in red ink, in some solid blood red coloring, pierced through and through with arrows.

It was many, many years before the manufactured valentine came into vogue. Everybody could have one for a price, from the plain little sheet, with its wood-cut and single sentiment, to the wonderfully frilled and belaced paper affairs which unfolded many times.

There was no necessity for the simple home-made expressions; yet, in the gaudy machine-made ones was lost that little personal touch which so expressed the heartfelt emotions of the sender.

It is strange that a day so distinctly marked in its character should have so vague an origin.

There is a story given to us of the banishment of the good priest and his connection with St. Valentine's Day.

It is said that in a Greek temple, near the palace of the Emperor Cladius, the Cruel, in Rome, there stood a high priest, whose name was Valentine. He was popular with the whole city, and so great was his popularity that his church was crowded and around the altars and fires knelt all the wise people of Rome. Old and young, rich and poor, ignorant and wise, all went to learn of Valentine.

In the midst of all this popularity, wars arose outside of Rome and the Emperor called upon all his citizens to go to battle.

But many demurred, the married men did not want to leave their families, the engaged men did not want to leave their sweethearts.

On hearing all this the Emperor declared that there should be no more weddings and that every engagement should be broken.

The Emperor was so angry, that even the pleadings of his counsellors were in vain. When the good priest heard of all this he was very sad. Young girls died of love and young men went to their work with heavy hearts. So, secretly, Valentine united a couple, then others came to him and he quietly married them. At last the Emperor heard of all this and ordered Valentine to be cast into a dungeon. "I will have no man in Rome who refuses to obey my commands."

So Valentine was dragged from the altar and taken to prison. There he languished and died. But each year, on the anniversary of his birth, the people met and honored his name. Many were married on this night.

This is all a pretty legend, and appeals to us as in keeping with the sentiment of the day, but the origin of St. Valentine's Day probably is much older, having originated in the ancient feast in honor of Pan and Juno, held by the early Romans during the month of February.

The Christian leaders persuaded their converts to allow them to substitute St. Valentine for pagan Pan and Juno, and the date of the saint's death, the fourteenth of February, as the day of celebration.

The new name and date did not disturb the people so long as the festivities remained the same.

However we may choose to observe the day of St. Valentine, its character has been stamped by generations who entered into its celebration sincerely, joyously, and no matter how indifferent we may be, we cannot escape that influence which is the inheritance of the many years gone by, and it does us no harm to partake of the old-time fragrance in the sentiments we have to express.

The custom still has its fascination for the children and not a few of the older people but it is a much degenerated festival, leaving with us all the impression that, somehow, today is the day set apart for all true lovers, when they may devote themselves to each other in the name of the good saint, Valentine.

In the essays of Elia, Charles Lamb touches this day of universal love in his delicate, humorous way:

"Hail to thy returning festival, old Bishop Valentine! Great immortal go-between! Who and what manner of person art thou?

"Mysterious personage. Thou comest attended with thousands and tens of thousands of little loves, and the air is 'Brushed with the kiss of nestling wings.'

"This is the day on which those charming little missives called valentines cross and intercross each other at every turning."

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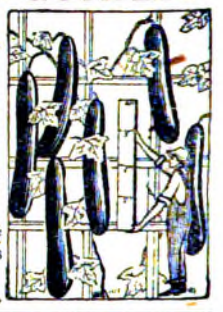
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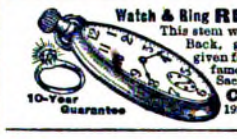
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"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

ANXIOUS, West Virginia.—It would be best that when you and this boy enter church together, you do not take his arm. (2) You should not hold your caller's overcoat for him or assist him in any way in putting it on. A man is always supposed to be capable of managing his own coat. This also applies to your question concerning your escort's hat. You should not take it from him, hold it for him, or in any manner assist the management of his masculine headgear.

ANXIOUS D., Texas.—It seems most unfair that you should not be able to take any part in the dancing at your Saturday night boy and girl parties—because you *always* have to play the piano. Why is this? Surely there must be someone in your school crowd who would take your place occasionally, even if not so good a musician. Or some older person might be drafted or could volunteer. You are necessarily handicapped in your fun and friendly relationships with your boy chums by not being able to dance with them. We think this solves one side of your "unpopularity problem." For a girl of thirteen, your letter was unusually well expressed. It had a sense of perspective and right proportion which shows that you have profited by the fondness for books to which you confess. It is possible that it is just this intelligent brain of yours which makes you not quite so companionable to your boy friends—who quite often may be rather stupid young animals, I am sorry to say. To answer your question as to what kind of a girl a boy likes best, is to have to know the kind of boy who is to do the liking. They are as various as girls. A boy of your own grade of intelligence might not properly appreciate your young wisdom, but it is certain that he would be more apt to care for your companionship than would a more ordinary youngster. As a general rule, we think a boy as young as those you list would be most likely to care for a girl whom he would think of as a "good sport" and comrade. At thirteen or fourteen a boy is yet very much of a young barbarian and cannot be expected to look very admiringly for the finer qualities of delicacy and good-breeding which he might more fully appreciate ten years or so later on. But as for you, we are sure you will not treat your boy and girl problems too seriously. You are wise enough to know that for several years to come books will be worth much more to you than boys—and be more profitable for study and companionship. But watch out that you have a chance to dance now and then.

TWO WYOMING COWGIRLS, Wyoming.—Your meeting a boy caller at the gate would not make any rule of etiquette buck and "rare". But perhaps you might not wish to let him know you were so anxious to see him. (2) Yes; you may tell this boy friend of yours who is leaving town, that you would be glad to hear from him and know how he gets on in his new dwelling place and occupation. We are glad you have found our advice profitable and appreciate your thanks.

VERY DOUBTFUL, Haines City, Fla.—A boy would lead the way in entering a drug store or ice cream parlor, and he would see that the girl with him was properly and conveniently seated before seating himself. Practically all soda fountains have a list of drinks posted in a prominent place, or furnish printed menus containing names and prices of the various delicious concoctions on tap. (2) You should thank anyone who performs any courtesy for you—and this pleasant and correct ruling would not except your fiance. We note that you spell this "finance"—which may be a cheerful prophecy that your future husband has full pockets. (3) You have asked four times the number of questions allowed by the rules of this department. Read the heading of this column.

HEART-BROKEN, Castor, La.—If you are no longer engaged to this girl and "her love is failing," we are sorry for your sad case—particularly as you "still love her." But it is a woman's privilege to change her mind—or heart, and we do not see quite what you can do to alter the present situation. Love is not something which can be rebuilt like a collapsing house, or turned on and off like a water tap. If this girl has found someone she likes better, you had best try to do the same thing. Forget your troubles in hard work—or go to see Douglas Fairbanks in "The Three Musketeers." Broken hearts are much easier mended than you might now imagine.

R. C., Centralia, Ill.—Whatever you may wish to say to a girl may be said in simple language. For instance: "Won't you let me take you to So and So's dance, next Friday night?" or, "May I take you home from church?" The asking is not hard if the girl is willing. (2) Bow and offer your hand with a simple "how do you do" when being introduced. And then let the conversation follow as it best can. A young boy is not expected to be either a Beau Brummel or a trained phrase maker.

A. P., Valley Head, Ala.—Of course it cannot be pleasant for either you or your caller to have your father always carefully present in the same room with yourself and your friend. Although your father should be rightfully present, in your motherless home, to greet your callers, we think he might under ordinary circumstances withdraw to a nearby room after a few moments' conversation with your guest or guests. Have you spoken to him concerning this and asked him to give you a little more freedom? You are right in making no apology or comment on the matter to your callers. Your father's care of you does him credit and is based on his love for you. It is a guardianship better overdone than neglected. Yet there is a happy medium in all things and we think you are justified in asking him to make some concession to your wish.

J. H., Pottsville, Pa.—Theoretically, etiquette sensibly places the man where he may be of the most assistance to the girl he may be escorting. This would mean his stepping from a trolley-car first, so that he might aid in the alighting of his companion. On the same principle, any narrow or dangerous staircase, narrow in width, might be descended first by the man so that he could guard against misstep or fall. In most ordinary cases, however, a woman would precede a man in both ascending or descending a staircase. An exception to this would be in any public gathering—such as a theater crowd or at the opera. Common sense and convenience govern in such details as these, and rules are not invariable.

E. H. S., New York.—As you are a widow at the young age of but twenty-two, we take it for granted that your husband has not long been deceased. In such a case it is considered the best form for the bride to have a home wedding and to be married in her going-away gown. She would not wear white silk or satin and the rest of the conventional bridal costume. (2) At a church wedding the music might suitably be the Wedding March from Wagner's "Lohengrin," and the justly celebrated "Serenade," by Schubert. The first would be played during the march down the aisle of the wedding party, and the second melody would have place immediately after the ceremony. At a simple home wedding such as yours should be, this same music would also be suitable. If you have a particular fondness for "The Rosary," the composition you mention, this might be played after the ceremony also. You have our best wishes for your happiness.

A. B. C., Tennessee.—Such table decorations as you might use for the dinner you mention would vary according to season, but a centerpiece of cut flowers surrounded, perhaps, by intertwined smilax, would always be correct and beautiful. Palms and other growing plants might be grouped and used to make the room festal and attractive—particularly if your dinner takes place during one of the cold months when flowers and green things become rarely charming. 2) We do not know how elaborate will be your dinner, how many will be your guests, or if you will have someone to serve. In any event, we answer your second inquiry by suggesting you do not crowd your table, and use a side table or buffet to aid in the convenient serving of your dinner. A simple list of courses, well cooked and smoothly served, will give your guests more pleasure than an elaborate and huddled meal.

Pretty Girls' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

probably cannot touch the floor at first, but daily practice will finally enable him to do so and will prove that his muscles have been healthily exercised. In the meantime be sure to feed him the sort of foods that will give him strength—plenty of cooked cereals—well-cooked, too—with cream, lots of milk, soft-boiled eggs, boiled rice, baked potato, green vegetables such as spinach, string beans, peas, lettuce, asparagus, but no cabbage, turnips or other vegetables difficult of digestion. I am assuming he is not a very tiny boy, so that he is allowed meat. But do not give him pork, or veal, or corned beef. He can have bacon, rare roast beef, lamb chops (excellent for him), roast lamb, chicken, fish, etc. And give him plenty of fruit, oranges, grapefruit, apples, prunes. See that the prunes are washed, then soaked over night, and finally cooked slowly for a couple of hours. He should eat some once a day. Do not give him hot breads to eat. I think it likely that his round shoulders come from not sufficient strength. I knew a small boy with just that habit, and after a rigid course of feeding he straightened up—but it took a whole summer of outdoor activities/ swimming, tennis, rowing, and everything else, along with healthful food, to do the trick. Good luck to you!

ANNA B.—Yes, I do love "pretty folks", and I quite sympathize with your desire to stay pretty as long as you can. There is no reason why you should get "old and wrinkled" for forty years to come and by that time you will make a pretty old lady just as you made a pretty young lady. Arm and chest exercises will help to increase your bust. Practice deep breathing diligently several times a day, keep the shoulders down and the chest up. That is, do not throw the shoulders back square, which gives a very bad and ugly line, but lift the chest and drop the shoulders. Circular massage, very gentle, with cocoa butter, may also help to increase the size of your bust. I think it probable when a little more time has elapsed since you nursed your children that your breasts may come back to normal. Of course for your children's health you should nurse them as they come, and your breasts will be just as pretty as if you did not. Give yourself plenty of nourishment, especially milk. Read all I have said about large pores in the preceding answers, and use a little tincture of benzoin in the water with which you wash your face. If you live where you can have rain-water to wash in, that is what you should use. Wash the face thoroughly at night, and after rinsing and drying rub in a little cold cream. I do not mean that you should make yourself greasy and unpleasant to look upon, but that you should apply a little cold cream with your finger-tips, and rub it until all is absorbed by the skin, or if not then wipe off any that remains. You can dust a little powder on, if you desire. Do the same before going out in the daytime. Yes, indeed, you need outdoor air; if you stay in all the time, your skin will show the difference. Here is a good astringent to apply lightly to the skin after bathing and rinsing. It will help to close the pores. Be sure they are perfectly clean when you use it.

Orange-flower Astringents

Orange-flower water, one ounce; hamamelis water, 15 drops; tincture of benzoin, 15 drops.

Be sure you do not dry your skin with too frequent applications of this. Watch your skin and you can judge. Be careful what you eat, how you eat it, and don't forget that the bowels must be looked after. I am glad you have such pretty children, but quite agree with you that they need a pretty mother also, and I am sure they not only have one but will continue to have one. Be sure to take a body bath daily, even if it is only a quick rub with a cloth, while standing on a folded towel. The fact that your hair breaks off, and is dull, would indicate that your whole physical condition is a little below par. Feed yourself up, get plenty of sleep (if possible—you see, I remember those two babies), drink lots of water, eat fruit, vegetables, cereals and cream, etc. The finger-nail condition indicates the same thing. The body is not receiving the building elements it needs. In any case, keep your nails cut the length of the finger—just to the edge and rounded as the edge is, and they will not break up so easily. But your main job is to look after your general physical condition and build that up. I should bob my little girl's hair. She will have healthier hair and more of it, later, if you do.

Address all letters containing questions to
KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT,
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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29.)

that is impossible. Don't think your letters were not appreciated for every one was, but there is only one of me.

The climate in Arizona is fine for T. B. in both summer and winter. The winters are wonderful I think. We had no snow last winter and it didn't rain very much but we do not have much rain here at any time. It rains more some winters than others. The land is good and most anything will grow. Work has been hard to get around Peoria but things seem to be picking up now. We have been here one year so you see I don't know everything about the country.

Peoria is a little town fourteen mils from Phoenix. We lived in the desert three months with neighbors who were homesteading a desert claim. We had to haul water a distance of three and one-half miles.

I am much better than when we came here; then I weighed 105 pounds and now I weigh 116. I was 20 years old last October, the twenty-fifth. How many have my birthday? I married young and have been happy.

To every sister who doesn't hear from me, take this as your answer.

With love and best wishes to everybody, I am,
Your friend, MARY WINEGAR.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

Keep lime-water tightly closed as it absorbs carbonic gas from the air.

To make fowl more tender, soak over night in skim-milk.—MERRYLIPS, Minn.

To remove grease spots from wash goods, rub well with lard before wetting.—MRS. C. B. BUKES, Enid, Okla.

Use paper clips for fastening back window draperies at night. This lets more air into the room and does not wrinkle the curtains.

Make wash-cloths from worn underwear, with a crocheted edge.—MRS. JOHN L. GEE, Carrier Mills, Ill.

Alcohol will remove indelible pencil marks. Soak material in small quantity of it and as it evaporates the stain will vanish.—MARIE, Spokane, Wash.

To keep frosting from becoming hard, put a teaspoon of vinegar in it just before putting it on the cake. —MRS. CHAS. BARRY, Sparta, Mich.

After frying onions, wash frying-pan and heat a handful of salt in it. Pour out while hot and the onion flavor will go with the salt.—FARMER, Bogota, Tenn.

To remove iodine stains, wet spot with cold water and hold it over a hot stove. When the heat strikes it the stain will disappear. Wash as usual.

To clean carpets when you haven't a vacuum cleaner, sprinkle a thick coating of starch over carpets and work in with broom. Let stand for two days, sprinkle with coarse salt and sweep until starch and salt are removed. You will be pleased with the result.

A white stocking makes a good cover for the sleeve board.—LEACY BUHRMAN, Lantz, Md.

Let me tell you how I keep my bread sponge warm on cold winter nights. I stand a box on end and in it put a lantern, turned down low. Set sponge on top of box and cover it. Your sponge will be warm next morning, no matter how cold the wind was during the night. Use every precaution so far as fire is concerned. —A COMFORT SISTER, Mellette Co., S. Dak.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 41.)

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ALL THE WORLD ADMIRES A PERFECT COMPLEXION



Don't doubt—because I give you a guarantee which dispels doubt. I refer you to women who testify to the most astonishing and gratifying results. Your complexion may be of the muddiest, it may be hideously disfigured with pimples, blackheads, whiteheads, red spots, enlarged pores, wrinkles and other blemishes. You may have tried a dozen remedies. I do not make an exception of any of these blemishes. I can give you a complexion, soft, clear, velvety beyond your fondest dream. **And I do it in a few days.** My statements are sober, serious, conscientious promises. I want you to believe, for I know what my wonderful treatment will do.

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MRS. T. E. C., Iowa.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a widow and children, his widow would receive all such personal property in his hands as the head of the family as would be exempt from execution and in addition thereto one-third of the real and personal estate, the balance of the estate going in equal shares to his children, the descendants of any deceased child taking their parent's share; we do not think the widow's children by a former marriage would have any interest in the estate, unless some provision was made for them by will.

R. W., Washington.—We do not think the fact, that the man you mention reversed the order of his two given names at the time of procuring his marriage license, would affect the validity of his marriage, if he had been accustomed to signing his name in this way, and if there was no fraudulent intent on his part to confuse his identity with some other person.

MRS. C. P., Minnesota.—We are of the opinion that when suit is brought upon a claim of any nature, if the same is prosecuted to judgment, such judgment will be rendered for the amount of the recovery, together with interest and taxable costs, the total of these amounts making up the amount of the judgment to be enforced against the judgment debtor, and, after collection, the judgment creditor should receive the full amount of the judgment, from which of course it will be necessary for him to pay whatever legal or other expenses he has had in connection therewith.

MRS. W. M. K., Alabama.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a married woman is entitled to the management and control of her separate property, but she cannot alienate or mortgage her real estate without the husband's signature to the deed or mortgage; she is not entitled to compensation for her services from her husband, but is entitled to the full control of her earnings from others; she is entitled to be supported by her husband, and can enforce this right by the proper court action or proceeding; we think, however, the husband would be entitled to receive the money for the sale of his livestock or produce, even though the wife helped raise or produce the same.

MRS. A. F., Iowa.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving a surviving widow and children, the widow is entitled to homestead rights and to all such personal property which was in the husband's hands as the head of the family and exempt by law from levy under execution, and in addition thereto one-third of the real and personal estate. We think the widow is entitled to the guardianship of her minor children.

E. H., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the consent of the parents or guardian is necessary for the marriage of females under 18 years of age.

MRS. W. W., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the real and personal estate of a decedent, whether male or female, remaining after payment of all just debts and legal charges, which shall not have been sold, or disposed of by will, or otherwise limited by marriage settlement, shall be divided where decedent leaves spouse surviving and one child only, one-half to such surviving child and one-half to the surviving spouse; we do not think a married woman can, by will, bar her husband from a share in her estate; we do not think it necessary that a will be drawn by a lawyer but it must be legally drawn and executed before two competent witnesses, the testator must possess testamentary mental capacity and must not be under undue influence.

MRS. C. E. L., Arkansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child nor descendant, his widow would be entitled to receive dower of a one-half interest for life in the real estate, and one-half of the personal estate absolutely, if the property be a new acquisition; but if the estate be ancestral, her interest is limited to one-third the personalty, and a one-third interest for life in the real estate.

MRS. J. H. C., Missouri.—We can form no opinion as to which way the court will decide a case from your statements as to the number of witnesses testifying on the one side; we think the case should be determined according to the principles of law from the best evidence presented before the court. The number of witnesses testifying on either side would not, of course, be a determining factor in the case, unless their testimony was of a convincing nature.

M. J., Virginia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving widow and children by her, such widow, in addition to her homestead rights and certain small allowances from the personal property, would be entitled to receive dower of a one-third interest for life in his real estate, and one-third of the personal estate absolutely, after payment of debts and expenses, the balance of the estate going in equal shares to his children, the descendants of any deceased child taking their parent's share.

M. F., Kansas.—We thing the mortgagee of your property can enforce his lien upon all property covered by his mortgage and that the exemptions allowed by the bankruptcy law would only apply to such property as the bankrupt may own not subject to the mortgage.

MRS. D. E. P., New Jersey.—We do not think you are liable to punishment and arrest because the husband of the jealous woman you mention calls upon your family, unless you alienate his affections from his wife, or unless you are guilty of improper conduct with him; we think you should not take her conduct too seriously if she is of a jealous disposition.

A. B. C., North Dakota.—If, as we understand from your communication, the property you mention belongs to your mother, we think she is entitled to its management and control without any interference from your father, but that she cannot bar him from an interest in her estate in case he survives her; during her lifetime we think she should assume control of her own property and receive the income therefrom. Perhaps if she refused to support him, he would be less exacting.

C. R., Louisiana.—Under the laws of Arkansas, we think delinquent taxes are subject to a 25 percent. penalty and 10 percent. interest and costs, and that lands returned as delinquent for taxes may be redeemed within two years after such forfeiture.

T. J. D., Colorado.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that action for the recovery of lands which have been in the actual occupancy of another under a connected title deducible of record from the state, the United States or from any officer or person authorized to sell for taxes, or on execution or under order or decree of court, must be brought within seven years after the possession has been taken; but if the title is acquired after taking possession, then the limitation runs from the date of acquiring such title; but as to persons under disability, the time is extended for two years after the disability is removed.

MRS. J. F., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man leaving no will and leaving no child nor descendant, his widow, in addition to her homestead rights, if any, and certain small allowance, is entitled to receive one-half of the estate, the balance going to his parents, brothers, sisters, or their descendants, depending upon who is left.

MRS. J. C. McN., Texas.—Under the laws of New Mexico, we are of the opinion that all property owned by the husband or wife before marriage, and all acquired afterwards by gift, devise or descent, is the separate property of each, respectively; and that all other property acquired after marriage by either husband or wife is community property; the husband has the management and control of the personal property of the community, other than testamentary, as he has of his separate estate; the wife may also convey her separate estate, but the husband and wife must join in the deeds and mortgages affecting real estate which is community property; upon the death of either spouse, without a will, separate property descends, one-fourth to the survivor and three-fourths to the children, the descendants of any deceased child taking their parent's share; if decedent leaves no children nor descendants the entire separate estate goes to the surviving spouse, unless otherwise disproved by will; upon the death of the wife, the entire community property belongs to the husband; upon the death of the husband, one-half of the community property goes to the surviving wife, and the other half is subject to his testatmentary disposition; if he dies intestate, the remaining half goes one-fourth to the widow and the remaining three-eighths of the estate to his children in equal shares, the descendants of any deceased child taking their parent's share.

MRS. G. A. H., Missouri.—Under the laws of Oklahoma, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child nor descendant, his estate would go one-half to his surviving widow, and the remaining half to his father or mother, or if he leaves both father and mother, to them in equal shares.

J. K., Iowa.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that in order to bind the real estate of the woman who died it would be necessary to hold something in writing, as otherwise, in the absence of a will, her real estate will descend according to the intestacy laws of your state; we can form no opinion as to the advisability of your signing a correction deed of the property you mention without full knowledge of the facts in connection therewith.

W. E. D., New Mexico.—We think the law requires that the will left by the man who died be probated and his property disposed of in accordance therewith; we think it the duty of the executor appointed in the will to collect all overdue claims of the estate as soon as he qualifies.

MRS. F. I., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, and upon your statements, we are of the opinion that the man you mention can be compelled to support his wife, and if he cannot be located his property can be sold and the proceeds thereof used for her support, in the proper court action brought for that purpose.

Big Men of the Armament Conference

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

ment of the monarchy a republican government for all China was organized with its seat at Pekin, the imperial capital, but the southern provinces rebelled and set up a republican government of their own. Besides the war that is raging between these two rival governments the outlying districts of the country are being ravaged by numerous bands of brigands led by local military chieftains—much after the fashion of Mexican insurrectos—so that China is in a deplorably chaotic state.

Each of these two governments sent a delegation, but the Armament Conference, not wishing to countenance a division of China, admitted only the delegates from the older northern government and recognized them as representing China in its entirety. They are keen, interesting men well versed in world affairs, all educated in American colleges and speaking perfect English. The four northern delegates are:

W. W. YEN, Minister of Foreign Affairs, is a graduate of the University of Virginia. After returning to China he became Professor of English in St. John's University at Shanghai, and English editor of the *Commercial Press*. Later he served as Second Secretary of the Chinese Legation at Washington, then as Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs, and next as Minister to Germany and Denmark and remained at his post in Berlin until China entered the World War on the side of the Allies.

V. K. WELLINGTON KOO, former Minister to the United States, is a graduate of Columbia University, New York. He has been Secretary to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Minister to Mexico, and headed the Chinese delegation at the Paris Peace Conference. He is the youngest member of the Chinese delegation at Washington.

SAO-KE ALFRED SZE, present Minister to the United States, is a graduate of Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y. He has been a director of several railroads in China, and has served his government in various capacities, including Minister to Great Britain.

CHUNG-HUI WANG, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court at Pekin, studied law at the Yale Law School, New Haven, Conn. He has traveled widely in Europe, and has held many important public offices, among them Minister of Justice. He has been called "one of the most promising intellectual leaders of the new era in China."

Dutch Delegation

H. A. VAN KARNEBEEK, Minister of Foreign Affairs, in which office during the World War he performed the difficult task of preserving Holland's neutrality. He has been Mayor of The Hague, and was chosen President of the first session of the League of Nations Assembly at Geneva. He heads Holland's delegation to the Armament Conference.

F. BEELAERTS VAN BLOKLAND, Chief of the Department of Diplomatic Affairs in the Foreign Ministry, was formerly Minister to China.

E. MORESCO, is Vice-President of the Netherlands Indian Council, and formerly was Secretary-General of the Department of Colonial Affairs.

WILLIAM DE BEAUFORT, Minister to Greece, has served as diplomatic representative of Holland in many countries, including Japan, China, France, Belgium, and the United States to which he has had three different appointments, the last as Minister to Washington in 1918.

Holland, because of her extensive colonial possessions in the East Indies which largely exceed the mother country in area and population, is deeply interested in the Pacific policies to be acted on by the Conference.

Belgian Delegate

BARON E. DE CARTIER DE MARCHIENNE, Belgian Ambassador to the United States, represents Belgium at the Armament Conference. During his long career in the diplomatic service he has held appointments to Austria, Serbia, Brazil, Japan, China, France and Great Britain.

Portuguese Delegate

VISCOUNT D'ALTE, Portuguese Minister to the United States, represents Portugal at the Armament Conference. He is an able, though reticent and unassuming man, as may be gathered from the fact that his photograph, which is reproduced to illustrate this article, is the first he has had taken for twenty years.

Belgium and Portugal are specially interested in the program laid out for the action of the Armament Conference because of their large colonial possessions, mostly in Africa.

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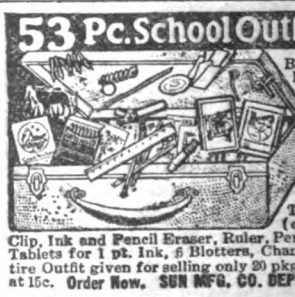
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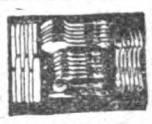
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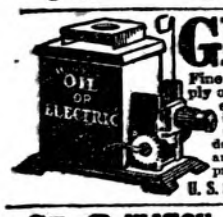
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VETERINARY INFORMATION



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

ECZEMA.—I have a poodle dog that breaks out with yellow festered blisters. The blisters run and cause the hair to mat. The dog seems well. MRS. B. B.

A.—Make the dog live out of doors so far as possible and allow only one small feed each evening. Do not feed cornmeal or potatoes. If the dog is fat, give it a dose of Epsom salts once a week to reduce it and increase exercise. Apply compound sulphur ointment to the sores as often as seems to be necessary.

GARGET.—I have a cow that freshened last May. When taken off pasture a few days ago she failed in her milk. When it sets a day the milk tastes old and slightly bitter. She was foundered on shelled oats two years ago. Is the milk all right to use? MRS. L. S.

A.—The milk is unfit for use when changed in consistency as described. Garget (mammitis) is the cause and such a cow is not profitable. We should therefore advise you to dry off the milk secretion and fit the animal for the butcher, if you think that will pay. As she was foundered and has chronic disease of the udder, we do not think it likely that treatment would succeed.

WEAK SOW.—What is the trouble with my six-months'-old sow? She goes down on her knees, gets up and goes down as though she were weak in her hind quarters. She coughs when it is damp. Is it worms? MRS. M. B.

A.—Lack of exercise and overfeeding with corn tend to cause paralysis. Turn the sow out for active daily exercise. Give her four ounces of Epsom salts in slop or warm water to move her bowels, then keep them active. Allow her free access to clover or alfalfa hay, slaked lime, wood ashes and wood or corn-cob charcoal. Feed middlings, ground barley or rye, wheat bran and tankage from a self-feeder. Worms are not a probable cause.

MAMMITIS.—I have a cow that will not give milk out of one of her teats, and the next one to it is drying. Can you tell me the cause and remedy? MRS. L. M. B.

A.—Mammitis (garget) has caused the conditions mentioned and as a treatment will not be likely to do any good we should advise you to dry off the milk secretion in the other quarters and fit the cow for slaughter. If you do not care to do that then let a calf nurse.

INDIGESTION.—Please tell me what to do for my horse. His kidneys do not act often enough—not more than once or twice a day. Sometimes he seems sore over his kidneys, otherwise he is all right. The urine has a bad color. F. E. N.

A.—Indigestion is the cause of the symptoms you describe and there is nothing wrong with the kidneys. See that the horse is never allowed to stand without work or active outdoor exercise for a single day. Allow him a roomy box-stall when in the stable or turn him loose in a shed when not at work. Add one-sixth part of wheat bran, by weight, to the ration of oats. Add roots, especially carrots or parsnips. Until the bowels respond, dissolve two ounces of Glauber salts in hot water and add it to the drinking water once daily. If the urine does not then soon clear up, stop the Glauber salts and mix one teaspoonful of boric acid in the feed night and morning until the urine becomes normal.

BITTER MILK.—The milk from my Jersey cow is very bitter. Just before it turns sour and if it sets a little while a layer of water separates the cream from the curd. Last spring, after freshening, the milk was bitter after being cooked for cocoa. She eats wheat hay, has plenty of water and salt. MRS. A. H. R.

A.—Bacteria in the milk utensils sometimes cause such conditions in milk, therefore you should see that all vessels are scrupulously cleansed, scalded and sun dried. Also set the milk in a clean, dustless place. Do not allow the cow to drink surface water or any water that is impure. Set a sample of milk from each quarter of the udder in a separate sterilized bottle, labeling each so that the quarter from which each sample came may be known. One quarter may be giving abnormal milk which contaminates all the milk. If so, the secretion in that quarter should be dried off. Such a cow should be tested with tuberculin, as tuberculosis is a possibility. If she reacts it will be necessary to dispose of her as prescribed by state law. Write again, if necessary, after you have examined the milk from each quarter. Meanwhile give her a pound dose of Epsom salts in three pints of warm water sweetened with molasses. Give it very slowly and carefully. Follow with a heaping tablespoonful of a mixture of two parts of powdered wood charcoal and one part of granular hyposulphite of soda in each feed.

MANGE.—Can you give me a good remedy for my hound? I have doctored him for scratches and have tried almost everything but he doesn't get any better. He has big red spots and the hair comes off. His feet are swollen and with yellow blisters between the toes. A. S.

A.—The dog is probably affected with parasitic mange; but eczema is, of course, a possibility. When the disease becomes chronic and affects much of the body it is difficult to eradicate and some cases prove incurable. Clip the dog and then tub him in hot water, lather him with tincture of green soap and scrub perfectly to remove all scales and scabs. Then dry thoroughly. Afterwards rub in compound sulphur ointment every three days, or use a proprietary mange cure for dogs which you can buy at the drug store. Put boots on the feet to keep the dog from biting and licking these parts. If the treatment advised is not effective, write again later. It may be added that the dog should live an active outdoor life and have only one small meal each evening. Do not feed cornmeal or potatoes.

BOILS.—I have a Holstein that has never been sick, but has a trouble that worries me. It starts at the top of the teat where it joins the udder and has a raised plane just like the end to a thimble. It gets very sore and the teat cannot be milked. It cracks, bleeds and pus flows from it. It is like this for one week and then a heavy crust forms and at the end of two weeks it is nearly cured. As soon as it leaves one teat it follows to another, until all four have had it. Then it comes back to the others, only worse. M. W.

A.—The boils in such cases are due to germs (streptococci) infecting one new place after another by traveling in the connective tissue. The infection may be spread from one cow to another by the milker's hands, therefore an affected cow should be kept isolated and milked last or by one who does not handle the other cows. Treat, by twice daily, for at least five minutes, immersing the affected teats in a hot 1-to-1,000 solution of chinosol, or in hot water containing all the boric acid it will dissolve. Then dry gently and rub a little one per cent. yellow oxid of mercury ointment into each sore place. When a boil ruptures, paint it twice daily with a saturated solution of permanganate of potash.

PIGMENT SORE.—I have a young cat that has a very peculiar black scab on his upper lip on each side of his nose. It will gradually grow from a speck to a piece almost as large as a dime, then drops off, bringing the hair with it, leaving no sign of a sore but new hair underneath. L. W.

A.—The scab is congealed liquid exudate containing pigment, the cause of which it would be impossible to state confidently. In some animals such a condition or growth might take the form of a melanotic or pigment tumor, and that disease (melanosis) is cancerous and incurable. Cleanse the part and perfectly remove the scab; then paint the affected skin with tincture of iron and afterward rub in a little subnitrate of bismuth once or twice daily if you notice that the scab is rising again. Write us later if further advice is required.

FITS.—I have a cow seven years old that appears to be in good health, giving a large flow of milk. She takes spells, something like a fit, of falling head forward and muscles working all over. The attack lasts about five minutes and in fifteen minutes she is up as if nothing had happened. Can she be cured of them? MRS. A. C.

A.—The cow evidently has epileptic fits and there is no certain remedy for epilepsy. They may come on less often if you have her take outdoor exercise every day and keep her bowels relaxed. Do not feed over one pound of concentrated feed (meals) for each three and one-half pounds of milk yielded daily. It is possible that heavy feeding helps to induce fits. Bromide of potash in half-ounce dose in water at time of fit may help.

MANGE.—My cat has lately appeared with scabs almost the size of a dime covering her head. Her hair comes off in small places. The cat appears to be in a healthy condition, running about and eating as usual. E. W.

A.—The symptoms indicate parasitic mange. Scrub the affected parts clean with soap and hot water and remove the scabs. Do not apply carbolic acid or coal tar dip of any kind as they are poisonous to cats. Compound sulphur ointment, to be bought at the drug store, may suffice as a remedy. Apply it every three days. Kerosene is the popular treatment and is effective in many instances. Write again later if we can be of further assistance.

SWAMP FEVER.—Please tell me what ailed my four-year-old mare. She appeared to be swollen all over before the colt was foaled. She had no milk. The colt seemed to be fully developed but could not get up. The mare's appetite was good for a few days then she refused to eat and her joints would pop with every step. She lived three weeks. W. L.

A.—We cannot give a perfectly confident opinion as an examination would, of course, be necessary for that, but we think it probable that the mare was afflicted with swamp fever, for which there is no cure.

Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28.)

takes at least twenty-five chickens the first week to make such a "mother" warm enough to keep them comfortably, and it depends entirely on the animal heat from their own bodies.

As soon as they are placed in a brooder some fine gravel or very finely-cracked poultry grit should be strewed about. I like the gravel that is sold for caged birds for the first two or three days, as it is bright and attracts the little fellows to pick it up, and in this way they get the material that is needed to enable the gizzard to grind feed when it is given to them. After the thirty-six hours' fast, put a small pan of sour skim-milk before them and, to teach them how to feed, pick up one or two and dip their bills into the milk. If a few commence to eat, the others will follow suit. Of course, the milk, like the water that is given to chickens, must be put in dishes that are partly covered to prevent them from getting into it. For the sour milk we use small fruit saucers with a strip of board across the top, so that there is only a small opening left on each side of the dish.

At the end of half an hour the milk is taken away and two hours later they have their first real meal, which consists of stale bread which has been dried in the oven and put through a meat chopper. One cup of this is mixed with two eggs which have been hard boiled, cooled and chopped, shell and all. About one-third of that mixture is poured along a narrow board and given to fifty chicks. If any is left at the end of half an hour, it is removed. The following day, sour milk and the above mash is alternated at intervals of two hours. After that, the sour milk is left before them all the time, the mash given in small quantities every two hours.

On the fourth day they have water given them for the first time. The fountain is left in the coop for half an hour in the morning, and the same length of time at about 2 P. M., and a little rolled oats which has been broken fine is scattered on the floor of the coop.

The fifth and sixth days are the same as the fourth, except that the dish of water is left before them all the time. After the sixth day we commence to use rolled oats instead of the dry bread in the mash, and liver or lean meat which has been parboiled gradually takes the place of the egg, and chick feed is scattered on the floor three times a day. All these changes must be accomplished very gradually from the sixth to the twenty-eighth day, and of course the quantity given must be increased, for chicks are very fast growers. In fact, there is no young creature, except squabs, that grows so rapidly during the first two weeks of its life as a chicken, and for this reason chicks require an abundance of easily-digested, nutritious food, and to keep the system in proper working order it must be supplied in small quantities very frequently.

After the fourth day, never leave mash before them more than fifteen minutes at a time and don't make more than is needed for one day at a time or it may sour and cause trouble; besides which, if it is left before them all the time, they will have no inducement to scratch and hunt for the chick feed.

From the fourth to the eighth week we keep a dry mash before them all the time in self-feeding hoppers, for they will not eat this as greedily as they do the soft mash. Give them all the fresh green stuff they will eat at noon. Young alfalfa and clover leaves are good. If you have neither, use the green sprouts of oats.

The dry mash is the same as that used at the New Jersey Experiment Station, and is composed of the following grains:

Wheat bran, 50 pounds; gluten feed, 10 pounds; cornmeal, 10 pounds; ground oats, 10 pounds; meat scraps, 10 pounds; dry ground bone, 10 pounds.

I wish to call special attention to the value of sour skim-milk in baby chick raising. Sour milk is very palatable; it also contains much food value in its casein, which is a form of protein or nitrogen. The greatest benefit, however, lies in its disinfecting qualities. The lactic acid present kills and prevents the multiplication of intestinal bacteria. White diarrhea is one of the most dangerous of these forms. In order to get the greatest benefit from sour skim-milk it should be given the youngsters to drink from the very first day, being given in a closed vacuum fountain so that the chicks cannot get their feathers soiled from it. It should be changed daily and the vessel kept perfectly clean. Experiments conducted at the Connecticut Experiment Station have proven its great value. Experiments conducted at the New Jersey Station show that where sour milk is used as mentioned, the percentage of mortality was very materially reduced over pens that did not receive it. Also the skim-milk chicks made a gain in weight of over 28 per cent. more than those receiving no milk. Since these conclusive tests it is needless to say that we are feeding skim-milk (sour) to all of our young chicks during the brooding period with the greatest success.

Wheat bran is a valuable adjunct to the chick ration. It is especially palatable and rich in protein. It has a high ash content (phosphoric acid) and is fairly bulky; which makes it useful to mix with finer and more concentrated foods. Wheat

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 42.)

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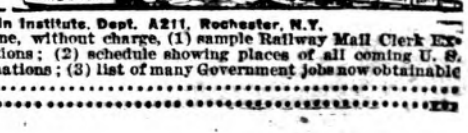
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CHICAGO TAILORS ASS'N. Dept. 69, CHICAGO

The Spellbinders

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

"Oh," said the man from Chicago casually, "you and I can divide up on the proceeds."

"The council meets tonight in the room over Gray's saloon."

"Thank you," returned the revivalist. "I'll be there to address the meeting."

On the following morning the father and son, all unaware of the turn of public sentiment, stood again in front of the new theater.

Its contemplation fired the actor's very soul. Unconsciously he struck a martial attitude, bred of long experience in the venerable cohorts of Prince Hal and Richard of Gloucester.

"I'm looking for J. Jefferson, Esq.," said a man who had just crossed the unpaved street behind them.

"'The very man, my lord, thou seest before thee,'" quoted the actor. "'What wouldst of Mortimer?'"

"I ain't looking for no mortimer. If you're said J. Jefferson I want to give you this here dockiment." Whereupon he handed over a huge official paper.

J. Jefferson glanced through its long legal phrases with increasing wonder. One thing seemed clear enough, either he had to pay an impossible license fee, or there would be no festive opening of the Springfield Opera House on the following evening.

"'Full fathoms five my money lies,' apparently," he said grimly, looking at the structure with a different expression. Yet who could be so cruel as heedlessly to destroy his only means of livelihood? He inquired of the messenger if he had read the paper correctly.

"Right you are."

"'Melted into air,'" said the actor, "'into thin air.'"

Then because the bearer's own taste turned more towards the stage than the pulpit, this man proceeded to explain why the city had thus tardily entered upon its moral duties. "That old singin' gent down at the tent talked 'em into it."

"Why, that's the man that asked us our names yesterday," began Joe. Then he stopped. He was so used to being blamed for any trouble in sight that self-defense had become a habit. Evidently his father had the same thought as to the probable beginning of the affair.

"That's all right, Joe. It might have been a lot worse. You might not have been able to do any imitating, and think of that in a family of actors!"

Whereupon he went back to his boarding-house to break the news to his wife.

"'The play's the thing,' my dear, but not in this hamlet of Springfield," he observed by way of preliminary. He related the newest blow at family expectations.

Cornelia Jefferson had learned to meet misfortune bravely, yet her husband's unconquerable cheerfulness sometimes got on her nerves.

"How much is it?" she asked.

"One hundred dollars!"

The sum overwhelmed her. Every cent of their money had been invested in this new theater. They were relying upon success to pay even their board bill.

"It might be w——" began Jefferson.

"Yes," she interrupted dryly, "so you mentioned before." Then she turned from the contemplation of abstract trouble to the concrete and ubiquitous. "Where's Joe?"

Her husband happened to glance out of the window just as he was about to confess that he did not know where the young rascal had gone. "There is your jewel, Cornelia," he announced with a flourish.

The scion of the Jeffersons was running down the street driving before him by the tails of a long coat, a tall, gaunt, active man. In Joe's opinion the highest evidence of friendship was a willingness to be the horse. His friend of the day before was proving his worth.

Mrs. Jefferson started to raise the window to call to her son to desist, then she sat down again wearily. "If the man does not like it he ought not to allow it."

"Quite right, me dear. In fact, you and Shakespeare, in my humble opinion, are always right. What is it he said on a certain occasion? 'First thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers,'" he quoted, as he turned back to the perusal of his legal document.

"Don't you think Shakespeare might have been willing to let a few of us young ones escape?" asked a strange voice behind them.

There stood young Joe, with his fiery steed grasped by the hand.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Jefferson, startled, rose and greeted their visitor as they might have welcomed a prince in their mimic world behind the footlight lamps. They were hospitable souls, hungry for companionship. Their guest lost no time in coming to the business of his call.

"You are the victim, if I may be allowed the term, Mr. Jefferson, of an unscrupulous spellbinder."

"What's a spellbinder?" asked Joe.

"We are all of that profession, more or less," the stranger answered with a smile. "You, Mr. Jefferson, are a success if you can rouse in the hearts of your audience the same feelings you are portraying upon the stage. I am a success when I can make a jury see a case my way. Yet you, I feel assured, play upon the feelings of your spectators only to amuse them, to make them happy, never to inspire evil motives, whatever your enemies in Springfield may say; just as I strive as best I can to be always on the side of right and justice. Now the man who is responsible for the action of the city council last night is animated by no simple motive. Believe me, I would make no such assertion without conviction. I have no spite against the church, but neither have I against the theater. And furthermore I think that a play or a story may teach as noble a moral as the longest sermon that was ever written, and reach with it many a soul the mere thought of church would scare away. Your Shakespeare thought so, too, when he wrote:

"'Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.'

"That being what I think, I should like your permission to take up your case with the city council. I am young in the law, but this injustice is more than I can stand."

"My dear sir," cried J. Jefferson in delighted agreement, "and I was just telling my wife, things are pretty bad, but they might be a great deal worse."

"But, Joseph, you know we haven't a cent for lawyer's fees," interrupted his wife in embarrassed anxiety. Then she turned toward the lawyer. "You will pardon me for interferring? But he is always so enthusiastic, and I did not want you to misunderstand. You are very kind to make the offer."

"Mrs. Jefferson," said the stranger gravely, "this is a question of right and justice. Even if I won, I could accept no fee for the mere performance of my duty as I see it."

The actors were touched into silence by his simple earnestness.

"'I am a fool, to weep at what I'm glad of,'" quoted Cornelia softly, as she wiped away a tear unashamed.

"I am not always so serious for so long a time," said their visitor smiling as he rose to go. "I have a sort of local reputation as a humorist. Perhaps my country wit felt embarrassed in the presence of a real comedian."

Joe went out with him, still clinging to his hand. The mother and father could hear the boy's questions as they descended the stairs.

"Have you any little boys?"

"No, not yet."

"Going to have?"

"I hope so."

"Can I play with them?"

"You can play for them, Joe."

When the voices were no longer distinguishable, Cornelia turned toward her husband with swimming eyes.

"My dear," he said softly, in answer to the pressure of her hand, "it was worth riding out West here from New York to meet a man like that."

"What is his name?"

"Well, I'll be blest! We'll have to ask Joe. He'll know."

The young lawyer was in the meantime planning his campaign in the city council. If spellbinding methods had caused the passing of the license bill, why he, too, would try the efficacy of eloquence. It was an easy matter to gain a hearing. Any sort of speech was welcomed gladly, the more if it were known that the speaker was a humorist as well as an orator. The city fathers settled themselves on the back legs of their rush-bottomed chairs, laid their tobacco handy and prepared blissfully to listen.

"Always glad to hear you. Nothing like a good laugh," commented the chairman, as the lawyer came into the special council meeting called for the sole purpose of listening to this speech. "What's it about now?"

"It's about a little circumstance that reminds me of a story I heard the other day," began the speaker. For the next ten minutes he kept the citizens in a gale of laughter. Still humorously, he sketched in the history of the drama from its earliest beginnings, far more ancient than the "three pin" shows every man present remembered as an activity of his own youth. "And where is the drama today, you may ask? Gentlemen, it is writhing most uncomfortably here in Springfield, under the expansive boot of an unconfessed actor from Chicago."

All the men except the chairman laughed.

Then the advocate, growing serious, spoke of the tragedy the incident was in the life of a comedian, a man who had spent his life to put others in a good humor, and not only in the man's life but in that of his children.

"Little Joe told me that he would like to live in Springfield. 'But you know,' the youngster added, 'we can't have any home.' 'Why's that, Joe?' I asked him. 'Well, my grandfather used to say that the only home we actors could expect was a place in the hearts of our audience.' And here in Springfield, we are about to deny the little fellow even that."

* * * * * * *

It may have been a half hour later when a small boy rushed into a room in a shabby boarding-house.

"We don't have to pay," he shouted, "'cause there isn't going to be any license."

His father rose from his chair.

"I want to go to thank him at once." The actor who had so often simulated emotion could not keep his own voice steady as he spoke. "What's his name, Joe?"

"Why," answered the child, "the other boys call him Abe Lincoln."



"I Must Earn $200 Quickly" Said Mrs. Snow and SHE DID

Mrs. Frank Snow surveyed ruefully the list before her. She knew it by heart, had written it down a score of times and each item seemed to grin and mock her as if to say "get me if you can."

Clothes for the children, $25, the insurance, $12.50, that long-past-due doctor's bill, a new davenport for the living room, that dress she needed so badly, shoes for Frank and then there would have to be something to keep the family larder well supplied when those visiting relations arrived. She added it up again, $198.50 and no less would do.

But how to get this money? She thought of working in an office for a while or clerking in a store, even sewing or housework would enable her to overcome this everlasting need of more money than Mr. Snow's slender earnings could supply.

Reluctantly she put aside each idea as impractical for had she not the home and the children to look after? If only there was something she might do at home, piece work sewing, for instance. But the nearest factory was miles away and then again they paid such small prices for the work.

Mrs. Snow was very nearly at her wit's end until one day she chanced to pick up a magazine and there, before her eyes, seemed to be the very thing she was looking for, the Gearhart Plan of Home Knitting. She read of how she could knit famous Allwear Hosiery in the comfort and privacy of her own home, utilizing the spare time which every housekeeper finds each day. Or she could devote all her time, as she wished.

Mrs. Snow investigated and found the Gearhart Company to be a fine old concern with a reputation for doing exactly as they promise and thousands of satisfied women home knitters, and men, too, who had seized the *opportunity* Gearhart offered.

Like many another woman who has felt the urge of necessity, Mrs. Snow sent for a Gearhart Standard Knitter and the splendid 3-year work contract sent with each machine. Soon she was turning her spare time into a tidy weekly income.

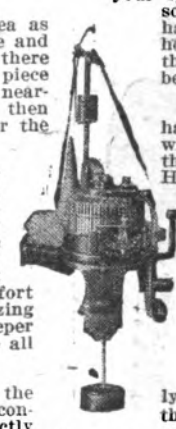
She was delighted with the ease and simplicity with which she was able to knit the loveliest hosiery and still more delighted when the checks from the Gearhart Company began to arrive in ever increasing amounts. The liberal pay per dozen just for knitting, urged her to greater efforts as it seemed to her hardly more than a pleasant occupation with none of the back-breaking, soul-rending strain of hard domestic labor.

So *YOU* Can Succeed

Can you picture how delighted they were when the $200 was earned and the bills all paid? Can you picture the joy that you, too, would feel after you had accumulated the wherewithal to buy the hundred and one things every woman wants, to help tide the family over financial troubles or to lay away a nest egg for a rainy day?

Does this hypothetical case of Mrs. Snow mean anything to you? Are you in a position where it would be desirable to turn your spare time into dollars and cents? If so, here is the opportunity which perhaps you have been long awaiting, a home occupation so easy and fascinating that you will regret not coming upon it before.

Gearhart has the money, and YOU have the spare time. Is there any reason why you cannot get ready to become one the Gearhart Home Knitters of Allwear Hosiery?



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Don't wait, write today. Delay may be dangerous to your opportunity. Can you or any other woman who is really anxious to earn money at once in the privacy of her own home afford to wait a single day? Write now for the Free Profit Guide Book, including samples of knitting and full particulars. Address the **Gearhart Knitting Machine Company, Dept. CO-629, Clearfield, Pa.**

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Love Will Find the Way

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

"Come away, ma'am," she whispered. "He don't know what he is saying. I have seen my father like that. Why, he has beaten my mother when he was drunk, and did not know anything about it the next morning. You must not mind him. He don't know what he is saying."

But for the gently spoken words, Janet Reade might never have recovered from the terrible shock that she had received. A slow shiver passed over her, as if the stagnant blood had suddenly started again through her veins. A long sigh fell through her parted lips.

She was silent for a little longer, as if striving to collect her scattered senses; then she said to Estelle, in a voice which the girl would never have recognized:

"I want to go to the residence of Miss Anne Gordon. Will you find out where she lives and take me there, Estelle?"

"I will, ma'am."

"Then go at once."

The kind girl led the helpless creature to her own room, and left her there in the depths of a great armchair while she went to find out the address, and on her own account order a coupe.

Janet Reade did not reckon time by minutes then, and it seemed to her an age when the door was opened again to admit Estelle.

"I will get your bonnet now, ma'am," the maid said gently, as she looked into the eager eyes. "The cab is at the door."

CHAPTER XXIII.

MRS. READE PAYS A VISIT.

"Is Miss Gordon at home?"

The question was asked in a trembling voice of the girl who answered Mrs. Reade's ring when she applied for admission at the home of Anne Gordon. There seemed to be as little life or animation in the question as it was possible for any human lips to express, and the servant looked into the white face with curious interest.

"I think so," she answered. "Will you walk in?"

Estelle was waiting in the cab, but she looked through the window and saw the kindly girl take the arm of the old woman and assist her, guiding the tottering steps until the door had closed.

"Whom shall I say wishes to see her?"

The inquiry was made after Mrs. Reade was seated in the drawing-room, and the old eyes were lifted—those eyes in which there was such anguish pictured.

She had no card, and in a scarcely audible tone she answered:

"Mrs. Reade. And say, please, that it is—important."

The girl bowed and left the room. Although it was the first time she had ever entered that handsome room, there was nothing in it that attracted the attention of Janet Reade. Her gaze was fixed on the door, and from it never wandered until Anne Gordon had passed through.

She knew Miss Gordon well, and tried to rise as the old friend of her grandchild entered, but a terrible weakness oppressed her. She sank back in her chair and closed her eyes faintly.

Miss Gordon was beside her instantly, with the cold hands in her own warm clasp.

"What is it?" she asked swiftly. "Dear Mrs. Reade, has something happened to Marian? Nothing else could excite you like this. Do be calm and tell me."

She was upon her knees, and Janet Reade caught the tender hands and held them closely as if for strength, while she raised herself more erect in the chair.

"I thought I should find her here," she said hoarsely. "Have you not seen her?"

"No—no! I don't think I exactly understand you. What is it you mean? Is Marian not at home?"

"No."

"And you don't know where she is?"

"I don't know."

"Do you mean that she left secretly?"

"Yes."

"But why?"

The gray head was hung for a moment. It seemed to her that the greatest grief of life lay in the exposure of her son's disgrace, the shame that he had put upon his own daughter, and yet she knew that she would require assistance in finding Marian. She believed that the full account was contained in the morning papers, and, further, she conceived it to be her duty to tell Miss Gordon all that her son had said.

She was silent for a long time, looking straight into the sweet eyes without seeing a particle of their expression; then she leaned back wearily in the chair.

"It is a most painful story," she answered huskily, trying to moisten her stiff lips. "I heard it only this morning. It is not an easy thing, Miss Gordon, to speak of the disgrace of one's own son."

She paused, and all the sympathy of the girl's noble nature was aroused. She drew closer, and kissed the wrinkled cheek affectionately.

"Let me save you that," she said gently. "I know what it is that you would say."

"You know? Know what? Tell me in plain English. Don't try to spare me. The hardest blow that could be dealt, has been, and still I live."

She had straightened up again, and was looking dramatically at Anne Gordon. Her weakness seemed suddenly to have changed to strength. Miss Gordon hesitated a little, and then with lowered head she answered:

"I know that he is—the keeper of a—a gambling-house."

"Is that—all?" whispered Mrs. Reade, closing her eyes for a moment. "Is that—all? Somehow it seems to me so small a thing, by comparison with the rest, that it is scarcely worthy of mention. A gambler might be a comparatively honest man; but, Miss Gordon, my son is a—thief!"

The last words were uttered in a whisper, a whisper so filled with horror, with loathing, with bitterest shame, that Anne Gordon shrank more from the tone than the knowledge the word contained. She was silent, under the surprise of it, for a moment, looking with dilated eyes into the anguish-filled ones of those of the old lady before her; then:

"Oh, no! It can't be true!" she cried. "You must have been misinformed. You must be mistaken."

"Would to Heaven that were possible! I would have believed it from no lips but his own. He has confessed the truth, and I come to you, not alone because you are the friend of his unhappy child, but because you are the woman whom he has wronged."

"I?"

"You. He stole your jewels. Marian saw him do it, and compelled him to return them. He kept one of the rings, and says that it is in his possession now. It was in order to get even with her for forcing him to give back that which he had stolen that he brought this shame upon her. She discovered it last night, Miss Gordon—discovered that she was the inmate of a gambling-house, placed there as a decoy by her own father! Now you know the full extent of the unspeakable shame that has come upon us all."

She sat there like a piece of granite, and Anne Gordon could not find voice to speak. Astonishment, not to say horror, had stricken her dumb. She sat in glazed-eyed silence for a time that would have seemed an age had either of them been conscious of time; then, very slowly, she said:

"And Marian knew nothing of the—character of the house until last night?"

"Nothing."

"But she *did* know of the—theft?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I see it all now! I tried to warn her, and I thought she knew. It was of the theft of the jewels that she spoke, while I referred to the disgrace that had come upon the roof that covered her. I see it all! Poor, unhappy Marian! How we have all wronged her! But we will find her, Mrs. Reade. We will find her if——"

Miss Gordon paused, aghast at the thought that had suddenly and unbidden come into her own head. It was the thought of suicide. She was thankful that no mention of that awful word had passed her lips in presence of that suffering woman, but it filled her with horror. She arose swiftly, as if to relieve the horror of the thought. She still held the old hand, and as she stopped beside Mrs. Reade, she bent and kissed her again.

"You will not desire to return there until you at least know something definite," she said, guardedly. "Won't you remain here as my guest until we can decide what is best to do? You know that my interest in Marian is almost as great as your own. She is in heart my sister."

"And you can still love her? You can——"

"Love her? Love Marian? Why, what has she done that I should not love her? Her suffering causes her to need me all the more. I don't believe Marian would ever doubt my love."

"But she is disgraced through her father."

"And because of that she needs my friendship all the more. Paul Reade has nothing to fear from me. If he had kept all the jewels, Marian's father would still have been safe."

For the first time there were tears in the eyes of Janet Reade; her lips quivered under her emotion, and she lifted the girl's hand to them and kissed it.

"You are a noble girl, Miss Gordon," she whispered brokenly.

"There is nothing commendable in the fact of my loving Marian," she said simply. "After all, the test of my affection is not great. I am ready to extend to her the hand of friendship when it is needed. It requires no sacrifice on my part, and self-sacrifice is the only test of affection."

"But you have proven that you would be capable of that as well. God bless you, dear child!"

"And you will remain with me, for the present at least?"

"So gratefully!"

"That is good. You must go over this whole thing very carefully and very minutely with me. I know that it will be painful, but we must bear that for Marian's sake. So far, we have but jumped at conclusions, and, as I take it, the matter requires careful handling. But first you are coming upstairs with me to my boudoir, where you can remove your bonnet and have a couch to rest upon. And in the meantime, I shall dismiss your coupe and despatch a note."

Without calling for the assistance of a servant, she helped Mrs. Reade up the stairs; then when she had placed her comfortably on the couch, she took writing materials from the drawer and indited a hasty note. It read:

"I need you, June. Will you come to me, dear?

"ANNE."

TO BE CONTINUED.



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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

I am not surprised that you gather into your group of hearers some long-legged Georgian boys and girls of the not tremendously-old age of seventeen. Yes, you can find some of the sweetest and best-told tales in the pages of the Book of Books, Ruby; and probably you often tell your audiences, too, of the times when the Cherokee braves and maidens picked hiawassees on the banks of the Tugaloo. Write again and give us the description of yourself which you left out this time. Billy wants to know if you are as toccoa as a nacoochee.

BOAZ, ALABAMA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

May I come in for just a few words? I have sat back in the corner long enough and just listened to the others.

Uncle, I live in a valley between two mountains. The valley is about twelve miles long and there is a big creek in the center of the cove. I live on a farm. My daddy runs a country store and we kids make a crop every year. Uncle, I wish you and Billy could be here and rabbit hunt with me. Well, Uncle, I will give a description of myself: I am eighteen years of age; five feet, nine inches tall. Say, Uncle, what do you think about the girls? They are handsome and nice and look well enough, but my brothers make fun of me for not grabbing one of them. Well, I think a-plenty of them, but I could not take all of them to keep. Say, Uncle, you must tell Billy not to abuse the girls about the powder-puff business. And ask him if he likes 'possum hides.

Good by to you and Billy and all the cousins, from

Your nephew,
A HOPELESS KID OF ALABAMA.

I cannot find anything in your letter, Alabama Kid, to indicate why you have given up hope at such an early age. You seem to be living in a sort of happy valley where nice girls and fat rabbits are plentiful. You don't complain about crops failing or the creek in the cove running dry, and the only possible reason I can see for your state of utter hopelessness is that you have missed some grab you have made at one of those handsome Marshall County girls from Highpoint or Mountainboro. I asked Billy about the Alabama girls, for he told me he used to have a sort of second step-cousin on his uncle's side who once lived in Albertsville—which is not far from your happy valley. Bill said: "Of course I was only there for a short visit, Uncle Lisha; but I certainly remember seeing one girl who worked in a cannery at Guntersville—and let me tell you, Uncle, she was a real lallapaloosa!" I didn't ask Bill what a "real lallapaloosa" was, but I am sure from the way he spoke that it must be something well worth talking about. So if the outlook is too sad and hopeless in Boaz and up and down the cove, Alabama Kid, I think you might do well to take the train up the track to Guntersville and look up Billy's friend.

Oh, by the way, I couldn't ask Bill your question about 'possum hides. Anything like this is a sore subject with him. An aunt of his was once made into a parlor rug.

ARCOLA, MISSOURI.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

May I come in? This is my first visit so I won't stay long. I live on a farm two and a half miles from the small town of Arcola. I ride to school. It is sure fun and I wish some of you cousins were with me. There are several pupils who ride. We run races coming from school. Sometimes we get throwed off, but we are tuff and it don't hurt us. We have a basket ball team and don't intend to let anyone beat us. I intend to graduate from high school in two more years. We are having some cold weather here now and I am almost froze of a morning when I get to school. I spent my vacation gathering corn; I don't know when I will graduate from that. Well, I will close by letting you take a guess at my age: I am between fifteen and twenty. I would like real well to hear from some of the cousins.

By, by. LENA PETTY.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 41.)



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REMNANTS of real silk, in all shapes, sizes and colors. They are carefully trimmed and just what you need for making up quilts, tidies, pillow tops and all kinds of "crazy patchwork." We will send you a package containing more than one hundred of these beautiful silk pieces and 5 skeins embroidery cotton in different bright colors, also an Instruction Book with eight full-page illustrations showing how to ornament seams of crazy patchwork and other work where fancy stitches are used, also how to work the Outline and Kensington Stitch, Arrasene and Chenille Embroidery, ribbon work, plush or tufted stitch, also directions for Kensington painting. All this is yours free upon the terms of the following special offer:

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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



The Family Doctor

The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be taken to your local doctor.

Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published

MRS. J. R., Louisville, Ky.—For the high blood-pressure, take a tablet of 1-100 gr. of nitroglycerine between meals. Of course, live the simple life as to food, and drink plenty of water. Avoid sweets of all kinds.

MRS. L. D., Eads, Tenn.—"Hot flashes" and other nervous phenomena due to the menopause (change of life) are best treated by the use of ovarian substance in two-grain capsules taken morning and night for some weeks.

MRS. E. C. Z., Taylor Ridge, Ill.—A change of climate to a higher altitude would help you and maybe cure your catarrhal condition. Spray the nose and throat with Dobell's solution and take a teaspoonful of pertussin after meals.

MRS. J. W. W., Altus, Okla.—Your child has a form of scrofula, as you surmise. Have him take a teaspoonful of codliver oil after meals. Also paint the swollen glands with tincture of iodine once or twice a week only.

MRS. E. C. M., Fair Play, Md.—There are no specific symptoms of tubercular infections of the stomach glands. Maybe you have an ulcer of the stomach, which is more probable.

MISS F. S., Wilmington, N. C.—Age and loss of flesh as well as worry will cause the skin to wrinkle about the face. Massage, proper diet, and exercise in the open, are the best remedies for the conditions mentioned.

MRS. N. L. H., Bashi, Ala.—Frequent urination is best treated by taking a five-grain tablet of urotropin after meals.

MRS. J. P. D., Andover, Iowa.—If your druggist does not know the formula for Basham's mixture, he should go into some other business, as this mixture is one of the oldest and best iron tonics known.

MRS. J. A. F., Camp Hill, Ala.—The electric needle is the only way to get rid of superfluous hairs without scar and permanently.

MR. R. G., Doe Boy, Wash.—The teeth should be cleansed after every meal. This is no fad but a hygienic proposition. Use some good tooth-paste, and also some good mouth-wash,—one of the best and simplest is Dobell's solution.

MRS. F. D., Castile, N. Y.—The best thing to do in your case is to have the gall-stones removed by operation. In the meantime you should eat, with your salad, large quantities of olive oil. You may also take a teaspoonful of phosphate of soda diluted before meals.

MISS K. M., Minot, N. Dak.—You are suffering from the "change of life," so called, and must bide your time. Take, in the meantime, five-grain asafœtida pills after meals; keep your bowels open and free. Two-grain capsules of ovarian substance are also indicated. Take the capsules morning and night, only.

MRS. C. H. E., Hesperia, Mich.—The actual cause of goitre has not been determined, although the latest teaching is that it is due to some form of intoxication owing to some derangement of one or more of the ductless glands. Have the child take one-grain capsule of corpus luteum morning and night for three weeks. Rest also is indicated.

MR. L. G. B., Jane, Ark.—Go to any good druggist and he can furnish you with the asafœtida pills, if he knows anything about drugs at all. He can also compound Basham's mixture for the same reason.

MISS C. S., Meredith, Mont.—For the excessive nose-bleed, consult some good nose specialist and have the blood-vessel cauterized. You might also take ten drops of tincture of chloride of iron after meals, well diluted, as a tonic.

MRS. E. A. T., Dove Creek, Colo.—If you have persistent pain due to gall-stones, you better have an operation at once and the stones removed. Delay is dangerous. Diet had to do with the formation of the stones originally, plus poor drinking water; but now it is too late for any remedy to be of any value to you.

MISS M. E. H., Jacksonville, Ark.—For the constipation, continue the yeast drink plenty of water, avoid white bread—eat only graham bread of whole-wheat bread mixed with bran. You may also take a tablespoonful of American Oil with your meals. Exercise in the open also and massage the abdomen along the lines of the colon.

MRS. H. L., Chalk Butte, Mont.—Take fluid extract of cascara sagrada two or three times a day in teaspoonful doses, for your chronic constipation. Also after meals take a tablespoonful of American Oil. Avoid white bread at all times and eat graham bread or bran bread, only.

MRS. J. W. T., Grapeland, Texas.—For your chronic rheumatism, take five-grain tablets of salicylate of sodium after meals. Avoid sweets and pastries of all kinds and drink plenty of water

MRS. R. W. C., Cid, N. C.—You can get Basham's mixture at any good, or even average, drug store. The drug cannot be sent to any address. It should be prepared fresh.

MRS. M. M., North McAlester, Okla.—If your local druggist does not have powdered ox-gall have him send to any large city and get it for you.

MRS. G. A. H., St. Joseph, Mo.—The "bump on nose" is probably due to a retention of sebacious matter in one of the sweat glands. Have the gland opened and the mass curetted. Use Dobell's solution as a gargle.

MISS D. A. S., Ticonderoga, N. Y.—Probably inside work may have something to do with your dizzy spells. You should exercise in the open, when possible, avoid sweets, drink plenty of water and have your ears and throat examined by some specialist to see if there is any local cause that would explain your vertigo.

MRS. F. L., Little Gennesee, N. Y.—Ten-grain tablets of bicarbonate of soda taken after meals will help the uric acid condition. You cannot and should not nurse your baby during pregnancy, because you have not the vitality and your milk will not have sufficient nourishment for the child or baby. Lime-water is good used in the way you mention.

MRS. E. W., Manitowac, Wisc.—Operation is the best remedy for your peritonitis, if due to an inflammed appendix.

MISS M. L., Dennison, Texas.—For your nervousness, sleeplessness and nervous dyspepsia, the one best remedy is a 10-grain pill of asafœtida. Take these pills four or five times a day. You probably have diseased tonsils and adenoids also. Have the tonsils removed, also the adenoids, and use as a gargle Dobell's solution undiluted.

MRS. R. L. A., Lenah, Va.—You are anemic and not in good physical condition. Take a tablespoonful of Basham's mixture, well diluted, after meals.

MRS. R. T. M., Jones, Okla.—You have a nervous dyspepsia. Take compound bicarbonate of soda tablets after meals. Also be examined and find out as to the position of uterus and whether or not an operation is advisable.

MRS. B. G., Kansas City, Mo.—You have a rheumatic arthritis. Take 10-grain tablets of salicylate of soda after meals; drink plenty of water. Apply to the painful joints oil of wintergreen.

MISS A. H., Chicago, Ill.—Leucorrhea can best be cured by using a douche of normal salt solution daily. Use very hot.

MRS. E. E. J., Texarkana, Texas.—Better wean the baby at once, if you are satisfied as to your condition as to pregnancy. Take, for nervousness, a 10-grain pill of asafœtida three times a day.

MRS. W. D. H., Campbell, N. Y.—Yeast-cakes are good for you and can be taken indefinitely with benefit. Your shortness of breath is due probably to gas forming in the stomach and intestines. The yeast will help this condition. Urtotropin tablets are practically non-injurious, but should not be taken for too long a period.

MRS. A. E. L., South Range, Mo.—"Lemon receipt" for reducing weight is not proper treatment in any case. Better try the skim-milk diet so often referred to in COMFORT. Use a quart of skim-milk in divided doses on alternate days for food and drink; and, on the other days, avoid starchy foods and lead the simple life. Exercise also daily in moderation.

MRS. C. A., Stamford, Conn.—Bunions are caused, as you know, by wearing improper shoes. Have your shoes made to order and sufficient room made to relieve any pressure on the great toe. If the bunion is very painful and very large, have it operated on and the joint straightened out. The latter is your only hope so far as cure is concerned.

Flying Automobile Tried Out in France

A flying automobile is the latest development in the French aero world.

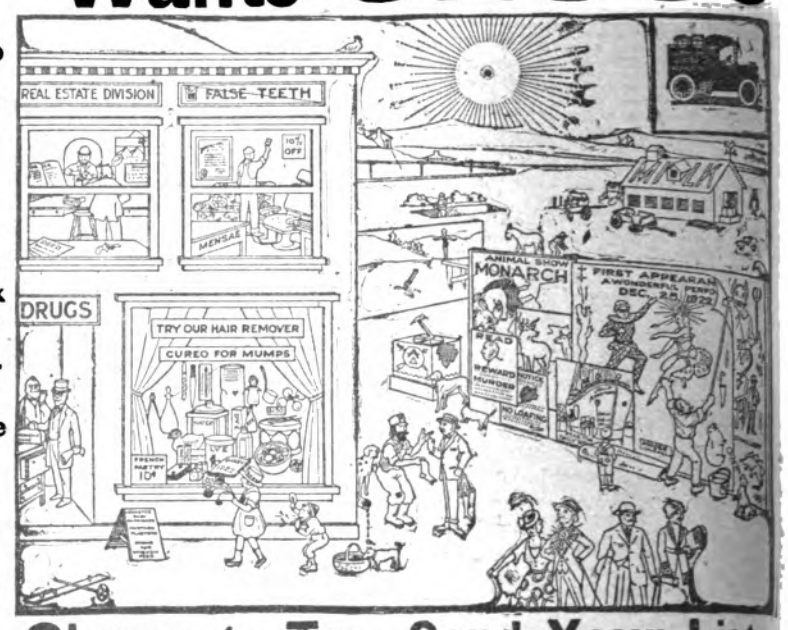
A successful demonstration of an ordinary automobile with folding wings, two engines, one of 10 horse-power for land going, and the other of 300 horse-power for air travel, was held recently at Buo, Seine-et-Oise. The machine performed all the usual feats of an airplane and also of an automobile.

Who Wants $2500

A Snap for Somebody

It's easier to work with a BIG PRINT Send for one

Read the prizes



No Charge to Try—Send Your List

How many objects do you see that begin with "D", like donkey, dog, devil, etc.? Write them on paper, sign your name and send them in. The largest, nearest correct list entitles the sender to first prize, $20.00. Or you can try for a bigger prize if you want to.

$2500.00 for Somebody

WHO'LL WIN IT? We want everybody to get acquainted with De Do, the exquisite new odor used exclusively in our toilet preparations, so we make this offer. The first prize in the contest is $20.00, but if the winner has made a $1 purchase the first prize is $500.00, if a $2.00 purchase the first prize is $1,000.00, or if a $5.00 purchase the first prize is $2500, more than the average man can save in a lifetime. IT PAYS TO TRY FOR THE BIG PRIZE.

De Do Exquisite Requisites for the Toilet

Exquisite is the only word that really tells how wonderful these preparations are. They are the highest quality that can be made and are put up in charming packages. You could find nothing that will surpass them for gifts or personal use.

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IMPORTANT. READ.

1. It costs nothing to enter. Anybody not connected with this company or a relative of any member of our organization may compete.
2. Number words 1, 2, 3, etc. Write only on one side of paper. Place your name and address on each sheet.
3. Use only words found in English dictionary, no obsolete, hyphenated or compound words count. Use singular or plural, not both. Do not use same word more than once, even to designate entirely different objects.
4. List having largest, nearest correct list of visible objects shown in picture beginning with "D" wins first prize, next, second, etc. Nothing else counts.
5. Do not name any object more than once. Any part of object may be named in addition to object as a whole.
6. Only one prize to a family, or to member of group working together.
7. In event of ties duplicate prizes will be paid to each tying contestant.
8. Three well known men, none having any connection with this company, will act as judges and each contestant agrees to accept their decision as final. These are the judges: Mr. C. G. Struthers, Cashier, Union State Bank; Mr. H. N. Leighton, Contractor, Ex-Pres. Board Education; Mr. Geo. F. Womrath, Bus. Agt. Mpls. Board Education.
9. All answers will receive equal consideration whether accompanied by purchase or not.
10. At the close of the contest a printed list of the owned "D" words and the names of the winners will be sent to all contestants who make purchases.
11. All answers must be mailed before post office closing time March 1st, 1922.

List of Offers

$1.00 One full size box of De Do Face Powder [white, flesh or natural (brunette)] Prepaid for.....$1.00

$2.00 One large jar each of De Do Night Cream and Day Cream. Prepaid for.....$2.00

$5.00 One box of De Do Face Powder, one jar each of Night Cream and Day Cream (as above), one $1.50 bottle of exquisite De Do Toilet Water, one 25c box of Nail Polish, and one 35c can of De Do Talcum Powder, Total $5.10. Prepaid for.....$5.00

LIST OF CASH PRIZES

	If No Purchase Is Made	If $1.00 Purchase Is Made	If $2.00 Purchase Is Made	If $5.00 Purchase Is Made
First prize	$20.00	$500.00	$1,000.00	$2,500.00
Second prize....	10.00	250.00	500.00	1,250.00
Third prize.....	5.00	125.00	250.00	625.00
Fourth prize....	5.00	75.00	150.00	375.00
Fifth prize.....	5.00	50.00	100.00	250.00
Sixth prize.....	3.00	40.00	80.00	200.00
Seventh prize...	3.00	30.00	60.00	150.00
Eighth prize....	3.00	20.00	40.00	100.00
Ninth prize.....	2.00	15.00	30.00	75.00
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Start in business for yourself. Be your own boss. Supply Heinrich products to your community, either town or country, and make $1.00 every hour you work. Write for list of open territories and full particulars.



NOTICE—The former closing date, Feb. 15, has been extended to March 1st, 1922.

De Do Toilet Water $1.50 | De Do Talc. 35c | De Do Night Cream $1.00 | De Do Day Cream $1 | De Do Face Powder $1.00 | De Do Nail Polish 35c

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THIS is the new "Gate Top" mesh purse with a ten-inch wrist chain, handsome, stylish, and **perfectly safe for the carrying of money and other valuables.** A slight pull with the forefinger of each hand instantly opens the purse, a gentle pressure with thumb and finger closes it. Our illustration shows the purse closed. When open the top is as large as the bottom, or in other words, two inches in diameter. When closed it leaves an opening only three-fourths of an inch wide over which the brightly polished German silver cover snaps down tightly so that the contents of the purse cannot possibly become lost. This dainty purse is now extremely fashionable so we have purchased a quantity for the benefit of those of our lady and girl readers who like to be up-to-date in these little accessories. You can have one of them free by taking advantage of the following

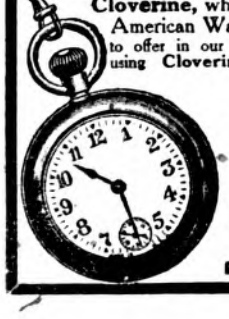
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Reward No. 7833

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Melotte, manufacturer of the greatest cream separator the world has ever known, announces a sweeping reduction in prices. Take advantage of this condition while it lasts. Buy now and save money.

Self Balancing Bowl

The Melotte bowl is *self-balancing*. Positively cannot get out of balance, therefore cannot vibrate. Can't remix cream with milk. Runs so easily, bowl spins *25 minutes* after you stop cranking unless you apply brake. No other separator needs a brake Bowl chamber is *porcelain lined*.

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30 days' free trial—then, if satisfied, only $7.50 and a few easy payments—AND—the wonderful Belgium Melotte Separator is *YOURS*. Don't buy *any* separator until you have found out all you can about the Melotte and details of our 15-year guarantee which is infinitely stronger than any separator guarantee. Write TODAY.

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SAFE AND SANE
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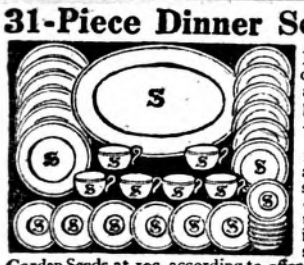
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Full size dinner china, guaranteed against crazing; pure white color. Every piece decorated with royal blue band and your initial stamped in pure coin gold — just the set for a family of six. Simply sell 40 packets Garden Seeds at 10c, according to offer in catalog. Send your name. The Wilson Seed Co., *Dept. 107* Tyrone, Pa.



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This is a well-made violin, and is popular model of medium size It is finely proportioned and well finished. Body is well arched from the center with ample depth from the bridge. Flamed maple back and sides to match. It is a beauty. We send it complete, bow, rosin, etc., FULL INSTRUCTIONS how to play, for selling only 25 packages of Post Cards at 10c per pack. We trust you. Just write to Jones Mfg. Co., Dept. 28, Attleboro, Mass.



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350 SHOT AIR RIFLE given for selling 40 big packets "Best by Test" garden seed at 10c. Order today, when sold send $4 and choose rifle, cash commission or other valuable prize in catalog sent with seed. We trust you. The Jefferson Farms, Dept. E, Albany, Ga.

MONEY Made quickly by smart men. Artol Co., 115 Nassau St., N. Y.

The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26.)

in drills a foot apart in early spring and till and weed carefully, as the tiny asparagus plants are frail at first and cannot compete with weeds for food or sunlight. By early summer they will be big enough to thin out. Thin out, leaving a plant every three inches, but favor the strongest plants even if the three-inch rule must be stretched a bit to permit it. No further handling, aside from careful cultivation, is needed throughout the remainder of the first season's growth, though some truck gardeners do find it advantageous to mark with small stakes the best and strongest plants late in the fall. In this way the best roots can be singled out for transplanting in the spring; unless marked in some way, it is difficult to tell the strong from the weak after the tops have died down, though an expert can judge closely from examination of the roots.

We have spoken of the right kind of soil and the early tilling required for the asparagus bed. We might add that it is best to locate the bed at one side or end of the garden where it will be out of the way, as it is a fixture—a permanent bed which with good care will last for years. Therefore do not plant asparagus where they will be in the way.

Plow or dig furrows or trenches about ten inches deep and four feet apart. For this operation the common double or "two-way" plow will be found very serviceable. Planting should be done as soon as the ground has warmed up in spring. Set roots two feet apart in the rows, and cover with only a couple of inches of soil at first. Gradually, as the season advances, fill in the trench slightly with each cultivation until level with the ground surface. To cover roots too deeply at the start is almost certain to result disastrously; therefore the suggestion to plant in trenches and fill in little by little until covered to a depth of six or seven inches.

As asparagus should have at least one year, better two, until it is cropped, the space between the rows may be utilized for such crops as cabbage, peas, beans, lettuce or most any other kind of small-growing garden truck that requires cultivation frequently. In this manner the asparagus bed is made to pay its way until it comes into bearing and the care and attention given the companion crop will also serve for the asparagus. This plan we suggest of two ways of "killing two birds with one stone" will, we feel sure, be well received by the farmer or farmer's wife who have only a limited space allotted for the kitchen garden, and who, therefore, must make every bit of ground work all the time.

In another issue we will discuss harvesting, winter care, insect pests and common alfalfa diseases.

Bean Weevils

Housewives often exclaim with extreme disgust and dismay, "Those pesky bugs have got into my beans again," on opening some supposedly "bug-tight" container of beans put away for winter use. The truth of the matter is that the tiny white grubs or larvæ of bean weevils, present in the beans at harvest time, have matured and now appear as the full-grown though tiny insect. Moreover, unless hindered in some way, eggs will be layed and a new brood of worms hatched to feed on the stored beans. We have known cases where, left undisturbed, these pests quickly reduced a large crock full of beans to a dirty mass of chaff.

Though the bean weevil is a very small and insignificant insect, he makes up in numbers what he lacks in size, and the damage he does each year runs into large figures. They have been the chief factor in discouraging commercial production of field beans south of New York except in the upland districts. Their ravages have compelled farmers throughout the entire coastal region of the Middle Atlantic States to discontinue the production of this valuable food crop on an extensive commercial scale. Likewise the cowpea weevil, a first cousin of the bean weevil, is the worst pest of the cowpea seed; this pest has curtailed to a marked extent the use of this excellent soil-building crop in Southern States. Other members of this disreputable family are the pea weevil, four-spotted bean weevil, broad-bean weevil, lentil weevil and Mexican bean weevil. As they are all more or less alike in habits, and as preventive measures for one will do for all, we will discuss the bean weevil only.

Life History of Weevil

A common error on the part of farmers is that once the crop is harvested, threshed and stored for winter use there is no further danger of damage from insect pests. This is not the case, as those who have found even sealed jars of beans crawling with the pests will bear out. That these tiny insects hatch or develop from the germ of the seed is a current but erroneous belief held by many, a belief which a true knowledge of the life history of the insect will not bear out.

The female weevil, which has migrated to the field from some storehouse where infested beans have been stored, or which has hibernated in the field in seed scattered last harvest-time, lays her tiny—almost invisible—whitish eggs on the newly-forming pods at about the time the blossoms are falling off. Eggs hatch into an equally tiny worm or grub which penetrates the skin of the bean, leaving so slight trace of the point of entry that it cannot be noticed without the aid of a magnifying glass. This explains the reason why apparently sound beans will in time "let out the truth" in the shape of the mature bean weevil.

Weevil grubs mature much more slowly than do the beans in which they live. By harvest time they have made about one-fourth of their growth and have damaged the bean so little that it will pass for sound in both weight and appearance. In storage, development continues steadily unless the temperature of the storage place falls to around 34 degrees, when the larvæ lie dormant. Stored in a warm place, weevilly beans will usually liberate the mature insects about midwinter. As we have mentioned before, if not taken in hand at this time another generation will soon be developed from a new "crop" of eggs. (This is not true of the common pea weevil, however, as it can reproduce only on the growing crop.)

Indications of Presence

At harvest time only an expert can determine whether or not weevil grubs are present in beans, though the microscopic worms could be seen if the beans were opened and examined closely with a magnifying glass, a procedure both unlikely and tedious, and one which would not appeal to the farmer. Later in the fall and early winter, as grubs grow, develop and reach full maturity and the time for them to transform from the grub or larval stage to the adult or mature insect approaches, they change from pale white to a muddy bluish tint. Lying just beneath the skin in the dormant or pupa stage, they cause bluish-black spots to appear on the beans. These spots, which can readily be seen with the naked eye, are a certain indication that weevils are in the beans, a fact which will be borne out in a week or two by the emergence of "those pesky bugs."

Prevention and Control

Clean culture and clean seed will go far to control weevils if practiced consistently throughout an entire neighborhood. If not, the insects, which are winged, will migrate for considerable distances to locate a bean field and lay their eggs. Harvest and thresh as soon as possible in the fall to prevent emergence of early-maturing insects which will remain in the field over winter to infest a new crop next spring. Never leave overlooked vines, scattered pods and seed lying in the field; destroy everything that could possibly house the few insects necessary to perpetuate the undesirable race. Turn in the cattle or hogs to clean up the leavings, then fall plow. If this is done, and if either new seed is purchased or your own seed is carefully screened and picked over to remove all light, spotted or punctured beans, the weevil pest can be kept within bounds.

Fumigation, Heating, Etc.

Perhaps the commonest and most satisfactory method of killing the larvæ of bean weevils in beans is to treat with carbon disulphide. This is done by placing beans in some airtight container such as a barrel or washboiler, then fumigating with this liquid at the rate of from three to eight pounds to each 1,000 cubic feet of space. For ordinary farm purposes fill the barrel to within two or three inches of the top, then pour over the beans half a cup of carbon disulphide. Tie two thicknesses of heavy wrapping paper over top of barrel to keep the fumes from escaping, and leave for from one to two days. Keep temperature of room at around 75 degrees; under 60 degrees this remedy is not effective. Carbon disulphide costs from eight to 25 cents, depending on the quantities purchased, and is for sale at any drug store. Caution: Keep away from flame! It will burn or explode like high-test gasolene.

Many housewives use heat to kill weevil grubs with good results. They place beans in a large flat pan and put in the oven for several hours. A temperature of between 120 and 145 degrees is needed to do the work. For home use this works quite well but for use as seed it is a question if the temperature can be controlled so as not to injure the germination of seed. Immersing in hot water for one minute, then drying immediately by spreading thinly on a clean floor, is another household method.

Beans are often stored commercially at a temperature ranging from 32 to 34 degrees; at these temperatures weevils are not killed, but they lie dormant and do not develop into mature insects. They will immediately resume development when placed under more ideal conditions, and will withstand cold for more than a year before being killed. Stored in this manner, germination of seed is not impaired if dampness is avoided. Moist air is highly injurious to the quality and germination of beans, and favors the development of molds.

"Hubam" Still Unproved

"Hubam," the much-discussed new annual clover, is so new that very little is yet known regarding its merits as a forage crop. Certain authorities have boosted it as being superior to the biennial strains of sweet clover. It has been claimed by some that, when seeded with grain in the spring, it will make a growth of from three to eight feet after the grain has been harvested. This claim may be justified in very favorable years under extremely favorable climatic conditions. Many other claims equally remarkable have been made but proof has not been obtainable.

With reference to the statement that "Hubam" seed has been sold for from $3.00 to $5.00 per pound, Prof. G. B. Mortimer, of the agronomy department of the Wisconsin College of Agriculture, says: "The seed of Hubam is not worth $5 a pound, nor is it worth 50 cents a pound, because it is practically untried and its merits unproved. No authoritative tests concerning its value as a forage crop have as yet been carried to completion in Wisconsin. Until such tests have been completed here and elsewhere no farmer should be lead to plunge heavily in raising Hubam."

"Experiments here have not shown Hubam to be a very satisfactory hay crop. Experiments were begun in 1920, but were hampered by an insufficient amount of seed. This year tests were more complete, with the result that the outlook for Hubam, in Wisconsin at least, is not very promising. The seed was sown with small grain under as good conditions as possible, but the crop was practically a failure. This may possibly be due in part to the dry season, but much better results must be obtained before we can conscientiously endorse it as a crop.

"Hubam is a rapidly growing plant and may be of some value as an emergency hay crop, as a green manure crop or as a source of fall pasture. It can be planted in the spring after the regular hay crop is known to have winter killed and a crop of hay obtained the following fall. If it withstands dry summer weather and does not become woody, it still has the disadvantage of unfavorable weather in haying time which usually comes during fall rains. From our observations a good crop of hay in good condition would be difficult to produce. Further experiments will have to be carried on to make certain, however."

Care of Farrowing Sow

"Successful hog breeders have learned by experience that the three days covering farrowing time and the period just after are their harvest season, and that the results obtained then make for either success or failure," says Prof. J. H. Sheppard, of the North Dakota Agricultural Experiment Station. At heart a lover of good livestock, and an active participant in livestock improvement during the past twenty years or more, Prof. Sheppard is in a position to offer valuable suggestions not only suited to the wheat belt of the Northwest but for the country at large. The following "do's" and "don'ts" are based on his hints to hog men:

1. Use good sires. Remember that to get good pigs you must begin with the grandparents. Poor sires mean poor pigs—and paltry returns. Begin right.

2. Get acquainted with your sows before far-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 41.)

$4.99 WONDERFUL BARGAIN 15 PIECE ALUMINUM SET



Beautiful "Sunray" Finish Colonial Panel Design

You will be proud to own this remarkable cooking set in latest Beveled Edge Colonial Panel design. It will give you a lifetime of pleasure and satisfaction. Every piece has new brilliant "Sunray" finish FULLY GUARANTEED GENUINE pure aluminum. Most practical kitchen combination ever offered. Absolutely new and different. (1) shows 5 pieces packed in one to save space when not in use; (2) Combination Cooker; (3) Sauce or Stew Pan; (4) Ladle or Dipper; (5) Self-Basting Roaster; (6) Casserole or Bake Dish; (7) Cereal Cooker or Double Boiler; (8) Tubed Cake Pan; (9) Strainer or Colander; (10) Convex Kettle with Cover; (11) Corn Popper or Corn Flake Toaster; (12) Steamer Set; (13) Cookie or Doughnut Cutter; (14 to 19) 6 Assorted Jelly Molds, each one a different pattern; (20) Measuring Cup; (21) Pudding Pan; (22) Preserving Kettle. This is the most remarkable bargain you were ever offered. Send your order today for a set at this rock bottom

Slashed Price We Deliver FREE!

Remember, you get this wonderful 15-Piece Guaranteed Genuine Aluminum Set, including a six-quart kettle with exclusive patented rim. The set works into 25 cooking, baking and roasting combinations for every conceivable kitchen use. Thousands of satisfied customers from coast to coast.

SEND NO MONEY!

Don't send one penny in advance. We want to deliver this wonderful aluminum set right into your own hands before you pay a cent. This is not a long drawn-out dollar-down offer. When your own postman brings this set to you pay him $4.99 and the set is YOURS FULLY PAID. If after examining it you are not convinced that it is the greatest bargain you ever got or are in any way dissatisfied, simply return it to us and we will gladly refund your money. This special offer is for immediate acceptance only—so fill in and mail the coupon today.

Lester Sales Agency
1186 Rand McNally Bldg.
538 S. Clark St. Chicago

Lester Sales Agency
1186 Rand McNally Bldg.
538 S. Clark St.
Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen: You may send me your Guaranteed 15-piece Aluminum Set in latest Colonial Panel design with beautiful Sunray finish. When the postman delivers the set to me I will pay him $4.99 and if after examining it I am not satisfied that it is a wonderful bargain I will return it to you in good condition, and you agree to refund my money.

Name .....
Address .....
Street No. ..... R.F.D. .....
State .....



30 DAYS FREE TRIAL Post Yourself

INVESTIGATE—Get facts on Walsh no-buckle harness, before buying any harness. Let me send you this wonderful harness on 30 days free trial. See for yourself this harness which outwears buckle harness because it has no buckles to tear straps, no friction rings to wear them, no holes in straps to weaken them. Highest possible quality of leather.

Try Walsh Harness on Your Team

Return if not satisfactory. Costs less, saves repairs, wears longer, fits any size horse perfectly. Made in all styles, back pads, side backers, breechingless, etc. LIBERAL TERMS, cash or note, no extra charge for credit. Write for FREE catalogue and new reduced prices.

JAMES M. WALSH, Pres.
WALSH HARNESS CO.
Dept. R-3
137 Keefe Ave.
Milwaukee, Wis.

Walsh Harness Book Tells the Why and How WRITE FOR IT TODAY FREE

A NEW OIL LAMP FREE
Burns 94% Air

M. A. Johnson, 609 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill., the inventor of a wonderful new oil lamp that burns 94% air and beats gas or electricity, is offering to give one free to the first user in each locality who will help introduce it. Write him for particulars. Agents wanted.—Advertisement.

Ladies Wrist Watch

With Silk Ribbon Bracelet



For A Club Of Only Ten

WE have long searched the market for a suitable wrist watch for our girl readers and at last we have found it.

The above illustration really fails to do the watch justice. We know you will instantly fall in love with it. It is the popular **octagon** shape, only 5-16 of an inch thick and one inch in diameter. It has a high-grade jeweled Swiss movement and will keep accurate time. The dial is pure white with Arabic numerals. The bracelet is made of the finest black silk ribbon with a genuine rolled-gold catch and slide.

If you want a dainty, stylish, up-to-date wrist watch that you will be proud to show your friends, here is your opportunity to secure one absolutely free. You can easily secure the small club mentioned below and as soon as you have done so this beautiful wrist watch is yours without one cent of cost.

Given To You! For a club of only ten one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this fine wrist watch with ribbon bracelet exactly as described above, absolutely free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 75110.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Genuine Gold Filled



Guaranteed For 5 Years





Gold Birthstone Rings

THE most popular ladies' rings worn today are these beautiful birthstone rings. Not only is it considered lucky to wear one of them but they are now and always will be exceedingly stylish. We are able to illustrate only three of the rings but there are **twelve** in all—a different stone for each month of the year, and of course you should wear the stone that is symbolical of the month you were born. The following is a list of the twelve rings, names of the stones and the month to which they apply:

No. 8411, January, Garnet. **No. 8421, February,** Amethyst. **No. 8431, March,** Bloodstone. **No. 8441, April,** Diamond. **No. 8451, May,** Emerald. **No. 8461, June,** Agate. **No. 8471, July,** Ruby. **No. 8481, August,** Sardonyx. **No. 8491, September,** Sapphire. **No. 8501, October,** Opal. **No. 8511, November,** Topaz. **No. 8521, December,** Turquoise.

Each ring is guaranteed genuine gold filled, which looks exactly like solid gold and will wear for years. **In fact we absolutely guarantee each ring for at least five years.** The rings themselves are perfectly plain, the stones are solitaires and perfect imitations of the real gems. The setting of each ring is the ever popular "Tiffany" style. As a Christmas, Birthday or all-the-year-round gift for wife, mother, sweetheart or sister, nothing could be more appropriate and acceptable than one of these beautiful guaranteed rings set with the birthstone of the person to whom it is given. We will send you one of these rings free upon the terms of the following offer:

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you one of these beautiful gold-filled Rings by parcel post, prepaid. **Please be sure to give size and number of ring wanted.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Sugar, Creamer And Tray



MADE of "crushed" silver—the very latest idea. Sugar, Creamer and Tray are full standard size. The Tray is quadruple silver plated and both Sugar and Creamer are quadruple silver plated outside and gold lined inside. A very useful set and a beautiful ornament for the dining table or sideboard.

CLUB OFFER. We will send you this Crushed Silver Set free and prepaid for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. **Reward No. 7904.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



SELF-FILLING Fountain Pen

For A Club Of Three

HERE is a fountain pen that we can positively guarantee. Perhaps you have had some experience with fountain pens which never **would** write well and continually leaked ink all over your fingers. If so you will certainly appreciate this opportunity to secure a fountain pen that has none of these defects. Our illustration is of course greatly reduced in size. The pen offered you here is 6½ inches long, made entirely of hard rubber, finely finished, and the pen point is genuine 14-K gold. The feeding device is perfect, permitting a uniform flow of ink and **it will not leak.** Also please notice that this is a **self-filling** pen. You can fill this fountain pen **in less than 10 seconds** by pressing down the spring on the side, then placing the pen point in a bottle of ink, after which you release the spring and the pen is instantly filled with ink to its full capacity. If given proper care this pen should last anybody for years. If you will accept the following special offer we will send you one of these self-filling fountain pens with a positive guarantee that if it fails to prove satisfactory in any way you may return it to us and we will replace it with a new pen **free of charge.**

Club Offer. For a club of only three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed self-filling fountain pen free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8873.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Five One-Year Old ROSE BUSHES

HERE is the offer you have been waiting for—our new 1922 offer of beautiful Rose bushes free to all COMFORT readers. This year we shall give you what we believe to be five of the **finest** varieties yet produced. They come from the most famous rose grower in the United States—an **expert** who has done nothing but cultivate roses all his life. Each bush is **one year old** and in a growing condition when delivered to you. No matter where you live, you will receive the bushes at the proper time to plant in your locality. We guarantee that they will reach you in perfect condition. If they do not, or if any of the bushes fail to grow, we will replace them for you **free of all cost.** Following is a brief description of each of the five different varieties. Please read carefully—and send in your order **today.**

For One Subscription You Get These Five Prize Beauties!

Alexander Hill Grey A magnificent giant yellow rose, standing head and shoulders above all others of its color, ranking with the American Beauty and the Killarneys in value and grandeur. The color is a deep golden yellow with the edge of the petal a little lighter.

Columbia A very large Rose, the open flower measuring six inches across. The color is a true pink, deepening as it opens to a glowing pink. The shades become more and more intense until the full maturity of the flower is reached, and this color is enduring.

Lady Gay One of the most wonderful of all climbing roses, noted for its sweet and lasting fragrance and immense clusters of double, light pink blossoms—as many as thirty to forty in a single cluster. It has none of the defects of the Rambler but remains free from disease in all climates.

Eugene E. Marlitt One of the finest garden roses, healthy, vigorous and free blooming. The flowers are large and very double and of a rich bright carmine with scarlet tones which do not fade in the hottest weather. It is very hardy, fragrant and keeps up a close succession of bloom.

Bessie Brown A splendid new rose introduced here from Europe and beautiful beyond comparison. It bears large, full, double blossoms on strong, erect stems, is very hardy and fragrant, blooming profusely all through the summer. The color is almost pure white, flushed with pink.

Our Free Offer For only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50c we will send you the above described five Rose Bushes, free by parcel post prepaid. They will be forwarded to you at the proper time for planting in your locality and we guarantee they will reach you in perfect condition. **Reward No. 8861.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine

What A Beautiful Life-Like Doll For Some Little Girl In Your Home!

Won't She Fairly Shout With Joy When She Finds This Big, Handsome, Sleeping Dolly Is All Her Own!

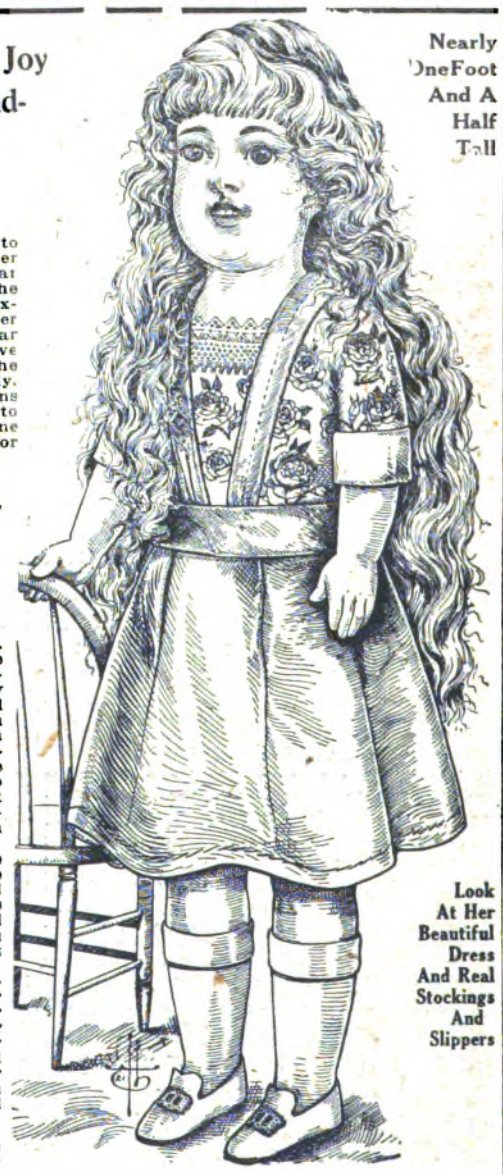
YES, we will send this big lifelike Doll to any little girl whose Papa, Mama, brother or sister will send in a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT. Not since before the war have we been able to offer such an expensive Doll. No city store will show a larger or handsomer Doll this season at anywhere near the price we paid for this one. We bought five thousand of them in one lot direct from the factory—that is how we secured them so cheaply. **And just think**—a club of only **six** subscriptions to COMFORT brings this beautiful Doll right to your door—yours to have and to own without one cent of expense. What a delightful surprise for some little tot in your home!

She Can Open And Close Her Eyes. She Has Imitation Teeth, Long Golden Hair And Wears A Pretty Dress With Real Stockings And Slippers.

NOW let us tell you more about this Doll, she stands **nearly a foot and a half tall.** The body, arms and legs are made by a new improved process which renders them practically **indestructible.** The head is **unbreakable** and head, arms and legs are movable. And if you could only see her hair. It is a light golden color, thick, long and luxuriant, **falling far below her waist.** Her eyes are as blue as the sky and she can open and shut them and go to sleep **like a real baby** whenever you want her to. Her rosebud lips are parted in a winsome smile showing her pretty white teeth in a truly lifelike manner.

She is fully dressed from head to feet in the latest style with cute short sleeves, handsome figured lace trimmed waist and short pleated skirt and she wears real stockings and slippers with silveroid buckles. **You can undress and dress this Doll as often as you please and you can take off her stockings and slippers and put them on again just as you do your own.**

Fathers and Mothers—just look at this beautiful Doll as she stands smiling and waiting for someone to pick her up, hug her and kiss her and take her out to play. Don't you think **your** little girl would just love to have her for her very own? Of course she would—and you should take advantage of this offer **at once.** Remember we have but five thousand of these Dolls on hand and when they are gone this offer will be withdrawn.



Nearly One Foot And A Half Tall

Look At Her Beautiful Dress And Real Stockings And Slippers

FOR A CLUB OF ONLY SIX!

YOU can surely find six neighbors and friends who will be glad to subscribe to COMFORT at the present bargain rate of 50 cents a year. Send us their names and addresses and the money collected ($3.00 in all) and we will send you this big, beautiful Sleeping Doll, fully dressed and otherwise exactly as described above, packed in a strong box so that it cannot possibly get broken, free by parcel post prepaid. There will be no expense to you whatever. Your Mail Carrier will deliver the Doll right to your door without charge. This Doll is **Reward No. 7806 and please mention this number when ordering.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Premo Camera

Reward No. 7944

Films And Instruction Book Free

THIS is not a toy but a genuine "**Premo**" camera, made by the **Eastman Kodak Co.,** therefore you can depend upon it to produce the most pleasing and satisfactory results. It takes a picture 1¼ by 1¾ inches, is fitted with the best quality **Meniscus lens** and an **automatic shutter** adapted for snapshots and time exposures. The pictures may be taken either the long way or the short way of the camera. It uses the regulation roll film cartridge containing six exposures and this may be put in the camera and taken out again in **broad daylight,** so that you don't have to go into a dark room every time you want to load the camera. Anybody can make good pictures with this camera. Being small and compact, it is just the thing to carry with you to "snap" pictures of your friends, sports, etc., with. And remember, we send you not only the camera itself but also include **One Six Exposure Roll Film Cartridge and Instruction Book,** all packed together in a strong box and sent to you **Free by Parcel Post, prepaid,** on the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For a club of four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents **each,** we will send you by parcel post, prepaid, this Premo Camera with one Roll Film Cartridge containing six exposures and complete Instruction Book. **Reward No. 7944.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



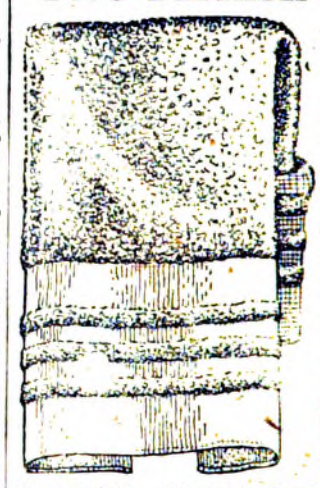
Shaggy Teddy Bear

EVERY little boy and girl wants a Teddy Bear and here is an opportunity for every father or mother who reads COMFORT to get one without expense. "Teddy" is a plump, shaggy fellow, 10 inches tall, made of brown plush, carefully stitched and finished, and his head and legs are jointed in such a manner that you can place him in almost any position. He will stand up, sit down, stand on his head, walk on all fours, in fact he gets himself into all kinds of positions, so comical and lifelike that it makes the children scream with delight just to look at him. Teddy is so well made that he cannot easily become broken, and with ordinary care should last for years. We will send you Teddy free if you will accept the following special offer:

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Teddy Bear free and prepaid. **Reward No. 9992.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Two Turkish Towels



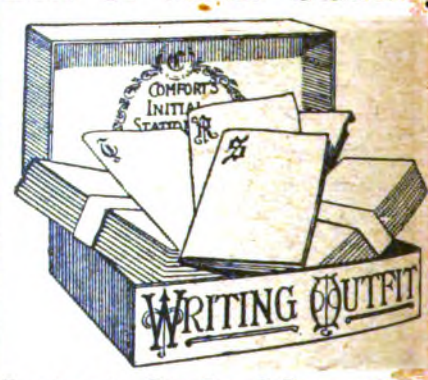
Good Size Soft And Fleecy

AFTER bathing there is nothing quite as fine as a good **rub down** with a **Turkish towel,** in fact it is **the best** towel for all purposes, whether for the bathroom, guestroom or everyday family use. They absorb the water much more readily than other towels and its **soft fleece-like surface** imparts to the body a delightful feeling of warmth and well-being. They are also fine for **baby's toilet** as they will not hurt the tender skin. The towels offered here are **15 inches wide and 32 inches long** which is a good convenient size for all-round family use, and are of good weight, well made and finished. We will make you a present of two of these towels upon the terms of the following offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you one pair (2) of these fine Turkish Towels free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 9912.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Box Of Initial Stationery



Latest Style Monogram

IT is now the **height of fashion** and evidence of the **very best taste** to use stationery with your **own monogram initial or "crest"** on it. In this offer we give you **two dozen sheets white linen stationery** 10¼x6¼ inches in size, **each sheet beautifully embossed in colors with any monogram initial you desire and two dozen envelopes.** Just think how nice it will be when writing to your friends to have your own **letter crest monogram initial embossed in colors** on this high-grade **fine quality stationery.** Remember you get **one full quire** of choice paper and **twenty-four envelopes** in this complete writer's outfit. Don't hesitate to send for this premium today because you will surely be delighted with it.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you a box of this Initial Stationery free by parcel post, prepaid. **When ordering be sure to specify what monogram initial you want. Reward No. 9482.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address but we will print only initials if so requested.

A SUBSCRIBER, Cherryvale, Kans.—The terms of your inquiry are not entirely clear and they are also, we believe, slightly misstated. Your "100 pounds of compressed air" we take to mean as air under 100 pounds compression. To gauge the increase of this compression under various heightened temperatures, it would be necessary to take some certain degree of temperature as a starting point from which the problem could be worked and the increase in pressure found. For the purpose of our answer, we are assuming that the original 100-pound compression takes place in ordinary indoor temperature of 68 degrees Fahrenheit—which equals 20 degrees Centigrade scale. Starting with this assumption, the mathematical rules governing such calculations give us the following results: At a temperature of 200 degrees Fahrenheit, the compression of the 100 pounds at 68 degrees would have increased to 125 pounds. At a temperature of 300 degrees Fahrenheit, this pressure would become that of 143.9 pounds.

H. S., Beaver Dam, Va.—Fame is of little value if there is yet one part of the United States where Henry Ford and his home address are not as well known as the thousands of gasolene chariots he has set rambling over every road of our country. You may write to Mr. Ford at Detroit, Michigan—where we assure you he is sufficiently well known that a letter will reach him without further address than this.

MRS. S. S., Barker, Texas.—After the death of a testator, the will is often read aloud as a matter of courtesy and convenience to the assembled heirs, but there is no law requiring such a public reading. It often necessarily occurs that one or more heirs cannot be present at such a reading, and these or other heirs can always obtain a copy of the will by application to the Surrogate's office or Probate Court where the document has been offered for probate. You should take steps to secure a copy of your brother's will from the address in Kansas where his last wishes were legally registered. Any local attorney will give you the necessary simple instructions how to go about this.

R. N. S., Pagosa Springs, Colo.—Land which has been made a part of the U. S. National Forest Reserve we believe to be no longer available for homesteading. Any land adjoining your present holdings which is part of a National Forest would be necessarily under the direct jurisdiction of a local Forest Supervisor. This official would be able to inform you authoritatively of the Federal laws governing the matter. If you are not satisfied with his statement of the case, you and your fellow homesteaders should ask aid and information from your Congressman or from the Secretary of the Interior, Washington, D. C.

MRS. C. S., Port Washington, Ohio.—Some gentlemen who control mining corporations find it more profitable and easy to sell nicely-engraved share certificates than to attempt the laborious obtaining of ore from land which may not be as richly filled with gold, silver or copper as the companies' promises and prospectuses might make investors believe. We very much fear the company you mention is one of this sort and management and that your investment in it must be considered a total loss. If so, be more cautious in the future regarding the placing of funds in far-off concerns regarding whose holdings and management you know nothing more of than can be told you in alluringly-worded literature. One Liberty Bond in the hand is worth any number of fly-by-night copper companies in the bush—and a disappearing bush at that. To find out what has become of this company since 1908, write to the editor of the "Verde Copper News," Jerome, Arizona. Enclose a stamp for reply and state that you are a stockholder seeking to discover the present status of this corporation.

M. A. S., Van Buren, Ark.—Your silver half dime of 1857 is worth perhaps seven cents, if in fine condition. Otherwise it would possess only the value of the modern and more plebian nickel. Your silver three-cent piece of 1866 is valued at from twenty to forty cents, according to condition; and a copper two-cent coin of 1865 can be sold at a price ranging between fifteen and forty-five cents. For the benefit of the many COMFORT readers who write to this department regarding old coins, we state here that a coin, no matter how rare it may be, can never be marketed for more than its face value unless it is in fairly good condition, with date and other mint markings in plain and little-worn state. Coins that have worn smooth and have dates almost indistinguishable are not purchased by collectors. This would make the copper cent, and also the foreign coin you describe, of no worth save that of their face or bullion value. Confederate paper money is of no value except that which might be paid for it as a curiosity—and these relics of the Civil War are not rare enough to rank high as curiosities—there being large quantities of Confederate currency yet in existence.

MRS. E. G., Shell Creek, Tenn.—Your daughter's unfortunate weakness in her left hand and arm would not prevent her capably following the occupation of bookkeeper or cashier, and we believe she might very sensibly take up some commercial course at a high school or business college which would fit her to assume an office position. Both Nashville or Knoxville in your state contain institutions of the sort which might instruct your daughter so she could be self-supporting in the business world.

QUESTIONER, Mt. Vernon, Ill.—A "coloratura soprano" would be one who rendered her songs with many trills and much florid vocal ornamentation. It is a manner of singing requiring training and consists of scaling single syllables so that they are sung in two or more tones. A good canary is a natural artist in coloratura vocal work.

E. G., North Baltimore, Ohio.—For your ink-stained duck, moisten the place of the stain with hot water and then apply a finely-powdered mixture consisting of equal parts of cream of tartar and citric acid. This mixture constitutes what druggists often call "salts of lemon." The powder is best applied to the stain with the bowl of a spoon and well rubbed in. Rinse thoroughly in clean water. Another remover of ink stains is a liquid composed of one part oxalic acid to two parts water. The use of this acid, however, is apt to injure the strength of the fabric.

MRS. J. W. H., Martha, Tenn.—We list the various geographical names you send us, together with the states in which they may be found: Yankton, S. D.; Owasso, Mich.; Hampton, Va.; Havre de Grace, Md.; Stevens Point, Wisc.; Streator, Ill.; Olean, N. Y.; Evanston, Ill.; Weehawken, N. J.; Canandaigua, N. Y. Pamlico Sound and Cape Hatteras are both features of the coast of North Carolina. The Ozark Mountains may properly be claimed by Missouri, although portions of these rangy and beautiful highlands extend into Arkansas. (2) In relation to state Civil Service positions, you should address the Civil Service Commission at your state capital. Information concerning positions in the Federal Civil Service should be sought from the U. S. Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C. You failed to state what particular position you were seeking to secure.

M. H., Cataldo, Idaho.—A Lincoln penny of the date of 1909 is worth exactly one cent.

M. A. V., Montville, N. J.—March 20, 1904, fell upon a Sunday.

A. E. P., Missouri.—The cabinet of President Harding is as follows at this writing: Secretary of State, Charles E. Hughes of New York; Secretary of the Treasury, Andrew W. Mellon of Pennsylvania; Secretary of War, John W. Weeks of Massachusetts; Secretary of the Navy, Edwin Denby of Michigan; Secretary of the Interior, Albert B. Fall of New Mexico; Secretary of Commerce, Herbert Hoover of California; Secretary of Labor, J. J. Davis of Indiana; Secretary of Agriculture, H. C. Wallace of Iowa; Attorney General, H. M. Daugherty of Ohio; Postmaster General, Will H. Hays of Indiana. The two U. S. Senators from Missouri are: James A. Reed of Kansas City and Selden P. Spencer of St. Louis. Mr. Reed is a Democrat and Mr. Spencer a Republican.



Talks with Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In writing this department always sign your true name and give your address; if not, your letter will receive no attention. Name will not be published.

LAST month, in speaking of New Year resolutions, I suggested that we take twelve of our greatest faults, one for each month of the year, and overcome them, one at a time. Then I deliberately side-stepped telling you about my faults, and, anyway, I wasn't sure which was my worst. After due consideration of the matter, I've decided that procrastination is the worst thing I do—or don't do—since to procrastinate means to put off until tomorrow, or from day to day. Much as I've tried to overcome the terrible habit, it nearly got the best of me this month, for I kept putting off answering your letters until it was almost too late. Wouldn't that have been a dreadful thing? I'd never have forgiven myself, never, if it had really happened. Remember, never put off until tomorrow what you can do today, though the average girl's idea of that wise old saying must be something like this: "Never take off tomorrow what you can take off today." But I'm sure my girls aren't like that.

DISSATISFIED ERMA, Va.—It is only natural that your husband should want to be with his mother, but at the same time you and your baby have certain rights and you should be protected, as well as his mother, by his life insurance. You say you "let him have his own way and do as he tells me." Maybe he needs a little wholesome opposition. Why not visit your mother or relatives for a while and give him a chance to miss you?

LEO, Mass.—Third cousins, I believe.

SUNSHINE, W. Va.—It seems to me if I were a girl of nineteen and had assisted in the care and general upbringing of eight younger brothers and sisters, I'd want a vacation before marrying and committing myself to the care of a home and possibly more babies. You show good judgment in wanting to wait until you finish school. After that, may you choose wisely and well and live happily ever after, and the chances for happiness are greater with someone you love rather than with a man you do not care for but whom your parents wish you to marry.

MABEL, Ohio.—It isn't best to believe tales that are told you. The fact that he had been seen with another girl during your absence doesn't necessarily mean that he had been in the least untrue to you. It may have been quite accidental and innocent. On the other hand, if he wanted very much to see you it seems that he could find a way even if he does live in another town and doesn't know when you are to be at home. It might be as well for you to let him make the first advances unless you find that you were wrong in the beginning.

BLUE EYES, North Carolina.—Goodness me, child, I didn't mean to intimate that I was a good cook or housekeeper but just the average, though I'm tickled pink to be of help when I can. If your candy "sugars" I should say it is because you cook it too long or beat it too much after you remove it from the fire. This is my recipe for plain chocolate fudge: Two cups of sugar, two-thirds cup of milk (part cream if not too expensive), heat to boiling point, add two squares of chocolate and stir until chocolate is melted. Boil until it will form a soft ball when dropped in cold water, probably ten minutes, add one tablespoon of butter just before removing from fire. Beat well, add a teaspoon of vanilla when it cools a little, and keep on beating until creamy or mixture begins to harden a very little around edge of dish. Pour into buttered tin, etc. When I want some very special candy I make Divinity Fudge. Here's how: Two cups of sugar, one-half cup corn syrup and one-half cup water. Boil four or five minutes or until it will "thread" when dropped from tip of spoon. Have ready some chopped nuts and the stiffly-beaten whites of two eggs. Pour the boiling syrup onto the whites of the eggs, beating all the while, with egg beater at first and spoon when mixture gets too heavy and thick for beater. Flavor with vanilla and add nuts. At first signs of thickening or hardening, pour it into buttered tins. Maybe this isn't according to Mary Elizabeth, but if you like it I shall be content.

TROUBLED OF MISSISSIPPI.—Didn't you ever hear of little "Orphant Annie" who said that the "goblin uns will get you if you don't watch out"? Well, goblins aren't in it compared with married men who give girls jewelry and take them on automobile rides, so you better "watch out." To tell the truth, I think you'd be much safer with an ordinary everyday goblin than a married man such as you describe. Even a wicked goblin would be interesting, I think. At any rate, he wouldn't start in telling you that his wife didn't "understand" him, and I feel safe in saying that's just what your married man did. Fact is, the wives understand them only too well, and no man that isn't straight likes to be understood. It makes him rather ashamed, and to bolster up his self-conceit he tries to make some young girl think she is in love with him. Honest now, don't you think it would have been more to his everlasting credit if he had bought shoes for his children instead of spending his money for jewelry for you? Of course the dear little things need more than shoes, little shirts and things like that, but shoes always make a hit in a literary and poetical sense, and if cleverer people than I say shoes, then I'll say the same, but I still insist that they need other things as well. From all this I trust you've gathered that I don't approve of your behavior, and if you really want my advice (else why did you waste a perfectly good two-cent stamp—it's all marked up now) you'll have nothing more to do with him only to tell him that you wouldn't want him for a husband, for history might repeat itself, and, furthermore, you want to respect the man you marry, and he hasn't shown himself worthy of respect. In one way you haven't either, but it was through ignorance, and can be overlooked.

CONSTANCE, Utah.—Cheer up, Constance. Folks who are so shy and hard to get acquainted with generally "wear well", once they make friends. That is better than being able to talk easily to everyone and then have them forget you the next day.

GUY, Ky.—Bless your heart, Guy, I had no intention of scolding. You aren't the first boy of seventeen (and eighteen and nineteen), as well as older men, to confess your love to me—for some other girl, I mean, always for some other girl. Some of them were even more serious and hopeless than you are, but to date there have been no fatalities. They either forgot the object of their seventeen-year-old devotion or else married them later and then forgot them—no, I mean married them and lived happily ever after. Most cases, though, they married someone else. The only help I can give you is to be so loyal and devoted that she cannot help but realize that you love her, or else neglect her a little and see if that makes any difference.

PRUDENCE, Tenn.—Your grandmother seems to be a determined old lady, and if she says you can't see or correspond with the young man I don't see how I can change her mind. He might try making love to Grandma, in a nice, attentive, grandson manner, and win her approval that way. Most women are susceptible to flattery, no matter what age. Or he might rescue her from some terrible fate. Too bad granny hasn't a still up in the mountains; then he could warn her of the approach of the revenue officers and thus win her everlasting gratitude and her granddaughter as well. Perhaps it is just as well, though, for in that case he might decide he'd rather have the grandmother.

THREE CHUMS, Ark.—If a girl of sixteen, in the seventh grade, wanted to leave school and go to work to clothe herself, should she do it if her parents objected? If the parents of this girl were able to give her sufficient clothes to cover her in a decent manner then she should be glad to stay in school and to study hard. Of course if she has absolutely no clothing whatever, then I suppose she should go to work long enough to earn money to dress herself in a comfortable manner. According to the way some of the girls dress it ought not to take so much time to earn money enough for that. (2) If your parents object to you writing to a certain boy, then don't write to him. The fact that he sends you the necessary postage doesn't make it right.

WORRIED BLUE EYES, North Carolina.—It is only natural that he should wish to spend Sundays with his uncle, since the uncle gave him a home and education. You wouldn't have him ungrateful, would you? For that matter, you haven't given him so much encouragement. You should have answered him more kindly, at least, though I do think he should have expressed his love for you before asking if you cared for him. Don't worry, everything will be all right.

There, we had a nice little chat, didn't we? I've enjoyed it and hope you have.

Sincerely, COUSIN MARION.

How to Clean a Steel Knife

THE so-called tarnishing of steel knives is the result as much of the wrong method of cleaning as it is of a chemical decomposition of the surface of the blade, according to official advice from the American Cutlery Bureau of Information. A badly-polished steel knife will show more easily the effect of tarnishing than will one that has been well cleaned and polished before use. Experience, in fact, has proven that the best-polished American steel knives, made of high-class steel, are less inclined to tarnish than those of inferior quality.

All tarnishing of steel knives can be avoided if the knives are cleaned immediately after use. The chemical action of the acids which causes tarnishing requires a certain time to accomplish its purpose and the quicker it is interrupted the better it is for the future use of the knife. Do not leave steel knives lying uncleaned over night. Rinse the blade carefully in hot water after use and wipe it dry with a clean cloth. This will destroy the acids. If there is time, polish the blade with a fine powder polish. The polish upon the blade of a good steel knife is produced by very rapid friction which makes the surface of the blade absolutely smooth until it shines as does the polish on high-class furniture or glass.

Acids destroy the smoothness of the surface and eat not only into the polish but create small indentations in which food will decompose and help to make the tarnishing of the blade permanent. Many machines and appliances for polishing knives are sold. The best to use, however, is an ordinary bottle cork and some fine polishing powder. No appliance can replace the sensitiveness of the hand and a few rubbings with the cork will not only remove all the uncleanliness from the blade but also renew the polish which is its natural protector. Before polishing, rinse the blade thoroughly with warm water and dry it. After polishing, a renewed rinsing and careful drying will remove the remains of the polishing powder. The essential purpose of a knife is to cut. Buying cheap cutlery is false economy. Ask your dealer for the best table cutlery made in America.

Try It Three Times Free!

Dr Caldwell will send you a trial bottle of his famous Syrup Pepsin free of charge, enough to relieve three stubborn attacks of constipation.

SEND HIM YOUR ADDRESS TODAY FOR YOUR FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

PEOPLE who are occasionally or habitually constipated will be glad to know of a remedy that brings quick relief; and to dispel all question and doubt I will send a small bottle, enough to relieve three attacks of constipation, free of charge. I ask no money or promise of money, just your name and address in the most convenient way for you.

What I will send you is a compound of Egyptian Senna and other simple laxative herbs with pepsin, known to druggists as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. I have been making it for 29 years, and it is today the largest selling liquid laxative in the world. You can buy it in any drug store. A dose would cost you less than a cent, and a bottle will last even a large family several months.

My object in sending free trial bottles is to prove to skeptics and doubters, at my own expense, that my Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is a different laxative from any other you may ever have tried. I want to prove that it will relieve any case of constipation, no matter how old, chronic or stubborn; that it will help to regulate your system so that medicines can in time be altogether dispensed with; that it is smoother and pleasanter than others; that it does not pain or gripe.

Thousands of people after using Syrup Pepsin promptly discarded strong physics, cathartics and purgatives; pills, salt waters, calomel, coal tar drugs in candy form and such things. They wrench the system and cause a reaction worse than before. My Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin operates gently and smoothly, and is safe. That is why over 8,000,000 bottles were bought in drug stores last year, several million by mothers who gave them to constipated infants and children. Elderly people, too, prefer mild Syrup Pepsin, for they have not the strength to stand powerful drugs. This is especially gratifying to me, as I know the troubles of the old, being myself in the 83d year of my age.



DR. W. B. CALDWELL

who will send three trials of his Syrup Pepsin free of all cost

There is someone in every family who should send for the trial bottle that I offer free, and parents should send in behalf of the children. Send for it if there is constipation only now and then, and keep the free bottle until it is needed; send for it if there is chronic constipation, and use it at once; send for it if someone is subject to headaches, biliousness, feverishness, loss of appetite, dyspepsia, restlessness, sleeplessness, indigestion, sniffling and colds, for even common colds are complicated with constipation.

CLIP AND MAIL

Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 553 Washington St., Monticello, Illinois.
Send me a trial bottle of your Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin free of all cost. I or some one in the family will give it a trial the next time there is constipation.

Your name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

If you prefer, simply send your name and address on a postcard or in a letter. I will understand.



ALL THIS FREE
Gold-plated **Lavalliere and Chain**, pair **Earbobs**, Gold-plated **Expansion Bracelet** with Im. **Watch, guaranteed quality** and 3 Gold-plated Rings ALL FREE for selling only 15 pieces Jewelry at 10 cents each.
EAGLE WATCH CO., Dept. 15, East Boston, Mass.



FLASHLIGHT GIVEN Everybody wants seeds.
OR CHOICE WATCH, CAMERA OR RIFLE
for selling only 40 packs asstd. Vegetable Seeds at 10c per large pack. Easy to sell. **EARN BIG MONEY** or premiums. We trust you with seeds until sold. Address;
Send No Money
AMERICAN SEED COMPANY
Lancaster, Pa. Box 32

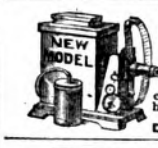


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10 YEAR GUARANTEE Watch and Ring GIVEN
We positively give a genuine Stem Wind, Stem Set Watch, Beautifully Engraved Case, guaranteed time-keeper, for selling only 25 of our Large, Beautifully Colored Art and Religious Pictures at 10c each. Order 25 pictures. We trust you. When sold, return money collected, and this Watch and Handsome Stone Set Ring are yours. It's easy our way.
GAIR MFG. CO. 1926 Sunnyside Ave. Dept. 108 **CHICAGO**

VIOLIN GIVEN
This special sweet toned Violin given for selling two lots of 20 pictures at 10 cents each. Order 20 pictures, when sold send the $2.00 and choose Violin or other prize according to big list sent with pictures.
RAY ART CO., DEPT. 48, CHICAGO, ILL.



FREE
Eastman Camera. Load and unload in daylight. Takes pictures 2 1-4 x 3 1-4, sharp, clear and distinct. Sell 40 packets Garden Spot Seed at 10c a packet and Camera is yours. Send no money. Write now.
Lancaster Co. Seed Co. Sta. 99 **PARADISE, PA.**

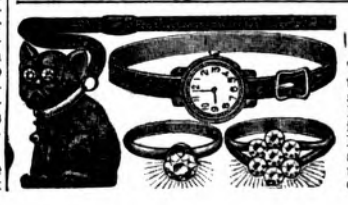


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HAVE YOUR OWN "MOVIE"
Genuine American Moving Picture Machine complete with film, given free for selling 30 sets Colored Postcards at 10 cts. a set. You can earn money giving shows at your own home. Write today.
COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO., Dept. 658 East Boston, Mass.

THIS AIR RIFLE FREE
for selling 10 pckgs. Bluine at 15c a pckg. Rifle first-class in every way. When sold return our $1.50 and we will send rifle, all postage prepaid.
BLUINE MFG. CO., 561 Mill St., Concord Jct., Mass.



MAKE MONEY SELLING GLASSES
Prescriptions filled — Broken lenses duplicated.
Send for Catalog. **COULTER OPTICAL CO., Dept. B, Chicago**



ALL THIS JEWELRY FREE
This "Lucky Tige" **CHARM** with 36-inch silk Cord, this Im. **WRIST WATCH** with adjustable leather strap and buckle, this pair of sparkling pierceless **EAR RINGS, 3** Gold plated **RINGS** and this handsome 36-inch Oriental Rice Bead **NECKLACE** with Tassel Beaded Drop. We give **ALL** these 7 articles **FREE** for selling only **12** Jewelry Novelties at **10** cents each. Send today. We trust you and treat you square.
C. W. MEAD MFG. CO., Providence, R. I.





54 Inch Rope Of Pearls

Reward No. 9882

Full Opera Length

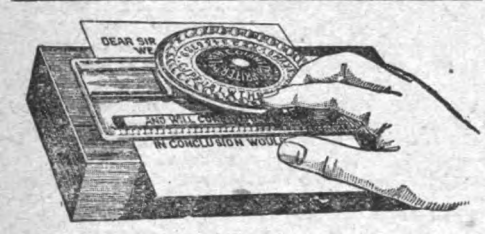
THE dream of every woman and girl is to possess her own necklace of gleaming, iridescent pearls. There's a wonderful fascination about them—a beauty that appeals to every feminine heart.

Now your dream can come true—for we are giving away this handsome, full **opera length** rope of Parisian pearls. It is 54 inches long, all the pearls are of uniform size—¼ inch in diameter—of perfect finish and luster, far handsomer than the ordinary imitation pearl necklace sold at a high price. It can easily be wound **twice** around the neck, making the double rope as shown in our illustration.

By rare good luck we secured first choice of these necklaces from a large importer and at a price that enables us to give them for an unusually small club. Please read the following offer and learn how you can get a beautiful, 54-inch rope of pearls **free** of all cost.

Given To You! For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this handsome, opera length Pearl Necklace free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9882.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

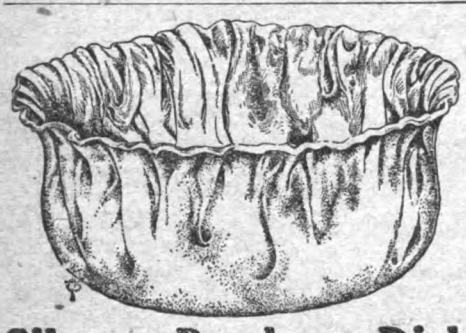


Little Giant Typewriter

A REAL machine that writes very distinctly. Has every letter in the alphabet, all the numerals from 1 to 10 and punctuation marks. Uses any size letter paper up to 5 inches wide. For correspondence, making out invoices, statements, addressing envelopes, etc., this machine will do the work well. It is very easy to operate, in fact, a child can write on it after a little practice.

Given To You! For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Typewriter free and prepaid. **Reward No. 8853.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Silver Bonbon Dish

THIS beautiful dish can be used for a variety of purposes—for candy, nuts, salted peanuts, popcorn, etc. It is much larger than it appears in the above illustration, measuring over five inches in width and two inches deep. It is heavily silver plated outside and gold lined. Needless to say, it makes a handsome ornament for the sideboard and will last a lifetime.

We will send you this handsome Silver Bonbon Dish free upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this Silver Plated, Gold Lined Bonbon Dish free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9942.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Ivory White Toilet Set

Comb Brush Mirror

For A Club Of Six

PURE white, with a fine smooth finish, this handsome Comb, Brush and Mirror Set equals in appearance the finest French Ivory. The Comb is 7½ inches long, very light and dainty, with both coarse and fine teeth. The Brush is 10 inches long and 2½ inches wide, with medium-length, finest, stiff bristles. The Mirror, which measures 10x5½ inches, is made of heavy, flawless, beveled French glass, 4½ inches in diameter.

No lady could wish for a finer Toilet Set than this one. It has the air of refinement found in the highest grade Ivory Sets, it is just as durable and can be cleaned as often as desired without injury to its smooth ivory white finish.

We will give you, free, this fine Ivory White Comb, Brush and Mirror Set in a fitted box upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this Comb, Brush and Mirror Set in a fitted box, free, by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 7796.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Plant This Grand Fruit Orchard!

For A Club Of Only Two We Will Send You Seventeen Apple And Pear Tree Grafts, Berry Bushes And Grape Vines!

LAST season we sent out nearly twenty-five thousand of these Orchard Collections to COMFORT readers. So far as we know, not one of them failed to grow. This season we expect to give away fifty thousand. We buy these Collections from a nursery man who has been in business for years and who has the reputation of producing some of the finest nursery stock to be obtained anywhere. He personally selects the different varieties that make up these Collections and forwards them direct to our readers by prepaid parcel post. **He Guarantees Every Collection.** If any of the trees, bushes or vines fail to grow satisfactorily they will be replaced for you **free of all charge.**

Here Is What You Get!

ONE Snow Apple Tree, One Wealthy Apple Tree, One Kieffer Pear Tree, One Bartlett Pear Tree, Two Lucretia Dewberry Bushes, Two Rex Raspberry Bushes, Three Niagara Grape Vines, Three Delaware Grape Vines, Three Concord Grape Vines.

The four Apple and Pear Tree grafts are **one foot high,** grafted from bearing trees with good records. They will take root as soon as planted and grow rapidly into vigorous, healthy trees.

The nine Grape Vines are a product of Southern Michigan, where the finest grapes in the world are grown. From selected vines, cuttings are taken and buried in underground pits until they undergo a process known as "calousing." After being properly "calloused" the cuttings will take root as soon as planted. **The "calloused" Grape Cuttings in this Collection are all produced in this manner.** They will grow rapidly and bear immense crops of choice grapes almost as soon as large vines planted at the same time.

The two Raspberry Bushes and two Dewberry Bushes are robust, one-year-old youngsters, ready to set out as soon as you receive them. They will begin growing at once and develop into fine, heavy-bearing bushes if given proper attention.

All Will Bear Soon!

This Fine Fruit Orchard will prove an ever-increasing source of pleasure and profit to you year after year. All the trees, vines and bushes will bear fruit in a remarkably short time. In two years the Raspberry and Dewberry bushes will commence bearing. The following year you will have grapes. The Apple and Pear Trees will begin to bear in from three to five years. Then you will have loads and loads of fine fruit in increasing quantity every year.

Full Planting Instructions!

WITH this Orchard Collection you will also receive **instructions for planting.** These directions are illustrated with pictures and diagrams showing you **just what to do and when and how to do it.** By following these simple directions you should in a few years have one of the finest orchards in your neighborhood.

They Are Sure To Grow!

REMEMBER, everything in this Collection is **absolutely guaranteed to grow.** We stand behind every Collection sent out and the grower in turn stands behind us. You may rest assured that this splendid Collection will reach you in **good condition** and grow to your **entire satisfaction** if the directions for planting are carefully followed. If any of the trees, bushes or vines fail to make growth satisfactory to you, we hereby guarantee to replace them **absolutely without charge.** You run absolutely no risk in accepting this offer.

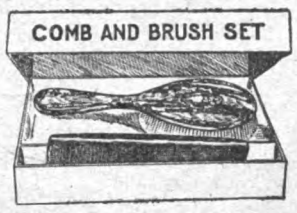
Our Free Offer!

FOR a club of only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will give you this remarkable Fruit and Orchard Collection free—the two Apple Trees, two Pear Trees, two Dewberry Bushes, two Raspbrry Bushes and nine Grape Vines. The whole Collection will be carefully wrapped and sent to you prepaid by parcel post, direct from the grower **at the proper time for planting in your locality.** Remember we guarantee that everything will reach you in perfect condition. Be sure to send in your order this very day and ask for **Reward No. 9542.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine



2-Piece Toilet Set

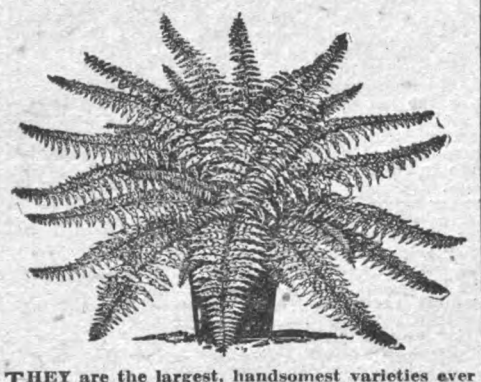


THIS is a good grade Toilet Set, consisting of comb and brush. The comb is seven inches long, with coarse and fine teeth, and comes in the new popular "Malachite" green finish. The brush is nine inches long, two and a half inches wide, with firm white bristles, and is finished in the same beautiful "Malachite" green, with a silverine shield on the back. We have given away thousands of these sets and it never fails to please.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Comb and Brush Set free and prepaid. **Reward No. 9982.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Three Lovely Ferns



THEY are the largest, handsomest varieties ever grown for house culture—the Roosevelt, the Boston or "Fountain" fern, and the Whitmani or "Ostrich Plume" Fern. We guarantee thse ferns to be strong, healthy and well rooted, and that they will reach you in perfect condition, ready to pot. If any of them fail to grow, we will cheerfully replace them free of charge. We are able to illustrate but one variety, "The Roosevelt," but remember you get all three ferns free on this offer.

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you the above described collection of **three beautiful ferns free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 8581.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



31-Piece Dinner Set

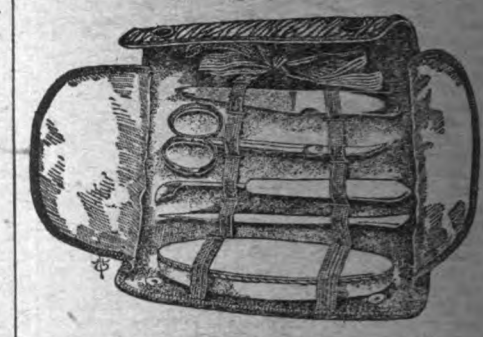
THIS splendid set of dishes is full size for family use and consists of **6 Plates, 6 Cups, 6 Saucers, 6 Cereal or Fruit Dishes, 6 Individual Butters** and large **Meat Platter** all handsomely decorated with clusters of **purple wood violets** surrounded with rich green foliage and bordered with **lovely tracings of gold.** Our illustration gives you no idea of the real beauty of these dishes. This is by far the handsomest, daintiest dinner set we have ever offered and we are positive that it will **more than please** every woman who secures one of them on the terms of our very liberal offer. No matter where you live **(if it is not outside the United States),** we will ship you this set by express direct from the pottery in Ohio. You are to pay the express charges, but they will be but a fraction of what this set would cost you at retail.

Given To You! For a club of only ten one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome 31-piece Violet Decorated Dinner Set carefully packed to prevent breakage, charges collect. **Reward No. 75010.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

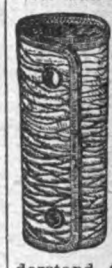
French Ivory Manicure Set

In A Roll-Up Leather Case



Given For A Club Of Four!

A PRACTICAL and beautiful Set, containing everything necessary for the proper care of the nails. It consists of a 5-inch flexible polished steel nail file, a pair of 3½-inch polished steel curved nail scissors, a 4-inch cuticle knife with French Ivory handle, a 4-inch French Ivory nail stick, and a 4½-inch nail polisher or buffer with French Ivory Top. All these articles are neatly contained in a moire-lined, **genuine leather case,** measuring 5½ inches wide and 6 inches from end to end when opened. The case rolls up as shown in illustration, and fastens with two snap clasps. In this form it resembles a miniature pocketbook, and is just as convenient to carry, as it measures only 5½x2 inches and only 1 inch in thickness.



Although we offer this Manicure Set for an unusually small club, please understand that each and every piece is strictly high grade and regulation size. We know that every woman and girl who accepts this offer and earns one of these splendid Sets will be more than delighted with it. It is free on the terms of the following offer.

Given To You! For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this splendid French Ivory Manicure Set in a roll-up leather case free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8124.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

"Peggy" The New Winter Doll

She Is Looking For A Mother



Do You Want Her?

PEGGY first saw the light of day in New York but she didn't like the big city with its noise and confusion and was mighty glad to come to Maine on a brief vacation before looking for a permanent home somewhere in the country.

She—doesn't care where she lives so long as as it is in some cozy little town or on a nice, big farm, and provided she can find some little girl who will be a kind mother to her. She just loves the horses and cows and doggies and kitties and—yes, even the little "piggies" make her laugh until she can hardly stand up.

Peggy says that life on the farm is the only life for her, so we want to give her to some little girl who lives on a farm, where she can romp and play to her heart's content and be happy all day long. Please remember, however, that we have but a limited number of these Dolls on hand and if you want one your order should be sent in **at once.**

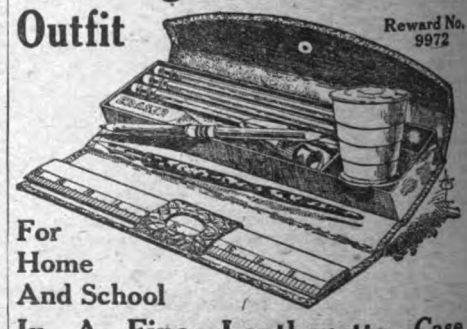
A New York manufacturer who wanted to keep his help busy during the dull season sold us these Dolls at about one-half the regular wholesale price, so we are enabled to give them away for almost nothing.

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you "Peggy" free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8621.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Writing And Drawing Outfit

Reward No. 9972



For Home And School

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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35.)

Lena, you say you run races "coming from school," but you don't say anything about running to school. Yet I suppose it is just possible that you are in more of a rush to get home than you are to arrive at the Arcola Arcanum to which you travel daily for the absorption of wisdom. I'm sure glad you have never yet been hurt when you have been "throwed off" during your races, Lena. This speaks well for your "tuff"-ness, but it is almost mighty tough on your school spelling book or dictionary which apparently must have also been thrown off when you came a cropper in one of your racing spills. Lena, you want to keep a tight hold on your spelling lessons and grammar drills if you intend to graduate from high school two short years from now. Examination papers cannot be answered by intention and there might be a few tough questions thrown in which you would find it hard to answer. I see that you expect your course in corn gathering to last longer than your school work. If you buy any of the finely-scalloped, needle-pointed shoes I see exhibited in shop windows nowadays, I am sure you will be able to keep on corn gathering the balance of your young and old days. Billy, who is fearfully literal and most serious-minded, says that you mean yellow field corn or sweet corn, and not pink toe corns. Perhaps he is right and you do mean that you spend your vacation in stacking together the crop that always runs Missouri's corn score into the millions of bushels each year. If you do mean this, I'll say that you took a very useful way to pass a part of your summer and that perhaps your diploma may be won at some shocking moment this winter when a red ear turns up as part of your vacation-gathered crop.

Lena, you want your age to be discovered: I'm going to guess you are not over sixteen—and if I'm wrong, it will prove that I am a "tuff" guesser and that your letter has "throwed" me completely off the track.

FLETCHER, N. C.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

I wonder if you would let a little orphan be one of your nephews? I am a little boy nine years old, kindly small for my age, but I feel that I will make a big man some day. My mother and daddy are both dead. They have been dead six and seven years. I have two brothers; one is grown and the other thinks he is, but he isn't. I have just one sister and we all live together. Big Brother works, while other brother and I go to school. I am in the third grade but I can't write good and plain, so someone else does my writing. I have two tame rabbits and some little chickens. We have two pigs and three kittens that are my playmates. Sometimes I don't get much chance to play as I have to get wood evenings. If I see my letter in print I will write again sometime. My sister has taken COMFORT for a long time and I love to hear her read aloud the letters from the other cousins. So I will close for this once, hoping I have made no bad mistakes in this letter. Best wishes from one among the new cousins,

Your loving nephew, JOHNNIE LANNING.

Johnnie, my boy, you may have to get along with less fathers and mothers than most boys own, but it is sure that you have mor' cousins in your Family—and I know for certain that you have one Uncle who loves you a lot. I am delighted to hear that you are "kindly small," Johnnie. For I am sorry to say there are too many folks in this world who are not entitled to be called this; instead they are "smally kind"—which is a very different thing indeed, and not nearly so nice. When you get to be that "big man" you hope to grow to become, I am sure you will then want to be "kindly large," and will try to love all the two-legged human friends and playmates you meet in life just as much as you love the four-legged playfellows you have now. Kindness is the best human currency in the world, John; although banks have a funny way of not accepting it—which of course only makes it all the worse for banks and bankers. For just look at the banks now: they are all fussing and fuming about rates of exchange and depreciated currencies and gold supplies—and all sorts of queer things which show how worthless and unstable is all this money they handle so carefully! While to start out with only a small supply of the Legal Tender of Love is to have the foundation of a real wealth that cannot reduce in value, but must always pass current at a true standard in the affairs of men.

I'm glad you like to hear the letters of other cousins read to you from the pages of COMFORT, Johnnie. You must have your sister read to you your own letter now that it is in print; it will make that badly-mistaken "grown-up" brother of yours see that you can do other things beside keeping the wood-box filled.

PARKER, NEVADA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Aren't we a big family? and a happy one, too! I have been a subscriber to COMFORT for four years and couldn't possibly do without the paper. I enjoy the cousins' letters immensely, and your answers, Uncle Lisha.

I live on a small ranch in the most sparsely settled section of Nevada. Our nearest town, that can boast the name of a town, is a hundred miles from here. This part of the state is a farming and stock-raising region. We are rather behind the times, although we have one tractor in the valley. At present that lonesome tractor is busy threshing grain.

I love the wonderful outdoors and the pure fresh air—of which we have plenty. I have two cows, two pigs and one little puppy which are all my own. Don't you think I am rather rich considering the hard times?

Although I am quite old, I'm still very much of a tomboy, and if Billy the Goat doesn't eat this letter I'll give him and the cousins a description of my elderberrying trip last fall. I'll bet some of you would laugh if you knew about it.

I would like to correspond with some cousin—preferably a rural school teacher between the ages of twenty and twenty-five. My own age is somewhere between these two mileposts. As most of the cousins describe themselves, I will do likewise: I'm five feet, six inches short; weigh 124 pounds and have dark hair and gray eyes. I couldn't be classed among the beautiful and have a frowning expression—so my enemies tell me. I think differently.

With best love to the cousins and all, I am,

A new Cousin, GRUMBLES.

There was not a bit of grumbling in any part of your letter, Jumbles, so I am refusing to call you by your unsuitable and unhappy-sounding pen-name, and am giving you one much sweeter to the tongue. You may feel a little lonely at times, Jumbles, when you think of your nearest real town being a hundred miles away, but I don't know but what these wide spaces are better than having a town a hundred miles around you—as is about the case with Billy and me. Our great cities are so crowded—particularly New York—that people get in each other's way to mutual loss and inconvenience. In our big towns civilization has grown cumbersome and trips itself up. In New York City today the transportation situation is a shame and a horror and the workers cannot be carried to and from their places of labor without suffering conditions of crowding that would disgrace any train of cattle cars. And as for that pure air of the wide West of which you have such a plentiful supply—here in our motor-jammed metropolis we have to breathe a mixture of dust, gasolene and smoke. I said breathe, but one can only try. The stuff is too thick to go down. Those whose lungs are not strong enough to filter the poisonous mixture, drop out rapidly with pneumonia, grip or tuberculosis—but the rush goes on and medical science has to keep on the jump, and mostly two jumps behind, trying to cope with the ill-health and disease resulting from present-day living and housing conditions in our big cities.

Of course you are rich, Jumbles, with all your golden sunshine and fresh air and with two milk companies, two pork packing corporations, and a performing dog all your own. You must have to pay a heavy income tax.

What do you raise on this ranch of yours, Jumbles? Borax, I suppose. I have always heard a lot about the huge crops of borax that are raised in Nevada. The white blossoms of the plant, with their foamy color and sweet, soapy smell, must look very beautiful when spread over broad acres of ranchland. There is one splendid thing about the raising of borax, Jumbles; the crop improves the condition of the land. In fact, experts have declared that borax is good for any kind of *soil*. I should like to see a borax field in full bloom and hope I may, some day. Other things that are raised in Nevada are gold and mining stocks and divorces. Nevada divorces are supposed to ripen early and to be of the best quality, and many Easterners travel way out to your state to get a fresh Reno brand Nevada divorce. I have always thought a good business might be developed in shipping these divorces Eastward in Refrigerator cars, for the demand is increasing each year and it is a crop that seems to be of rapid growth and easily, although rather expensively, cultivated. I have heard, also, of the great forests of sagebrush from which your state obtains so much of its lumber. I have always been fond of the flavor of sage in turkey "stuffin'" and I have thought it would be fine to own a small woodlot of sagebrush. Then one could gather up the dried leaves in the fall and have a plentiful supply of sage for the stuffing of holiday turkeys. Considering all these things, I think you live in a very interesting state, Jumbles. I hope you will write again, telling us about your elderberry gathering and giving us more details about borax growing. Billy wants to know if soap chips are made from the dried wood of the mature borax plant.

JACKSONVILLE, R. R. 3, BOX 2, FLORIDA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

In reading the letters in the August COMFORT I saw your reply to Ida Doris DeWitt and read where you wanted to know what a "cracker" is. From all I can find out there are two general kinds: those we eat and those that are real human beings. The way the name happened to be applied to native Floridians and Georgians is because the pioneers cracked and boiled corn until mills could be transported to the new homes.

Another name for Floridians is "Fly-up-the-creeks." I don't know why. I wonder if it wasn't because so many pirates would "fly up the creeks" away from other ships which for any reason they could not overhaul for booty. You know that in the early days of Florida a number of pirates infested our fair coasts, as the many creeks offered a safe retreat when a ship was in need of repairs. Many of our islands have a history that is connected with Gasparilla and his daring raids. There are several other notorious pirates linked with the history of Florida whose names I can't remember.

An honest-to-goodness "cracker" is just a native of Florida or Georgia. And you don't have to be broke to be a cracker. All you have to do is to be a native of this state. I know a number of wealthy men who are "crackers." If you are a "sucker" or "tar-heel" and wish to become a "cracker," you must learn to eat big hominy, grits and bacon grease, and collards greens. You see the ancient custom I have referred to is held to in this initiation, for grits are finely-cracked corn with the husks removed.

I would like to hear from Evora if she would care to write to me. I can't promise to write an interesting letter, but I can promise to answer if she writes.

I'm nearly seventeen; fair, with brown hair and gray eyes. That's my description.

Uncle Lisha, I'm so glad you like gingerbread because I'm learning to bake it. I do most of the cooking when I am at home, but when school starts in, then mother is chef.

Sincerely your niece, CAROL MILLER.

I'm much obliged, Carol, for your authentic crumbs of information concerning "crackers," both broke and unbroken. But you have solved one mystery and left two others: What is a "sucker"? or a "tar-heel"?—these strange creatures who can be magically changed into "crackers" by the sufficient consumption of hominy, bacon, grits and greens. I like broiled bacon, also big or little hominy and grits, Carol; so you see it won't be hard for me to be transformed into a "cracker"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 42.)

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31.)

Requests

Poem: "Life's Compass."

Cure for rattlesnake bite.

How to grow pond lilies from seeds.

How to tan hides, such as skunk and opossum.

Poems, "Life's Mirror," and "The Haunted Hunter."

Wanted.—Poems, "Guilty or Not Guilty," and "Where's Mother?" Please publish in COMFORT.

Wanted.—Poems, "Which Loved Best," and "Little Boy Blue," with date of birth and death of author.

My husband suffers greatly from rheumatism. Any cure would be appreciated.—MRS. CHAS. BARRY, Sparta, Mich.

I would like to get music, "Wedding of the Winds." Write first.—MISS ESSIE V. GREEN, Colburn, P. O. Box 28, Idaho.

How to get rid of lice on turnip greens. The small green lice stick to the under side of the leaf and cause it to die.

Will some one please send me the August and September, 1917, numbers of COMFORT.—MRS. J. W. Davison, Stonington, Colo.

I would like to correspond with middle-aged sisters from Ohio and New Jersey.—MRS. W. H. AHLERS, Knappa, R. R. 1, Oregon.

How to make different kinds of sausage, mincemeats and otherwise care for beef and pork so that it will keep for five or six months.

I wish very much to get the September COMFORT for 1920. Will pay postage. Please write first.—MRS. ALLEN SPRAGUE, East New Portland, Maine.

Mrs. Harvey Smith, Silver Lake, Ind., would like July, August, September and October numbers of COMFORT for 1921. Will return favor. Write first.

Will the sister who sent in the recipe for eczema, where Princess Pine is used, please send her address to Mrs. W. H. Seibert, Modesto, R. A., Box 172, Calif.

I got grease spots on black and white checked cotton dress. Used tar soap to remove the spots but the white checks have turned brown. Can anyone tell me how to remove those stains?—READER.

Remedies

BURNS.—Make a paste of flour and water as quickly as possible and spread over burn.—MRS. LAURA PERYER, Williamstown, Vt.

WARTS.—Two parts of mutton suet, one part of turpentine. Apply to warts every other night.—MRS. CARRIE L. WILLS, Brownville, Nebr.

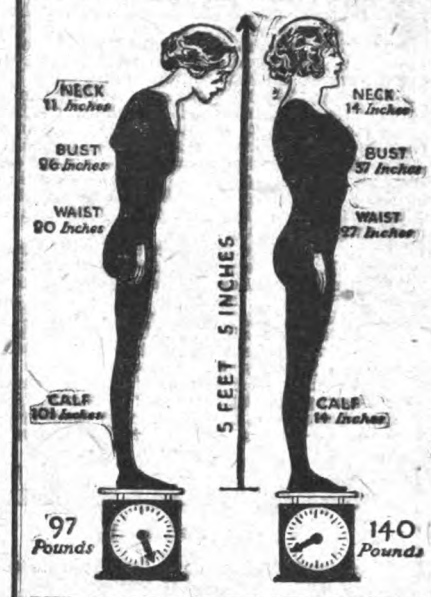
CORNS.—Equal parts of beef tallow, sugar and ordinary kitchen soap, worked into a salve. Bind on corns with small piece of adhesive tape. This takes away the soreness.—SUNNY ALABAMA.

For the benefit of many who wrote but did not enclose postage: Liverwort, also known as Tree-Foil, Silver-Leaf (Hepatica Triloba), is a small plant from six to ten inches high, has three-lobed leaf on each stem and purplish white blossoms. Found in the berlands on south hillsides. Used for lung affections, coughs, bleeding lungs, liver complaint and early stages of consumption. The whole plant is used, it being an innocent herb. May be taken freely in infusion or syrup. Iceland moss can be bought in drug and grocery stores. Used when cooked when it forms what is known as blanc-mange. Good for food. The plant has been used successfully in dyspepsia and as a nutriment and tonic in low stages of consumption. As a demulcent it is used in coughs and bronchitis. In these difficulties use an equal proportion of liverwort. It is prepared by adding a handful of the moss to a pint of boiling water. Let stand two or three hours, strain, sweeten with honey and drink freely.—MRS. ALLIE CROWLEY, Eureka, P. O. Box 550, Calif.

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The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37.)

rowing time and let them become accustomed to having you around. Be gentle and patient. Kindness pays.

3. Provide clean, sanitary and well-bedded farrowing pens. Cleanliness has its earthly reward in strong, healthy pigs—that live.

4. Keep farrowing sows quiet. Any disturbance that agitates sows or makes them nervous increases the danger of losing pigs through trampling or smothering.

5. Remove new-born pigs at once to a warm place and keep them there until thoroughly dry and warm.

6. Give sow a warm bran mash to eat while the pigs are away from her. This keeps her occupied, serves as a mild laxative or regulator, and induces a feeling of contentment and a desire to sleep.

7. Place pigs along sow's side where they will readily find teats and begin to nurse. If this can be done without disturbing or exciting her, and it should be done this way, the greatest danger period is safely past.

Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from the eminent specialists and experts of our Agricultural Staff on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying.

Address Modern Farmer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Questions and Answers

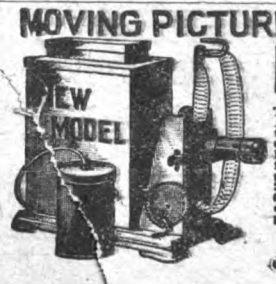
WIREWORMS: PLANT LICE.—I have a piece of land which I wish to plant in corn the coming spring, but am bothered by a little worm, called wireworm, and by little green lice, and would like to know what to do to the ground to control them.

L. G., Kuttawa, Ky.

A.—If the common wireworm, the slender and active larva of the "click beetle," has given you trouble on this same piece of land in the past, then we advise strongly against planting it to corn this season. Turning under a heavy covering of manure or of a green cover crop, to add humus to the land, then planting to some crop such as small grains, clover, cowpeas, soy beans, or grasses that do not require summer cultivation, is the commonest and most successful means of fighting this pest. If corn must be grown on land known to be infested, plant the crop as early as possible (say about the fifteenth of April in your locality) and hasten rapid growth and early maturity by frequent cultivating. Leave the stubble unplowed until late fall after the crop has been harvested. Do not plant corn two years in succession on the same land if it can be avoided. (b) The green lice you mention are very likely aphis or plant lice, by which all crops are more or less subject to attack, especially if their strength and vitality has already been lessened by some other cause. Strong and healthy crops suffer less than poor crops on unfertile land. Spraying a corn crop with a contact insecticide would of course be out of the question; this control measure is suitable only to garden truck, etc. Late fall or early spring plowing to destroy aphis eggs and the adult insects that are kept over from season

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 42.)

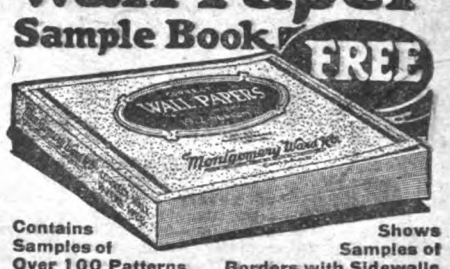
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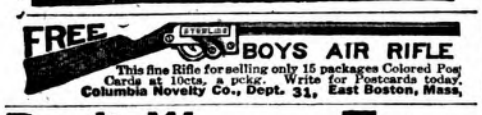
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A BOON TO WOMANKIND



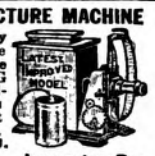
Made from the purest, softest rubber. Six cups or faces render misplacement absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Send us $2.50 and we will mail you one postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Write for descriptive circular. It's FREE.
The Bee Cell Co., Dept. 168 White Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

LOOK YOUR BEST. Make sure of smooth white arms, face and neck in spite of sallowness, blotches, freckles, blackheads etc. If you want to be charming and attractive—Don't pay 50c but send 10c at once for sealed Package, which will transform your appearance instantly Warranted. **TOILET COMPOUND CO. Box 1927A, Boston, Mass.**



PHONOGRAPH OR MOVING PICTURE MACHINE

FREE Given for selling only 40 packs vegetable seeds at 10c per large pack. EARN BIG MONEY or premiums — our seeds sell easily. Get sample lot today.



Send no money—WE TRUST YOU.
American Seed Co., Box X32, Lancaster, Pa.

Our Scientific Method will stop that

STAMMER

Send for free 200 page book. It tells how to permanently stop stammering or stuttering in a few weeks' time. A natural guaranteed method.
The Lewis School for Stammerers
Lewis Bldg., 71-77 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

FREE 

Not a toy but a genuine Violin, perfect tone, handsome appearance. Bow included. Sell 40 packets Garden Spot Seeds at 10c a packet and violin is yours. Write for seeds today.
Lancaster Co. Seed Co., Sta. 161, PARADISE, PA.

VIOLIN  **FREE**

Beautiful violin, with bow, book of instructions, and rosin given for selling 25 pieces of Jewelry at 10 cents each. Write today.
Eagle Watch Co., Dept. 620, East Boston, Mass.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINTED FROM PAGE 41.)

if I ever get as far South as your sun-soaked country. "Collards greens" sounds rather indigestible, but perhaps I can get Billy to pass this part of the initiation for me. Billy is all that I have ever cracked him up to be when it comes to putting away greens.

I think I would rather be a "cracker" than a "fly up the creek." This last name would make me feel a little like a mosquito. By the way, Carol, I have a friend who tells me the Jacksonville mosquitoes are the most healthy, active and muscular of their charming kind. That may be because they get so much good exercise flying up and down the creeks and chasing their suppers of crackers and milk biscuits.

As for pirates, Carol, I don't think you have any more of these gentlemen in Florida than there are anywhere else—that is, if an exception is made regarding your hotel proprietors. I think it must be some of these Miami and Palm Beach desk-robbers that you refer to when you write about the "notorious pirates" who are "linked with the history of Florida." But then we have this sort of pirates right here in New York. I have often felt like chasing a New York hotel buccaneer so hard that he would go flying up the creek, street, elevator shaft, or any other handy place. I knew one particularly bold pirate who once demanded a ransom of ninety cents for a dish containing twelve strawberries that were selling outside of his pirate den at thirty-five cents a quart. I regret to say he has escaped and is yet unhung.

I am glad you are a real gingerbread baker, Carol. If you can make good ginger snaps you are surely qualified to call yourself a "fancy cracker." If I ever go to Florida, and can escape Gasparilla, Sarsaparilla, Miamirilla, Palmbeacharilla and all the other pirates who may come flying up and down the creeks upon me, I shall pay you a visit. You can arrange then for my initiation as a Florida "cracker," and while I'm waiting for the ceremony to begin, I'll sample your gingerbread and Billy will show you what he can do with a bushel or two of hot collard greens.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for February

"Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these you have done it unto Me."

Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Every month brings to me many letters which disregard this simple and necessary rule. Appeals unaccompanied by the references required will be destroyed.

Jane Vanconon, Pisgah, N. C. Alone, aged, sick and crippled. A sorrowful case. Asks for quilt pieces, second-hand clothes and a dime shower. She deserves more than this. Mrs. Lucy Vernon, Price, N. C. A shut-in with a large family of children on her hands. Asks for clothes or other help. Noah Fulton, Sparta, Tenn. A crippled, entirely helpless lad of fourteen years. Send him letters and any cheer you can. Lulu Thornburg, Patterson, Mo. Helpless for 33 years and dependent upon outside support. A worthy sufferer. Mrs. George Minnix, Salem, R. R. 1, Va. Has two little boys of five and three years. This poor woman has had to sell her furniture to pay her hospital bill. Clothing and money is the answer. Isaac Price, Lenoir, N. C. Confined to his bed with rheumatism for fifty years. An elderly wife his only aid. Help this poor cripple. Sarah J. Plunkett, Strieby, N. C. Invalid for many years with spinal complaint. A sad and well-recommended case. Give this suffering woman cash and clothing. John Robinson, Springfield, 1133 East Phillips Ave., Ill. An old man, blind, and crippled with rheumatism. He will need money to take him through the winter. He has struggled to help himself and deserves aid. A. McClinton, Trenton, Ga. An old man who is crippled by rheumatism and is "sad and lonely and feeble." Asks for letters so he may not feel entirely deserted and friendless.

The cold of winter means added suffering to all who are sick and needy. Your money, your cheer and other aid, means much now and can warm hearts and bodies that would otherwise rest chill and dark. During these days shut-ins are doubly shut-ins. Every sufferer needs warm clothing. Food, fuel and medicines cost real money. It is yet a long way to spring and spring sunshine. Remember this when you make your gifts and give these poor souls a little sunlight now in the midst of a long winter.

Lovingly,

Uncle Lisha

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C.," a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

How to become a Member

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth.

'Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

Missing Relatives and Friends

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT reopens the "Missing Relatives' and Friends' column.

To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will secure only one new yearly subscriber to COMFORT at 50c. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column by securing only one new subscription at 50c. If a longer notice is required send one 50c subscription for each additional seven words.

Will appreciate your help in search of my daughter, Geneva, taken from an orphange at Nashville, Tenn., 1906 or 1907. R. B. Roberson, Oakland, Tenn.

Wanted: To hear from anyone knowing the whereabouts of Joseph Blazer or wife. Address, J. V. Smith, Wallowa, Box 322, Oregon.

Will anyone knowing Daniel H. Bowers of Pennsylvania in the Civil War write Edna Thompson, Grandin, R. R. 1, Box 63, Mo.

If anyone knows the whereabouts of Freeman Haindel please notify Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Haindel, Dansville, R. R. 1, Box 93, Mich.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Cooper D. Heath, age 39 years, tall, dark complexion, please write Mrs. Ira Day, Harmony, N. C.

Crooked Spines Made Straight



If you are suffering from any form of spinal trouble you can be relieved—and **probably wholly overcome** your affliction—right in your own home without pain or discomfort. A wonderful anatomical appliance has been invented by a man who cured himself of Spinal Curvature. Its results are marvelous. It is nature's own method. Eminent physicians are endorsing it. The Philo Burt Method relieves the pressure at the affected parts of the spine, the whole spine is invigorated and strengthened, all soreness is taken out of the back, the cartilage between the vertibræ is made to expand, the contracted muscles are relaxed, and the spine is straightened. There is bright hope for you, no matter how long you have suffered. We have strong testimonials from every State in the Union. Each appliance is made to order from individual measurements and fits perfectly. There is positively no inconvenience in wearing. **We guarantee satisfaction and let you use it 30 days.** Write today for our new book. It gives full information and testimonials.



PHILO BURT MFG. CO., 334-140dd Fellows' Bldg., JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33.)

bran aids the digestion through the presence of a ferment "diastase" which it contains, and is mildly laxative.

The chick during its early growth makes bone rapidly; for this reason plenty of ash must be supplied.

Extensive experiments show the great value of bone in ration. Dry granulated bone contains about twenty-five per cent. of phosphoric acid and about the same amount of protein, and can be secured by the hundred pounds for a little over two dollars.

The same series of experiments showed conclusively the great need of animal material in the ration for growing chicks. Flocks fed moderate quantities of meat scraps made by far the greatest and fastest gains, and were much healthier than flocks from which all animal material was withheld. The food nutrients from animal sources seem in practice to be more readily available than the same nutrients from vegetable sources. Large quantities of meat or concentrated animal protein feeds should not be fed, especially early in the breeding period, as the forcing which results is apt to cause a relatively high mortality.

Plenty of green feed in the form of lettuce leaves, sprouted oat tops, green clover or alfalfa must be supplied. Such material is termed succulence, carrying, as it does, a high water content. It adds to the palatability of the ration, making it more digestible and keeping the chicks hungry and healthy.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor, free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

H. K. D.—The usual cause for young chicks pecking each other, and hens pulling the feathers out of each other, is want of animal food and exercise. Give little chicks deep, fine litter to scratch in, and scatter chick feed over it to induce them to work, and you will have very little trouble with their picking each other, especially if you give them milk to eat. For the old hens, add some meat scraps to their rations or nail up a piece of bacon rind or salt pork in the chicken house. It will keep them busy, and they may forget their bad habit. Then smear the feathers all round the places which have been picked with bitter aloes. Feather pulling is a bad habit; once acquired, it is difficult to check unless the birds are given something to attract their attention and keep them busy.

C. L.—The large house shown in COMFORT last December is fifty feet long and twenty-five feet wide, divided into pens by two-foot boards, and a wire above them. Dropping boards, roosts and nests run along the back wall of the house.

F. D.—I think if you had examined further you would have found the liver and heart affected, but I think it must have been a case of gastritis; but unfortunately you have not given me sufficient data to enable me to form any positive opinion.

C. D. D.—We have no stock for sale.

C. T.—The birds have scaly leg, which does not affect their health in any way but which looks disagreeable and of course should be got rid of. Fill a two-quart pail with warm, soapy water and hold the bird's feet and shanks in it for about ten minutes to soften the scales, then scrub with a soft brush and plenty of white soap. Wipe on a soft cloth, and while still warm and moist rub with carbolic ointment or a mixture of sulphur and lard, equal parts. In severe, long-standing cases, the treatment may have to be repeated twice or three times, allowing an interval of a week between treatments. The trouble is caused by a very small insect which bores under the skin. They frequently congregate, and even breed, in old perches and houses, so be careful to clean the perches while you are treating the birds.

W.—Plymouth Rocks are good general-purpose birds, but for your part of the country I think you would find Wyandottes better, especially as you want young birds of a good size to kill. Wyandottes have smaller bones than Plymouth Rocks and are fit for table use when ten or twelve weeks of age. Plymouth Rocks are apt to be skinny and tough. As you say you will have to build a yard, I conclude that you have only a restricted space for fowls. If that is so, a small flock well cared for will be the most profitable. The house which was used as an illustration in the August number of COMFORT, which you referred to, is a very good practical one, and you could build just one section of it at first, consisting of the roosting room, 6x12, and the scratching room, 9x12, and the next year add one or two more sections, as you may require. You ask for a description of the inside of a house. There is a tight board partition between the roosting room and the scratching room; a dropping board nine feet long and two and a half feet wide runs along the wall. It should be twelve inches from the floor. The roosting frame, which stands on it, is eight feet long and fourteen inches wide and has legs at each corner six inches high, which provides two roosts eight feet long and will comfortably accommodate fifteen hens. Nests can stand under the dropping board, and should be fifteen inches square, with front board nine inches high. The door into the scratching room at the end of the dropping board is a small square door at the bottom for the hens to go in and out. In your climate it will be quite practical for the house to stand on stilts but it will of course necessitate a tight floor, which would add materially to the expense.

The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41.)

to season in ants' nests—for the plant louse serves as the ant's cow—is perhaps the only control measure that will give good results. In this case, as in the above, rotation of crops is strongly advised.

CRAB-GRASS CONTROL.—How can I get rid of crab-grass in my lawn? The last year or two it has been crowding out the lawn grass in patches. Will it be necessary to spade up the lawn and seed over? Do the roots live over from year to year in the soil?

N. B., Ohio.

A.—Crab-grass is an annual, growing from seed alone. Each plant lives only one season, so the roots are not a menace as in the case of quack-grass. In fighting crab-grass make every effort to keep it from making seed. If this cannot be accomplished by close and frequent mowing, it is best to hoe out and burn the plants. Crab-grass seed lives over in the soil for more than one year; therefore it will come back in time unless carefully watched. Another thing to remember is that it makes its greatest growth in late summer and early fall when lawn grass is less active because of heat and drought. If lawns are fertilized well in fall or spring with rich barnyard manure to encourage a strong early growth of lawn grass, and then are frequently sprinkled in hot, dry weather, the crab-grass will not make near such rapid headway.

Six Wheel Chairs in January

626 Is COMFORT'S Total to Date

Our Wheel-Chair Department has made a good beginning of the new year by distributing six wheel chairs the first month. The six January chairs go to Jack Simmons, Kopperl, Texas, 17; Russell Harry Williams, Wyoming, Del., 1[illegible]; Mary Jane Oneal, Spanish Fort, Texas, 77; Ina Smithson, Calico Rock, Ark., 65; Allee M[illegible] Huisenga, Wimbledon, N. Dak., 63; C. A. Cole, Kopperl, Texas, 56. The figures following the respective names indicate the number of subscriptions (or subscription equivalent of cash) sent in by them or by their friends for them.

Jack Simmons, age 30, a cripple from infancy, never has been able to walk, but he can use his hands and so will be able to roll himself about in his COMFORT wheel chair which will be a great blessing to him and a help to his sister and aged father in caring for him.

Russell Harry Williams, age 16, is crippled by spinal trouble and cannot walk or even stand, but has some use of his hands. Mrs. Maggie Nisse, a neighbor, who procured the subscriptions for this boy's chair, writes me that "it will be a big help to the poor fellow."

Mary Jane Oneal, age 6, has been an invalid all her life and cannot walk. Her mother obtained the subscriptions for the little girl's chair.

Ina Smithson, age 24, writes that she has been crippled about four years and is dependent on her parents who are old, and therefore had no means of obtaining the wheel chair of which she is so much in need, except through COMFORT'S help.

Alice May Huisenga, age 9, about three years ago had infantile paralysis and spinal meningitis which left her crippled in all her limbs so that she cannot walk and has little or no use of her hands.

C. A. Cole, to whom the sixth January chair was sent, I know very little about except that he is a crippled shut-in very much in need of a wheel chair, as Mrs. G. R. Witt, who sent in nearly all the subscriptions for his chair, has not as yet sent me the requested information in regard to his case.

You will be interested in the picture of James Stanhope Love enjoying his COMFORT wheel chair, and in his good letter of thanks, both of which appear on this page.

The Wheel-Chair Club has set a good pace in January—let us try to keep it up through the year.

Sincerely yours,
W. H. GANNETT,
Publisher of COMFORT

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 150 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 50 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscriptions, but I am always glad to do my part a little more each month than you do yours.

Most Comfortable Wheel Chair He Ever Owned

Lockmore Cotton Mill, York, S. C.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

I have received my COMFORT wheel chair. It is the best, most comfortable wheel chair I have ever owned, and my appreciation of it can only



JAMES STANHOPE LOVE ENJOYING HIS COMFORT WHEEL CHAIR.

be imagined—not expressed in words. I thank you sincerely for sending the chair so promptly, although I have not yet secured the full number of subscriptions required. I am unable to travel about, so cannot personally solicit subscriptions, therefore I appreciate all the more, and am especially grateful for the number (98) of subscriptions which I have received to date. A few newspapers, here in S. C., printed my appeals for COMFORT subscriptions, and the responses to those appeals which came to me immediately were quite as surprising to me as they have also been very gratifying. I thank you all sincerely, each and every person and newspaper which had a part in securing this COMFORT wheel chair for me. In due time a picture of me enjoying the chair will be sent in to COMFORT for reproduction.

Affectionately yours,
James Stanhope Love.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dol-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 43.)

POWERFUL AIR RIFLE Length 32 inches. Working parts of the best grades of steel. The stock is finely polished walnut. Shoots small game. Powerful, accurate, durable. You can have this air rifle for distributing only 8 of our fast selling art pictures at 25 cents on our special offer. Everybody will take one. **IT COSTS YOU NOTHING** to try, as we take back those you can't dispose of. Send no money, just your name. **C. M. THOMAS, 337 W. Madison St. 2D5,** CHICAGO



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The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities



Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress

AGENTS WANTED

Agents—Quick sales, big profits. Outfit Free. Cash or Credit. Sales in every home for our high-class line of Pure Food Products, Soaps, Perfumes, Toilet Articles, etc. Write today for Money-Making Plan. American Products Co., 8782 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

We Start You In Business, furnishing everything; men and women, $30 to $100 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories" home anywhere. Booklet free. W. Hillyer Ragsdale, Drawer 5, East Orange, N. J.

Agents—Write for big soap offer. Quick Seller. Big Money Maker. Ho-Ro-Co, 131 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

We Start You without a Dollar. Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes—Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 131 Olive, St. Louis.

Agents—Make a Dollar an Hour. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 452-B, Amsterdam, N.Y.

Sell Necessities. Everybody needs and buys the "Business Guide." Bryant cleared $800.00 in July. Send for sample. Life Free. Nichols Co., Dept. 6B, Naperville, Ill.

Large Shirt Manufacturer wants Agents to sell complete line of shirts direct to wearer. Exclusive patterns. Big values. Free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

Agents: $50 a week taking orders for guaranteed hosiery for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. All styles and finest line of silk hose. Write for sample outfit. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 219, Dayton, Ohio.

Agents! 1922's Greatest Sensation. 11-piece toilet article set selling like blazes at $1.75 with $1.00 dressmaker's shears free to each customer. Line up with Davis for 1922. E. M. Davis Co., Dept. 505, Chicago.

350% Profit: Easy Seller. Klesurite. Washes Clothes without rubbing. Sample Free. Best-ever Prod. Co., 1947-V Irving Park, Chicago.

Agents:—$100 Weekly. Automobile owners wild with enthusiasm. Marvelous invention doubles power, mileage, efficiency. Saves cost first day. Sensational sales everywhere. Territory going like wildfire. $26 sample outfit and Ford Car free. Write quick. Ovec Co., Dept 113, Louisville, Ky.

Men and women make $100 upwards weekly selling greatest labor and money saving household necessity. Big repeater. Good Crew Managers proposition. Free sample and particulars. Reilly Co., D-1, Hastings, Nebraska.

Agents—Steady Income. Large manufacturer of Handkerchiefs and Dress Goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Big profits, honest goods. Whole or spare time. Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 60 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Agents! A sale in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks and General Yard Goods. Quick sales! Big profits! Large book of 1000 handsome fabric samples. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. 24X, 573 Broadway, New York.

Bring Home The Bacon selling stain remover. Removes ink, iron rust, grass and fruit stains. Write for free samples today. C. H. Stuart & Co., 47 Broadway, Newark, New York.

Agents: Wireless Umbrella. I am paying $2 an hour, taking orders for this newest invention. Send for 5-part outfit. Six inch midget demonstrator free. Parker Mfg. Co., 317 Dike St., Dayton, Ohio.

We Pay $200 monthly salary, furnish rig and expenses to all who qualify introducing guaranteed poultry and stock powders. Bigler Company, X311, Springfield, Illinois.

Sell Wilson Hats from factory to wearer. Extraordinary commission. We deliver and collect. Every man a customer. Wilson Hat Works, Montclair, New Jersey.

Tailoring agents; wonderful all-wool, one-price line, retails $29.50 per suit; $10 to $20 cheaper than retail prices; you collect profit at once; we ship C. O. D. to customer for balance; exclusive territory; hustlers wanted; none others considered; write fully; state experience. Sales Manager, Dept. A-13, 831 West Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

Agents Sell Neverfall Iron Rust And Stain Remover. Huge profits. Big line. Sample. Write today. Sanford Beal Co. Inc., Newark, N. Y. Dept. 4.

Agents Make Sixty Dollars Per Week selling new Sallie May "Dressup" Aprons. Write and learn how to obtain samples without cost. Mass Apron Co., 57 Searle Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

Turn Your Spare Time Into Dollars. Big profits selling White K Laundry Tablets 10c packages. Our big premium plan gets the business. We start you free. Send for free sample. L. A. Knight Co., 119 Market St., St. Louis, Mo.

300% Profit to Agents, Appoint Subagents to work for you. Sample Free. Ned Barnard, 3010 W. Van Buren. Chicago, Ill.

Men's Shirts—Big sellers—Factory to consumer, $15.00 daily. Undersells stores. Complete line. Free Samples to workers. Chicago Shirt Co., 208 So. LaSalle, Dept. 106, Chicago.

Big Money and Fast Sales. Every owner buys Gold Initials for his auto. You charge $1.50; make $1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 64, East Orange, N. J.

AGENTS WANTED

Be successful Agent! Free sample outfit—worth $2.25. "Quality" beauty preparations. Make big money. Extensive line. Established 50 years. Lynne Co., 209 Logansport, Ind.

General Agents. Something new. Whirlwind seller. "Repeat" washing powder. Washes clothes without rubbing. Women throw away washboards. Big profits. Exclusive territory. Write today free package. Kittredge Co., 2 Putnam St., Tunkhannock, Pa.

Sell washing tablets that are different. They work quicker, sell easier and at a greater profit. Get our proposition. Newton & Co., 4 Main St., Newark, New York.

Agents—New Invention. Harper's Ten-Use brush set and fibre broom. It sweeps, washes and dries upstairs windows, scrubs and mops floors and does 5 other things. Big profits; easy seller. Free trial offer. Harper Brush Works, Dept. A, Fairfield, Iowa.

Agents—$6 to $12 a day. Take orders for Aluminum handle Cutlery Set. Brand new. We deliver and collect. Pay you daily. Sample to workers. Jennings Mfg. Co., Dept. 1728, Dayton, Ohio.

Wonderful Seller. 96c profit every dollar sales. Deliver on spot. License unnecessary. Sample Free. Mission Bead Factory C, 2421 Smith St., Detroit, Mich.

We Pay $36 a Week and expenses and give a Ford Auto to men to introduce poultry and stock compounds. Imperial Co., D 1, Parsons, Kan.

Agents—Fast-selling household specialty; big profits; liberal terms. Write H. E. Bishop Co., St. Louis, Mo. Dept. 2.

$5.00 to $10.00 A Day easily earned taking orders for High Grade Toilet and Laundry Soaps, Toilet Articles, Flavoring Extracts, Spices, Puddings. 7 bars Assorted Soap in Fancy Boxes, Big sellers. Our goods well known, nationally advertised. 100% profit. Write for catalog. Men and Women everywhere make good money. Crofts & Reed Co., Dept. 218, Chicago.

$1,000 Per Man Per County. Get yours. Inexperienced men pulling down star salesmen's profits. Write for proof: How farmers, ministers, clerks—men in all walks of life—made big money in whole or spare time. You can do it. Amazing proposition—wanted everywhere. Exclusive territory—no sales limit. A hot or cold running water bath equipment for any home at only $7.50. Self-heating. No plumbing nor water works required. Investigate. Terms. Send no money. Write letter or postal today. Allen Mfg. Co., 645 Allen Bldg., Toledo, Ohio.

Women Wanted—Reliable firm wants earnest, refined women to introduce Priscilla Fabrics, Underwear, Hosiery, etc. Good pay. Samples, instructions furnished. Write today. Fitzcharles Co., 121 Fitzcharles Bldg., Trenton, N.J.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Ladies—Earn Money Crocheting, Sewing, tatting, making aprons and caps. Patterns and plans 35c. Send remittance now. Returned if desired. Kenwood Pattern Co., 6238 So. Park Ave., Chicago.

Hemstitching and Picoting Attachment, works on all sewing machines. Price $2.00 postpaid. Wayne Supply Co., Dept. G, Hamtramck, Mich.

STAMPING NAMES

Stamp Names on key checks. Make $10 per 100. Send 25c for sample and inst. Either Sex. C. Keytag Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

CORRESPONDENCE COURSES

Used Correspondence Courses. Bargain prices. Bulletin 1015 free. Courses bought. Instruction Exchange, 1966 Broadway, N. Y.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

$6-$18 a dozen decorating pillow tops at home; pleasant work; experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 104, LaGrange, Ind.

Wanted Women to Become Dress Designers. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. A 501, Rochester, N. Y.

Get Government Jobs. Women over 17. $90 month. List free. Franklin Institute, Dept. A9, Rochester, N. Y.

At Once; 5 bright, capable ladies to travel demonstrate and sell dealers. $40 to $75 a week. R. R. fare paid. Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 82, Omaha, Nebr.

Women—Be Millinery Designers. Earn $125 month. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Department A809, Rochester, N. Y.

SALESMEN & AGENTS WANTED

Permanent Position; young or old, to sell Period Shoe Gloss. Can go over territory, 2 or 3 times a year; big profit, can always average sale to every second house, some towns every house. Is jet black oil shoe finish, repairs scarred places on leather. Apply and rub with hand; dull or bright finish. 2 coats makes patent leather lustre. Will color white or tan shoes black. Makes old rubbers look like new. Colors straw hats. No equal as marking fluid in shipping department. Can be washed same as rubber. 35c postpaid. Send for instructions how to sell free. Doris B. Nutter, 396 Casco St., Side Entrance, Portland, Maine.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Photoplay Ideas Wanted By 48 Companies. $25-$500 paid. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Producers League, 311, St. Louis.

MISCELLANEOUS

Remnant Store, 1510 Vine St., Cincinnati, O. Greatest Dry Goods Bargains on Earth. Agents and Storekeepers supplied.

Switches made from combings. The new way. Write me. Mrs. E. Vanderveort, Davenport, Iowa.

Don't buy a Bicycle Motor Attachment until you get our catalogue and prices. Shaw Mfg. Co., Dept. 3, Galesburg, Kansas.

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Six Wheel Chairs in January

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42.)

lar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions or amount of cash sent:

B. F. Oneal, Texas, for Mary Jane Oneal, 77 subs; Mrs. G. R. Witt, Texas, for C. A. Cole, 47; Mrs. Thomas Cude, Texas, for John Brasher, 32; Mrs. H. C. Colvin, La., for Clovie Colvin, 32; Mrs. John Blizzard, Texas, for W. E. Courtney, 31; Mrs. L. C. Williams, Jr., N. C., for Claude Wilson, 29; Miss Annie Perry, Ala., for Harvey Perry, 28; Mrs. Matilda Fillpot, Mo., for Jesse Fillpot, 27; Harriet A. Boles, Laura Scott, Iva Holmes and Mrs. Joe Hallar, Iowa, for Kenneth Rose, 27; Mrs. R. L. Gregson, Okla., for Glenn Grogan, 22; Mrs. Maggie Nissen, Del., for Russell H. Williams, 36 subs and $15.40 cash; Mrs. Cecil W. Humphrey, Mo., for Velnia Hough, 19 subs; Mrs. John T. Davenport, N. C., for Claude Wilson, 19; Mrs. Dessie Spence, Texas, for Mrs. Flarrie Courtney, 17; Mrs. Parrie Hulett, Texas, for Jack Simmons, 17 subs and $16.00 cash; Mrs. John Williams, Texas, for Johnnie Brasher, 15 subs; Mrs. W. E. Stinson, N. C., for Emma Pete Overcash, 12; Mrs. A. J. Altom, Texas, for Ira Norton, 10; Mrs. Edward L. Osburn, Okla., for Glenn Grogan, 8; Mrs. Mary E. Melton, Tenn., for Johnnie E. Melton, 7; Mrs. Iolar Borders, Ala., for Vertice Borders, 7; Gracie Goldsu, Okla., for Glenn Grogan, 7; Wallace A. Johnson, Va., for Thomas Heller, 5; Mrs. L. C. Locklin, Okla., for Glenn Grogan, 5; Mrs. Alice Chambers, Wis., for general, 5; Mrs. John Blalock, Jr., N. C., for John Blalock, 5 subs and $1.00 cash; Mrs. G. C. Huisenga, N. Dak., for Alice Mae Huisenga, 3 subs and $1.00 cash; Mrs. Ellsworth Allison, Wash., for general, $5.00; Mrs. Belle Buzord, Kans., for general, $4.00; Mrs. Thomas Wolfe, Calif., for general, $2.00; Lillian Billerbeck, Ill., for general, $2.00; Mrs. Florence Lane, Pa., for general, $1.00.

The Man Who Invented the Six-Shooter

An American is entitled to the credit of having invented the revolver. While many changes have been made since he announced his discovery, in principle there is very little difference between the first weapon of this sort and the most improved model six-shooter on the market today.

In the year 1835, when the first revolver was patented in England, and two years later when the same model received the O. K of the United States Patent Office, many scientists all over the world became acquainted for the first time with the fact that "Dr. Coult" was none other than Samuel Colt, the American engineer.

"Dr. Coult" had spent years in traveling and on the lecture platform, mostly in Europe. Plain Samuel Colt, in the meantime, kept his parents in New Jersey informed of the progress of the work he had started when, at the age of fifteen, he modeled a wooden revolver which, by the way, is still in existence.

Colt's invention revolutionized modern warfare of those days as much as the tank did in 1916. The first production of Colt's factory at Paterson, N. J. were used by the U. S. Government in the Seminole Indian War in Florida, and since then the principle invented by this inspired son of an American woolen manufacturer has been retained in the production of all repeating firearms.

Paradoxical.

Patsy—"Mum, won't you give me candy, now?"

Mrs. Casey—"Didn't Oi tell ye Oi wouldn't give ye anny at all if ye didn't hape still?"

"Yes'm, but—"

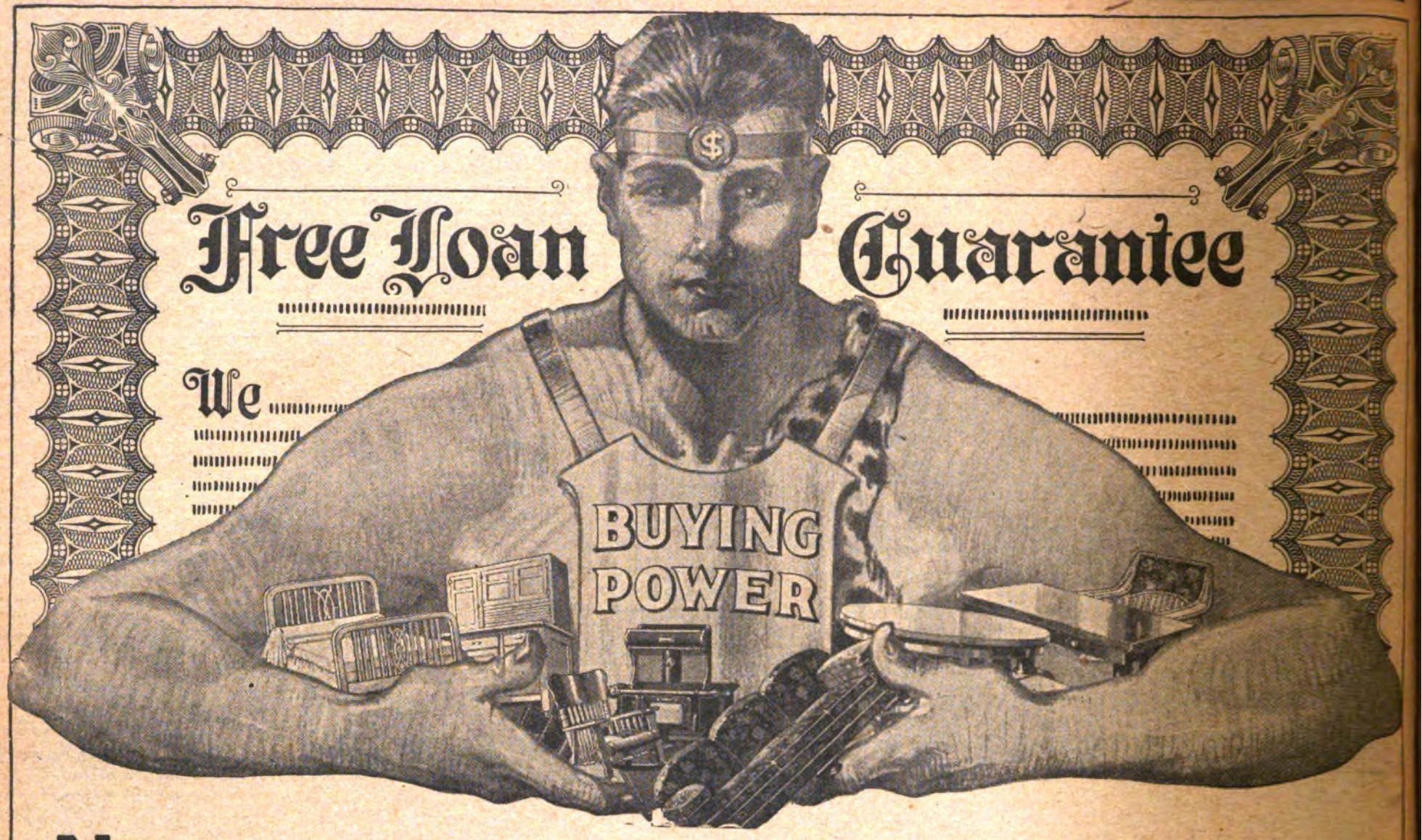
"Well, the longer ye hape still the sooner ye'll get it."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Unwelcome Interruption

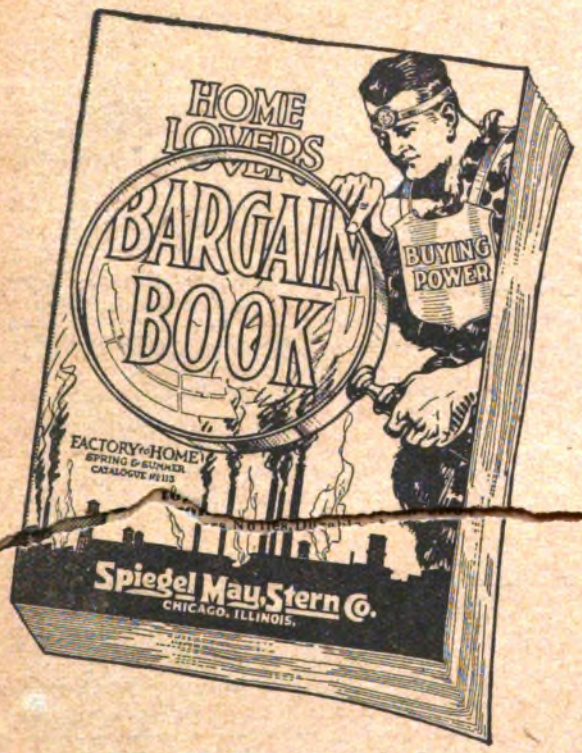
The following speech was made by an Irish barrister in behalf of his client whose cow had been killed by a train:



"If the train had been run as it should have been ran, or if the bell had been rung as it should have been rang, or if the whistle had been blown as it should have been blew, both of which they did not, the cow would not have been injured when she was killed."—*Widow.*



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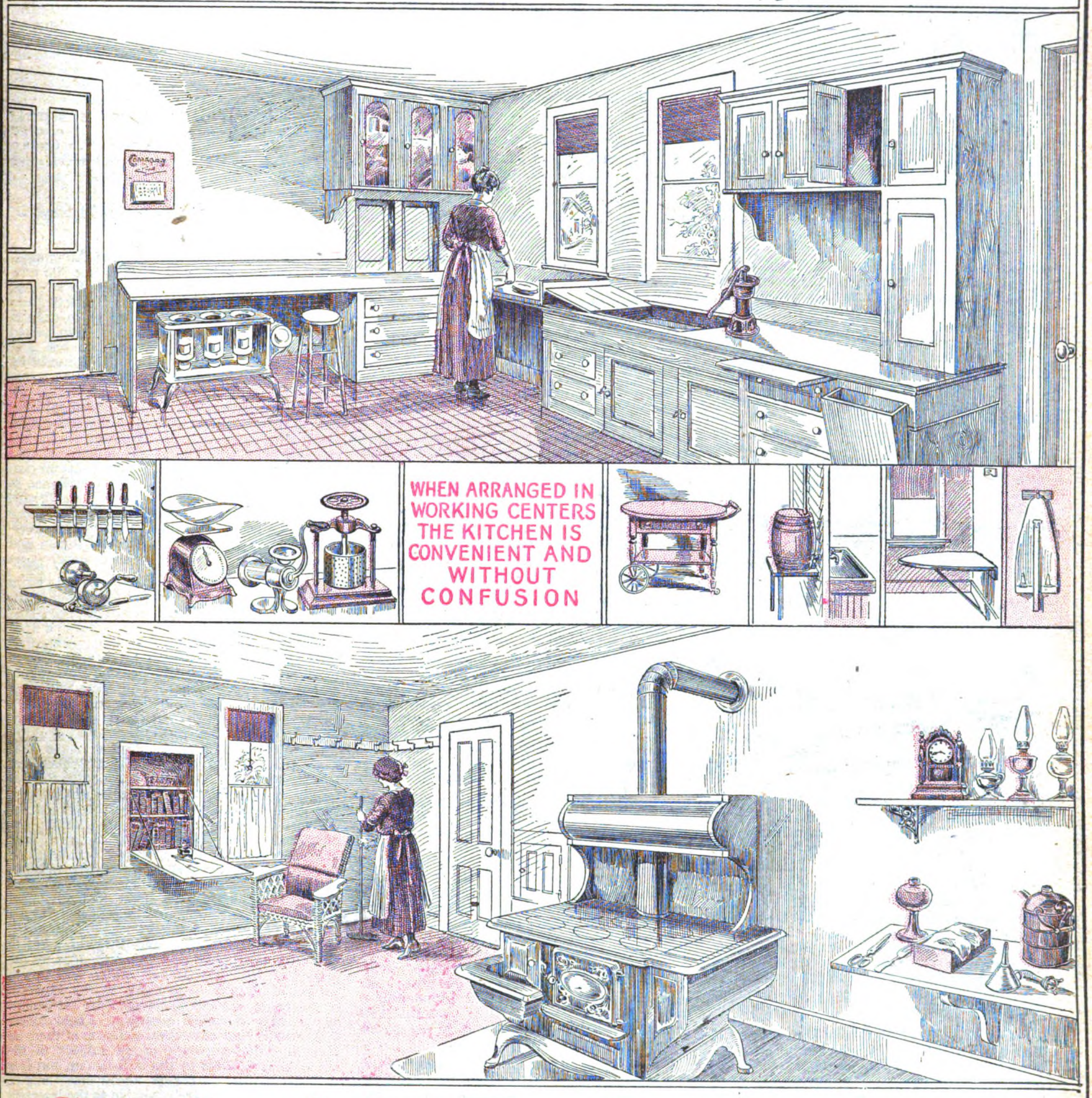
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COMFORT EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

The "Flu" Is Here again in Epidemic Form—Precautions and Treatment Advised by Health Officers

THE influenza, commonly known as the "flu," since early winter has been, and still is, raging in northern and central Europe, including Scandinavia, Germany, France and England, whence the infection seems to have been conveyed by transatlantic shipping to America, making its appearance, as in the terrible epidemic of 1918, in our Atlantic seaboard cities and thence spreading to the interior. Although simple "flu" is causing a considerable number of deaths, the most dangerous feature of the disease is its tendency (the same now as in 1918) to develop into or induce pneumonia, resulting fatally in a very large percentage of the latter class of cases.

Though somewhat confusing, and in part apparently conflicting, the following excerpts from recent press reports give some idea of the seriousness of the menace at the present writing (February 6th). A United Press despatch dated Washington, January 25th, summarizing the report on influenza issued that day by the U. S. Public Health Bureau says: "Meager and incomplete reports from fifteen States show that 274 new cases have been discovered during the last seven days. The total showed 582 cases this week compared with 308 cases last week." Dr. Safford, Deputy Health Commissioner of Boston, Mass., in commenting on the situation as it stood at the close of the week ending January 28th, is reported to have said "that reports from New York and other cities show there have been serious epidemics of influenza, but not to the extent of the epidemics of 1918 and 1919. There has been lately an increase in Boston of cases of what the physicians usually call the old-fashioned grippe, to distinguish them from the typical influenza cases of three years ago, but thus far there has been no increase in mortality from pneumonia or other respiratory diseases in Boston, unusual for this season of the year." He added, however, that "If New York is having a more or less serious condition of this sort, it cannot be reasonably expected that Boston is going to escape indefinitely," and explained that the Boston Health Department was preparing for such a situation and planning to aid in providing medical and nursing care, as was done in the influenza epidemics of 1918 and 1920.

On January 31st, Health Commissioner Copeland of New York announced that influenza cases in that city had reached epidemic proportions, basing his assertion on the official report of 813 new cases of influenza and 185 new cases of pneumonia during the previous twenty-four hours, with 43 deaths from the two diseases. He pointed out that the epidemic this year is much milder than the one of 1918-19 when on the corresponding day there were reported 2,070 cases of influenza and 283 cases of pneumonia in the city, with 61 deaths from the former and 99 from the latter. He called attention also to another difference in that the fatalities resulting from the epidemic of 1918-19 were most numerous among persons between the ages of 15 and 45 years, while this year old people and children appear to be hardest hit.

On February 3rd New York City reported 1,122 new cases of influenza and 263 new cases of pneumonia during the previous 24 hours, with 92 deaths from both causes, and Dr. Copeland announced that if the epidemic continued to grow more severe in the next two or three days the plan put into effect during the 1918 epidemic to reduce travel in the subways at the rush hour would be adopted again.

On February 3rd the Health Commissioner of Massachusetts reported 87 new cases of influenza and 30 new cases of lobar pneumonia in the entire State during the previous 24 hours, as compared with 47 cases of influenza and 42 cases of pneumonia reported the day before. On the same day of the month a year ago only one case of influenza was reported.

Public Health officials appear disposed to calm the people's fears by publishing expressions of opinion that minimize the danger, which may or may not be a wise course under present conditions. In view of the calamitous consequences of having allowed previous visitations of the "flu" to get a strangle hold on this country it should seem the part of common prudence to sound a warning of the danger and give out information as to such preventive measures and remedial treatment as the people could pursue for the protection of life and health against this threatened infection.

How to Prevent Infection—What to Do if You Catch the "Flu"

ACCORDING to a recently published interview Dr. Safford, of the Boston Health Department, is reported to have said: "In so far as infections like grippe or influenza can be prevented at all must depend upon the trouble that people themselves are willing and able to take for their own protection. We know that infections like influenza or the grippe are spread from person to person." He explained that persons sick in bed are less important factors in spreading such infections than are those [milder, so-called walking cases of] persons who are running around and mingling with other people.

As preventive measures Dr. Safford urged personal cleanliness, the frequent washing of one's hands, care as to the use of towels and eating and drinking utensils, and to avoid crowds as much as possible. He emphasized the necessity for a person to get plenty of sleep and not to become chilled or tired, so to maintain the resistant power of the system against disease, especially against pneumonia which he asserted to be essentially a disease induced by physical exhaustion or lowered vitality. In a circular on this subject, which the Boston Health Department is issuing, there is a special warning against kissing, and the following opinion as to the preventive value of masks. "Experience and research have not shown that the wearing of masks tends to prevent infection, nor that proper masks properly worn increase in any way the danger of infection. It is believed, however, that improperly made masks, and masks improperly worn, no matter how well they may be made, tend to increase the spread of the disease."

Regarding the duty of everybody to do his or her part in preventing the spread of the "flu" and other infectious diseases of the throat, nose and lungs, Dr. Eugene R. Kelly, Health Commissioner of Massachusetts, says: "Do not cough or sneeze in public without covering your nose and mouth with your handkerchief. Wash your hands before eating, and keep your hands or other objects away from your mouth at all other times. This will be your personal contribution in the preservation of your own and the community's health."

As to treatment for the influenza, grippe and other like diseases, Dr. Safford's instructions are: "At the first symptoms of sickness go to bed and stay there until the bodily temperature has been normal for at least two days." This implies, of course, that in such case you should also send for the doctor at once. This treatment is also recommended in case of a bad cold which in itself is always dangerous if neglected, and may lead to pneumonia or develop some other complication with serious or fatal consequences. This is especially important when the influenza, grippe, or pneumonia is prevalent, as in the first stage these diseases may not be easily distinguishable from a bad cold. Even a slight cold should be looked after, and if it refuses to be thrown off, see a doctor and obey his orders.

If unable to procure the attendence or advice of a physician for a person who has caught the influenza, grippe or a bad cold, so that you are thrown on your own resources for home treatment, the following suggestions may be helpful: If the bowels are at all sluggish give salts, castor oil or other laxative to cause a thorough evacuation; put the patient on a light and scant diet, preferably of gruel or milk so long as there is any fever; have him drink plenty of water; hot drink is useful to induce perspiration and reduce fever; orange juice clear, or lemon juice in water, hot or cold, is likely to prove refreshing and beneficial. If there is a tendency to bronchitis or congestion of the lungs, application of mustard poultices or plasters, or of musterole or rubifax, is useful, but care should be taken not to blister. It is important to keep the patient comfortable and warm, but he should have fresh air without exposure to draft. By offering the foregoing suggestions for home treatment it is not intended to exclude or discourage the use of other suitable home remedies—but I repeat the advice to get the doctor if possible. Finally, all authorities agree in advising not to worry nor be alarmed, for worry is weakening, and if you do your best to observe proper precautions there is but very little chance of your having the influenza, and much less chance of it proving dangerous to you.

Armament Conference Successful Beyond Expectation

THE Conference on Limitation of Armament, called by President Harding for the purpose signified by its name and to attempt a peaceful settlement of the conflicting national claims, policies and designs as to eastern Asia and the islands of the Pacific Ocean, vexed problems that were threatening another and greater world war with the United States in its incipient vortex, finished its great work in a session of less than three months and finally adjourned on February 6th with a record of splendid achievement that exceeds the most hopeful expectation of its sponsors and far surpasses the accomplishments of any previous international conference. The American delegates led in proposing and shaping the work of the Conference in which they had the hearty support of the British delegation throughout, and but for the influence of Britain's favorable attitude could not have overcome, as they did, the opposition of Japan and France on some of the chief points at issue.

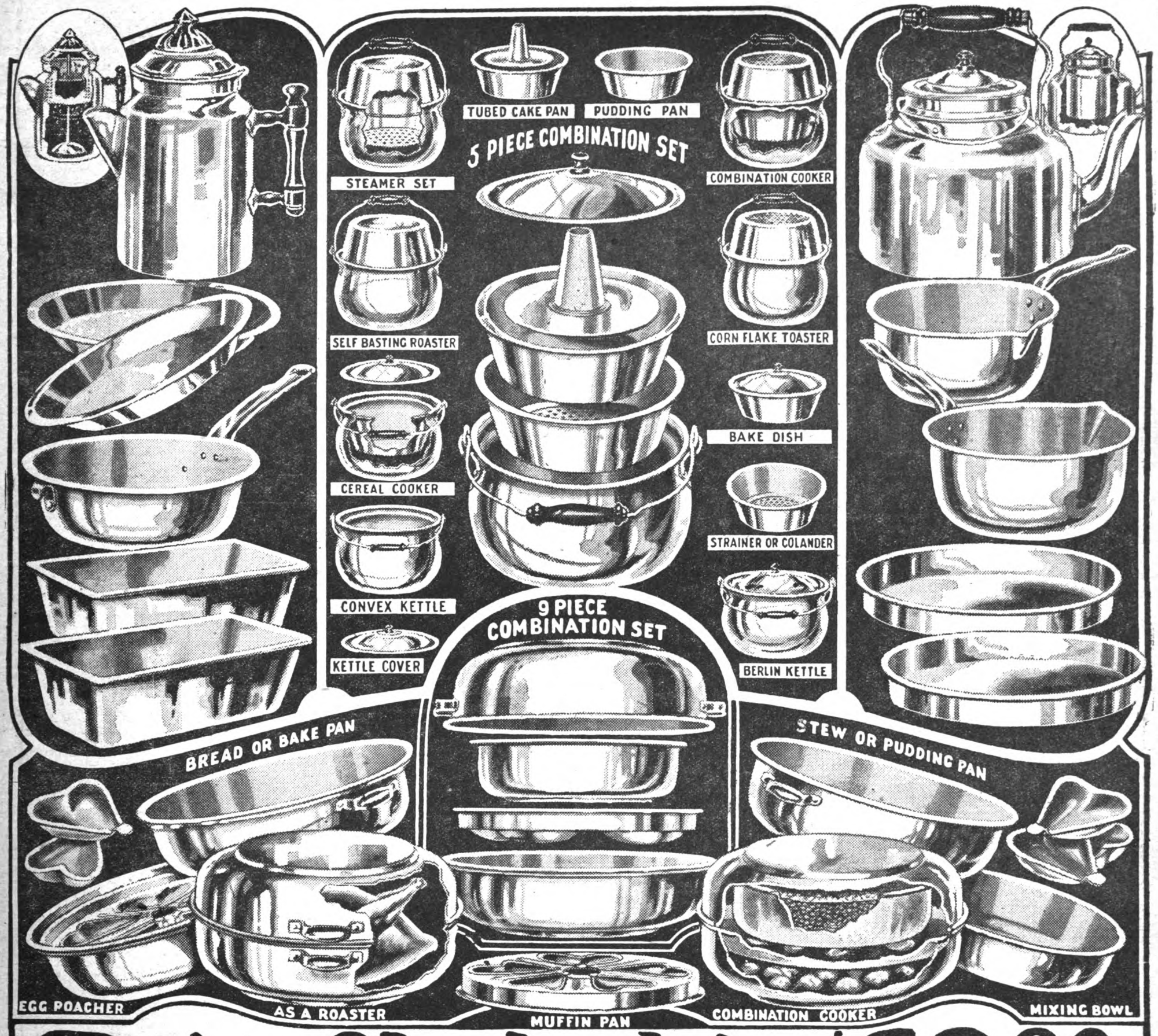
In the present limited space I can only summarize some of the most important results of the Conference as follows: (1) United States, Great Britain, Japan, France and Italy agree to a limitation of naval armament that requires the first three named Powers to make an immediate large reduction in their respective navies by scrapping all battleships in process of construction and some already built, so that the British and American navies thus reduced shall be equal, and the Japanese navy only three-fifths the strength of either the British or American, and further agree that none of these five powers shall increase its naval armament during the next ten years. Besides largely reducing expenses this cuts naval strength to a point adequate for defence but insufficient for offensive war. This tends to promote general peace and practically assures the United States against attack by Japan. (2) Agreement by the same five Powers not to use poison gas in war, and limiting the use of submarines to combat ships of war. (3) United States, Great Britain, Japan and France agree to maintain peace in the Pacific Ocean. (4) The five Powers above named and China, Portugal, Holland and Belgium agree to the "Open Door" policy in China demanded by the United States. (5) United States and Japan settle their dispute as to rights in the island of Yap. (6) Japan and China agree on settlement of a number of vexed questions. These agreements are in form of treaties, and such of them as the United States is party to are subject to acceptance or rejection by the U. S. Senate, but it is unthinkable that the Senate would reject any of them, as all of them are favorable to the interests of America and of peace the world over.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

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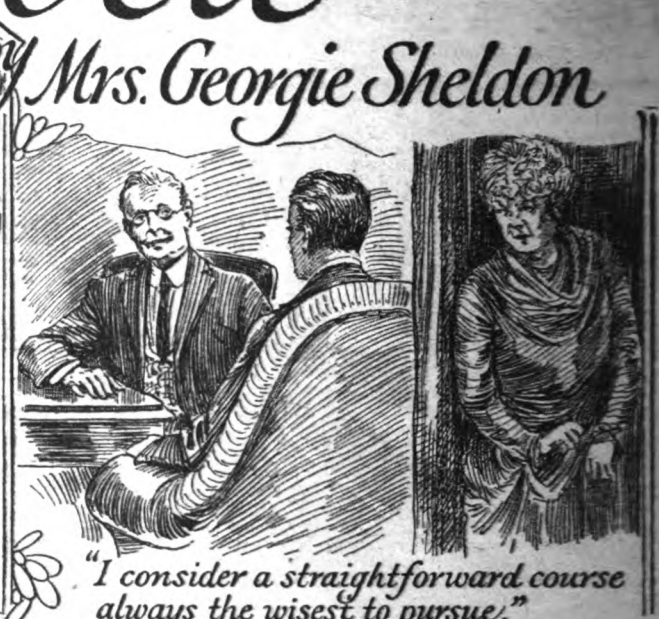
by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



Star's heart nearly ceased beating.



"Lord Carrol" she said, in her iciest tones, "release my hand, if you please."



"I consider a straightforward course always the wisest to pursue."

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A terrible storm at sea and from a steamer running between Liverpool and New York only five escape seasickness. Among them is Stella Rosevelt Gladstone, an orphan and on her way to some distant relatives in New York. She is befriended by an elderly man, Jacob Rosevelt, who is startled when he learns her mother called her "Star," her grandmother giving her the name. A fire breaks out and she saves valuable papers. The boats are rapidly filled. Stella refuses to go unless room is made for Mr. Rosevelt, who the next day suffers from an ill turn and is carefully nursed by Stella. The sixth day they are rescued. Mr. Rosevelt is told of the care Stella gave him during his illness and while thanking her a young man approaches and Mr. Rosevelt introduces Archibald Sherbrooke, whose home is in Derbyshire where Star's father preached. Star's shawl becomes loosened and not finding the pin, Mr. Sherbrooke draws one, an exquisitely carved stone, from his necktie, and Stella pins the shawl and then tells the story of the wreck and her endeavor to save Mr. Rosevelt's life. Arriving in New York, Mr. Sherbrooke regrets the loss of her address—he would call before his return to England. He hopes they will meet again and will she always consider him her friend. He places a card in her hand with his address upon it. Stella, remembering the pin, passes it to him. He begs her to keep it as a souvenir. Wishing she had something to give, he will accept a lock of her hair. Stella is met by Mrs. Blunt, Mrs. Richards' housekeeper, who hurries her away, much to Mr. Rosevelt's disappointment. Stella receives a cool reception from her aunt who had written she would befriend and educate Stella until able to care for herself and learns she is to take the place of Maggie Flynn and to be degraded to the level of a common servant. Resenting it, she asks her aunt if her father, from what she wrote him, had any idea she was to come into the family as a servant. Mrs. Richards does not relent, and insists she fills Maggie Flynn's place or none. Stella appeals to Mr. Richards, giving him the letter written by her father to Mrs. Richards and her reply. Stella's father is anxious to provide a home and begs Mrs. Richards to have the care and education of his daughter, since she once professed friendship for Stella's mother in saving her life from drowning. Stella has one hundred pounds. Could she not use it and then teach, relieving his wife of all responsibility? Mrs. Richards is surprised at Stella's suggestion and Mr. Richards makes arrangements for her to attend a select school, she giving a part of each day to household work. By close application Stella wins, at commencement, a part in the class exercises and surprises Mr. Richards, who is present, by her instrumental music, essay and promotion to the senior class. He tells his wife she has done the last day's work in the house. Josephine, admiring the cameo worn by Stella, suggests she give it to her, as her wardrobe does not correspond with it. Going to Stella's room and finding the cameo, Josephine takes it and discovers the initials "A. S." Stella misses the cameo and is suspicious who has it. In the meanwhile Mr. Richards receives a letter from Mrs. Richards' Uncle Jacob. He has lost all, is penniless and will accept the home that was offered him when rich. Mrs. Richards refuses to receive him, the house is full, and Mr. Richards is left troubled. Upon his arrival he is taken to the Lodge to sleep, Mr. Rosevelt meets Star who offers her room to him and does all she can to brighten his life. Mrs. Richards receives him coldly, and Josephine ignores her uncle. Mrs. Richards and Josephine go to Long Branch where they meet Lord Carroll, of Carrolton, Derbyshire, England, who appears pleased with Josephine and requests permission of her mother to call. Noticing a ring Josephine wears and examining it he sees the initials "A. S". Josephine claims it is given by a relative. Lord Carrol cannot understand it. The next day he leaves for New York. Stella, hurrying to take a train for home, and in danger, is stopped by Archibald Sherbrooke and the acquaintance renewed. Stella tells him that she and Mr. Rosevelt are in the same home. Mr. Rosevelt goes to New York with Stella to call upon Mr. Sherbrooke in his studio and arranges a pleasure trip for them to Coney Island for the following day. When they return from it Stella is the promised wife of Archibald Sherbrooke. Lord Carrol, of Carrolton, thought to be Josephine's betrothed, is expected. Stella sees in him her promised husband, Archibald Sherbrooke.

XVII.

"WHY HAS HE DONE THIS THING?"

WHAT could this strange thing mean? What was Archibald Sherbrooke—the man who, two days before, had told her that he loved her and no other—doing there in that character of Lord Carrol? Why was he there, laughing, chatting, and exchanging greetings in that familiar way with Mrs. Richards and her family?

Star's heart nearly ceased its beating; she grew faint, giddy, and absolutely soul-sick. Her face paled until it was as white as those cold, waxen berries at her throat; her very lifeblood seemed to be congealing.

What could it mean?

Looking down upon the little group, she saw that Josephine's eyes were fastened upon him—her lover—with an expression that there was no mistaking. It was full of pride and wistful affection. Her voice was low and sweet when she spoke to him, her laugh silvery clear as it rang out upon the still evening air at some light jest of his; and Star knew that she loved him deeply, passionately; that she would stop at nothing to win him, if indeed, he was not already won. Oh, what—what could it all mean?

It was cruel, cruel as death, to have her short, bright dream shattered thus; to have given all the wealth of her warm young heart to the handsome young stranger who had called himself Archibald Sherbrooke, and now to discover him to be a myth—that there was no such person, that she had been made the plaything of an idle hour. And yet it had all appeared so real; he had seemed so true and loyal, and to have loved her so fondly.

But stay—might she not be jumping to conclusions, after all?

A different solution to the mystery flashed into her mind. She started eagerly up, the color coming back to her face, a joyful light flashing into her eyes.

Archie had told her that he should "come to her Monday or Tuesday—that he could not wait longer;" but she had not thought he would come tonight. She did expect him tomorrow, and perhaps he had arrived.

On the other hand, Lord Carrol had, perchance, disappointed his friends. They had gone to meet him, and had not found him as they expected.

Archie, very likely, had taken the same train from New York that his lordship had intended to take, and on arriving had inquired of some one for the street and number that she had written on the card for him; the individual whom he asked might have known it was Mr. Richards' residence—for he was well known there—directed him, and he, on learning the man's errand, had probably, with his usual good nature, invited him to take a seat in his carriage, and had driven him home.

Thus she reasoned with her aching, fear-burdened heart, clutching at this little ray of hope as a drowning man clutches at a straw.

But he did not appear like a stranger to any of them; neither did Josephine seem like the disappointed girl she probably would have been if her expected lover had not arrived. She was chatting and laughing with him in the most friendly way; her face was glowing with happiness; her tones and her laughter were musical from very joy.

With these doubts mingling with her sudden hope, Star leaned forward, eagerly listening for him to inquire for her; but the words which came floating up to her smote her heart with a deadly pain, drove the color back again from her face, and made the love-light in her eyes change to a look of mortal agony and despair.

"My lord," Mrs. Richards said, graciously, "we will not keep you standing here; the drawing-room, where we have other friends waiting to meet you, is more inviting, and our dinner will soon be served."

And my lord, with his most charming smile and bow, replied:

"Mrs. Richards, you have given me a most hospitable welcome to your delightful home, and I shall be happy to meet your friends;" and giving his arm to Josephine, he followed his hostess within, to be presented to the other guests who had been invited to meet him.

All hope was gone now—they had called him Lord Carrol and he had replied; and, stricken with despair, Star slipped from her chair like one from which all life had been suddenly smitten, and fell prone upon the floor, where she lay in a semi-conscious state for more than an hour.

But when at length thought and feeling began to return to her, she wondered if she were herself or some one else who had lived through a century of misery—youth and happiness, joy and hope seemed to be attributes of an age so long gone by.

"Why has he done this thing?" she moaned, sitting up and clasping her icy hands across her burning brow. "Why has he deceived me thus, making a fool and a plaything of me merely to pass an idle hour? Why did he call himself Archibald Sherbrooke, when he is Lord Carrol, of Carrolton? Why could he not have left me alone when I was content with my music, my studies, and my simple life? Oh! why need my whole future be blighted thus? I could have gone on my way—I could have carried out my plans and gratified my ambition to become a teacher and be independent, and believed myself happy, if he had left me to myself. But now—if I could only die—if I could even go mad—anything to make me forget how I have allowed myself to love him, and built all my future hopes on his love for me!"

The sound of gay voices and laughter came floating up to her from below as she sat there mourning her blighted life: it smote her like the stab of a knife, and she shivered from head to foot, every nerve cringing with keenest pain.

In imagination she could see how Josephine was assuming her most bewitching airs to win the treacherous man who had blotted out every hope of joy from her existence, and who, perhaps, was bending over her, speaking soft and tender words, even as he had done to her only two days ago.

She got up from the floor, tottered to the window and shut it, to keep out those hateful sounds from below which nearly drove her into a frenzy; then, too weak to sit up, she crept into her bed, where she lay shaking as with an ague and moaning with pain all the long night through.

Morning found her burning with fever, with an aching head and a crushed and breaking heart, and thus good Mrs. Blunt found her about ten o'clock.

"Merciful sakes alive! whatever in the world has happened to you, Miss Star?" she cried, when she saw the young girl in her wretched condition lying on the bed.

"I believe I do not feel very well this morning," Star said, wearily.

"I should think not, indeed! You've got a high fever, and yet you're shaking with the cold. Goodness gracious, child! and you all dressed out like this, too! What has happened?" Mrs. Blunt cried, aghast, as she pulled back the coverlid and saw at a glance that she had been lying all night in her clothing.

Star was too miserable to explain, as the good woman saw, and she did not press her with questions; but with nimble yet tender hands she removed her clothing, replacing it with her *robe de nuit*, and then wrapping her in a heavy blanket, she tucked her snugly into bed once more.

She then went down below, where she prepared a steaming drink of some kind, with which she hastened back to her patient, and insisted that she should drink it—"every drop."

The poor child obeyed, feeling too wretched to offer any objections; and then saturating a napkin with camphor and water, Mrs. Blunt bound it about her aching head, and darkening the room, bade her go to sleep again as quickly as possible, for of course school was not to be thought of that day; and indeed Star had forgotten the existence of such an institution.

The hot drink warmed and soothed her, while the kind attention of the woman comforted her; and exhausted nature asserting itself, she soon dropped into a profound slumber.

It was late in the afternoon when she awoke again, and realized that she was much refreshed physically, although her burden of misery was still crushing down upon her heart.

Mrs. Blunt found her as white and wan as she had been flushed and feverish, when she looked in upon her again just before dinner, and she could not understand the look of hopeless despair that lay in her usually bright and joyous eyes.

Mrs. Blunt helped her to dress and watched her closely with those small, keen eyes of hers.

She did not trouble her with conversation, but after making her room tidy, she went quietly out and left her alone.

Left alone, the unhappy girl felt that she must get out and away from that close room where she had suffered so much. So dressing hastily and wrapping a shawl about her, she stole down a back way, out by a side door into the grounds, and taking a circuitous path, made her way as rapidly as her strength would permit toward the lodge.

She had accomplished about half the distance when her limbs began to fail her, and she became so weak and faint from the exertion she had made that she was obliged to stop and lean against the trunk of a large tree to rest a while.

A feeling of unutterable woe overcame her—such a sense of loneliness and desolation that she could not bear it; and covering her face with her hands, she gave way to the flood of tears which would not be restrained.

She had no idea how long she wept—time, place, everything was lost in the utter abandonment of her grief—until she was aroused, and a thrill of terror went tingling through all her nerves, as a hand fell suddenly yet lightly upon her shoulder.

With a start, her hands dropped from her tear-stained face and she looked up, to find the grave, questioning eyes of her faithless lover looking down into her own.

A low cry of surprise and dismay escaped him as he recognized her.

"Star! My darling, what does this mean?" he asked, in astonishment. "How came you here, and why do I find you grieving thus? You look more like some stricken white dove than like my bright, beautiful star. I was coming to you tomorrow—I wanted to come today, but I could not. Tell me, dear, how is it I find you here in the grounds of Mr. Richards, where I am visiting?" and he would have gathered her into his arms, but by a quick movement she evaded him, and stepping back a few paces she confronted him with a haughty uplifting of her small head, her face and eyes glowing with scorn and indignation.

"Tomorrow you would have come to me," she repeated, with curling lips. "Pray, where would you have sought me?"

"Here in Yonkers, at No. 56 ——— Street. I think that was the address you wrote on the card," he said, apparently bewildered by her strange conduct, and regarding her with a troubled look. "I wanted to go there today, but there has been no opportunity," he said again. "And tomorrow I was intending to ask Mr. Richards to direct me to the address which you gave me."

"Do you know the street and number of this residence?" Star asked, sternly.

"No. When it was arranged that I should come here to make a short visit, Mrs. Richards was so kind as to say that her carriage should meet me at the station, so that I do not even know the name of the street on which they live."

"Then tomorrow, when you should ask to be directed to the address which I gave you—if, indeed, you intended to ask for it—you would have been told that you would find me here in this place—this house. Mr. Richards' residence is No. 56 ——— Street," Star said, proudly and coldly.

She had no faith in him; she believed he was acting a part.

"Impossible!" he cried. "I never dreamed of such a thing. Why, then, have I not seen you? Why were you not with the family when I arrived last night? Why have I not seen you today?" he asked, as if more and more astonished.

"Because," she answered, her voice rising, with a scornful, bitter ring, "I am a dependent upon the bounty of the rich; because I am a burden and expense in a house of luxury, and only tolerated on account of a promise made to my dying father and to cancel a debt due to my mother. You have not seen me, because I am not allowed to breathe the same air, eat and drink, and sit at the same table with those who think they are of finer mould than I. But it is just as well, my lord——"

"My lord!" he repeated, in a startled tone, interrupting her. "Star, that from you!"

She laughed bitterly, lifting her head with a haughty gesture, though her face gleamed like a piece of marble in the waning light.

"Yes, that from me!" she said. Fortunately, I was at a window above the entrance when you arrived last evening, and witnessed the honors that were heaped upon my Lord Carrol, of Carrolton, and the revelation of your true character, although a sudden and bitter one to me, was, perhaps, after all, a providential one; for, if it showed me how I had been duped and betrayed, how I had been made the plaything of an idle hour, it also gave me time to collect my scattered senses a trifle before meeting you and telling you how I scorn you for——"

"Duped! betrayed! plaything! Star, listen to me," pleaded the young man, his breath almost taken away by these startling accusations and by her wild words, so full of derision and pain.

"I will not listen to you!" she cried, passionately; "I have listened to you too much already. Oh! why did you do this wicked thing? Why could you not have left me alone? Had you not enough already, with your riches, your title, and your life of pleasure, without coming in cruel sport to spoil a poor young girl's life? Was it not enough that you could woo and win the heiress, the belle and beauty of Long Branch, without the amusement of trying to win and break my poor heart?"

"Star! Star!" he cried, drawing nearer the excited girl. "What wild, wild words! Every one is like a dagger plunged into my heart. You do not know what you are saying, dear. I try to win and break your heart! My poor darling, you have been misled by having learned of my title. I should have told you before, but——"

"Then you are Lord Carrol? You own it—you acknowledge it?" Star interrupted, with a ring of wild despair in her tones.

"Yes, I am Lord Carrol, of Carrolton; but, Star——"

"That is enough; I want to hear no more," she said, stopping him with an authoritative gesture of her white hand. "I will not listen to another word from your traitorous lips!"

She turned proudly from him and would have left him, but he sprang forward and seized her hands.

They were cold as ice and shaking as with palsy, and he was shocked by the hopelessness visible in her face as he looked down upon it.

"Star, my darling," he began, in a voice that was almost stern from emotion; "you shall listen to me. It is my right to be heard, and I can explain everything to you if you will but give me the opportunity."

But she would not. Pain, despair, outraged pride and affection made her unreasonable and almost insane.

She flashed a haughty glance up at him.

"Lord Carrol," she said, in her iciest tones, "release my hands, if you please."

He dropped them as if they had been coals of fire, and drew back a pace or two from her, deeply wounded, while his own face was nearly as white and pained as hers.

"Star, you are wronging me more than you dream. Surely you will listen to my defense," he said, and his voice trembled with suppressed feeling.

Oh, how she longed to yield and allow him to win her back; how she longed to let him take her into his strong arms, and hear him murmur again those tender words such as he had spoken to her so recently; but, remembering his attentions to Josephine last night, her looks of affection and pride, her bright face and happy laugh—remembering what she had heard regarding his devotion to her at Long Branch, and the reason that had been given for his coming there to her home, she could not.

He had played the *role* of rich lover to the proud heiress; he had acted that of a poor sweetheart with her; for had he not told her he was an artist, but hoped to be able to take care of her, so that she need never know the meaning of the words poor and dependent again; and now, with all this evidence before her, how could she help believing him false to the core—to have simply amused himself at her expense?

"You can have no defense to offer me, and I will hear nothing," she returned, coldly. "You have deceived me most cruelly; you came to me as Archibald Sherbrooke; you used all your powers of fascination to make me love you as a poor artist, while you had already played the part of a rich lover in a different character at a fashionable watering place. I congratulate you upon your marvelous success as an actor, my lord," she concluded, with scathing sarcasm.

A deep sigh broke from him; her words hurt him keenly, for he was very proud.

But he saw how she was suffering, and he tried to be patient with her, feeling sure that if he could only make her listen to him all would be well.

"My dear," he said, gently, "you do not understand. Pray, let me tell you all about it. I swear that I am both——"

"You need not swear; I know enough already. Go back to my more fortunate cousin, Miss Richards, whom the whole household expects you intend to make Lady Carrol. She, I own, is better fitted to be the bride of a peer of England than the poor alien who is a burden upon her bounty. She will grace your proud home and name with her beauty; she will add to your riches with her wealth. But let me tell you"—and Star had no idea how superbly beautiful she was as she stood so proudly before him and uttered this prophetic sentence—"that the girl whom she has despised and insulted, whom you have deceived, and whose life you have blighted by your treachery, will yet rise to a position that shall shame and humiliate you both. Go back to her, I say, and—ask her for the cameo which you gave me. I told you that I had lost it. I put it that way because I did not like to tell you how badly I had been used by those who

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)



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Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

IF everything comes to him who waits, then just as surely everything must come to "her" who waits, and, as proof, here is the COMFORT Sisters' Circle Pin that we have talked of for some time. I've forgotten who suggested it in the first place. It isn't as elaborate as some suggested but we've tried to have it attractive and within the reach of everybody. I hope you like it and that everyone will order one. Thank you.—Ed.

Comfort Sisters' Circle Pin



Every COMFORT sister should wear this beautiful Sisters' Circle Brooch Pin—the one and only official sisters' "badge" of membership, uniting in one grand circle of friendship and love the thousands of COMFORT sisters living in all parts of the world. It is the size of a 25-cent piece, gold finished on the back while the front is inlaid with handsome cloisonne enamel in two colors—your choice of red or blue—with the words "COMFORT Sisters" deeply embossed, as shown in the illustration. For further information see offer at end of Sisters' letters.

LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

As I am renewing my subscription for three years I thought I would like to write to the Sisters' Corner at the same time.

To the mothers who have children that are cross eyed or have any trouble with the eyes, I say take care of it directly. I was cross eyed from infancy and mother did not attend to my eyes as the family doctor said I'd outgrow it, which I did, but I lost the sight of the eye as the muscles are numb. At times the pain is so intense that I cannot bear a bit of noise. Also at the age of twenty-four my hair is streaked with grey.

There is quite a discussion as to how to earn pin money. Though my sight is poor I earn money. You will perhaps laugh as I haven't read of anyone else doing anything like it. I lathe houses. My husband and his brothers are carpenters. When they build houses for themselves they let me lathe. I put on the average of six bundles a day for which I receive fifty cents per hundred, so I can earn around three dollars a day. As I do not work by the clock I can care for my home and children before I leave. I take the youngsters along and they play in the sand or with blocks and I quit when I feel like going home. I also have a garden and in summer I sell the surplus vegetables. Lima beans are most profitable. I have my own berries of all kinds for preserving, and my own fruit trees. As carpenter work is slack in the country in winter, we lay in our winter supplies in summer. We generally have a pig or two.

There are many things I'd like to discuss with the sisters. I think this corner is about the coziest as well as the most educational part of the whole paper. It gives one something to think of.

I am five feet, six inches tall, weigh 150 pounds, and have brown hair, grey eyes and a freckled face. I have been married six years and have two children.

COUNTRY READER.

SALEM, W. VA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I think we are a world-wide chain of sisters. Since Bernice Lee Whiteman's picture appeared in COMFORT I have received letters from almost every state in the Union. Whitemans have written asking the relationship and as I haven't time to answer all letters personally I am taking this method. I do not know the history and genealogy of the Whiteman race but there is a man in Clarksburg, W. Va., writing a history of that state and its first families. When it is completed I am going to purchase a copy of the book if I have money enough, then, provided it is a good history. I'm going to let all the Whiteman sisters know whether or not we are related. I thank you all for your letters. Some days I get five and six.

To the sister in Texas who wrote wanting to sell me a soap recipe to make soap without grease or lye, I will say that I haven't the money to risk on it but if she sees this and wants to know of a stove that doesn't burn any fuel, write me and I will tell her free of charge.

Some of the sisters are opposed to picture shows. They haven't seen the right kind. I like movies that show foreign scenes or views of our magnificent buildings in Washington, D. C. I have never seen them, only in movies. Suppose you were traveling and met some noted Englishman and he would ask you to describe your capitol? If you had never seen it at all you would feel embarrassed but if you had seen it in the movies you could make a rough sketch of it. False pretence, I hear someone say. Well, pretence or not, I'd show game by describing it.

Of course you know about Pollyanna and her "glad" game. Well, next time you go to the movies and are shocked by the extreme evening dress of the ladies on the screen, just think how nice their arms and necks look and be "glad" it isn't any worse.

Good luck to all. DAISY WHITEMAN.

Mrs. Whiteman.—Sometime, maybe, I'll tell the sisters about my visit to Washington a few months ago. Do you suppose they would care to hear about it?—Ed.

JACKSONVILLE, 121 Florida Ave., FLA.

DEAR SISTERS FROM EVERYWHERE:

May I chat with you a bit? I have read COMFORT, off and on, ever since I was a child. I think I get real enjoyment from the Sisters' Corner, and the short stories are often better than those in more expensive magazines.

I have read several answers to Mother of Seven. I did not read her letter so perhaps I shouldn't express my opinion. How wonderful it would be if all mothers could be kept on the pedestal for which they were intended. Many, really, are undeserving of the title. Think of the kiddies who just grow up and the only motherly care received is that of nagging. I agree with the sister who explained the cause of nagging but some are just natural born naggers. Home conditions have a great bearing on a child's character. It is easy to become a nagger if you don't adopt the right course at the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7.)

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

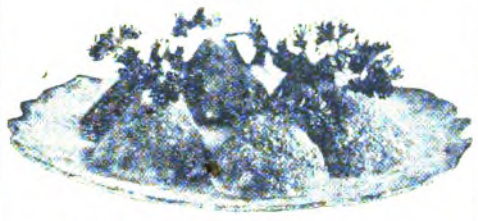
ODDS and ends of stale bread,
Little scraps of meat,
Make a toothsome croquette
Fit for king to eat,

might well be applied to the croquettes illustrated below. Besides being appetizing they are economical, an advantage peculiar to croquettes. Leftovers that the family nose might elevate itself at, are greedily devoured when made into croquettes. A few recipes, not necessarily made from leftovers, are here given. Try them.—Ed.

SALMON CROQUETTES.—Make a thick white sauce of two tablespoons of butter melted, and one-third cup of flour. Blend well and when hot and bubbling add one cup of milk, a little at a time, and stirring well to prevent lumps forming. Season with salt and pepper. To a cup of this sauce add two cups of cold salmon, picked into small pieces. Season with salt and pepper and a teaspoon of lemon juice. Spread out on platter to cool, shape, dip in crumbs, beaten egg and crumbs again; fry in deep fat. Serve with peas.

RICE AND JELLY CROQUETTES.—Cook one-half cup of rice until soft. Let cool a little, add yolks of two eggs, beaten, and one tablespoon of melted butter. Let cool, shape and roll in bread-crumbs. Dip in beaten egg and roll in crumbs again and fry in deep fat. Drain and serve with jelly.

CROQUETTES MADE FROM LEFTOVERS.—Odd portions of meat or fish combined with bread-crumbs, cooked rice or other cereal, cooked vegetable mashed or chopped fine, well seasoned and moistened with gravy, milk, cream or beaten egg and shaped into croquettes or small cakes, is the best way to cook leftovers. Cakes may be fried in a small amount of fat, first on one



CROQUETTES MADE FROM LEFTOVERS.

side and then on the other, or cooked in deep fat if made into croquettes. The croquettes shown in illustration were shaped by lightly pressing the mixture into a small-sized tunnel which was each time first dipped into cold water to prevent sticking. A delicious pork croquette is made as follows: Mix together two cups of cold roast pork ground fine with half the amount of boiled rice. Add one-half teaspoon of sage, one tablespoon of grated onion, pepper and salt to taste, one well-beaten egg, three-fourths cup of fine bread-crumbs, and enough pork gravy to make soft enough to shape. Hot water and one-fourth cup of butter can be used in place of the gravy. Shape, roll in crumbs, then in beaten egg diluted with a little water, and in crumbs again.

PRUNE DOUGHNUTS.—Try these instead of jelly doughnuts. Sift into your mixing bowl two cups of pastry flour, one heaping teaspoon baking powder, three tablespoons of sugar, one half teaspoon of salt; sift together and add one well-beaten egg, and sweet milk enough to roll out thin. Cut in small rounds. Put cooked prunes, stoned, on one round, wet edges and cover with another, pressing firmly into place. Fry in deep fat.

PRUNE CAKE.—One and one half cups sugar, one half cup shortening, one cup sour milk, two cups flour, one teaspoon soda, one cup of prunes, three eggs, and one half teaspoon each nutmeg and cinnamon. Cream butter and sugar, sift flour three or four times with soda and spices; beat eggs until creamy; add flour and milk alternately, a little at a time, and last add prunes. Bake in three layers. Make filling of one cup of powdered sugar, one teaspoon butter and enough milk or cream to make it spread nicely.—MRS. EVA HARMON, Los Angeles, 1432A Toberman St., Cal.

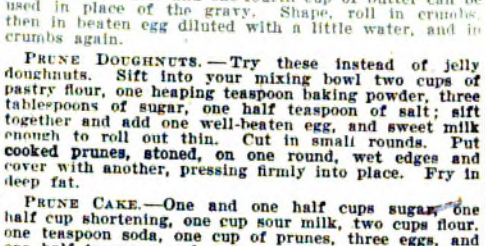
PRUNE COBBLER.—Cut cooked prunes into fairly small pieces and use to cover bottom of baking dish. Sprinkle with sugar. Make a batter of one cup of sour milk, two eggs, piece of butter size of egg, one half teaspoon of soda and flour enough to make thick batter. Spread this over the prunes and bake. When ready to serve, turn out onto plate so prunes will be on top. Serve with sugar and cream.

OATMEAL BREAD WITHOUT EGGS.—One cup oatmeal flour, and one quarter cup each corn-meal and white flour. To this add enough sour milk to make batter as for gems, adding a level teaspoon soda and one teaspoon baking powder and one half teaspoon salt. Mix and bake in greased gem pans or in pan. Bake in quick oven.—C. D. R., McKinney, Texas.

GINGERBREAD PUDDING.—Fill a baking dish half full of apples, cut in thin slices and sprinkle with sugar, salt and cinnamon and half a cup of water. Make gingerbread of one half cup molasses, one half cup of sugar, quarter of a cup of butter, one cup of boiling water in which one teaspoon of soda has been dissolved, one teaspoon cinnamon and ginger and flour to make a thin mixture. Pour over the apples and bake.

STUFFED PRUNES.—Wash and soak prunes over night in cold water. In morning let simmer until tender. When prunes are cold, remove the stone and put in its place half a walnut. Roll in granulated sugar and set away to dry slightly before serving.—MRS. O. H., Highland, Ill.

CELERY STICKS.—Use only the white tender stalks, allowing them to remain in cold water until crisp. Wipe dry and fill the concaves of the celery with the following mixture: To every one-fourth cup of cream cheese, use two tablespoons of heavy cream, mayonnaise dressing or condensed milk, and beat until creamy. Flavor with a small pinch of mustard, salt and paprika,



CELERY STICKS.

and add one tablespoon of finely-chopped nut meats. If mayonnaise is used, less flavoring will be necessary. Beat again, and after filling the celery sprinkle with paprika. Arrange as illustrated, placing between stalks the small center ones with tender leaves. Leftover bits of meat ground fine and mixed with cream or salad dressing, combined with chopped boiled beet and highly flavored, makes another delicious filling.

GRANDMOTHER'S TEA BISCUIT.—One-half cup of butter, two cups of sugar, two pints of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder and one teaspoon of extract of nutmeg. Sift the flour, sugar and baking powder together; rub in the butter cold and add enough sweet milk to make a soft dough, adding extract last. Roll out half an inch thick and cut out with biscuit cutter. Wash over with milk and bake twenty minutes in a moderate oven.—LAURA E. JUSTI, Red House, Va.

SAVORY POTATOES.—Cut half a dozen potatoes into slices, put in casserole in layers, with one onion, chopped, and three or four slices of bacon, cut into small pieces. Season with salt and pepper and add one pint of milk. Bake three hours in slow oven.

BANANA CREAM.—Dissolve one-half box of gelatine in a pint of warm water, and add one cup sugar, juice of one lemon, and one cup sliced banana. When ready to serve, stir in one-half pint whipped cream.

CANNED CURRANTS.—Wash currants well, after carefully picking them over and allow one pound of sugar for every pound of fruit. Put the currants into preserving kettle, with a little water, and let stew slowly half an hour, then add sugar. Keep as hot as possible without letting it boil until sugar is dissolved and place in sterilized jars and seal.



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Love Will Find the Way

by Wenona Gilman



He put out his hands and gently patted the bowed head.



Mrs. Presbury came forward through the door and joined them.



"It's just over there across the hedge miss."

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Junius Beckwith, a Westpointer, Anne Gordon, wealthy, Marian Reade, companion, friend and protegee of Anne Gordon, occupy a box at the Metropolitan Opera House. The curtain falls and Beckwith admits that "Lucia di Lammermore" has a depressing influence upon him and he cannot think of insanity without repulsion, no matter what the cause may be, and a marriage with either tainted, should be made a crime punishable by law. The next morning is Marian's birthday and deciding to go home, Anne Gordon, with a premonition that she ought to stay, exacts a promise, if any trouble comes, Marian will let her know first. Marian walks away and turning the corner meets June Beckwith and they go to the park. Remembering it is her birthday, he offers his love as a gift and asks her to be his wife. Happy in her love for June, Marian reaches home. Janet Reade, her grandmother, tells her that her mother is not dead but the inmate of a madhouse. What can she say to June? Hearing a voice, she answers to her father's call. He gives her a curious Venetian ring for a birthday gift, and questioning him where he got it he evades the answer and queries what Anne Gordon gives her. Showing the watch, her father berates Marian's friend. She might have given one thousand dollars, which he needs and will have. Marian, under the horror of all she hears, forgets all her grandmother told her, even forgets June Beckwith. Later in the night, recalling her promise to Anne Gordon, she goes to her home. A light flashed from a window opposite shows a rope hung from Anne Gordon's window, and in the window her father's face. Reaching home, Marian meets her father, tells him where he has been, and for no honest purpose, and demands that he return all he has stolen. He refuses, and only after her earnest pleading does he ask what she will do for him. Little dreaming the price she must pay, she asks for nothing but to serve him and she seals the promise upon her mother's Bible. Left alone, Paul Reade decides to keep one ring. Marian writes June she does not love him and that her soul is withered as much as the flower she encloses. Her father assures her he has obtained a position in the brokerage business and rented a house down town. June is stunned upon receiving Marian's letter and welcomes his friend, Fred Underwood, who tells him Paul Reade is a most unscrupulous villain and the house he has rented is a decoy for gamblers, that Marian is not as innocent as she appears. June cannot believe it, and Underwood will prove it to him if he cares to go. June calling upon Anne, she tells of Paul Reade's sudden wealth, and June, knowing where it comes from, as a friend, forbids Anne to go to Marian Reade's home. Going to the reception, Underwood requests Paul Reade to introduce Marian. In the meanwhile June appears with a message from Miss Gordon. He invites Marian for a waltz which she ends with Dick Gresham, the most notorious gambler in New York. The evening ended, Marian faces her father and asks who were those people. She receives no satisfaction from his answer—he expects her to receive them with courtesy, she has sworn to obey him. Anne begs Marian to come to her for a home, to divulge the secret that troubles her and she denies she has one. June Beckwith calls upon Anne, who defends Marian and with tears in her eyes pleads with him not to condemn her. If he never loved Anne before he thinks he does now and she is willing to be his wife. Marian speaks to her father of her mother and what has kept her from Marian all these years. She must see her. Her father refuses and Marian insists. There are those who will help. Paul Reade requests Ezra Morris, whose mother is hopelessly insane and confined in a house built especially for her, to allow Marian to visit her, believing she is her mother. Returning home she cries, "will the inheritance come to her?" Dick Gresham announces Anne's betrothal to Junius Beckwith, and for several days Marian remains in her room. Again mingling with her father's guests, she is introduced to Elliott Dwight, a multi-millionaire who, by his words and manner, arouses Marian's suspicions as to his motives. She demands of her father, and before his guests, to deny that she is an inmate of a gambling house, a decoy by his will for his guests, that it is not as Elliott Dwight says. Her father's silence convinces her it is true and in her anguish Marian leaves the house. She is stopped by Fred Underwood who exacts a promise that she will see him before making a decided change. Her heart sinks. June believes her guilty. Underwood admits he is in a most uncomfortable position. June loves Marian, Anne Gordon loves June and I love Anne Gordon. Janet Reade goes to Anne Gordon; she knows her son is not only a gambler but a thief, and has stolen from Anne, detected by his daughter and innocent of the character of the house Marian leaves as soon as the truth comes to her. Anne, anxious to find and help Marian, writes to June.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MARIAN TAKES A JOURNEY.

THERE was a little weary pause between Fred Underwood and Marian. He looked, as he had said, as if hope were dead within him. She would have done anything within her power to have assisted him in his sorrowful strait, but there was nothing that she could do. She was impotent of all save earnest desire, and that was of no great benefit to him in his extremity.

The servant came and brought their breakfast; but there was no appetite on the part of either. Marian swallowed a little coffee, as if to give her strength, then she leaned forward and placed her hand upon his arm.

"You must not think of me," she said earnestly. "I have already told you, and I tell you truly, that there is absolutely nothing that you can do for me. I am not to be considered. I have already told you that there are no circumstances under which I would become Mr. Beckwith's wife, however much he might desire it!"

"And yet you love him."

She colored painfully.

"That is a fact which I must leave behind me with the past that I am going to try to blot from my remembrance. It would be the greatest folly for me to attempt to remain here. I must go away. New York holds no promise for me. I must go where I am not known."

"And starve?"

"There is something honorable in starvation, and I am beginning to think that nothing matters so long as it is not dishonorable. I could never remain here where my story is known, where the shame that has blighted my life is upon every tongue, where I should be pointed out as the girl whose own father disgraced her. Oh Mr. Underwood, can't you see how impossible it all is? Can't you understand that no man would want to make such a woman his wife, even if that were the only misfortune that attached to her? No. I must go away. I must make my own way in the world, or I must sink under my burden, as fate ordains. I am sorry for you. There is nothing that I would not do if it were in my power, for you have been the only friend that I have possessed; but you must see how powerless I am to help you in any way."

"I hope you don't think that I have been considering myself alone in this case?" he cried, looking up quickly. "I hope you don't think I was striving to plan a reconciliation between you and June, in order that Miss Gordon be left free for me?"

There was almost a trace of horror in his tone, and she hastened to reassure him.

"No, no! I beg of you not to believe such a thing. I know that you are good and true. Have you not proven it to me? I think nothing of you that is not noble and sincere. You believe that, do you not?"

"I will try to believe it if you will promise me one thing."

"And that is?"

"That you will do nothing without my sanction. That you will make no attempt to escape my friendly interest. Somehow I feel myself indirectly responsible for your present position, and I would make amends in any way that might lay in my power. It was I who first told June of your father's business. It was I who first told him of—of the shame that attached to your residence there."

"But the fault was not yours, and no blame should rest upon you. You would have little deserved the name of friend if you had not told him what you believed to be a shameful truth."

"Then you have no censure for me?"

"None."

"Will you prove it?"

"By making the promise that you have asked?"

"Yes. That you will make no move that we have not canvassed thoroughly together; that you will trust me and let me help you. In return, I will swear to you that nothing will tempt me to betray your place of residence, or any part of this story, without your permission. Will you do it?"

"Yes."

"Thank you. It is a great relief to me. I should feel myself eternally culpable if I were not allowed to look after you—in a measure, to take care of you. I think I am recovering somewhat"—with a smile. "I am afraid that I have been a great baby; but, you know, there must come moments of weakness in the life of the strongest man. I have proven to myself that a little girl can have more courage than a six-foot coward such as I can have in his whole body. I have made a baby of myself, while you have been the heroine; but it is all gone now. Now let us talk. I propose that you go out into the country for awhile, until we have time to think and plan."

"I know a family who have a charming farmhouse where I can take you, and where you will be perfectly safe. I never like to jump into a thing without due consideration, and we should be sure to make a wrong move if we did anything in the mental disquiet that is now upon us. If you remain here, I am afraid that you would be made very uncomfortable. The newspapers are liable to get hold of the affair at any moment. Reporters are like bloodhounds. They would find you without doubt, and your life would be made a torture. In order to avoid all that, suppose you go out to my friends for a few days. They are simple people, and will ask no questions. Will you do this?"

"Gladly."

"Then I will drive you out there today."

"But there is one thing that I had forgotten."

"And that is?"

"My grandmother. Oh, Mr. Underwood, think for me! It seems that at every turn I am confronted by some new emergency. She has been more than a mother to me. She has been everything in one, and—I shame to confess it—I had forgotten her as entirely as if she had never existed. It will kill her if I leave her. What am I to do?"

She had buried her face in her hands. There were no sobs, no tears. Underwood was thankful for that, though a woman would have understood the situation better. He put out his hands and gently patted the bowed head.

"Don't let that distress you," he said kindly. "I am in the habit of going to the house. I can go there and see her. I will explain all that is necessary, and we can decide later, when we know more, how best to act."

"How shall I thank you?" she asked, lifting her white face wearily.

"Only by letting me do something to relieve you of the position in which I have helped to place you. Will you go out to the country this morning?"

"At once, if you like."

"That is well. You remain here until I have ordered a carriage, then you can get your hat, and we will be off. And you will promise to trust me? You promise that you will not leave without communicating with me?"

"I do."

"That is well. Somehow I feel encouraged, as if the beginning of the end were near. After all, little one, we can do no more than let events take their own course."

He arose and got his hat; then:

"Don't look so unhappy," he said gently. "You will find that there is more in this old world to live for than you have dreamed of. Love is not the only thing that goes to make up life, dear, though no one will deny that it is the best thing. We are blinded now by our hopelessness and fear of the future; but there never came a rain that the sun could not dry. There has never been a cloud that was stationary. The sky is always clearest when the storm has passed."

He went out and left her there alone. She could not have told whether it was his words or a gleam of sunshine that had suddenly penetrated, from some other cause, into her own clouded heart, but she felt the lifting of the terrible burden she had borne. Perhaps it was because some one was bearing it with her.

She had always hated sympathy, and yet she felt that she could bear it from Underwood. It came to her from him a sweet, soothing influence, whereas from another it had wounded her to the quick. She had felt it to be an insult from another, but from him it seemed a benediction.

She was actually considering that she would tell him the story of her life. She had about made up her mind to tell him who it was that was confined in the little vine-covered house near Judson's asylum. She had about decided that she would tell him of the tableau that she had witnessed the night that Anne Gordon was robbed of her jewels; but when he appeared before her again, she shrank from adding that shame to her father's life. She would not tell him one without the other, and so her lips were sealed.

"Come," he said, "the carriage is at the door."

He took her down the hall to her own room. He even observed that she was more agitated than she had been when he left her, not ten minutes before; but he asked her no questions.

He waited in the hall until she had pinned on her hat, then he took her arm and led her to the elevator.

He placed her in the carriage and gave directions to the coachman before he entered himself. She did not hear his words, and it is doubtful if they would have conveyed any meaning to her if she had.

CHAPTER XXV.

MARIAN MAKES AN ACQUAINTANCE.

It was a beautiful place, the one to which Underwood took Marian that memorable morning. It was a farmhouse, and the people were simple enough, but Nature had been most bountiful in her gifts.

The gray lichens hung in heavy picturesqueness to the trees, and morning-glories wound in and out among the branches. There were dainty ferns in the shaded places and sweet-briar in the sunny ones, with clusters of bluebells and forget-me-nots in artistic profusion. The house was old-fashioned and roomy, with balconies stretching to right and left, and giant oaks of centuries' growth planted immediately in front for the shade.

But it was neither the beauty nor the safety of it all that appealed most to Marian. It was the purity. The silence that would have oppressed another was glorious to her. The breathless stillness seemed to impart peace and restfulness. It seemed to her that the hand of God was hovering over its very isolation, and she bowed her head, while a little unuttered prayer hovered on her lips.

Somehow the memory of that conversation with Elliott Dwight returned to her. She recalled how she had spoken of her delight in light, in the breath of hothouse flowers, in the possession of jewels, and in bacchanalian revelry, and she shivered a little at the remembrance. It seemed impossible now that such words could ever have left her lips, even in the wildest jest. But the peace and quiet and holiness of this place was too perfect for that recollection to remain.

And Underwood left her there with the old people, after he had obtained from her the reiterated promise that she would do nothing without first consulting him.

"Good by," he said to her on leaving. "I shall see your grandmother, and, if it is her wish, bring her out here to you. You may be sure that whatever is done will be for your interest. I hope you will not be unhappy, little one."

She smiled into his eyes, it was the first that he had seen on her lips since she had left her father's home, and it did him good. He patted her head as if he had been her grandfather.

"That is right," he said gently. "There is always hope when a person can smile like that."

"Why should I not?" she asked. "I know that God has not deserted me, in that He has sent me you."

Underwood did not reply. He pressed her hand, even raised it to his lips; then he took his seat in the carriage again, the door slammed, and he was driven away.

She stood there on the balcony, with the warm sun just touching her pretty head. The sound of the wheels and the hoof-strokes had died away. Her thoughts had gone with the person who had just left her, and she did not hear the footstep beside her, until suddenly she became conscious that some one was mounting the few steps that led to the balcony.

She glanced around.

It was only a woman, yet for just a moment Marian stood there staring at her in a breathless sort of way. She was no longer young, yet somehow the snowy hair did not seem to fit the countenance. It was brushed smoothly away from the brow, and the gray eyes were fixed upon Marian in a half-frightened, half-questioning sort of way.

And what curious eyes they were! Marian had never seen any like them, so filled were they with a wild, indescribable sadness. There was a haunted, startled look about her that would have attracted the attention of any one, and a little quiver passed over Marian as she stepped forward.

She was about to introduce herself, when the old lady, Mrs. Presbury, the friend to whom Underwood had brought her, came forward through the door and joined them.

"Mrs. King," she said gently, "let me introduce you to Miss Reade. She has come to stay with us for awhile, and I hope you two will be company for each other. I saw you coming up the garden walk and came to make you acquainted. Dinner will not be ready for more than an hour yet. Miss Reade, are you hungry?"

"Not at all," answered Marian.

"Then I won't spoil your appetite by giving you anything now."

She went into the house again, and Marian was left alone with Mrs. King.

She could not have explained it, but a strange kind of embarrassment seemed to oppress Marian. Perhaps it was because those peculiar eyes were fixed on her in that curious, haunting way. Certainly, it was a great relief when Mrs. King pointed to one of the huge garden-chairs, and said:

"Won't you be seated, Miss Reade? You look pale and tired. Have you just come to Wildhurst?"

The voice affected Marian even more than the eyes had done, and she sat down with elaborate care before replying.

"Yes," she said, with a little ring of excitement in the tone that she tried vainly to control, "I have just come. Do you live at Wildhurst?"

The woman smiled. Her face had softened and grown beautiful in those few seconds. The singular apprehension of her expression had gone, and while the sadness of the eyes was there, as haunting and alluring as before, the smile changed all the face.

"I live here for the present" she answered, taking a seat beside the girl. "It is beautiful, is it not?"

"I never saw a more beautiful vista than this. I am afraid I did not see much of the park as we drove through. I was thinking of something else."

"You missed, then, one of the loveliest places in the whole country. Suppose, if you feel equal to it, I take you for a little walk over the grounds, after dinner? I am sure you would feel yourself repaid."

"I should be only too glad."

"A nervous person might not like the situation, but to one who can regard the uncanny without too much horror, there is no place that can equal Wildhurst."

"I don't think I exactly understand you. Is Wildhurst uncanny?"

"Not Wildhurst exactly; no, but its neighbor. I have not the remotest objection to it. It is misfortune that brings us nearer to God."

"I am not acquainted with the neighborhood, Mrs. King, and have not the least idea to what you refer."

"Haven't they told you, then, that the grounds adjoin those of an asylum?"

Marian started violently.

"An asylum!" she repeated, in a dazed sort of way. "I hope I have not frightened you? I suppose Mr. and Mrs. Presbury thought you knew. But there is not the slightest danger. I assure you of that. There is no reason why you should be afraid."

"I am not afraid," answered Marian, in a low tone, recovering herself somewhat. "I am not—in the least—afraid. But—Mrs. King—what asylum is it that—adjoins Wildhurst?"

"Judson's."

She had expected the answer; she had felt sure of the syllables that would fall from Mrs. King's lips; and yet when she heard the word, Marian fell back in her chair, growing as white as death. Mrs. King leaned forward and took her hand in a firm, quick grasp.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Nothing—nothing," answered Marian, pulling herself together and smiling wearily. "Only—I have a—relative in there."

Mrs. King did not speak. She could think of nothing to say. The same curious, haunted, expression had crossed her face. She held Marian's hand for a little time in silence, and then, as if unable to endure it longer, Marian rose.

She looked down into the strange face; her lip quivered.

"Excuse me," she said simply, and walked down the steps and out into the garden.

Mrs. King neither replied nor followed. There was something that kept her silent, immovable; but she watched the girl with singular fascination as she disappeared among the trees.

And Marian walked like one in a dream.

It seemed to her, like some extraordinary fatality that Underwood should have brought her to that of all places. She, even in the excitement that was upon her, thought how she would have refused to go if she had known; but the knowledge was kept from her.

"Dear God," she whispered, "I understand it all now! I have sinned in neglecting the work that was meant for me to do. I have shunned my duty, and this suffering has been sent upon me in consequence. I see it all now, and with Thy help I will atone. Show me my duty, and grant me the strength to perform it."

She had paused beneath one of the trees, with her hands clasped upon her bosom in mute appeal to Heaven. As the last word left her heart she glanced about her.

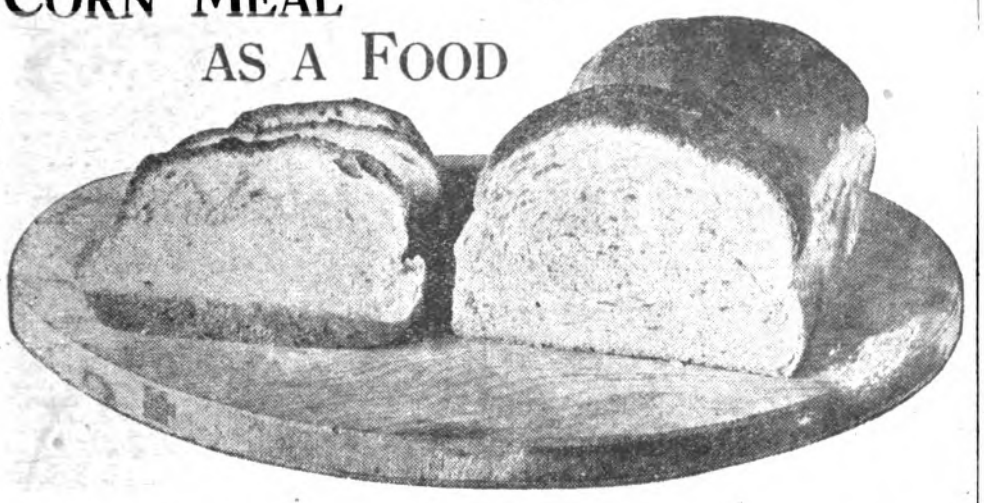
There was a gardener at a little distance at work on a flower-bed. She went up to him.

"Can you tell me, sir," she asked gently, "in which direction Doctor Judson's asylum lies?"

"It is just over there across the hedge, miss," he answered, mopping his brow with the sleeve of his shirt; "but there is a small lake just between, and you will have to go around by the gate. The boat-house is there, and Jake will row you across if you want to go. The gate is down that way, miss. Just follow the path."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

CORN MEAL AS A FOOD



By Violet Marsh

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CORN meal has long been an important food material in this country, and to the Red Man should be given the credit of having first gathered, prepared and cooked this valuable cereal. How the North American Indians gathered the ears of corn before they became hard, roasted them in the embers or before the fire, and made this food the chief source of their living through the season of green corn is told in a history of Carolina written in 1743. Following this account, mention is made of how the ripened and dried corn was parched, beaten to a powder and carried in bags by the Indians on their long marches, so that the only necessary preparation for eating was to mix the corn with a little spring water.

In approaching the subject of corn meal as a food, let us first briefly take up the composition of the ordinary family diet, that we may better understand the possibilities of corn as compared with other cereal foods in common use.



COFFEE JELLY.

Without vegetables and fruits there is danger that the diet may be lacking in mineral matter and other substances needed in the making of tissue and for keeping the body in health.

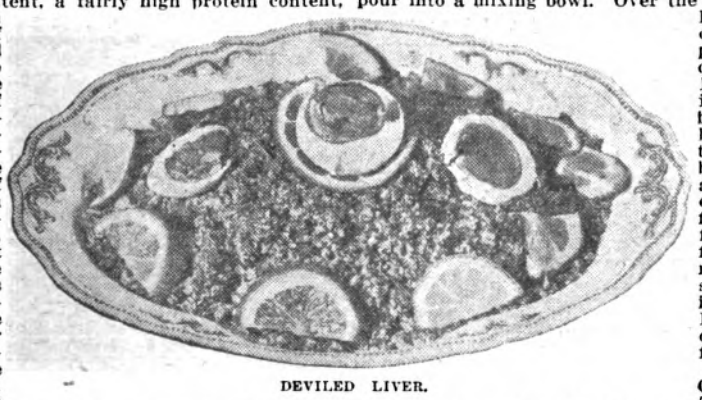
Without milk, cheese, eggs, fish, and dried peas, beans, etc., the diet is sure to lack some of the materials needed to make body protein, which is found in all the tissues.

Without sugar, molasses, syrups, honey, and other sweets, the diet would be lacking in sugar, valued as body fuel and for its flavor.

Without fats and oils, which have a high value as body fuel, and give to food an agreeable quality commonly called "richness", the diet would be lacking a needed component.

Without wheat, oats, rye, corn, barley, rice and their products, the diet would contain practically no starch, the cheapest kind of body fuel, and would also fall short of the total amount of protein required for tissue making, unless milk, cheese, eggs, fish, peas, beans, etc., are used more freely than is desirable for economy and health.

Compared with the average composition of the common foodstuffs which make up the diet of the majority of people—meat, dairy products, vegetables, fruits, etc., corn has a low water content, a low fat content, a fairly high protein content, a very high percentage of starch, and very close to the average amount of mineral matter. A detailed comparison of the composition of Indian corn and other cereal grains, shows that they may be considered as a group of interchangeable foods so far as their nutritive value is concerned. On the other hand, the value of corn as a source of energy to the body ranks the highest among them, on account of the high percentage of fat which it contains.



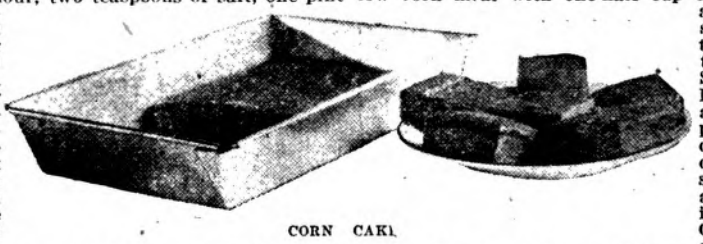
DEVILED LIVER.

There are many varieties of corn, and as many flavors. White corn is the milder in flavor and preferred generally in the Southern States, and in Rhode Island, while the yellow is preferred in the Northern States as a whole. The blue, black and red varieties have always been very largely used in the Southwest, where Spanish influence is marked.

Except when corn is eaten fresh from the cob, or canned, it is generally used in the form of granulated or bolted meal, corn flour, hominy or grits. Besides being used in these forms, the consumption of popped corn is very large throughout the country.

Corn Meal Recipes

RAISED CORN BREAD.—One and one-half quart of fine corn meal, two and one-half quarts of sifted wheat flour, two teaspoons of salt, one pint of either dry-cooked mashed pumpkin, or cooked mashed sweet potato, and one or two yeast-cakes. Put together as follows: Mix one pint each of the corn meal and the flour and add warm water enough to form a stiff batter. Add the yeast-cakes previously mixed with one-half cup of lukewarm water. Keep this sponge in a warm place until it becomes light, taking care that it does not stand long enough to rise and fall in the center. Scald the remaining meal with water, and as soon as it is cool enough add it to the sponge with the flour, potato or pumpkin, and salt. The dough should be just thick enough to knead without danger of its sticking to the board. Knead well and put in a warm place to rise, cut down, and let it rise the second time. Cut down and with buttered hands make into loaves without kneading. Let rise twice its size and bake one hour in a moderate oven. *See illustration at top of page.*



CORN CAKE.

RHODE ISLAND JOHNNY CAKES.—Since the earliest records of using corn meal this simplest variety of corn cake has been made in the little state from which it takes its name. Another name by which it is called in some parts of New England is scalded corn cake. Put one cup of fine white corn meal and one-half teaspoon of salt into a stew-pan and slowly stir in actively boiling water until all is wet and of a crumbly consistency, but not a dough. Do not have it in too hot a place as it will burn. Continue stirring until the meal is swollen, and then add, a little at a time, enough cold milk to form a batter that will hold its shape when dropped from the spoon. If too soft the cakes will not be tender, and if too stiff they will be dry when cooked. Have the griddle well greased but not hot enough to brown the cakes quickly. Drop by spoonfuls, pat into uniform shapes until about half an inch thick, and slowly brown. Place a bit of butter in the center of each and turn. As they cook it is well to move them about in the pan. Half a teaspoon of sugar may be added to the meal if desired.

INDIAN BANNOCK.—Mix together one cup of fine corn meal, one scant tablespoon of sugar, one even teaspoon of salt, and stir into it two cups of boiling milk. When nearly cold, add the yolks of two eggs well beaten, and, lastly, the beaten whites. Bake in a shallow pudding dish in a very hot oven. Serve with butter.

CORN CAKE.—Sift together one cup of white flour, two cups of yellow corn meal, one scant teaspoon of salt, three level teaspoons of baking powder, and one-half cup of sugar. Beat two eggs, add two cups of milk and stir into the drys. Add two tablespoons of melted butter, and beat the mixture very hard for two minutes. Bake in a moderate oven half an hour.

CORN CAKE WITHOUT EGG.—Sift together one and one-half cup of fine corn meal, half a cup of flour, two tablespoons of sugar, one teaspoon of salt, one teaspoon of soda, and two teaspoons of cream of tartar. Add six tablespoons of heavy cream and sweet milk to form a batter. It should not be soft enough to run. Spread about half an inch thick and bake in a fairly hot oven until it shrinks from the edges and is a rich brown.

CORN AND RYE MUFFINS.—Put five cups of boiling water into a stew-pan, slowly stir in one cup of fine corn meal, three tablespoons of sugar, one teaspoon of salt, and two tablespoons of butter. Cook slowly one hour, stirring frequently, then pour into a mixing bowl. Over the top pour one-half cup of cold water to prevent a crust forming. In the morning add one beaten egg and beat the mixture until well blended, then add one cup each of corn flour, white flour and rye flour, and two rounding teaspoons of baking powder. Bake in a hot oven in muffin-pans.

CUSTARD CORN CAKE.—Three-fourths cup of corn meal, one-fourth cup of flour, one-half teaspoon of salt, one-half teaspoon of soda, two level tablespoons of sugar sifted together. Beat one egg, add one-half cup of sweet milk, one-half cup of thick sour milk, and stir in the drys. Beat hard. Melt a tablespoon of butter in a buttered tin and pour the mixture over it. Pour half a cup of sweet light cream over the top, but do not stir it. Bake in a hot oven twenty-five minutes. When cooked, there should be a layer of custard on top of the cake.

MUSH WITH CHEESE.—Cut cold mush into quarter-inch rounds. Prepare sandwich fashion, with a generous layer of cheese, a dash of cayenne and a light sprinkling of salt, and fry brown in pork fat.

Miscellaneous Recipes

CORN-MEAL MUSH.—Bring to a boil one and one-half cup of water and two of milk with one level teaspoon of salt. Wet one cup of fine yellow corn meal with one-half cup of cold water, and slowly stir it into the boiling water and milk. Stir constantly, and as soon as it thickens pour into a double boiler, or set the stew-pan into a pan of boiling water. Cover closely and cook one hour. Longer cooking will improve the flavor.

BOILED CALF'S HEAD.—Scrape, remove the dark membrane from the inside, the eyes and the gristle around the nose. Remove the brains and tongue and cover with cold water. Soak the head two hours in lukewarm water. Drain, cover head, tongue and brains with cold water, slowly bring to a boil and carefully skim. Now add half a cup each of thinly-sliced carrot and celery, one small onion sliced, one-fourth teaspoon of white pepper, and after the boiling point is reached again, place where it will simmer so that the meat will not cook apart. When about half done, add one teaspoon of salt. Remove bones when the meat commences to fall from them, thicken the liquor with a little dry flour and butter creamed together, or add spoonful of soft biscuit dough, cover the kettle closely and slowly cook fifteen minutes.

DEVILED LIVER.—Fresh calf's liver should be used. Cut into small cubes and fry in a little bacon fat, add a few scrapings of onion, salt and pepper, and just before taking from the fire one or two tablespoons of tomato ketchup. Cook until tender, but not dry, and put through the meat chopper. Reheat by returning to the frying-pan and turn onto a platter. Garnish with slices of hard-boiled eggs, and lemon.

TOMATO SAUSAGE.—Use tomatoes that have been canned whole; remove seeds and drain. Cut three pounds of lean pork into small pieces. Cook one-half cup of washed rice in three quarts of salted water, boiling it hard for ten minutes; drain. Use one cup of firm tomato. Stir meat, rice and tomato together and put it through the grinder. Season with salt, white pepper, cayenne and sage, using sparingly of the two latter. It is well to test the flavor by frying a bit. Put sausage meat into casing. Another way to prepare the meat is to make it into a roll, cutting it into inch-thick slices. Place very thin slices of salt pork or bacon in the bottom of a tin, lay on the slices and bake in a moderately hot oven three-fourths of an hour. These are wholesome and delicious. Eat with baked potatoes and apple sauce.

SUGARED CARROTS.—Scrape, slice into rounds, cover with boiling water and cook until soft. To about every four good-sized carrots there should be half a cup of water in the stew-pan when the carrots are done, so it is better to add a little water from time to time than to use too much at the start. Pour the cooked carrots with water into a baking tin, lightly sprinkle with sugar, dot with butter, add a little salt, one tablespoon of lemon juice and a few gratings of the rind, and bake in a hot oven fifteen minutes, basting several times.

HOT BREAKFAST CAKES.—Sift together one and one-fourth cup of flour, two even teaspoons of baking powder, and one-third teaspoon of salt. Beat one egg until light, add one cup of sour milk and a scant one-third teaspoon of soda, and into this mixture beat the flour, and, lastly, two tablespoons of melted butter. Fry by spoonfuls on a hot griddle.

POPOVERS.—One of the secrets of light popovers is beating the egg a very little, just enough to break it up, and another is to pour the batter either into hot earthenware cups or iron gem-pans, as the heat starts immediate rising. The oven must be hot, and after baking thirty minutes it is well to keep them in the oven with the door open for about five minutes. Put the batter together as follows: Beat one egg slightly and then stir well into it one cup of milk. Add to this one cup of sifted flour and one-half teaspoon of salt. Beat just enough for smoothness.

BUTTERSCOTCH PIE.—Mix well together two tablespoons of flour and one scant cup of dark brown sugar, and add two unbeaten egg yolks and one tablespoon of creamed butter. Stir until light and well blended. Gradually add one cup of hot milk, and cook slowly until it thickens, stirring continuously. When cold, add half a teaspoon of vanilla, pour into a crust previously baked or on an inverted pie tin. After the crust is shaped over the tin, prick it full of holes with a steel fork to allow an escape for the steam, otherwise it will puff away from the tin. Cover with a meringue made of two egg whites beaten very stiff and two tablespoons of sugar gradually beaten in. Brown in a moderate oven.

COFFEE JELLY.—One quart of boiling hot strained coffee, two-thirds cup of sugar, and two tablespoons of granulated gelatine previously soaked ten minutes in half a cup of cold water. As soon as the sugar and gelatine are dissolved pour into a mould to stiffen. Serve with sweetened whipped cream flavored with extract of cinnamon.

DELICATE PUDDING.—Wash half a cup of rice, soak over night in lightly salted water, drain, and add one cup of rich cold milk. The mixture should fill an earthen baking dish about half full. Cover closely and bake in a moderate oven until the kernels are puffed and soft. Be sure it does not boil. Beat the yolks of three eggs until light yellow, add half a cup of sugar and beat again, then stir in two cups of scalding hot milk and mix it with the cooked rice. Cover and bake until the custard is set which will only take a short time. As the heat of the pudding and dish will continue the cooking of the custard after it is taken from the oven, it is well to remove it a little underdone. Serve lukewarm or cold with whipped cream sweetened and flavored with vanilla.

ORANGE SYRUP.—Select thoroughly ripened oranges, grate the yellow from the rinds, then squeeze out the juice and strain. To each pint of juice add a pint of sugar and boil ten minutes, carefully skimming. Add the grated rind of the oranges, cook one minute longer, pour into bottles and seal. Useful for flavorings in sauces, puddings, cake fillings, and refreshing drinks.



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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

start. Young mothers, you can do more with kindness and firmness than by any other method in child rearing. Your child is entitled to the same thoughtful consideration that a grownup is. Win their comradeship and the rest will be easier.

I sometimes read a sisters' view and she seems entirely right. Then I read an opposing view and she seems right too. Then like the old fellow in Silas Marner I feel like saying, "Wal, ye're both right and ye're both wrong."

And some daddies do "lose an hour of sleep" over their children. I have known mine to sit up at my bedside night after night and then work in the daytime. Mother did her part nobly too.

I suppose I should follow the custom and give you a word picture of myself. White, married, twenty-three, curly gold brown hair, turnup nose, about five feet, two inches tall and varying in weight from 89 to 97 pounds.

It's convenient to be little. It's my chief asset in life. Agents almost invariably ask me for my mother. No, it's not abbreviated skirts. They say it's my face and while I may be infantile in appearance I assure you I am anything but cherubic. I am "growing up" with my two babies, my boy nearly five and my daughter two and one-half. I play with them so much that I am taken to be their sister. You see, we all live together in the little crooked house, with our mother-in-law who is a beauty at past sixty.

Stuffing Blue Chums, did you get your name from stuffing pickaninny dolls or from thinking of Thanksgiving? I thought black babies were my own idea. Well, great minds run in same channels. I also make cats from old stockings, preferably silk. A good one makes two kitties.

I think it would be lovely to receive piles of letters from you sisters as some say they have.

My home town library is making a collection of the public libraries in as many different cities in the country as possible. I have thought of a way to add to their collection. Everyone who reads this please send me a postcard view of your public library.

I think I shall beg or borrow a typewriter to answer everyone with, that is, if I happen to get a lot of letters. Suppose I don't get one!

Love to all. MRS. ROSEMARY STEIN.

Rosemary.—How do you expect to ever grow up? Not with such a little-girl name as Rosemary. I like it ever so much and I'll send you a picture of our library.—Ed.

NEW ALBANY, R. R. 6, MISS.

DEAR COMFORT READERS:

I have been reading COMFORT for several years but this is my first letter. I have lived in the northern part of Mississippi all my life and think my home state the best there is.

The most awful experience I ever had in my life was being blown away in a cyclone, the 20th of last April, at 7.30 in the morning. Ninety-seven were made homeless and we were among that number. Our house was taken up in the air, moved several yards, turned on the top and blown to pieces. My husband was badly injured, being knocked senseless, bruised about head, collar bone and two ribs broken. Our two girls, a niece and I were hurt, but we were thankful to escape with our lives. Several were killed not far from here and now when a storm comes up we are very nervous until we can get to a storm house.

I would like to hear from some sister who has used the Auto Knitter.

We have a good country school near us and I can hear the children playing. We have only one girl there now The other is in school at New Albany, eleven miles from here. It is our aim to give them good educations.

I am blessed with good neighbors, so near that we are almost a little village.

A COMFORT friend, MRS. J. D. CLARK.

Mrs. Clark.—I'm 'most as excited over your story as though I had actually been there and the cyclone had whisked me around as well as your house. Don't you think it would be a good idea for each one to tell us about the most exciting thing that ever happened to them, their most thrilling experience? Something exciting happens to even the most quiet of us, and I think the more quiet our own lives, the more we like to read of thrilling things happening to others.—Ed.

MT. VICTORIA, MD.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Well, here we are again. How did you enjoy Christmas? Fine, I hope.

Now don't all laugh for I am going to tell you something. When we saw our letter in November COMFORT we were so proud of ourselves that we were like the old frog who tried to puff herself up as big as an ox, and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

Cubby Bear Umpires the Frogs' Jumping Contest

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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"FROGGIE Frolic, from Cedar Lake, is coming to see you today," said Billy Bluejay to Cubby Bear.

"I have heard of Cedar Lake," said Cubby, "but I have never been to see it. Shinyblack Crow said he would take me there some day. But why is Froggie Frolic coming here? I do not know him!"

"I will tell you!" said Billy Bluejay. "The frogs of Cedar Lake, and those who live farther on, at Swampy Bogs, are to have a day of sports and games together. A loving-cup will be the prize for the winning side."

"What is a loving-cup?" asked Cubby.

"Oh, I think from what the frogs said, it is a beautiful cup, just to be looked at—never to be used for drinking! Griffie Grayson, a gray squirrel who lives this side of Cedar Lake, has been at work for the last three days, carving a cup from wood. Now, the frogs want an umpire for their games——"

"What is an umpire?" asked Cubby, puzzled by so many new words.

"The one who sees that there is fair play, and settles disputes."

"We have never had an umpire for our games," said Cubby.

"We shall hereafter!" declared Billy. "We have been behind the times. The frogs asked me if I could tell them of someone who was honest and truthful, and would be fair to everyone. I told them to come to you—that you were the best one I knew to be their umpire!"

Cubby Bear's face shown with pleasure.

"Oh, thank you!" he said, "for saying such nice things about me!"

Froggie Frolic called that afternoon, and explained the plans for the day to Cubby Bear.

Cubby was invited to go to Cedar Lake the day before the grand affair, so to be there early in the morning.

"I would like to have you call at Griffie Grayson's on your way," said Froggie, "and get the loving-cup. It is not finished yet, and I shall be too busy to go for it."

"Oh, please," asked Cubby, "would you mind if Shinyblack Crow went with me? He could show me the way!"

"Bring him along," answered Froggie. "We shall be glad to have him, I am sure."

When Shinyblack Crow called for Cubby on the day they were to go to Cedar Lake, he found him sitting on the doorstep, waiting in a fever of impatience to start.

After traveling a couple of hours, they came to the hollow tree where Griffie Grayson had his workshop. Griffie came to the door to meet them.

"You have come for the frogs' loving-cup," he said. "Froggie Frolic told me you would be here today. I'm not quite satisfied with what I've done, but you shall see!"

He darted inside the tree, and soon reappeared, bringing with him two little cups.

"I hunted everywhere around," said Griffie anxiously, "and brought home the largest acorn-cups I could find. I knew I could make nothing prettier, and they were about the size the frogs wanted. Of course they would not stand up on their little stems, and were not tall enough by themselves, anyway, so I carved out these little standards to set them in, from a piece of wood. You may take them both, and give the one you like best for the prize."

"I think they are beautiful, and am sure the frogs will be pleased," said Cubby, and put the little cups carefully in his pocket.

The day of the games dawned bright and warm, and the shore at one end of Cedar Lake was alive with frogs, all dressed in their cool suits of green, with white vests. They kept up a lively croaking.

Quite early in the morning their visitors from Swampy Bogs arrived, hopping along through the woods in one vast company.

"I did not know there were so many frogs in the whole world!" said Cubby to Shinyblack Crow.

First they had a tug of war, using a long piece of vine for a rope, the Cedar Lake frogs pulling one way, and those from Swampy Bogs pulling the other. They braced their little feet and pulled, until the vine snapped apart in the center, sending them tumbling.

Springing up, they shouted, "Who won? Who won?"

"They are asking you, Cubby Bear!" said Shinyblack Crow, nudging him. "Answer them!"

"Why, why, nobody won!" faltered Cubby. "The rope broke."

"Wrong!" croaked a gruff-voiced old Swampy Bogger. "Both sides won."

Next came a pebble race, but the players grew so excited nobody stopped to carry the pebbles from one side of the ground to the other, as they should, and the pebbles were thrown in all directions.

"That will soon grow into a fight," Shinyblack Crow warned Cubby. "You must stop them!"

"Please stop," said Cubby in a faint voice.

"They do not hear you. Speak up louder!" said his friend.

"But I do not want them to think I am not polite," said Cubby.

"They wanted you to be umpire, and you must do your duty!"

"Order, order!" cried Cubby, louder this time; but the frog policemen had to go among the players before order was restored.

"Who won? Who won?" was asked again.

"Nobody won!" Cubby told them once more.

Next came a swimming contest. Eight lively young frogs undertook to swim the whole length of the lake, and come back around the shore.



FIRST THEY HAD A TUG OF WAR.

Cubby Bear, Shinyblack Crow and all the frogs settled themselves on the shore to watch the race.

The eight frogs were excellent swimmers, and started finely, but the sun was hot, and after they were well out on the lake it tired one's eyes to watch them on the sparkling water, and the spectators turned their attention to other things.

"We were up early," Froggie Frolic said to the crowd, "and I am sure would like some dinner now. It is all ready, spread out in the shade of the cedar trees at our right."

After a good dinner, which everyone enjoyed, it was thought best to take a little rest before the jumping contest.

The frogs settled themselves to their liking. Shinyblack Crow perched himself among the sheltering boughs of a spruce tree, and Cubby Bear lay down in the shade of the cedars.

He was roused from a pleasant nap by a question he was beginning to dread.

"Who won? Who won?"

He started up, rubbed his eyes, and saw, standing before him, the eight young frogs who had started to swim across the lake.

"Who won?" they repeated.

"I don't know!" faltered Cubby. "You were so far away, and the sun was so bright, and dinner was ready—I didn't see you when you reached the other shore."

The swimmers looked at each other in disgust.

"No one cared enough about the race even to watch us!" one of them said.

"And they ate up all the dinner while we were gone!" cried another angrily.

"It's my opinion this umpire doesn't know his business!" said a third, with an unpleasant scowl at Cubby Bear.

"I am afraid not," agreed Cubby meekly, "but you see, I——I never *umped* before!"

Froggie Frolic came hopping up to the little group, and the young frogs were partly pacified by being told that some dinner had been saved for them.

"Now we are to have the jumping!" Froggie Frolic told Cubby. "I hope you will not mind standing out in the lake a little way, so you can be sure who jumps farthest out. Of course it will be shallow water for you, you are so large."

So Cubby stood in the water to watch the jumpers, and many of the frogs sat near him, on large lily pads.

It was amazing to see how the creatures jumped.

One after another they sprang from the shore and came flying out in graceful curves, landing with a splash in the lake. Fast and furious waxed the fun. The air was filled with delighted cheers.

"Caw!" cried Shinyblack Crow. "Look at that!" For up on the bank shot a small frog, with a tremendous leap, sailed out over Cubby Bear's head, and struck the water far beyond where any other frog had gone.

"Swampy Bogs! Swa-a-mpy Bogs!" yelled the visiting frogs, hopping up and down in excitement. "Swampy Bogs wins!"

The wonderful young jumper, Sammie by name, swam back to shore, where he was quite overpowered by the embraces of his rejoicing friends.

"Tell them it's over," a big Swampy Bogger said to Cubby Bear. "You're umpire—tell them we've won!"

Thus urged, Cubby called in a loud voice:

"The contest is ended. Won by Sammie, of Swampy Bogs!"

An indignant voice rose above the wild cheering which followed.

"A cheat! A cheat!" cried Froggie Frolic. "Call the crowd to order, Cubby Bear!"

"Order!" said Cubby. "Listen to what Froggie Frolic has to say."

"No cheat about it!" said a frog from the Bogs. "The umpire has declared we won the game. There's nothing more to be said. Pass over the loving-cup!"

"Not so fast!" cried Froggie Frolic. "With my own eyes I saw what was done. Sammie's grandfather, the biggest, heaviest from here, drew down a branch of that little tree over there, and sat upon it; then called Sammie to take hold of the end. When the grandfather slid off, of course the branch straightened, and Sammie flew out over the water. It was a cheat, a cheat! You must tell them so, Cubby Bear!"

Cubby Bear, his face troubled, waded to the shore.

"What shall I do, Shinyblack Crow?" he asked.

"The crow is not umpire," the frogs objected.

"Do what you think is right," said Shinyblack Crow.

"There were no rules about jumping," clamored the Swamp frogs. "If Grandfather Frog was bright enough to make Sammie jump higher than the others, the loving-cup is ours!"

"Never!" cried the Cedar Lakes. "The sports are ended for the day. We keep the loving-cup!"

Poor Cubby was puzzled. He wanted to settle the matter right, and he wanted the day to end happily for everyone. What could he do?

He cleared his throat, stood up straight before them, and made his little speech.

"The games have been good today," he said. "You have wonderful swimmers, to go the whole length of the lake. The dinner was a fine one, and the jumping the best I ever saw frogs do. Grandfather Frog was quick-witted to think of his little joke, and Sammie had a grand flight. But of course it was *only* a joke, and not a real jump. Neither Grandfather Frog nor Sammie would want to get the loving-cup that way! Both sides have done well, and Shinyblack Crow and I thank you for our share in the fun."

Here he took the two little loving-cups from his pocket and held them up to view.

"I have decided," he went on, "that *both* sides have won a loving-cup, so I shall give this one, here, to Froggie Frolic for the Cedar Lake Frogs, and this other to Grandfather Frog, for the Swampy Bogs people. Please come forward and get them."

The cheering was feeble at first, but soon all joined, and the frowns on the froggish faces were replaced by smiles. After all, each side had its loving-cup, and it was better to be friends than enemies.

"You did well, Cubby Bear," said Shinyblack Crow, as they were on their way home, "to settle the matter as you did, and please them all."

"Yes," answered Cubby, "but if Griffie Grayson had not made *two* loving-cups, whatever should I have done?"

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March, 1922.

Crumbs of Comfort

Give gladness,
Children sweeten labor.
You are your own judge.
Whatever is over is past.
Faith keeps away failure.
Be useful as much as you may.
Kind things are not hard to say.
Sturdy trees are slow in growing.
Spread kindness; it goes a long way.
An acorn and God can make an oak.
Secrets make a dungeon of the heart.
The man that seeks power loses liberty.
Selfishness is not the road to happiness.
There is something good in all weathers.
There can be no charm without courtesy.
Curiosity of the right sort is a great asset.
The best thing to give your enemy is forgiveness.
Do not break a record if it means breaking a heart.
He feeds upon his own life who has nothing to love.
Labor and the soil are the only real bases of wealth.
There is no sponge that can wipe out what has been said.
A hearthstone should have a glow that can warm the soul.
Kings have few things to desire, but many things to fear.
The sweetest part of the cup of life is often at the bottom.
Mark with deeds the vanishing traces of swift-rolling Time.
A liar faces God, however much he may hide the truth from men.
If you see good in everybody, nearly everybody will see good in you.
The money which goes farthest is that earned honestly and honorably.
Spin cheerfully, carefully, prayerfully; but leave the thread with God.
The wrecks that strew Life's ocean are those that had no star for a guide.
The great, who are so well known to all, are often strangers to themselves.
A man is rich in proportion to the number of things he can afford to let alone.



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE LISHA

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 55 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome. ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

AS Billy sat down to breakfast this morning, I was unsympathetic enough to be a little amused when I saw him rub his left knee meditatively and mournfully. "Gosh, Uncle Lisha," he said as a greeting; "how the wind did blow last night! And this morning it looks mighty like snow. It certainly is a long winter."

"I thought you were a philosopher, Bill," I said, as I passed him the bran muffins. "You know you't can't change the weather and the calendar. March is seldom a pleasant month, and never a warm one in our latitude. How is your game leg this morning? I thought I smelt liniment."

"Oh, my leg is all right, Uncle Lisha," said Bill disgustedly. "Or it will be when I can get out and we can have some decent weather. I am not a cripple yet, thank you. But I must say, Uncle, that this winter seems as long as a second Ice Age. I want to see green grass and dandelions!"

"Bill," I chuckled; "I love you because you are so human—even to your rheumatism. You want Spring, but you are not willing to wait patiently for it and its place in the months; and you really take a sort of unhappy pleasure in kicking about the present, rather than looking forward with a grin to the April days that are coming. Yet you know there are always dandelions every year—and the grass has an old-fashioned habit of becoming green no matter how hard the cold winds have been blowing a few weeks before."

"You can talk, Uncle Lisha," replied Billy, giving a little shiver as the windows shook and a blind banged upstairs; "but that doesn't put the thermometer up any or stop this blame wind. Ugh, what a day!"

"Bill, old boy," I said, "cheer up! Take another hot muffin and listen a minute. It is not that the things best worth having must be worked for. No; Spring is a happy gift to us each year. But all good things must assuredly be waited for. Patience must have her perfect work if we want her to give us perfect things. This snow we are having now will make your grass in Prospect Park all the greener by-and-by, and add more of an eighteen-carat gold to your dandelions. Even this wind will cease and let the clouds gather for showers of warm rain. And just so, too, the very winds of unrest that are blowing about the earth today and banging governmental shutters are going to subside in the end into national and political weather which, if yet far from perfect, will be much warmer and sunnier than that the shivery old world has been lately experiencing. Spring seems always slow in coming, Bill; and slower that her delaying footsteps is the movement of humanity—creeping through the years and centuries a little nearer always to the time when the ice of ancient human hatreds will have melted and the storms of national angers ended. It is only then that we can expect the first flowers of peace and understanding to begin blooming in the better world season that must finally be ours. I've got faith that this season will come, Bill. I'm sure it has a place on God's calendar—and is just as much a part of it as your grass and dandelions."

Billy raised his left eyebrow and assumed the quizzical expression I have learned to know so well. "Uncle Lisha," said he, in the tone of one having a forced part in a futile discussion; "you can have all the faith you want. I'm glad if it makes you happy—and keeps you free from chills. But in such weather as this I'd rather have a full coal bin than all the faith in the world." And Billy looked fondly toward the radiator which, for a wonder, was steamingly hot.

"That's just where you're wrong, Bill," I answered seriously. "It is faith which can keep our hearts warm when all the coal mines in Pennsylvania might fail at the job. There are some pretty cold hearts in the world today, Billy, who are yet able to sit before the biggest and snuggest sort of fires. And they are thinking chilly thoughts. We need the glow of faith if we are to realize the betterment that is honestly possible in human life, and we need the warm hearts this faith can give if we are to work cheerfully for a world of happier and better order—and be patient while we work. Selfishness, disillusionment and unfaith are sadder sins than we know. They mean the setting-up of an altar, the worshiping of an idol, whose very ugliness would frighten those who kneel if they dared to look closely. By believing in our fellow-men we believe anew in ourselves; by helping others, we, too, are helped; by maintaining our faith in perfect patience we do not make the work of God harder. Just as Spring is nearer to us when we have faith in its coming, so humanity's slow movement onward is helped by every one of us who keeps his faith in God and man; by everyone who knows that all cold and barren years and places can yet blossom; by all who hold hopefully to a belief in the coming of the Springtime of the World. It is in these ways we can look past storm and change to something sunnier beyond—and by this seeing make the light come closer and warmer."

"'Forward, March!' is the word, Bill; and the further March goes forward, and we march forward, so the sooner April will be here, and we a bit more on our way."

But Bill, who had by this time finished six muffins and all the butter, only pushed his chair over by the radiator and started to look up the day's weather report in the Brooklyn Bugle. Every time the windows shook his nose quivered uneasily. His silence was eloquently chilly. Billy will be glad when Spring comes, poor chap! The winter has been long, but I think that he is making it longer.

And now for the letters:

BISMARCK, R. R. 1, N. DAK.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

As I have never seen a letter from North Dakota, I will write one. I am fourteen years old, have light complexion, blue eyes and light brown hair. I am five feet, four inches tall. I graduated a year ago in the eighth grade. Now I want to go through high school. I don't mean in one door and out the other, but to really graduate. My sister is teaching her second term of school. I want to teach school, too, as soon as I can get smart enough.

My! I'd like to see Old Scissorbill. But I don't think I will ever risk going to Canada. I look bad enough now and I wouldn't want those Canadian winds to hit me. I would like to see folks have a sense of humor, though.

I can do all sorts of housework—odds and ends too numerous to mention. I live on a big farm (no; I don't own it), can ride a horse, hoe spuds and feed the pigs. Can I milk a cow? Oh, hardly. They say I milk so slow that the milk would sour before I got through. So I'm excused to wash the dishes.

I am a League member and my number is 45011, but here comes the bad part of it: I had a lovely League badge. Of course I wore it to show the neighbors, and as I stooped over to pat their frisky pup my badge fell off—and that pup done ate it! I would have just liked to have performed an operation then and there! So now, sad to relate, I have no badge.

Do any of the cousins live in Indiana? That's the state I came from.

Your loving niece, GLADYS BRECHTEL.

Although you write from the capital of North Dakota, Gladys, I feel sure you are not living under the dome of your state house, nor hoeing spuds in the grounds of your Dakotan penitentiary. But I do wonder if your "big farm" lies along Apple Creek, or is up by Sunny or Sweetbriar? For these are charming names, Gladys, and it ought to make one happier to live near such delightfully named localities. Billy, who is interested in what he calls "municipal nomenclature," called my attention to the fact that your old home state of Indiana contained such harshly named towns as Gatchel, Blankenship and Central Barren. "If Cousin Gladys is now living near Aster, Sweetbriar or Angora, Uncle Lisha, she should be glad to have left such badly christened Hoosier hamlets behind her," said Billy. But I told Bill that your letter was just snappy enough to make me willing to bet him a bran muffin you used to live in Pimento, Vigo County, Indiana, before you struck North.

If all I have heard about Dakota winds is true, Gladys, you will not have to go up in Old Scissorbill's Canadian country to get warped. Winds do not seem to pay much attention to boundary lines or custom duties, and so can go warping and whooping about Sweetbriar and Sunny just as blusterously as when they are blowing Medicine Hat off the head of Alberta. However, I'll hope you are not warped too badly as yet, and that you do not resemble Old Scissorbill too strongly.

As for a sense of humor, Gladys, you are right in knowing it's a sense worth having. Folks that lack this mental smile-aider are generally short on other important mental qualities—particularly that useful sense known as "horse" sense.

Although I mourned your loss, Gladys, I was much interested to hear that there was a Dakota pup alert enough to snap at the opportunity of becoming a member of our League and that this pup now wears our badge—even if on the inside of his coat. Billy was delighted to get this piece of news because he has long been in favor of having a four-legged branch of the Cousins—with himself as Honorary President, of course.

CATAWBA, WEST VIRGINIA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

As I have never seen any letters from this part of the state, I thought I would write one. I am fourteen years old. I walk about two miles to school. We have a man teacher and he is pretty cross sometimes. We have only thirteen scholars and they are all boys but two. It is awful lonesome when one of us girls misses a session—for there is only one comes then. I will write again if Billy the Goat doesn't eat this letter. Good bye!

A loving cousin, MILDRED BUNNER.

Mildred, I think the reason your teacher gets ill-tempered is because he has so many boys to manage. If there could be some way arranged of putting more girls into your schoolroom, your pestered pedagogue would have easier going. What has become of all the girls in Catawba, Mildred? Have they all grown up and got married? Or do they have to stay home and help make grape juice out of the famous Catawba grapes? Cousin Augustus H. Trick might say they had lost their powder-puffs, perhaps, and so could not get properly dressed to come to school! But cantankerous cousin Gus has been quiet of late and I, for one, would not be a bit surprised to hear that he was coming home from the movies these nights and brushing some powder spots from his new overcoat. You can never tell how these young reformers are going to backslide—particularly if the slide is made extra slippery by red cheeks and bright eyes. Well, Mildred, even if your teacher is "pretty cross," this is much better than having him "ugly cross." No teacher is so bad but he or she might be much worse. I used to study under a mighty irascible master of about five feet, two inches. And when I left him for another whose disposition was about the same, but whose height was over six feet, I wished painfully many times that I could have had the shorter-armed, smaller-muscled teacher back again. If you want to help things out, Mildred, you will have to try and scare up a few more girls and import them into Catawba from the neighboring villages and vineyards. Billy says he knows lots of girls who would be glad to move into a community where those long-legged animals called boys were so obtrusively numerous. So if you can't find enough school-immigrants, Milly, write to Billy and he will send you his list. Certainly something ought to be done to help your loneliness and your teacher's pretty-crossness.

NJMOPS, OP. EBLPUB.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

No; I am not a Russian, nor do I live in Russia, although some people try to make us believe that all in this state are members of the Russian Bolsheviki except themselves. But I am trying to beg something from the cousins this time, and so I am hiding my name and address for fear of getting too many answers to my plea. I would appreciate it very much if some cousin would send me a dozen or so cotton seeds. I picked some myself once near Waco, Texas, while I was stationed at Camp McArthur, but the blamed stuff wouldn't grow. As most of the cousins describe themselves I will do the same, so that you may know what a Russian looks like: I am six feet tall and thirty-six inch belt measure, otherwise I don't look a durn sight worse than anyone else.

I will be glad to answer all letters from those cousins who can decipher my true name and address—as I know these writers will be wise birds.

Your loving cousin, CFOOJF HJMCFSUTPO.

Cousin Cfoojf of Njmops, your mystifying letter did a good turn to Billy: it took his mind off of his rheumatism and the weather. For the past three days he has done nothing but consult foreign and domestic lexicons and gazetteers in the vain endeavor to discover the secret of your name and nationality.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

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MARRIAGE—The New Woman's Problem

By Maud Mary

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AT Norah's suggestion Harriet Landis had slipped out of her severe evening frock and into a flannel wrapper and had seated herself on the floor in front of the fire, a little ill at ease in her unaccustomed posture.

She wondered why she had, at Norah's urgent summons, thrown over an important board meeting in Boston to race over to the latter's studio party.

But, she admitted with a shrug of her square shoulders, Norah Lane had compelled her to do unconsidered things even in their days at the college where Norah, a quick-witted freshman, had attracted the older girl who, already graduated, held a secretarial position.

They had seen a good deal of each other during Norah's years at college, and on several occasions Harriet had taken the recently orphaned girl home with her for vacations.

For several years their paths had lain apart, for on leaving college Norah had gone abroad to study art while Harriet had been making a name for herself in the sociological world.

Nearly a year ago, however, Norah had returned to New York and opened a studio and to her had come, if not fame, at least a sudden and decided vogue. And now she was about to give up her studio to marry Harriet's brother.

"I'll be with you in a minute, Hal," sang out Norah as she seated herself at a Florentine desk to dash off a note or two which she had characteristically forgotten.

Harriet turned to look at her hostess, the color running up into her sallow cheeks at the dear diminutive which no one save Norah had ever used.

Norah's was a piquant face, with features too irregular for actual beauty, but with a brow broad and spiritual and widely-spaced, heavily-lashed gray eyes which held sparks of Celtic cleverness. Her mouth was sensitive but willful, her chin firm. The perfection of her coloring and her shining russet hair were, Harriet decided, her chief claims to beauty.

"There!" Norah sealed the last note. "Now for one of our old talks, Hal."

Again the name gave Harriet a galvanic sense of youth and warmed her like a draught of strong wine. With others her personal relations might be reduced to the dispassionate brevity of a charities' report, but never with Norah.

Norah, in her odd black and gold negligee, snuggled down beside the older woman.

"I am so gratified that you came," she breathed. "But I counted on it. If you only knew how I want Dick's family to love me! I have a conviction that your mother and Ellen never will, but if I may count on you, Hal!" Her sensitive fingers crossed the dun-colored flannel of Harriet's wrapper.

"Norah," began Harriet impulsively, "why didn't Richard come over to your party?"

The fingers hung motionless. "Why, you see, Hal, he had an engagement which he could not easily break."

"I—see."

"But," added Norah honestly, "I suspect that he didn't wish to break it. I think that he doesn't altogether approve of studio dwellers."

"Well," said Harriet stoutly, "I am glad, at any rate, that I came. I wouldn't have missed seeing you in this setting for the world. It explains you, Norah."

"It explains my very depleted bank account," returned Norah with a rueful shrug. "I am so glad you like it. And did you approve of my friends, Hal?"

"They are very much like mine, Norah, only more open-minded and instinct with life."

"That is a sweet tribute, dear."

They fell silent for amoment, Harriet speculating as to what her brother, a college professor at thirty, dignified and austere, would do to this high-spirited girl.

The family had spoiled him, she reflected. Their father having died when they were all young, Mrs. Landis and the girls had deferred to him since his knickerbocker days. His had been the final decision regarding their friends and their food, their frocks and their frolics.

Suddenly it seemed intolerable that he should take this vital girl and fashion her to his mould.

"Norah," she said, "I'm sorry."

Norah was rigid for a moment. "Sorry that your brother is going to marry me?" she asked.

"Sorry," corrected Harriet, "that you are going to marry my brother."

"I am afraid you will have to explain that, Hal."

Miss Landis clasped one of the girl's chilly hands till she relaxed. "Dear, I'm afraid, among us, we've made Richard an autocrat."

"Oh, not that, Hal. Dick has strong convictions but he never could be autocratic."

"Are you planning to go on with your illustrating, Norah?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. Not so intensively, of course, for as Dick's wife there'll be demands on my time."

"Have you explained your intention to him?"

Norah laughed. "My dear, what kind of a problem are you imagining? Dick and I are intelligent modernists; I couldn't have loved him else. Our interests will merge. Why not?"

"I hope they do, Norah, only please take my advice and have it all out with him before you are married." And they dropped the subject.

It was to be a quiet wedding, and because of its informality, and because it was the only place which she could claim as home, Norah would have loved having it in the studio, but at the suggestion a frown gathered between Landis's fine eyes.

"Wouldn't that be a trifle bizarre, Norah?"

"Bizarre?" she repeated, surprised.

"I must have the president of the college and my intimates among the faculty. What would they think?"

"What should they think?" queried Norah slowly.

"Why, that a studio is scarcely the place to lay the foundation of a home. Besides, who ever heard of a wedding in town in August?"

Landis was a handsome man of great restrain and when he took Norah in his arms as he did then, he subjugated her as one more extravagant with his caresses could never have done.

"Mother has a tiny summer place in Maine," he said, his lips to her hair. "She wishes us to be married there. It is the very place. Trees for a chapel, birds for the music, and the old bishop to bless us."

Under the influence of his hands and his voice Norah's body yielded even if her spirit was not quite under control.

None of her studio friends could go up for the wedding for there were no accommodations to be had in the Maine hamlet and Dick's friends filled Mrs. Landis's cottage to the eaves. At first Norah was bitterly disappointed but she brightened at her lover's plausible reasoning.

A month of idyllic happiness followed the wedding. Landis talked more freely than he ever had done of his ambitions and he read her the opening chapters of the novel he was writing. They made romance-touched plans for their future but nothing was said, ever, of Norah's work, and because self-effacement in the presence of the man she loved had been bred in her for generations and because, at the moment, her emotions were in the ascendent, she did not greatly mind.

She had some lovely frocks, some of which met with her husband's disapproval and those she packed away without a quiver of rebellion.

They went to the beautiful old college town of Gray late in September, taking a suite of rooms at the inn till they should permanently establish themselves.

Norah loved Gray, and while her husband was busy she took long walks by herself. One afternoon on his return from a lecture, she met him with starry eyes.

"Dick!" she cried. "I have found the very place for us on the edge of town—a new house with the look of age about it. And, honey, it's for rent."

She paused expectantly but he was silent.

"There are casement windows, Dick. And yawning fireplaces. And French windows leading to broad piazzas. And a study for you—in a quiet corner with a view of the open country."

Silence.

"And the garret," she went on valiantly, "will do nicely for my studio. The agent is going to have estimates made for a skylight."

"I scarcely think you will need a studio, Norah."

"What—do you mean, Dick?"

"Isn't it enough for you that you are my wife?" The dark pupils of her gray eyes dilated.

"It happens that I have a place in view," his pleasant, unyielding voice was saying.

It was Norah's turn for silence.

"Why, child! He was amusedly tolerant. "You aren't sulking?" I must be near the campus and the library. As for your work, as you call it, why, good heavens, dear! *I'll* do the work of the family."

He held out his arms and after a moment of indecision she went to him.

"The Vaughans started today for Japan. It is his sabbatical year. They've offered us their apartment. Only four rooms! Not enough even to need a maid. It is the very place for us."

She wrenched herself free from his arms. "I abominate apartments," she flared. "And where can I put my things from the studio?"

"Sell them," he promptly advised.

"You must be jesting."

"No. Your things were all very well for a studio but one doesn't wish permanently to live in a junk shop."



She turned to the window, too proud to let him see the uprush of tears and when she faced about he had gone.

For an hour she suffered miserably but in the end she decided that it was, after all, a trivial matter and that life was too brief to waste on non-essentials. If her husband wished her to give up her career, she would give it up. It was a mental but not a spiritual surrender.

Landis, too, spent a bitter hour but he was so certain that he was right that he had no argument with himself. His only discomfort lay in hurting Norah. He returned to the inn to find her pleasant but very quiet.

"Won't you come with me to see that apartment?" he asked after a time.

"If you like." She went into the bedroom and returned with her hat on.

"Not that hat, dear!" he protested. "I think I told you that I do not like it. Please go put on the blue one."

Norah went meekly and changed her hat, not knowing whether she most wished to laugh or to cry.

Passing through the office, Landis paused at the desk. "Have a maid pack our things," he ordered; "our trunks will be taken to Navarre Chambers this evening."

So he had made the final decision irrespective of her approval! She felt caged and helpless for the first time in her life.

Norah was forced to admit that the apartment was furnished discriminatingly. But where were the broad spaces which she loved? And did they call that grate a fireplace?

"You like it, darling? I knew you would. There is the desk where I shall write my novel."

"What will become of me while you write?" Norah reasonably asked.

"You will sit by the window or the fire, sweet, a book or bit of sewing in your hands. You won't disturb me. And there will be the housework. I must telephone your agent that we sha'n't be wanting the white elephant you looked at this morning."

But Norah was not smiling at his picture of her by the fire. She was not even listening. Her mind had stuck fast at the word housework.

"I'm no housekeeper, Dick," she told him.

"You will learn, sweetheart. Of course we'll have a woman in for the heavy work and for a few days we can take our dinners at the restaurant below, though their prices are outrageous. You haven't married a rich man, Norah, but you will find me uncritical. I care only for simple things."

They moved to Navarre Chambers that night, Norah unspeakably depressed. The next morning after her husband had left she wandered about, altering the arrangement of bric-a-brac or a picture. Invariably she replaced them, for Mrs. Vaughan's taste was unerring. There was no outlet here for self-expression.

Finally it occurred to her to light a fire in the grate and when Landis came in he found her in front of it, a book in her hand.

"Dearest!" he said, advancing, his eyes tender. "This is what I have dreamed of—to come home and find the woman I love like this."

He sat on the arm of her chair and drew her against him and they sat in happy silence.

"Lunch?" he suggested presently.

Norah sprang to her feet. "Now see what you've gone and married, Dick! I haven't thought of luncheon."

His face clouded slightly. "We'll get it together—this time," he said. "I ordered some things; were they sent, Norah?"

"I believe so," she answered, and led the way to the kitchen.

They lunched in front of the fire and sat talking till Landis's conscience rebuked him. "I must write now, honey," he said. "Will you be as quiet as possible at your work?"

She cleared away and washed the dishes in happy silence. Then, dragging down a cook book from the shelf, she puzzled over it till her husband's work was done. They went for a walk over the crimsoning hills, coming back to dine in the restaurant and to an evening in front of the fire, Landis smoking while Norah read aloud. Life to Norah looked good; nothing in her studio experience approximated this happiness. She slept that night with a smile on her lips.

But the next morning eggs, toast, coffee—all went wrong.

"It is the limit!" she cried in mock despair.

Her smile was not reflected on her husband's face. "I told you how to do them," he said. "Of course, Norah, one has to use one's brains at cooking."

"I am so stupid," she admitted contritely.

The next morning and the next, things were no better. "My dear!" Landis said in controlled exasperation as he opened a hard-boiled egg: "can't you watch the clock?"

Because she could not endure that fleeting look of anger in her husband's face, Norah learned to cook. But the lesson was at the expense of flesh and spirit. She grew thinner—and quieter. Landis, observing it, only thought that she was taking her new responsibility with becoming seriousness, and approved.

Letters came from art editors, offering her a story or a book to illustrate. At first she handed them on to her husband, but he always tossed them aside impatiently.

"Tell the idiots that your husband can take care of you," he would say.

One day in winter he returned jubilant and at his call, Norah emerged from the kitchen, her hands soiled from scrubbing potatoes.

"Norah, Dean Brett of Hale is coming to the inn with his wife for a few days. He tells me so in a letter congratulating me on one of my recent articles. We must have them to dinner, dear."

"Why, of course Dick! We'll dine down stairs."

"Merciful heavens, no! That isn't my idea of hospitality—or my mother's. Can't you manage it, Norah?"

"I'll try, Dick." But when he tried to take her in his arms, she eluded him and returned to the kitchen.

On the afternoon of the dinner Landis came in late and went to the dining-room where the table was already laid.

"I want things right," he informed Norah, eying the table critically. "You called, Norah?"

"I left cards."

"Right. I shouldn't have arranged the flowers in that bowl," he said, frowning.

"It is the best possible arrangement, considering the size of the table," she returned unsmilingly.

He glanced at her, changed the angle of a dish of *hors d'acuvre*, and followed her to the kitchen.

"What are we having for dinner?" he asked anxiously.

"Please don't worry." The kitchen door definitely closed between them. "I have used my brains," she called through the barrier.

He wandered into the bedroom where Norah's dress lay on the bed.

"Norah," he cried, going firmly to the kitchen, "I thought you knew that I do not like that dress. Wear your black one, please."

She faced him, her cheeks scarlet from basting the chickens. "Richard," she said, "will you give me credit for a grain of sense? That dress suits me—otherwise, you may be sure that I shouldn't wear it. Now, if you will be so good.....This kitchen is small....."

She Turned Her Head so That His Lips Merely Brushed Her Checks.

Landis retreated, hurt.

Bathed and her hair dressed, Norah the closet, looked at the black frock, cisively returned to the bed and put on chiffon. When Landis saw her his lips but he made no comment.

The dinner was perfect, and Landis, a first, relaxed into serenity. The g charming, with Mrs. Brett gayly informa

She leaned to Norah. May I be p she asked.

"Please."

"That frock is amazingly becoming, but an artist would know that you rose."

Norah knew that Landis was listening imp of audacity compelled her to say, "I you like it. It is my husband's favorite

They found mutual friends. "So y Julie Fitch! Why, Mrs. Landis, your calls you 'Norah'. You aren't Norah L illustrator, by any chance?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Brett looked bewildered. "But w you do your work?" she asked.

"I have given it up," Norah explained

"Oh, wicked! Doctor Landis, you perm

Landis crumbled a bit of bread before "I suppose I am old fashioned, Mrs. B it seems to me that a wife's interest center in her home."

"And she is not capable of two inter men are?"

"I think not."

"Well, sighed Mrs. Brett; "it's lucky that you are not tied to me. I am a w shot."

Landis's laugh was constrained.

"Don't mind her, Landis," advised De "That woman has a passion for steerin monial craft."

"Monster!" retorted Mrs. Brett with of affectionate understanding which the married keep for each other. And they other things.

After the guests were gone Norah we kitchen to face the task of washing th for the maid who had come up from th rant to serve the dinner had spurned th

"I will write till you are finished," called to her.

It was midnight before the last dish place and she was unutterably weary.

"Earning the money to pay for all this would be so easy!" she sighed. "And so able. I should think God would deny t talents." She crept into bed without her hair.

"Asleep, Norah?"

"Nearly."

"The dinner went off very well." He quite forgiven her the dress episode.

Norah turned her face to the wall wi plying.

All that winter Norah honestly tried to yearnings and completely to merge her her husband's. She was very popular social duties coupled with the unac ones of her small household kept cupied.

Landis failed to mark the signs sion about her and when he came late afternoon to find her ready to his tea, he was satisfied that he right in divorcing her from her

She took pride in concealing her gnawing regrets, but it took le for her to respond to his moods ness.

A day came in late spring whe preparing breakfast, fainted. La oughly alarmed, got her back to called the doctor.

"Nerve exhaustion," the latter "Your wife has a high-geared org

"But since her marriage her life so even and sane," he said.

"A sane life, professor," retu doctor, "is one which follows it and spiritual inclinations."

Landis frowned and when the d left, wired for Harriet.

Her presence was a tonic to N her capable management of the tin was a relief to Landis who frett organization.

After two days Harriet asked h to take her for a walk.

"You've done it," she began once they had started.

"Meaning what, Harriet?" aske stiffening under her tone.

"You've slowed a racer down to trot of a dray-horse."

"Norah will tell you that she happy."

"Of course. Norah is game. whimpered and you inferred that hurt. Norah isn't the whimperin

"You are my brother and I love I am not blind to your selfishn have distorted a beautiful spirit your mid-Victorian desires. I hope satisfied."

"Rot!" Landis broke in hotly.

"I'll wager you've heckled the child coffee, her clothes and her conversation you, my friend."

Landis was stunned.

"I mean to carry her away with me tist who has a cottage at Twilight loaned it to me for the season. It is place for Norah."

"She won't go."

"We'll see about that."

They left the next day. At partin still dazed, bent to kiss Norah, but she t head so that his lips merely brushed

At Twilight Park the two were pr alone for it was too early for the co have arrived. There was a studio in th but on Norah's visit to it she looked a indifferent eyes. She did not enter it

Day after day she lay in a steamer ch and inscrutable, and Harriet, watching half regretted meddling with her desti after the cottages filled, Norah refus drawn into gayety.

In Gray, Landis, also, was silent and He sat for hours at his desk, but he write and his mental impotence flayed to a frenzy. He wanted to go to Norah, never called him. He took on some le the summer school as much to relieve t of the days as to earn more money t Norah.

June passed, and July. In early Augu bore down upon Harriet at her desk.

"Dick is ill," she cried. "I have a from Doctor Rand."

Harriet wheeled in her chair, her face h

"While I have been up here sulking been over working down there. I feel and cheap."

Harriet rose and gently pushed her int

"That is the trouble with us women," "we permit an emotion to override our

"And how can you be certain that better than permitting our reason to ove emotions, Hal? Marriage is like no other ship. Dick wanted a woman, not an ar his wife. I suspected it, but I was too to face the issue before I married him. to circumstances, cajolery, even, to get

"And that is another trouble with stoop to cajolery instead of standing squ our independence."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

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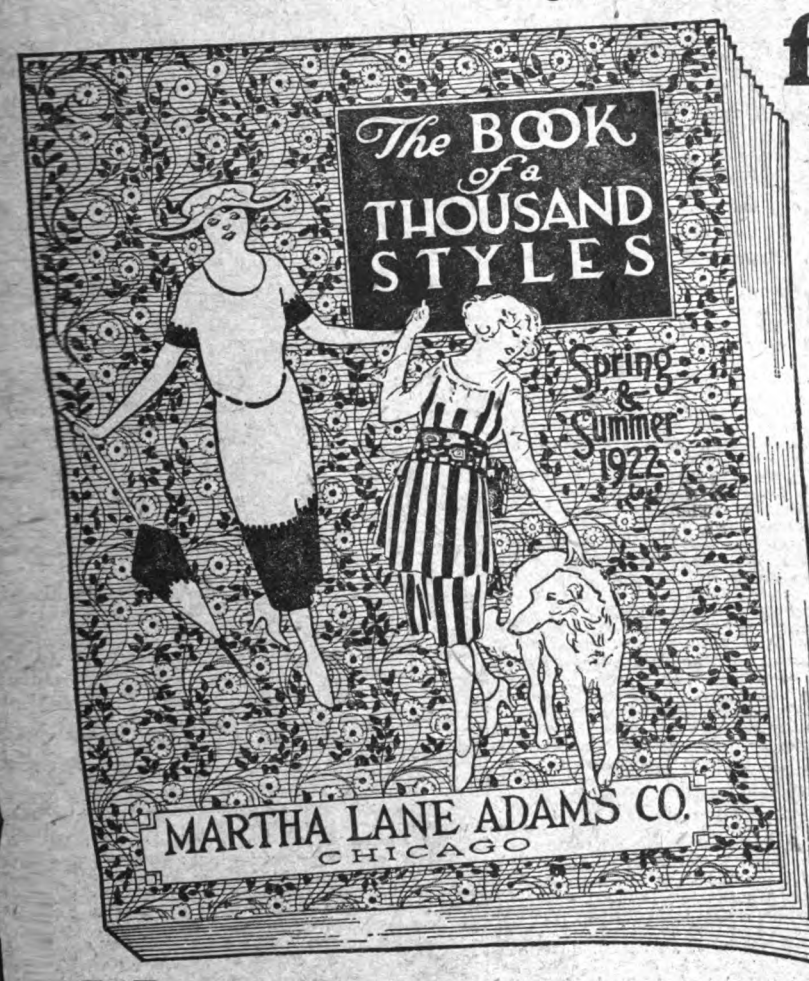
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Stella Rosevelt

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

should have given me only sympathy and love; but she—the girl whom you have come to win for your wife—stole it from me, my one little treasure, the only ornament I had which I could wear in my humble position, and which I prized more than anything else in the world. But let her keep it, I relinquish it freely, now that I have discovered the baseness of the giver. My Lord Carrol, of Carrolton, alias Archibald Sherbrooke, the artist, I despise you, and I bid you farewell!"

She was gone before he could hardly realize that she had ceased speaking; she had sped down the avenue with the lightness and swiftness of a fawn, leaving him dazed, bewildered, almost paralyzed from the wild words, the terrible denunciations which she had uttered.

CHAPTER XVIII.

EXPLANATIONS.

"Star! Star! my dear love, come back and let me undeceive you," he called aloud, as soon as he could recover his senses sufficiently to speak.

But there was no answering sound, save the sad sighing of the rustling leaves which had so unnerved the unhappy girl a few minutes before.

He followed the direction she had taken. He wandered about the grounds for full half an hour, but could discover no trace of her; and at last, feeling greatly disturbed, he was obliged to retrace his steps, and returned to the mansion.

He had strolled forth at the close of dinner to smoke, and to get away for a little quiet musing, for he had intended, as he said, to seek out his beautiful love on the morrow, and put upon one of her white fingers the seal of their plighted troth, and, this done, to tell her that he was both an artist and a peer of Victoria's realm.

"Poor child! It is very awkward, and I never dreamed of any such denouement; but I cannot blame her. If she would have given me one moment in which to tell her how it is; but she was wild with pain," he said, with a troubled face, as he slowly went back to the house.

"I must get out of this muddle as soon as possible," he said, as he ascended the steps and paused a moment on the porch to consider what he ought to do.

Entering the house, he avoided the drawing-room, where a gay company was assembled, and passed on to a music-room which led into the library.

Mr. Richards was in the latter room, seated at his desk, and the door between the two was open. As he saw his lordship, he arose and came forward to meet him.

"Can I have a few moments' conversation with you?" the young man asked, gravely.

"Certainly; as many as you wish. Shall we retire to the privacy of the library?" returned Mr. Richards, who at once jumped to the conclusion that he was about to receive a formal proposal for the hand of his daughter.

So also thought another listener, who happened to be standing on the veranda just outside the open window of the music-room, and who had caught the above sentences.

"No," Lord Carrol returned. "What I have to say can just as well be said here as anywhere. I find myself unexpectedly in a very unpleasant situation, and I have come at once to you, because I consider a straightforward course always the wisest to pursue. I wish to tell you a little story, and then ask your assistance in correcting an awkward mistake."

"Anything that I can do for you, my lord, I shall be most happy to do," blandly affirmed Mr. Richards, little realizing what he was promising, while he followed the young man's example and sat down to listen to his narrative.

"I came over from England, nearly a year ago, on the steamer ———," he began, "and on board that vessel I met a young girl of great personal beauty and intelligence, in whom I became intensely interested. She could not have been more than sixteen years of age, but her mind was far in advance of both her appearance and her years, while it was evident that she had been reared with great care, for every word and act betrayed her to be a perfect little lady, and every day spent in her society only served to make her more attractive in my sight. At parting, I gave her a trifle as a souvenir of our pleasant acquaintance, and asked in return for something to keep in memory of her. I did not know that I should ever meet her again, and had I not done so, the remembrance of what I had enjoyed in her society would eventually have become, it is probable, but a pleasant episode of the past, although I must confess that her face haunted me continually.

"But I did meet her again, and only a very short time ago. She had changed—developed into even greater beauty, and had become more mature, and I began to realize at once that I had even a deeper interest in her than I had imagined possible. Subsequent interviews—for I took pains to see her often—and the study of her character, convinced me that I had found the woman whom I could love with all my heart, and whom I should win for my wife if I could."

A rustling of the drapery at the open window just then made the young lord pause; but hearing nothing more, he thought the wind had simply stirred the curtains, and continued:

"Within a very few days I have brought things to a crisis—have, in fact, asked and secured a promise from her to become my wife as soon as she shall have completed her education, and I had intended tomorrow to seek an interview with her friends and make formal proposals for her hand.

"This may sound rather strange to you, knowing my position, and realizing something of the prejudice of the English against marrying outside the pale of their own rank. But I was convinced from the first that this young girl was of good blood and parentage, and upon a more intimate acquaintance with her, I have learned that her mother was an English lady from an excellent family.

"Now, what I have to tell you," Lord Carrol continued, with a smile, "has a slight touch of romance connected with it. When I left England I came away known as Sir Archibald Sherbrooke, baronet. Two months after my arrival here, I was notified of the death of my mother's only brother—Lord Carrol, of Carrolton—and who, being a widower and childless, willed his estates and all that he possessed to me, with the provision that I was to assume his name, and consequently his title.

"It would have suited me better to travel and remain plain Archibald Sherbrooke, as I always called myself, until my return; but I was with a company of friends—all artists, who were traveling and studying with an old painter—who knew all the circumstances, and they would not hear a word to my remaining incognito, and insisted upon introducing me everywhere by my newly-acquired title.

"As plain Archibald Sherbrooke, I met, wooed and won the young lady of whom I have told you, but I intended, when I formally asked for her hand, to reveal the circumstances which have made me Lord Carrol. I have not for a moment thought of deceiving her, for I abhor double-dealing of any kind; but, notwithstanding, I find myself in a very awkward situation.

"You will, perhaps, be surprised to learn that tonight, since going out after dinner, I met my betrothed by accident, and very much to my astonishment. She had discovered that I had been sailing 'under two flags,' or, as she supposed, under false colors. She had heard of my meeting your daughter at Long Branch as Lord Carrol, and the report seems to have preceded me, much to my surprise"—here the young man colored from embarrassment—"that I intended something more than a friendly visit here, and she has passionately denounced me for my duplicity—as it appears to her—and refused even to allow me to explain my position.

"This is the mistake that I wish you to help me rectify by securing an interview for me with her, so that I can exonerate myself from all blame in her sight."

Mr. Richards was greatly astonished at what he had heard, and in no small degree disappointed, for he liked the young man, and his wife had affirmed that Josephine was the magnet that had drawn his lordship thither, and she had also confidently asserted that he would propose for her hand before he left.

But, of course, he could not betray anything of this feeling, after having been made the confidant of another love affair; therefore he said, with as much self-possession as he could command:

"The situation is somewhat unpleasant for you, I admit, my young friend, but I think it may be easily made right. I must confess I am much surprised by what you have told me; the story is certainly romantic in every respect. And you met the young lady by accident tonight? She is, then, a resident of Yonkers. Who may she be? Perhaps she is no one whom I know."

"She is Miss Gladstone, and your wife's ward, I believe," Lord Carrol replied, and bending a grave look upon his host.

Mr. Richards nearly bounded from the piano-stool upon which he had been sitting at this startling intelligence, while outside that open window there was a sound as of some one weakly sinking into a chair. But both gentlemen were so deeply engaged in the subject under consideration that they did not appear to hear it.

"Star!" ejaculated Mr. Richards, when he could recover his breath.

"Yes, sir; Miss Star Gladstone is the lady of whom I have told you," Lord Carrol replied, somewhat coldly, for he could not understand why any one so lovely and accomplished in every way as Star was should have been so slighted and ill-treated in his family.

"But I do not understand—I cannot see—I—I beg pardon; but, to tell the truth, I am completely taken aback by what you have told me," Mr. Richards stammered, for it was to him a most astounding revelation.

"I expected that my communication would surprise you; but you cannot be more so than I was upon learning tonight that Miss Gladstone is a member of your family," returned his lordship.

"But you tell me that you were intending to call upon her friends tomorrow, and here you have been in the same house a day and a night already."

"True; but I was not aware of the fact until within the last hour. You will remember that I am an entire stranger in this place, and that I do not even know the name of the street upon which you reside, as Mrs. Richards was kind enough to say that some one should meet me at the station upon my arrival. I wished very much to go to Star today, but courtesy demanded that I should not disarrange Mrs. Richards' plans. I fully intended, however, to ask you to direct me to her tomorrow, never once suspecting that I was already in the house where the lady of my choice resides."

"And has Star never mentioned our name to you?" Mr. Richards asked.

"No; she has been very reticent regarding everything connected with herself save her studies and her music, and I have not thought to question her on that point."

Mr. Richards' face clouded.

"You say you met her tonight?" he said.

"Yes; I went out for a stroll and a smoke after dinner, and came upon her suddenly in the grounds. She appeared to be greatly distressed, and I, never suspecting the cause, pressed her to tell me. She turned upon me like an outraged queen, and denounced me in a manner that fairly took my breath away. She believed me to be simply Archibald Sherbrooke, an artist, until last night, when she saw me driven to your door and received as Lord Carrol; and, having heard exaggerated reports of my attentions to Miss Richards while at Long Branch, it is not strange that she should resent the seeming deception, for appearances are certainly against me. But a few words will set everything right, if you will explain something of this to her and secure an interview for me."

"Then it is our Star whom you want to marry, my lord?" Mr. Richards said, reflectively.

"Yes, hoping for your sanction, of course," Lord Carrol answered, with a rising flush, for he could read something of what was passing in his host's mind. "But, pardon me," he added, fixing a look of grave questioning upon his face, "how is that I find she is the ward of your wife. I can not understand why I have not met her with the other members of your family."

"Ahem! Well," began Mr. Richards, with evident embarrassment, "she has been very deeply engaged with her studies ever since she came to us—is ambitious, you know, and also spends a great deal of her time practicing music, and my wife thought it would be best for her not to—to mingle in company much until she had—um!—completed her education;" and Mrs. Richards, sitting just outside that open window, where she had heard every word of the above conversation, thanked the fates that for once her husband had smoothed awkward things over for her quite comfortably.

Lord Carrol simply bowed in reply to this statement. It would not become him to question the truthfulness of what he had heard, but since his interview with Star, his opinion of the family had changed very materially.

"Well, I am nonplussed, and I reckon that this state of affairs will create quite a commotion when it becomes known," Mr. Richards resumed, after a few minutes of thought, during which his surprise seemed to increase. "I never dreamed that our Star would ever step into such a chair of state, although she is of good blood, I believe."

"Of the best," Lord Carrol returned, decidedly. "She told me upon one occasion that her mother was a Miss Anna Chudleigh, of Chudleigh Manor, Devonshire. I know something of them, and they were a fine family, although I have been told that they were very much displeased at the marriage of their only daughter with a clergyman of limited means. But—have I your sanction to prosecute my suit with Miss Gladstone, and will you arrange an interview for me?"

"Certainly; I shall do what you wish, and I must say that I am glad that things are turning out so well for Star. I have been very fond of her, for she is a bright and winsome little body about the house. She is talented, too, to say nothing of her beauty, and she will make you a good wife. I congratulate you both, and there is my hand on it, my lord," Mr. Richards concluded, heartily, and extending his hand to the young peer, which he took and cordially shook.

But Mrs. Richards, her heart filled with bitterest rage, felt as if she could have strangled her husband with a good relish for taking such an interest in Star's prospects, while the gorgeous air castle which his own daughter had built was tumbling to the ground about his ears.

Mr. Richards then arose.

"I suppose you are anxious to see Star at once?" he said.

"Yes, if you please. I desire to make my peace with her as soon as possible, for I know that she is deeply wounded, and I cannot rest until she knows the truth."

"Very well; I will go to her, and send her to the library. You will be free from intrusion there," Mr. Richards said, and immediately left the room in search of Star.

He came back very soon, however, saying that she had not returned to her room, and no one had seen her that day save Mrs. Blunt, who told him that she had been very ill, and not able to attend school.

Lord Carrol's face fell at this information, and he realized more forcibly than ever what Star must have suffered from this unfortunate misunderstanding.

"Perhaps it will be best for me to wait until tomorrow morning," he said, after a moment of thought. "She appeared so greatly excited when I met her this evening, and has been so ill all day, it may be well for her to get rest before exciting her any further. Yes, I will wait," he concluded, with a sigh, for he was deeply disappointed and anxious.

"Is Mr. Rosevelt a member of your family also?" he asked, after a moment, and suddenly remembering that Star had told him they were inmates of the same house.

"Yes; well, not exactly a member of my family," Mr. Richards returned, flushing over this another awkward question. "He is my wife's uncle, and one of us; but his health is so poor, and noise affects him so unpleasantly, that he prefers to have a room at the lodge rather than here where there is so much gayety and confusion."

Mrs. Richards, still an eavesdropper, heaved another comfortable sigh over this rough place made smooth.

"You must have met Mr. Rosevelt also," he added, as it came to him that Star and his wife's uncle had shared that dreadful experience at sea.

"Yes; and I think him a fine old gentleman. I must see him also tomorrow," his lordship returned; and then he went on to explain more fully how he had made the acquaintance of these two unfortunates, and described their sufferings and hardships so graphically that his listener, who did not know one-half, was deeply moved.

"Miss Gladstone was considered quite a heroine on board our steamer after her rescue," the young man said, "when the passengers learned with how much fortitude she had conducted herself during the disaster and the dreadful events following. The captain told me, with tears running down his cheeks, how she had denied herself both food and drink in order that the life of Mr. Rosevelt, who, she declared, had less vitality than herself on account of his age, might be sustained. She did not even take the rest which she needed, but watched and worked over him unceasingly—in fact, she saved his life."

"She is a noble girl—she is a splendid girl!" Mr. Richards returned, tears in his own eyes, and his heart full of remorse over the life Star had led since she came into his house. "She will make you the best little wife in the world. God bless you both!"

Lord Carrol saw that he was sincere, and began to suspect where all the trouble lay regarding Star. He was inclined to think, and rightly, that jealousy, or ill-will on the part of the petted Josephine and her proud mother was the cause of her unpleasant position in the family; but he inwardly resolved that it should be entirely different in the future, or she should not remain there.

But he had been absent a long time from the gay company in the drawing-room, and, feeling assured that he could not see his darling that night, he returned to it, trying to wait with patience for what the morrow would bring him.

CHAPTER XIX.

MALICIOUS FALSEHOODS.

As soon as Mr. Richards and his distinguished guest left the music-room, a white hand parted the curtains from the window, and a blanched, distorted face appeared in the aperture.

The emotions of Mrs. Richards can better be imagined than described when she heard the story which the young man told her husband, and learned that Star, the despised and neglected waif, had secured the prize which she had so coveted for her brilliant daughter.

A perfect tornado of wrath, jealousy and hate raged within her heart as she heard his praises of her, and his manly confession of love for her, with the intention of making her his wife.

Star, the beggar maid, as she had always regarded her, the burden reproach of her life, the wife of a peer of England!

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(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)

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Lessens Woman's Work

By Clara Huntington

(See front cover illustration.)

GIVE THE HOUSEWIFE A FAIR CHANCE

COMFORT fully appreciates the responsibility it long ago assumed of carrying into the farm home a knowledge of such improved methods, and of their practical application, as increase efficiency and contribute to success. On the front cover of this, our Household Number, we present views of a kitchen interior where the necessary equipment is so arranged that the various tasks may be performed thoroughly and rapidly, and with the least expenditure of energy on the part of the worker.

UNIQUE NEEDS OF FARM KITCHEN

The purpose of this article is not to discuss the small, compactly equipped city kitchen in which artificial light is necessary all the day long, but rather to consider the possibilities of the farmhouse kitchen where, through its windows, the sunshine may enter and glimpses of sky, trees and flowers rest tired eyes and nerves. Little is carried on in the city kitchen except the preparation of food, while the farm kitchen is an institution that reveals through its various uses and activities how closely related are the work of the farm and that of the home.

FARMER'S WIFE HIS BEST HELPER

The woman on the farm must find her source of encouragement and inspiration in her immediate surroundings, and a great deal is expected of her. Putting self aside, she does not measure her services to her family in dollars and cents, nor count the hours of labor between early rising and the time of retiring. With the idea that the out-of-door work is of first importance, the husband often calls upon the good wife to cooperate in poultry raising, in the dairy, garden and field, for in her he finds a business adviser and an efficient, economical worker, and his good fortune inspires him to broader activities. And thus the work goes on, while mortgages are paid off and the farm grows in buildings, modern machinery and acreage, the wife realizing that only by their combined efforts can an education for their children, and a provision for old age be attained.

GIVE HER SUITABLE KITCHEN EQUIPMENT

Now let us take note to see if the husband and wife are in fact working partners. Is hers a life of drudgery in which she has early grown old and worn trying to get along with inconveniences and antiquated equipment in the home, until the standard of the farm machinery was raised to a profit making basis? Or, is the farmer a far-sighted man who sees in his wife his greatest asset, and realizes that improvements in the home, like those on the farm, are an everyday need, and not something to be acquired at a later period in life? The farmer who comprehends how vital is the household management to the farm knows that he cannot look with indifference upon the equipment of the home and expect the highest results from his farm investment.

MAKE THE KITCHEN FIT FAMILY NEEDS

Whether the program is one of building a new kitchen, or remodeling an old one, the first thing is to study individual needs and decide to what extent the kitchen will become a "general-purpose" room. The next consideration is the relative position to dining-room, pantry, cellar, storeroom and woodshed, as the kitchen work is so closely associated with these elements. If there is a food pantry it should be located between the kitchen and dining-room, as this means an immeasurable saving of steps. Too frequently it is located on the shed side of the kitchen, away from dishes and dining-table. This room should be longer than wide, so that only a few steps will be taken in passing across it and, if possible, a window at one end. The location of the cellarway is also of equal importance if used as a place in which to store food and food supplies.

KITCHEN SHOULD BE LIGHT AND AIRY

The kitchen should be so located as to get the morning and forenoon sun, and where the view from the windows is pleasant and restful. Many a case of "nerves" has been cured by changing the scene from that which was drab and vexing into the sunshine and open. A depressing location is always felt, but far too seldom recognized. In order to obtain light from two directions and "cross-ventilation," the kitchen must be located either in a corner of the house or in a narrow part where there can be windows on opposite sides. Last, but by no means of least importance, is to see that the kitchen be so located with reference to the barn and other outbuildings that the prevailing winds will not bring unpleasant odors and flies from them.

DOORS MINUS SILLS SWING BOTH WAYS

There should be a door, from the kitchen leading out-of-door, either through an entry or an enclosed porch. Doors that swing both ways between kitchen and pantry or dinning room are a great convenience as they are easily pushed open when both hands are full. Avoid putting in thresholds under inside doors when possible. This seems like a very small matter, but the saving of energy caused by not stepping over thresholds can only be appreciated after discarding one over which one steps many times a day doing routine work. New doors are fitted just to clear the floor, while old doors would require to be lengthened by nailing on strips.

HANDY WOOD-BOX ARRANGEMENT

A shed for the storage of fuel should be located just outside of the kitchen and on the same level. By referring to the cover illustration, a small door, located between the stove and shed door will be observed. Here an opening has been cut through the kitchen wall, and on the shed side a huge stationary wood-box has been constructed, with the result that instead of a wood supply being stored in the kitchen, it is taken as used from the outside box to stove through the small door. Thus an endless amount of "brushing up" is eliminated and the space around the stove is clear for other purposes.

TABLES AND OTHER WORKING SURFACES

Probably a large majority of our women readers already have kitchens; some of these, no doubt, are entirely adapted to the family requirements, while others fall far short of being adequate. Out of the unsatisfactory kitchen arrangements I will venture to say that the chief difficulties arise from not having sufficient working surfaces. The old-fashioned idea that a general-purpose kitchen table was a "convenience" much to be desired, has been banished. On cooking days, bread-board, utensils and materials were brought from different quarters and piled on a table, and there remained, often in a state of necessary confusion until the last cookie was out of the oven. In the meantime the table, being the only working surface, was needed for other purposes, and, not being available, a late dinner or other upset might be the result, to say nothing of the nervous strain on the part of the worker. Whatever changes you may make in your kitchen, there is no improvement that brings the same amount of satisfaction as ample working surfaces.

WORK CENTERS BANISH CONFUSION

The size of the room has little to do with the arrangement, as the modern, workable kitchen has everything built against the wall, leaving the center free for a dining-table and chairs which may be pushed back when not in use. While on the subject of table, I will call attention to the kitchen wagon, pictured on the cover page, and recommend its use as the greatest step-saver any kitchen can possess. It can be loaded with dishes and food and pushed to the dining-table, thus saving several trips. In turn, it carries the food to its storage place, and the soiled dishes to the sink, where it can stand nearby ready to receive them when again they are to be put away. The kitchen wagon provides a working surface near the stove, a long-felt want with most housewives. Here hot platters and vegetable dishes can be put, ready for the "dishing up" and seasoning. In frying cakes, bacon and eggs, doughnuts, or cooking other foods that must be transferred as soon as done, the wagon saves the worker from using the top of the stove which may already be covered with pans and kettles, and, besides, the food is ready to be pushed to the table without rehandling.

KITCHEN WAGON VERY USEFUL

An ordinary bedroom stand may be converted into a kitchen wagon which does not call for anything "fancy." Some sort of a handle, similar to that used on a baby carriage, is necessary. The top and shelf are best when zinc covered, though newspapers may be used under hot dishes instead. Neither are the two front wheels necessary if four large-size castors are used. These should be of good quality as a protection to the floors. In the drawer are kept spoons, pancake turners, forks, holders, etc., that are used in taking up food.

HOW TO AVOID DRUDGERY

"A place for everything and everything in its place" is the motto of every housewife who would have a well-ordered kitchen, but without the place to put the particular thing into, the motto cannot be adhered to. It takes but a glance at our kitchen interior to satisfy our most fastidious readers that kitchen work may be classified, and accomplished without confusion, if due consideration is given to the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Beautifying in Public

I HAVE a question to put this month, girls. What would you think of a man who was acting as your escort, who would pause on entering a store and look himself over in the glass, adjust a trouser leg, settle his hat more securely, finger his tie pin, arrange his shirt cuffs, then take out a small brush and painstakingly shape his small mustache—supposing he had one?

Or how would you like it, if as you sat in a street car with him he should take out a small mirror and looking earnestly in it brush out his eyebrows, cleanse the corners of his eyes, or perform other small acts of the toilet?

Well, then—for of course I know what your answer would be—I trust you are consistent and do none of these things yourself. Really, the place for one's toilet is in one's own bedroom. If one needs a little freshening up when one is away, then one should wait until a convenient and appropriate place offers itself—the ladies' parlor of a hotel one may be visiting, or the bedroom of a friend if one is spending the day or evening there. The modern vanity case is much abused. Its



BE SURE YOUR TOILET IS COMPLETED BEFORE YOU LEAVE YOUR ROOM.

function is, and should be, merely to transport our own individual powder, cream—rouge, if need be—to wherever we may be going. It is like a traveling case. None of us thinks of stopping in the middle of the street, opening a traveling bag and beginning to brush our hair or change our clothes. Yet, through some unexplainable process, the girls of America to a very large number, have acquired a belief that a vanity case is perfectly proper to open and use wherever they may be.

The other day, on one of the most fashionable residence streets of a big city, I saw a pretty young bride who had just come to live in one of its blocks, going out to dinner with her new husband. They were bound for the big and luxurious hotel around the corner, and as she went down the street hatless and most lovely to behold, she had her vanity case open and, holding it up in front of her so the mirror was on a level with her eyes, she was using her powder puff seriously and with the utmost care.

And not so long ago I rode twenty minutes on a suburban train with a very gayly dressed lady who was no longer young who spent the whole twenty minutes with her vanity case open in front of her while she used cold cream, rouged, powdered, applied an eyebrow pencil, a lipstick, and brought into action every possible art of the toilet. It was the rush hour and the train was filled with men returning to their homes from their offices in the city. But she labored on, serene and undisturbed.

Whatever you do, girls, don't emulate these two examples. Perform your toilet in your own "boudoir". Take a vanity case with you when you go out, but only as an aid in case you have an opportunity and a need to repair damages to your freshness and cleanliness. There are occasions when a public toilet may be excusable—such as a picnic with an all-day trip; or a motoring excursion where one wants to freshen up before entering a town or calling on acquaintances. But when you *must*, be sure to apologize. Say: "Will you pardon me if I try to get off a little of this dust before we stop at the Jeffersons?" Or, "Come on, girls, let's excuse ourselves long enough to freshen up a little?"

The girl who carries a vanity case always on her wrist is in danger of being put down as a vain, empty-headed young thing—at least that is the opinion of one very good friend of yours—the one who talks to you every month and who says now to her Pretty Girls—"Do not beautify in public! Make your toilets in your own rooms!"

Answers to Questions

KEWPIE.—Most certainly, my dear, a natural complexion is much more to be desired than an artificial one. I am glad you do not rouge, powder, or do anything else to your very pretty skin. Aids of this kind are really for the skins which have been misused and so now need artificial repairing. Perhaps the exception is the use of cold cream at night or a little powder to ward off sunburn, but just so long as you can get along without any such aids, you do so, my dear, and thank your lucky stars. I compliment your good sense. As to your weight you do not weigh too much. It is quite probable that your flesh will spread itself around in a little different proportion shortly, and then you will not feel fat at all. It would not do you harm, however, to lose about six pounds until you are older. So, suppose you begin to cut down somewhat on the sweet things you eat? Candy, for instance, and preserves, and sugar, and cake—just the things that girls of your age are apt to like and eat too much of. And if you will also be careful not to eat between meals it will help. You need exercise, too, I feel sure. Outdoor exercise, I mean. Long walks, brisk ones at that; tennis, golf, swimming, rowing, any or all of these, whichever is possible where you live. And for indoors, I suggest arm exercise, deep breathing, and the exercise of bending from the waist to touch the floor with the finger-tips, while keeping the knees stiff. You should hold the arms out in front of you with elbows straight, and palms turned down, then throw the hands down vigorously as you bend at the waist. Keep on trying daily for five to ten minutes at a time, until you can touch the floor easily with the finger-tips; then, keep on some more, just to see that your body is limbered up daily as it should be. You sound like a very pretty girl, and I am most glad that you are making up your mind to go on to high school. Get every bit of school you can; it will be worth more to you in later life than all the money that anybody could give you. And it will mean more and more pleasure for you in life, as well. The more we know, the more things we find to enjoy. You will not be at all too old, so don't for a minute give up this plan. One more word about that fear of getting fat; you can't get fat if you don't eat too many fat-building foods, and coddle yourself too much. If you are active and energetic, and cut many sweets out of your menu, you cannot build fat. So just keep that in mind. The foods that build fat are more especially the sweets, then the starches—by the latter I mean potatoes, rice, white bread, macaroni, etc. At your age it is not a good plan to give up starchy foods; you need them for nourishment; but you can be moderate in your eating, and you can cut out a large portion of the sweet stuff you have been in the habit of eating. Fondness for sweets is at the bottom of most figures which exhibit more pounds than their possessors desire. Good luck to you!

REDHEADED.—Toilet ammonia is usually not quite so strong as the washing ammonia, being more diluted. Try the ammonia you have on the skin of the leg, and if it does not irritate it, you will be safe to use it on the face. Remember you need peroxide of hydrogen, too. One day you should dampen the hairy spot with ammonia, letting it dry on; the next day with peroxide. If the skin becomes irritated, stop the treatment and apply cold cream, then after a little resume the treatment again. I cannot tell you how long it will take, my dear, because it varies with different people, depending on the strength of the hair root. But it is not a quick treatment. If your hair is red, it should not be nearly so noticeable as if it were black. Don't exaggerate the disfigurement of a little hair on the lip. Other people do not notice it as critically as you do. One thing you want to do is to keep your facial skin well cared for. Be sure that you have a body bath daily that your pores may be kept open and free of impurities. Then give the face a thorough bath in warm soapy water at night, rinsing well afterward. Cleanliness of the facial skin—perfect cleanliness—will help the hairy condition. And let me say one thing more. Take these measures to destroy the growth of hair, but waste no thought upon the condition. The girl who thinks the least about any little defect is the prettiest. And when she stops thinking about it, so to one everybody else will also. Cultivate a lovely smile, and a friendly sympathetic disposition, and I would be willing to wager few of your friends or acquaintances will discover that you have this little hairy growth which bothers you. But I certainly hope, for your own peace of mind, that it will disappear speedily.

MRS. G. H.—Yes, the electric needle is the best method for ridding one's self of superfluous hair, if one is where there is a skilled operator. But you can try the French treatment, which is what I am recommending to "Redheaded" above. This is a long road to travel but it is efficacious. Have you used a depilatory on your chin or cheeks? That might bring back such a growth as you describe. Keep the face well cleansed as recommended above, and the bowels well open daily—with proper foods, not cathartics; fruits such as apples and oranges, grapefruit, figs, prunes, eat bran muffins, plenty of green vegetables. I certainly hope you will be able to destroy this growth of hair, and shall be much interested in your success. If you ever get to a town which has a good electric operator, I advise you to take at least three twenty-minute treatments. Twenty minutes is about all you can probably stand at a time, though many people take forty-five minutes without minding it. The charge is usually $5.00 an hour, but an hour can do a great deal.

BOBBED HAIR.—I am sorry it is against the rules of this department to answer letters by mail. You see we are all interested in every question, and in answering one person I can help many. For that reason, and some other special ones, no questions are answered by mail. I hope you may see this answer. You say in regard to your hair and its condition of dandruff, "If I comb the dandruff off, in a few days there is more if possible to take its place." Combing off dandruff is the worst thing you could do, for you scratch and irritate the scalp, and of course this means more dandruff. What you should do is to oil the scalp, now, and let the oil stay on over night. Apply it with a medicine dropper, run along first one part and then another until the whole scalp has been gone over. Pin up the head in a towel, and the next morning shampoo it. Do not use a comb on the scalp after that, but only to separate the hair and take out tangles. Neither should you use a very stiff brush or use it vigorously. Treat the scalp with consideration. Even a very strong soap may cut the skin and cause dandruff, so use a mild white household soap and shave it into boiling water, letting it dissolve, and



THE GIRL WHO BEAUTIFIES IN PUBLIC.

using the resulting liquid for shampooing. Many professional people—actresses and models—use a "mange cure" to apply to their hair to overcome dandruff conditions and falling hair. This should be put on and left all night, with the head pinned up, then the hair shampooed. It has a very offensive smell, so don't use it when you expect callers. I suggest that you massage the scalp nightly; that is, press the fingers tight against the scalp and move it back and forth on the skull without lifting the fingers. This brings a supply of blood to the head to nourish the hair. The scalp should be at all times loose on the skull.

"SUNNY."—If the brown spots are freckles, then use a stronger freckle lotion than peroxide. Here is a good formula:

Freckle Specific

Glycerine, one ounce; lactic acid, two ounces; rosewater, one-half ounce.

Pour a little of this mixture in a saucer and apply to the face with a soft cloth. Remember that any preparation which removes freckles really removes the outer layer of freckles, for freckles are beneath the skin. So your skin is always more sensitive after freckles are removed and should be well protected with cold cream and powder. Grated horseradish applied carefully to each freckle will peel the skin quite successfully. Try it on the leg first, to be sure that it does not burn unduly. Of course the horseradish should be fresh. If your hair is getting darker, you can use borax in your shampoo water—one tablespoonful to a gallon of water. Washing soda added to the shampoo water will also lighten the hair—one heaping teaspoonful to a gallon of warm water. These ingredients dry the hair, however, and you must use judgment in continuing them; if you find your hair getting dry and brittle, stop their use. An egg shampoo will aid in lightening the hair. Take two yolks of eggs and stir thoroughly. Into this mixture dip the finger-tips after parting the hair in many places. Rub the finger-tips along the part and the hair-line at the forehead and nape of neck. Do this over and over until you know each fraction of an inch of the whole scalp has been anointed with the yolks. Then pour water over the head or dip it up and down in a bathtub, until it has been thoroughly rinsed. The rinsing water should be very warm. After this rinse the hair many times with a bath spray if you have it; if not, with water poured from a pitcher held high. The secret of success in a shampoo is intensive rinsing. Nothing more quickly causes dandruff and other scalp ills than the leaving of soap or other shampoo ingredients in the hair. Thick or oily hair needs many rinsings.

GITTER.—Your question is not a "beauty" question but one requiring medical experience. The doctor who told you this lump on the side of your throat was an enlarged gland should also be able to tell you what to do for it. While following his medical directions, you should be sure that you are looking after your general health. Exercise daily, both indoors and out—especially arm and breathing exercises. I wish you would promise me that you will practice at least fifteen minutes a day at deep breathing and that as you walk about you will be careful to fill your lungs with each breath. Then see that your bowels are kept open by eating proper food—especially plenty of fruit and green vegetables. Bran bread or muffins will help in this, spinach is an excellent bowel alterative; oranges and apples better than medicine. Take plenty of good milk as a food, and do everything possible to build yourself up. You must do this, my dear, and you will, will you not?

MILDRED.—There are two requisites to a fair complexion—oh, more than two, but these I want to emphasize first. First, perfect body cleanliness, and next perfect bowel action. See that you take an entire body bath daily. If you have no bathtub, that need not deter you, for you can take a perfectly good bath in your room with a bowl of hot water, a wash-cloth, a piece of soap and towels. Fold a bathtowel to stand on. Then scrub every inch of the body thoroughly with your wash-cloth and hot water and soap. Use clear hot water and another cloth to go over the body for a rinsing. Then rub dry and continue to rub gently until the blood tingles through your veins. Where there are pimples do not rub, but just pat the skin dry. Do not squeeze out your pimples. Instead touch them with camphor and alcohol, just a little. The entire body bath is essential daily. It will get rid of your blackheads in time, and I think you will find will shoo away the pimples if, besides, you are careful to see that the bowels move daily. Every night put six large prunes to soak in a tumbler of water. In the morning, eat the prunes, chewing thoroughly, and drink the juice. Drink eight to ten glasses of water a day, but not at meals. Chew every mouthful of food until it is liquid before swallowing. And form a habit of attending to the bowels at a regular time twice a day, morning and evening. At first they may refuse to respond but keep right at it daily until the habit is formed. Eat all the fruit you can, especially apples. If you will do these things, you will find your pimples disappearing. Be careful about getting chilled. A girl of your age should keep her ankles always nice and warm and her feet dry. If you get your feet wet or cold, take a hot footbath or an entire hot body bath at once on reaching home. All these things help keep the circulation as it should be, so that the blood may carry off impurities. Sluggish circulation means impurities left in the body, so speed up yours with exercise, fresh air, lots of it—your window open at night in your bedroom, always—good food at regular hours but not between meals, proper mastication of your food, plenty of fruit and water, eight hours sleep, body baths daily, and extra care given to the bowels. Then you will say good by to your pimples and blackheads, and "Welcome" to a good, clear, healthy complexion.

R. R.—See answer to "Mildred." Do not use any powder on your face, or anything else to clog the pores. What you need at present is to clean the pores thoroughly and keep them so, that they may have a chance to heal up. Follow the directions above to the letter, and you will come out all right, and your complexion will clear up in color as well.

BROWN EYES.—No, at thirteen you should not use powder. You will merely clog your pores and not give your complexion a chance to grow beautiful. What you should do is to be careful about daily body baths, about outdoor exercise, drinking eight glasses of water daily, exercising in the open air, and eating plenty of sensible, nourishing food—drinking milk, eating nice, mealy baked potatoes, boiled rice, plenty of bread and butter, green fresh vegetables of all kinds, fresh fruits. Chew your food thoroughly and you will convert it into healthy blood which will make your cheeks pink and your eyes bright and your nice little figure plump. But let powder and cold creams alone and do not worry about freckles. If you perspire freely, bathe daily, exercise constantly, and wear broad-brimmed hats when you are outdoors, your freckles will not amount to anything. They will probably fade away to nothing this winter, if you eat all the sensible things I have suggested, and when spring comes again you can be careful about wearing big hats when you are out in the sun.

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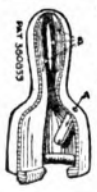
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Indigestion of Babies

IN taking up this subject for this month's talk, we think we are discussing the most common of conditions that babies or even adults have to contend with. There are few babies, if any at all, but what have occasional attacks of indigestion, and some babies have it all the time.

Most of these, if not all, can be cured, and it is with this idea in mind that we prepare this talk.

By the term indigestion, we mean that condition of stomach in which the function of digestion is disturbed or suspended, independent of inflammation, injury or other disease of that organ that we can discover. The principal causes of indigestion in nursing babies are an unhealthy condition of the mother's milk; the mother's health is not good or her diet is not regulated properly. We have known babies to suffer from indigestion, vomiting acid secretions on account of the mother's very rich diet, especially vegetables and fruits. We do not mean to assert that all women nursing babies should abstain from fruits, or even live on simple diet, for we have known some who could eat the richest food and all kinds of fruits and vegetables without the least injury to baby. There are others who cannot do so without causing indigestion and colic in their babies, because probably the children are unusually susceptible to the action of the materials absorbed from that kind of food.

Babies have been known to suffer severe attacks of indigestion from nursing mothers who had been very angry. The depressing emotions, anxiety, grief, fear and despair, are well known to affect the milk secretion in such a way as to cause indigestion.

A nursing mother, taking these things into consideration, should try and keep her own digestion in perfect condition, though not to follow strict diet unless the baby has indigestion. If the baby vomits, has colic, it is up to the mother to discover what she has been eating that might cause it and eliminate this from her diet.

A baby's bowels should move once or twice a day and be yellow in color. If the stools are green in color this indicates an acid condition and if this is allowed to go on you will soon see mucous in the stools, which indicates that there is an inflammation or irritation of the membranes somewhere in the intestinal tract.

A baby must not nurse too often or too fast as either condition will often cause trouble.

A baby will cry if hungry, cold or wet, and if neither cold nor wet the impression is often given that it must be hungry, and this may be the case, but unfortunately a baby's stomach may be distended with gas, and, unlike an adult, it is not able to know that eating will increase the pain, so you see you cannot rely on baby's judgment as it cannot tell a hunger pain from a gas or colic pain.

You sometimes get an absence or loss of the digestive function of a baby's stomach independent of the nature of the food, a condition similar to dyspepsia in an adult. The baby may be born with this condition or acquire it from improper or excessive feeding. This may exist during the course of some diseases, as teething often diminishes or impairs the tone of the digestion, so that the child is often unable during that process to digest food that agreed with it perfectly well at other times. The cause of indigestion after the first teething may be from some inherited feebleness of digestive function, or may be brought on by the baby becoming debilitated by frequent attacks of disease of any kind.

Indigestion may be brought on by want of due exercise in the open air, undue exercise of its mental faculties, and I mean by this last playing with baby too much, and showing off its brilliant accomplishments.

Indigestion in babies is often divided into two classes, occasional or accidental, and habitual. By occasional or accidental we mean the kind that is transient, brought on by error in diet of its nursing mother, some sickness or teething.

Habitual indigestion means a form that is long continued in consequence of the persistence of the cause.

The symptoms of the occasional indigestion in a baby are paleness, contraction of face, restlessness, peevishness, moaning and crying, or, in bad cases, screaming. The baby may have diarrhea, nausea and vomiting, in fact may vomit freely and accomplish a cure.

Habitual indigestion not only causes a train of symptoms, which are different in some respects but much more severe, frequent attacks of nausea and vomiting, repeated for days, weeks and even months. They have continued restlessness, crying, fussing especially during the evening and at night, colic attacks, baby screams out with pain, has languid expression. Baby has a contracted look, and in fact this does prevent natural growth in stature and size, so baby is puny and small for its age. Its hands and feet are usually cold, and it takes cold easily, due to the condition of its circulation.

Subject for next month, *Indigestion of Babies*—continued.

Questions and Answers

INTESTINAL CATARRH.—I have a twenty-months'-old baby who has had bowel trouble for six months, bowels moving several times a day and containing a lot of mucous. He is cutting stomach teeth, and do you think this might cause the trouble? Can it be that he has swallowed a pin? Will appreciate any suggestions you may make in regard to diet or medicine, as so far we have treated him without relief.

MRS. O. P., Tyler, Texas.

A.—Without much doubt, your baby has intestinal catarrh, probably caused by teething, and without positive evidence, like seeing him swallow pin, or X-ray picture, I should eliminate the pin theory. Have gums examined and lanced if red and swollen, give teaspoonful doses of castor oil to get rid of any offending contents of bowels, put baby on strict milk diet, diluted half and half with boiling water at first. For medicine, give baby three times a day a tablet crushed, or powder, containing bismuth subnitrate, three grains; pepsin sacch, two grains; aromatic chalk powder, one grain. Give this powder or tablet oftener if bowels do not improve. Lessen frequency of medicine as bowels are checked, and gradually with caution add more milk to diet, until you are giving pure milk, with the addition of one tablespoonful of lime-water to six-ounce feeding.

INDIGESTION.—My three-months'-old baby is troubled with gas; will often cry out with pain. I nurse him, also give Meilin's food between his nursings. My diet is simple, potatoes, bread, butter, little meat, no tea or coffee. Baby weighs sixteen pounds, but does not sleep nights on account of gas. MRS. A. S., Ulen, Minn.

A.—Your baby has indigestion and, while his weight indicates that he is well nourished, it may be that you are feeding him too much or too often. A baby three to six months old should be fed every three hours during day, amount of food 30 to 35 ounces. I should advise nursing him, no other food, make him nurse slowly, keep your own bowels regular so baby's bowels will move once or twice a day. Take two teaspoonfuls of elix. lactated pepsin, yourself, after meals as this will help baby's digestion.

TO INCREASE FLOW OF MILK.—I am writing to ask if there is anything I can do now to increase and continue the flow of milk, as I am expecting a baby in a few months and have not been able to nurse my other children. MRS. G. J. E., Stanwood, Wash.

A.—No, only as you get your own health in the best possible condition. If pale, anæmic, take iron in some form. Neoferrum is a good preparation. After baby comes drink lots of liquids, especially milk, buttermilk, oyster broth. Boiled beets, without vinegar, is the best vegetable to eat.

CONSTIPATION, RED SPOTS.—I am nursing my baby who is one year old, healthy, except very badly constipated. What can I do for him? (b) A week ago a large red spot appeared on his cheeks; was red two days then became purple and was hard; did not seem to hurt him, and gradually disappeared. What was this and what can I do for it? MRS. F. G., No. Franklin, N. Y.

A.—Should wean baby and give him in his milk teaspoonful doses of milk of magnesia often enough to keep bowels regular. Orange juice, prune juice occasionally, will help. (b) Do not know what caused red spots, unless baby was bitten by some insect. Should not suggest any treatment if it causes no discomfort and disappears quickly.

HERNIA.—Is there any cure for my baby girl, sixteen months old, who was ruptured when she had whooping cough? The navel bulges out as large as a hickory nut. MRS. R. E., Washington, Pa.

A.—Would suggest that you hold navel in place with button, held firmly by adhesive plaster applied crosswise. Have the rounded or bulging side of button pressing on navel, with cotton or soft linen under it. In young children this will produce a cure in a few months if properly applied.

LEUCORRHŒA.—What can I do for a slight, irritating discharge that I have had since baby came, five months ago? MRS. E. L. P., Backus, Minn.

A.—Would suggest that three or four times a week you take at bedtime a douche of quart of hot water that has been boiled and into which you have put three teaspoonfuls of boric acid.

MALNUTRITION.—My seventeen-months'-old boy is thin and pale, does not eat much and sleeps with eyes partly open. What would you suggest for diet? MRS. S. R. B., Richland, Mo.

A.—Would suggest that you give your baby all the milk it can digest properly, oatmeal gruel, strained, meat juice, orange juice, also give it Maltine with cod-liver oil. Give baby one-half teaspoonful doses of Neoferrum, three times a day. If you cannot get this, get the following put up at your drug store:

RECIPE.—Liq. Potassii Arsenitis, one dram. Vinum Ferri Amarum, six ounces.

M, Sig. Give baby one-half teaspoonful doses of this in tablespoonful of water, three times a day.

Keep baby out in the open air all that you can, sleeping outside if possible. Without doubt, lots of babies are starving for fresh air when we think it is food that they need.

SORE, FLAT NIPPLES; COLIC, ETC.—Tell me what will harden my nipples, as baby is six weeks old and they are still flat and sore. (b) What can I eat to increase the amount of milk? (c) What causes colic, and what can I do for it? MRS. F. P., Saint Michaels, Pa.

A.—Draw out nipple by holding over it a glass bottle whose contained air has been heated, as this will draw out nipple as air in bottle cools. Cleanse nipple every day with four per cent. solution of borax and water. (b) Drink all the liquids you can, especially milk, buttermilk, cocoa, oyster broth, and eat boiled beets without vinegar. (c) Colic is caused by indigestion; baby eats too fast or too often, bowels constipated. In nursing baby, if mother's digestion and bowels are normal, baby will not have colic. Treatment of colic: Get movement from bowels with glycerine suppository and teaspoonful dose of castor oil. Dry or moist heat over abdomen relieves distress.

CONSTIPATION.—My ten-months'-old baby is badly constipated and her condition is such that castor oil and other medicines I have tried do not relieve her. I am nursing her, but feed her some from the table. MRS. C. M. B., Hill City, Kansas.

A.—Would suggest weaning her and putting her on cow's milk, adding teaspoonful doses of milk of magnesia often enough to regulate bowels. Give her oatmeal gruel strained, orange juice, prune juice, and you will soon get bowels regulated.

BED-WETTING.—My six-year-old girl wets the bed every night, and I have tried about everything without relief. MRS. R. C., Wewoka, Okla.

A.—Bed-wetting is an obstinate condition to treat, as one must find cause and remove this the first thing. Get child's health in the best possible condition, removing adenoids or diseased tonsils if suffering from these troubles; examine urine, if acid, dark in color give her the following:

RECIPE.—Potassii Citratis, ½ ounce; Spt. Aetheris Nitrosi, ½ ounce; Aquæ, six (6) ounces. Give dessertspoonful in tablespoonful of water every four hours.

If urine has an ammonical odor, give four grains of Urotropin three times a day. Give child dry supper, drinking as little liquid as possible during later part of day.

INDIGESTION AND CONSTIPATION.—Will you tell me what to do for my nursing baby who is troubled with indigestion and constipation? I suffer with sour stomach and constipation. MRS. W. C., Lebanon, N. Y.

A.—Get your own digestion in normal condition and baby's will be normal. Take teaspoonful doses of fluid extract of Cascara Sagrada often enough to keep your bowels moving freely; avoid acid fruits and vegetables. If, after bowels are regulated, you still have indigestion, sour stomach, take two teaspoonfuls of elix. lactated pepsin, after each meal.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

when we received all those letters from the sisters we just came near bursting. Will the sisters who wrote to me accept my apology for the newspaper patterns I sent them, and my sincere regrets that I could not answer all of the letters with patterns for all the animals and directions for making. I did not receive the letters until a short time before Christmas and you all know how busy mothers are at Christmas, when there is a house full of youngsters. Will also state that my chum was married on the 19th of November and was away on her honeymoon. She says she has married the best of Sams and just can't live without him. The first day of July will be my wedding anniversary, tenth, and I'd appreciate a card shower at that time. Why don't the rest of you send in the date of yours.

In the bunch of letters I received was one from a little nine-year-old girl, Catherine Petty, but I could not make out her address so could not answer her letter. I am sorry because I know she must have been disappointed.

This is the way I use up stockings that are beyond mending. Wash thoroughly, cut off worn parts and sew good portions together in strips. When you have enough sewed to make a quilt, cover with flannel or calico. I knot mine with wrapping twine that I save from bundles. Wornout clothes of any kind make good filling for comforters.

I will tell you how I make the first outfit for my baby. I make the dresses about eighteen inches long and petticoats the same length. Any light weight, white goods will do for dresses. Nainsook is good. You can trim them if you like. I use Shaker flannel for petticoats, making them to hang from the shoulder. Don't make them on a band to pin on. I think they are injurious to baby. The bands can be made from Shaker flannel too, just a straight piece of cloth, unhemmed, eight inches wide. Shirts can be made of flannel too or bought readymade of wool or cotton. I make blankets too, yard of white with a six-inch border of blue or pink. Diapers made of bleached or unbleached cotton are best. This is the number of clothes I make. Six everyday dresses, six petticoats, one good dress and petticoat, three shirts, three bands, two nightgowns, four pairs of stockings, three dozen diapers, three blankets. Other necessary articles. One dozen assorted safety pins, one bottle of vaseline, can of talcum powder, bar of Castile soap, small package of boric acid and some sterilized white cloth, old pieces of wornout sheets will do.

Let me make you acquainted with my chum and me. My chum is Mrs. Samuel Hill, alias Jeff. And I am Mrs. Lillian Thompson, alias Ike. I would like to get the books, "Tarzan of the Apes," "Miriam the Avenger" and "Brandon Coyle's Wife." Please write before sending book as I want only one copy of each. If I do not answer your letter it means that I have already gotten the book wanted.

I will come again and tell you how to make a kitchen cabinet.

FROM IKE, ONE OF THE STUFFING BLUE CHUMS.

Ike.—We would have liked it if you could have told us about the kitchen cabinet in this letter, then we could have made one for our recently housecleaned kitchen. But we have another letter to look forward to, which is better. Please tell your chum that we wish her a life of health and happiness.—Ed.

MIDFIELD, TEXAS.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have written twice before this but my letters, for some reason were not printed. I've just about come to the conclusion that none of the letters are real. If this appears I apologize and admit I have been wrong in my opinion. Some of the letters are more than interesting; they are helpful, and I guess that is the reason other letters than mine were printed.



I think it a good idea for the sisters to describe themselves as it gives the reader an idea of what they are like. Will give you a mental picture of myself. I am five feet, four inches tall, dark complexion, dark hair, grey eyes, turned-up nose and weigh about one hundred and twenty-six pounds. Have been married four years; one child, a boy I am sending his picture, taken when he was eight months old.

I am glad we are to have a sisters' pin.

With love to all the COMFORT Sisters and Brothers,

LONE STAR STATE.

Lone Star State.—To be perfectly candid, your baby's picture is the reason this letter escaped the waste-basket. It would be a shame to deprive the readers of his wonderful eyes and smile just because his mother neglected to tell his name or a single one of the many interesting things she could have told about him. And he's such a dear, too.—Ed.

NORCATUR, KANS.

DEAR SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for a long time and would like to step in a minute for a little visit, if I may.

Do any of the sisters know what will make piano keys white? My piano has been used only five years and is in fine condition only the keys are getting yellow.

How many of you know the value of white enamel for retouching old furniture? When we started housekeeping last summer there were so many things to buy that we economized every way we could. Our bedroom was finished in white enamel. We bought an old dresser, sawed off the top then sandpapered the lower half and gave it two coats of white paint and one coat of enamel. We painted an old stand the same way and I use it for plants. We purchased an old light green iron bed from a neighbor and enameled that to match the furniture and now we have a pretty white bedroom.

I was somewhat amused when I read Mrs. Mile Mullins' letter in the January number, though, like her, I believe the fashions at the present time are somewhat risque. However, a girl is not necessarily immodest because she wears short skirts, thin waists or rolls her hose. I do all those things myself occasionally, especially the latter, in hot weather. I do not believe, like her, that girls do these things to attract attention. It is their nature to want to look attractive and they pattern after society women and movie stars. Most of the men and boys today, at least here in sunny Kansas, do not think evil of girls because of the way they dress. It is the girl herself that counts.

I see no great harm in leaving supper dishes unwashed in order to spend the time with husband or children, or in leaving housework to accompany the husband to town or elsewhere. Many men do not think to ask their wives if they would care to go.

I am twenty-two years old, dark hair, light brown eyes, rosy cheeks and a dimple, and am five feet, five inches tall and weigh 190 pounds.

Your sister, MRS. I. E. W.

Mrs. I. E. W.—Thanks so much for the snapshot of yourself and your husband. I put it into my COMFORT Sisters' Album. Am always glad when someone sends me her picture.—Ed.

SOMEWHERE IN MICHIGAN.

DEAR FOLKS:

Every time I read the letters in the C. S. C. the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

MOTHER!

"California Syrup of Figs" is Best Laxative for Child



Accept "California" Syrup of Figs only—look for the name California on the package, then you are sure your child is having the best and most harmless laxative for the little stomach, liver and bowels. Children love its fruity taste. Full directions on each bottle.

Ask your Druggist for "California Syrup of Figs"

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

"writing bug" gets me but I usually backslide when it comes to actually putting my thoughts on paper. So many of the sisters write such interesting letters that I dislike having the space used up by my letters.

I'm nearing twenty-three as to years. And to go on, I'm one of those worthless people—"Jack of all trades and master of none.

I do like sewing, though. Once upon a time, I couldn't hem a towel even, but now I do all my own and baby's sewing. Doesn't that remind you of the ads. you see in all the magazines? I learned to sew by mail last winter. How many of the others in this corner have learned that way? My mother is taking a course in millinery and has made about ten hats besides sewing for others. So she has nearly paid for her course with the hats she has made, although she is only about half through with it.

Tomorrow is Sunday and I am so anxious for it to come because after we get home from church, hubby and I are going in the woods. Last year I was only out once. Let me whisper why—I am feeding and caring for my boy according to schedule. "A Better Baby." Grandpa doesn't believe—rather he didn't—in bringing up babies that way so I was careful not to leave baby with mother too often because my father gave him so many things to eat. I have him converted now because baby is a good example for the "Better Babies" in this neck of the woods. The only one I know of, in fact. I have been sneered at but I don't care. My baby goes to bed at six every night. What a difference from the other way of rocking for hours when you want to be doing something else. I know from experience because I rocked three youngsters at home years ago. And I vowed me a vow, etc. that if I ever had any of my own they would not be rocked. I like to watch my little boy find his Teddy and Kitty and run off to bed with them. After I put him in bed he pulls his pillow from under his head, hugs those three most precious of belongings, and falls asleep, unless daddy gets home early, because in that case daddy loves to rock him. We can forgive him that, he only sees his boy a few minutes morning and noon as a rule.

With love to everyone, JACKIE.

IRVING, ILL.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have taken COMFORT over a year now and think it a good paper. I like the stories and all the departments, as well as the letters in the Sisters' Corner.

We live on a farm near Irving but are going to town soon as we like there better. I'll have more time then for myself and children.



EUGENE AND ZELDA RUSHFORD.

We have two children, Eugene, four and Zelda, two years old. I am sending their picture and hope to see it in COMFORT. They enjoy the Cubby Bear stories.

My maiden name was Alma Weller. I should like to hear from my old friends.

MRS. JOHN RUSHFORD.

ATHENS, OHIO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND ALL:

I knocked once before but wasn't admitted and if I fail this time I fear my patience will be exhausted.

I live in a small but rather crowded city. Just now we are living in a three-room flat and there are so many buildings in front of us that we cannot see a patch of ground or a tree, nothing but roofs. I lived on a farm, earlier in life so find this rather confining for me as well as my two little ones. I take them for a walk every day and get the groceries. We hope to find a house where we can have a lawn for them to play on. Can any of you country sisters imagine yourselves transplanted to three rooms, with not even a place to burn waste? My husband takes it to the place where he works and burns it in the fire there.

I have been earning a little pin money this winter by stitching felt novelties for a manufacturing company here. They pay by the piece so I can do it at home as we live very near their place of business.

Sisters, do you know if you polish your brown shoes before you wear them they will not spot so badly?

For earache, warm a little glycerine, put it on absorbent cotton and put into ear. Sweet oil will have the same effect but it is not so good as it gets rancid and musty and must be washed out with a syringe.

You asked for ideas for parties. I stayed with a dear friend when I was a senior in high school and she gave a St. Patrick's Day party while I was there. The invitations were in keeping with the day but I cannot remember the witty verse she used. She had a dummy at the door, a figure dressed in men's clothing to represent St. Patrick. His right hand was a white canvas glove stuffed with wet cornmeal. A lady dressed as Mrs. St. Patrick, saw that each guest shook that clammy hand. He wore a tall hat that was used later in a game. She placed a chair a short distance from the hat and each one tried to pitch more corks into it than anyone else. The prize for the winner was a green pig bank

The rooms were decorated with shamrocks cut from green crepe paper. They were pinned on the curtains and walls and such places as the room afforded. For refreshments she served sandwiches made with meat filling and lettuce leaves, with limeade (or coffee if they preferred) and lime drops. The napkins were of paper with shamrocks and pipes on them. Everyone had a good time.

Mrs. Wilkinson is frowning and if I don't leave of my own accord she will tell me to go.

Sincerely, BUGABOO.

Bugaboo.—If I frowned (though I didn't mean to) it was because I saw that you were leaving without telling us more about the party, the games you played and how you played them. We like to know everything, and I'm specially interested in Mrs. St. Patrick.—Ed.

NORTH CAROLINA.

DEAR COMFORT FAMILY:

I enjoy the Sisters' Corner very much as I am often in need of help as are most mothers.

I have two little girls, the older being four years old. Sisters and especially teachers, is it best to teach children the alphabet and such things as are in picture books before they start to school? My little girl loves her books and wants me to teach her the letters. I'd like to hear this subject discussed in COMFORT, also the best age at which to send children to school? Do you approve of waiting until they are seven years old?

It amuses me to hear the sisters discuss family affairs. If I told you that I didn't have any trouble with my husband you would be like the neighbor who asked me if I ever got mad at my husband. Then I told her I didn't have any cause to get mad at him and she told me in plain English that she didn't believe it. I didn't care but nevertheless it is true.

Mrs. Johnson, I think if I were you I'd find out what was attracting my little boy from home. Perhaps there is a toy of some kind that he is fond of but doesn't have at home and which might be gotten for him. I think that to keep children at home one must make the home interesting for them. If they can't find something to amuse them at home they will surely find it away from home.

I would be glad to hear from the sisters, especially those living in Florida.

CONTENTED WIFE.

DUNCAN, ARIZ.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have read COMFORT for several years and hope to continue taking it. Although I have often thought of writing to the Sisters' Corner this is my first attempt. The cause of this is an article which appeared in the December number of one of our popular magazines on "Why Eligible Bachelors Won't Marry the Modern Girl." One bachelor said she was too easy, another that she smokes and drinks; her dress is daring; she wants to be popular with the men and in the very next sentence he says, "She observes that the girls who receive the most attention are those who are not too proper." That is only too true. It is this kind of a girl who is generally most popular with the men. And that is one great reason why so many girls let the barriers down and become daring. They get tired of being wall flowers and wish to become popular. This same man says, "There is a certain fascination about that kind of girl, one can have a certain kind of good time with her." It is true they do have a certain kind of good time with this kind of girl and while they may not admire or respect her very much, I notice they like mighty well to be with her. He admits she is the most popular. Who makes her so? It certainly isn't the women either modest or daring. These men go on having their certain kind of good times with these girls until they get too old to care for such a fast life, or the girls get tired of them, then they turn to innocent girls, the kind all sensible men wish for a wife. These innocent girls who have been left out and made wall flowers while the eligible bachelor was having a certain kind of good time with the daring girl. One man said, "There are some things we want fresh from the stock, not from the soiled counter." Is not that just what a good woman wants, but does she get it? Not often. She is supposed to accept the first one of these eligible bachelors without considering the fact that he has been through the whole show, and that he has had his certain kind of good time with the girl of the daring ways and dress and made her the most popular girl.

Be fair, eligible bachelors, and give yourself to the girl you choose with as clean a moral character as you demand of her.

I would like to hear from some of the sisters if they care to write.

I am a happy wife and mother and like all the others, have to face many hard problems in trying to raise my children the way I think a child should be raised.

Best wishes to all. MRS. ALICE MONTGOMERY.

OROVILLE, 701, 6th Ave., CALIF.

DEAR SISTERS:

Let me tell you how to amuse the kiddies on long winter evenings. I have three, a boy of sixteen and two girls, fourteen and eight years of age. Sometimes Father joins us in our play. One of our games is a guessing or initial game. Someone will say, "I went to the grocery store and bought a c.o.m. (can of milk) and the others guess what it was. Buy anything you want but give only the first letter of article bought. It needn't be a grocery store either. Then we take some long word and write down as many different words as we can make from it. This is educational as well as interesting and causes trips to the dictionary for the correct spelling of words. Sometimes we have a candy pull which is lots of fun and helps keep the children at home. Make home pleasant for your children or they will go to someone who will. Never be so busy that you cannot stop and listen to what they have to say and to advise them. It is better for them to come to you than to go to someone else.

A word to young mothers. When baby cries, find out the cause. Maybe a pin has become unfastened and is sticking into him; a fretful cry is usually caused by sickness; sharp cries with drawing up of legs and throwing out of arms denote pain, usually colic. Warm the feet, as cold feet will cause colic. Put warm flannel over the stomach and keep bowels in good condition. A begging cry is hunger and most any one can tell a mad cry. Another thing, don't put things out of their reach. Make them understand that they are to leave things alone. I left my books and knickknacks around and when they were old enough I taught them they must not touch them. A few gentle slaps on the hands soon make them understand. I was a full half day with my boy but I won. Be firm and kind. Teach them at home, then you can take them any place. I commenced with mine as soon as they began to creep. It seems hard to hurt their tender little hearts but it hurts mother the most for baby soon forgets all but that he must let things alone. I have cried after their first little, hard lesson but you won't be sorry and your children will thank you for it. Make them understand that when you say No, you mean No. Have a box with their playthings in it and when they are through have them pick up everything and put them back in the box. Sometimes this is hard but when you have taught them this, lesson No. 2 is learned and it will save you many steps.

On wash day do your housework while waiting for the water to heat. It will be much better than leaving it to do after you are tired from washing.

I expect by the time this is published it will be near Easter so I will tell you of the way I color eggs. Take onion skins and boil with a few eggs. It will give them different shades of brown, according to number of skins used. I color others with crepe paper, after they are boiled but still hot, by moistening the paper and wrapping it around the egg. Take several pieces of different colors and place here and there around the egg. Leave paper on until egg is cold. My children still like Easter eggs. What do we live for, sisters, if not for our children? I hate to see a woman mothering a dog or a cat when she might be giving some child a home. Adopt one or more if you haven't any of your own. My husband and I are one hundred per cent. Americans and intend to make true Americans out of our children. I tell you our American race is running down by American women marrying foreigners and by the American women not having children, they leave that to the Japs.

Another thing I hate to see is when our rich women do have children, how they leave them to the care of nurses and teachers. I think it is every mother's duty to care for her own children. And another thing is married women holding down good jobs when there are married men, with families, out of work. Of course some women have to work but I am referring to the woman whose husband earns a good salary but who wishes to work in order to buy more clothes for herself. Our boys went overseas to fight for us and their jobs should be given back to them.

I would like to hear from any sister who cares to write and will answer those who enclose stamp.

Good luck to all. MRS. J. M. COMER.

MACKEY, INDIANA.

HELLO EVERYBODY:

Shall I tell you how I enjoy spending the cold winter evenings? Give me a roaring hot fire, an easy chair and my favorite magazine, COMFORT. I have read and received help from every department and think it well worth the price.

Here is a subject I do not remember hearing discussed, although I know every housekeeper has had experience with tramps. Some people do not think it right to feed them as they say it encourages shiftlessness, but does not the Bible command us to feed the hungry? The teachings of our beloved Uncle Charlie taught us to open our hearts and pocketbooks to the poor and needy. We never know how soon our luck may change and we may be like the other fellow, down and out. I try to abide by the golden rule and, to my knowledge, have not a single enemy.

I live in the Hoosier State in a small town where everyone knows everyone else. The women have formed a "Community Club." We meet once a month and sew; have sales, ice cream suppers, etc., and the money is spent to benefit the community. We have just bought a new piano for the church. Mackey is going to have a new school building before long. There is a common and high school building now but it is not large enough to accommodate the pupils as they are doing away with country schools and bringing the children to town. A large wagon with windows and seats along the sides, and a small stove to keep them warm, is used for this purpose.

Mothers, do not scold or shame your children for asking questions in regard to Nature's laws. Tell them the truth in the right way, and what is right and wrong. Do not be afraid that you will begin too young. Children love secrets and it is better to have such secrets with their own mothers than with others.

As I enjoy best the letters which describe homes and home surroundings, I'll give a brief description of ours. We have eight lots, the two-story house being located

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)



"Good home-made food promotes happiness and contentment"

The Royal Baking Service

from The Royal Educational Department

EDITOR'S NOTE—With what immense satisfaction do we enjoy a piece of good home made cake! How infinitely better it is than any we could possibly buy! Many cakes look tempting but when tasted are very dry and disappointing, lacking that flavor which good flour, baking powder, shortening, eggs and above all, home baking seem to give.

Wouldn't you like to become a better cake maker? You can, so easily In fact, you may even become an expert and turn your baking knowledge into dollars, for everybody loves home made cake. The Royal Educational Department is ready to help you with suggestions and special instructions whenever you need assistance.

Cake Troubles

"WHY does my cake rise up in the middle?" "How do you make chocolate icing glossy?" "How must I change a cake recipe when baking in high altitude?" Hundreds of women are writing this department daily such questions as these. You also perhaps may be bothered by similar baking troubles. If so, write the Royal Educational Department. It is prepared to help you as it is helping thousands of women all over the world. Following are a few of the commonest difficulties—

***Question:* What makes my cakes split open and the batter pour down the sides?**

Answer: The oven is too hot. A crust forms before the cake has had a chance to rise completely, and the uncooked batter forces its way through the top, making a very unsightly cake with poor texture. Send for the Glazed Paper Oven Test. It is a sheet of correct oven temperatures and will be of great assistance to you.

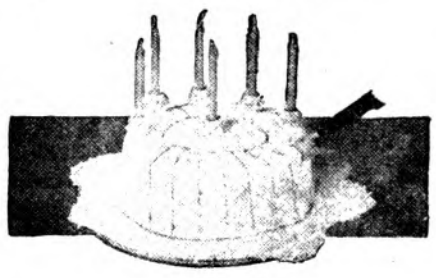
***Question:* Is it necessary to use pastry flour for cakes?**

Answer: While pastry flour is excellent for all recipes in which baking powder is used, it is not necessary and moreover not available for everyone. All recipes on these pages and in the New Royal Cook Book were made up with an ordinary good bread flour and the proportion of liquid is correct. All flour, however, should be sifted before measuring (two or three times is even better for cakes) and never packed down in the cup, but piled in very lightly.

***Question:* How can I get a fine-grained cake?**

Answer: Cream butter or other shortening before adding sugar—use fine granulated sugar if possible. Beat the batter well after adding each ingredient, and when the beaten egg whites are added last, mix them lightly, but very thoroughly, into the batter. On the other hand, hard beating at this stage tends to toughen the cake. Bake the cake in a moderate oven, increasing the heat slightly after it has been in the oven about 10 minutes.

The Birthday Cake



Remember grown-ups as well as little folks will appreciate a birthday cake. It must be of superfine quality. This inexpensive Pound Cake (recipe below) is delicious; for one still less costly you might try the Royal Cream Loaf Cake (page 12 New Royal Cook Book) which is so light and fine you would never dream that it requires but two eggs.

Of course the birthday cake must go as far as possible. Everybody will want a piece, perhaps two, so here is a way of cutting it that will surprise you by its economy.

With a sharp knife, beginning at the outside, cut around in circles until you reach the center, then slice through each circular piece as illustrated.

Small families, however, will not eat a whole cake at one time; therefore instead of the usual way, cut desired number of pieces from center of the cake as illustrated below. To keep the rest fresh push the two remaining pieces close together like a whole cake. This will keep it moist and soft several days.



Send for the New Royal Cook Book today—it's free and complete, containing all departments of cookery. Address—

ROYAL EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT
Royal Baking Powder Company, 121C William Street, New York

This is the fifth of the Royal Baking Service

Cut these out and put in your cook book

Pound Cake

1 cup butter
1 cup sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 teaspoon lemon extract
5 eggs
2 cups flour
1 teaspoon Royal Baking Powder

Cream butter thoroughly; add sugar very slowly, beating well between each addition. Add flavoring and yolks of eggs which have been beaten until pale yellow. Beat egg whites until light and add with flour which has been sifted with the baking powder two or three times. Beat mixture well for several minutes, until very light and fluffy. Bake in greased loaf pan in moderate oven about one hour. Cover with the following frosting:

Ornamental Frosting

1½ cups granulated sugar
½ cup water
2 egg whites
1 teaspoon flavoring extract
1 teaspoon Royal Baking Powder.

Boil sugar and water without stirring until syrup spins a thread; add very slowly to beaten egg whites; add flavoring and baking powder and beat until smooth and stiff enough to spread. Put over boiling water, stirring continually until icing grates slightly on bottom of bowl. Spread on cake, saving a small portion of icing to ornament the edge. This can be forced through a pastry tube, or, through a cornucopia made from ordinary white letter paper.

Royal Tropic Aroma Cake

(Illustrated above)

½ cup shortening
1¼ cups sugar
1 cup milk
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon nutmeg
2 eggs
2½ cups flour
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 teaspoon cinnamon

Cream shortening; add sugar and beaten eggs. Mix well and add (sifted together) half the flour, baking powder, salt and spices; add milk and remainder of dry ingredients. Bake two-thirds of this batter in two greased layer tins, and to the remaining third add one tablespoon cocoa which has been mixed with one tablespoon boiling water. Use this for middle layer. Bake layers in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Put following filling and icing between layers and on top of cake.

2 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon cocoa
2 cups confectioner's sugar
3 tablespoons strong coffee
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Cream butter. Add sugar and cocoa very slowly, beating until light and fluffy. Add vanilla and coffee slowly a few drops at a time, making soft enough to spread.

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Making Home Attractive

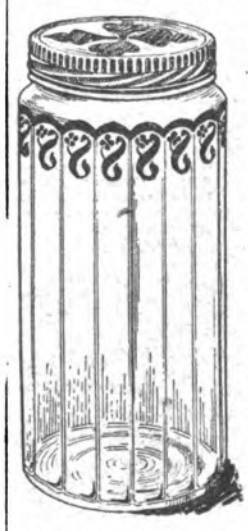
By Eveline Vance

Painting Glass and Tin the Latest Home Art Fad

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THE woman who is always alert to find some new kind of decoration that will add to the attractiveness of her home, and at the same time be of small cost, will enjoy this new form of enamel painting that requires no firing.

The two accompanying illustrations give a good idea of this work, showing its simplicity. The tall piece is the familiar glass jar which comes filled with stick candy, while the low square one when purchased contained cold-cream. The contents of both had been used and the jars cleaned and put away, to be brought forth at a later date and decorated for a church sale, where, as a novelty, they attracted much attention. Without the covers, both of these jars would make lovely flower vases. After acquiring the knack of using these paints, your brush will become very busy painting coat hangers, tin candlesticks, tin candy boxes, and many other articles, besides redecorating vases, lamps, baskets, and other things that you have long been tired of but too good to be cast aside.



PAINTED CANDY JAR.

The materials required for this work are one can of white enamel paint, a tube each of artist's paint in whatever colors you will use, a short-hair sable brush for fine lines, a somewhat larger brush to float on solid backgrounds, a bottle of turpentine for thinning and for cleaning brushes, a large plate to mix paint on, and a palette-knife or an old case-knife worn thin.

As the candy and cold-cream jars usually have a little pressed decoration, they make excellent pieces to begin on. Taking first the candy jar, which had at the edge of the shoulder a circle of scallops pressed in, each one being connected with the base by a vertical indentation in the glass, all of which may be drawn in freely with the white enamel paint which has previously been mixed to the desired color with tube paint. The design beneath each scallop is first lightly traced with a sharply-pointed pencil on the back of carbon paper, then placed, carbon side, against the glass and the design transferred to the glass by means of retracing the design with the pencil, using a little more pressure. This will leave a fine dark line as a guide to paint by.

The jar has a screw top, and the cover is made of tin which is first given a solid background of tinted enamel, and is allowed to dry thoroughly. The design is then outlined and painted on. The scallops and vertical lines on jar should be well dried before attempting the decoration beneath.

The same rules apply to painting the cold-cream jar. Here an initial was applied, and is intended to be used for a baby's powder jar and puff.



BABY'S POWDER AND PUFF.

Where a solid background of dark color is used, the design is transferred by first drawing it on the back of carbon paper, then thoroughly dusting the carbon side with talcum powder, holding it against the surface to be painted and retracing the design. It will leave a fine white line.

Black enameled backgrounds with bright flower and bird decorations are just now much used, and they are wonderfully pretty for painting over old lamps and tin candlesticks. Usually one coat of enamel is sufficient, but if the work appears flat after drying, apply a second coat.

The Selection and Care of Bedding

A comfortable bed is conducive to good health, beyond a doubt. Of first importance is the choice of a spring that will neither stretch at the edges nor sag in the middle. A good mattress is the next consideration. Years ago, if one wanted a comfortable mattress it had to be made of curled hair which was very expensive, and still is, but nowadays it is quite a different matter, with the floss, the cotton-felt and the wool-felt mattresses to choose from. The wool-felt is highly satisfactory and is replacing those made of hair. The floss mattress is also very desirable, and a good quality of cotton-felt, if well made, will give wear and comfort. In selecting a mattress be sure it is tacked on the sides. While this feature makes a mattress cost a little more, it is cheaper in the end, as these tackings keep the mattress from spreading and becoming thin at the edges. If a mattress stretches, you may be sure it is becoming thinner and in time will be lumpy. A bed will never make up square and trim with a stretched mattress. By covering the mattresses while they are new with well-fitted boxed covers, made of shrunken, unbleached cotton, much will be accomplished toward holding them in shape. The covers will also keep them clean and they can be removed and washed when necessary. The covers are tied across one end with tapes a few inches apart.

Next to the mattress is laid a protecting pad. A thin blanket folded once crossways, covered with shrunken unbleached muslin and quilted by machine with a long stitch, makes an excellent one. In case of sickness, a draw-sheet on top of under sheet makes the best pad, as it is easily washed. Take a sheet and fold it once lengthwise, then lay the center exactly at the center of the mattress, crossways of the bed, and very smoothly fold one-half under the mattress as far as it will go. Then walk to the other side of bed, draw the sheet very taut with both hands and fold it under the mattress as on the opposite side. It should be tight enough for the mattress to slightly buckle, which disappears as soon as the patient lies upon it. If a large-size safety-pin is put through, well into the mattress and sheet, at each corner where it turns over the edge, the draw sheet will remain smooth several days, which in turn helps keep the under sheet in place.



CRETONNE SHAM AND BEDSPREAD.

Pillows should be filled with goose feathers or the short down feathers from ducks. Hen feathers are likely to lack "spring," and lay in hard lumps. In case pillows become soiled from sickness, they can be washed through several heavy suds, rinsed through several clean waters, and hung to dry where they will get sun and wind.

Short or narrow sheets must be avoided, for they soon are in folds and wrinkles and prevent perfect rest. Nothing causes so much soil to the rest of the bedding as short sheets. Before cutting sheets, measure the length and width of mattress, including the depth of boxing, and then allow thirty inches larger each way, which will give fifteen inches to turn under. As sheets wear out at the center, tear them in two lengthwise, overhand the two selvages and put a narrow hem on the torn edges.

Warm, light-weight bed coverings are conducive to well-rested bodies. All wool blankets, or comforters made of wool wadding, are the most satisfactory. That woolen blankets are hard to wash is an argument made against them. Many housewives nowadays make slips like pillow-cases and put their woolen blankets into them before they are used. With a long stitch the blanket is caught to the edge of slip on all four sides. Being made of shrunken print, they are readily removed and washed. With this treatment, blankets keep new and clean indefinitely. The wool-wadding comes in full sizes, all ready to tack between covers.

Attractive Bed Coverings

While the first consideration is one of comfort, a distinctive daytime covering for her bed is the wish of every woman who loves attractive surroundings. White is always restful to the eye, but it soils, oh, so easily, and I suppose for this very reason we have returned to our great-great-grandmothers' ideas of colored coverlets and bedspreads. Daintily checked ginghams, striped seersuckers, chintz or cretonne are the most favored fabrics, because they do not soil or crush easily, and can be given a fresh appearance by simply pressing.

The one illustrated shows a plain color attractively combined with a floral pattern. Both materials are of cretonne. The plain centers of sham and bedspread are cut the same width so that a straight line will be continuous from head to foot of bed. In cutting the figured border, the corners are mitered. At the foot, the sides and end pieces are left open below the rail and hang each side of the bedpost.

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Lift Off with the Fingers



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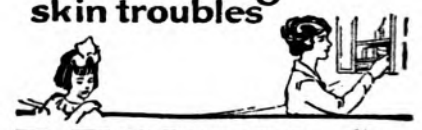


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Love Will Find the Way

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE AWAKENING OF JUNIUS.

"Mr. Beckwith is down-stairs, Miss Gordon."

The servant made the announcement standing at the door of Anne Gordon's boudoir, and she rose swiftly, a sweet, happy color surmounting her cheeks.

It was the man whom she loved who awaited her, and her heart thrilled with delight as she heard his name even from the lips of the servant.

How quickly he had responded to her little message, and how grateful she was to him that he cared for her! She was so humble, so sweetly submissive in her great love, that it seemed to her she was scarcely fit to touch the tips of his fingers. She forgot her own youth, her beauty, her glorious womanhood; she forgot that there were few women under heaven even comparable to her in her great, unselfish, generous affections, and it seemed to her that she was receiving all and giving nothing in return.

There was a smile in her eyes that changed all the sadness into sunshine as she leaned over Janet Reade and kissed her cheek.

"You will excuse me for a few minutes, and rest here until I return," she said gently. "I sent for Mr. Beckwith in order that he might help us with his advice. Have courage; all will be well."

As she spoke the words her lips trembled slightly, for she suddenly remembered again what might be the fate of the girl whom she had chosen to call her sister. It did not have the power to rob her of all the happiness at the thought of her lover's presence, but there was little of the dancing light in her eyes that had been there at the maid's announcement when she entered the room where June awaited.

She went up to him swiftly and placed both her hands in his. She leaned her forehead for a moment against his lips, and forgot to observe the coldness of his greeting. She was not even aware that he did not kiss her, so absorbed was she again in her thoughts for another.

"I am so glad you came so quickly," she said, drawing herself back and looking at him.

"You sent, did you not?" he asked, with a little weary smile. "I shall always try to respond just as promptly to any request of yours. How excited you look, Anne, and how unusual it is! Has anything happened?"

"Yes. Sit down while I tell you. You have always been so interested in her that I know you will feel as excited as I do."

"Her? Who?"

"Marian."

He started slightly and his eyes dropped; a little pallor crept up through his cheeks; but in her innocence Anne Gordon thought nothing of it. She leaned forward and took his hand eagerly.

"Ah, don't look like that, June!" she exclaimed, with tender earnestness. "I felt so sure that I could count on you; I felt so sure that you would help me in everything. The subject wearies you, dear; but for my sake you must do what you can. Won't you promise me, June?"

How like a hypocrite he felt! For one brief moment he was tempted to tell her the truth, but the temptation vanished, and he held his tongue. He lifted her hand and pressed it to his cheeks, not his lips.

"What is it that you wish to tell me, Anne?" he asked gently. "I thought that subject was to be dead between us?"

"Yes, I know; but, you see, all the circumstances have changed."

"All what circumstances?"

He had turned his eyes upon her suddenly, intently; his lips were slightly parted, and his breath came through them with a little curious sound.

"Those that surrounded Marian."

"Changed? How?"

The two words were scarcely more than hoarse whispers. She observed his earnestness, and it gratified her. There was no room for jealousy in that stanch and loyal heart.

"She was not guilty of that of which we accused her, June."

"Not guilty? What are you talking about, Anne? You don't usually speak in conundrums."

His tone was almost sharp. She had never heard him speak like that before, but she did not resent it in the least. She only drew his hand more closely within her warm clasp, and told him the story as nearly as she and Janet Reade had been able to put it together. She told it connectedly, if a little excitedly, and he listened in silence, never interrupting her by word or exclamation until she had finished. Even then he did not speak until Anne said:

"Are you not sorry for her, June? Do you not see how the poor child was sacrificing herself to save that worthless father? We must do something to save her, dear—you and I—and I have sent for you to tell me what we had best do first."

He was ghastly; his eyes were burning in their intensity. He did not look at her. He felt that she would have read every thought in his anguished soul if he had. He looked straight ahead, and tried to infuse his voice with some naturalness, though without much success, as he said:

"And this robbery? What night was it that you say it was committed?"

"Do you remember the night we heard Melba in 'Lucia'?"

He nodded, incapable of speech.

"It was the night after. You remember the following day was Marian's birthday. She went home that afternoon. It was that night that her father committed the robbery, and the following morning, before I had discovered the loss, the jewels were returned."

And it was the same morning that Marian had written him that fatal letter which lay then in the back of his watch. It was under the awful agony upon her that she had enclosed that little flower, telling him that she was as withered in soul as the tiny talisman she had enclosed.

And he had not understood it! He had not trusted the purity of her angel soul above all else in the world! He had not trusted the little heart-broken messenger that she had sent! He was only too ready to believe her false.

And she had told him that lie, that had lain like lead upon his soul, in order that she might spare him pain!

That thought was apparent to him now. He seemed to read all her unselfishness, all her generosity, all her love in that one act. She had

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)

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Lessens Woman's Work

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

needs of the worker to carry on her varying tasks in a way that will provide comfort for her family, and save herself from that form of drudgery caused by lack of conveniences, many of which, when once acquired, last a lifetime.

The long counters, built on two sides of the kitchen, are invaluable. Closets and drawers are built beneath them, but at intervals they should be left open to receive the blue-flame oilstove, the fireless cooker, the high stool, the kitchen wagon, or other articles that otherwise would be in the way when not in use.

Another special feature is the cooking center which is built in to the right of the sink. In the compartments enclosed overhead are stored the dry supplies used in cooking, while in the long one to the right are hung the various sized stew-pans, a rack for kettle covers, muffin-pans, cake-cooler, frying-pans, and baking-pans of various sizes. If arranged with care this high closet will hold a large equipment.

Between the underside of counterboard and top drawer is a stationary bread-board, made with a cleat across the back end to prevent its ever being pulled way out of the opening, which is just wide enough to allow the board to be pushed in and out without binding. It may be made the full depth of the counter.

In the drawers beneath, which are made with compartments, are kept such equipment as egg-beaters, graters, strainers, potato-ricer, various cutters, apple corer, can opener, corkscrew, kitchen teaspoons, etc.

To the extreme right is a flour bin which is hinged in at the base, while the top is cut with a backward curve which enables the bin to be pulled forward for use, and pushed back flush when not in use. In winter these are particularly useful, as a large amount of flour is at hand and will keep at the kitchen temperature.

Under the sink are two doors and to the left two drawers. Behind the right-hand door is kept the molasses, vinegar, sugar bucket and other large-size containers. Behind the door at the left is kept soap, stacked without wrappers so it will be continually drying, ammonia, starch, silver and brass polish, and other supplies of this class. If these spaces are at all inclined to gather moisture, the doors should be made with lattice-work laid in squares.

In the drawers are kept clean holders, neat piles of old cloth for all kinds of household purposes, a box containing a hammer, a few nails and screws of various sizes, hooks and a small screwdriver, and brushes for various purposes. Of the three larger drawers to the left, in the upper two are kept such supplies as pertain to both dining-room and kitchen, including kitchen towels, napkins and covers, doilies, tray-cloths, bibs and eating aprons, kitchen aprons, thin boxes of paraffin paper for lunches, paper napkins, etc., while in the lower is kept clean wrapping paper and bags spread smoothly, and string carefully saved. The closets overhead are for dishes.

The whole secret is to save steps by grouping similar things and placing them near the part of the room where they will be used.

The two panels under dish closet indicate an opening, with hinged or sliding doors, through which articles may be passed into the adjoining room, which may be either the dining-room or pantry, and thus save a journey around through the door at the left end of the counter.

The Dropleaf Table

To the right of the stove, and under the lamp shelf a collapsible table has been built. One of its purposes is to provide a center for lamp filling and cleaning, which should never be carried on near dishes or sink. After all trace of the lamp work has been removed to the shed, the table is ready to serve for other kinds of work which the general-purpose kitchen always provides, and which should be kept apart. As a place on which to set a meal for the belated one, this side table is a great comfort to the housewife, for it allows her to transfer just the necessary dishes and food and then proceed with the general clearing away. When used temporarily for sewing, this table is invaluable to the woman who must keep so many "irons in the fire" at once. With sufficient light from above, it also provides an excellent study table.

Being collapsible, it can be dropped against the wall and the space used for other purposes when necessary. In constructing this table, a strip is first securely fastened to the wall, and the leaf fastened to this with strong hinges. When raised, the leaf gets its support by means of wooden brackets hinged to the wall. These are cut from the same thickness of lumber as the strip, so that when they are turned back against the wall the leaf will hang straight down. If the leaf is more than three feet long, it should be supported by two brackets.

Every kitchen needs a cozy corner near a window with a comfortable chair and a wall desk, where writing materials, household accounts, cook-books, and literature having reference to farm machinery and agriculture is kept.

These wall shelves occupy the space between the outside boarding and the plastering inside, and this may be extended by boxing in the frame to the desired depth. The door is hinged at the lower edge and provides writing or reading leaf when open. A length of chain, on each side, with one end fastened half way down the inside of door, and the other on the inside of the frame about two-thirds the way up, provides support and drops inside when the door is closed. A stout, non-stretching cord may be used in place of the chain.

An ironing board that is always ready for service is an indispensable equipment. It is unfair for any housewife to be obliged to spread her ironing pad and cover upon a table, for not only will her work be unsatisfactory but her progress will be slow compared with ironing at a proper height on a tightly-covered board. Unless one has a board of the portable, folding type, a wall board is recommended, which many prefer to any other kind. By studying the illustration on cover, it will be seen how simple an arrangement it is. A cleat is fastened to the wall and the widest end of the board hinged to it, so when not in use the board swings upward, flat against the wall, where it is held in place by means of a strong hook which catches into a staple on the underside of board near the end. The hook swings from a small cleat on the wall. When in use the board is supported by a strong strip, one end of which is hinged to the underside of board while the other rests on the floor against the baseboard.

Proper Height of Working Surfaces

The top of the stove, tables, kitchen counters, the bottom of the sink, or any other surfaces upon which a given task is to be performed, should be at such a height from the floor that the housewife can work easily without being obliged to stoop or raise her arms unnecessarily.

If the surface is too low, as is so often the case, the worker must continually raise and lower the upper part of the body with each motion, while if it is too high she must lift her arms in such a way as to bring unnecessary strain on the muscles. Either of these means a needless waste of energy and greatly increases the labor connected with kitchen tasks. They can be avoided by raising or lowering the table, etc., as need be, which in many cases may be done by placing the table upon blocks of wood, preferably hollowed on top to prevent the legs of the table from slipping. A still better plan is having the table legs spliced if too short or, if too long, cut off. Likewise, the stove can be blocked up, its own weight holding it in place.

No one set rule for heights of working surfaces will apply, since all depends on the stature of the worker and the length of her arms. However, there is a general rule that may be followed with the addition of a little judgment on the part of the worker, which is, that most surfaces, including the bottom of the sink, should be from thirty-one to thirty-six inches from the floor, for workers that range from five feet one inch to five feet eight inches tall. For the ironing board, the workable height is a little lower, in order that the weight of the body may be utilized in obtaining pressure. It should not, however, be so low that the worker will have to bend over too much. If a sink is too low, and cannot at once be changed, a wooden rack can be used under the dishpan to raise it to an easy working level. Another feature connected with the sink is that there is little spattering if the height is right.

If it can be avoided, no counter or table top should be made of soft wood, as it requires far too much bleaching and scrubbing to be profitable. Zinc for working surfaces is the best, and if fitted and soldered at the corners, is sanitary and will last indefinitely. It should also be cut large enough to be bent upward six inches where it meets a wall, a square cut from the corners, the edges brought together and soldered. All front edges should extend over and under the edge of board and then hammered into place. Where this plan is carried out, no tacking is necessary. Next to zinc, a top of hard wood occasionally treated with a coat of boiling hot linseed oil is the most satisfactory.

Rain Water in the House

Probably nothing counts more materially as a labor saver than rain water conducted into the farm kitchen, yet so many will get along without it, or perhaps catch a tubful at the corner of the house.

For the vast amount of benefit received, it costs comparatively little to build a cistern and connect it by means of gutters and conductors with the roofs of the buildings. If at the beginning of each rain the conductors are turned aside and the water allowed to run upon the ground until the dust is washed from the roofs, the water will remain white and clean in the cistern. Or, if water is scarce, the first that runs can be caught in tubs, and when strained be useful for many purposes.

On the cover you will see an illustration which shows how a molasses barrel or hogshead may be installed to carry a limited amount of rain water into a shed sink where the children and farm hands may wash and thus save confusion at the kitchen sink. The barrel cover is in two parts, the smaller being about one-third of the cover which is nailed in place, and receives the conductor. The second part of the cover is hinged to this and fits closely to keep out insects and dust.

Miscellaneous Equipment

An emery-wheel, on which kitchen knives may be ground, is almost indispensable, and a rack made by nailing two boards at right angles and cutting grooves into which the various sized knives may be slipped when not in use, is a great convenience to the housewife. Such an emery-wheel clamps to the corner of a bench or table and is removable, if so desired, when not in use. The cost is small.

A meat-grinder, or sometimes better called a food-chopper, as its mission is to grind many kinds of food besides meat, is a real necessary which saves both time and material.

Reliable scales for weighing are another kitchen necessary when canning and preserving days come, besides all the year through there will be many occasions when it is important to know the correct weight of an article.

A kitchen press of which there are many types, is another labor saver when it comes to making jelly, grape juice or a little sweet cider.

The Kitchen Floor

Fifty years ago little attention was given to kitchen floors beyond having them of sound lumber, level and fairly tight. They were usually left bare and unfinished, or at most given one or two coats of paint which soon wore off in the most used places.

There are just two practical ways of having a kitchen floor: hard wood, or covered with oil-cloth or linoleum.

If made of wood, hard pine, when properly filled as soon as laid, makes a good wearing floor, and in most localities costs less than maple, birch or oak. But on immediate filling of the wood depends its time of usefulness, for if allowed to fill with dust, dry out and open at the seams, or is given soap and water before it is treated, it will splinter and be very unsatisfactory. The following treatment will be found effective: Sandpaper until smooth, brush clean, then dust with a clean dry cloth. Bring to a boil some boiled linseed oil, which may be bought prepared. Have ready an equal quantity of spirits of turpentine. Take the hot oil out of doors, and there mix it with the turpentine. This must never be done indoors as it is very inflammable. Apply generously and rapidly while the mixture is hot, making an application two days in succession. The floor should now be allowed to dry for not less than two days, and on the third another coat of hot oil and turpentine applied. Let dry until the surface appears firm, which will take several days, then finish with some guaranteed floor filler varnish that is elastic. Two coats should be used, letting several days elapse between coats. If kept brushed with a long-handled hair broom and the spots wiped up with clear soft water, a general washing will seldom be required. The floor should be varnished once a year in warm weather, and prepared by washing in tepid water without soap.

While the hard-wood floor is all very well, nothing equals covering the floor with a good grade of linoleum when it comes to labor and dollar saving. To be sure, linoleum costs more than oilcloth at the start, but in the end it will cost less. It should have a good coat of floor filler varnish once a year.

The length of time that linoleum wears depends in no small degree as to how it is laid. Careful measurements of the room are first taken, then the linoleum cut. Avoid seams coming in much-used places. When it is necessary to use narrow strips, push the whole breadths over the important spaces, and use the narrow pieces at the edges where there is no wear.

Any unevenness or rough places in the floor will wear the linoleum, so this feature must be given careful attention. Lay the linoleum, but do not tack it to the floor for six weeks or two months, as it stretches with use. Keep watch for any places that buckle, then trim around the edges until it will again lie flat.

If you cannot afford to cover your entire floor with linoleum, cover the center at least, letting it run a little way under the stove, up to the sink and counters. Follow above directions for tacking.

Saving needless labor is just as true economy as careful spending of money.

Running Water Piped Into the House

Though mentioned last, yet most important of all for health and comfort, not only of the housewife but of the entire household, is running water piped into the house from a pure and abundant source of supply. Many farm houses are thus equipped, and every one should be if by any means possible. If a natural source of supply such as a pond, reliable spring or never-failing brook is available, or sufficient water is obtainable from a well, a windmill or gasolene or kerosene engine will pump it to the elevated tank whence it may be piped to flow by force of gravity to the house. Thus supplied, and with the further adjunct of a water front or coil in the fire-box of the cook-stove, hot and cold water may be on tap at the kitchen sink and the ineffable luxury of a bathroom and flush-closet can be installed in the farm home.

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Love Will Find the Way

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

tried to make him believe that she did not care, thinking he would suffer less.

And he had been only too willing to believe.

He recalled then how she had looked into his eyes that morning in the park, how happy she was! He knew that she loved him with all the strength of her pure nature. And then he thought of how she must have suffered before she could bring herself to write the note that she intended should separate them forever.

And yet, even that must have been small to her in comparison with the cause.

A little groan welled up from his heart, and found egress through his lips. Then suddenly he remembered—Anne Gordon—his betrothed wife!

It was with an awful start of horror that he could scarcely keep within bounds. He did not know how long she had been silent. He did not know what the last words were which she had spoken. He felt a violent trembling upon him, without any power whatever to control it.

He did not speak; because, in the first place, he was afraid of himself, and then he did not know what he was expected to say. He did not know whether she had asked him a question or not.

He waited, the silence becoming unbearable; and then at last she broke it.

"What do you think of it all?" she asked.

"I don't know," he answered vaguely.

"But you don't expect me to give her up, June, because her father is a scoundrel?" Anne asked, wistfully.

He caught her hands in a grasp that hurt her. He was scarcely aware of his own vehemence, but it touched her good and honest heart.

"Give her up?" he exclaimed. "No, no—never! We must find her. We must do what can be done to rectify the horrible mistake that has been made. And there is no time to lose, Anne."

She lifted the hand that had hurt her and kissed it.

"I was sure you would say that," she said tenderly. "It is like my June. You will help me—or, rather, we will help each other. How good you are! But there is another thing, dear, which I have—feared, and yet have not allowed myself to think."

"What?"

"Can't you guess? Remember what she has suffered, dear. Think! First the robbery, and then finding herself under the hideous disgrace that must have come upon her. You know how sensitive she is. June, what thought do you suppose would be the first to enter the head of a foolish girl, when she believed that she had lost everything which life held most dear?"

He did not reply. He sat there staring at her as if he had suddenly lost his senses. She leaned forward and whispered a sentence into his ear.

"Would it not be suicide?"

He did not say anything. He arose mechanically and picked up his hat.

She felt a strange influence upon her, and in her endeavor to shake it off she laughed nervously, discordantly.

"But that is foolish," she exclaimed. "She has not done it. We won't believe it—you and I. We will find her, June, and she will be happy with us, dear—our sweet, much-cherished sister!"

He looked at her for a moment with something like madness in his brain, and then turned away.

"I will go," he said dully, "and see what it is possible for me to discover."

TO BE CONTINUED



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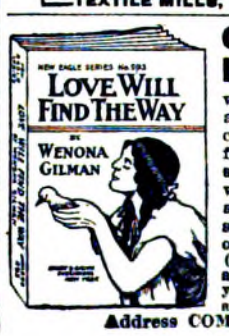
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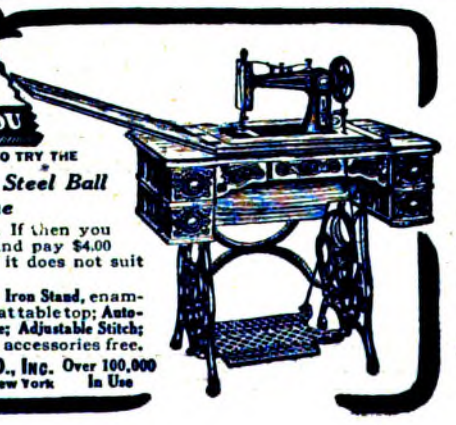
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MARRIAGE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

"Oh, Hal, you may be talking sense—I confess I don't know. But is it unreasonable for a man to expect his wife to keep his house in order? And should the strain of boiling coffee six minutes and an egg four give brain fag to an intelligent woman?"

"That is beside the point," dismissed Harriet. "And you speak of partnership. Do you think that Richard admitted you to full membership in your family firm? Never. You are merely the office boy, Norah. Buck up, my dear. I know you are sick——"

"I am not sick, Hal. There is nothing on earth the matter with me but my infernal spiritual rebellion. Where is my trunk?"

Norah reached Gray late that evening to find the president of the college waiting for her.

"Now, none of that," he said kindly as he observed her dilating eyes. "Doctor Landis is no worse. We took him to the hospital today. You are coming home with me and after I have told you all about it, I will turn you over to Mrs. Linton for comfort."

Seated in his library, Doctor Linton told Norah how her husband had driven himself during the past weeks.

"He was giving four lectures a week at the summer school, but it was the book that he agonized over. We find that he worked on it till far into the nights and I fancy he was none too regular about his meals."

Norah shuddered.

"It will be months, Doctor Rand says, before he can resume his regular work. We are," he added, "as you probably know, not a heavily-endowed college."

Norah's color rose and she started to speak but he restrained her.

"The trustees met this afternoon and decided, in consideration of his value to us, to pay, themselves, his salary for next year, at the same time giving him leave of absence."

"Oh!" Norah breathed. "Charity!"

"That is unkind, Mrs. Landis."

"Oh, it is, Doctor Linton. Forgive me. They are splendid. I thank them all. Will you tell them so? But we can't accept it. At least," she faltered, "I do not think that we can. You see, I am confused tonight. But deeply grateful. I must think."

"Of course." And after a warm handclasp he turned her over to his wife who was waiting with a bowl of hot broth.

Norah was at the hospital early the next morning but Doctor Rand was before her.

"How is he, doctor?" she asked before he had done greeting her.

"He'll be better now," he hedged.

"Doctor Rand, will it harm him if I talk to him—about business?"

"I hope it will do him good. The man is worried and the quicker we eliminate worry the faster he will mend. Twenty minutes, Mrs. Landis, and not a second more."

Landis turned his fever-bright eyes to her as she entered and she ran to the bed and sank on her knees, laying her cheek against his.

"Dick," she sobbed, "I've been so wicked."

He ran a hand over her ruddy hair. "You!" he cried. "I am the one who has been wicked, Norah. I have been thinking since you left me——"

"Dick, please!"

"I must go on, Norah. I wanted to come up to Twilight Park to tell you this, but you gave no sign that I would be welcome.

"I was stupid, dear. I granted man the right to choose his work; I denied that right to woman as soon as she became a wife. I see now that I had no right to assume that all women would thrill to do housework any more than that all men should choose to be carpenters."

"But I *do* want to keep your house, Dick. I will scrub for you, cook or brew or mend for you—smiling. Because I love you."

"Hush, dear! It is your emotion and not your reason that is speaking now. Let me finish my general confession. I crushed your eager spirit. I pitchforked you into a ready-made environment and bade you get your happiness by being my fireside goddess. This isn't sick-bed repentance, Norah, and I can prove it. Dear, I have rented the house you loved on the edge of town. They're putting in a skylight and hollyhocks have been set out against the garden wall. We'll swing it together, Norah."

"Dear." Her voice was very low and tender. "You see, you're smashed. And they want you to rest for a year."

She felt his body sag under the covers and a spasm of pain contorted his features.

"But the trustees have offered to pay your salary themselves. That is what they think of you."

"I'm much obliged," he muttered through closed teeth, "but I'll see them damned first."

"That is what I said," sparkled Norah. "Oh, not profanely, Dick, but very demurely."

"We must give up the house," he said listlessly.

"Dick, we're *married*. We're a family unit. Why should it humiliate us to pool the fruits of our talents? You would work for me till the last gasp. Is it fair to deny me the same privilege—at work I love?"

In health he had done his sum of surrender. Incapacitated, the results were not the same. It was one thing to let Norah work with him. It was quite another to permit her to work for him. But he *had* surrendered—gallantly. To revoke that surrender would, he felt, degrade him in the eyes of the woman he loved.

However, he protested. "Norah, it is a man's privilege to take care of his wife."

"Of course it is, foolish. Just let me catch you trying to shirk it."

His lips relaxed a trifle.

"Mother's furniture," Norah hurried on, "is stored in New York. And I have my things from the studio. We can furnish that house so attractively! I'll be at work before you can turn around. I had a letter from an art editor only three days ago. I haven't answered it. I'll wire my reply inside an hour. Honey, maybe they won't let you teach for a year, but I'll contract to make you fit to write. We'll nurse the hollyhocks together and then while you write I'll draw. And we'll roam over the hills and dream; and come back to the firelight—to dream. And if it humiliates you, no one need know. It is our business——"

"As if I cared! Norah, I'm proud of you. And you shall be proud of me."

"I have always been," she said simply.

"But prouder. I can feel something racing through my veins that I know is power. My book will be a success——"

"Time's up," the doctor entered to announce.

Norah rose, her face radiant. "What if it is?" she queried impudently. "Who said it wasn't? And who cares, anyway? I warn you that you needn't come around trying to bully us, Doctor Rand.

The old man chuckled indulgently.

"Now, Dick, I'm off to send some messages. Can I do anything for you?"

"If you've time, Norah——"

"All the time there is, Dick."

"You might run out for a look at the skylight—and the hollyhocks. And then come back to tell me about them. Doctor, get out of here, I'm going to sleep."

He watched Norah's vibrant figure disappear through the door, turned to the kind-faced old man with a whimsical smile, and burrowed his head in his pillow for his first dreamless sleep in weeks.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

in about the center, leaving a large space on the sides for gardens. There are three large shade trees in front, while the barn, chicken yard and a small garden are in the back. I have a small kitchen, only eight and one-half by eleven feet. The walls and ceiling are painted a pretty light green, darker green linoleum on floor, work table covered with green oilcloth, green portieres in doorway, green blind with cream curtains with rose and green border are at the window. I use a coal oil range during the hot months. This is my summer kitchen. I have a larger room to use for winter. At present it is papered in pale grey with grey linoleum and white curtains. I have a screened in porch and as the pantry is in the end of this it makes a good work-room on hot days.

Can any of the sisters tell me how to keep pot flowers blooming through the winter? I have no luck with mine.

I would be glad to hear from anyone who cares to write.

VIOLA STUCKEY.

FLINTSTONE, MD.

HELLO SISTERS:

I'll tell you how I look, as I'm a newcomer and you don't know me. I am five feet, two inches short, dark brown hair and eyes, weigh 110 pounds and am an everlasting reader. Was nineteen years old the 4th of last June. COMFORT was the first paper I ever read and it has been a valuable friend always.

Last summer, while on one of my rambles, I came upon an old deserted house and while exploring around I came to a large pile of papers and magazines of all descriptions. Searching eagerly through them I said to myself, "This is a curious collection if COMFORT isn't here." Suddenly I found my friend but would never have recognized it but for the name. The paper was older than I am. Not even a Sisters' Corner mentioned, no League of Cousins, no Cousin Marion, no Katherine Booth, but searching hurriedly through the paper I found much that was good. Later, laying the paper by the side of its grownup self I remarked seriously, "You certainly have improved since a child."

Mother left us before I was twelve years old and I have been housekeeper for my father, brothers and sisters since. I have two sisters and three brothers younger than myself. They are all going to school and I have been a few days this winter. Am a Freshman in the high school here.

We have a farm of 450 acres, four miles from high school but a bus carries the children there and back every day. I doubt if I will go to school much more this winter for my health isn't the best so if you want to brighten my days, write me letters.

VIRGIE HELEN STONESTREET.

NEBRASKA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND EVERYBODY:

Have just been reading the December number for the second time and when I read "Aunt Sally-Lou's" letter I thought I would take a chance on the waste basket.

I, too, think Molly-Joe should get married.

I am another who has always had to give up and stay at home. First I had to quit school and take care of the children and keep house when mother died. Then I gave up the man I expected to marry and stayed home and let my sister go to work for herself. In a few years the same man hunted me up but I had to give him up again because my father said he couldn't spare me. Now father is gone and I have no home. Am keeping house for a cousin but I would give almost anything for a home of my own.

With best wishes,

MISS OMAHA.

SOMEWHERE IN TENNESSEE.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS AND BROTHERS:

You sent me a lot of advice, but before my letter appeared I had gone to work away from home. It was hard to leave the dear ones but as they are most grown they would soon have left me. As it is I can go back when I get ready and if matters had gone on as they were I would have let my temper get away and that would have fixed things for good, so I am thinking I did the best thing.

Mrs. Wilkinson sent me a great bunch of letters that had been sent her for me. I tried to answer all who sent stamps. They went to my home before I received them and were opened and were greatly mixed up when they came to me. If I slighted any of you please do not think I was to blame. Every letter was precious to me.

Some of the sisters seem to think marriage is the answer to all troubles. I do not think so. Why can't one live happy and carefree single as well as married? Anyway, I intend to try it.

B. of Goshen, I hardly know how to take you. You seem to be more than one person. Won't you write me another letter?

Tonight I am at my aunt's home. I must make the most of my time for I must soon hie me back to my work. There were offers of work from several states but I am finding lots to do in my native state and to leave it would be most as hard as to leave Father.

I don't believe I have ever described myself but I can do it in three words,—jolly, fat and homely.

Oceans of good cheer to everybody. MOLLY JOE.

LIMESTONE, R. R. 2, TENN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

May I have the floor for a few moments?

I wish to thank everyone for the nice letters I have received recently and am very sorry that I cannot write everyone a personal letter, but it is impossible. I have received more than two hundred letters and I shall try to answer all who sent stamps. I have put each letter carefully away and shall remember every one of you as personal friends. I pray for the unfortunate ones and I wish for you all greater and more abundant blessings than in the past years.

MRS. BONNIE BOVELL.

IOWA.

DEAR COMFORTABLE FOLKS:

Well, I find that some school teachers have sent in their letters and so I've decided to join the ranks after many years of silent reading. Indeed, old COMFORT is all and more than its name implies and the COMFORT Sisters' Corner is no mean part of that magazine, either.

I am twenty-one years of age and started on my fourth year of teaching last week. I always wanted to teach but find it really is a hard life. One has to be so careful as one never knows how even her most innocent actions are going to be misconstrued by the neighborhood. I've never had any serious trouble but many well-meaning teachers find themselves in some dilemma before they know where they are at fault.

Nettie Hudson, Deepwater, Missouri, I've found no "cure" for whispering although I think little extra tasks given to the offender helps. I am convinced that a child, if he is just the average, will whisper some.

Sunny Wright, I enjoyed the little home-out-west poem more than I can tell you and it now rests in my scrapbook. I have quite a number of poems in my book and am trying to find the two containing these lines:

"On a cross beam under the old south bell,
The nest of a pigeon is builded well,"

and

"It's a lot of fun in summer,
A-bringing home the cows."

Peggy of Port Huron, you've said just how to manage the "man." I have no man but I believe the Sunday Smiles would cheer the grumbler and one need never get into the rut of showing no affection.

This is my first visit so I'll step out of the way and let some worthier sister come in. But since home, husband and children are the leading subjects in the circle I will send from my scrapbook a true-to-life verse. Hope you like it.

Man of Mine

"The world knows not the heart of you,
As I do, man of mine,
It sees you quiet, stern and true,
I know you, tender, fine,
O man of mine!
To others you are gruff and cold,
To me, oh man of mine,
You are the lover as of old,
Changed not by fickle time,
O man of mine!
We've lived together many years,
We two, O man of mine,
With many smiles, with many tears,
But hearts like Silver Pine,
O man of mine."

—*Beth Nichols.*

Lovingly, SILVER SANDS.

LIMA, P. O. BOX 468, OHIO.

GOOD MORNING MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I say Hurrah for we are to have a Sisters' pin and I'll order a dozen and give eleven of them to that many shut-in sisters. Who could feel any prouder of the greatest lodge pin than we would feel of "our" pin? At every glance we could think of a united Club of loving sisters wherever COMFORT finds a monthly rest. I think it is a wonderful idea.

First let me give a description of myself before I proceed with the letter.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)



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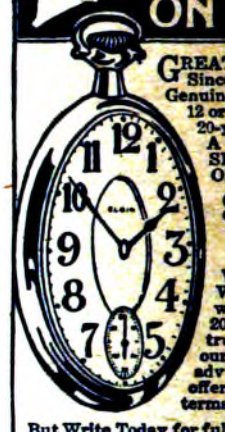
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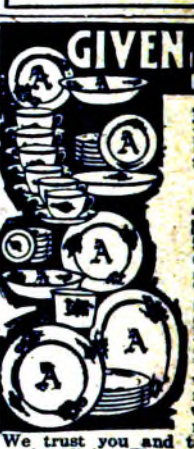
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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

"The name is baffling in its strange and incongruous consonantal combinations, Uncle Lisha," he said to me today, rubbing his head in a discouraged manner against my bookcase. "There is a tinge of Welsh amid the more musical Aryan syllables of the first name. This would lead one to believe this cousin is not entirely Oriental in ancestry and that he or she was not born in either Russia or the Far East." I told Bill, who seemed to need some encouragement and bolstering, that I felt certain he was right in thinking you were not a native of any part of the East. Cfoojf, you old Bolshevik, you have got Billy completely buffaloed and his brain is going around in circles. If none of the cousins is quicker-witted than Bill in discovering your true whereabouts, I predict there will be few cotton seeds arriving for you at the little post office of Njmops—to blossom later on amid the snows of the vast steppes of Op. Eblpub. I have just further worried Billy by telling him I feel certain that Njmops is a part of the Tbshfou province of southeastern Op. Eblpub, not far from the village of Hxjoofs. At which Bill threw a pile of three dictionaries in a corner and exclaimed: "This is only more of your absurd frivolity, Uncle Lisha. You know very well that I am endeavoring to approach this problem in a scientific attitude and as a geographer and student of anthropology." Poor Bill! You really ought to write to him, Cfoojf, and set his mind at rest.

SOMEWHERE IN THE WEST.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

I want to write a few words to your department. I have read the letter of our Indian cousin, Marcial Davis, and I want to say he is making a bad mistake. He says the young man who goes West to see things wild and woolly will be disappointed, but he is sure wrong about this. Say, Brother Davis, how about the Indian uprising in the "Four Corners country" the past summer of 1921? The "Four Corners country" is where Utah, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona all join. And here lately there has been a lot of cattle rustling down on the border that keeps ranch owners and cowboys on the job. The West isn't dead yet, Cousin Davis, and never will be as long as the world stands and there are people in it. There are plenty of "two gun" men yet. Holdups are not uncommon and it is not unusual for men to pass out with their boots on. I guess that less whiskey has stopped quite a lot of killing, but just slip across the border into Mexico, Cousin Davis, and you will see enough drinking and shooting to last you a while. The West will always have its cattle and cowboys, as a big part of the land cannot be put to any other use.

Well, this will be all for this time. I hope you will print this so COMFORT readers can get a better idea of the West. I hope Brother Davis will visit some of the big roundups and "rodeos" and he will learn a lot about the real West.

Sincerely, A WESTERN COUSIN.

Well, Western Cousin, your letter will remove a great weight from the hearts of Eastern palefaces who are dreaming of the wild and woolly West and yet who have been led to believe that the only wild things left in the West are prairie dogs and the only woolly articles the inhabitants of sheep ranches. It is true you have unkindly concealed your place of residence so that Cousin Davis or adventurous Eastern nephews of mine will not know exactly where to start for in order to hear the bullets whistle, but I suppose it would be the best course to take a stand down on one of those Four Corners you mention and just wait for things to happen quick. Here in the East one might stand on a corner for threescore and ten years without gaining the reward of dying with one's boots on, but on the corners you write about, Western Cousin, it is easy to see that an honorable obituary would soon be in order and no empty boots would be left for waiting relatives. I hope they keep a sheriff or two as traffic cops down on these busy corners to handle the crowds and keep the bullets going straight.

But seriously, Western Cousin, I think you are right in arguing that as long as a "cattle country" exists the oldtime traditions (a mild term!) of the West will endure and its inhabitants occasionally or oftener depart feet first. But the fact remains that this cattle country is getting more circumscribed each year and we have to rely more and more upon the border conditions of the land "down by the Rio Grande" to keep up the order of the old West and a gun in each hand. In Cousin Marcial's Montana country, as well as in your Southwest, big industry in the way of various mining projects have largely changed the main conditions of gaining a livelihood, but I am sure that Cousin Marcial will be glad to hear that by taking a little walk before breakfast down into Mexico, he can get some excitement to remind him of the old times and furnish him with a breakfast appetite. I do not want to see the old West go, Western Cousin, and so your letter pleased me, but I am going to watch out and keep my gun loose in its holster when, at any future time, I may be standing on the corner of either Utah, Colorado, New Mexico or Arizona. I regret to say that Billy regarded your letter with scorn. "Huh," he grunted, "there are plenty of "two gun" men right here in Brooklyn. Did you read last night's evening papers, Uncle? Why, there were seventeen men in Greater New York who died yesterday with their boots on—and not all of 'em were standing on corners, either." But Billy likes to act superior and pretend that nothing can surprise him. But don't mind him, Western Cousin; I'll look out for him. Write us again and tell about the last time you rode in a rodeo.

HATFIELD, ARKANSAS.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

Can I please come in a few minutes again? I wish to tell the cousins I have moved from Bates to Hatfield—which is about ninety miles south of my old home. I live now on a forty acre farm by a big ranch. I never did live on a farm so large before. This is surely a pretty country; you can see big farms all around and the mountains are high above us. There are five different ones around here: one is Rich Mountain, another Backbone and a third is called Eightstep. I forget the names of the others. It sure looks lonesome when I look so far across the mountains and see the hotel way off on Rich Mountain. There are just lots of fruit here of all kinds—grapes, peaches, pears, apples, plums, strawberries, cherries, etc.

We live four miles from Hatfield and it is really a big town, with eleven stories; besides the drug store, bank, eight shops, etc. Come down here, Cousins, and bring Uncle Lisha with you to see me. You can all help me eat the fruit here next year.

Uncle Lisha, I made a mistake and sent you the wrong news to COMFORT last April. I am not stone deaf. I can hear everything but talking, and I can read lips so well that it is the same as if I could hear talking. I received lots of nice letters from cousins all over the country. I am certainly sorry I could not answer them all as they were too many for one to care for. I found two of my real cousins that I have never seen. I am surely thankful I wrote to COMFORT and found so many friends.

I live in a country where there are many kinds of wild animals around in the mountains. We don't have any church or Sunday school here and I sure miss it. But we have parties every Saturday night. I do not attend these, nor dances either.

Isn't it fun to be in the country where you can have all your good times at home, and stroll over the meadows and through the lanes as free as a bird in spring? Please don't let Billy get this, Uncle Lisha, and I will close with best wishes and love to you and all the cousins.

Your devoted niece, DELLA GRACE TOLLESON.

We are all mighty glad to get word of you again, Della, and to hear of your new home down among the Arkansas mountains of plums and strawberries. I see you have moved near a big and astoundingly interesting town. I should very much like to see a place like Hatfield built as you say it is "with eleven stories," and with a few scattering outlying banks and drugstores outside of the main building. In New York, with our subways and tunnels, the city has really grown to be two or three stories in height, but I think it will be many years before we can expect to reach the number of stories you have in your new home town. Still it must be inconvenient in some ways, Della. Suppose one of your farmer neighbors has a team to take to a blacksmith who has an anvil-office on the ninth story of Hatfield. This would offer difficulties. But I suppose when they built the town on this plan they installed a good system of passenger and freight elevators. Probably, although you do not say, each story of the town is called a street, and you have First Street, Third Street, Eleventh Street, and so on. There ought to be a fine view of Eight-step Mountain for the people who reside on Eighth Street in Hatfield, Della. When I come to Arkansas I shall really be more interested to see this big village building than I shall be in helping eat up the season's crop of apples and peaches. However, I promise you I can do my share at this, and if Billy comes along he will be a great aid in preventing any of the fruit harvest being wasted.

I think it is rather disgraceful, Della, that they have not been able to find room for a church on any of Hatfield's eleven stories. I think your town ought to have a place of public worship, even if it has to be built outside of your municipal building. Perhaps folks thought it would be inconvenient to find an opening for the church steeple, but this could have been arranged by having the church on the top story and then the steeple would have had loads of room and could have gone up as high as it liked. The next time you write I hope you will be able to tell us something has been done about this.

You did not say anything in this letter about your father, the doctor, Della. Did he end up by having everybody in Bates so healthy that he had to start off to find a section of Arkansas that needed more curing? If your father is wise he will open an office on the first floor of Hatfield, and then when he wishes to call on his patients he can leave his car in the garage and just take the elevator for Ninth or Eleventh Street.

I am glad you found so many family cousins and COMFORT Family cousins through having written your April letter, Della. There is a big and happy crowd of us, and we are growing bigger all the while. No eleven-story building could house us, I assure you, unless perhaps each story of it covered eleven hundred acres and was eleven feet high.

DAVIS CREEK, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

I am a girl thirteen years of age and in the eighth grade at school. I live on a little farm near Davis Creek. I have a pony named Ribbon and I ride him after the cows. Neva is my chum, and we visit each other and ride horses lots. We fix our hair in puffs and wear ribbons on our hair. I have two sisters and three brothers, but I am the youngest of all. This is my first letter to COMFORT and I hope to see it in print.

Your niece, CRYSTAL WEBB.

Crystal, it must be a sight to see you full of ribbons on Ribbon's back chasing wild cows along the bank of Davis Creek. I hope you have your pony's mane nicely puffed, too,—so that only the tips of his little ears stick out like bits of ribbon. Cows that are driven home in this gay style should be very proud, and should show their appreciation by putting ten or fifteen extra quarts of milk in the pail. I hope that Neva makes you a "puffectly" good chum, Crystal, and that you enjoy your ribboned rides together. Billy, who must have his joke, says he doesn't see how you can "ride horses lots" as you say you do. He says it must take a pretty big saddle to cover a five-acre field, and that he never saw a horse lot—or even a cow pasture—that moved very fast. There are many Eastern cousins, Crystal, who have written saying they wished they could go West and be cowgirls. When they read your letter they will see that chasing lady cows is an interesting and decorative job. I hope you won't get all puffed up over my praise, Crystal, but I'll say it's clear that as a cowgirl you take both the bun and the blue ribbon!

HAMILTON, KANSAS.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

I suppose I must describe myself as nearly all the cousins do. So here goes: I am twenty-two years of age, am five feet, six inches tall, and I weigh 225 pounds. I have dark hair and blue eyes. I also wear a triple coat of tan. We are subscribers and readers of COMFORT. I am always interested in the cousins' letters and also in the fancy work department—as I do quite a bit of crochet work.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)

The Busybody

By John A. Pensaw

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EVERY community has its busybody, someone who is always trying to find out other people's business instead of minding his own. Quite as likely it may be a she that is prying into the private affairs of other folks and probably gossiping about them.

These people may be very mannerly, but little do they realize that hunting news is a bad habit which shows lack of good breeding.

If you have this habit try to overcome it, because in some people's estimation you are not rated very high.

There are all kinds of busybodies. Here are some of the most prominent.

The city block generally has several of this kind, viz: Women who spend most of their time running about gathering news, first from one neighbor then another. They also sit outdoors or at a parlor window so as to miss nothing that goes on. They are particularly interested when some new family moves into the block, and are very anxious to see what kind of furniture they have. They perform the same tactics when a funeral is taking place in the block. At night when sitting outdoors these people must rubber-neck when they see a light in a neighboring window.

The suburbs have the same kind of busybodies.

In the country it is a little different. Everyone gathers at the general store, and here is where one goes to hunt news.

Where you earn your living there are busybodies, people who like to find out how much you earn and where you spend all your money.

If these people would mind their business they would save the company money. In hunting news they waste their own time and interfere with the work of others.

In our churches, lodges, social clubs and gatherings we have busybodies. People who only attend to see how much they can find out about the other persons present.

There is also the family busybody who likes to know how much you paid for this or that, and a lot of other detail.

Some people use their children to collect news for them. Don't teach your child to be a busybody.

There are many other kinds of busybodies too numerous to mention.

Perhaps the busybody cannot be convinced that he is a busybody, even though most frequently mentioned as the person to be seen if any news of a local or personal nature is wanted.

We hear this very often: "Go ask So-and so; he or she always knows what is going on."

Still others realize that they are busybodies, and yet they make no effort to mend their ways.

We all like to know the news—it may be interesting, but generally it is none of our business.

If you are a professional busybody, break yourself of the habit; get out of this class.

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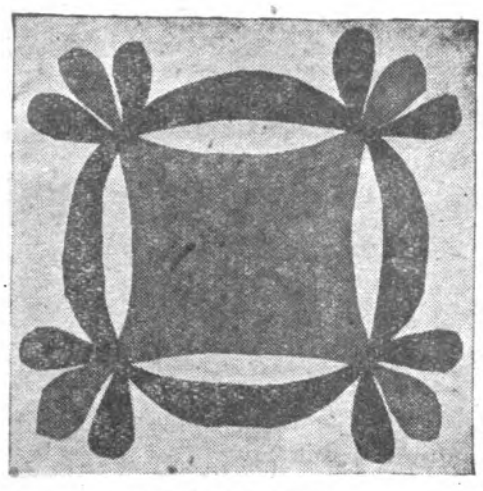
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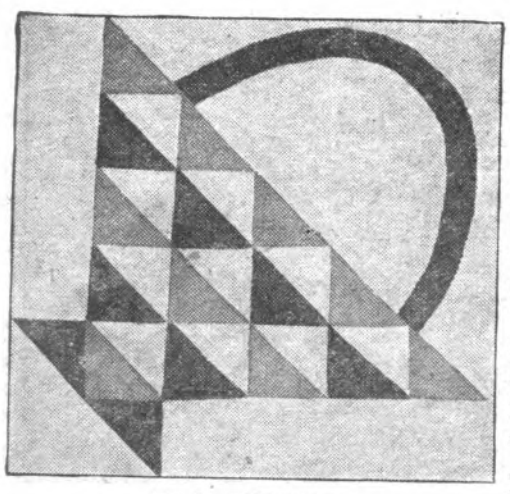
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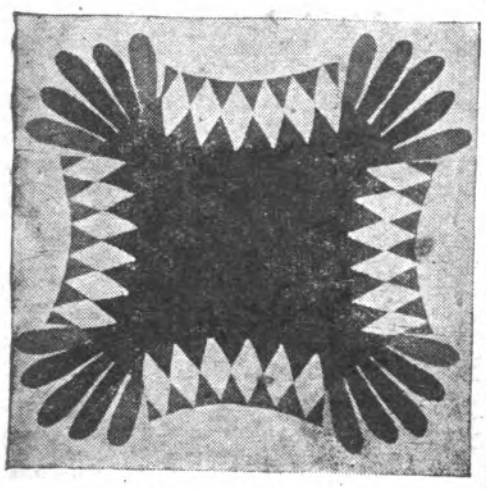
Things That Were Old but Now Are New



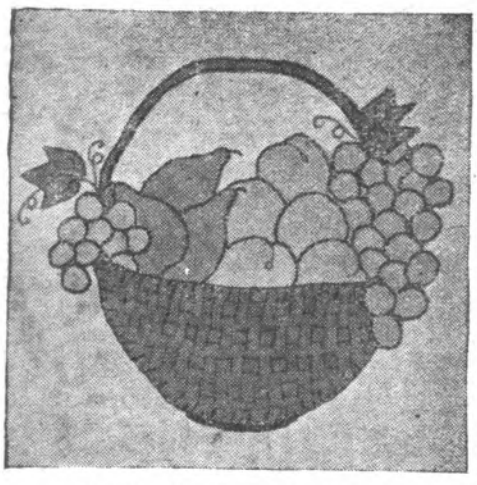
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Fascinating Work for the Modern Needlewoman

ALTHOUGH exposed for over a century to the competition with machine-made quilts and bedspreads, the making of quilts is one of the few fireside handicrafts which has not vanished.

This seems to be principally because making patchwork has always held a strong place in the affections of the truly domestic type of women, the sort with whom the home always comes first, from youth through to old age.

The fashion which has prevailed for many years of dressing beds all in white was the cause of patched and pieced quilts having a decline in favor, but it also served the old art a good turn, by keeping many exquisite examples of handwork from hard wear.

Now these beautiful old quilts are proving to be such an incentive to modern needlewomen, that in our cities as well as in smaller places and rural communities more home-made quilts are being made than before.

Anyone who has a genuine old heirloom in the family is considered very fortunate in these days, when the old-fashioned quilts are the new fashion in quilts, and the lovely old relics of grandmother's time are again coming into their own.

Many of these old quilts measure three or more yards square, generous proportions being necessary to amply cover the heaped-up feather beds. Now, under such different conditions, the smaller sizes needed require correspondingly less work.

As an occupation or a spare-time recreation patchwork and patchwork applique is steadily increasing in popularity.

Women who constantly engage in either one or another sort of fancy work evidently have tired a bit of knitting after providing for the boys in service so faithfully, so naturally welcome a change.

As an art patchwork of any sort is something which is not at all difficult to do, but it does require time, patience and neatness.

In its very simplest form, that of piecing, a knowledge of plain sewing only is necessary. The work, however, can be just as simple or as complicated as one wishes to make it, but in either case usefulness and beauty are combined, with the advantage of giving to the worker the self-approval of the industrious.

For those who take up patchwork, and especially quilt making, there is already practically no limit to the beautiful designs which can be copied if one has not the gift of originality.

Often a very simple design by being repeated makes a most effective whole. A good example of this is the "Fruit Basket" shown in our first column. On an old quilt made over 90 years ago this much favored pattern appears, having six rows of baskets on either side with the handles turned toward the center. The border was of light and dark half squares like the row forming the base of the basket, and the edge of six-inch white squares.

This quilt was most beautifully quilted in the shell pattern.

"The Tree of Paradise" or "Temperance Tree," which originated in Indiana or thereabouts a century ago is another pattern which is particularly good to repeat.

"The Double Tulip or Bouquet" patchwork shown in No. 9 is another old favorite. Four blocks are joined with the stems coming together in the center, then these larger blocks are set together to form the quilt.

"The Soul Knot" and "Pine Burr" are two other old designs, made up of red and green combined with white, which are a little more intricate, the first being a patched or applique pattern and the second one pieced.

Although old quilts are made up of two patterns alternating, perhaps a patched and a pieced one, or often a quilt is formed of a combination of blocks the same in size but all varying in design. Many curious effects were obtained in this way.

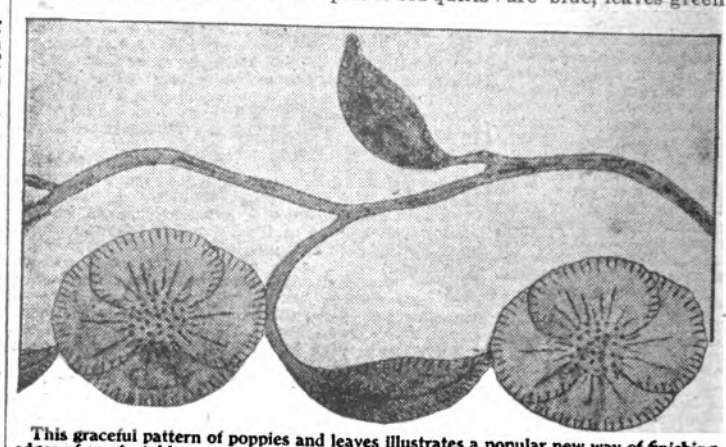
In the present hand-made coverlets the interlining, lining and quilting are more often than not omitted. When a lining is used however it is usually of white cotton, and may be in one piece or made up of smaller pieces joined together. The quilt, to quote the usual old expression, is now "ready for the frames."

In earlier days, of course, quilting frames were very common. In its usual simple construction it consisted of four narrow pieces of wood, two somewhat longer than a quilt and two shorter for the width, with holes bored in the ends of each piece.

These pieces were then made into an oblong frame by fastening the corners with bolts or wooden pegs, and when in use usually rested upon the backs of chairs.

As but few modern quilt makers have these or would undertake the task of quilting, we will not touch on this part of the work, which is really a subject in itself. It is, however, interesting to know that patchwork has become so popular and the desire for copies of old quilts so great that there is a premium on the art of quilting. This is because there are so few needlewomen really capable of doing this fine work. Perfect quilting requires patience and much practice. It is usually paid for by the number of spools of cotton used. The price, which always was $1.00 a spool, has now advanced, and in some localities is as much as $5.00 a spool, as there is such a demand for expert workers.

Enthusiasts who have spent weeks and perhaps months doing their piecing have sometimes to wait a year before their quilting can be done.



This graceful pattern of poppies and leaves illustrates a popular new way of finishing edges of scarfs, table covers and curtains with applique in colors. Original design submitted by Kathryn Homer, Ohio.

Modern Quilts

The most popular form of this new fad for quilt making is the patchwork or applique method, the revival of the fine old art of piecing together fabrics of various kinds and colors or the laying of patches of one kind upon another.

This modern applique method which is so generally combined with simple embroidery stitches offers the widest possible opportunities in its adaptability for almost every sort of decoration.

A bit of it composed of bright colors adds an individual touch and is especially in keeping in rooms with old-fashioned furniture.

Among the original designs submitted by COMFORT readers in our contest No. 4, No. 5, No. 6, No. 7, No. 8, No. 11, No. 13, No. 14, No. 15 and No. 16 illustrate the tendencies of modern work. These patterns are all particularly good in outline, pleasing in color combination and prove beyond a doubt that our women are still as original and apt in utilizing materials at hand as were their grandmothers.

Designs No. 4 and No. 16 are motifs which can be put to numberless uses, baskets being very popular for pillows, scarf ends, chair backs, etc.

In No. 4 the basket is tan color worked with black, the grapes, pears, plums and peaches as natural in coloring as possible. No. 16 has a basket of black chain-stitching and outlining, blossoms of lavender, blue, pink and yellow, outlined wtih black.

No. 8 is a very realastic design, which should be copied in natural colors.

No. 5 is a particularly graceful pattern, bells are blue, leaves green and outlining black.

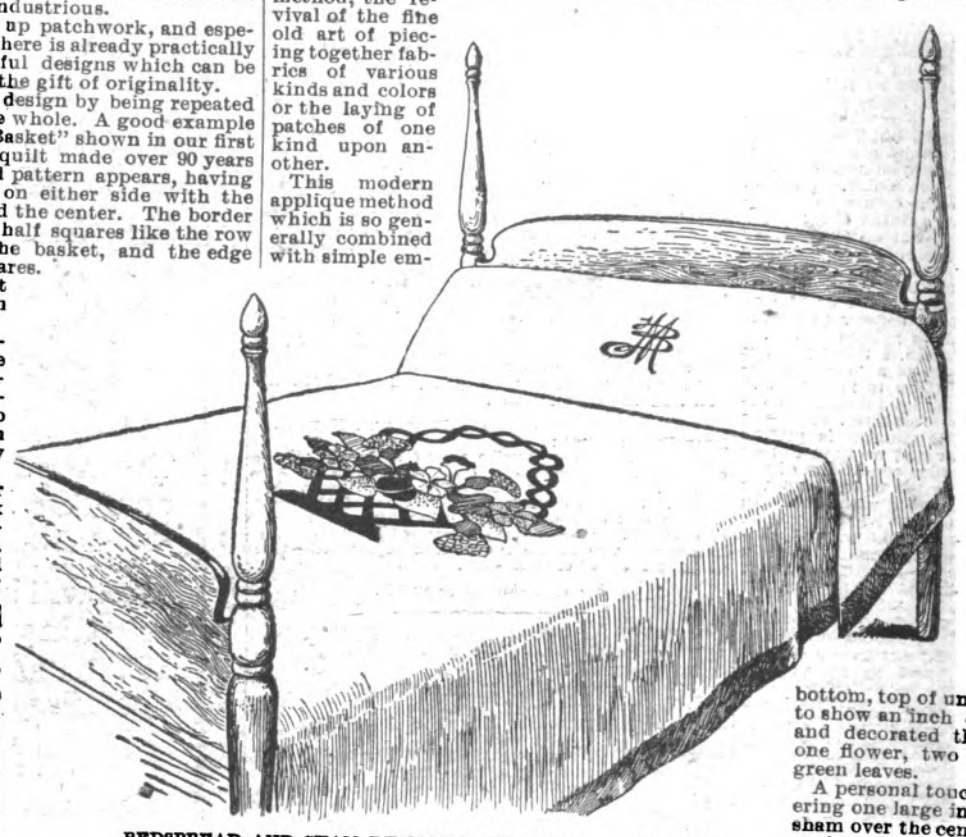
No. 6 is an original pieced block. Moon yellow on blue square border, yellow and white.

No. 7, No. 13 and No 15 are new floral designs. The first has blue for background, center daisy is laid over green leaves and the centers are yellow. This idea could be worked out for a child's crib quilt very attractively.

Use blue cotton flannel for foundation, apply daisies to center and border with the half daisies. The other two designs are particularly good, the graceful cherry spray having green leaves, stem and black cherries, while the cherry is of red and green, both being on a white background.

No. 14 is an unusually attractive whole secured by repeating one simple pattern, that of a horn.

This is used four times of four different colors appliqued with mercerized cotton of the same shade, in satin stitch. Fine buttonhole stitch could be substituted if one desired without affecting the design as a whole.



BEDSPREAD AND SHAM DESIGNED BY MRS. L. A. VERNON.

Applique Chamber Decorations

Bedroom sets are very popular as they are so practical, pretty and easy to make although the various articles are large in size.

The ivory tone background given by using unbleached cotton is most desirable, and the effect pleasing combined with the various colors used for leaves and blossoms.

The bed-set illustrated this month is the work of our First Prize Winner, Mrs. Vernon.

The quaint tall-handled basket which decorates the center of the spread or coverlet is of black, narrow bias bands being used. This is in striking contrast to the cream background and tends to make the gay blossoms and leaves stand out very vividly.

A three-inch double hem of pink chambray finishes this and the ends of the pillow-sham, the bureau scarf ends, edge of table cover and bottom of curtain and valance.

The blossoms alone are used across the ends of scarf and curtains, arranged in a trailing vine of flowers, while the basket appears on the sofa pillow and cushion back of rocker. A very pretty pincushion has a pink bottom, top of unbleached enough smaller to show an inch of the pink all around, and decorated through the center with one flower, two buds and a few small green leaves.

A personal touch is gained by embroidering one large initial on each side of the sham over the center of each pillow, or if preferred a monogram may be used in the center of the sham.

Also on the center front of the bureau scarf, just above the hem, a smaller monogram is frequently used.

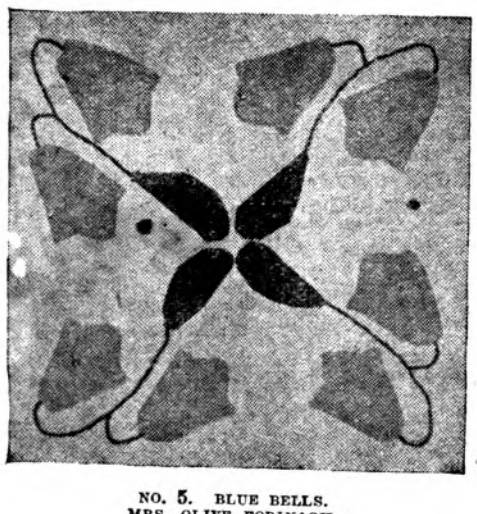
This modern applique which is so generally combined with embroidery stitches offers the widest possibilities for every kind of decoration.

It offers a suitable field for the display of artistic ability in the planning of runners for the breakfast or tea table, luncheon sets, tray covers, towels, curtains and scarfs.

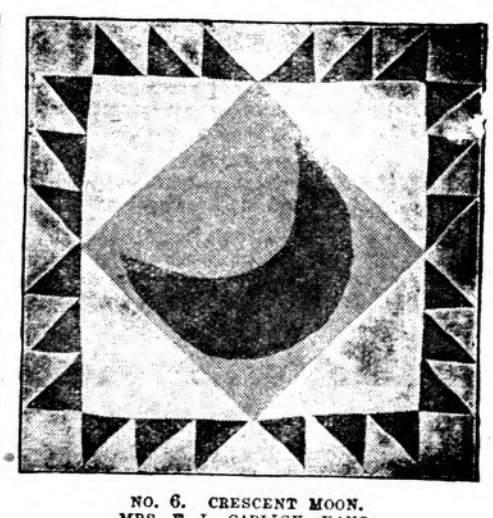
All such articles which are designed for household use require decorations which will stand up well under wear and of a form which does not require endless fine stitches to accomplish an attractive effect.

The use of black in a decorative way is much employed on household articles. The suggestion may not seem an attractive one, but it works out well.

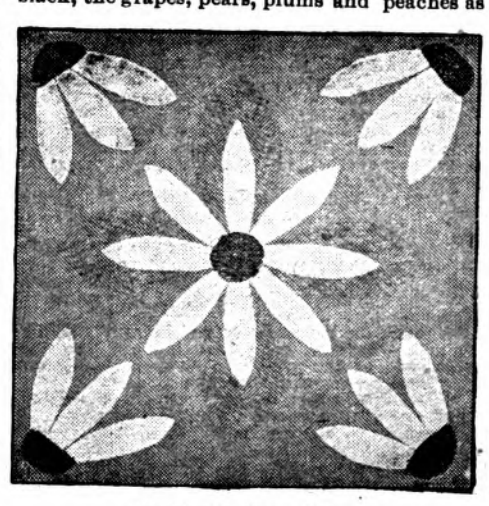
A little black skillfully employed, as in Mrs.



NO. 5. BLUE BELLS.
MRS. OLIVE FORINASH.



NO. 6. CRESCENT MOON.
MRS. F. L. CADLOCK, KANS.



NO. 7. SHASTA DAISY.
MISS EDNA R. WURZBACH, TEXAS.



NO. 8. BUNCH OF GRAPES.
MISS ELLEN RICHCREEK, VA.

Work Finished in Applique Embroidery

Vernon's work, tends to make the whole design stand out more vividly, and adds richness.

Scarfs and pillows are finished with black sateen bands, while entire black table covers and pillow tops are very pretty decorated with a few bright posies

Another advantage of this material for a background is the fact that it will fit in harmoniously almost anywhere.

An Unusual Library Set

A novel and very uncommon set which will give distinction to any simply furnished living room or library, offers one a good opportunity to employ black effectively as part of the decorative scheme.

For this purpose the best material to use for the various pieces is either a coarse natural tone Russian crash or a heavy linen, as either of these materials are very durable and the soft neutral tone background serves well to set off the vivid bits of cotton employed in the decorations.

At first thought the idea of employing black somewhat generously seems rather a daring one, yet when properly used the result is most attractive and helps greatly in developing an effect, which as a whole one is not likely to tire of.

A table scarf, sofa pillows, chair backs, a desk set, book covers, book ends and a telephone pad are all articles which offer an opportunity for exercising the present fancy for applique.

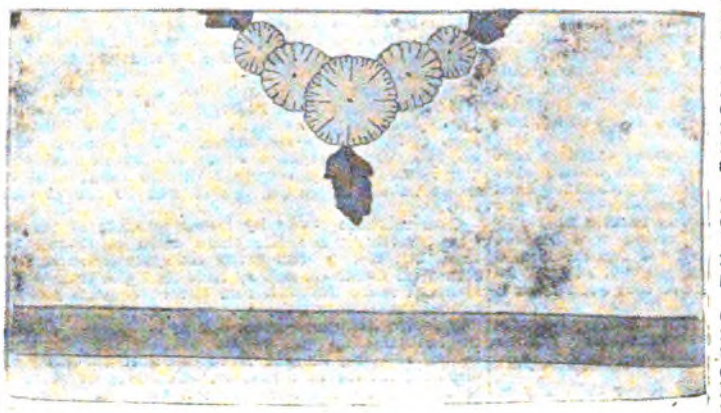
One will have to be guided in the size and shape of these various articles by individual requirements, but general suggestions can be given for their decoration.

For the principal design for the larger pieces of a library set either a basket, a jar filled with flowers or a bouquet tied with a ribbon could be used. In a basket design either bands of black bias may be employed as in the one here shown, or the lattice work of the basket may be of black outlining or chain stitching.

colors, flowers, buds and green leaves, suggestions for which will be found in the different designs on these pages.

Work in the black by adding three-inch hems of sateen or linen to the ends of the scarfs, finish the sides by rolling narrow hems and hold in place with black French knots or cross-stitching.

This makes a very pleasing finish and tends to



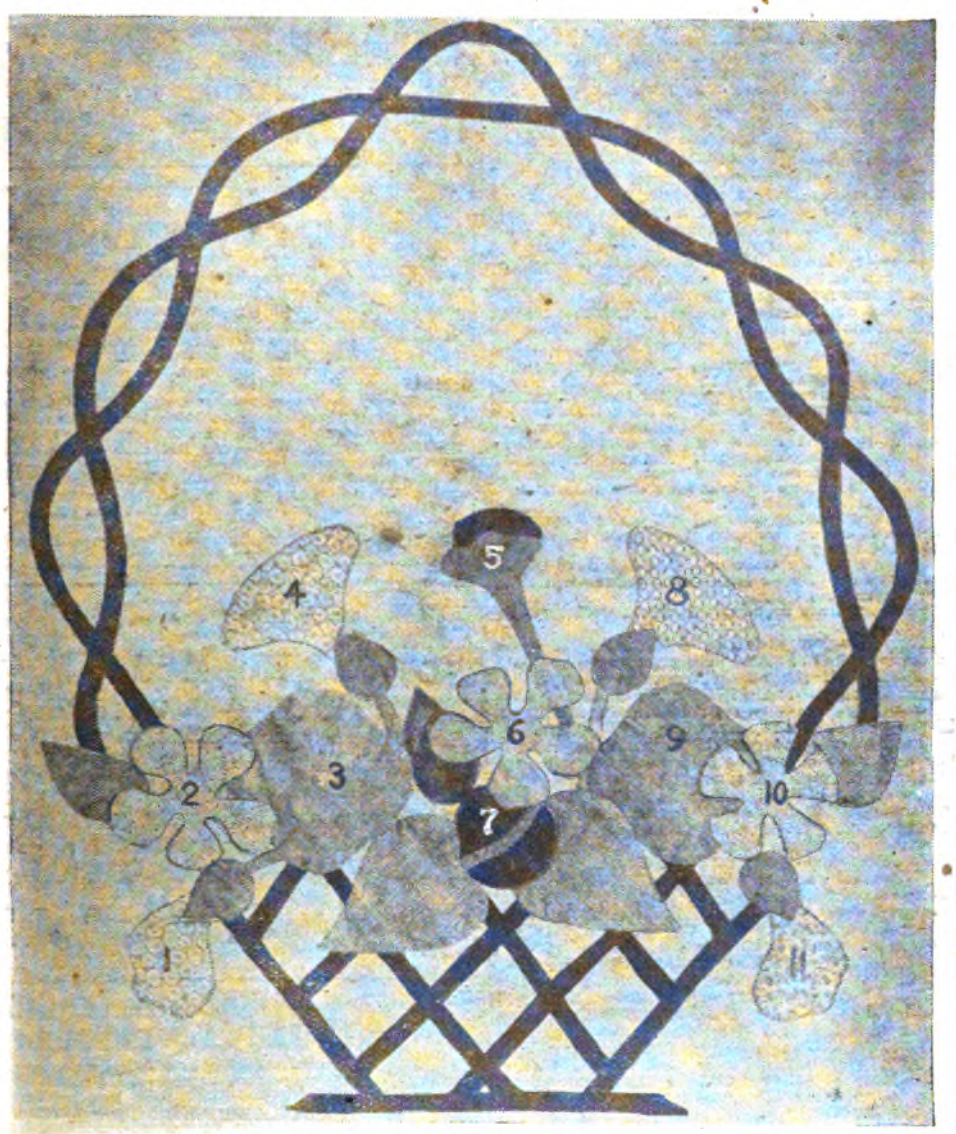
LINGERIE OR GENTLEMAN'S SHIRT CASE. DESIGNED BY MRS. LIDA SHANKLIN, TEXAS.

connect or hold together the black used on the ends.

Pillows now are of all shapes. In making square or oblong ones for this set end bands or entire borders of black may be used. A round one completely of black, finished with the blossoms in the center is very handsome.

Black may also be employed for book covers and ends.

If the work is carefully and neatly done, one



Detail of Basket Design on Bedspread.—A very quaint old-fashioned effect is obtained by selecting finely figured cottons in different colors for the buds and blossoms. The color scheme in the work illustrated follows, but this combination could of course easily be changed to suit one's individual taste and requirement: No. 1, lavender bud; No. 2, pink; No. 2, medium blue, yellow French knots in center; No. 4, lavender; No. 5, green buds tipped with orange; No. 6, lavender; No. 7, yellow, black French knots in center; No. 8, light blue; No. 9, old pink, yellow French knots in center; No. 10, medium blue; No. 11, pink bud. Designed by Mrs. Vernon.

A bowl or jardiniere employed in a design, similar perhaps to the one in the sofa pillow by Mrs. Creech illustrated in January COMFORT, may be of a good yellow or golden brown tone, If a bouquet is preferred an attractive addition is a ribbon bow effect, made by using bias bands of cotton of two shades, to simulate a two-tone ribbon.

In either case there is an array of brilliant

cannot fail to secure a beautiful effect in decorations of this sort.

A Dainty Luncheon Set

(For illustration see page 29.)

This table set is as practical as it is pretty. For its foundation cross-barred dimity was selected and finished with a three-inch band of fadeless Peter Pan cloth in old rose. This is

double and is applied like a hem rather than being used as a facing.

The napkins are made to match, measureing 12x12 inches, one dainty bud being used to decorate a corner of each, as shown.

The decorations in the corners of the cloth are of bright colors selected to give life to the design as a whole.

These should include light and dark yellows, orange, three shades of rose, two or three of blue and a lilac or violet.

The arrangement of the colors may well be left to the taste or fancy of the maker, always remembering to work for a harmonious effect, as a whole.

The set illustrated is particularly good for common use as it combines the virtues of durability, simplicity and good looks.

Similar sets featuring colored applique may be finished with either tatted or crocheted edges, either of the following being narrow and particularly suitable.

Edging No. 1

Single crochet closely into edge of linen circle. For the grade of linen selected use any number cotton best suited. This first pattern is most suitable of No. 70, 80 or 100 cotton.

Begin with 10 s c in first row, then 1 double picot or a p with a p thus: * ch 5, sl st for p, sl st over 2 sts in first row, ch 9, turn, fasten at opposite side of p, then 10 s c in 10 sts, repeat around from *.

2nd row—Start in center of ch 9, ch 7 sts, very tightly, form p, ch 9 sts from p by working 1 d c, into outer ch of first double p, repeat, making 2 more double picots, ch 3, 1 d c into third st in edge from first double picot. Repeat around.

Edging No. 2

Ch 9 after completing first row, sl st to form ring, ch 1, 2 s c in ring, 1 p of ch 4, 2 s c, 1 p, 2 s c, 1 p, 2 s c.

This fills first ring, 1 s c around stem to close, 1 s c in next 9 sts of first row, ch 9, join in ring with sl st. Half fill this ring with 2 s c, 1 p, 2 s c, 1 p, 1 s c, ch 12, fasten with sl st in top of finished ring.

When slip stitching, remove hook from work and insert it where chain is to be joined, pick up dropped loop and draw it through. This makes a much neater joining and avoids turning.

Over the ch 12 work 2 s c, 4 p with 2 s c between and finish with 2 s c. Now finish the second half of the ring last made, 1 s c around stem to close securely and repeat pattern. Pull into shape and press over Turkish towel. This pattern is also handsome for edging scrim or muslin curtains.

Old Quilt Patterns

To go back now to the subject of patchwork again and especially the old original designs it is most interesting to note how popular rose patterns were. The "Rose of Sharon" was a favorite and beautiful pattern, usually developed of yellow, green and red calico hemmed onto white.

In the middle of the last century the "Confederate Rose" and the "Rose of Dixie" were far famed. Then in the new West originated the "Harvest Rose" and the "Prairie Rose," patterns which vied successfully with the older "Whig Rose," "Democrat Rose" and the old "Rose of Lemoine," which was very graceful and beautiful.

Almost as popular as the rose were the rosebud, the poppy, the lily and the tulip.

Patterns which were named for birds and animals were almost as popular as those for the flowers as the following but partial list shows:

"Bluebird,"	"Bear's Paw,"
"Chimney Swallows,"	"Flying Bat,"
"Dove in the Window,"	"Leap Frog,"
"Wild Goose Chase,"	"Puss in Corner,"
"Duck and Ducklings,"	"Snail's Trail,"
"Goose Tracks,"	"Toad in Puddle,"
"Bird's Nest,"	"Bunnies."

The glories of the sky were reflected in such names as "Rising Sun," of which there are many different designs, "Sunshine," "Sunburst," "Rainbow," and all the stars.

"Blazing Star,"	"Feather Star,"
"Shooting Star,"	"Cluster of Stars,"
"Star of the West,"	"Eight-Pointed Star,"
"Western Star,"	"Five-Pointed Star,"
"Rolling Star,"	"Flying Star,"
"New Star,"	"Union Star,"
"Evening Star,"	"Morning Star,"

Other patterns were given the name of their originators and were always known as "Mollie's Choice," "Aunt Eliza's Star," "Mother's

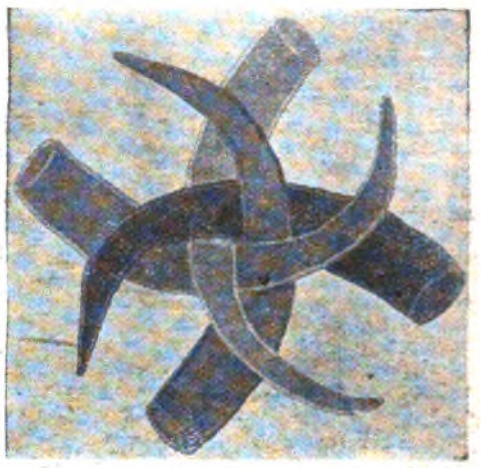
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)



NO. 16. FLOWER BASKET.
MISS IDA SMITH, N. C.



NO. 15. CHRYSANTHEMUM.
MRS. A. E. STRICKLAND, MISS.



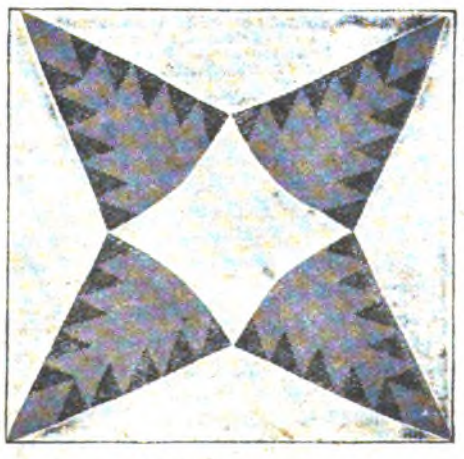
NO. 14. HUNTER'S HORNS.
MISS MAUDIE SARGENT, ALA.



NO. 13. WILD CHERRIES.
MRS. EMMIE SMITH, ARK.



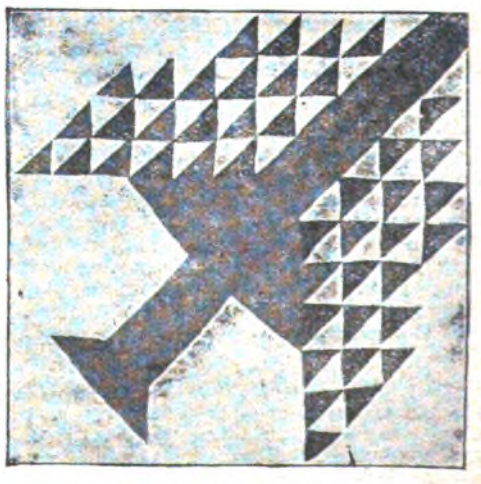
NO. 9. THE DOUBLE TULIP OR BOUQUET.
MRS. MACOM PAULK, GA.



NO. 10. PINE BURR.
MRS. M. E. COLLINS, OREGON.



NO. 11. MOON AND STARS.
MRS. MAT LOONEY, ARK.



NO. 12. TREE OF PARADISE.
IDA L. SOUTHARD.



The wonderful way I found to pay my bills

By Mrs. John Neu

I believe I am the happiest woman in the world today and sometimes I think I could cry out of sheer joy when I think of what our new prosprity has meant to all of us. And it all came about through taking up a home occupation that was as pleasant as it was profitable.

You see, my husband's slender earnings caught us with very little money on hand and we needed many things,—oh, so badly. How to get this money and still attend to my family duties I did not know until one day I happened to see an advertisement telling how I could really work at home during **spare time** and earn a substantial sum each week. "If this is true," I thought, "what a splendid thing it will be. I can still attend to my household duties and, by good management, find lots of spare time to earn the extra money we need."

My Prosperity Began

Immediately I wrote for the Profit Guide Book which, the advertisement said, would tell me all about it, how it was done—and everything. And such a revelation! I never dreamed that there could be any home occupation so pleasant and so profitable. They said the work was easy and that they would pay me generously for every pair of standard Allwear Hosiery I could send them. They offered me a three year contract and as I found them to be a very reliable, long-established company with bank references and hundreds of satisfied home workers, I didn't waste any time but sent right away for the Gearhart Standard Knitter, taking advantage of the splendid offer the Company made me. That was my start.

I Became Independent

If I was hopeful at first I was overjoyed when the Knitter arrived, for it was so easy to set up and operate that I was soon turning out several dozen pairs of exquisite knitted socks each week. Then my husband and the children became interested and often helped me. That increased my earnings still more. And I shall never forget the liberality of the Gearhart people in paying me such excellent prices for my work. They furnished the yarn, too, so I did not have to put out any money at the start for material. If you were ever in the predicament I was in before I took up this work you can imagine what it meant to be able to rise above the never-ending scrimping and saving to make ends meet.

I am proud of what I have done with my Gearhart Knitter. I would not give it up for worlds. A little spare time each day—and **then a substantial check from the Gearhart Company** has enabled me to buy many things — clothing for myself and the children, and household things we needed so much.

WHY NOT YOU?

Yes, **you** can do it, too. You will find that knitting your share of the famous ALLWEAR knitted hosiery is no menial task. It is not impossible that, if your ambition lies in that direction, you could soon operate several machines with the aid of your family or even hired help.

Remember, **no experience** is needed to start. At once, in the comfort and privacy of your own home you can still be your own boss. No one need know until you shall have achieved the success awaiting you. You knit the socks, each pair in surprising quick time on the Gearhart Standard Knitter and the Gearhart Co. pays you liberally for all you can do. Sell to stores, friends and neighbors also, if you wish. Everybody wears and appreciates good hosiery.

Write today for the **Free PROFIT GUIDE BOOK**, samples of knitting and other particulars. It may be the turning point of your life, the means of reaching the goal of your fondest hopes. **Address GEARHART KNITTING MACHINE CO., Inc., Dept. CO-630, Clearfield, Pa.**

Correcting Cross-Eyes in Infancy

By Mrs. J. W. Chamberlain

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CROSS-EYES are dangerous as well as unbeautiful. If they are corrected the eyesight as well as the appearance is vastly improved. And according to the latest researches of specialists, there is no reason that any child should grow up cross-eyed, if properly attended to. The squinting infant generally becomes the cross-eyed man or woman, with all that means in loss of attractiveness, superstitious prejudice and, worst of all, loss of visual power.

The trouble in a large number of cases is that parents are very careless about the child's eyes and that the mother can hardly be persuaded that her little infant is "looking cross-eyed." If she continue to ignore it, dangerous results may follow, and the obliqueness of vision will become fixed, whereas it could have been remedied, and the full strength of the eye preserved, so that no one would ever guess that there had been such a tendency.

It is in line with the general tendency of prevention that infants should be carefully watched and their eyes tested for this unpleasant and costly defect.

The testing of the infant's eyes for obliquity of vision is not as easy as in older children or adults, but there are some special tests by which even the youngest child may be tried. It is difficult at times to tell which is the eye that crosses. The crossing of the eyes cannot be proved before the seventh month, as the child is learning to use its eyes during the first six months. It can see, but uses its eyes carelessly for the first few months, because it is gradually learning to use both eyes together, and get what is called "binocular vision."

We can tell when the child is using this double vision by holding up a bright object and noting whether the child directs both eyes toward it, or only one. Cross-eyes are caused either by some inequality in the eye muscles, or by fevers which have weakened these muscles, or even by convulsions, or severe frights. Heredity also plays a part, for it has been found that as many as 52 per cent. of cross-eyed children had parents with defective eye muscles.

One specialist among the eye specialists, who has made an extended study of cross-eye in infants, calls attention to the fact that in the beginning the squint is not constant. It appears toward evening, or when the child is tired. The child seems restless and irritable. This is due to the effort which the eye muscles are making to maintain binocular vision. Then the squint becomes more frequent, and it is uncertain which eye crosses. The parent thinks that the child does it purposely and scolds the child—but in vain. At last one eye becomes permanently crossed, for the muscles have given up the task in which they should have been assisted at the right time by treatment.

When uncertain as to which eye crosses, take the child into a dark room, hold a lighted candle three feet from his eyes. He will immediately look at it, and the reflections will be plainly seen on the cornea of each eye. In the normal eye the flame will be reflected in the exact center, while in the squinting eye it will be far to one side.

The mistake made by many parents is to attempt nothing for the child until it begins to read, but it has been using its eyes under heavy strain all the time, and by that time the treatment is much more difficult, and the cure often means lifelong spectacle wearing. The most good can be done with infants. Each eye is tested separately by covering up the other. White marbles are taken, ranging in size from one-half to one and one-half inches in diameter. The largest marble is thrown on the floor with a twist to make it "break" its direction; then the next smaller, and so on until the smallest has been used. The eye of the child is watched in each experiment to see if it follows the marble. In this way the perfection of vision of each eye is tested, and then each eye is examined under a special instrument. When it has been decided which eye is the weaker, treatment follows. The specialist puts one-fourth to one-half per cent. solution of atropine in the better eye to temporarily paralyze it so that the child will be compelled to use the weaker eye, in this way strengthening the muscles by use. When the infant is a year old he may be given spectacles without any great danger if they are properly made, and in this way the weakness of the muscles of the weak eye will be overcome, and both eyes will do the work they should, and the spectacles may be abandoned.

Other exercises may follow as soon as the child can be made to understand what is required of it, and thus by proper treatment the weakness may be completely overcome and in many cases the eye-glasses can be put aside, because the eyes have become normal. But by all means call in a good eye specialist if you note the least indication on your child's part to squint or "cross" his eyes.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINTED FROM PAGE 21.)

I live on a farm of 220 acres, and I think it is a country farm. I should dislike to think that it was a city (or even a small town) farm. Most of our land lies on a slope, as this is a hilly country, and also very rocky. The wind blows most all of the while from the southwest. Sometimes we have a north wind, but not very often and not of very long endurance.

I am the youngest of a family of twelve. I have four brothers and five sisters living, all of whom are married. I have twenty-five nephews and nieces. My father is real old, and so "lets" his land to the neighbors and they farm it for a percentage of the grain.

Now, Uncle, you will be sure and say something about my size, I know. But truly I am not to blame. I never eat soft gingerbread, although I can make it and bake it most beautifully. I also never eat fat meat nor Jamaica molasses. So, Dearest Uncle, *what* must I do to reduce? I am quite an optimist and a great one to laugh. I take life, and nearly everything connected with it as a joke. I am sure I would be real fond of Billy if I had half a chance. I imagine he must be some relation to my guinea pigs, as they seem to be fond of the same things—such as hay, grass and horse weeds. If Billy would come out here for his vacation he could sleep in a guinea pig hutch every night. Uncle, what kind of a hutch do you keep Billy in? I hope you will not let him eat this.

Your loving niece, DORA V. KESTER.

No, no, Dora; soft gingerbread will not make anyone fat. Why, I have eaten acres of the delicious substance and am still as charmingly thin as Bill Turpin. The real difficulty, Dora V., is that you take altogether too much laughter every day. You admit to being a great consumer of jokes and chuckles. These things are the surest sort of pound producers. You must begin at once to put yourself on a scowl diet. Eat six sour prunes before breakfast every morning. Each time you swallow a prune, scowl hard and say: "I hate prunes," in a firm, deep voice. Take two or three good-sized scowls between meals, washing them down, at first, with a few swallows of unsweetened lemon juice and water. Every time you feel tempted to joke or laugh, pinch yourself hard, or have someone do it for you. After being pinched, take a deep breath and scowl three times, repeating in a low, gloomy tone: "This is a hard world." After a week or two of this you will find yourself losing much of your former greedy laughing habit, and scowling will become much easier. If you do bake gingerbread, let it burn on the top and scowl as you take it out of the oven. Try breaking a few cups from your best set of china, or upsetting a dish of preserved strawberries on your pet tablecloth. These methods will aid in making your scowls taste better. If I could get Billy to agree to come out and stay with you for a month, this would be the best way in the world to get you used to a scowl diet and prove to you that life is not at all a joke. You would understand then why I am slim and graceful and do not know what "optimist" means unless I look it up in the dictionary. But you have made any scheme of a visit from Bill impossible by talking about "guinea pigs" and "hutches." Billy was much put out. I can't tell you all he said, but he went so far as to suggest that the "V" in your name stood for "Volume!"

Just now, Dora, the New York City Health Department is holding a sort of "fat reducing contest." Perhaps you will feel lighter and happier to hear that one of the women contestants weighs 281 pounds and has the appropriate name of Sarah Strong. This selected squad of fat men and women are being put through a month's course of diet and exercise prescribed by the physician at the head of the Health Department. The course is not easy and includes all kinds of indoor and outdoor stunts—running, walking, and even climbing trees! If you want to know what the experts prescribe in the way of food to make the fat fly, here is one day's diet for the squad:

Breakfast.—Any fresh fruit, except bananas; any cereal, with tablespoonful of bran sprinkled over; skimmed milk, no sugar; one coddled egg; two slices whole wheat bread toasted, no butter; tea or coffee, with skimmed milk if desired, but no sugar.

Luncheon.—Clear broth; chopped onions and celery sandwich made with two slices of rye bread, pepper and a little salt, but no butter; tea or coffee with skimmed milk if desired, but no sugar; buttermilk.

Dinner.—Clear soup; chicken (roasted or broiled), do not eat skin; spinach, baked onions, and celery; two bran muffins, no butter; cottage cheese; tea or coffee with skimmed milk if desired but no sugar.

You will see that this includes Bill's favorite bran muffins—but no gingerbread! The most successful of the bran-eaters and tree-climbers has so far succeeded in making sixteen of her surplus pounds disappear. But somehow 16 taken away from 281 seems to leave a fairly hearty remainder. Anyway, Dora, even if scowls and bran fail to reduce your Volume, you can take my word for it that it's worth being a heavy-weight if you can have a light heart and laugh often. The laughers are usually fat because they get the cream out of life—and cream is fattening stuff which scowls only make sour!

HARTMAN, R. R. 1, ARKANSAS.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

Hello! Here I come for a little chat. I wonder how many will welcome me in? I am a little boy six years old. I have brown eyes and hair. I live on a farm. Mother and I live with my grandparents. I have never seen my daddy yet. He went through the Great War. He was on the front when piece was made. He has been at Washington ever since almost. I hope to see him some day.

I have two bunnies, chickens, and a pup I can drive just like a man. We have four good mules, two wagons and two fine red cows.

Well, if Billy the Goat lets this pass I will right again sometime. I hope some of the cousins will write to me or send me cards.

Your little nephew, MAURICE OGLIVIE, JR.

Hello, Maurice, kick the snow off your boots and come right in! And bring the pup along, too, so he can melt the icicles from his young nose. You must remember that it's a lot colder up here in Brooklyn than down in Hartman, Arkansas. This is the time of year when Billy wears his triple-warp, double-strength, camel's-hair underwear and puts a pair of felt insoles in his new shoes. But then Bill's rheumatism makes him have to coddle himself a bit. Probably your little dog is tougher and can get along comfortably by growing a nice warm shirt of all-wool pup-hair. Maurice, I certainly hope you'll see your father some fine day when he gets back from Washington. You say your dad was on the front in the Great War when "piece was made." I suppose he must be staying down in Washington now helping President Harding get all the "pieces" put together again. There were a lot of pieces" made during the war, Maurice, and Billy the Goat says the one who was made into the most pieces was Mr. Kaiser, formerly of Potsdam, Unter der Linden. I'll bet your dad will be delighted to see you and it's just possible he may hug and kiss you when he meets you for the first time. You must be ready for this and not be embarrassed, even if it does seem getting rather familiar on so early an acquaintance. After this ceremony is over, you can take him out and introduce him to your young doggie road horse, your bunnies, the two fine cows and—the most extraordinary of all—your "four good mules." Maurice, if you have any Golden Rule mules you have a rare variety. You will have to get your newly-acquainted daddy to present a pair of these kind and courteous mules to the National Zoological Gardens at Washington.

You say that if Bill lets this letter of yours by that you will "right" again, Maurice. Well, I hope you will stick right to this promise and will "right" us all again right soon. You will be able to tell us, perhaps, if you met your dad all right and if he was right glad to meet a brown-eyed, brown-haired junior edition of himself for the first time.

LOS ANGELES, 2290 West 24th St., CALIF.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

This is my first attempt to write and I hope Billy the Goat won't make his supper off my letter.

I might as well describe myself. I am almost sixteen years old. I am five feet, six inches in height—and good looking—as some say. I am also in high school which is a little town by itself with 2,925 pupils. Some crowd.

I live in the "Land of Eternal Sunshine" in Los

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 42.)

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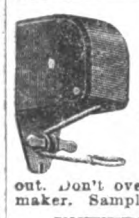
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Some Novel Uses for Applique Patches

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29.)

color in all the poppy shades placed very naturally against a green stock and leaves.

The centers of the flowers and the edges were worked with black mercerized cotton. Unbleached or a lighter weight cotton may be used for the curtains as one prefers, but nothing will give better service or be any prettier than the natural creamy tone of this inexpensive standby.

A Child's Slip-On

This little slip-on or kimono dress for a young child, which is illustrated on page 24, is as pretty and convenient a little garment as one could wish for every-day use and particularly good for the hot days of summer, when one wishes to be free from too warm clothing. The model was a light brown gingham, the neck, sleeves and hem being buttonholed. The appliques represent ripe red cherries attached to a brown twig and a couple of green leaves which are shown in this design.



Pockets, the form of the flower pot could be used for an apron or house dress, giving either an attractive as well as a convenient finish.

Chintz Waist Cover

A simply made article, which makes a useful little remembrance, is a cover for a dainty waist.

A square of about 27 inches of either chintz or flowered lawn or dimity, four yards of narrow lace for edging and a collapsible hanger will be required.

Hem and edge the square with lace, then fold and in the center make a small hole, finish this by buttonholing, then slip over the hanger. Arrange points evenly and fasten securely in the center of the hanger.



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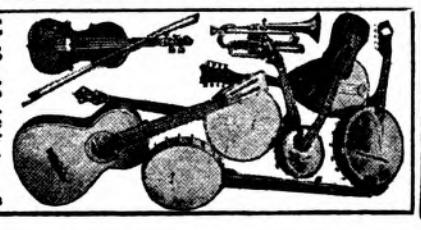
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Stella Rosevelt

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

when, she knew but too well, Josephine had learned to love him with all the fire of her proud, passionate nature.

If it had been a girl in a position equal to that which Josephine occupied whom he had chosen, the disappointment would not have been less severe, but the mortification would not have been so galling.

This was what had made Star's face so radiant, then, during the past week, making her seem to bloom into new beauty, and glorifying her with exceeding happiness. She had noticed, but could not understand it.

This was the meaning of the unusual attention which she had bestowed upon her toilet last Saturday—for Josephine had told her of that little scene upon the veranda—and also of her protracted absence that day.

For half an hour she sat there, white as alabaster with passion, her eyes glowing with hate for the innocent cause of all her disappointment.

"Not in her room, eh?" she muttered at length, vindictively. "I'll find the little vixen, and if it is possible to widen this breach, it won't be my fault if it is not done."

With a cruel expression on her still white face, she arose and swept noiselessly from the room by the same way that she had entered, and passed down the steps of the veranda out into the grounds.

Gathering her rustling skirts in her hand, she passed inside the lodge, mounted the stairs with a noiseless tread, and paused before Mr. Rosevelt's door.

Bending close to the keyhole, she heard sounds of sobbing, mingled with low, soothing words spoken by her uncle.

She softly opened the door, and standing upon the threshold, her face grew dark and wrathful at the picture which she saw within the room.

Mr. Rosevelt sat in his armchair by the table which stood between the two windows of his room, while Star knelt upon the floor at his side, her golden head bowed upon the arm of his chair, sobbing as if her heart was breaking.

The old gentleman had laid one hand upon her bright head, and was soothing it gently as he tried to quiet her with low, fond words.

"Dear child," he said, tenderly, "don't grieve so; you have been very brave so far; bear it a little longer, and all will be well. I know you have tried to hide it from me and everyone else, but I've seen and known what you have had to contend with ever since I came here. You've had no love, no sympathy, and your poor starved heart was well-nigh broken under it. But cheer up, my dear; you have been a blessing to me. I have been very lonely and forlorn many times, but I should have had a sorrowful time of it, indeed, if my bright little Star had not shed her genial rays upon my pathway."

"Indeed!" interrupted a voice from behind them, in its most sarcastic tones, causing Star to spring to her feet with a low cry of surprise, as she turned her flushed, tear-stained face toward the intruder, while Mr. Rosevelt looked up at his niece with a grave, displeased countenance.

"Indeed!" Mrs. Richards repeated, her anger waxing hotter and fiercer as she imagined that Star had been pouring the story of her love and trial into her uncle's ears. "You have both been sadly abused and heart-starved, haven't you? For a couple of dependants you fare very badly, don't you? And this is the gratitude and appreciation that you show. Stella Gladstone, go back to your room and remain there until I come to you; I wish to have a private conversation with you. As for you, Uncle Jacob, I am surprised that you should take sides with a sentimental schoolgirl against those who are providing most bountifully for her."

Mr. Rosevelt reached out his hand and took one of Star's.

"Remain where you are," he said, with a quiet authority which amazed while it enraged his niece.

Then turning to her, he continued, in the same quiet tone, but with a deliberation which made every word tell:

"Ellen Richards, you are a heartless, arrogant woman. You need not speak yet, for I am going to relieve my mind, once for all. I am your father's only brother, and when you were a child I helped him provide the very bread that appeased your hunger. When, later on, I became a rich man, and you were married and settled, you fawned upon and flattered me, protesting that there was nothing in the world that you would not do for 'dear Uncle Jacob.' Every time I returned from abroad, bringing you rich and elegant gifts, you urged me to quit my roving and come to live with you—your 'home and heart would always be open' to me, you said. It was the same with your brother Henry; words cost nothing, and his protestations were as fluent as your own. But when misfortune overtook me, and I returned to remain and to take him at his word, everything was changed. He received me coldly, giving me the poorest accommodations his house afforded, when before the best were none too good for me. Finally, he and his family, by their coldness, neglect and disagreeable hints, drove me to desperation, and I left them. I came hither, hoping that your woman's heart would prompt you to receive a sick and failing old man with the kindness and sympathy which he so much needed and craved. But I met with even a worse reception. You have ignored me when you could, and when you could not, you have taken pains to make me feel like an intruder and a dependant, although your husband evidently would be glad to be kind to me, if he could do so and keep the peace. This child alone," the old man continued, looking tenderly up into Star's sad face, "has given me love and sympathy. Her kindness and little attentions have been like a bright spot in the darkness and loneliness of my life since coming to you; while your treatment of her has been culpable——"

"Has she dared to complain of me to you?" cried Mrs. Richards, crimson with anger; for every word that he had uttered had been a reproach to her, and while she did not quite dare vent her wrath upon him, she was glad of this allusion to Star, for upon her defenceless head she felt free to relieve herself.

"No; she has never complained—she has even tried to conceal your treatment of her—but I have eyes and can see for myself. I know how she has had to battle for even her education, and that you would have made a drudge and a slave of her, had you dared and your husband allowed you to do it. It is disgraceful, Ellen, for you to treat your cousin's child in such a manner, when you owe so much to her mother——"

"How do you know? Who has been telling you all this? I am all out of patience!" Mrs. Richards interrupted, passionately. "Everybody is continually throwing at me the fact that Anna Cudleigh once saved my life. Hundreds of people have saved the lives of others and considered it their duty to have done so. If I were drowning and Anna saw me, it was natural for her—it belonged to her to save me if she could, as I should have done, no doubt, had the circumstances been reversed."

"True; but this view of the case does not lessen your obligation, nor license you to abuse the trust that has been committed to you," Mr. Rosevelt answered, sternly. "You bound yourself to this child's dying father to 'do the best you could for her,' to give her a home, and see that her education was properly attended to, and you owed it to him and to her to keep your promise."

"I owed her nothing," cried the enraged woman, losing all control of herself; "and you, Uncle Jacob, are overstepping all bounds by interfering with what is none of your business."

"The girl saved my life almost at the sacrifice of her own, and I shall make it my business to do what I can for her while I live," Mr. Rosevelt answered, with dignity.

"Well, you will find, I reckon, that you have not helped her cause very much by taking up weapons against me for her," snapped his niece, vindictively, and with a glance of dislike at Star. "Saved your life!" she continued, sarcastically. "Well, perhaps she did; but, in my opinion, that is all sentimental gush, for she is an artful jade, and has doubtless palavered and cooed over you until she has pulled the wool over your eyes in fine shape."

"What could have been her object, Ellen?" asked the old gentleman, dryly. "Certainly not the expectation of getting any portion of my fortune, since appearances must have indicated to her as well as to you that I had nothing to give her. If she had known me, and done all this when I was considered rich, there might possibly be some reasons in your accusations."

This shaft told keenly, for his niece colored guiltily to the roots of her hair.

"Your irony is ill-timed, it appears to me, Uncle Jacob," she said, sullenly, "especially as you are indebted to me for the bare necessities of life, not to speak of its comforts."

"Indebted to you, am I, Ellen? I do not believe in recriminations, but allow me to ask, do you know the cost of those diamonds which you have on, and have you forgotten where you got them?"

Mrs. Richards' brilliant color forsook her in an instant, and she became as white as the mass of snowy lace which rose and fell with the angry pulsation of her heart.

"I do not begrudge you your jewels, Ellen," Mr. Rosevelt continued, more gently, perceiving how keenly she felt his reproof, "but when you twit me of being indebted to you for the simple necessities of life, it is rather more than I can tamely submit to. I was fond of making presents in the days that are gone, and I felt repaid for my diamonds by the joy that lighted up your face when I gave them to you; but I confess it is a little hard to be considered a burden by you now, while I am deeply grieved to have Star's young life made so unhappy."

"I tell you you do not know the girl; she is as artful as she can be, and I can prove it to you," Mrs. Richards exclaimed, glad to have the subject changed, for she was considerably conscience-smitten over the diamonds.

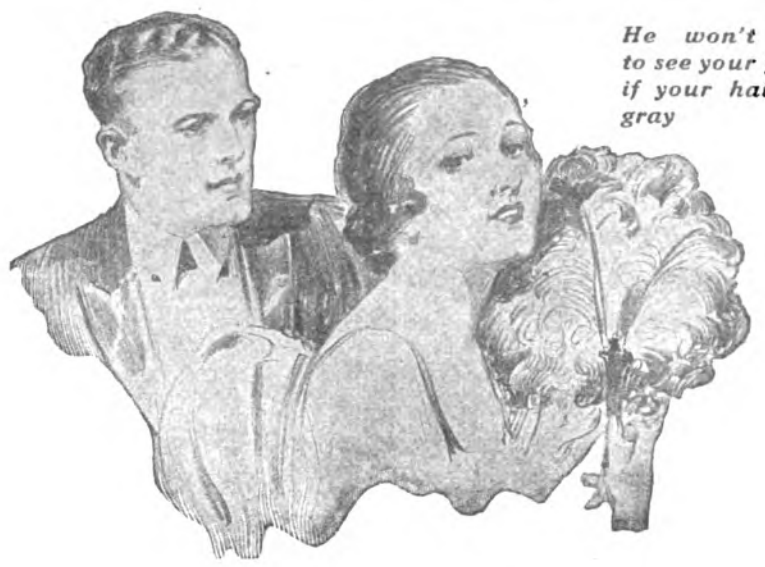
"I do not think you can prove anything of the kind, Ellen," Mr. Rosevelt returned, quietly.

"Listen, then," she retorted, eagerly, "and I will tell you how tonight I have discovered her to be guilty of the most shameless conduct."

Star started and flushed at the accusation. She had not a suspicion that her secret had been discovered.

"It seems," continued Mrs. Richards, "that while going back and forth, to and from school this fall, she has been flirting in the most desperate manner with a young man—a perfect stranger to her, and one so far above her socially that it was rankest presumption in her to do as she has done. She has even entrapped him into—or rather, I should say, she has misconstrued his conversation with her to mean a declaration of love for her, and now that he has found her

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34.)



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Farm and Garden for March

"IN like a lion and out like a lamb" certainly describes the month of March to the dot. Warm spring rains, belated blizzards, blustering gales and smiling skies all have their day, making this month the "quick-change artist" of the whole year. And the old saying, "Madder than a March hare," applies to more than the changeable weather; we have known farmers that it described exactly, farmers who had not been before-handed with their work, then tried to do at least three things at one time with a growl and a frenzied rush. For March is the *get-ready* month, the time of year when everything is made shipshape for the busy summer to come, and the right time for the farmer to roll up his sleeves and take a reef in his belt as he prepares for the race. Here are some of the many things that fall into the list of March jobs:

Cleaning Seed Grain

The farm housewife is not the only one who does spring cleaning. The farmer himself has quite a bit of cleaning to do; first and most important is cleaning seed grain, and during March is the time to do it.

Clean, strong, pure seed is the best kind of crop insurance we can think of, and in this connection we recall that the fanning mill has been called the grain farmer's best friend. From the standpoint of efficiency, there is little to choose between the hand-driven or the power-driven types of fanning mill; the popularity of the latter is due to the saving in time and labor involved. A good modern mill in working order will effectually separate out the large plump grain from the small undersized kernels and chaff. It may be necessary to run the same grain through two or three times to be sure that all dirt and weed seeds are taken out, but it is time well spent.

Experiments have shown that if only from 5 to 10 per cent. of the grain, this being the plumpest, is kept for seed a decided crop improvement results. While in an ideal season the small kernels may germinate and grow well, in cold and wet springs where germination is delayed and the seed "lies" in the ground" for a week or two, the large kernels possess vitality and reserve growing power that is lacking in the small ones. For this reason it pays to use only the best. This same rule applies to the farmer who will have to buy seed—and those who find themselves in this class should lose no time in placing their orders with a reputable seed house, ordering varieties that have proved their worth.

Testing Seed Grain

Testing seed for germination on the farm is rapidly coming to be the rule rather than the exception, nor can we think of any other single thing that has done so much to take the guesswork out of farming. Seed houses now offer for sale seed not only that is true to type, of a pure strain, but they include the germination test. Many states make the labeling of seed with the true germination test compulsory, backing the farmer in his growing desire to buy commodities of known quality.

For those who have never tested seed, let us say first that there is nothing to be afraid of. The operation is simplicity itself; so simple, in fact, that children can do it. By the way, here is a place where the little ones can lend Dad a helping hand, and will be glad to do it. In rural schools and country high schools everywhere children are now taught, along with many other things in their work in agriculture, how seed tests of several kinds are made. Perhaps the most popular and common test is made with the rag-doll tester, which we will describe briefly.

The rag-doll tester is made with a long narrow strip of cloth, preferably flannel, eight to 10 inches in width and about five feet long. Down the center of the strip, running to within six inches of each end, small squares are marked or ruled. There should be either two or three rows of squares, about two inches each. Lines are best drawn with waterproof ink, and the squares each numbered in order beginning with "1" and on up until each bears a number.

To use the tester, let us illustrate with wheat. If the grain is in bags, take five or 10 kernels from each bag, depending on the amount of seed on hand. Mark the bags with a numbered tag, and place the selected kernels in the corresponding squares in the tester. If seed is stored loose in a bin, then take samples from all parts and proceed in the same way. When the kernels have been placed in their respective squares, five to each square, sprinkle the flannel until well saturated with water. Then, beginning at one end, roll it up tightly, taking care not to misplace the grain. When it is rolled up, tie at two or three points with string or tape. Wet each day by standing the end of the roll in water for a few minutes. Keep in a warm place for at least a week, then open and examine. Grain that shows strong and thrifty sprouts and uniform germination should be chosen for seed; that showing weak sprouts, no sprouts, or lack of vitality, should be traced back to the bags and set aside as of poor quality. If there is still a doubt, run a second test of these bags, taking 100 kernels from each, then reading the percentage by counting the number that sprout.

Treating Seed to Prevent Disease

To the large majority of COMFORT readers we can tell little that is new about treating seed, for most of them have learned how to treat seed—have been doing it for years, in fact. But each spring we receive inquiries on when and how to treat. For those who were just about ready "to take their pens in hand" and ask the question, we give the following instructions and suggestions:

Formaldehyde treatment is by far the most common and has the greatest general usefulness on the farm. This consists of using one pint of commercial formaldehyde or formalin mixed with 40 gallons of soft water. The mixture is used in one of two ways; it is either sprinkled over grain, or kept in a barrel into which sacked grain is dipped.

For the first method, the grain is spread out on a clean, tight floor. With a sprinkling can, one man saturates the grain as another rapidly and thoroughly spades it over and over to assure a thorough wetting. After mixing thoroughly the grain is shoveled into a pile and covered with sacks soaked in the solution, left for 24 hours, then spread out again and dried, when it is ready for seeding. The grain should be dry before seeding to assure that it will run evenly and easily through grain spouts in the drill or seeder.

The second method, that of dipping sacked grain into a barrel of formaldehyde, is more commonly employed by farmers who have relatively small quantities of grain to treat or who wish to keep it for some time after treating and before seeding. We recall one farmer in the Red River Valley of North Dakota who called this method "Baptizing" wheat. His plan was to attach a block and tackle to a beam above the barrel in the granary and thus hoist, lower, then lift out the sacks of grain with its help at a saving in time and work. By the way, the ordinary gunny-sacks work better than more tightly woven grain bags, as they permit the solution to enter readily and to drain out rapidly when they are lifted.

Though it is a bit early in the year to speak of seed potatoes, and the treatment of same for scab and other diseases preventable by the formaldehyde "bath," we will call attention to the fact that they are treated in the same manner as we have described above. They are then allowed to stand for at least a day to allow the solution to soak in and dry off, then are cut into the sections desired for seed. As a caution, remember that formaldehyde solution becomes weak if allowed to stand long; therefore it should be used while fresh. Furthermore, it must be replenished from time to time to keep the desired strength.

Spreading Manure and Fertilizer

Few farmers fully appreciate the importance of hauling and spreading barnyard manure early in the spring before heavy rains set in to leach away its fertility. To most, handling manure is a tedious but necessary chore, one to be rushed through as quickly as possible. We admit that when manure has been allowed to accumulate throughout the winter months it is a real task to get it out of the way in the spring before plowing is commenced.

From 80 to 90 per cent. of the fertility contained in crops grown and fed to livestock on the farm is found in the fresh manure. Of this a considerable portion is lost by leaching and exposure to the weather if piled in an open pile in the barnyard—as is usually the case. Still, if hauling and spreading is started early in the spring while the ground is still frozen, and before rains begin, much of the crop-producing value of manure can be saved. Also, it is easier to haul with either a manure-spreader or ordinary wagon over frozen ground than through soft mud, as you will agree. For these reasons we advise that manure hauling be listed as one of the most important March jobs, and that the time to get at it is *now* unless you have started already.

Regarding commercial fertilizers, let us say just a word. Stable manure, though rich in most kinds of plant food and especially in nitrogen, is low in phosphorus. Likewise most soils are deficient or low in this necessary fertilizing element. Therefore the addition of phosphorus in some form is highly advisable, and proves to be a paying investment wherever used. Results of a 15-year test run by the Ohio Experiment Station showed that the addition of 40 pounds of acid phosphate to each ton of manure, when eight tons were spread to the acre, gave an increased value of $1.51 per ton over the treatment cost, and increased the manurial value about one-half.

The importance of even distribution is frequently overlooked. It has been found that as much good results from eight tons per acre of manure carefully and evenly spread as from 12 tons carelessly spread. An uneven stand of any crop is sure to result the first year if the work is done in a slipshod manner. The manure-spreader does the work easily and well; the same results may be attained with the pitchfork if the operator is willing to go slowly, breaking up clods and lumps as he goes, then following with a harrow with the teeth set on a backward slant. If manure is spread by hand with a pitchfork, do not make the common mistake of leaving it standing in piles on the land. Spread *at once* and direct from the wagon-box. The results of the other method are seen later in the season in the shape of small rank patches that dot the field here and there—and surrounding crops suffer from the lack of plant food.

Spraying the Orchard

By no means, all of the readers of COMFORT have orchards to spray, and more's the pity, but we are willing to wager that many an orchard in dire need of spraying fails to receive due care, and more's the pity once more.

The time and kind of spraying varies widely

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 35.)

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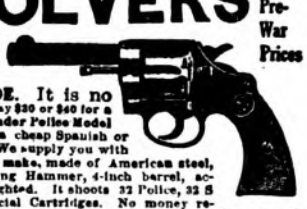
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Helpful Pointers

Locating Short Circuit

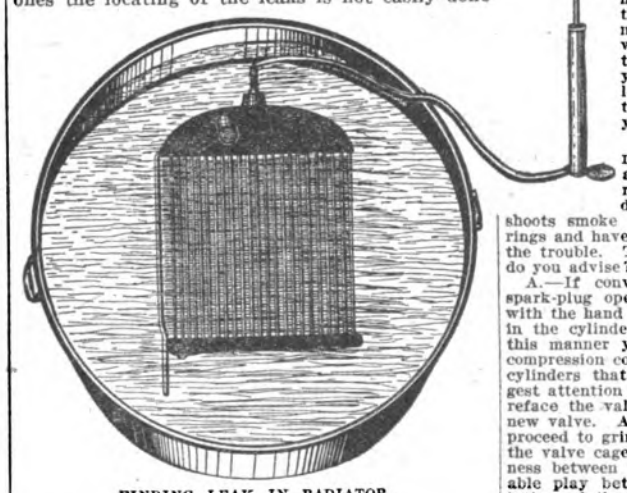
MANY manufacturers at one time took a great fancy to the use of armored cable. Later developments proved that much of this material was poorly insulated and as the cable inside commenced to chafe it soon found a ground that was very difficult to locate. The external appearance may be very satisfactory, yet there may be many grounds inside that do not show up. Whenever short circuits are experienced on a car having armored cable it is well to disconnect the armored cable and stretch another cable which you know is O. K. By testing the different cables in the manner outlined it will be possible to locate the faulty cable, providing a short circuit exists in same.

Loose Connections

Vibration is the chief factor in the loosening of terminal nuts, bolts, etc. Regardless of how tightly the nut is screwed down, the vibration keeps working at the nut and finally turns it off. Lock washers placed under the nuts will remedy the difficulty. Whenever possible to use lock washers it is advisable to do so. When the nut is turned down the lips of the washer bite into the metal and in this way insure a lasting connection. Many cars that have flickering lights have electrical connections that have been loosened by vibration.

Leaky Radiator

This is the season of the year when many owners find that the water in the cooling system of the motor has frozen and caused leaks in the radiator. The best way out of such a condition is to have the radiator repaired by someone who specializes in work of this kind. However, should it so happen that it is not convenient to send the radiator away or if the owner makes a practice of doing his own repair work, the first step is, of course, to locate the leaks. If they are small ones the locating of the leaks is not easily done



FINDING LEAK IN RADIATOR.

as they may be almost invisible to the eye. If the radiator be removed from the car and subjected to air pressure, the leaks are certain to show up. To accomplish this end it is first necessary to seal all the openings such as the water connections, overflow pipe, etc. Pieces of tin carefully soldered over these openings will answer the purpose well. At the radiator filler opening it is necessary to provide means for attaching an air pump. An old inner-tube valve soldered in the center of the tin will be satisfactory for this purpose. After sealing the openings as above suggested, attach a pump to the tire valve-stem, place the radiator in a tub filled with water and commence pumping. The principle is the same as in testing for leaks in an inner tube. Wherever there is a leak bubbles will rise to the surface of the water. *See illustration.*

Rim Adjustment

Making a tire change is not an enjoyable operation and the average driver is apt to use strong-arm methods without any system. I refer particularly to the tightening of the wedges which hold the rim in place on the wheel. If one will only give the matter a little thought he will understand how it is possible for a rim to run crooked on the wheel if each wedge bolt is tightened fully before taking up on the next one. The only proper way to put on a new mounted tire is to tighten one bolt slightly and then turn the wheel to the opposite bolt. Tighten this bolt a little and progress in this manner until each bolt has approximately the same tension on the rim. You next tighten the bolt to the limit, passing then to the opposite one and so on until all are securely drawn up.

Reverse Current Cut-Out

Cars equipped with battery and generator must provide some means for preventing the battery from discharging back through the generator when the car is standing or the generator is not being driven at a generating speed. This is accomplished by means of a device known as the reverse current cut-out. As its name implies, its purpose is to prevent the current flowing in a reverse direction. Just as the valve prevents the air from escaping from the inner tube when the pump is removed, so does the cut-out prevent the current in the storage battery from flowing back through the generator. When the generator produces sufficient current to charge the battery, the cut-out points are magnetically closed and in this manner connect the generator to the battery. However, the instant that the generator voltage drops below the counter-voltage of the battery, the cut-out points spring open and prevent any discharge back from the battery. Cases have occurred where the cut-out points would stick, and when such a condition takes place the circuit remains closed and the battery will discharge back through the generator until drained of all current. Should you find that with all switches turned off the ammeter shows a heavy discharge, it is well to immediately investigate the reverse current cut-out points as they may be sticking together and holding the circuit closed.

Ammeter Reading

It sometimes happens that an operator will notice his ammeter and find that it reads on the discharge side when it should be showing charge. He knows that the wires have not been changed and is therefore at a loss to account for the condition. The proper course to pursue in a case of this kind is to first make certain that the ammeter is reading wrong. This is done by stopping the motor and turning on the lights. You then know that current is being taken out of the storage battery and the ammeter should show a discharge reading. If, however, the ammeter shows a charge reading then it is known that the instrument has changed its polarity. Some ammeters change their polarity, a condition that has never been explained to my satisfaction. The changing of the ammeter polarity does not in any way affect the electrical circuit but in case you desire that the instrument register properly you have only to change the flow of current through the instrument by taking the cables off the posts at the back of the ammeter and changing them around.

Starting Small Screws

It is often difficult to hold a small screw with the fingers and use a screwdriver at the same time. Especially is it difficult if the screw is to be fitted in an inaccessible place. It will be found much easier to make a loop at the end of a thin flexible wire. Make the loop approximately the same diameter as the body of the screw. By placing the screw in the loop it can be held steadily and inserted in the hole. After the threads have caught, give the wire a pull and it will straighten and leave the screw free.

Answers to Correspondents

MAGNETO TROUBLE.—Can you tell me what is the trouble with a Ford car when, in driving along, it suddenly stops although there is plenty of gasolene in the tank and the engine seems to be getting it all right? It will run on battery, but not on magneto.
A. C. E., Selfridge, N. Dak.

A.—Since you state that the car operates satisfactorily when using battery ignition, it would seem to indicate that either the magneto is not functioning properly or that the connections are such that you are unable to collect the current generated. I would first suggest an inspection of the cable leading from the magneto plug. If this is not broken, loose or shorted it will be advisable to remove the magneto plug. I have seen two types of plugs for this make of car. One incorporates a coil spring and brush. The brush may be sticking and not making contact, in need of cleaning or broken. The other type of plug has the wire coiled in spring manner and makes contact at the end. The wire may not be making contact, and in this case should be stretched a trifle. If you are unable to obtain current after following these suggestions, it would be well to have someone who is experienced on your make of car look over the magneto.

CYLINDERS MISS WHEN RUNNING SLOWLY.—My 1918 model Buick runs smoothly as long as it is pulling or the motor is racing, but when running idle and slowed down down it hits on only one cylinder and shoots smoke from the exhaust. I have put in new rings and have ground the valves, but it did not remedy the trouble. The ignition seems to be all right. What do you advise? A. F. VAN M., Ouitague, Texas.

A.—If convenient, place a pressure gauge in the spark-plug opening and while turning the motor over with the hand crank read the pressure that is developed in the cylinder. Test each cylinder separately and in this manner you will be able to determine the exact compression condition in each cylinder. If you find any cylinders that are down in compression, I would suggest attention to the valves. Recut the valve seats and reface the valves. If the valve head is warped use a new valve. After machining the parts in this manner, proceed to grind in the valves to a perfect seat. While the valve cages are out determine the amount of looseness between the valve stem and its guide. Considerable play between these parts will result in the diluting of the mixture by auxiliary air which will be drawn down the loose guide. I have known of people who have made stuffing glands that fit the top of the guide, others have bored out the guide and fitted a bushing while others have installed new cages and valves. Whichever step you decide upon, bear in mind that there must not be too much play in the intake valve guides on account of the air which will travel down them and dilute the mixture to a point where it will not ignite. This condition is usually noticed at slow motor speeds only. Make sure that the spark-plugs are clean and the plugs set at the proper distance apart. You probably have a gauge for setting them. Clean the breaker points and be sure that the two surfaces come in contact for the entire area and not in one point only. Space the break with your gauge.

WEAK MAGNETO, ONE CYLINDER WEAK.—My 1919 model Ford will not run with ignition coming from the magneto until the car speeds up to about 15 or 20 miles an hour. I believe the magneto is weak. If so, could I charge it with the generator that is on the car? (2) Cylinder No. 4 does not furnish as much power as any one of the others. I have changed coils, spark-plugs and timers, but it does not help this cylinder. May it be that this cylinder is not getting enough gas? (3) I have heard of a Ford car that has been fitted with a sixteen-valve, high-compression head. What do you advise? H. C. M., Pendleton, S. C.

A.—I assume that the car operates satisfactorily at slow speeds when using battery ignition, which would seem to indicate that the magneto is weak. Several issues ago I ran an article in these columns relative to the recharging of magnets. This method called for the use of dry cells and if I remember correctly I used a cut showing where the connections should be made. I have received a few letters from readers stating that they had tried the method suggested and found it successful. Look back in your old issues for this article and cut. The generator on the car cannot be connected up in any manner, to my knowledge, to recharge the magnets. (2) A proper carburetor mixture is necessary for the even firing of the cylinders. However, I would suggest that you test the compression of No. 4 cylinder before taking other steps. The valves may need regrinding or new rings may be required for the piston. Make sure that the plug in this cylinder is whole, clean and the points set to the proper gap. The spark may be weak and the timer may require cleaning, the coil vibrator adjusting, etc. The cylinder may be pumping oil and in need of new rings. If you find that the cylinder is not pumping oil, develops good compression and the spark is hot, you might try another carburetor adjustment. Mark the old adjustment so that you will be able to return to it if necessary and then try giving the motor just a trifle richer mixture. Try several adjustments and if they do not help then return to the original setting. (3) I do not believe the results you would obtain by installing a 16-valve system would warrant the expense involved. When an engineer designs a motor he endeavors to make the valves as large as possible so that the motor can take in and expel the gases as easily as possible. For ordinary passenger car service the engineer usually finds that two valves per cylinder serve the purpose very satisfactorily. However, when we turn to the racing cars you will appreciate that the motors turn over at very high rates of speeds. Sixteen valves in four-cylinder racing motors are very common and you will appreciate that the advantage gained is that the motor can take in and expel the gases very quickly, a feature that is necessary in that special class of cars, but not needed in cars designed for ordinary road travel.

JERKY ACTION.—Owing to an inquiry in the January number of COMFORT regarding jumping action of a 1914 Ford, and as I am an expert on Fords and a reader of COMFORT, I wish to tell this gentleman that the head of exhaust valves may be loose and yet run. I have run 80 miles with No. 3 exhaust valve stem not working. The way to test this out is to take out each plug one at a time. Take out No. 1, lay it on top of engine over plug hole, start engine, and if it still jumps put it back. Take out No. 2, and so on until all have been taken out. At the end of this operation, if you can find no relief, clean magneto plug, regulate coils, put in new flappers where worn down, regulate carburetor, and you have your trouble stopped; if not, your magneto fields are worn out and need rewinding, which causes a short circuit in your crank-case and missing on the magneto plug at this point.

Be sure to have timer in first-class condition, well cleaned and refilled with vaseline, before starting on this test. I hope these suggestions may prove helpful. Truly yours,
ARTHUR B. JOHNSON, Kansas City, Kans.

THANKS.—We are pleased to print the foregoing advice sent in by a reader, and we thank him for his kindness in doing so. We welcome suggestions from other readers who can help solve auto troubles.—EDITOR OF AUTO DEPT.

ENGINE TROUBLE.—The engine of my 1917 model Ford when driven up hill in high will shake and almost stop; at such times it sounds like a one-cylinder engine. It is four years since the valves were ground. Do you think they need grinding? L. D., W. Va.

A.—Being denied the opportunity of looking over your car, it is impossible to state right to the point what the cause of your uneven operation might be. Test the cylinders separately for compression and if found weak then you certainly will have to grind the valves, and use new rings on the pistons if necessary, etc. You must have good compression in order to be assured of satisfactory operation. Take out the spark-plugs, clean them carefully and set the points at a gap of approximately the thickness of a thin dime. Clean the timer carefully, notice if it is worn and make sure all wires are tightly connected. You will find an article in this issue sent in by a mechanic who claims to be a Ford expert. Note what he says about testing each plug to determine if there is a hot spark. If you are certain of the mechanical condition of the motor then mark the present carburetor adjustment so that you can return to the present setting if necessary. Now change the carburetor adjustment a little at a time and note the effect on the motor. Try several adjustments first in one direction and then the other but if the operation does not improve then return to your original carburetor setting.

NOTE.—These columns belong to readers of COMFORT and we desire to fill them with matter that will be most beneficial to the majority. We desire to outline principles rather than to take the construction of any one make of car as an example. At different times we have printed articles on motors, clutches, transmissions, axles, universals, and, in fact, treated briefly in a descriptive way practically every assembly entering into the construction of a car. We have tried short quizzes, given news concerning current and past events, but we would now like very much to know what our readers desire most. We would appreciate very much hearing from readers of these columns as to what in their opinion would prove most helpful to the owners. In this manner we should be able to find out the information most desired by our readers, and we can of course make up our program accordingly. Let us have your cooperation in this matter.—EDITOR.

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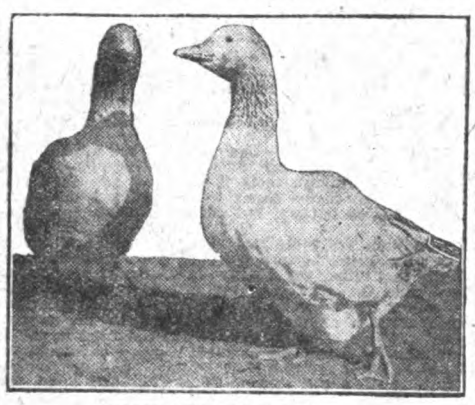
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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Young Ducks, Geese and Guineas

DUCKS' eggs bring good prices during February and March. You can easily get them to laying by then, as it depends principally on feeding. Ducks, like geese or cattle, must have a good percentage of bulk material and green stuff, as well as concentrated grain feed. Clover hay, or even mixed hay, chopped and steamed, about half a pailful with a pint of coarsely-ground cornmeal, and the same of bran mixed through it, is about right. If hay is short, chop corn-stalks small, and steam. Chopped vegetables of all kinds are good, but pumpkins, potatoes and beets are fattening; so, unless the weather is very cold, omit the corn when they are fed, using more bran or screenings in its place.



PROFIT IN RAISING GEESE.

Ducks make such bad mothers that it is better to hatch their eggs under hens or in incubators. The first few eggs a duck lays each season are seldom fertile. Eleven are a full setting, and it requires twenty-eight days for their hatching. Examine the nest for two or three days after setting the hen, for bad eggs. A weak germ that dies causes the egg to decompose, and the odor once smelled can never be forgotten.

Examine the nest when the hen comes off to feed, and take away the eggs that are dark and mottled. If you fancy an egg looks wrong, pick it up and smell it; that and its sticky touch should assure you, for the egg is porous. If you have been using an incubator to hatch chicks, you can test with a proper tester, and this must be done all the time from the fourth to the fifteenth day.

When the hatch is over at the end of the twenty-eighth day, have ready a box about a foot deep and three feet long, the top off and one end taken out. Place the open end against the coop door, so making a little run, with a board floor covered with an inch of dry sand or earth. Baby ducks need even more protection from damp than chicks; therefore, if the weather is bad, keep the coop and run under cover, and if fine, the shade of a tree is necessary, for the little fellows can't stand the full sun. After a week the hen can be removed, but keep them within bounds on short grass, not letting them out until the dew is gone.

For twenty-four hours feed nothing. First week: Half a pint of rolled oats, some cracker or stale bread-crumbs, two hard-boiled eggs chopped fine, half a cupful of coarse sand just moistened with milk. Feed four times a day just what they will eat in ten minutes.

Second and third weeks: Half a pound of ground oats, the same of wheat bran, one-fourth of a pint of cornmeal, the same of coarse sand, two tablespoonfuls of beef meal, a pint of finely-cut green clover, rye or cabbage moistened with scalded milk. They must be fed four times a day.

Fourth to sixth week: Boil a quart of hulled oats for an hour, add a pint of cornmeal, wheat bran, half a pint of grit, the same of beef scraps, and a quart of green clover or any kind of green food. Feed four times a day.

Sixth to tenth week: One quart of cornmeal, a pint of wheat bran, a pint of boiled oats, a pint of beef scraps, half a pint of grit, a tablespoonful of charcoal and a pint of clover. Feed three times a day.

They should be ready to kill the eleventh week.

Do not let the ducks, young or old, get frightened if you can possibly help it. They are nervous things. No matter what you feed, if they are frightened or made to run daily, they will not fatten. If you go about them gently, they are the easiest things to drive any distance, for where one goes, all follow; hurry them, and they will scatter, and it is good by to them for hours.

The feed for those to be kept for stock is the same up to three weeks old, but from that on one quart of ground feed, one quart of bran, half a pint of grit and half a pint of beef scraps. Mix moist with milk, water, sour milk and buttermilk, and feed night and morning. If on a free range, this is all they want. If not, you must add clover or vegetables, and feed three times a day. Remember always to have fresh, clean water before them.

When ducks are ten or eleven weeks old they should be in condition for market. Early green ducks should not weigh more than four and one-half pounds, while later ducks cannot be too heavy. As a rule, early ducks mature very unevenly, making it necessary to sort them over often.

Ducks are fit to dress for only a short time. They "go back," as it is termed, for they shed and grow a new lot of feathers, which takes all the fat and all your profit. Hence the importance of turning them into money as soon as possible.

In dressing, it is most desirable to dry pick. Although some still scald, dry-picked stock sells better than scalded, especially when the market is dull, for it can be frozen, while scalded stock cannot. For dry picking have a box for the feathers. It may be of any size you wish on the ground, and should be of such depth that the top edge is one or two inches lower than your face when in a sitting position. To use for cooling the ducks, saw a coal-oil barrel in two; use one-half for cooling, the other half for clear water to put them in after washing.

To kill, catch the feet in the left hand, and the neck near the breast with the right hand, then with a swinging motion (the same as in using an axe) strike the back of the head against a post with sufficient force to start the blood from the ears. Now with a quick motion place the body under your left arm, catching the back of the head and the top of the bill in the left hand. Using a knife with a five-inch blade, make a cut crosswise at the base of the brain, then turn the edge to the roof of the mouth, and slash outward, being careful not to split the bill. Let the blood run for two seconds.

Sit down. Place your knees against the neck just tight enough to keep it in place. If too much pressure is put on, it will stop the flow of blood and give the flesh a red appearance. Hold the feet and wings in the left hand. Commence picking at the vent, then the breast and neck. The feathers are left on half the neck, and on the wings from the first joint out. Pick clean as you go, for once the duck gets cold it will be hard to pick. Experts use a shoemaker's knife, ground thin and stropped the same as a razor, to shave the pin and small feathers off.

After picking, put them into ice water or cold spring water until the animal heat is gone; then wash the feet, and all clots of blood from the throat and mouth; then put into another vessel of water, which takes all the stains off and gives them a nice clean appearance. After they are clean, you can put them into a barrel or box with crushed ice, and if left for twelve to twenty-four hours in this condition they can be shipped a long distance with but little ice. To make dressed ducks show up good it is necessary to take them out of clean water at the finish. The second vessel should have clean water put in as soon as it gets cloudy.

When packing the shipment, use flour or sugar barrels. Pack with back down, putting the head under the wing. Pack close, leaving a space on top for ice. Raise the top hoop, place burlap on top, drive the hoop on again, with the burlap under, and nail firmly. Before using, the barrel should be thoroughly washed. Bore two or three one-fourth inch holes in the bottom to drain.

A goose will lay from ten to twenty eggs and then want to sit; but if you coop her in sight of her companions, four or five days will suffice to break her up. If she lays a third clutch of eggs, let her keep them and set.

When the weather is mild, set five eggs under a hen; or, if she is very large, seven might be risked. It takes from twenty-eight to thirty days for goose eggs to hatch. As the skin is very tough, it is well to sprinkle a little water around the nest, and even on the eggs themselves, during the last two weeks, especially if the weather is dry and hens are doing the incubating.

The youngsters need nothing for the first thirty-six hours. Then feed scalded cornmeal — the coarsest kind—and wheat bran; chopped green clover or young green oats cut fine, tops of green onions, lettuce leaves or any tender young greens.

If the weather is fine, put the coop containing Biddy and her family out on the grass, making a small yard in front for the first few days, to prevent their wandering too far away. Move the coop and yard to a new place as they eat the grass. Like young ducks, their drinking water must be in a vessel that permits them to put the whole beak into the water, or they are apt to get the air passages clogged up with soft food, causing the gosling to smother; but on no account must they be permitted to get their bodies into the water, as they chill and cramp so easily.

It is much better to buy two- or three-year-old birds from a reliable dealer for stock, than to obtain eggs for setting and wait for them to develop. After the breeding season is over, geese and goslings need little grain if on grass land. Late in the fall geese do well if turned into the corn stubble or the orchard, where they will clean up all the windfalls—which does much to stamp out grubs and insects.



COOPS OF THIS KIND ARE ALWAYS FREE FROM VERMIN.

Guinea Fowl

Ducks and guinea fowl are very profitable on a farm, or where they can have plenty of range, for guinea fowl will find the larger part of their own feed. Even when the eggs are hatched under hens, the hen can be released at the end of four weeks, and the youngsters will come up at night with full crops; and until marketed in the fall they need have nothing but a little cracked corn at night, just to bring them home regularly and keep them tame.

Guinea fowls commence laying when the first warm days come in April. As it is their natural instinct to be very secretive about laying, some patience and diplomacy are necessary to locate their nests. The usual spot selected is a hollow spot in the ground, and by the root of a tree or fence post screened by brush. Don't attempt to approach it while they are in sight. Go away, and return later armed with a long-handled spoon. The eggs are almost the color of the earth, and often covered with fallen leaves, so it needs a sharp eye to detect them. Be very careful not to touch the nest with your hand. Guineas seem able to scent the human hand about the nest; they can also count up to three. For that reason leave that number of eggs in the nest, removing the others with the spoon to insure there being no telltale clew left to arouse Mrs. Guinea's suspicion.

When you have fifteen stolen eggs, get a box a foot square, turn it on the side, and across the bottom of the open front nail a cleat, behind which place a nest of soft hay. Stand this nest box inside (at one end) of another box, two and a half feet long, with sides a foot or more deep. Make a cover of wire netting for the larger box, to open like a lid. Scatter sand on the floor, nail up a small drinking pan in one corner, and you have a safe, rat-proof coop for Biddy and her eggs. Another motive for the outer box is that baby guineas are so very little, so wild, and so easily frightened, that they are apt to quit the nest as soon as hatched, get lost, become chilled and die.

It takes from twenty-five to twenty-six days to incubate guinea eggs. The brood coop to be used the first two weeks should be on the same principle as the nest boxes, and even when they are on the grass run, you must exercise the greatest caution to avoid anything like cracks and crevices for crawling through the eyes of needles, that special care is necessary. If some knot-hole or some depression in the ground has escaped your notice, and a baby does stray off, go about two yards away and keep perfectly still. Don't be impatient. It may be ten minutes before you hear anything. Then, unless all hope is over, you will hear a plaintive little cry. Do not move until it has been repeated four or five times, and you are quite sure where it comes from. Then make a sudden dive and secure the truant, which is usually under a tuft of grass or in some little hole. If you move about while hunting for him, there won't be a sound, and you may search all day with little success.

Bill of Fare for Baby Guineas

Give nothing for the first twenty-four hours, then the daily bill of fare should be as follows: First feed, 7 A. M.—Crushed hempseed, half a cup; stale bread-crumbs, half a cup; moisten with raw eggs.

Second feed, 9 A. M.—Millet seed.

Third feed, 11.30 A. M.—Chopped onion tops, half a cup of cornmeal that has been steamed as for chicks, half a teaspoonful of crushed mustard seed, mixed and fed crumblingly.

Fourth feed, 2 P. M.—Pinhead oats, crushed a little finer than when it is bought.

Fifth feed, 5 P. M.—Liver that has been half boiled, cracked wheat and corn, equal parts.

These bills of fare can be varied with pot cheese, custard, chopped lettuce or apple, bread-crumbs moistened with milk, hard-boiled eggs; but every day they must have milk (more than chicks need), and pepper or mustard seed crushed and fed in soft wood. Keep a small pan of powdered charcoal and sand in the run and, of course, water in a drinking fountain that will only allow the beak to get wet.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor, free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

J. M. H.—Two drakes will be sufficient for nine ducks.

R. E. W.—You can use the male birds you raised last spring, but next season you must have entirely new ones. Of course, there is always some risk of getting birds that are related, if you buy from nearby farms. Why don't you send for a setting of eggs this coming summer, from some well-known poultry plant in New York, New Jersey or Pennsylvania? It is cheaper to buy a setting of good eggs, from which you may raise three or four good male birds, than it would be to buy even one well-bred bird, and you could mate what pullets you get from the setting to one of your own cockerels, which would give you still another strain of birds to use the following year.

B. W.—Limberneck is caused by birds eating putrid meat or drinking stangnant water. Limberneck is really the effect of gastric poisoning on the nervous system. When birds get only a small portion of objectionable material, they are likely to work it off and recover, without any medicine, but it is safer not to risk it. Give a tablespoonful of castor oil as soon as you notice any trouble. That will clear out the intestines, and remove the cause of poisoning. Feed very carefully for

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)

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Some Novel Uses for Applique Patches



UTILITY OR SCHOOL BAG, BY MRS. JANIE BECKER.

Work Finished in Applique Embroidery

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.)

Own,"Grandmother's Dream," while localities often gave rise to a name such as

"Philadelphia Beauty,"	"Road to California,"
"Rose of Dixie,"	"Star of Texas,"
"Mexican Rose,"	"Kansas Trouble,"
"Texas Tears,"	"Arkansas Traveler,"
"Irish Puzzle,"	"Oklahoma Boomer,"

besides many others combined with squares, triangles, cubes, chains and circles, such as the pieced design illustrated in patterns No. 3, No. 10 and No. 12.

Applique is certainly used on almost all sorts of articles for household use and also wearing apparel. First, because dainty and attractive effects may be secured so simply and inexpensively and second because the work is so easy to do.



UNBLEACHED HOUSE DRESS, BY MRS. M. E. BROWN, TENN.

There are, however, a few important points to remember and one is that the material for the foundation and the appliqued design should be of equal weight or flexibility and the material to be applied especially should be of a finely woven quality which will not fray easily.

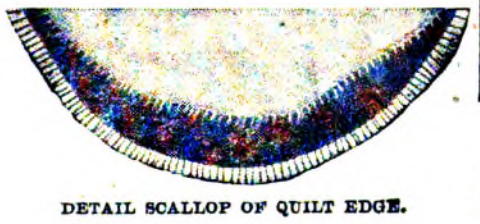


SCHOOL BAG, BY MRS. JANIE BECKER.

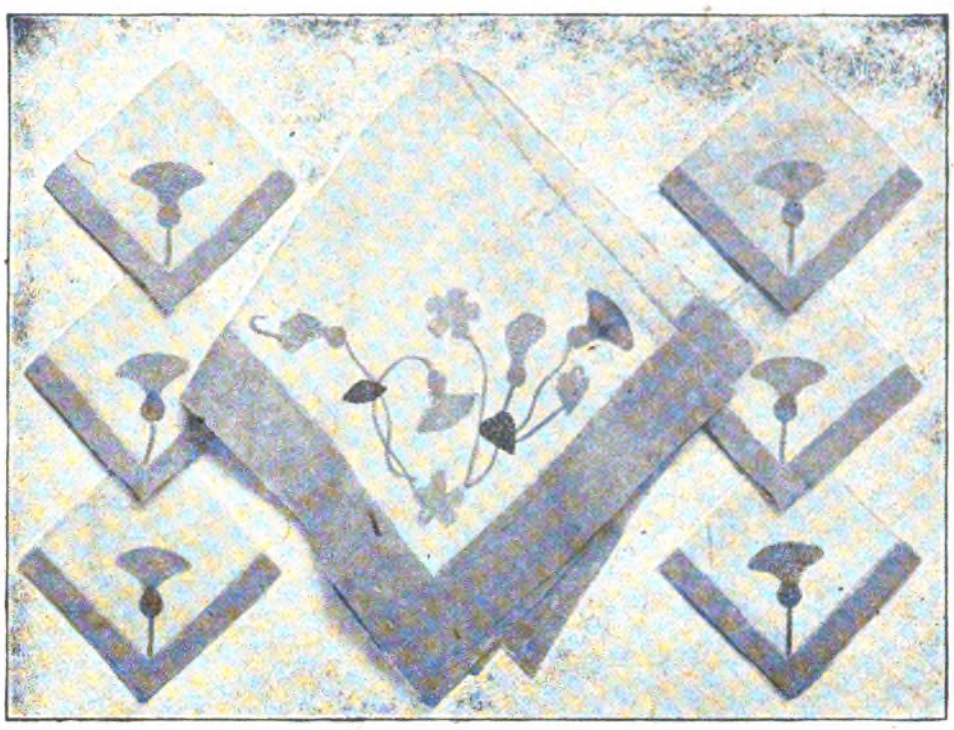
The next step in the work after the cutting is the basting which should be very accurately and carefully done to insure success.

If one is decorating a large piece, such as a bedspread or table cover, only a part of the design should be basted in place at a time. If the entire piece is basted over with the design it is very likely to get out of position and the edges of the different parts are much more apt to fray from frequent handling.

After carefully basting a section, hem down all the edges unless one is planning to use an outline stitch or otherwise finish them, then only a line of fine running stitches will be necessary. Work these around just back of the edge, taking the stitches toward the center of the forms to avoid fulling or blistering of the different parts.



DETAIL SCALLOP OF QUILT EDGE.



White cross-barred dimity luncheon set edged with pink hems and decorated with graceful corner designs of buds and blossoms. This original work by Mrs. L. A. Vernon was awarded the first prize in our Patchwork Competition. For description see page 23.

Over this run-in line of stitches one may then either work in outline, buttonhole or satin-stitch. Chain-stitching is also used on heavier materials.

In finishing with the satin-stitch work over and over very closely, but with short stitches just covering the running stitches and the raw edge of the applique.

Buttonhole stitches should also be short, only about one-eighth of an inch, with the heading or straight edge towards the outer edge of the appliqued piece.

The stitches should always be at right angles to the outline and care should be taken to place them as even as possible.

School Bags

The two school bags for children are cleverly trimmed with appliqued designs which make them very attractive.

Both are of khaki twill with stitched-in bottoms to increase their carrying capacity. The larger one seems to be planned especially for some little boy who loves boats. A strip of blue cotton, chain-stitched, serves for the sea on which sails the little boat of light tan, with white sails, the mast even completed with a tiny flag which might have a star appliqued in the center.

On the smaller bag is a white bunny just about to nibble up the clover set so temptingly before him.

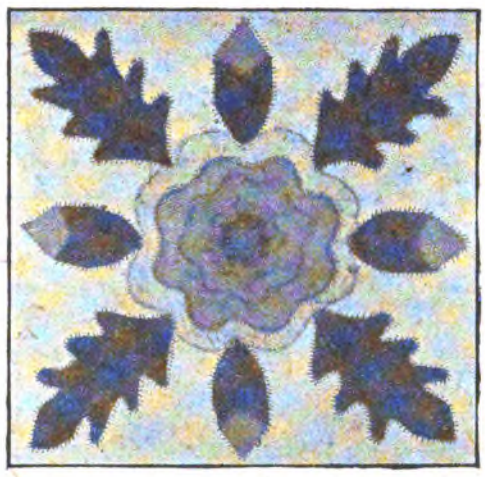
This bag requires a piece of material 15 inches wide by 27 inches long, having a selvage for the top of the bag if possible. The bottom insert measures five and one-quarter by eight and three-quarter inches.

For handles a strip two by eleven inches will be needed. Fold through the center lengthwise, turn in edges and stitch, sew securely to the top of bag as shown.

Both of these bags were made and submitted by Mrs. Janie Becker, Mich.

Pink Rose Quilt

Our illustration gives one but a vague idea of the beauty of this piece of work which was submitted by one of our southern readers.



ONE 18-INCH BLOCK OF PINK ROSE QUILT.

The single block, however, shows the manner of making quite clearly, and below will also be seen one section or scallop of the edge.

In this particular piece of work three shades of rose, one green and a lemon yellow was used.

The rose, which measures six inches in diameter, has a scalloped edge and is of the three shades of pink, shading from light to dark in the center.

These are laid over each other and the edges finished with buttonholing with mercerized cotton to match, the straight kept on inside, through the work.

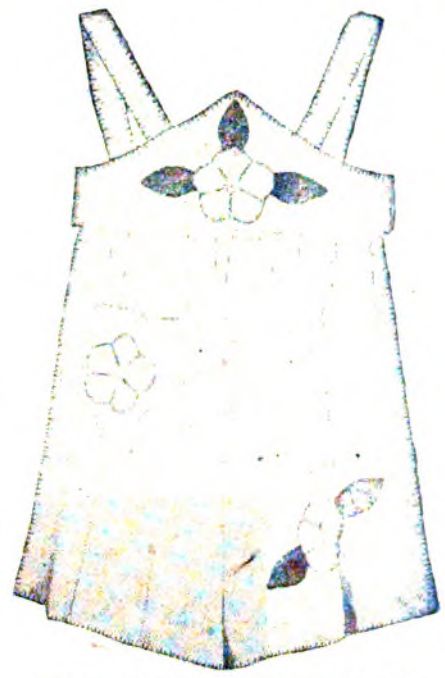
This gives an unusually attractive finish. In the heart of the rose the yellow follows the third pink, then an inch center of green, buttonholed with the same shade and quite completely covered with French knots of yellow.

The four leaves are shaped as shown, these and the buds being of green buttonholed with green and tipped with two medium shades of pink.

The scallops are of green overlaid with the deepest pink and the edge bound with white and buttonholed over completely with the green, keeping the straight edge of the stitch on the inside.



PINK ROSE QUILT, BY MRS. G. W. SEARLES. LA., SPECIAL PRIZE WINNER.



FUDGE APRON, BY IRENE HARPHAM.

Unbleached Dress and Apron

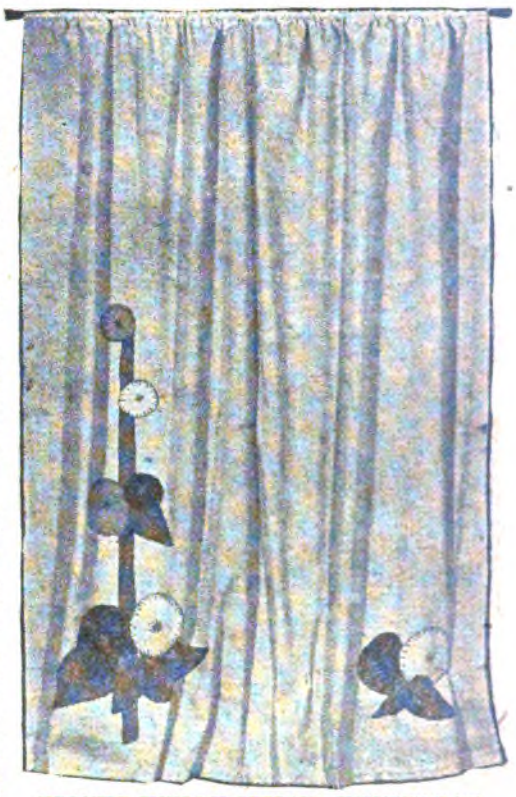
There has never been planned a more comfortable and practical pattern for a woman's house dress than the loose kimono-sleeve model which gives one their entire freedom. Now, besides being practical, we are very glad to illustrate for our readers such a dress as this which is also uncommonly pretty.

Both this and the attractive apron shown in this column are of ordinary unbleached cotton cloth. The dress has the neck, the bottom of the sleeves, top of the pockets and end of the sash finished with a narrow binding of blue gingham which can be of any of the colors used in the decorative scheme. In this instance the appliques are of groups of fruit, apples, plums, pears and grapes, in natural colorings, being used combined with a pretty dark green for the leaves.

The various pieces may be felled down with cotton of the same color or black may be used for buttonholing as one prefers.

All the edges of the apron are finished with black buttonholing.

The wild rose motifs and leaves which decorate the bib, pocket and lower corner of the apron are also appliqued in this way, the contrast giving a very smart effect to the garment as a whole.



NURSERY WINDOW CURTAIN, SUBMITTED BY MRS. FLOSSIE WAHTER, OKLA.

Nursery Curtain

Above is shown a pretty poppy-trimmed window curtain for a child's room. The original was very unusual with its bits of gay

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)



THIS LITTLE SLIP-ON WAS SUBMITTED BY MRS. WILLIAM SOMERS, OKLA.

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Comfort 3-22



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

PANSY, Scottsville, Ky.—In taking seats at a hotel or restaurant table, a girl and her escort, if unaccompanied by other friends, would preferably select a table for two where they might sit opposite each other. Convenience and common sense might break this rule in restaurants where only large tables were in use, and in such a case a couple might suitably sit side by side. Were several couples dining together, they would arrange themselves in the most pleasant manner for all concerned—which would mean that a girl's escort would be seated next to her, for the sake of conversation and courtesy. (2) It is considered the best form at a quiet home wedding for a girl to be married in her going-away gown, which is preferably a tailored frock, with hat, shoes and gloves selected to properly harmonize. The conventional bride's costume, with its glory and beauty of lace and silk, is best reserved for the larger function of a church wedding. This is not an iron-clad rule, however, and if a bride wishes more convention in a home ceremony, she and her family can arrange accordingly. As for the groom, he will be found always in favor of the least possible fuss and furbelows. But surely a girl is, of all times, permitted to have her own way at her own wedding.

L. B., Oklahoma.—A lady removes her gloves while eating. In the case of long gloves, these may simply be slipped back over the hand. (2) Small individual cakes are always eaten from the fingers, but layer cake or any pastry of a soft or crumbly sort is best attacked with a fork. Fried eggs would be eaten with a fork. A general rule is that a knife is not brought into play unless absolutely necessary. In eating chops, steaks or other meats, only the mouthful to be eaten is cut at one time. The napkin is spread upon the lap, and in all ordinary cases is left unfolded at the end of the meal. A lady would rise from a restaurant or hotel table first, to be promptly followed by her escort who would assist her with her wraps, etc. We all learn by imitation. Watch those around you, and do not be afraid to ask the questions that will remedy your inexperience.

H. C., New York.—A girl does not let "a gentleman friend" kiss her because such a most personal privilege and sign of affection is properly reserved by her for the man she intends to marry. Boys are only too willing to "go" with girls they find easy to kiss and fondle, but a girl is foolish who cheapens herself in this manner and becomes a member of any "petting party." The right sort of boy will respect more and like better the girl whose kisses are not easily won nor carelessly distributed to every comer. (2) During the period when a girl is not yet engaged, she may receive attention—or "keep company," as you have it—from and with as many young men as her beauty and charm may bring about her; but no girl of fifteen rightly "keeps company with any else but her schoolbooks and the lessons and duties which will in five or six years make her a talented and attractive wife for somebody more worthwhile than a "good night"-kissing youngster. Advice, like medicine, is often hard to take, but can bring results if swallowed.

F. M. B., Coffee Creek, Mont.—When you are introduced to a girl, extend your hand with a bow, a smile and a "how do you do." And then say anything that seems most natural and necessary at the time. In a case of embarrassment, the person making an introduction can often kindly aid by a sentence that will loosen conversational channels and make talk flow easier. Remember this when it is you who have introductions to make. (2) The general rule is that a girl would not accept such expensive gifts as articles of jewelry from a young man to whom she was not engaged. You must use your own judgment about keeping or returning this ring. As to what the gift "means," you know the boy and we do not, but we think it ought to mean he likes you a lot.

A. M., Olney, Texas.—If you have known this boy all your life and he "respects" you and your parents, it is only in accordance with this friendship and respect that he should signify what these signs of affection you mention really mean, and if they have any serious intent and basis. Why not consult with your mother concerning the attentions of this boy and how seriously you should regard them? You do not give your age in your letter, and so we cannot tell how much judgment of your own we can grant you. Read the reply to H. C., New York, in this issue.

R. E. B., W. Va.—You may send a note of thanks to this young man who has sent you this present, or you may wait to thank him at a time when you meet. The first course would be the more courteous. Make your thanks simple, short and sincere. (2) If you meet this young man caller at your door, shake hands in greeting him and ask him in. See that he lays aside his hat and overcoat, but do not assist him with these. It would be courteous and correct for you to have your parents come to greet your caller.

L. L. S., Madera, Calif.—Although both the maid of honor and the bridesmaids at a church wedding serve chiefly as charming parts of a lovely spectacle, yet they constitute in theory the bride's personal attendants and should therefore hold themselves ready to be more than ornamental and to be of any possible service before, during and after the ceremony. This is particularly applicable to the duties of a maid of honor. In the bridal procession to the altar, the maid of honor walks in advance of the bride and behind the two or four bridesmaids. She takes her place at the left of where the bride will stand and is then ready to aid the bride in any small manner—in holding the bridal bouquet, for instance; or by assisting in the management of the bride's train when the procession turns back up the church aisle after the ceremony. In this return march, the maid of honor follows directly behind the newly-united couple. A formal church wedding is a rather difficult and conventional affair—so much so that it is customary to hold a rehearsal in order that when the ceremony occurs no untoward incidents may happen to mar the performance, which is a name quite suitable to be given to such a well-staged and elaborate spectacle as a modern wedding has become in these days.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

I am five feet, five inches tall and weigh 98 pounds, freckled face, pug nose and an over abundance of red hair. Twenty-five years old and Irish. I have read COMFORT ever since I was ten years old and at that time I used to wish I could be a member of the Sisters' Corner. As time rolled on I realized my inability to be of real help, but now I want to talk about dressmaking and collecting. This may not be interesting to many of you. To be a successful dressmaker does not mean that one must go away to school. I studied with a leading modiste but my best success as designer and fitter came from home study. I try to have a complete line of fashion plates, tailor's chalk, oodles of pins and a fifty-two inch tape measure. I begin first in taking complete measurements of the individual to find if or where there is any fault in the human form. After having complete measurements and deciding upon style to be followed see if you have enough cloth, allowing for seams, hems, draperies, etc. I finish all my dresses before putting in the hem. Put the dress on individual and have her stand in a natural position, measure desired number of inches from floor and mark with chalk every two inches. The fitter must move around the person being fitted. I have some designs and patterns that I would be glad to give to orphan girls and widows or mothers with small children. I have a little shop with three girls helping me, all red heads.

One line of work that I do is rather unusual; at least, I've never seen it mentioned in the paper. I am a collector. I had no experience in that work but answered an ad. I asked for a trial and found that I liked the work and could do well. I called in the homes of the poor and the rich. I have heard people condemn collectors and think hard of people who did not pay their debts the moment they were due. I had an experience that changed my mind. I was sent to a distant town to collect a large bill for a business firm or have the man arrested. In response to my rap a frail little woman came to the door and invited me into the little three-room house where the husband and father lay sick with typhoid fever and in the cradle lay twin girls, seventeen days old. That little mother gave me a cup of tea and I sat down with her two-year-old boy. She told me her troubles and that her one great worry was the bill I held against them. Did I tell her I was the collector? I did not but went back to the firm who cancelled the debt and later helped to care for the widowed mother and three babies. That gave me a wonderful lesson. So often we find fault, condemn and backbite when could we see inside the other heart we would wither with shame.

To hear the sisters tell of getting so many letters gives me courage to hope that I too will hear from the sisters.

With love and prayers for every COMFORT sister,
AUDRA JENKINS.

DRAIN, OREGON.

ZIP! BANG!

Here I come from the wild and woolly West and I'm going to plant myself on Mrs. Wilkinson's doorstep 'till she lets me in. She has been awful to me. This is my third or fourth call and slam! went the door in my face every time. I'm like the Irishman, viz: Two Irishmen were trying to make the best rhyme and one said, "There was a man, his name was Wimple, upon his nose there was a pimple." The other said, "Once there was a man whose name was Wimple, upon his nose there was a boomp, if it hasn't moved it's there yit." And that's the way I will be on Mrs. Wilkinson's doorstep and to get rid of me she must listen to me.

So many of the sisters seem to think the proper thing to do is to keep dolled up for hubby's sake, lest his love grow cold. I want to know how they do it and what kind of a weak mortal their husband must be. To save my life I could not stay dolled up and work and I flatter myself that I do a lot of work. I have spaded ground and planted lettuce, radishes, turnips, peas and cabbage in order to have an early garden. I also have my sweet peas planted. I have canned lots of fruit and made about 75 pints of jelly as well as chow chow and green tomato relish. We killed two hogs and a baby beef (seven months old calf) and I canned ten one-half gallons jars of beef, seventeen quarts of sausage, 12 quarts of vegetable soup and two quarts of pork. We will make bacon of most of the pork. I have thirteen quarts of salmon canned also. I am real proud of it all as we used to live in town and had no meat to can or enjoy. It's lots of work but how one does like to tell about it.

Are you quite tired, or, as my small daughter says, have you had "nuff"?

Husband is working in a logging camp so I do a man's work as well as a woman's, and keep my two boys in school.

BLOWING BUBBLES.

STAR, R. R. 1, MISS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND FRIENDS:

I want to tell you of some of my homemade furniture. To the sisters who cannot afford a kitchen cabinet, make one of a flour-and-meal box. Mine is 37x24 and 16 inches high with a partition in the middle. It has a strip of two inches wide on top of the box at the back to which the lid is hinged. It can be painted or covered with oilcloth.

To make an inexpensive bed for a child, get two strips of lathe, one by two inches, and as long as you desire the bed to be. Mine is five feet long and three feet wide. Saw four posts from the same sized piece of wood, also two end pieces as wide as you wish the bed to be. Nail together like a cot. If you have a piece of burlap as long as the bed and wide enough to go over and under the sides, and tack in place, it will do but I used sacks that oats came in. To keep the child from rolling out of bed, get two pieces of one by twelve planks or boards and let them extend up on each side as deep as you want the bed to be. Paint the bed and it is neat and does not take up much room.

If any of you care to write I will try to answer those who enclose stamped envelopes.

MRS. ALLIE NEELY.

MANOR, PA.

DEAR MRS. W. AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you allow a lonely stranger to come into your happy circle? I have been a subscriber for only a few months but COMFORT and I have become close friends in that short time and I'm hoping you all will become friends too.

I wonder if there are any soldiers' wives in this great circle of sisters? If so, I would be pleased to hear from them, and especially from Marines' wives. My husband is an Ex-Marine. At present he is attending a Government school for disabled soldiers. He lost the sight of one eye but we are thankful that the other was spared him. I wonder if people realize what a wonderful work the Government is doing in training our disabled soldiers and fitting them to be useful citizens again. Besides educating them they are paid a monthly salary. We have a small home (rented), which we find pleasant and happy, owing to our temperaments and tastes being similar. We are great readers and are fond of history, especially our own.

Undecided Mother, by all means give your little girl dancing lessons. I have a foster sister on the stage and she is one of the dearest girls I ever knew. Through her I've met quite a number of actresses and actors and found them to be ladies and gentlemen of the highest character.

Mrs. Wilkinson, your corner is the first thing I look for when COMFORT comes. It seems to me we have everything we desire in COMFORT.

Pleasant thoughts to one and all.

A MARINE'S WIFE.

WICHITA FALLS, R. R. 4, BOX 26, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I am the mother of three darling children, two girls, the oldest seven and the next four years old, and a baby boy seventeen months old. I am proud of them. I don't say I have the best husband and I don't say he is the worst, but with all his faults, which are many with the best of us, he suits me and I suppose with all my faults, which are great, I suit him for we have been married eight years and are a happy family. Let me tell you sisters that in order to have a happy home, Christ and Love must dwell therein.

Husband and I have had trouble, lots of it, but what hurts the most? Seeing our little ones suffer is, I believe, the worst hurt of all to a parent. Our little girl has been a cripple for two years from neuritis and I guess will be a cripple for life. And you cannot realize how sad I feel when I see her with other children and know she cannot run and play with them, unless you have had the same experience. Her big sister is going to school and she gets very lonesome through the day. Her name is Ruth. It is for her sake that I am writing this letter. She loves flowers and they are scarce and hard to get here as it often gets too dry for them. Will the sisters who have them to spare, send me some house plant cuttings and some flower seeds with name and state plainly written as Ruth has a good memory and will like to know from whom and where this and that plant or flower came. I would appreciate this favor for her sake and thank you from the bottom of my heart.

This is a beautiful country, crops chiefly wheat, oats and cotton. We have two hundred acres of wheat and fifty acres of oats. Good well water is hard to get, salt

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34.)

Drives Pimples From Skin

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When you use Stuart's Calcium Wafers you go directly after those embarrassing pimples, blackheads and other such blemishes. It is not a



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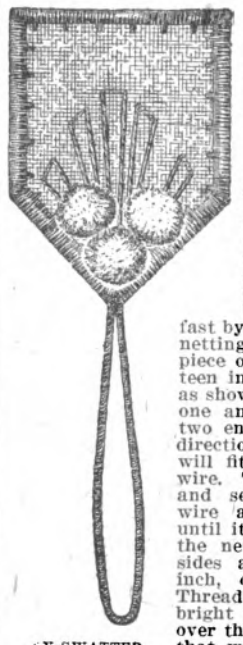
LESTER-ROSE CO. Dept. 372, CHICAGO

Fight the Fly Nuisance

By Estelle Garland

Making a Fly-Swatter

AMONG fastidious housewives there has has always been a warranted objection to an unsightly fly-swatter lying about like a necessary evil. But now all this has been changed for the useful fly-swatter has become a "thing of beauty" and its sure aim "a joy forever," and the one who wrote the following lines in recognition of its true service deserves a medal:



FLY-SWATTER.

"With murderous intent
My steps are bent
Toward the small
But harmful fly,
For a swat in time
It saveth nine,
Here's a Swatter,
Pass not one by!"

To make, take a piece of wire screen netting seven inches long by five and a quarter wide. Turn under both sides of the handle end of netting two and one-half inches, bringing the two edges together at the back and making them fast by working a strand of the netting in and out. Take a piece of small bail wire seventeen inches long and double it as shown in illustration. Bend one and one-half inch of the two ends outward, in opposite directions, and at an angle that will fit the turned-in edge of wire. Take strong linen thread and sew tightly around the wire and through the mesh until it is secure. Turn under the netting around the three sides about two-thirds of an inch, or about four meshes. Thread a darning needle with bright yarn and sew over-and-over the entire edge, to a depth that will cover the turned-under edges, making a longer stitch every eighth mesh. Three rosettes of different colored yarn are sewed near the handle, and the wool carried onto the wire mesh in long stitches. Wind the handle with the yarn.

To wash, work up and down in a warm suds until clean, then rinse and hang in the sun to dry.

Screening Doors and Windows

A careful screening of windows and doors during the summer months, with the supplementary use of "fly killers" of various kinds, is a protective measure against house flies known to everyone. It requires diligence on the part of every member of a household to keep out flies in sultry weather. If they do sneak in, don't leave food around where they can feast on it and be glad they came. Swat upon sight!

"Lives of house flies all remind us
That the Fates are rather mean;
We never see them in the movies,
BUT—
They're always on the screen."

Fly-Papers and Poisons

Sticky fly-paper, such as found in our general stores, is effective and safe. Great care must be exercised if fly-poison preparations are used, as many of them contain arsenic.

A very effective and less dangerous fly poison is made by adding three teaspoonfuls of the commercial formalin to a pint of milk or water sweetened with a little brown sugar.

The U. S. Public Health Service recommends a one per cent. solution of sodium salicylate as almost equally effective. This is prepared by dissolving three teaspoonfuls of the pure chemical (a powder) in a pint of water, some brown sugar being added to render it more attractive to flies.

A convenient way of exposing these poisons is shown in the accompanying illustration. Here an ordinary drinking glass is partly filled with the solution. A saucer or plate is then lined with white blotting paper cut the size of the dish and placed bottom up over the glass. The whole is then quickly inverted and a small match stick placed under the edge of the glass. As the solution evaporates from the paper more flows out from the glass and thus the supply is automatically renewed.

Fly poison *never* should be left where children can by any possibility reach it. Fly poison has been the cause bringing many children to an untimely grave.

"Most flies must like fly-paper,
Or else they're out of luck;
At first they fight to get away
BUT—
On it they're soon dead-stuck."

The Fly Menace and How to Fight It

Fly time is approaching and it behooves one and all to start the spring cleaning out-of-doors as well as within, for the presence of flies is an indication of uncleanliness, unsanitary conditions, and improper disposal of substances in which they breed. Not only are flies annoying, but they are actually dangerous to health, because they may carry disease germs to exposed foods.

In order to combat successfully the fly menace, it is important to know where and how these insects breed. Several species of flies are found in houses, some of which so closely resemble the true house fly that only by careful observation can they be distinguished. Among these is the biting stable fly, which differs from the house fly in the important particular that its mouth parts are formed for piercing the skin. There is another stable fly which almost exactly resembles the house fly, but it does not bite, and breeds in decaying vegetable matter and in excrement.

Occasionally the blow-fly or meat fly, the bluebottle, and the green-bottle flies, all of which breed in decaying animal matter, are found in houses.

Still another species, and smaller than any of those so far mentioned, is the "lesser house fly," and is distinguished from the ordinary house fly by its paler and more pointed body. There is also a jet black species known as the window fly, its larvæ being found in cracks of floors where it feeds on other tiny insects.

In late summer and autumn many specimens of a small fruit fly, known as the "vinegar fly," make their appearance, attracted by the odor of overripe fruit.

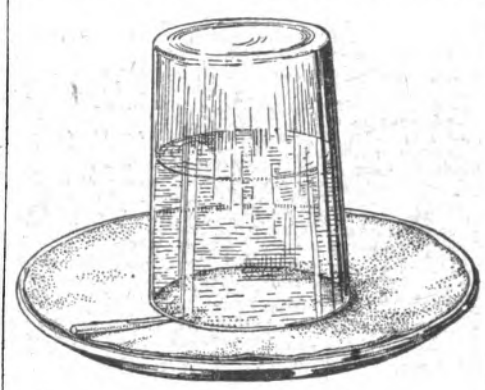
The true house fly, which is found in nearly all parts of the world, outnumbers all other species together, many, many times over. This fly is medium-sized with four black stripes on the back and a sharp elbow in one of the veins of the wings. The house fly cannot bite, its mouth parts being spread out at the tip for sucking up liquid substances.

The eggs are laid upon horse manure, this substance being its favorite larval food. It will also breed in human excrement, and because of this habit it is very dangerous to the health of human beings, carrying as it does the germs of intestinal diseases, such as typhoid fever and cholera, from the excreta to food supplies. It has also been found to breed freely in hog manure and to some extent in cow and chicken manure. It will also lay its eggs on a great variety of decaying vegetable and animal materials, but a vast proportion comes from horse manure.

The eggs usually hatch in eight to twenty-four hours, the time depending on temperature and moisture. The maggots thus produced feed on the manure until they develop into flies. Experiments have shown that the shortest time between the disposition of eggs and the emerging of the adult fly is between eight and twelve days, and that under these favorable conditions a new generation would be started every eleven to fourteen days.

Carriage of Disease by the House Fly

The house fly's body and legs, especially the latter, are covered thickly with hairs and bristles of various lengths. From a mind picture of its hirsute equipment it is readily seen how, as the fly crawls over infected material the insect bedraggles loaded with noxious germs and thus acts as an effective carrier of contamination to human foods. While the danger from the disease germs carried by the fly on its body and legs is very great, those which it swallows, when feeding on polluted matter, and afterwards deposits in its spittle or excrement on any food it can get to, are a still greater menace to health, as they are found in greater numbers and retain their vitality longer within the fly's digestive tract. "Fly specs" contain very many germs, and, if the fly has been feeding on infected matter, these may cause sickness or death if taken into the human system. Watch a fly light on a lump of sugar or on any other solid food and see it deposit a tiny globule of spittle, work it over until the spittle is sweetened, and then suck it back again, but it leaves part of its germ-infected spittle on the remaining food to be eaten by human beings. The fly will feed on the most filthy substances wherever they may be found, and then carry the pollution and deposit it on food in the kitchen, dining-room and pantry, and on dishes.



FLY-POISON FOUNTAIN.

There must not be too great an interval in generation between the man who tills the earth for grain and the man who breaks for others the bread of life.

Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28.)

a few days, small quantities of stale bread which has been soaked in scalded milk, and squeezed dry. Try to find the source of trouble—the decayed offal or stagnant water in an old paint can.

P. F. S.—The house illustrated in last December's COMFORT is twenty feet wide and thirty-five feet long. The partition of matched boards runs the full length of the house, twelve feet from the front. This forms a scratch room in front and a rest room at back, which is lighted from the windows in the elevated roof. A dropping board runs along the partition in the roosting room. Roosting frames with nine-inch legs stand on the dropping board. Front openings are covered with wire netting, and have oiled muslin curtains on rollers to let down in stormy weather.

H. P.—Please read answer to P. F. S.

C. G.—Please read answer to P. F. S. If I can get a working ground plan, it shall be mailed to you.

J. E.—Carrots and parsnips should be chopped up fine; beets also, if they are the small table variety. If the large mangel variety, cut through the middle, and fix cut side foremost between two studs, so that the birds can pick at the inside. Cabbage is better tied or nailed up, so that the birds will have to jump up and down to work at it. The exercise is just what they want in the winter.

D. R. P.—The male should be darker than the pullets. Neck, rich brilliant red, with distinct black stripes through the center of each feather. Back and saddle, same as breast—glossy black. Body and fluff, black; tail, black. Undercolor, black or dark slate.

C. H. R.—Too much rich food or new unseasoned grain has brought on severe liver trouble. From your description, I fear the case had gone on too far before you wrote me. If you had given two tablespoonfuls of castor oil at first, and reduced the grain to just a little oats or wheat, fed as much green vegetable as the bird would eat, and given nothing but sour milk to drink, you might have pulled him through.

C. R.—The construction of the Cornell trap-nest which we use is as follows: The nest is 12 inches wide, 12 inches high and 20 inches long, inside measurements. Light materials should be used so far as possible. Most poultrymen are less likely to neglect cleaning the nests often if they are light and easy to handle. In building these nests we use for the corner posts, white pine ⅞ inch by 1¾ inch. The sides, bottom, front and rear pieces are ½ inch pine. The pieces on top are 5-16 inch thick or heavier. The door or trap is made of ⅞ by 1¾ inch pine. The screen over the opening in the door is known as 3 by 3 mesh galvanized wire cloth. The screen in the back is for ventilation. Galvanized wire cloth can be made for this, but a cheaper screen will answer the purpose if one wishes to use it. The trigger or trip is made from No. 7 wire. For making this, all that is necessary is a piece of wire about two feet long, a wood worker's bench vise, a pair of pliers and a hammer. From the middle of the wire measure four inches each way, place the wire in the vise, and bend at right angles at the point marked. From these angles measure ½ inch towards the ends of the wire and bend at right angles in the opposite direction. From this last angle measure four inches toward the ends of the wire and bend the wire toward the center. The ends should be cut off so that they will measure about 1½ inch from the last angle. The board with grooved ends is fitted on to the wire to prevent the hens from sitting on the wire. The screw-eyes which support the wire trip are put in and the wire is then sprung into place. The only criticism that we have had regarding this nest is that when it is first installed, occasionally a door will be found closed without a hen in the nest. This seems to be due to the fact that a hen starts to enter the nest, trips the door and backs out. However, as the hens become accustomed to the nest, this happens less frequently.

Try the New Way To Kill Lice

A hen worried to death with lice can not lay if she wants to. You might as well "throw money to the birds" as feed high priced food to lousy chickens. It's a dead loss—don't do it. Use "LICECIL." No dusting, no dipping, no painting. Hang up the bottle. It acts like magic. Testimonials from every state in the union tell of wonderful results from its use.



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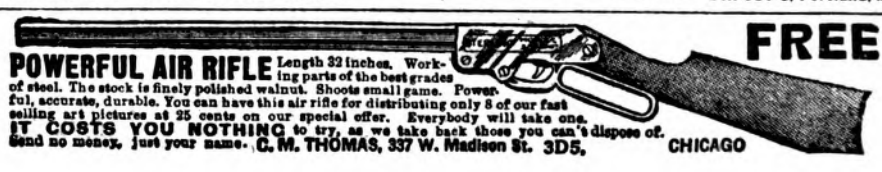


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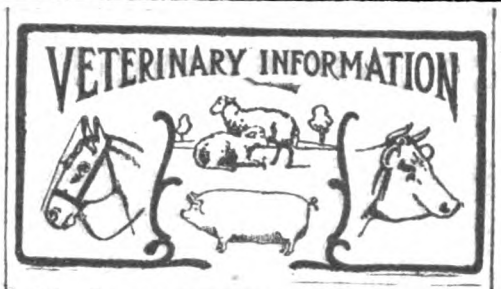
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No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

Sharp Objects Kill Cows

AS every reader is well aware, cows often chew and swallow bones, bark, clothing, crockery, dirt, stones and other foreign objects. Some of these things do little harm in the stomach, but unfortunately the cow sometimes swallows nails, and fatal pericarditis results. Shingle nails most often cause this traumatic or accidental inflammation of the heart-sac. When the barn roof is repaired or replaced, old shingles and nails often fall into the cattle yard and if left may cause trouble. Other nails, bits of wire, pins, needles and hairpins have also caused the death of many a good cow. In one instance that came to our attention a farmer bought from a peddler a wire brush with which to scrub out the concrete feed troughs in his cow stable. Shortly afterwards some of his cows became sick and seven died. Post-mortem examination showed that death in each case had been caused by pericarditis due to a wire having penetrated the wall of the stomach, transfixed the diaphragm and lodged in the sac of the heart. In other cases a wire or nail had transfixed the leaves of the third stomach (omasum) and caused fatal impaction. There is no medicinal remedy for traumatic pericarditis. Were it known that sharp objects were present in the second stomach (reticulum), where they generally lodge, it might be possible to remove them with the hand passed through an opening cut in the wall of the paunch (rumen). This operation would, however, be too late to save life after the symptoms of pericarditis had set in. Prevention is therefore of paramount importance.

The condition may be suspected when a cow shows the following symptoms: fever; fast pulse, which later becomes weak; deranged digestion and diarrhea; dull or metallic sounds (bruits) heard on listening to the heart; dropsical swelling of the brisket and gradual emaciation. The cow may also cough spasmodically when made to run. After death a large quantity of foul-smelling fluid is usually found in the sac of the heart.

WORMS.—My kitten is eight months old and eats but little and is very thin. She is playful and a good mouser. Some time ago she was sick, vomiting a milk-ish fluid. She tried to stand but would shake and nearly fall over. Her fur is rough and not smooth and silky like other kittens. I gave her castor oil. MRS. J. L.

A.—The kitten is no doubt infested with worms. To destroy them, give 10 to 15 drops of syrup of iodide of iron once daily for two or three days and repeat next week. If constipated, give a dose of castor oil in milk after the above medicine has been given.

WORMS.—I have a pup that is very poor and restless. Doesn't eat much and picks his food over. He has good teeth. His eyes are dull and he does not show any signs of worms. S. B.

A.—It is to be suspected that worms are the cause of the thin condition, therefore we should advise you to withhold food for 24 hours and then give one grain of freshly-powdered areca nut for each pound of body weight. Give it mixed in cream or soup. Follow the powder in two or three hours with a dose of castor oil to clear the bowels. Worm medicine for dogs may also be bought, ready for use, at the drug store.

WART.—I have a cow with a wart or sore between her eyes. It has been there for years. It will heal up, then gather and discharge. Can you give me a cure for it? MRS. W. B. M.

A.—The best treatment in such a condition would be to put the cow down or restrain her in stocks and then cut out the growth. The wound should then be cauterized. If you cannot have this done, apply lard or vaselene around the growth and then cauterize the latter with a lunar caustic pencil or a stick of caustic potash.

HORN FISTULA.—I have a cow that was taken sick last August. The trouble seemed to be in her head and I sawed her horns off and one of them discharges pus. Sometimes the horn closes up and there is a swelling over the eye until it is opened. She was giving three gallons of milk a day, but is getting poor. What can I do for her? W. T. W.

A.—There is no such disease as "hollow horn," so the horns need not have been sawed off. The horns of all adult cattle are hollow. As the horn core has become infected, you should saw off the stub and then flush out the cavity once daily with warm water containing one dram of permanganate of potash to the quart. Use a fountain syringe for the purpose. When pus ceases to form, cover the part with pine tar and a layer of oakum or cotton. Have the cow tested with tuberculin, as she may have tuberculosis.

HEPATURIA.—I would like to know what to do for my cow. When she urinates the water is like blood. What is the cause and is there a cure? MRS. B. P.

A.—This disease is common in your state and is supposed to be caused by micro-organisms (coccidiæ) in the feed or water. It is usually contracted on wild pasture. Keep the cow in the stable and yard and feed sound "tame" feed and give water from a deep well. Twice daily mix a teaspoonful each of powdered alum and dried sulphate of iron in the feed. Apply to the State Agricultural Experiment Station for a bulletin on the subject.

SUSPICIOUS CASE.—I have a mare five years old. When I bought her, a two-year-old, she was healthy and fat. Last spring sores broke out on her hind feet and discharged. She began to run down and now she is very thin. Her hair seems dead. I feed her stock powder and soda. Can you advise me what to do? A. S.

A.—We should not feel justified in prescribing treatment as the symptoms are highly suggestive of farcy, the skin form of glanders. That disease is not only contagious and incurable in horses and mules but communicable and fatal to man. A diseased animal has to be destroyed in accordance with state law. You should at once take the mare to a qualified veterinarian for examination. He will, if necessary, apply the Mallein test.

BLACK TONGUE.—Will you kindly advise me if there is any cure for dogs with "Black Tongue" and if so, what? Can anything be done to prevent their taking it? MISS R. B.

A.—The new theory is that black tongue of dogs may be a form of hemorrhagic septicemia, therefore it would be well to have your veterinarian give your dogs protective treatment with a bacterin. Keep the dogs from eating garbage or carrion of any kind and from drinking contaminated water. If a case occurs, swab or spray the mouth two or three times daily with distilled or boiled water tinged light blue with bluestone, or pink with permanganate of potash. Also give powdered borax in one-half teaspoonful doses two or three times daily to bring up the phlegm.

LAMENESS.—I have a mare and on her left hind foot, above the hoof, is a loose, hard lump, running around the hoof a little, making her limp when trotting. MRS. J. R. P.

A.—Clip the hair from the hoofhead and growth and then blister with a mixture of one dram each of biniodide of mercury and powdered cantharides and one and one-half ounces of lard. Rub it in for 15 minutes and then tie the mare up short so that she will be unable to lie down or bite the part. Wash the blister off in 48 hours and then apply a little lard daily. It may be necessary to repeat the blister several times at intervals of two or three weeks.

BLACKHEAD.—Is there any sure cure for yellow diarrhea in turkeys? The head turns purple as the disease advances. (2) I have yearling colt that has what is called Roach Back. Is there any way to reduce the enlargement or crooked spine? W. A.

A.—We take it that the turkeys die of blackhead. If so, the livers will be found covered with yellow diseased spots. There is no certain remedy. Do not feed corn but allow sour milk at all times. Tinge the drinking water light blue with methylene blue, or pink with permanganate of potash. Keep young turkeys off the ground at night, in a dry room or floor. Burn diseased birds. Start afresh, on new, clean ground, with eggs from a sound flock. (2) Having the colt ridden by a heavy person daily may help, but such a malformation usually proves permanent.

FOULS IN CATTLE.—I have several cows coming down with foot rot. What is the cause and what can I do? MRS. L. C.

A.—Wading or standing in wet and filth and getting grit and bits of corn-stalks, cobs and particles of grit or manure lodged between the toes causes "fouls" or "foot-rot". Rotting and under-running of the horn of the foot by pus when the part becomes invaded by the filth germ bacillus necrophorus. The disease usually is curable. Stable affected cattle. Cleanse the feet and cut away every bit of rotten or under-run horns of sole or wall. Then immerse the foot for five minutes in hot water containing two ounces of sulphate of copper (bluestone) to the pint. Afterwards cover the parts with oakum saturated with a five per cent. solution of coal tar disinfectant and held in place by bandaging. Renew the dressing once daily until doing well; then apply pine tar two or three times a week. It will then be necessary to keep the cattle out of filth.

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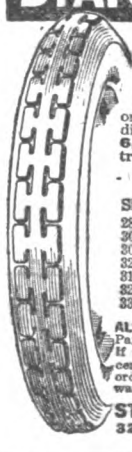
Size	1 Tire	2 Tires	Size	1 Tire	2 Tires
30x3	$ 7.00	$ 11.10	32x4½	$12.50	$22.75
30x3½	7.85	13.50	33x4½	13.25	23.30
32x3½	8.50	15.30	34x4½	14.45	23.75
31x4	10.50	16.75	35x4½	14.85	24.30
32x4	11.50	19.60	36x4½	15.45	26.30
33x4	12.25	20.75	35x5	15.80	26.05
34x4	13.25	22.30	37x5	16.45	26.40

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32x3½	6.20	1.50	35x4½	9.15	2.60
31x4	7.00	1.60	36x4½	9.35	2.70
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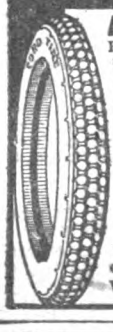
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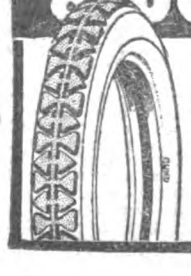
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32x3½	14.40	9.25	32x4½	23.50	13.90	33x5	26.75	19.00
31x4	15.65	10.50	33x4½	24.10	14.50	35x5	28.00	20.50
32x4	16.90	10.70	34x4½	25.00	14.95	37x5		21.50

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MRS. C., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if the man you mention died without a will, leaving his widow and daughter as his only heirs at law and next of kin, his whole estate, subject to debts and expenses, descended to these two, and that upon the subsequent death of his widow, unmarried, leaving only the one daughter, the whole property would go to such daughter, unless the mother left a will making some other disposition of the property; we do not think it necessary for this daughter to have deeds in her own name to the real estate, as her title comes through inheritance instead of by deed.

C. M., Virginia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that you cannot substantiate a claim against your older brothers and sisters for your care and attention to your younger brothers and sisters; we think that under some circumstances you may be able to collect from your father's estate for such services as you may perform for him during his last sickness.

MRS. J. M. S., North Carolina.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and having a surviving widow and children, the widow, in addition to certain small allowances, is entitled to receive dower of a one-third interest for life in his real estate, and if there be not more than two children, one-third of the personal estate, absolutely, but if there be more than two children, the widow shall receive a child's part of the personal estate, absolutely; we think children of the decedent by a former marriage have the same intestacy inheritance rights as the children of the surviving widow. Wives must survive their husbands before they become their widows, so that when the law makes inheritance right provisions for a man's widow it always means the wife who survives him, and not a wife who predeceased him.

MRS. E. S., Indiana.—We do not think there is any Federal law governing the distribution of your father's estate, we think his estate will be distributed according to your state laws, and that if he possessed testamentary capacity and was not under undue influence, and if his will was legally drawn and executed, and reflected his true intent, he could disinherit such of his children as he saw fit; we do not think the election by the widow to reject the terms of the will would affect the rights of others under the will, unless the will was set aside.

MRS. S. L. A., Nebraska.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving one or more children, and a widow who is not the parent of the children, such widow, in addition to certain small allowances from the personal estate, would receive one-fourth part of the estate.

G. J. K., Michigan.—We do not think you can collect damages from your neighbor for the loss of your wood, unless he started the fire which burned same, or unless he was negligent in allowing same to spread upon your property.

MRS. A. G., Texas.—If both your father and mother signed the mortgage upon the property you mention, we think the holder of the mortgage can foreclose same upon default, against both your father's, and against the interest of your mother's estate in the property.

MRS. M. M., Missouri.—In the absence of a will making some provision for you, we do not think you have any interest in the estate of your mother's mother, if your mother survived your grandmother.

MRS. H. G., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that your son by a former marriage would have no inheritance rights in your husband's estate, unless your husband makes some provision for him by will.

MRS. N. M., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a widow and children, such widow, in addition to certain small allowances from the personal estate, would receive a life estate of one-third of the real estate, and one-half of the personal estate if the same does not exceed $400, and one-third of the residue if it exceeds this amount absolutely.

A. N. D., Maine.—We do not think you now have any chance of recovering property abandoned by your ancestor in Ireland about the year 1814.

E. K., West Virginia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving a surviving widow and children by two marriages, his surviving widow in addition to certain small allowances would receive dower of a one-third interest for life in his real estate and one-third of his personal estate absolutely, after payment of his debts and the expenses of administering the estate, the balance of the estate going in equal shares to his children by both marriages, the descendants of any deceased child taking their parent's share.

S. W., Pennsylvania.—We do not think any of the persons you mention can be punished for the acts you mention after a period of seventeen years; we think it is unwise for you to allow the talk about these old dead matters to disturb you.

MRS. S. L. S., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of Missouri, we are of the opinion that a married woman cannot, by will, bar her husband from his interest in her real estate in case there are children born to the marriage, and in case the husband survives the wife, unless, of course, such husband accepts the provisions of the will.

MRS. S. S., Georgia.—Under the laws of your state, we do not think the deed of the property you mention could, after a lapse of 20 years, be set aside on the ground that your mother's signature was forged to such deed, unless you can substantiate the fact that the present owners of the property had knowledge of such forgery.

MRS. J. D. V., Ohio.—We do not think the person against whom you made the statements of the facts you mention can collect damages from you, provided you properly defend any action brought against you for that purpose, and fully substantiate your defence that the statements made by you were accurate and truthful.

MRS. F. A. B., Missouri.—If, as we understand from your communication, the Court has refused to pass the account of the executor or administrator of the estate you mention, we think it will be necessary for such executor or administrator to make good the amount of the disallowed items of his account so that the same may be passed by the Court.

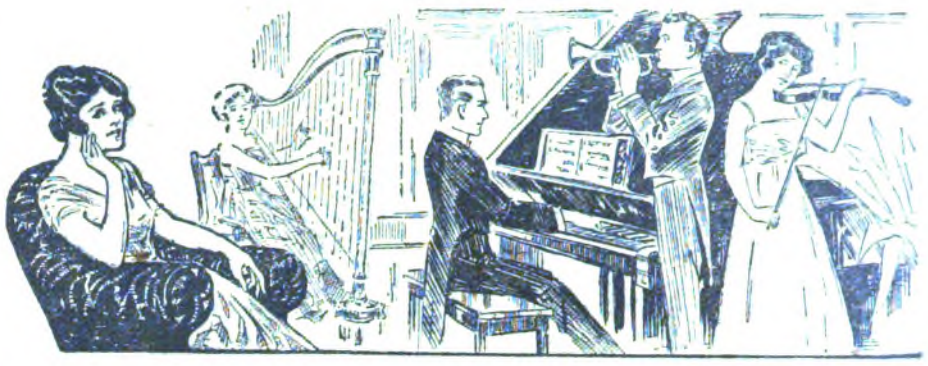
R. W. M., Indiana.—If, as you state, your mother destroyed your deed to the property conveyed by your parents to you, after delivering same to you and receiving payment for same from you, we think you can compel her to execute a new deed of the property to you in the proper action brought for the purpose.

MRS. N. S., Minnesota.—If your debtor refuses to pay the amount of the note you hold, we think it will be necessary for you to bring an action against him to compel him to do so, but if he has no property, except such as is exempt by law from levy under execution, it will be difficult to collect from him, unless you can prove by the proper evidence that he has transferred property to avoid his just debts, in which event, you should be able to set aside such transfer.

MISS V. M. W., Michigan.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the capacity of females to make contracts (except of marriages) is fixed by your common law as regards age at 21 years of age.

MRS. L. B. B., Oklahoma.—If you can substantiate by the proper evidence that your brother procured the quit claim deeds of your share of your father's property from you without consideration, and upon misrepresentation to you, we think you can have such deeds set aside in the proper action brought for the purpose, unless the property was transferred to an innocent third party purchaser for a valuable consideration, in which event, you will have to look to your brother or the person who deceived you for the damages you have suffered.

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Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," and particulars of your Special Offer. I am interested in the following course:

.....
(Name of Instrument or Course)

Name .....
Please Write Plainly

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Fine Laundering Done at Home

By Leslie Gordon

Copyright, 1922, by W. H. Gannett, Pub., Inc.

"IT is almost as cheap to buy a new summer dress as to have it washed a couple of times," complained a friend to me recently as she puckered her brows over a long laundry bill.

And, truth to tell, the laundry bill is a big item in the cost of living at present. The daintiest of tub frocks and the most fascinating of blouses soon lose their beauty unless they make frequent visits to the wash-tub; and this also is an expensive process nowadays.

Now the art of the "blancheuse de fin," as the French call their very cleverest washerwoman, is not a secret process at all, but is well within the comprehension of anybody who is willing to take a little trouble, so why not save a considerable sum of money by "doing up" the best frocks at home?

The manageress of a laundry that makes a specialty of this fine work gave me a few points the other day that will be just as useful to the home laundress as they are to the professional.

"Take this voile frock, for instance," said she, holding up a distracting pink-and-white creation for my inspection. "The ordinary laundress would send it home either limp as a rag or with so much starch in it that it would be ruined. This is all wrong, when it is just as easy to make the material look as it did when it came from the shop. The secret lies in first carefully washing the frock in the ordinary ma[illegible] and then rinsing it through water in which [illegible]um arabic has been dissolved in proportions [illegible]e of about half the size of a nut[illegible] to a quart of water. If you co[illegible] the new gry[illegible]an old clean toothbrush in kerose[illegible]ough they [illegible]pot lightly with this and nine times [illegible]innot lo[illegible]al effort and will remove the spot wi[illegible] cows [illegible]al effort and the odor also evaporates [illegible]e spare[illegible]washed.

"To keep delicate-tinted w[illegible]deal I mad[illegible]om fading, a little care must be [illegible]rou week I [illegible]should never be hung in the sun, bu[illegible]asing until [illegible]d in the shade or in the house. [illegible]reen cottons or linens from fading by adding half a cupful of vinegar to two and one-half gallons of water and dipping the frock in this and letting it drip dry in the shade. Half a cupful of salt used in the same way will fix the color of pale blue dresses or washable mourning materials.

"Knitted or crocheted shawls or scarfs or sweaters can be washed to look like new. If the shawl is folded as flat as possible, placed carefully in a pillow-case and run through at intervals with basting thread to keep it in position it can be washed with the ordinary flannels. But if it is a very delicate shawl it is best to wash it separately in soap-suds made by dissolving a cake of shaved white soap in enough boiling water to make a gallon and to this adding one tablespoonful of oxgall. Souse it up and down with the hands but do not rub it. Squeeze out the water by patting between the hands and rinse in three waters. To wring it place between two dry sheets and twist lightly. Press while still hot with a warm iron."

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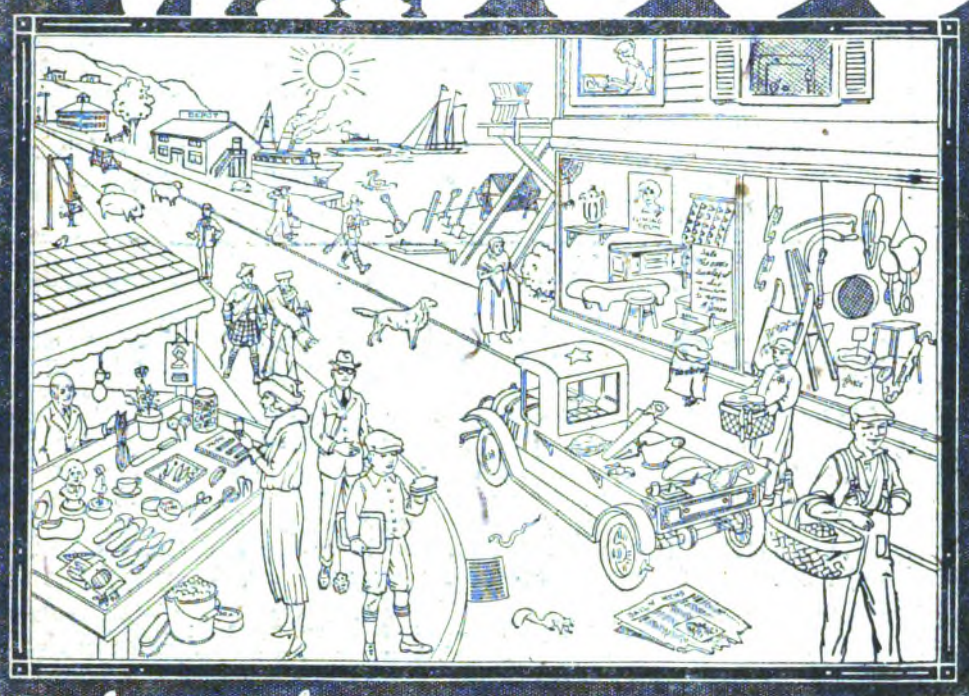
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It is understood that the Cashier of this bank will serve as one of the judges of this puzzle contest as a guarantee that E. J. Reefer will award these prizes.

Yours very truly,
H. C. KRAUSKOPF
PRESIDENT.

How many objects in this picture Begin with "S"?

Big Picture FREE on Request

Open to Everybody!

Send us a list of all objects beginning with "S" (saw, spoon, etc.) you can find in this picture. Largest and nearest correct list wins 1st prize. 104 other cash prizes.

Costs Nothing to Try

While this contest is for the purpose of introducing Reefer's Yeast Tablets, you do not have to purchase any in order to win a prize. But will you be content to strive for $50 when the same list of words might win **$5000?** Read every word of this announcement. It tells you —

How to Win the $5,000

If your list of "S" words is largest and nearest correct and you have not ordered any Reefer's Yeast Tablets, you will win $50 as First Prize. (See column 1 of Prize List.) If you send in an order for one $1 package with your list of words and your list is awarded First Prize, you win $750. (See column 2 of Prize List.) If you order two $1 packages and your list wins First Prize, you will get $1500. (See column 3 of Prize List). And if you order five $1 packages and you are awarded First Prize, you will get $5000. (See column 4 of Prize List). And besides, there are 104 other big cash prizes. Second Prize in column 4 is $2500—Third Prize is $1250, etc. Just think of it—105 chances for you to win.

Reefer's Yeast Tablets



Most people are undernourished even though they eat ample wholesome food. The modern cooked food diet does not contain the three natural Vitamines so necessary to health. Lack of pep, that dull, listless, tired feeling, headaches and constipation, poor appetite, absence of firm flesh, all are due to undernourishment.

The three Vitamines which your body must have are found in their most tasty and convenient form in Reefer's Yeast Tablets—sold only direct to you from Reefer's Laboratories. Send for some today.

BEAUTY—Health—Vim—Vigor

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Vitamines will help to give you the bouyant freshness of youth, vim and vitality, a springy step, a snappy walk, a healthy appetite, a keen sense of joy in living. Think how wonderful life would be without that continual "tired feeling," with plenty of energy to work hard and play hard, with strength and vigor. No matter how old or how young you are, you need vitamines. That is why you should take Reefer's Yeast Tablets.

Start Now—Win All You Can Get your list in early. Send in your order for Reefer's Yeast Tablets at the same time. Remember, an order for five packages qualifies you for the $5000. Get started NOW.

E. J. Reefer Dept. 3043 — 9th and Spruce Streets Philadelphia, Pa.

105 Prizes

	If no Reefer's Yeast Tablets are ordered	If one $1.00 pkg. Reefer's Yeast Tablets is ordered	If two $1.00 pkgs. Reefer's Yeast Tablets are ordered	If five $1.00 pkgs. Reefer's Yeast Tablets are ordered
1st prize	$50	$750	$1500	$5000
2nd prize	35	375	750	2500
3rd prize	25	200	400	1250
4th prize	25	125	250	600
5th prize	25	75	150	400
6th to 55th prizes each	2	4	8	25
56th to 105th prizes each	1	2	4	10

Observe These Rules:

1. The contest is open to every man, woman, girl or boy living in America, except employees or relatives of employees of E. J. Reefer, 9th and Spruce Sts. There is no entrance fee of any kind.
2. You must use only one side of paper. You must number your list of objects in regular order—1, 2, 3, etc. Your full name and address must be written on each page in the upper right hand corner. Use a separate sheet for anything you may wish to write outside of your list of names and your name and address.
3. English words only will be accepted as they appear in the English dictionary. Obsolete words will not be counted. Both the singular and the plural of a word will not count; either one of them may be used.
4. Compounds or words which are made up of two or more complete English words cannot be used.
5. The same spelling of a word will be counted only once even though it is used for different articles or objects, or parts of them. Each article or object can be given only under one name.
6. Two or more people may co-operate in answering the puzzle. However only one prize will be given to any one household. No prizes will be awarded to more than one of any combination outside of the family where a number—two or more—have worked together.
7. If a contestant sends more than one list under the same name, an assumed name, or a pre-married name, then all lists of such contestant will be disqualified. If more than one list is sent by any group or by any members of the same group who have co-operated in the preparation of such lists, then all lists of such contestants will be disqualified.
8. All answers must be received through the mail by E. J. Reefer, 9th and Spruce Streets, Philadelphia, Pa., and must be post-marked by Post Office closing time, April 10th, 1922.
9. The first prize will be awarded for the answer containing the largest and most nearly correct list of the names of visible objects and articles beginning with "S" shown in the picture. No other consideration, such as neatness, style or handwriting will have any bearing in making the decision.
10. The full amount of any of the prizes will be awarded to each contestant in the event of ties.
11. The decision will be made by three judges entirely independent of and having no connection with E. J. Reefer. They will judge the answers submitted and and award the prizes at the end of the contest. Participation in the contest carries with it the acceptance of the decision of the judges as final and conclusive.
12. All answers will receive full consideration whether or not "Reefer's Yeast Tablets" is purchased. At the close of the contest, when all lists have been graded, the names of the prize winners will be announced and the list of words will be sent upon request to any participant who sends us a stamped, addressed envelope.

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Stella Rosevelt

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.)

out and turns with disgust from her artful designing, she has shamelessly taxed him with unfaithfulness and treachery."

Star turned and regarded her accuser in perfect amazement. She could scarcely credit her sense of hearing.

How did Mrs. Richards know anything about her meetings with Lord Carrol, alias Archibald Sherbrooke, or of her interest in him? And who had represented it in this disgraceful light?"

"This young man," the cunning woman went on, "is no other than Lord Carrol, who, for the month that we were at Long Branch, paid the most devoted attention to Josephine, and accepted our invitation here with the intention, as we supposed, of formally declaring himself to her and securing her father's consent to their marriage."

A convulsive tremor ran through every fiber of the young girl's being as she stood there and listened to this artful tale, and Mr. Rosevelt, who still held her hand, was sensible of it, and wondered what it could all mean.

He had not a suspicion that Lord Carrol and the handsome young artist whom he so admired were one and the same, but he knew that something must be very wrong to move Star so and make her look so deathly white.

"You look astonished," Mrs. Richards said, "and well you may, and your surprise will increase when I have told you all."

"I am sure," he answered, glancing from one to the other, "that there must be some mistake."

"There is no mistake," replied his niece, coldly, and fixing a merciless glance upon Star, "for Lord Carrol has just had an interview with my husband, during which he told him the whole story. He says his first meeting with Stella was caused by an accident, and that she appeared so bright and intelligent that whenever he met her afterward he spoke with her and treated her kindly. He did not even have the least idea where she lived until tonight, after dinner. He went out for a quiet smoke, when she presented herself before him, accused him of coming here as Josephine's lover, and denounced him as a traitor in the strongest terms and most unmaidenly manner, and telling him, greatly to his surprise, that she was an inmate of the house where he was a visitor. Of course, after such a denouement, he could do no other way than to seek Mr. Richards and explain everything, lest this rash girl should, out of a spirit of revenge and disappointment, destroy all his prospects with Josephine."

It was a cunningly distorted story, and Star, as she listened to it, bowed her head and covered her face with her hands, while a low cry of despair broke from her lips.

She had not dreamed that the man whom she had learned to love, who, with his open, handsome face, his frank, manly ways, had won her deepest respect, her strongest affections, could be guilty of so cowardly an act as to betray her thus.

And yet he must have done so, else how could Mrs. Richards have known anything about the matter?

Yes, without doubt, he had feared that she would openly denounce him before the family where he had so unexpectedly found her, and so had given this version of the great wrong that he had done her in order to shield himself.

His own prospects of winning the rich heiress must not be interferred with, so he adopted this *coup d'etat* of going to Mrs. Richards and, with apparent frankness, confessing that his trifling attention to a silly girl had resulted in leading her to believe she had won a wealthy and titled husband.

This was ju[st] Mrs. Richards had wished to make St[ar] and she succeeded only too well, for t[he] as well-nigh crushed to the earth [with] ame, and humiliation, and wounde[d]

And ye[t] felt that Archibald Sherbrook[e] ot think of him in any other cha[r]en guilty of a most cowardly ap[pe]t, had steeped his soul in sin by [the] art to break it, and thus ruining [her] she loved him still.

(CONTINUED.)



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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The sole meaning of life is to serve humanity by contributing to the kingdom of God, which can be done only by the recognition of the worth of every man.—*Tolstoi.*

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30.)

and gyp water being unfit to drink. People use cisterns and dig stock tanks and when these dry up, haul water for miles.

A sister, MRS. P. E. BOSWELL.

NORFOLK, NEBR.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I'm sure you are all at home this time for it is only 7.30 A. M. and you must be unless you are more ambitious than I am.

I have wasted(?) one precious "wash" hour, reading the Sisters' Corner, and forgot to put the lights out. Now can you beat that? Pearl Vesey was what attracted me, otherwise my washing would have been out an hour earlier.

I am very happy today for tomorrow brings my dear old mother to me and I am so glad. I haven't seen her for ten months. I said old, didn't I? No, she isn't old, mothers never should be, even if they are seventy-five. They may feel so but we should make them feel young. My brother is forty-two, with curly black hair and big brown eyes that are full of fun and bubbling over with laughter, and love, and—well that describes her exactly.

I have never found a letter from this part of Nebraska.

Do I have to describe myself? I am twenty-three years old, five feet, nine inches tall, 230 pounds weight, black stringy hair, small eyes, brown, and worse yet, I wear a number nine shoe and am a full-blooded Irish-woman, that is, what isn't some other nationality.

Now I must make a bed for mother. She can't sleep on my hard couch, and I've just enough room for Daddy and me and three-year-old Billie.

Love to all, SARA.

TAMPA, 2903—9th St., FLA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Have you room in your corner for an old, but silent sister? I have been reading COMFORT for most twenty-five years, and am lost if I miss a copy.

I am from way down in sunny Florida, although I was born and raised in the North (Minnesota). This is a beautiful part of the country and I shall try to tell you about Tampa, Florida, which is the county seat of Hillsboro County, on Tampa Bay, at the mouth of the Hillsboro River, and on the Atlantic Coast Line and Sea Board Air Line Railroads. The city has an attractive location and a healthful climate, and it is a popular winter resort. Special features of interest are the De Soto Park, where the U. S. Volunteers camped during the Spanish-American War; a very large winter resort hotel, the Tampa Bay Hotel, and during the winter the city furnishes free light and water to all tourists who wish to camp at De Soto Park, on condition they do not work while camping there. Last year there must have been fully two or three hundred machines at the park.

Large quantities of phosphate, fruits, vegetables, turpentine, rosin, lumber, fish and cattle are exported, while the city is second only to New York in the importation of tobacco. Cigar making is the principal industry. The raw material comes chiefly from Havana and the work is done largely by Spanish and Cuban immigrants.

Little Sister sure has the right idea in regards to girls keeping company. Always make your children's friends welcome in the home, and in that way you see who and what they are. I am a stepmother of four children, and everyone said, "No, don't marry him with all those kids, for you will never be happy," but I listened to my own heart, and married him just the same. Of course we have little troubles once in a while, but please show me a couple that doesn't. There are three girls, 18-16-9, and one boy 13 years old. The oldest girl has been married six months and the next one has boys' company, but she brings them to the house and if they are to take her any place, they call at the house for her. She also writes to several and I see the letters she receives and I advise her never to put anything on paper she would be ashamed for all the world to see.

Never make children a promise you cannot keep, for they hold them in remembrance. I am speaking from my own experience. I really believe the children love me most as well as they did their own dear mother whom they lost.

If any stepmother needs help and I can give her some, just write me. One thing I will advise, don't marry a man with children unless you love children for there is a lot to put up with until you win their love, for many will criticize a stepmother, let her do her very best.

I shall be glad to hear from any who care to write to me.

With best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and the Sisters' Corner,
MRS. M. T. HAYNES.

HOPPER, MINN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been an interested reader of COMFORT for over eleven years.

Country Lassie, in October issue, I agree with what Mrs. Wilkinson says and cannot add any more to that. Go out among people, be friendly and nice. If you cannot meet people of your own age at home, leave home for a while and visit some relative or find work with some good people. Take up church work and join the young people's society of some church. Keep busy and cheerful and read up on the most interesting of today's subjects.

I am twenty-four years old, five feet, four inches tall and weigh 147 pounds. Have brown hair and hazel eyes. My birthday was January 5th.

I would like to correspond with someone who can read, write and speak French. I have studied the language and want to learn more. I did not get as much education as I wanted before I had to make my own living so now I am going to a night school to make up for what I have lost.

I live two miles from Virginia, Minn. It is an attractively laid out city, with level streets and beautiful trees. There are two good parks and in summer band concerts are given there.

The largest white pine sawmill is located in Virginia. There are several churches and schools.

I have lived in the West also and cannot forget that beautiful country, although I like the East. I lived in Idaho for five years and about that long in Montana. The West needs more churches and more real interested workers to start Sunday schools and Sunday services. There are many good churches there as we all know but many people cannot go to church because they live too far away. Some of the children do not go to Sunday school at all and in many instances do not get any religious training at home. We lived in a neighborhood that had no church.

With all good wishes, MRS. CARRIE VERT.

WATSON, ARK.

DEAR COMFORTERS:

Father Time and Mrs. Wilkinson bid me be brief, therefore I will get down to business.

Miss Hudson, you prevent whispering just as you prevent other misbehavior. There are many ways to promote good behavior in children. Try a Better Deportment Club.

Who was it that wanted to know how to keep onions from rotting? The secret lies in harvesting at the proper time. They should be pulled as soon as they are matured and they are matured as soon as the base of the stem becomes soft and pliable and inclined to bend over, even if the top is green. The dew and rain will soak through the top of the onion and the hot sun fairly cooks them. Pull them, hang by their stems in bunches or scatter on the floor of a cool, well ventilated room and leave them until danger of freezing.

Will some sister send me August, 1921 COMFORT. Write first.

Mrs. W., were you responsible for those delicious pickle recipes in the September issue? If so, I wish to thank you; they are just what I have been wanting. A friend of mine makes an excellent plum sweet pickle. Want her recipe?

Cordially, ETHEL PLANTS.

Ethel Plants.—If my recipes pleased you I am very glad. Of course I want the recipe and as many more as you care to send.—Ed.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

When eggs are scarce use a tablespoonful of cornstarch in place of one egg.

If a teaspoonful of cold water is added to the white of an egg it will whip easier.

When in need of a substitute for rubber sheeting, use new oilcloth.

When pressing woolen goods, spread a newspaper over the material instead of cloth and there will be no lint to brush off.

Heat the knife before cutting fresh bread.—MRS. MARGUERITE P. SCHLEGEL, Lenhartsville, Pa.

Here are a few laundry helps:

Soak ink stains in sour milk.

Soak blood stains in salt water, wash in warm water with soap, then boil.

For grass stains, saturate the spot with kerosene, then wash in usual way.

For iron rust, soak in lemon juice, sprinkle with salt and let remain in sun for several hours.

Soak tea or coffee stains in cold water, wring, spread out and pour a few drops of glycerine on each spot, let stand several hours. Wash with cold water and soap.

For mildew, soak for several hours in very weak solution of chloride of lime and rinse in cold water. —EULA DAVIS, Heidelberg, Miss.

Old lace curtains, cut in squares and folded several times and stitched, make fine dish-cloths.—OLD GIRL OF MARYLAND.

Put spools on nails if you are to hang clothing on them. This prevents tearing.—MRS. LLOYD GARRETT, Okanogan, Wash.

Paint the inside of your closets with white paint or paper with light paper and you can find things easier.

Make strings of whole cloves and hang in your clothes closet to keep moths away.—ANNA HOGAN, Choctaw, Oklahoma.

When your black kid gloves lose their color and become rusty at the finger-tips, the color may be restored by adding a few drops of black ink to a teaspoonful of olive oil and applying it with a small brush.—BLUE EYES, Reynolds Station, Ky.

To prevent baby from falling out of high-chair, make a belt with shoulder straps; sew two long strips to front of belt to pass between baby's legs, under the seat and fasten to back of belt, not too close together. This allows freedom of movement but prevents standing up or falling out.—MRS. F. C. WARKENTON, Winton, Calif.

The mother who makes her little girl's bloomers may find this idea helpful. Attach an old stocking leg to lower part of bloomer rather than finishing it with an elastic band, as the stocking keeps out cold and adds warmth below the knee, and does not bind as elastic does. Stretch the leg of the stocking to fit the leg of bloomer when sewing it on. It won't rip off and yet it will fit perfectly.—MRS. D. F. EVANS, Moorhead, Ia.

Requests

How to clean a velour coat.

Poems: "The Big Out Doors," and "The Mother of a Soldier."

Wanted: Quilt pattern called "Broken Wheel." —MRS. N. M. TAYLOR, Weatherford, Texas.

Will someone please send me directions for waving switches.—MRS. ELIZABETH BEST, Willard, R. R. 2, Mo.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 41.)

Stay Awake After Eating

Give Your Stomach Help With A Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet And Noon Day Meals Won't Bother.

Many people are so afraid of drowsiness after eating that they skip meals or eat so little they



are undernourished. Such stomachs merely need the help of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. The sense of fullness is relieved and there is no acid effect, no gassiness, no heartburn. Digestion proceeds without those peculiar pressures and sensations of indigestion and you soon learn to forget your stomach provided you do not forget Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. Get a 60 cent box today of any druggist and note how much better you feel after eating.

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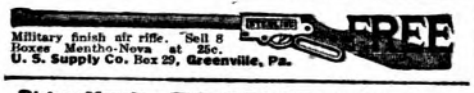
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Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address but we will print only initials if so requested.

MRS. E. B. A., Raymond, Calif.—The inscription you quote is meant to give the impression that your violin was produced in Cremona, Italy, in the year 1736, as the handiwork of Antonius Stradivarius. We are sorry to tell you that we very much doubt the truth of this interior marking of your instrument. As we have often stated in this column, there has developed a considerable trade in the making of fraudulent "old violins." Such inscriptions as the one you mention are inserted to deceive credulous buyers. By the slow hand processes of the ancient masters of violin-making, but a comparatively few instruments were made during a maker's lifetime, and experts declare that there are only some thirty-odd authenticated Strads in existence at this date. Yet every month brings to us inquiries from COMFORT readers who have violins which contain markings which, if genuine, would indicate that their instruments were decidedly valuable. Only an expert could pass upon the value of your violin after inspection and trial.

MISS L. S., Alabama.—There would be no premium on a Mexican silver dollar such as you describe.

MRS. J. H. A., Richmond, Ky.—Wash your fox skin well with warm soap and water, and have all fat and fleshy matter carefully scraped off with a dull knife. Then soak the hide in a liquid made by dissolving four quarts of wheat bran, two cups of salt, a cup of soft soap, and half an ounce of borax in five gallons of cold soft water. Leave the skin in this solution for eight or ten hours or until thoroughly soft. At the end of a day, coat the flesh side of the skin with a mixture made from an ounce of sal soda, a half-ounce of borax and two ounces of hard white soap. These can be melted slowly together without allowing them to boil. Leave the skin in a warm place for another day and then dissolve eight ounces of salt, four ounces of alum and two ounces of saleratus in enough hot water to saturate your fox skin. Do not have hot enough to scald, and soak the skin in this solution for twelve hours. Wring out and dry. Work the skin over a rounded beam until soft and pliable and the inside can also be smoothed if necessary with fine sandpaper and pumice-stone. We hesitate to advise you to attempt the mounting of the feet and head of a fox skin so that it might be used as a scarf. Anything of this sort badly done produces a result horrible to behold. Skill in such mounting of animal heads can only be gained by practice and first results are apt to be hopeless. We do not think you need to fear to send this skin away for mounting and making into a scarf and see no reason why you could not mark it so that you would be sure to receive the same skin back again.

E. L., Nebraska.—All copper two-cent pieces of our coinage are worth a small premium when the coins are in good condition. This premium runs from fifteen cents to $1.50 according to year and condition. A five-cent piece of 1868 is not quoted at a premium. You do not state of what nation's mintage is your silver penny of 1859. We think you must be mistaken in the denomination of this coin.

MARY LOU, Miss.—A girl of twenty-four who has had no experience in ways of city living does not face an easy problem in situating herself in a large town and endeavoring to find work that will support her. The fact that you have an "unfinished" education and no specific training makes your task the more difficult. We do not recommend that you make such a move unless you can first do it under the kindly guardianship of friends who are now living in the city or who will go there with you. You must remember that when you face a great city for work, you confront the competition of many experienced and trained workers in all lines and trades who are already located there. The employment bureaus maintained by the Y. W. C. A. in the larger cities would be of aid to you, we think. Of course, there are many things which inexperienced workers can do, but they are paid inexperienced pay—which does not always buy experienced food, lodging and clothing.

A. D. C., New Rayner, Colo.—We cannot tell you where you can purchase an instrument that will "locate money and other treasure." We have stated in this column many times that devices which may be sold for this purpose are necessarily fraudulent. Money which is located at the end of an eight- or ten-hour day of honest work is that best worth divining. Why seek something for nothing? This is being done by those who sell "divining rods".

M. J., Calhoun, Ga.—Write to the Register of Copyrights, Library of Congress, Washington, D. C., and ask for a copyright application and particulars concerning securing copyright. These will be promptly sent you. 2) The most profitable way for an author to handle a manuscript of novel length is to sell it to a magazine as a serial, retaining at the same time rights to publish in book form and also motion picture rights.

MRS. O. C. B., Decatur, Ill.—Here is a quick and simple method of tanning your rabbit skin: Tack it flesh side up on a smooth board, using tacks that will not rust and stain the skin. First wash with a solution of common salt and then go over the surface with a wash made of two and one-half ounces of powdered alum dissolved in a pint of warm water. Repeat this washing for three days and then, after the skin is dry, remove the tacks and soften the tanned hide by drawing it backward and forward through a smooth ring, or working it over a rounded piece of wood. Rabbit skins are tender and must be carefully handled to avoid tearing.

H. D. C., San Antonio, Texas.—Gold bullion of U. S. Mint standard firmness is worth $20.67 an ounce. The Federal Government would pay no one to engage in a search for treasure which may have been buried in old days by Spaniards or early Texans. If you can discover a hunk of gold whose ownership cannot be ascertained and to which no claimant appears, it will be yours without any interference from Washington. Our Treasury is well supplied with yellow metal and does not need to lay claim to ancient Spanish bullion.

MRS. J. T. W., Star Junction, Pa.—It is only well-known and successful writers of popular songs who are able to get their efforts accepted on a royalty basis by song publishers. You are a beginner, and no house of music publishers will go to the expense of getting out a song whose selling qualities are doubtful, unless a payment is made which will protect the publishers against loss. However, if you undertake to pay yourself for the publication of this song, you should have quoted to you in the beginning what will be the complete expense to you for a certain number of copies. We are sorry that we must say we do not think the song you send us has sufficient popular appeal to make it sell, and we believe if you wish it published that you will have to do this at your own expense.

MRS. J. B. G., Kalamazoo, Mich.—Mrs. Eleanor Hodgman Porter, the popular author who was best known, perhaps, by her "Pollyanna" stories, died in 1920. Her books came out under the imprint of several publishers. One of her last works, "Pollyanna Grows Up," was published by the Page Company, Boston, Mass., in 1920. Houghton Mifflin Company of the same city issued her novel, "Oh, Money! Money!" You live in a good-sized city, and anyone of your local bookshops should be able to get for you any novel by Mrs. Porter you may wish to order.

F. C., Martinsville, Va.—By dredging operations a minimum depth of nine feet at low water has been obtained in the Mississippi River from Cairo, Ill., to Vicksburg, Miss. From there on no dredging has been required. From Baton Rouge to New Orleans the big river has a depth of thirty-five feet. From New Orleans to the Quarantine Station this increases to 62 feet; and from this Station on out to the Gulf waters the depth is about thirty feet through either the South or the Southwest Pass.

The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26.)

for different districts and for the several kinds of orchard trees grown in these districts, but for almost all one treatment is advised sometime during early spring before the leaves appear. Each year we receive "rush calls" for spray mixture recipes and instructions; for that reason we offer the following, knowing that we will be asked for them later if we do not:

BORDEAUX MIXTURE: Consists of four pounds of copper sulphate (bluestone), five pounds quicklime and 50 gallons of water. Dissolve copper sulphate in a pail of hot water; the lime in cold water in a separate vessel, and stir until it forms a rich even cream. Pour each separately into barrels half filled, straining through a sieve of fine mesh to keep out lumps. Stir constantly while using, or use a sprayer with an agitator attachment that really works. Make Bordeaux fresh each time it is needed, as it loses strength rapidly on standing for any length of time. To make Bordeaux that will adhere to smooth surfaces, such as scale-infested bark, rosin is added as follows: Melt five pounds of rosin with one pound of fish oil, then add one pound of soda lye as the rosin cools. Stir slowly into five gallons of water. Use as needed by adding two gallons to each 50 gallons of the ordinary Bordeaux mixture described above.

LIME-SULPHUR: Is made with eight to 10 pounds of unslaked lime, an equal amount of flowers of sulphur and 50 gallons of water. Place lime in a barrel, almost cover with water, and when it begins to slake add the sulphur which has previously been crushed and screened to remove lumps. Stir constantly, adding water to form a thick paste. Gradually thin the paste by adding more water as slaking proceeds. When the lime is well slaked, add more water to prevent further boiling or overcooking. When the mixture is cooled off it is ready to be strained into the spray tank, diluted to the required strength, and used.

Steam Sterilization of Starting Beds

This practice is particularly suited to the first step in tobacco growing, but is adapted to disease prevention, weed eradication and insect control in starting frames used for other crops such as young garden truck. As generally employed in tobacco regions, the process consists of running live steam under pressure into a shallow pan inverted over the bed. The soil, preferably new land, is thoroughly worked and leveled ready for seeding. A galvanized iron pan, usually six feet by eight to 12 feet and about six inches deep, is placed upside-down over the bed and forced down into the ground until it fits snugly enough to keep the steam inside. Steam is then forced into the pan through a hose or pipe from a portable boiler or from an ordinary steam threshing engine. The temperature is maintained at about 180 degrees for an hour or more. The pan is then moved and the process repeated until the whole bed has been treated. Tobacco growers figure that one rod of bed six feet wide will supply enough plants to plant an acre, and figure the size of the area treated according to this rule. Steam sterilization is effective in controlling such diseases as root rot; it also kills most of the weed seeds contained in the soil, making the tedious task of weeding unnecessary. Moreover, it does away with any insects or insect eggs which may have lived over winter in the soil. Since the operation is comparatively simple, can be done at a great saving in labor and expense later in the season, and at a relatively small cost to the farmer, it is a practice that is highly recommended and rapidly growing in popularity. There is no reason why it should not be used for many purposes besides the preparation of tobacco beds.

Colony Houses, New or Repaired

Whether spring pigs will arrive in March or May, depending on region or the preference of the owner, makes little difference so far as the colony houses are concerned. We have learned by experience that if they are not put in order before the rush of spring work commences, or if new and much-needed ones are not built about this time, they are quite likely to be forgotten for the remainder of the season. As we have said before, now is the time.

In the first place, let us say that any kind of an individual movable colony house for the sow and pigs is far preferable to none at all. But each of the more common types, such as the Iowa gable roof, the wigwam type, and the ordinary A-type house, have some special feature that is highly desirable. We will not attempt to give the plans and specifications of each style of house, for these can readily be secured by asking for free bulletins from your state agricultural experiment station.

Here are a few suggestions that we have found well worth while: Fit each colony house with skids or "runners" made of 4-4 inch lumber rounded up slightly at the end. These make it easy to move the house from place to place with a tea hitched to a ring-bolt in the base-timbers. Fit one side of the roof to open with hinges like a door; the doors when open provide outside shade, and a glassed sash set in the opening will keep out rain. The sloping sides of a portable house provide protection for young pigs, preventing them from being crushed by the sow. Colony houses supply fresh air and exercise, reduce the dangers of disease, and make it possible to provide green pasture as needed. By the way, in selecting the site for the colony houses, it is well to locate them to the eastward or to the northeast of the main farm buildings, in this way avoiding the objectionable odors which arise from the premises of swine in warm weather. As a profitable and labor-saving way of handling brood sows and their litters, the colony house cannot be improved upon. Therefore the farmer will find it worth his while to put his old ones in good condition or to build new ones while he has time for the job.

Spring Care of Pastures and Cows

Farmers who persist in turning their cattle out to pasture as soon as the new grass begins to show in the spring are "short changing" themselves in several ways, though they may not realize it. First, pastures cannot long stand this kind of treatment; second, cows are certain to suffer from the sudden change. Spared

If pastures get a "square deal" I made spring they will stand midsummer drought week I amply asing until

(CONTINUED ON PAGE

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Conducted by Cousin Marion

In writing this department always sign your true name and give your address; if not, your letter will receive no attention. Name will not be published.

MARCH is such a busy, housecleaning month that I nearly forgot my family of girls. You didn't know that I had to clean house? Of course I have to. Old maids must live somewhere, you know, and a home is a home, even without a husband. While I was having a glorious soapsudsy time I wondered how many of my girls helped their mothers when housecleaning time came around? Every mother's daughter of you, I hope. Don't worry about your hands. A little cold cream will make them look as well as before but nothing in the world can give you back your mother, once she is taken from you.

A WYOMING CHICKEN.—Maybe it isn't proper for a girl to go to the door and talk for a few minutes to her sweetheart when he is leaving, but they've always done it and I suppose they always will. I wouldn't take that privilege from them for all the world, even if I could. You see, I wasn't always an old maid and I can remember certain summer nights, a vine-shaded porch and a moon and—father's cough through the open window that meant it was time for me to come into the house. Ah me, if I had a sweetheart now we'd have to go out on the fire escape if we wanted to look at the moon, and if I were to accompany him to the door of the apartment house where I am living at present, we'd disturb the other tenants by our talking and I'd get reported to the janitor. And there wouldn't be a bit of privacy, either. You didn't know I was such a sentimental, soft-hearted old thing, did you? Well, I am, so I can't scold you, but don't stay too long.

RUTH, W. Va.—I can't force you to obey your foster mother if the care she has given you amounts to so little to you that you have no desire to obey. I don't know how you feel about it, but if I had been adopted by a kind woman and given a good home, instead of being left in an Orphan's Home or with people who might have been unkind to me, I'd be so grateful that I'd want to do everything just as she wished it. In time, doubtless, she will allow you more freedom but now she regards you as the little friendless girl she took years ago, and she wants to care for you now just as she did then. Be a good sport, she was.

E. G., Minnesota.—Giving a fictitious name was merely a girlish prank and he should regard it as such when you tell him the truth, and not feel that you deliberately deceived him. If his love isn't big enough to overlook such a trifle then you don't want it or him either. Tell him yourself, though, and don't let him learn the truth from some well-meaning(?) friend.

ME, Ohio.—If I hadn't passed through the note-writing stage myself I might not be able to sympathize with the girl you mention, but she'll get over it and be none the worse for the experience, but I do hope she will be careful as to what she writes (See Troubled, Oregon). She has splendid ideas along all other lines. There should be plenty of opportunities for her to become acquainted with her schoolmates, and one in particular, and if he is interested he will make the opportunities. Don't accept so much candy; once in a while is all right. Too much candy is bad for the digestion and complexion; besides, it does terrible things to his pocketbook.

M. O., Tennessee.—My dear girl, if he really loved you he would believe you and not make such an unreasonable demand as proof of your purity. Next time he mentions it tell him you don't give a darn whether he believes in you or not and ask him if he considers himself morally fit to judge you or any other girl and then tell him to go chase himself. Not elegant but forceful. Don't take him back unless he humbly asks forgiveness and maybe you'd better not, even then. His youth is the only mitigating thing about this offence. Were he older he'd know better. Don't bother with him, you have plenty of time in which to meet real men, for they still exist, though not plentiful.

V. B., La.—What in the world is the matter with the parents of the girl that write to me. Here's a fine pair that want to marry their sixteen-year-old daughter to a blind man of middle age, just because he has money. She says she can't afford to say "No", but I don't see how she can afford to say "Yes". Of course, I don't know the circumstances, but it seems you are justified in disobeying them.

IDA, Virginia.—Of course I think that love comes before riches, but I can't imagine a sensible girl, such as you seem to be, loving a man of twenty-seven who drinks and smokes but has no money. Perhaps if he hadn't drank he might not be so poor now. Unless a man has pretty much wasted his life and opportunities he should be established in business or in line for something worth while by the time he is that age. Furthermore, if he were the right kind he'd work hard in every way to make himself worthy of you and in time gain the approval of your parents, instead of selfishly and cowardly asking you to elope with him. You are too young to marry now, anyway; but if he makes good in two or three years, and you still love him then, marriage ought not to be the mistake it would be now. The fact that he once drank and smoked should not be held against him then if he has stopped, particularly the drinking of intoxicating liquors, home brew included. I don't approve of smoking but at the same time I don't condemn a reasonable amount of it. It is much better to "do something desperate" now, as you fear you will because of your parents' objection to this marriage, than to marry him and really do something desperate. You are too pretty and clever to throw yourself away on him when there are plenty of regular fellows in the world. Take my advice and see if you aren't glad of it.

Z. Y. X., Tennessee.—Does your mother approve of your marriage? She understands home conditions only too well, and I think you'd better talk things over with her.

V. F. B., Nebraska.—Bless you, my children—that means I give my consent.

TROUBLED, Oregon.—I hope by this time you have recovered the papers that were taken from you. It was extremely dishonorable of your friend to take them and equally dishonorable of those who read them. You are fortunate inasmuch as you have learned "never to put on paper anything I'd be ashamed to have read in public." That's a good motto for everybody to follow, but older and wiser people than you have yet to learn it, and some of them never do. The newspapers would lose a lot of s[illegible] reading if they did. (2) You are not the one to wo[illegible] over losing the friendship of a man with whom you [illegible]sed to dance because he had been drinking. He [illegible]e one to do the worrying over losing your friendsh[illegible] should apologize to you for acting as he did.

MA[illegible].—I'd give anything to have your trusting [illegible]v. A girl that will write her love affairs [illegible] card would tell them over a country telephone. You are years too young to marry. Wait until you are twenty.

VELMA, Indiana.—You need an education much more than you need a husband. You can always get a husband but your present opportunity for securing an education may not last; therefore, make the most of it. You say your parents are good to you and give you a good home. Don't you think you should show your appreciation by obeying their wishes? I do.

PEGGY, Indiana.—No wonder he tries to tease you, for he is just a mischievous little boy, and you are just a little girl and years too young to be in love. Jealous people are always unhappy, so now is the time to break yourself of a jealous disposition. Don't let it grow stronger. If "D" realized that you didn't care how much he looked at, or talked to, other girls, there wouldn't be half the fun in doing it. Indifference will gain more than tears or reproaches. Remember *that* when you are old enough to have love affairs.

KATHARENE, Ark.—When a girl says she loves two men and asks me which one she had better marry, it is a safe bet that she shouldn't marry either of them. That applies to you, Katharene.

SOMEBODY'S SWEETHEART, Michigan.—Read answer to Peggy of Indiana, regarding jealousy.

BLUE EYES, Minn.—You must have a very strange mother to want you, at the tender age of thirteen, to marry a man of twenty-eight, just because he is rich. You are too young to go away to work, but don't get married, either.

N. AND E., North Carolina.—If I should tell you a sure method by which you could determine which of you the boys like best I'd take away your chief source of amusement, so I'm not going to do it. Think of all the fun you'd miss, wondering which was the best liked. (2) Don't accept jewelry.

MARY FRANCES.—You are years too young to marry, four or five years, anyway.

BLUE EYES, Ark.—Opinions differ as to jealousy. I guess most of us are a wee bit jealous where our affections are concerned. You are rather young to marry, but if you have no parents or home, and are working for other people, marrying might be a good thing. It's a pretty serious proposition, though, so think it over carefully.

BLUE EYES AND CURLY HAIR, Indiana.—In the first place, your father shouldn't have allowed you to go to a public dance, at your age, fourteen, and if you went automobiling after the dance he should blame himself as much as he blamed you. He's somewhat of a failure as a father, I'll say. Tell him so. (2) Don't worry. I don't believe the same fellow will give you another opportunity to bite his finger. He won't try to hug and kiss you again. If another fellow tries it, bite him, too, and more power to you.

TEDDIE, S. C.—As I've said before, don't disturb anyone at his place of business, unless for something of extreme importance. Don't telephone, either. Many a young man's chance of promotion has been ruined by too many visitors and telephone calls—chiefly feminine, and a feminine telephone call is a terrible thing. They never stop talking.

BROWN-EYED COKIE, Kans.—You are too sensitive. He meant it as a joke. Extremely sensitive people are always unhappy. They imagine that slights were meant when none was intended. Don't grow up like that. Life is too short.

That's all for this time. Good by.
COUSIN MARION.

Missing Relatives and Friends

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT reopens the "Missing Relatives' and Friends' column.

To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will secure only one new yearly subscriber to COMFORT at 50c. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column by securing only one new subscription at 50c. If a longer notice is required send one 50c subscription for each additional seven words.

I would like to know the whereabouts of James G. Coon, 40 years old, getting gray, limps in right leg, six feet tall, weighs about 180 pounds. He was a drummer. Last heard of, he spent the night and registered at the Haganback Hotel, in Los Angeles, Calif. Write his mother, Mrs. Julia Warren, Dyersburg, 222 East Court St., Tenn.

Mrs. Alice Conard, Ithaca, Mich., will be glad to receive any information of her brother, George Albert Wheatley, last heard of in Galveston, Texas.

Would like the address of anyone knowing the whereabouts of any of James Davis' relatives, who left Wayne County, W. Va., after Civil War. Gladys Davis, Eden, Idaho.

Eld. Henry J. Lyles, Adolphus, Ky., would like to find the whereabouts of his daughter, Bessie C. Married G. W. White, 1912. They had a world traveling job.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Clarence Brown (or Pruiet), age 19 years, last heard of at Dale, Okla., June, 1920, please write his aunt, Mrs. Martha Cowell, Holcomb, R. R. 1, Box 74, Mo.

Mrs. Lula Linsley, Low Moor, Va., would like to know something of Mrs. Julia Knicely, wife of Dr. Willis Knicely. She lived in Indiana or Illinois.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Mrs. Sarah Carlin or daughters, Rose or Katie Carlin, last heard of in Cohoes, N. Y., 1881, please notify their cousin, Mrs. G. E. Duryea, Centerville, S. Dak.

Mrs. C. M. Gribble, Topeka, 415 Larch St., Kans., would like to hear from her brother, Richard Rhodes, about 80 years of age.

Wanted: Information of Valerie Savings, last heard of at Holyoke, Mass. Sister of Charles and Henry Savings. Mrs. L. M. Nagawiecki, LaPorte, 815 D St., Indiana.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of John Beasley, last heard of somewhere in Texas, on the Brazos River, in 1888-89. Any information will be gladly received by his nephew, Francis A. Beasley, Ariton, R. R. 2, Ala.

Wish to know the whereabouts of Luther Carter, last heard of in the State of Washington. Susie F. Hawn, Lancing, Tenn.

Mrs. H. McDowell, Wellman, R. R. 2, Box 90, Iowa, wishes information regarding the whereabouts of her son, William, 41 years old, gray hair, five feet, four inches. Last heard of on his way home; think he may be in Nebraska.

Wanted: To find Miss Ethel Chapman, living with her father, W. L. Chapman; she is about 19 at this time. Write to her mother, Mrs. Anna Whiting, Fort Smith, 610 N. 5th St., Ark.

Wanted: To hear from Martha Booker. Is native of Tennessee. She worked at Peerless Paper Co., of Dayton, Ohio, finishing room, in 1918. Address Farmer, Dayton, care of Box 266, R. R. 16, Ohio.

Wanted: Information of Fannie or Levi Gorman, of Missouri; John Gorman, of Iowa. Hattie Johnson, Delano, Box 23, R. R. 3, Minn.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Ed Israel, last heard from in Knoxville, Tenn., May, 1920, please notify his mother, Mrs. Melvie Israel, Canton, R. R. 1, North Carolina.

I, formerly Katy Gibson, now Mrs. Catherine Craven, born in Alabama, was separated from my brothers, Henry and David Gibson, in Cairo, Ill., nearly 50 years ago after the death of our parents. All of us were children at that time. I desire to find either or both brothers, if now living, or to get any information as to what has become of them. Mrs. C. Craven, Birdville, Box 122, Pa.

Young Jack was talking to the new visitor soon after her arrival. He eyed her critically for a few moments, then looked up and said:

"So you're my grandmother, are you?"

"Yes, dear. On your father's side," remarked the old lady, smiling.

"Well, you're on the wrong side; you'll find that out," replied Jack.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Head off that Croup with Musterole

Keep the little white jar of Musterole handy on your bathroom shelf and you can easily head off croupy colds before they get beyond control.

The moment you hear that warning cough, get out the good old Musterole and rub this soothing ointment gently on the chest and throat.

Made from pure oil of mustard and other simple ingredients, Musterole penetrates right through the skin and breaks up the cold by relieving the congestion.

Musterole does its good work without blistering the skin like the old-fashioned mustard plaster.

Use it for treating tonsillitis, rheumatism, neuralgia, chilblains, colds and croup.

Sold by all druggists, in tubes and jars, 35c and 65c; hospital size, $3.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER



Premo Camera

Reward No. 7944

Films And Instruction Book Free

THIS is not a toy but a genuine **"Premo"** camera, made by the **Eastman Kodak Co.**, therefore you can depend upon it to produce the most pleasing and satisfactory results. It takes a picture 1¼ by 1¾ inches, is fitted with the best quality **Meniscus lens** and an **automatic shutter** adapted for snapshots and time exposures. The pictures may be taken either the long way or the short way of the camera. It uses the regulation roll film cartridge containing six exposures, and this may be put in the camera and taken out again in **broad daylight,** so that you don't have to go into a dark room every time you want to load the camera. Anybody can make good pictures with this camera. Being small and compact, it is just the thing to carry with you to "snap" pictures of your friends, sports, etc., with. And remember, we send you not only the camera itself but also include **One Six Exposure Roll Film Cartridge and Instruction Book,** all packed together in a strong box and sent to you **Free** by **Parcel Post, prepaid,** on the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For a club of four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you by parcel post, prepaid, this Premo Camera with one Roll Film Cartridge containing six exposures and complete Instruction Book. **Reward No. 7944.**
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Gate Top Mesh Purse



Reward No. 7833

THIS is the new "Gate Top" mesh purse with a ten-inch wrist chain, handsome, stylish, and **perfectly safe for the carrying of money and other valuables.** A slight pull with the forefinger of each hand instantly opens the purse, a gentle pressure with thumb and finger closes it. Our illustration shows the purse closed. When open the top is as large as the bottom, or in other words, two inches in diameter. When closed it leaves an opening only three-fourths of an inch wide over which the brightly polished German silver cover snaps down tightly so that the contents of the purse cannot possibly become lost. This dainty purse is now extremely fashionable so we have purchased a quantity for the benefit of those of our lady and girl readers who like to be up-to-date in these little accessories. You can have one of them free by taking advantage of the following

Club Offer. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this handsome and stylish Gate Top mesh purse free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Reward No. 7833.**
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Not a Pottery in the Bunch



Boys, 25 Agates Free

How would you like to have 25 Flint Agates all different colors? When the marble season starts, can you imagine yourself kneeling down to a game of "Boston" with a hand full of marbles that will attract the eye of every boy friend in the game? The minute the game starts, you will notice how anxious they will all be to get a shot at your marble. Each marble has a variation of several different colors and is just the right size for accurate shooting. They are beauties.

SEND NO MONEY

I have made arrangements with the manufacturers of these marbles to take practically their entire output and I want every boy reader of this paper to have a set. Just send me your name and address and I will send you 4 packages of high-grade, post cards to give away free on my big, liberal 25c offer. An hour of easy work brings you 25 Agates.
M. BERRY, Marble Dept. 19, Topeka, Kansas



"Don't worry! Sloan's will fix me up"

"SLOAN'S *always* fixes me up in a jiffy. A warming slap of Sloan's Liniment and pains and aches soon become a memory."

Good for all exposure aches and pains, rheumatism, neuralgia, backaches, stiff joints, sprains and strains. Sold by all druggists, 35c, 70c, $1.40.

Keep it handy

Sloan's Liniment Pain's enemy

$1.97



GUARANTEED WATCH

To advertise our business, and introduce our bargain price list of Elgin Watches, we will send this elegant guaranteed watch by Parcel Post C. O. D. $1.97 ONLY, nickel silver plated case, stem wind and stem set, genuine American lever movement, fully guaranteed a reliable timekeeper. Give your full P. O. address, box or St. No., and watch will be sent at once. Pay your Postmaster $1.97 and it is yours. Satisfaction guaranteed. Boston Jewelry Co. 39 W. Adams St. B31, Chicago, Ill.

Throw your VOICE. Under the table, down in the cellar, into a trunk or any where. Our **VENTRILO** which fits in the mouth enables you to fool all your friends. Also **art of ventriloquism** an big book of Jokes. By mail 10 cts. Prepaid. ARDEE NOVELTY CO. Box 188 Stamford Conn.



31-Piece Dinner Set Given



Full size dinner china, guaranteed against crazing; pure white color. Every piece decorated with royal blue band and your initial stamped in pure coin gold — just the set for a family of six. Simply sell 40 packets Garden Seeds at 10c, according to offer in catalog. Send your name. The Wilson Seed Co., *Dept. 107* Tyrone, Pa.

Given Away FREE

This Beautiful Kewpie Doll



Given away for selling thirty bottles of our Select Perfume at 15c each. When sold return us $4.50 and the Doll is yours. We send you the Perfume without any charges. Send your name and address to us at once.

New England Novelty Co., Dept. 2-C, Brockton, Mass.

GIVEN MOVING PICTURE MACHINE



Fine moving picture machine with supply of films. Easy to operate, by oil or electricity. Free for selling only 12 boxes of Mentho-Nova. Sell at 25c a box, return the $3 and receive this dandy premium. Satisfaction guaranteed. Order now. Hundreds of other premiums and big Cash Commission.

U. S. SUPPLY CO., Dept. 850, Greenville, Pa.

VIOLIN GIVEN



This special sweet toned Violin given for selling two lots of 20 pictures at 10c each. Order pictures today. This real dazzling Gem Set Ring also given as extra present for promptness.

RAY ART CO., Dept. 48, Chicago, Ill.

TELESCOPE FREE



Opens over 2 feet long. You can see objects a mile away. Given for selling 10 packages Bluine at 15c a package. Write today.

Bluine Mfg. Co., 560 Mill St., Concord Jct., Mass.

NEW KIND OF HEAT!

Famous Oliver Burner gives 3 times the heat without coal or wood—cheaper. Fits any heating or cook stove without change. Burns 5 per cent kerosene (coal oil) 95 per cent air. Safe. Keeps home warmer. Heats instantly by turning simple valve. Sets right in fire box of stove. No fires to make, no ashes nor dirt. 30 Day Trial.

FREE BOOK - Attractive booklet "New Kind of Heat," sent postpaid. Also Special Price Offer. Write Today.

AGTS. WANTED OLIVER OIL-GAS BURNER & MACHINE CO. 2074-C Pine Street, St Louis, Mo.

THIS KNIFE FREE for selling 8 boxes ROSEBUD Salve at 25c each and remit $2.00. Knife has best steel blades, we put your name on. Order salve at once.



ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., Box 232, Woodsboro, Md.

CARDS Send 5 cents for large Sample Album of Hidden Name, Silk Fringe, Envelope, Friendship, Joker's, Lover's and all other Kinds of Cards, Post Cards and Premiums. Star Beau Catcher and list 980 Songs given Free. No trash. OHIO CARD CO., B-14 Columbus, Ohio.

GIVEN A REAL HAMILTON .22 RIFLE



For selling only 2 lots of our Beautiful Colored-Art & Religious Pictures at 10c each. Order 25 pictures at once. They sell on sight. You can easily win this 22 Sure Shot Rifle in no time. Guaranteed.

GAIR MFG. CO., 1926 Sunnyside Ave., Dept. 601, CHICAGO

A REAL VIOLIN FREE



Not a toy but a genuine Violin, perfect tone, handsome appearance, pleasing model, rosewood finish, highly polished, guaranteed to please you. A fine Bow included.

Given free for selling only 40 packets of Garden Spot Seeds for us at 10 cents a pack. *No Money Required.* We trust you. Write for seeds today. When sold, send $4 collected and Violin and Bow are yours. We treat you right and pay the postage on everything.

Lancaster County Seed Co., Station 161, PARADISE, PA.

The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35.)

feed when needed. For pastures on work land in the regular rotation, a light top dressing of stable manure given early in the spring has been found to be highly beneficial not only to the grass crop during the ensuing season but to any other farm crops that follow during the next two years. Wheat, for instance, yields practically the same handled in this way as if the manure was applied just before it was planted. Therefore manure used as a top dressing for pastures serves the double purpose of benefiting the pasture itself and the crops that follow, and the farmer "kills two birds with one stone." Old meadows or permanent pastures respond favorably to the same treatment if the manure is evenly and lightly spread early in the season.

There are several good reasons why cows show a setback when suddenly turned out to pasture after spending the winter in a warm and comfortable barn with a regular allotment of nourishing feed night and morning. Do not misunderstand us as "knocking" grass as a feed for cows; it is Nature's balanced ration, and cannot well be improved upon. But the needs and the stamina of cows has changed with the advance in civilization; and therefore we find that *sometimes* pasture alone does not answer all purposes.

In the first place, sudden changes are not good for the milk cow, as any dairyman will admit. Cows fall off in milk flow if changed from one barn or farm to another; even a change of winter feed or of milkers is often followed by a drop in production. The change from good winter feed to poor pasture too early in the season has the same result, and is frequently accompanied by scouring. Make the change to pasture as gradual as possible, allowing cattle only a few hours a day at first, then slowly increasing the time over a period of two weeks. Do not think that you are saving feeding costs, that you are *economical*, if you shift suddenly from barn feeding to pasture. Measured in money returns, you are not. Be sure that pastures have made a good start before cows are turned out. This will assure a good stand of grass and a longer pasture period. To prevent scouring which is caused by the lusciousness of new grass, feed one to one and one half pounds of cotton-seed cake or meal daily for a week or two, beginning with one-half pound and increasing slowly.

Where the size of the farm permits it, try to set aside one pasture for summer use, and use another for early spring; in this way the first one will be ready again by fall. Also provide a night pasture of from five to 10 acres, depending on the number of head you keep. Have it located conveniently to the barn; it saves a lot of time and cow-hunting in the early morning before milking time. Make it a rule to use this pasture at night and then *only*. Do not use it as a bull paddock in the daytime, or as a handy place to turn work horses when not in use. If it is kept for the cows alone, and used just at night, it will have grass enough to serve all summer, and will be found well worth while in a number of ways.

If these points are kept in mind, pastures and cows will both be benefited. Fall fresh cows will pick up in milk flow on good grass in the spring and, for that matter, any cow will show increased production due to the succulent feed, but the good results are often offset by neglecting to make the change gradual. Avoid scours and setbacks; give pastures a chance to get started; give cows time to get used to the change. Don't rush the season.

March or May Pigs—Which?

"If you have a warm place to put them, have your spring pigs come in March by all means," says Prof. J. H. Sheppard, of the North Dakota Experiment Station. Giving reasons to back up his statements, he continues:

"March pigs well cared for will have made sufficient size to enable them to make the most of alfalfa pasture when they are turned out, but May pigs will still be nursing at that time.

"March pigs will be the right size to start hogging down corn by the time it is glazed; May pigs gain much more slowly and must have tankage or oilmeal if they are to do anywhere near as well as March pigs when they are turned out on corn.

"March pigs will be large enough to bring the top price on the early market, and will be out of the way before cold weather starts. May pigs must be kept well into the winter when gains come more slowly and at an increased cost. May pigs will weigh only about 150 pounds if turned off ahead of this time, and that is too light to meet the usual best market demand.

"In experiments we have made here, 300 pounds of gain or better from an acre of hogged-down corn with March-farrowed pigs have resulted. This brought a return of $45.50 in 1918, when hogs sold for 16.31 cents a pound. In 1921 the return was $23 per acre of corn when we sold from seven cents per pound."

Judging from the foregoing statement, it appears that March pigs are a better business proposition than May pigs, for the colder regions of the Northwest, and any rate.

Questions and Answers

SOIL FOR ASPARAGUS.—Several years ago I tried to get an asparagus bed started but had little luck. Will you please tell me what is the best kind of soil for asparagus; also the best variety to get. A. W., Mich.

A.—In general, asparagus does best in a deep, rich sandy loam rich in humus and having a loose and friable subsoil. Good drainage is fully as essential as a fertile soil. Probably the most popular variety of asparagus is the Palmetto, as it is a heavy yielder, quite hardy and produces early sprouts of fine quality. In this department last month we printed an article devoted to this subject giving detailed instructions on asparagus culture.

SOY BEAN STRAW FOR ROUGHAGE.—I have a lot of soy bean straw on hand and would like to know what value it has as a feed for milk cows. Is it as good as corn stover? B. C. E., Kentucky.

A. A ration containing soy bean straw was found to be superior to a ration with corn stover, according to experiments conducted by the Tennessee Experiment Station. Soy bean straw produced more milk and butterfat than corn stover, and did so more cheaply. Therefore soy bean straw can be recommended as a valuable addition to the roughage ration of dairy cows, though we suggest that it be used with either clover or alfalfa hay.

CHARCOAL FOR LAWN DRESSING.—I have been advised that ground charcoal applied as a top dressing to my lawn will serve better than ground lime as a means of getting rid of moss, weeds and coarse grasses. Kindly let me know if this is true, and if so at what rate it should be applied, and when. MRS. J. E. J., Mass.

A.—We are not aware of any benefit you can derive from topdressing your lawn with ground charcoal. It has no manurial value and is a very inactive or inert substance. A dressing of ground lime might be beneficial if it is sour. As a rule lawns require a good liberal dressing of barnyard manure, well rotted and evenly distributed in late fall or early spring. Acid phosphate fertilizer has also given very satisfactory results. If you feed your lawn grass liberally it will soon outgrow moss and weeds.

How I Made $1150 in Eleven Months —Right in My Own Home

My spare-time earnings made the first payment on our home. We plan to pay the rest the same way. Read how simple it is to turn spare hours into dollars.

By MRS. FRANK UNGER

WHEN we were first married, my husband and I used to make a little game of paying the household bills. Every Saturday afternoon as regular as clock work, I got out the bills, and he produced his check book and settled up with everybody. We used to call it "wiping the slate clean." Back in those days there was always plenty of cash to meet the bills, and maybe enough left over for a couple of theatre tickets or a little outing.

Then by and by we began to notice that somehow there wasn't any surplus. Prices were increasing and my husband began to look grave as he drew the checks. I too was worried.

Our expenses were steadily increasing. My husband's wages were hardly enough to meet the household accounts, to say nothing of clothing. And so things ran along for months, with us pinching and skimping and trying desperately to break even.

I began wondering what I could do to help. Surely there must be something. To go out and work was impossible, because I had a four months old baby to care for.

How COULD I Make Money?

There was just one thing for me. I must find some sort of home work that would pay good wages. What could I do?

I began looking in the magazines and newspapers for some sort of paying home work. I used to get mightily discouraged in my search for nothing came of it.

Then, one day I opened the paper to look for work, as usual. And on one of the pages this headline caught my eye: "How I Make Money Right at Home." Of course I started to read, and soon I was real excited. It was about a woman whose husband got a small salary—hardly enough for them to live on with everything so expensive. She wanted to make extra money just as bad as I did. But she had two little children so she couldn't do any paying work unless she could find something to do at home. It was my situation exactly.



Mrs. Frank Unger

Then it went on to tell how at last she *did* find profitable home work — making socks on a hand knitting machine, and how the company paid her for making them, and furnished replacement yarn for each lot of standard socks she sent in. The name of the firm was the Auto-Knitter Hosiery Company, and they were located at Buffalo, N. Y.



"I love my work more each week," says Mrs. Unger.

I wrote a letter to the company, asking for their free information. In just a few days I had a reply telling me all about the machine, and the details of their home work proposition. And then I was more enthusiastic than ever.

My husband was doubtful about it. But finally he said: "Your judgment is usually pretty good. If you really believe you can make money with an Auto-Knitter, why send and get one."

How I Started

And that is exactly what I did. I sent the order just as fast as I could. Then pretty soon my knitter arrived. I often think now how simple it was to learn to run my Auto-Knitter when I sat down and went at it with the Instruction Book as my guide. If I had done this more carefully when I first received my machine, I should have made a perfect sock much quicker than I did. The book makes everything so clear.

I submitted the first faultless sock I made to the Auto-Knitter Hosiery Company. They said it was fine and they would buy all I could make like it. I was as happy as a lark! At last I had a way to make money without leaving my home and baby.

Well, I started to work then in real earnest, putting in every minute I could spare from my housework. The first week I made only one dozen pairs, but the next week I made two dozen, and went on increasing until I could make twelve dozen pairs a week in my spare time. And all the while checks from the Auto-Knitter Hosiery Company kept coming in for each lot of standard socks I sent them. I think the pay for this home work is wonderful. I love my work more each week. And the beauty of it is that I don't have to keep regular hours. I can knit whenever I have a few moments to spare, besides taking care of my baby and doing the housework.

Made Over 7,000 Pairs

My socks have always been cheerfully accepted and paid for by the company, except a few pairs that I could easily make over. I have knit over 7,000 pairs of men's socks. Several hundred pairs were sold to my friends. When I sell one pair in a family it isn't long before all of the men-folks buy from two to six pairs. I sell them at $1.00 a pair, realizing a nice profit.

I have had my machine eleven months, and I have made in all $1,150.00 out of the socks I have knit with it. With this money we have made the first payment on our home, and plan to pay the rest in the same way. In addition I have made my original investment for machine and yarn.

Just imagine what it has meant to us to have more than $100.00 "extra" money coming in each month. And now we are realizing the dream of a lifetime—a little cottage of our own. Our Auto-Knitter has made it possible. To those who want to make extra money at home in their spare time, I heartily recommend the Auto-Knitter. There is nothing like it.

Mrs. Frank Unger, New York

How You, Too, Can Make Money at Home

We asked Mrs. Unger to tell you, in her very own words, her experiences with the Auto-Knitter, because we wanted you to know what can actually be accomplished at home with spare-time work. Her insight and judgment enabled her to size up the Auto-Knitter offer quickly and decide promptly. Not everyone makes as much with the Auto-Knitter as Mrs. Unger, because not everyone devotes as much time and energy to the work, but women everywhere are solving the "extra money" problem in this way without leaving their home. Men, too, are making money with the knitter in spare time. Why shouldn't you do likewise?



The home the Auto-Knitter is paying for

Perhaps you haven't even as much spare time as Mrs. Unger. It may be that you can devote only a few moments at a time to the work. But, as Mrs. Unger points out, you can pick up the work at any time, knit as long as you wish, and leave your machine when it is necessary to do something else. Auto-Knitting will pay you directly in proportion to the time you spend at it.

Clearly and briefly, here is our proposition: The Auto-Knitter Hosiery Company enters into an agreement to buy all the standard socks you knit on the Auto-Knitter, and send in to them, paying a fixed guaranteed price. Checks will be sent promptly for each lot. Replacement yarn is also furnished for every shipment you send in. Thus you have yarn to work up into more socks.

Previous experience in hand-knitting is not necessary. Inexperienced persons can learn to turn out standard "Olde Tyme" wool socks, with the aid of the Auto-Knitter. And the machine operates many times faster than even the most skilled hand-knitter.

The Auto-Knitter comes to you with a sock already started in it. Then, too, there's a complete instruction book that makes everything plain. And as you operate the machine you are earning money to buy pretty things to wear, new furnishings for the home—and whatever else you may be needing.

Write Today for Our Liberal Wage Offer

Of course you want to know more about the wonderful little machine that helped Mrs. Frank Unger make her dreams come true; the machine that has done so much for other women.

Send right away for the company's free literature and read the experience of other Auto-Knitter owners. Find out about the pleasant and profitable money-making opportunity offered you.

Remember what Mrs. Unger said just a few short months ago—"At any rate I can't lose anything by finding out what they have to offer!" She lost no time in getting the facts. You are in her position today. Will you follow her example?

Just write your name and address in the space below. The Auto-Knitter Hosiery Company, Inc., Department 103, 630-632 Genesee Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Auto-Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc.,
Department 103, 630-632 Genesee Street,
Buffalo, New York.

Send me full particulars about Making Money at Home with the Auto-Knitter. I enclose 2 cents postage to cover cost of mailing prospectus, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

NAME .....
(Please write plainly)

ADDRESS .....

CITY..... STATE.....

Comfort3-22



31-Piece Dinner Set

THIS splendid set of dishes is full size for family use and consists of **6 Plates, 6 Cups, 6 Saucers, 6 Cereal or Fruit Dishes, 6 Individual Butters** and large **Meat Platter** all handsomely decorated with clusters of **purple wood violets** surrounded with rich green foliage and bordered with **lovely tracings of gold.** Our illustration gives you no idea of the real beauty of these dishes. This is by far the handsomest, daintiest dinner set we have ever offered and we are positive that it will **more than please** every woman who secures one of them on the terms of our very liberal offer. No matter where you live **(if it is not outside the United States)**, we will ship you this set by express direct from the pottery in Ohio. You are to pay the express charges, but they will be but a fraction of what this set would cost you at retail.

Given To You! For a club of only ten one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome 31-piece Violet Decorated Dinner Set carefully packed to prevent breakage, charges collect. **Reward No. 75010.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Whose Little Girl Wants

Look At Me!

ME? I Am The Cutest, Sweetest Baby Doll In Toyland and You Can Have Me **FREE!**

I Have Curly Hair



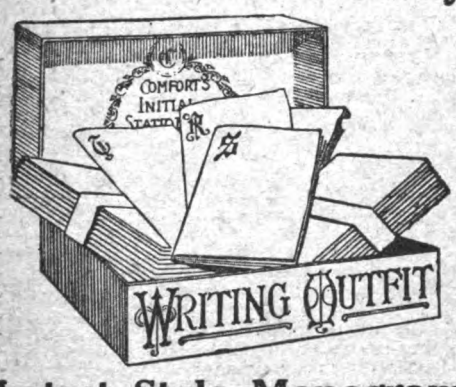
I'm All Dressed Up!

YES, **this beautiful curly-haired** doll is **free** to any little girl and on such **liberal terms** that we expect to give away **thousands** of them during the next few months. Don't think she is so small as she **looks** in the picture for she stands nearly **a foot high.** She has a **strong, durable, stuffed body,** and an indestructible head. You can make her **stand up, sit down in a chair** and assume all sorts of **natural positions.** Her beautiful brown hair hangs in **luxuriant curls,** her eos are **blue as the sky,** she has on a pretty lace trimmed dress with sash, and taken altogether she is certainly the **cutest** and **sweetest baby doll** in all toyland. **Fathers and Mothers**—just look at this beautiful doll as she sits **smiling** with arms outstretched waiting for someone to pick her up, **hug** her, **kiss** her **and take her out to play.** Don't you think your little girl would just love to have her for her own? We will send her to you **free,** packed in a strong box so she cannot possibly get broken, if you will accept the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this handsome Doll, exactly as described, free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 9872.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Box Of Initial Stationery



Latest Style Monogram

IT is now the **height of fashion** and evidence of the **very best taste** to use stationery with **your own monogram initial or "crest"** on it. In this offer we give you **two dozen sheets white linen stationery** 10½x6¼ inches in size, **each sheet beautifully embossed in colors with any monogram initial you desire and two dozen envelopes.** Just think how nice it will be when writing to your friends to have your own **letter crest monogram initial embossed in colors** on this high-grade **fine quality stationery.** Remember you get **one full quire** of choice paper and **twenty-four envelopes** in this complete writer's outfit. Don't hesitate to send for this premium today because you will surely be delighted with it.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you a box of this Initial Stationery free by parcel post, prepaid. **When ordering be sure to specify what monogram initial you want. Reward No. 9482.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Plant This Grand Fruit Orchard!

For A Club Of Only Two We Will Send You Seventeen Apple And Pear Tree Grafts, Berry Bushes And Grape Vines!

LAST season we sent out nearly twenty-five thousand of these Orchard Collections to COMFORT readers. So far as we know, not one of them failed to grow. This season we expect to give away fifty thousand. We buy these Collections from a nursery man who has been in business for years and who has the reputation of producing some of the finest nursery stock to be obtained anywhere. He personally selects the different varieties that make up these Collections and forwards them direct to our readers by prepaid parcel post. **He Guarantees Every Collection.** If any of the trees, bushes or vines fail to grow satisfactorily they will be replaced for you **free of all charge.**

Here Is What You Get!

ONE Snow Apple Tree, One Wealthy Apple Tree, One Kieffer Pear Tree, One Bartlett Pear Tree, Two Lucretia Dewberry Bushes, Two Rex Raspberry Bushes, Three Niagara Grape Vines, Three Delaware Grape Vines, Three Concord Grape Vines.

The four Apple and Pear Tree grafts are **one foot high,** grafted from bearing trees with good records. They will take root as soon as planted and grow rapidly into vigorous, healthy trees.

The nine Grape Vines are a product of Southern Michigan, where the finest grapes in the world are grown. From selected vines, cuttings are taken and buried in underground pits until they undergo a process known as "callousing." After being properly "calloused" the cuttings will take root as soon as planted. **The "calloused" Grape Cuttings in this Collection are all produced in this manner.** They will grow rapidly and bear immense crops of choice grapes almost as soon as large vines planted at the same time.

The two Raspberry Bushes and two Dewberry Bushes are robust, one-year-old youngsters, ready to set out as soon as you receive them. They will begin growing at once and develop into fine, heavy-bearing bushes if given proper attention.

All Will Bear Soon!

This Fine Fruit Orchard will prove an **ever-increasing** source of pleasure and profit to you year after year. All the trees, vines and bushes will bear fruit in a remarkably **short** time. In two years the Raspberry and Dewberry bushes will commence bearing. The following year you will have grapes. The Apple and Pear Trees will begin to bear in from three to five years. Then you will have loads and loads of fine fruit in increasing quantity every year.

Full Planting Instructions!

WITH this Orchard Collection you will also receive **instructions for planting.** These directions are illustrated with pictures and diagrams showing you **just what to do and when and how to do it.** By following these simple directions you should in a few years have one of the finest orchards in your neighborhood.

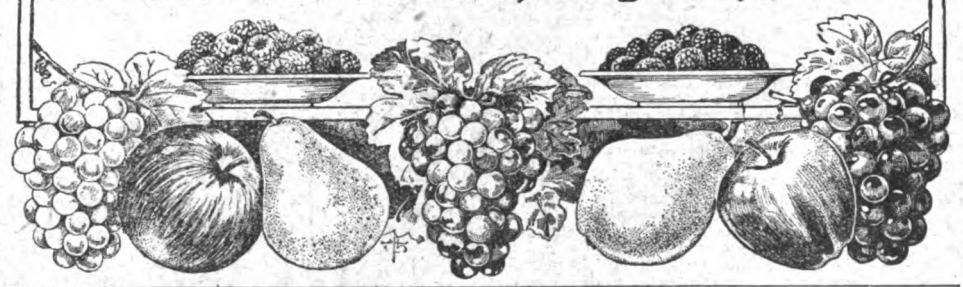
They Are Sure To Grow!

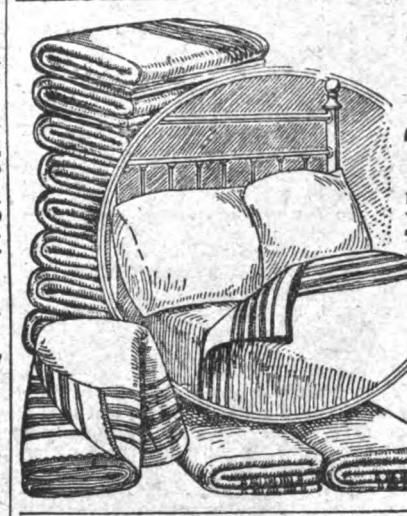
REMEMBER, everything in this Collection is **absolutely guaranteed to grow.** We stand behind every Collection sent out and the grower in turn stands behind us. You may rest assured that this splendid Collection will reach you in **good condition** and grow to your **entire satisfaction** if the directions for planting are carefully followed. If any of the trees, bushes or vines fail to make growth satisfactory to you, we hereby guarantee to replace them **absolutely without charge.** You run absolutely no risk in accepting this offer.

Our Free Offer!

FOR a club of only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we **will give you this remarkable Fruit and Orchard Collection free**—the two Apple Trees, two Pear Trees, two Dewberry Bushes, two Raspberry Bushes and nine Grape Vines. The whole Collection will be carefully wrapped and sent to you prepaid by parcel post, direct from the grower **at the proper time for planting in your locality.** Remember we guarantee that everything will reach you in perfect condition. Be sure to send in your order this very day and ask for **Reward No. 9542.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine





Soft Warm Bed Blankets

Sent Prepaid For A Club Of Eight

THIS IS an offer which no good housewife can afford to overlook. It is your opportunity to secure as many large double bed blankets as you may need **without a cent of expense.** They are 45 inches wide, six feet in length extremely well made and finely finished. The color is gray with white border. **This is in reality one of the best bargains in a premium we have ever offered due to the fact that we buy these blankets in large quantities direct from the mill at a specially low price and therefore are enabled to offer them for a very small club of subscriptions.** When you think of this big warm blanket on your bed or lying on a closet shelf ready for use when wanted, we believe that you will want to start a club at once for the sake of securing one or more of them free of all cost to you. We will gladly send you one or more of these splendid blankets upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For a club of only eight one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these fine double bed blankets free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Reward No. 7578.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Shaggy Teddy Bear

EVERY little boy and girl wants a Teddy Bear and here is an opportunity for every father or mother who reads COMFORT to get one without expense. "Teddy" is a plump, shaggy fellow, 10 inches tall, made of brown plush, carefully stitched and finished, and his head and legs are jointed in such a manner that you can place him in almost any position. He will stand up, sit down, stand on his head, walk on all fours, in fact he gets himself into all kinds of positions, so comical and lifelike that it makes the children scream with delight just to look at him. Teddy is so well made that he cannot easily become broken, and with ordinary care should last for years. We will send you Teddy free if you will accept the following special offer:

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Teddy Bear free and prepaid. Reward No. 9992.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Silver Bonbon Dish

THIS beautiful dish can be used for a variety of purposes—for candy, nuts, salted peanuts, popcorn, etc. It is much larger than it appears in the above illustration, measuring over five inches in **width and two inches deep.** It is heavily silver plated outside and gold lined. Needless to say, it makes a handsome ornament for the sideboard and will last a lifetime.

We will send you this handsome Silver Bonbon Dish free upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this Silver Plated, Gold Lined Bonbon Dish free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9942.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



New Crochet And Sweater Books

HUNDREDS of new, lovely designs for COMFORT crochet workers. The very latest patterns in edges, beadings, insertions and laces, crocheted and knitted sweaters, all with complete directions and illustrated by large, clear photographs of the finished work. Each book is 8 by 11 inches in size, printed on the finest paper, handsomely and durably bound. Following is a brief description of what each book contains:

BOOK NO. 20.—Sixty-two beautiful edges and insertions.

BOOK NO. 21.—Fifty-seven pretty designs in edges and insertions.

BOOK NO. 22.—Fifty-two new designs in Filet crochet.

BOOK NO. 23.—Seventeen alphabets in various styles and sizes.

BOOK NO. 24.—Fifteen artistic yokes.

BOOK NO. 25.—How to make knitted and crocheted ripple sweaters and jackets with and without sleeves.

BOOK NO. 26.—Thirteen lovely new yokes in filet and fancy crochet.

BOOK NO. 27.—How to make **twelve** elaborate medallion arrangements in camisoles and yokes.

BOOK NO. 28.—How to make filet sweaters, illustrating **fourteen** handsome designs.

BOOK NO. 29.—Tatted yokes and camisoles **—fifteen** lovely arrangements of medallions in different handsome patterns.

BOOK NO. 30.—Seventy-two patterns in edges and corners and insertions.

BOOK NO. 31.—A book of "spiders," showing this antique design in all its many variations.

BOOK NO. 32.—Fourteen filet crochet sweaters, in light and heavy threads.

Free Offer No. 8591. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you any **three** of the above books free and postpaid. **Please be sure to give the number of each book wanted.**

Free Offer No. 9702. For two one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each we will send you and postpaid. any **seven** books free **Please give number of each book wanted.**

Free Offer No. 8963. For three one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each we will send you all **thirteen** books free and postpaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Sugar, Creamer And Tray

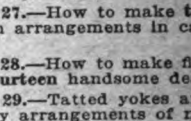


MADE of "crushed" silver—the very latest idea. Sugar, Creamer and Tray are full standard size. The Tray is quadruple silver plated and both Sugar and Creamer are quadruple silver plated outside and gold lined inside. A very useful set and a beautiful ornament for the dining table or sideboard.

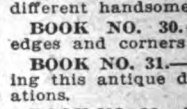
CLUB OFFER. We will send you this Crushed Silver Set free and prepaid for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. **Reward No. 7904.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

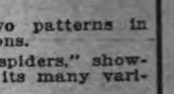
Genuine Gold Filled — **Guaranteed For 5 Years**



APRIL



AUGUST



JANUARY

Gold Birthstone Rings

THE most popular ladies' rings worn today are these beautiful birthstone rings. Not only is it considered lucky to wear one of them but they are now and always will be exceedingly stylish. We are able to illustrate only three of the rings but there are **twelve** in all—a different stone for each month of the year, and of course you should wear the stone that is symbolical of the month you were born. The following is a list of the twelve rings, names of the stones and the month to which they apply:

No. 8411, January, Garnet. **No. 8421, February,** Amethyst. **No. 8431, March,** Bloodstone. **No. 8441, April,** Diamond. **No. 8451, May,** Emerald. **No. 8461, June,** Agate. **No. 8471, July,** Ruby. **No. 8481, August,** Sardonyx. **No. 8491, September,** Sapphire. **No. 8501, October,** Opal. **No. 8511, November,** Topaz. **No. 8521, December,** Turquoise.

Each ring is guaranteed genuine gold filled, which looks exactly like solid gold and will wear for years. **In fact we absolutely guarantee each ring for at least five years.** The rings themselves are perfectly plain, the stones are solitaires and perfect imitations of the real gems. The setting of each ring is the ever popular "Tiffany" style. As a Christmas, Birthday or all-the-year-round gift for wife, mother, sweetheart or sister, nothing could be more appropriate and acceptable than one of these beautiful guaranteed rings set with the birthstone of the person to whom it is given. We will send you one of these rings free upon the terms of the following offer:

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you one of these beautiful gold-filled Rings by parcel post, prepaid. **Please be sure to give size and number of ring wanted.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Ends Stubborn Coughs in a Hurry

For real effectiveness, this old home-made remedy has no equal. Easily and cheaply prepared.

You'll never know how quickly a bad cough can be conquered, until you try this famous old home-made remedy. Anyone who has coughed all day and all night, will say that the immediate relief given is almost like magic. It is very easily prepared, and there is nothing better for coughs.

Into a pint bottle, put 2½ ounces of Pinex; then add plain granulated sugar syrup to make a full pint. Or you can use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, the full pint saves about two-thirds of the money usually spent for cough preparations, and gives you a more positive, effective remedy. It keeps perfectly, and tastes pleasant—children like it.

You can feel this take hold instantly, soothing and healing the membranes in all the air passages. It promptly loosens a dry, tight cough, and soon you will notice the phlegm thin out and disappear. A day's use will usually break up an ordinary throat or chest cold, and it is also splendid for bronchitis, croup, hoarseness, and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, the most reliable remedy for throat and chest ailments.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.



Beautiful Silk Remnants

REMNANTS of real silk, in all shapes, sizes and colors. They are carefully trimmed and just what you need for making up quilts, tidies, pillow tops and all kinds of "crazy patchwork." We will send you a package containing more than **one hundred** of these beautiful **silk pieces and 5 skeins embroidery cotton in different bright colors,** also an **Instruction Book with eight full-page illustrations** showing how to ornament seams of crazy patchwork and other work where fancy stitches are used, also how to work the **Outline and Kensington Stitch, Arrasene and Chenille Embroidery, ribbon work, plush or tufted stitch, also directions for Kensington painting.** All this is yours free upon the terms of the following special offer:

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you one package of these Silk Remnants free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 5561.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



For A Club Of Four

All Metal Hot Water Bottle

COMFORT housewives who know the danger of using hot water bottles or bags that are liable to burst or leak will quickly realize the many advantages of this new patented **all-metal** bottle. It is made of finest nickel-plated brass—absolutely no rubber about it to dry up or chip off. It **cannot** be punctured and **will not leak. It is the only** bottle in which **boiling** water can be safely used. It can be heated hotter and stays hot **longer** than any other bottle. It gives a dry, healthy heat. It can be used every day and all day long. It holds two pints, comes in a soft, warm blue-flannel removable cover and has an attachable handle for filling and carrying, so as not to burn the hands.

A hot water bottle like this should be in every home. Not only is it indispensable in time of illness and emergency, but whenever extra warmth is needed for the body—between the sheets on winter nights, for the nursery, on the sleeping porch, in baby's carriage, for sleighing or motor trips, it is a wonderful **comfort,** an absolute **necessity.** It will never wear out. It will last a lifetime if given ordinary care.

You can have one of these splendid hot water bottles free by accepting the following special ***Club Offer.*** For a club of four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this all-metal hot water bottle exactly as described, free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8044.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Poems Requested

The following poems have been requested by readers of COMFORT and sent for publication.

Guilty or Not Guilty?

She stood at the bar of justice,
A creature wan and wild,
In form too small for a woman,
In feature too old for a child.
For a look so wan and pathetic
Was stamped on that fair, young face,
It seemed long years of suffering
Must have left their silent trace.

"Your name?" said the judge, as he eyed her
With kindly look, yet keen.
"Is Mary Maguire, if you please, sir."
"And your age?" "I have turned 16."
"Well, Mary," and then from a paper
He slowly and gravely read,
"You are charged here, I am sorry to say it,
With stealing three loaves of bread."

"You look not like an offender,
And I trust that you can show
The charge to be false; now tell me,
Are you guilty of this or no?"
A passionate burst of weeping
Was at first her sole reply.
But she dried her tears in a moment,
And looked in the judge's eye.

"I will tell you just how it was, sir;
My father and mother are dead,
And my little brothers and sisters
Were hungry and asked me for bread.
At first I earned it for them
By working hard all day,
But somehow times were hard, sir,
And the work all fell away.

"I could get no more employment,
The weather was bitter cold,
The young ones cried and shivered,
Little Johnnie's but three years old;
So, what was I to do, sir?
I am guilty; but do not condemn;
I took, oh, was it stealing?
The bread to give to them."

Every man in the courtroom,
Graybeard and thoughtless youth,
Knew as they looked upon her
That the prisoner spoke the truth.
Out from their pockets came kerchiefs,
And out from their eyes came tears,
And out from old faded wallets
Treasures hoarded for years.

The judge's face was a study,
The strangest you ever saw,
As he cleared his throat and murmured
Something about the law.
For one so learned in such matters,
So wise in dealing with men,
He seemed on a simple question
Sorely puzzled just then.

But no one blamed him or wondered,
When at length these words were heard,
"The sentence of this young prisoner
Is for the present deferred."
And no one blamed him or wondered
When he went to her and smiled,
And tenderly led from the courtroom
Himself—the guilty child.

You Look Better When You Smile

"When you're feeling mighty blue,
As misfortune comes to you,
And ill luck seems shaped about you in a pile;
You will stand a greater show
If you don't let others know,
And besides you look much better when you smile.

"When your business all goes wrong,
Just keep plodding right along,
Better times are surely coming after while;
Sun is sure to shine again,
Cheerfulness is not in vain,
And you look a great deal better when you smile.

"When your health seems broken down,
Don't sit by to scowl and frown,
Pessimism long ago dropped out of style;
Let your heart give forth good cheer,
Scatter sunshine far and near,
For you look a whole lot better when you smile."

Where's Mother?

When father came from work at night,
Before he'd wash his hands and face,
Or hang his hat upon the peg,
His glance would wander 'round the place,
And if dear mother's sunny head
Was not within his vision's ken
He'd search for her from room to room,
Upstairs and down and all, and then
He'd stop and ask,
"Where's mother?"

But if he found her in her chair,
He'd potter off about the lot,
And pick a mess of early greens,
Or fix a chicken for the pot;
He'd mend a fence, or set a hen,
Or do some other homely chore,
With only now and then a glance
Toward the half-open kitchen door
That seemed to ask,
"Where's mother?"

When mother left us sorrowing
He followed her within a day;
And while we laid white flowers around
His smooth-brushed hair, as white as they,
We could but think that when the light
And beauty of that wondrous place
Burst on his newly-quickened gaze,
He must have raised an eager face
And simply asked:
"Where's mother?"

Live in the Sunshine

Live in the sunshine, don't live in the gloom.
Carry some gladness the way to illume.

Live in the brightness, and take this to heart,
The world will be gayer if you do your part.

Live on the housetop, not down in the cell;
Open-air Christmas live nobly and well.

Live where the joys are, and, scorning defeat,
Have a good-morrow for all whom you meet.

Live as a victor, and triumphing go
Through the queer world, beating down every foe.

Live in the sunshine, God meant it for you,
Live as the robins, and sing the day through.

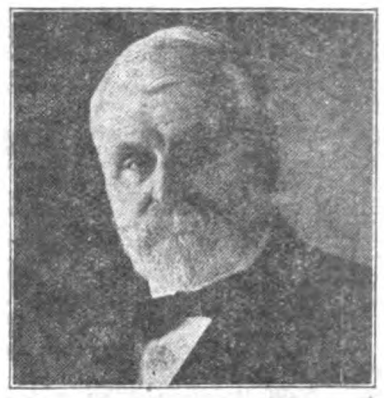
—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

NOT MORE THAN ONE FREE TRIAL BOTTLE TO ANY FAMILY

I will send anyone anywhere one free Bottle of my Syrup Pepsin—What is Your Address?

THERE is someone in every family who is constipated, bilious, dyspeptic. They need my Syrup Pepsin and will be better off for using it. It may be a woman, an old man, a tiny baby. Syrup Pepsin is as effective for grownups as it is safe for babies. Thousands of mothers can testify to that.

Perhaps you have reached the stage where you take pills every night and think there is nothing else for you to do. Don't believe it! No matter how chronically constipated or dyspeptic you are, Syrup Pepsin will regulate you. It is a combination of simple laxative herbs with pepsin that acts on the stomach and intestines, and in a short time trains the digestive organs to do their work naturally and without help.



DR. W. B. CALDWELL
"As I Am Today"

YES, I TAKE MY OWN MEDICINE!

I know what old people suffer with their bowels for I have been a family physician in my county since 1875, and I am old myself, past 82 years of age; born 1839, and still strong. I don't know of a remedy that is better for old people than my Syrup Pepsin, and I'll tell you why: It is mild and gentle in action; it doesn't gripe, and it doesn't lose its effect when you take it regularly. I know this by using it myself, by prescribing it since 1875 and by manufacturing it since 1892. You can form your own opinion by sending for a free trial bottle.

WHO NEEDS SYRUP PEPSIN

I want to send a free trial bottle of my Syrup Pepsin to anyone who suffers from one or more of the following: Constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, headache, belching, bad taste, bad breath, dizziness, drowsiness and the many other symptoms of sluggish bowels. If you have children who suffer in this way write for them.

SEND FOR A FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

In spite of the fact that my Syrup Pepsin is on sale in every drug store, I want you to become acquainted with it at my expense, and then, if you find it as I claim, buy it of your nearest dealer at a price that will stand you about a cent a dose. One such bottle will last an average family many months. Just now send me your name and address in any way most convenient to yourself, by filling out the coupon below, by postal or letter. I have given many thousands of these bottles away and I know you will appreciate it as keenly as others have. Address me today.

Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 553 Washington St., Monticello, Illinois.
I want to try your Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Kindly send a free trial bottle to the address below, all charges prepaid.

Your name .....

St. or R. F. D .....

Town and State .....

Little Boy Blue

Eugene Field, journalist and poet, was born in St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 3, 1850, and died at Buena Park, Chicago, Ill., Nov. 4, 1895.

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket molds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise;"
So toddling off to his trundle bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys.
And as he was dreaming an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting these long years through,
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.

—*Eugene Field.*

Which Loved Best?

"I love you, mother," said little John.
Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
And left her the water and wood to bring.

"I love you, mother," said rosy Nell,
"I love you better than tongue can tell."
Then she teased and pouted full half the day,
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan;
"Today I'll help you all I can.
How glad I am school doesn't keep!"
So she rocked the babe till it fell asleep.

Then, stepping softly, she fetched the broom
And swept the floor and tidied the room.
Busy and happy all day was she;
Helpful and happy as child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said,
Three little children going to bed.
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

When Grandma Danced the Minuet

Grandma told me all about it—
Told me so I couldn't doubt it—
How she danced, my grandma danced,
Long ago.

How her dainty skirts she spread,
How she held her pretty head,
Turning out her little toes,
How she slowly leaned and rose,
Long ago.

Grandma's hair was bright and sunny;
Dimpled cheeks, too—ah, how funny!
Really quite a pretty girl,
Long ago.

Bless her! Why, she wears a cap,
Grandma does, and takes a nap
Every single day, and yet
Grandma danced the minuet,
Long ago.

Modern ways are quite alarming,
Grandma says; but boys were charming—
Girls and boys, I mean, of course,
Long ago.

Brave, but modest, grandly shy;
She would like to have us try,
Just to feel like those who met
In the graceful minuet,
Long ago.



VIOLIN FREE

Beautiful Violin, richly polished wood, well finished finger board and tail piece, full set strings, fine bow, box of rosin, and Instruction Book, for selling 30 packages Colored Postcards at 10 cts a package. Write for Postcards today.
COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO., Dept. 627, EAST BOSTON, MASS



10 YEAR GUARANTEE

Stem Wind & Set

Watch, Ring & Chain Given—We positively give a genuine American Stem Wind & Set Watch, beautifully designed case, warranted time-keeper. 10-year guarantee; Sparkling Set or Plain Ring all for selling 25 large Beautifully Colored Art and Religious Pictures at 10c each. When sold send us $2.50 & we'll send Watch and Ring. HOME ART CO., 426-28 West 59th Street, Dept. 307, Chicago



NEW LOW PRICES

HATCHED TO LAY

Purchase this year's crop of chicks from Murray McMurray. Our incubator capacity is so large that we are able to guarantee 25,000 of finest baby chicks a week. *Catalog Free.*

Murray McMurray
19 Varieties Box 12, Webster City, Iowa

Rifle And Fount-Pen BOTH GIVEN FREE RING

for selling 24 Perfumed Sachets at 10c a packet. When sold return $2.40; both rifle and fountain pen are yours. Send no money. Write R. MORE CO., 336 W. 63rd St., Dept. 46K, CHICAGO



Ivory White Toilet Set — **Comb Brush Mirror** — **For A Club Of Six**

PURE white, with a fine smooth finish, this handsome Comb, Brush and Mirror Set equals in appearance the finest French Ivory. The Comb is 7½ inches long, very light and dainty, with both coarse and fine teeth. The Brush is 10 inches long and 2½ inches wide, with medium-length, finest, stiff bristles. The Mirror, which measures 10x5½ inches, is made of heavy, flawless, beveled French glass, 4½ inches in diameter.

No lady could wish for a finer Toilet Set than this one. It has the air of refinement found in the highest grade Ivory Sets, it is just as durable and can be cleaned as often as desired without injury to its smooth ivory white finish.

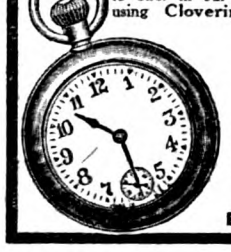
We will give you, free, this fine Ivory White Comb, Brush and Mirror Set in a fitted box upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this Comb, Brush and Mirror Set in a fitted box, free, by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 7796.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

WATCH, CHAIN AND TWO RINGS

as premiums—send no money—simply name and address—merely give away FREE 12 Beautiful Art Pictures with 12 Boxes of our famous **White Cloverine,** which you sell at 25c each. We will send you this Genuine American Watch, also Chain and two **Gold** Shell Rings, according to offer in our Premium Catalog which you receive with the Cloverine. Millions are using Cloverine.



LADIES! YOU CAN ALSO EARN **A BEAUTIFUL DINNER SET** OR **SIX LACE CURTAINS**

and many other beautiful premiums. Our plan is the easiest and absolutely square. Write quick—Pictures and Cloverine sent promptly, post-paid. Be first in your town.

THE WILSON CHEMICAL CO.,
BIG CASH COMMISSION TO AGENTS Dept. M. 107, Tyrone, Pa.

She Is Looking For A Mother



Do You Want Her?

"Peggy" The New Winter Doll

PEGGY first saw the light of day in New York but she didn't like the big city with its noise and confusion and was mighty glad to come to Maine on a brief vacation before looking for a permanent home somewhere in the country.

She doesn't care where she lives so long as as it is in some cozy little town or on a nice, big farm, and provided she can find some little girl who will be a kind mother to her. She just loves the horses and cows and doggies and kitties and—yes, even the little "piggies" make her laugh until she can hardly stand up.

Peggy says that life on the farm is the only life for her, so we want to give her to some little girl who lives on a farm, where she can romp and play to her heart's content and be happy all day long. Please remember, however, that we have but a limited number of these Dolls on hand and if you want one your order should be sent in **at once.**

A New York manufacturer who wanted to keep his help busy during the dull season sold us these Dolls at about one-half the regular wholesale price, so we are enabled to give them away for almost nothing.

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you "Peggy" free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8621.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

French Ivory Manicure Set

In A Roll-Up Leather Case



Given For A Club Of Four!

A PRACTICAL and beautiful Set, containing everything necessary for the proper care of the nails. It consists of a 5-inch flexible polished steel nail file, a pair of 3½-inch polished steel curved nail scissors, a 4-inch cuticle knife with French Ivory handle, a 4-inch French Ivory nail stick, and a 4½-inch nail polisher or buffer with French Ivory Top. All these articles are neatly contained in a moire-lined, **genuine leather case,** measuring 5½ inches wide and 6 inches from end to end when opened. The case rolls up as shown in illustration, and fastens with two snap clasps. In this form it resembles a miniature pocketbook, and is just as convenient to carry, as it measures only 5½x2 inches and only 1 inch in thickness.



Although we offer this Manicure Set for an unusually small club, please understand that each and every piece is strictly high grade and regulation size. We know that every woman and girl who accepts this offer and earns one of these splendid Sets will be more than delighted with it. It is free on the terms of the following offer.

Given To You! For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this splendid French Ivory Manicure Set in a roll-up leather case free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8124.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Writing And Drawing Outfit

Reward No. 9972



For Home And School In A Fine Leatherette Case

HERE is something that is needed in every home and by every schoolboy and schoolgirl—a big value-assortment of almost everything needed for writing and drawing. Our illustration is, of course, greatly reduced in size. The Case, which is made of fine leatherette, is 10½ inches long and 2½ inches wide. It is of the folding style, with a snap fastener, so that it can conveniently be carried in the pocket or in the children's lunch basket. Inside the Case there are **three high-grade pencils with erasers, one good quality penholder with pen, one twin pencil** (in reality two pencils in a combination holder), **one pencil sharpener, one large rubber eraser, one 10-inch ruler** and an **aluminum collapsible drinking cup with cover.**

This Outfit is manufactured by the American Lead Pencil Company, which is sufficient guarantee of its fine quality, and we know that it will please our readers, especially those who have children going to school, and of course it is just as handy in the home, because all the pencils, penholder, etc., are high grade and just what grown people like to use. If you will accept the following special offer we will send you one of these fine Outfits free.

Given To You! For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this complete Writing and Drawing Outfit, exactly as above described, **free** by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9972.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Five One-Year Old ROSE BUSHES

HERE is the offer you have been waiting for—our new 1922 offer of beautiful Rose bushes free to all COMFORT readers. This year we shall give you what we believe to be **five of the finest** varieties yet produced. They come from the most famous rose grower in the United States—an **expert** who has done nothing but cutivate roses all his life. Each bush is **one year old** and in a growing condition when delivered to you. No matter where you live, you will receive the bushes at the proper time to plant in your locality. We guarantee that they will reach you in perfect condition. If they do not, or if any of the bushes fail to grow, we will replace them for you **free of all cost.** Following is a brief description of each of the five different varieties. Please read carefully—and send in your order **today.**

For One Subscription You Get These Five Prize Beauties!

Alexander Hill Grey A magnificent giant yellow rose, standing head and shoulders above all others of its color, ranking with the American Beauty and the Killarneys in value and grandeur. The color is a deep golden yellow with the edge of the petal a little lighter.

Columbia A very large Rose, the open flower measuring six inches across. The color is a true pink, deepening as it opens to a glowing pink. The shades become more and more intense until the full maturity of the flower is reached, and this color is enduring.

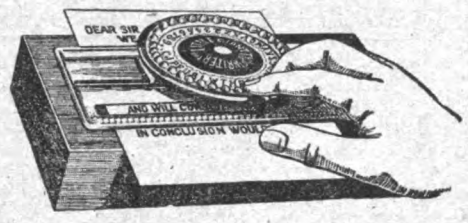
Lady Gay One of the most wonderful of all climbing roses, noted for its sweet and lasting fragrance and immense clusters of double, light pink blossoms—as many as thirty to forty in a single cluster. It has none of the defects of the Rambler but remains free from disease in all climates.

Eugene E. Marlitt One of the finest garden roses, healthy, vigorous and free blooming. The flowers are large and very double and of a rich bright carmine with scarlet tones which do not fade in the hottest weather. It is very hardy, fragrant and keeps up a close succession of bloom.

Bessie Brown A splendid new rose introduced here from Europe and beautiful beyond comparison. It bears large, full, double blossoms on strong, erect stems, is very hardy and fragrant, blooming profusely all through the summer. The color is almost pure white, flushed with pink.

Our Free Offer For only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50c we will send you the above described five Rose Bushes, free by parcel post prepaid. They will be forwarded to you at the proper time for planting in your locality and we guarantee they will reach you in perfect condition. **Reward 8661.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine



Little Giant Typewriter

A REAL machine that writes very distinctly. Has every letter in the alphabet, all the numerals from 1 to 10 and punctuation marks. Uses any size letter paper up to 5 inches wide. For correspondence, making out invoices, statements, addressing envelopes, etc., this machine will do the work well. It is very easy to operate, in fact, a child can write on it after a little practice.

Given To You! For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Typewriter free and prepaid. **Reward No. 8853.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



54 Inch Rope Of Pearls

Reward No. 9882

Full Opera Length

THE dream of every woman and girl is to possess her own necklace of gleaming, iridescent pearls. There's a wonderful fascination about them—a beauty that appeals to every feminine heart.

Now your dream can come true—for we are giving away this handsome, full **opera length** rope of Parisian pearls. It is 54 inches long, all the pearls are of uniform size—¼ inch in diameter—of perfect finish and luster, far handsomer than the ordinary imitation pearl necklace sold at a high price. It can easily be wound **twice** around the neck, making the double rope as shown in our illustration.

By rare good luck we secured first choice of these necklaces **from a large importer and at a price** that enables us to give them for an unusually small club. Please read the following offer and learn how you can get a beautiful, 54-inch rope of pearls free of all cost.

Given To You! For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this handsome, opera length Pearl Necklace free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9882.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

130 New Transfer Patterns FREE



All The Latest Stylish Designs For Milady's Dress, Lingerie And Accessories, Children's Garments, Household Linen And Fancy Work, Also Hoops, Stiletto, Embroidery Cotton And Instruction Book.

COMFORT needleworkers will welcome this splendid new transfer outfit consisting of five large sheets of patterns, five skeins embroidery cotton, different colors: hoops, bone stiletto and book on embroidery stitches. This grand pattern assortment, which easily surpasses anything we ever offered before, includes more than **one hundred thirty** new stylish motifs for all kinds of wearing apparel, table linen, towels, handkerchiefs and many beautiful articles of fancy work for home decoration. They may be used singly and in innumerable combinations. There are designs for corset covers, petticoats, collars, borders and sprays for dresses, lingerie, etc., borders for braid, towels, etc., anchors, repeat scallops in five different sizes, two sizes of fancy scallops, fleur-de-lis, French knots, child's dress, Dutch figures, scarf end for Bulgarian work, rose design for pillow, corners for table covers, centerpieces, lunch cloths, handkerchiefs, etc., etc., 17-inch butterfly centerpiece, doilies, one complete 2¾-inch Old English alphabet, one complete 1⅝-inch initial block alphabet, one complete ½-inch initial script alphabet, and various other designs—over **one hundred thirty** in all.

The patterns may be **instantly** transferred to any material by simply rubbing with bowl of a spoon or by pressing with a hot iron. They can be used at least six times with satisfactory results.

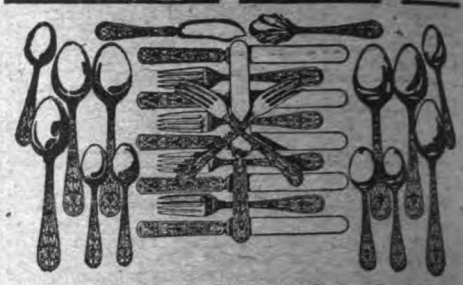
Remember—in **addition** to all these patterns, we also include free of charge, five skeins good embroidery cotton in different colors, hoops, bone stiletto and a book illustrating and describing all the principal embroidery stitches, making embroidery so simple that a child can do it.

We will make you a present of this big transfer outfit if you will accept the following offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this complete Transfer Outfit, exactly as described, free by mail postpaid. **Reward No. 9272.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

26-Piece Table Set



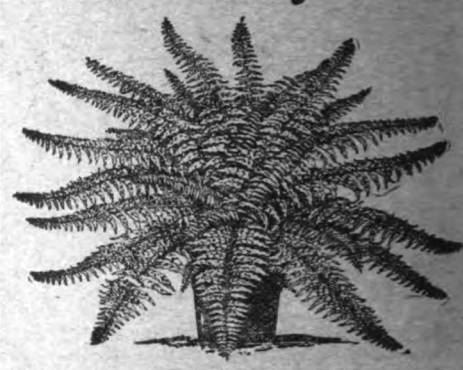
Given For A Club Of Only Five

WE have made many offers of table-ware, but this is the first time we have been able to offer **a complete set of 26 Pieces** in return for so small a club. And please don't think that because **we are** giving this set on such liberal terms that it is plated on a brass base and consequently will change color and have that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. On the contrary, it has a **white metal base;** therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will not show signs of wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration, there are 26 pieces in this set—**6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, Sugar Shell and Butter Knife.** Each piece is **full regulation size** for family use, the handles are handsomely **embossed** and the blades of the knives and the bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and **bright polished.** It is only because we buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a reward for so few subscriptions. It is by far **the greatest value** we have offered and **we guarantee every set sent out for a period of five years.** We will send this 26-Piece Table Set exactly as illustrated and described to any address upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For a club of five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this 26-Piece Table Set free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 7625.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Three Lovely Ferns



THEY are the largest, handsomest varieties ever grown for house culture—the **Roosevelt,** the **Boston** or "Fountain" fern, and the **Whitmani** or "Ostrich Plume" Fern. We guarantee thse ferns to be strong, healthy and well rooted, and that they will reach you in perfect condition, ready to pot. If any of them fail to grow, we will cheerfully replace them free of charge. We are able to illustrate but one variety, **"The Roosevelt,"** but remember you get **all three ferns free on this offer.**

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you the above described collection of **three beautiful ferns** free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 8581.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

2-Piece Toilet Set

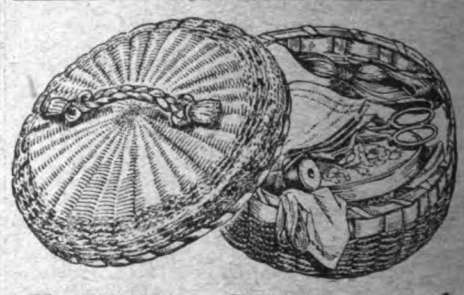


THIS is a good grade Toilet Set, consisting of comb and brush. The comb is seven inches long, with coarse and fine teeth, and comes in the new popular "Malachite" green finish. The brush is nine inches long, two and a half inches wide, with firm white bristles, and is finished in the same beautiful "Malachite" green, with a silverine shield on the back. We have given away thousands of these sets and it never fails to please.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Comb and Brush Set free and prepaid. **Reward No. 9982.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Sweet Grass Basket



For Your Sewing And Fancy Work

WHERE is the woman who does not "just love" these beautiful Sewing Baskets made of **sweet grass?** Their delightful **fragrance** which is practically everlasting is like that of flowers; they are handsome in appearance and very strong and serviceable, being hand-woven by the St. Regis Indians of Canada, who produce the finest hand-made baskets in the world.

Of ample size—eight inches in diameter and three inches deep—and with its close-fitting top, this sweet-grass Basket is just what you need in which to take along **your sewing or fancy work** when calling or visiting. And at home it holds your work, along with scissors, buttons, thread and other necessities, so that you always know just where to look for them. And the Basket itself is such a beautiful ornament for any room.

The Indians sell these Baskets for $2.00 and $3.00 apiece at summer resorts, but by buying in large quantities they let us have them at a special low price. Therefore, we are able to offer the Basket herewith illustrated and described for a very small club of subscriptions as you will note by reading the following bargain offer.

Given To You! For only four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this fragrant, sweet-grass Sewing Basket free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 8084.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Insist!
Insist!
Insist!
on it by name
PISO'S
SAFE AND SANE
for Coughs and Colds
This syrup is different from all others.
Pleasant—gives quick relief. Contains
no opiates—good for young and old.
35¢ per bottle everywhere

OH BOYS-GIRLS GREAT SPORT
THROW YOUR VOICE
Into a Barrel, under the Table, Back of a Door, into a TRUNK, DESK in SCHOOL, Any Old Place. Great FUN fooling the TEACHER, Friends, EVERYBODY with Our
CLAXOPHONE
© 1919
Which Sets On your Tongue Unseen, it NEVER FAILS Anybody Imit. Birds etc. The CLAXOPHONE, with Full Instructions, a Set Of SECRET-WRITING TRICK, (beats Invs., Ink) a MAGIC-DIAL Trick, (a Great Money maker) ALSO, This Marvelous Novelty—
NEW SCIENTIFIC WONDER
"X-RAY" CURIO
With IT you Apparently See thru Clothes, See the bones in your Fingers, Lead in Pencil, etc. No end of fun
3 FOR 25c. BIG FUN
WE SEND ALL ABOVE Novelties by pre-paid Mail for 10c.
3 For 25 cts. A nice Souvenier Free with each 25 ct. order.
CLAXO TRICK CO. DEP. X-C, NEW HAVEN, CT.
WE GIVE The BEST and MOST for The MONEY.

MOVIE SECRETS DISCLOSED
Inside Secrets of the Studios given the public for the first time by expert who has spent years in Hollywood Studios.
Carefully guarded details that are absolutely necessary for the successful scenario writer told. Camera tricks — Illusions — Trick Scenic effects — Building sets — lightings — costume values explained in detail.
Have you wondered why your scenarios do not sell? Have seen an effect in pictures and asked: "How do they do it?" At last the Secrets are out.
Information NEVER BEFORE TOLD is contained in Melvin M. Riddle's new book: "PEN TO SILVER-SHEET." Limited edition just off the press. While they last—and they're going fast—$1.00 by mail, postpaid.
HARVEY I. WHITE PUB. CO.,
1357 Genesee St., Hollywood, Calif.

3 FOOT OR YARD BEAN
So called from the length of its pod. Many of the pods grow to THREE FEET or more in length. A good eating string bean used extensively in Japan.
A big producer, a great CURIOSITY and a rare and costly seed. A sample of FUJIMANE or Daylight Bean & Chinese Cabbage with each pkt of Yard Beans.
Pkt 10 cts. 3 for 25 cts. 7 for 50 cts. 15 pkts for $1.00
The Rundle-Murphy Co. Dept 10 Westport Conn.

What 15c Will Bring You
Only 15c gives you the Pathfinder 13 weeks on trial. The Pathfinder is a cheerful illustrated weekly, published at the Nation's center for people everywhere; an independent home paper that tells the story of the world's news in an interesting, understandable way. This splendid National weekly costs but $1 a year. The Pathfinder is the Ford of the publishing world. Splendid serial and short stories and miscellany. Question Box answers your questions and is a mine of information. Send 15 cents and we will send the Pathfinder on probation 13 weeks. The 15 cents does not repay us, but we are glad to invest in new friends.
From the Nation's Capital
The Pathfinder, 688 Landgdon Sta., Washington, D. C.

$500 Prize Contest
The Lester Park-Edward Whiteside photoplay, "Empty Arms," inspired the song "Empty Arms". A third verse is wanted, and to the writer of the best one submitted a prize of $500.00 cash will be paid. This contest is open to everybody. You simply write the words for a third verse—it is not necessary that you see the photoplay before doing so. Send us your name and address and we shall send you a copy of the words of the song, the rules of the contest and a short synopsis of this photo play. It will cost you nothing to enter the contest.
"EMPTY ARMS" CONTEST EDITOR,
World M. P. Corporation,
245 W. 47th St., Dept. 683, New York, N. Y.

Two Turkish Towels
Good Size Soft And Fleecy
AFTER bathing there is nothing quite as fine as a good rub down with a Turkish towel, in fact it is the best towel for all purposes, whether for the bathroom, guestroom or everyday family use. They absorb the water much more readily than other towels and the soft fleece-like surface imparts to the body a delightful feeling of warmth and well-being. They are also fine for baby's toilet as they will not hurt the tender skin. The towels offered here are 15 inches wide and 32 inches long which is a good convenient size for all-round family use, and are of good weight, well made and finished. We will make you a present of two of these towels upon the terms of the following offer.
Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you one pair (2) of these fine Turkish Towels free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 9912.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Family Doctor

The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be taken to your local doctor.
Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published

MRS. F. G., Calumet, Iowa.—Your case is one of chronic dyspepsia. Take some compound bicarbonate of sodium tablets after meals. Also take a tablespoonful of American Oil with your meals to lubricate the intestines, and also to get rid of your constipation. Of course you must keep your bowels open and regular.

MRS. J. J. S., Corydon, Ky.—You have strained your vocal cords in singing, hence your loss of voice. Rest and use of Dobell's solution as a gargle and spray plus the application of a mustard plaster to the outside of throat is all that you can do for the present. Rest and time will restore your voice. Your husband must be suffering from ulcer of the stomach. A starch-free diet and one composed mostly of liquids will be beneficial. Also have your husband take three drops of dilute muriatic acid after meals three times a day. Take the acid in water.

MISS E. C., Philippi, West Va.—For the choking sensation following the taking of food, no remedy is better than five-grain tablets of asafœtida taken after meals.

MRS. B. H. B., Madison Heights, Va.—You can remove the warts by using caustic soda. This remedy must be applied only to the warts and in a small quantity—one drop or so.

MRS. W. B., Portage, Wisc.—You may have tuberculosis and not show the tubercular germ. Maybe you have a lung abscess. From the X-ray, this seems possible in your case. Of course you must eat the eggs and drink milk as indicated by your family physician. Only time will determine the final outcome in your case as a positive diagnosis is impossible.

MRS. W. F. H., Belleville, Ill.—Chronic constipation is best relieved by eating green and coarse vegetables, avoiding sweets of all kinds, and, with meals, taking a tablespoonful of American Oil. You can also take one or two cascara pills at night.

MRS. C. A., Goodman, Mo.—For the acidity of stomach, avoid starchy foods of all kinds, and take five drops, well diluted, of hydrochloric acid, dilute, after meals.

MRS. E., Ripley, Ohio.—You better not take any remedies for tapeworm while you are nursing your baby.

MRS. A. D. J., Creola, Ala.—Have your daughter avoid sweets of all kinds, drink plenty of water and, for awhile, live on rice and milk only. Locally, apply Lassar's paste to the weeping eczematous spots. Apply the paste at night. Only by diet and general hygiene and care can eczema of this nature be cured.

MRS. H. R. M., Gorman, Texas.—One of the best stimulating hair-tonics is a two per cent. solution of resorcin in equal parts of alcohol and water. This lotion can be applied every night after thoroughly brushing the hair.

MRS. S. J. R., Rotan, Texas.—See a good dentist and have your teeth thoroughly cleaned. Then gargle and wash the mouth out with Dobell's solution three or four times a day.

MRS. C. D. W., Webb, Miss.—There are no "beads" that will hoodoo goiter that we know of. Better consult some good surgeon and have the tumor removed by operation. This is the only help for her.

MRS. S. M. F., Tippecanoe City, Ohio.—Probably a malarial neuritis is the trouble with your mother. Have her take a tablespoonful of tincture of cinchona after meals, and apply, locally, a solution of camphor and chloral hydrate.

MISS C. L., Benzonia, Mich.—Ringing in the ears may be due to a cold, to wax in the ears and to a chronic catarrh of the middle ear. Better consult some good ear-specialist and see just what the trouble is.

MRS. B. G., Buckley, Wash.—Your are anemic and run down. Take, for all your symptoms, Basham's mixture in tablespoonful doses well diluted after meals. Also diet and eat only wholesome foods, such as you know will agree with you.

MRS. L. H., Bellport, L. I.—Epilepsy is practicably incurable. Have your sister live on a simple diet, avoiding sweets of all kinds, and also keep her bowels regular. She might also take, three times a day, ten-grain tablets of bromide of soda after meals. Any treatment that only makes for "better feeling" without promise of curing the main trouble is worse than useless—simply waste of money.

MISS M. W., New Brunswick, N. J.—Moles are best removed by use of the actual cautery in skilled hands. Trichlor-acetic acid can be used also, but must be used by one accustomed to its use. Do not try to use it on your own initiative.

MRS. J. K., Houston, Texas.—Sleeplessness has a multitude of causes. Maybe you drink too much tea and coffee, or eat too much at night, just before retiring. Maybe, also, you have gotten the habit of wakefulness at night. Better sit up and read until you are very sleepy and then go to bed, relax, and think of nothing but sleep. The appearance of glass before the eyes is simply physiological and must be disregarded. Don't get into the habit of taking any drug to make you sleep—it will soon make you a nervous wreck.

MRS. J. F., Bull Run, Va.—You are all suffering from malarial poison. Take two teaspoonfuls of Warburg's tincture after meals, well diluted. Get the modified tincture which has added some aloes for constipation.

MRS. E. E., Republic, Mich.—Your heart trouble is probably due to being rather fat, gas in the intestines, and lack of out-of-door exercise. As a tonic, try Basham's mixture in tablespoonful doses, well diluted, after meals.

MRS. J. D. W., Abord, Ky.—Your trouble is rheumatic in character. Take five-grain tablets of salicylate of soda after meals.

MRS. S. C. H., Snowball, Ark.—For your nervousness take a ten-grain pill of asafœtida after meals. For the constipation take one or two compound cathartic pills at night. Of course regulate your bowels and live the simple life.

MRS. S. W. W., Washington; V. H., Ohio.—Nujol and American Oil are the same. High blood pressure is dangerous and should have immediate treatment.

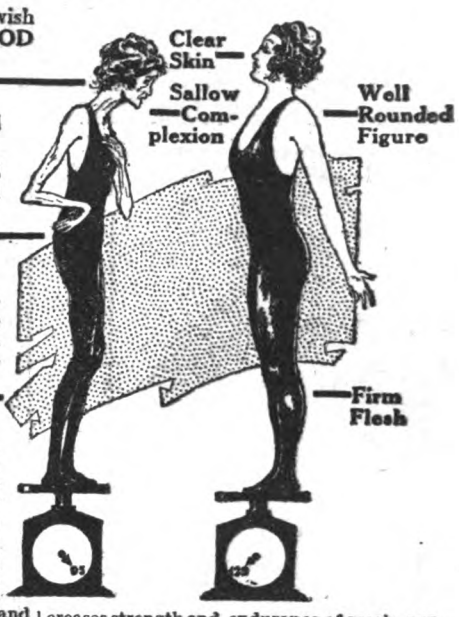
MRS. W. Z., Bay City, Mich.—One of the best remedies for chronic rheumatism is salicylate of soda, taken in five-grain tablets after meals.

MRS. H. B., Big Run, Pa.—For the "habitual sneezing" in the morning, spray the nose with some oil-spray such as alboline nasal spray. Take also, internally, ten-grain tablets of bicarbonate of soda after meals.

MISS L. C., Cortgie, Ga.—Apply to the painful joints, chloroform liniment. Take, internally, five-grain tablets of salicylate of soda after meals. Drink plenty of water and avoid sweets of all kinds.

MRS. G. B. G., Middlefield, Ohio.—Would not try to reduce at all. You must have varicose veins. Bandage the limb in question with an elastic-woven bandage during the day and remove the bandage at night. Of course, if there are ulcers on the leg, these must be treated before applying the bandage.

Weigh Yourself, Then Take Genuine Yeast Vitamine Tablets—
and watch the results!
Thin, weak, run down folks who wish something to help them put on GOOD FIRM FLESH, round out face and figure, and increase their strength and energy, should try this wonderful nutrition product.
ONE DOLLAR PACKAGE ABSOLUTELY FREE, as explained below, to readers of this paper, for the next five days, to prove to you what they will do.
We want to prove to you the difference between taking yeast vitamine tablets mixed with drugs and Genuine Yeast Vitamine Tablets, absolutely pure and unadulterated.
Investigations of the Medical Research Committee would seem to show that no matter what quantity of food may be taken if such food is deficient in vitamines you gradually lose flesh and become thin and weakened, while a much smaller quantity of food, rich in Vitamines, quickly produces good firm flesh and increases weight, strength and energy, provided your blood contains a sufficient quantity of oxygenated organic iron to enable you to assimilate your food properly. Without organic iron, both food and Vitamines are absolutely useless. Organic iron takes up oxygen from your lungs. This oxygenated organic iron unites with your digested food as it is absorbed into your blood, like fire unites with coal or wood, and by so doing it creates tremendous power and energy. Without organic iron in your blood your food merely passes through your body without doing you any good.
For centuries scientists tried in vain to produce organic iron. At last the problem was solved so that you may now obtain pure organic iron from any druggist under the name of "Nuxated Iron."
It has been arranged to give to every purchaser of Nuxated Iron, who wishes to put on flesh or increase weight, a large regular $1.00 package of Genuine Yeast Vitamine Tablets, absolutely free.
DO NOT TAKE VITAMINES UNLESS YOU WISH SOMETHING TO HELP INCREASE YOUR WEIGHT up to what a person should normally weigh. If you merely desire greater physical and mental vigor, strength and endurance, we recommend that you take Nuxated Iron only. It is often remarkable what an astonishing difference it makes in a person's appearance to round out face and figure with a few pounds of good firm flesh and it is often equally surprising what a tremendous amount of "pep," vigor, force and energy a little more oxygenated organic iron will give a person whose blood is deficient in this magic-like substance. Over four million people are using Nuxated Iron annually, their experience proving that it increases strength and endurance of weak, nervous, run down people in many cases within two weeks' time. If you want that force, that stamina and strength so necessary to success and power in every walk of life, you owe it to yourself to try Nuxated Iron today. If you do not receive all and even greater benefits than you expect, the manufacturers will promptly refund your money.



GET YOUR FREE
$1.00 PACKAGE OF GENUINE YEAST VITAMINE TABLETS from your druggist today by using this
FREE COUPON
This coupon, if used within one week, entitles you to one regular $1.00 package of Genuine Yeast Vitamine Tablets absolutely free with each bottle of Nuxated Iron that you purchase. If your dealer does not have our Vitamine Tablets he can easily obtain them for you from any wholesale house.
Cut out this coupon and present it to your dealer today.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34.)

Would like to receive letters and old papers of any kind from the sisters.—MRS. W. I. MONEY, Cypress, Fla.

I would like to get the song, "The Green Fields of Virginia."—LENNA HAYWARD, Dennysville, R. R. 1, Maine.

I would be glad if the sisters would send me sheet music of which they have grown tired.—IRENE P. BOWERS, Jeffress, Virginia.

Full information on care of skunks, everything I would need to know to start profitable fur business.—MRS. NORA MORGAN, Spier, N. C.

Poem containing these lines:
"Crumbs were spilled on the floor,
But, Bob, he wasn't afraid."
—M. MERL GREEN, Polk, Ohio.

Cheery letters for Mrs. R. N. Turner, an old lady with dislocated shoulder. Do not look for answers. Requested by her granddaughter. Address: Mrs. R. N. Turner, Zuni, Isle of Wight Co., Tennessee.

Will members of the different states please send me pieces of calico for quilt, also poem about saloons being "bar to Heaven, gateway to Hell," and recipe for good cake without eggs.—MRS. D. E. DUBBS, Vesta, Minn.

Poem containing these words:
"Little heads all brown and golden,
Little forms on bench and stool,
Drooped so languid, warm and weary,
In the hillside, village school."
—MRS. JOHN H. SHUE, Hanover, R. R. 5, Pa.

I am very anxious to obtain a copy of an old reader, think it was McGuffey's Fifth or Sixth Reader, containing poems, "The Mariner's Dream," "The Cataract of Lodore," and "The Old Clock on the Stairs."—MRS. L. L. HINTON, Pontotoc, Miss.

Old papers or magazines would be appreciated. Living fifty miles from town. Reading matter will be passed on to others.—MRS. ANNA ELLEN, Lost Lake, Alta., Canada. Via Peace River.

Remedies

CROUP.—Make a syrup of white sugar and water and add a pinch of alum; it cuts the phlegm and gives relief almost at once.—HUBBY'S PAL, Aleppo, Pa.

WARTS.—Apply turpentine freely. This may not be effective in every case but it cured our little girl of warts.—MRS. MARY NORLANDER, Milaca, Minn.

EARACHE.—One teaspoon sweet oil and yolk of one egg. Fry until hard, squeeze all the sweet oil from yolk and apply while hot, on piece of cotton inserted in ear.—A COMFORT SISTER, Boehrs, S. Dak.

WHOOPING COUGH.—A good remedy for whooping cough is a tea made from dry chestnut leaves or take one cup of this tea and a cup of sugar and boil down to a syrup. Give freely to children.—MRS. ERNEST ROSENKOETTER, St. Louis, 8630 Church Road, Mo.

Apply kerosene to fresh cut and it will stop flow of blood. Do not bind on or it will blister.

For a serious wound or cut, take a shovel of hot coals and sprinkle with a handful of sugar and smoke the wound well while it is fresh and it will not be sore.

Always keep all medicine in medicine closet or in one place, so that it will be easily found when needed. Have bottles containing poison marked plainly and corks fastened in with wire.—SMILES, Milner, Ga.

Deafness
Perfect hearing is now being restored in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc.
Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums
"Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" require no medicine but effectively replace what is lacking or defective in the natural ear drums. They are simple devices, which the wearer easily fits into the ears where they are invisible. Soft, safe and comfortable.
Write today for our 168 page FREE book on DEAFNESS, giving you full particulars and testimonials.
WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated
542 Inter-Southern Bldg. LOUISVILLE, KY.

ALL THIS FREE
Gold-plated Lavalliere and Chain, pair Earbobs, Gold-plated Expansion Bracelet with Im. Watch, guaranteed quality and 3 Gold-plated Rings ALL FREE for selling only 15 pieces Jewelry at 10 cents each.
EAGLE WATCH CO.,
Dept. 15, East Boston, Mass.

BIRTH STONE RING FREE
14K GOLD finished, guaranteed to give satisfaction, with stone for any month, to introduce our catalogue. Send 13c to cover cost of advertising and mailing. Send size.
SUN JEWELRY CO., Dept 109, EAST BOSTON, MASS

A REAL 22 Rifle HAMILTON ACTUALLY GIVEN AWAY
for selling only 22 Pkgs. Bluette, Our Famous wash Bluing at 10c or 48 Pkg. Sachet Perfume at 10c. Order choice. Both fast sellers. You'll be surprised how easy it is to earn this Fine True Shooting 22 Cal. Rifle. Guaranteed.
CHICAGO BLUING WKS., 1920 Sunnyside Ave., Dept. 701, CHICAGO

Sisters' Circle Pin Free!
EVERY COMFORT Sister should wear this beautiful Sisters' Circle Brooch Pin—the one and only official Sisters' "badge" of membership, uniting in one grand Circle of friendship and love the thousands of COMFORT Sisters living in all parts of the world. It is the size of a 25-cent piece, gold finished, and the front is inlaid with handsome cloisonne enamel in two colors—your choice of red or blue—with the words "COMFORT Sisters" deeply embossed, as shown in the illustration.
If you are a COMFORT Sister, send us only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50c and we will send you a Sisters' Circle Pin free and prepaid. Or, if you prefer, you may send 50c to pay for a one-year renewal (not your own), and we will send you the Pin free. Be sure to mention color wanted. Reward No. 8471.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

ALL THIS JEWELRY FREE
This "Lucky Tige" CHARM with 36-inch silk Cord, this Im. WRIST WATCH with adjustable leather strap and buckle, this pair of sparkling pierceless EAR RINGS, 3 Gold plated RINGS and this handsome 36-inch Oriental Rice Bead NECKLACE with Tassel Beaded Drop. We give ALL these 7 articles FREE for selling only 12 Jewelry Novelties at 10 cents each. Send today. We trust you and treat you square.
H. W. MEAD MFG. CO., Providence, R. I.

Four Wheel Chairs in February

630 Is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The four February wheel chairs go to Mrs. A. J. Walls, Dayton, Wash., 127; Johnnie Brasher, R. F. D. 6, Box 27, Crockett, Texas, 80; Mrs. Jane Goodwin, Beaver, Okla., 68; Harvey T. Perry, Winfield, Ala., 64. The figures following their respective names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends for them.

Johnnie Brasher, age 22, has been paralyzed from his knees down the past two years, so that he is unable to walk or even stand. His sister, Mrs. John Williams, writes that his condition appears to have been caused by the "flu." As he is strong in his arms and body, this wheel chair will enable him to get about and thus be a help to his widowed mother who has to care for him.

Mrs. Jane Goodwin, age 73, is paralyzed in both legs. Mrs. Bertha Benger and Mrs. Flo Kanp, the two ladies that sent in the entire club of 68 subscriptions for Mrs. Goodwin's chair, write that



LOIS TURNER ENJOYING HER COMFORT WHEEL CHAIR.

she "needs comforting in this way, if ever a poor soul did, and now is the time to comfort her." At present she is being cared for by her daughter, Mrs. W. H. Kellar.

Hartey T. Perry, age 10, has been paralyzed from his hips down since he was four years old, due to spinal trouble and rheumatism. He is unable to walk or even stand, but at times drags himself across the floor by his elbows. As he has full use of his arms, the wheel chair will enable him to get about.

Mrs. A. J. Walls, whose name heads our February list of wheel-chair winners, is a crippled shut-in who needs a wheel chair; and that is all I know about her. Her good friend, Mrs. Laura Gabriel, who sent in the entire club of 117 subscriptions for her, omitted to give any other information about Mrs. Walls, and this has delayed the shipment of her chair until I receive the requisite information for which I have written, and doubtless it will be forthcoming within a few days. Before sending out a wheel chair I require information as to the applicant's age, size (including approximate height and weight), general physical condition, and how and to what extent crippled and disabled, which is necessary to guide me in ordering a wheel chair of the right size (there are three sizes) and proper equipment to suit the particular case. The person that sends in the first club for any particular wheel-chair applicant usually encloses with it a statement of the age, condition and circumstances of the shut-in for whom the chair is desired; I wish this practice might be adopted in every instance of a first club for, or first communication regarding, a wheel-chair applicant.

The two pictures here reproduced with accompanying letters of thanks are especially interesting, also this month's Roll of Honor.

Sincerely yours,
W. H. GANNETT,
Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 150 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 50 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscriptions, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Gets About in Her COMFORT Wheel Chair to Do Quite a Bit of Work and Visits Friends

Desloge, Mo.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

Although I received my wheel chair last spring I have just got around to have a picture taken of me in it, which I now enclose and hope to see printed in COMFORT, with my thanks to you and all others that aided me in getting it. I think the wheel chair a wonderful premium. I can wheel myself around in it and do quite a bit of work; also have been able to visit friends in this way since I have had my chair.

Your grateful friend,
Lois Turner.

Could Not Do Without Her COMFORT Wheel Chair

Tell, Texas.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

I received my wheel chair and am truly thankful to you and my many friends for kindness in helping me to obtain it. I am sending you a picture of me in my chair. I am visiting my



MRS. ANNIE MATLOCK VISITING WITH HER COMFORT WHEEL CHAIR.

daughter, Mrs. J. A. Crooks, at Tell, Texas, and I brought my chair with me, for I could not do without it.

Truly yours,
(Mrs.) Annie Matlock.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dollar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions or amount of cash sent.

Mrs. Laura Gabriel, Wash., for Mrs. A. J. Walls, 117 subs; Mrs. Bertha Benger and Mrs. Flo Kanp, Okla., for Mrs. Jane Goodwin, 68 subs; Miss Annie Perry, Ala., for Harvey Perry, 30 subs and $1.25; Mrs. Joe Griffin, Ark., for Elvie Tedford, 28 subs; Mrs. Charner Colvin, La., for Clovis Colvin, 19; Ruth and Dolorice Norton, Texas, for Johnnie Brasher, 15; Mrs. John Williams, Texas, for Johnnie Brasher, 12; Mrs. Will Tutherow, N. C., for Clarence Tutherow, 11 subs and $1.55; Ira B. Norton, Okla., for own, 10 subs; Mrs. J. E. Walls, Wash., for Mrs. A. J. Walls, 10; Mrs. Adell Sumner, Fla., for Mrs. M. J. Sumner, 10; Mrs. Charley Wilkerson, Ark., for Alvie Tedford, 8; Mrs. Pearl Newell, Texas, for H. F. Selers, 7; Dora Sizemore, Okla., for Ethel Sizemore, 7; Rosla Melton, Tenn., for Johnnie Melton, 6; Mrs. C. V. Harris, Ala., for Mrs. Sarah Hasford, 5 subs and $1.00; Mrs. Iolar Borders, Ala., for Vertice Borders, 5 subs; Louise Bryson, Okla., for general, 5; B. F. Oneal, Texas for Mary Jane Oneal, 5; Mrs. Thomas Cude, Texas, for Johnnie Brasher, 5; Edith Pixler, W. Va., for general, 4 subs and $1.00; Mrs. O. E. Beal, S. Dak., for general, $5.00; Mrs. F. M. Parker, Wisc., for general, $5.00; Mrs. Louise Wine, Mich., for general, $2.50; Mrs. J. C. Seafler, W. Va., for general, $1.00; Arthur A. Harding, Mass., for general, $1.00; Mrs. Annie Latham, Mich., for general, $1.00; Mrs. Parrie Hulett, Texas, for general, $1.00; Mrs. Ollie Wilson, Ill., for general, $1.00; Mrs. Mary Beals, Mich., for general, $1.00; Mrs. W. H. Seibert, Calif., for general, $1.00; Katheryn Ackerson, Ill., for general, $1.00; Mrs. John Merchen, Utah, for general, $1.00.

Neatness

Neatness is an asset in any walk of life. Some persons are naturally that way and seem unable to do things in a slovenly manner. Others find it difficult to take pains and are constantly losing opportunities because they neglect the small things that make up the sum total of perfect work. If you belong to the latter class, you should recognize it early in life and make a determined effort to remedy matters. Practice neatness in small things and it will soon become a habit. Perhaps your personal appearance will admit of some improvement, or you might write more neatly than you now do, or even speak more precisely. It is attention to the small and apparently insignificant details that makes one man's work better than another's. Michael Angelo, the great painter said, "Trifles make perfection and perfection is no trifle." It was a chance remark but it expresses a truth as plainly as volumes could. If I were asked to give a boy the most valuable bit of advice he will need as he journeys along the road of life, I would say, "Take pains. Be neat."

Why Men Take Mastin's Yeast Vitamon To Clear The Skin

Build Firm "Stay-There" Flesh, Strengthen the Nerves and Increase Energy.

EASY AND ECONOMICAL—RESULTS QUICK.



If you want to quickly clear your skin and complexion, put some firm healthy flesh on your bones, increase your nerve force and power and look and feel far better, simply try taking two of Mastin's tiny yeast VITAMON tablets with each meal and watch the results. Mastin's VITAMON tablets contain highly concentrated yeast-vitamines as well as the two other still more important vitamines (Fat soluble A and Water soluble C) combined with true *organic iron* and the necessary lime salts all of which Science says your body must have to keep you strong, vigorous, well formed and fortified against the germs of disease. Mastin's Vitamon Tablets will not upset the stomach or cause gas, but, on the contrary, are a great aid to digestion, to overcome constipation and as a general conditioner of the whole system. Pimples, boils and skin eruptions seem to vanish like magic under this purifying influence, the complexion often becomes fresh and clear, with cheeks glowing with ruddy health, the flesh firm instead of flabby, the eyes bright instead of dull.

Of what use are fine features with an ugly, mottled skin, flabby flesh, sunken cheeks, pouches under the eyes or a careworn, sickly-looking face?

WARNING: Your safety and protection depend upon getting MASTIN'S VITAMON TABLETS—if it isn't MASTIN'S it isn't the Original and Genuine VITAMON—the World's Standard—now used by millions. Beware of imitations, cheap substitutes or so-called "yeast vitamine tablets." Insist upon MASTIN'S. At all good druggists.

MASTIN'S VITAMON TABLETS
THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE YEAST VITAMINE TABLET

MASTIN'S VITAMON TABLETS Are Fully Guaranteed In Every Respect Or Your Money Will Be Promptly Refunded.

if it isn't MASTIN'S it isn't VITAMON
The World's Standard-Used by Millions

Crooked Spines STRAIGHTENED



Cure Yourself or Your Child at Home, Without Pain or Inconvenience, of any Spinal Deformity with the Wonderful PHILO BURT METHOD.

No matter how old you are, or how long you have suffered, or what kind of spinal deformity you have, there is benefit and a possible cure for you. The Philo Burt Appliance is as firm as steel and yet flexible and very comfortable to wear. It gives an even, perfect support to the weakened or deformed spine. It is as easy to take off or put on as a coat, causes no inconvenience, and does not chafe or irritate. No one can notice you wearing it.

Cure Yourself At Home

The Appliance is made to fit each individual case. It weighs ounces where other supports weigh pounds. The price is within the reach of all. Hundreds of **doctors** recommend it.



We GUARANTEE Satisfaction and LET YOU USE IT 30 DAYS.

If you or your child are suffering from spinal trouble of any nature, write me at once for our new book with full information and references. Describe case fully so we can advice you intelligently. The Philo Burt Method consisting of a scientific appliance and a course of especial exercises, has produced wonder benefit or cure in over 30,000 cases.

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with every Brooks' Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful. No obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions. **Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb.** No salves. No plasters. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Full information and booklet free.

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Made from the purest, softest rubber. Six cups or faces render misplacement absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Send us $2.50 and we will mail you one postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Write for descriptive circular. It's FREE.

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LOOK YOUR BEST. Make sure of smooth white arms, face and neck in spite of sallowness, blotches, freckles, blackheads etc. If you want to be charming and attractive—Don't pay 50c but send 10c at once for sealed Package, which will transform your appearance instantly. Warranted. TOILET COMPOUND CO. Box 1927A, Boston, Mass.

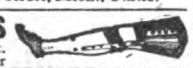


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Easy Payments—Do Nature's Work. **AGENTS WANTED** who wear Leg. Good Pay. FREE Fibre Sample. DESCRIBE STUMP TO WORMAN CO., 252-C Hennepin, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24.)

Angeles. I have only seen one letter from a cousin in Los Angeles.

There is a big brush fire raging in the hills back behind Los Angeles and it is endangering a few homes and also a big water shed.

In the summer weeks I spend my vacation at Catalina Island. This last summer I went hunting, but I failed to catch any of Billy's brothers as they ran too fast for me.

I wish some of the cousins would write to me and for the best letter I will send my picture. I must close now, for time is getting scarce.

Your nephew, WILLIAM STRATTON.

William, you need not have worried about your namesake and my co-laborer in the Field of Letters being desirous of making his supper "off" of your charming epistle. Billy, of course, never considers any meal complete unless a certain supply of paper—either raw, stewed or baked—forms a part of the repast. But whether the dish before him be bran muffins or paper, cocoa or correspondence, he always eats this, at any time of the day, "off" of a golden oak, quarter-sawed, dining-table of early fourth-century Byzantine design. The table is covered with a cloth of fruit-of-the-loom damask having a design showing a field of Wakefield cabbage in full bloom. Bill draws his armchair up to this table of an evening, props his volume of Macaulay against the salt cellar, and proceeds to partake of a generous meal in a leisurely and dignified manner. You can see how different all this is from any idea of making a light and hasty supper "off" of your letter—and probably dropping crumbs of muffin and paper off the edge of the letter and down upon our dining-room Smyrna art square. No, indeed; Bill needs more than a letter for a dinner-table.

I hope you got that brush fire extinguished. Will, before it burned up your water shed. I suppose a water shed is more difficult to burn up than is a wood shed, but a good lively brush fire can make ashes of almost anything from a cake of ice down.

Your school must certainly be broad and deep as well as high if it holds 2,925 pupils. I should think it would be easy to get lost in this scholastic crowd and turn up in the wrong class. But you Californians have a big state and are used to doing things on a large scale. It is staggering to think of the amount of knowledge it must take to "go around" your nearly 3,000 students. Your school must be seriously depleting the available stock of knowledge, William, and you will probably end up by having to import a new supply from China—where there is popularly supposed to be a large surplus of wisdom left over from the days of old Confucius.

Great Scott, William, I hope you are not serious when you write about having gone to Catalina and chased some of Bill's relatives who live there! I think you had better write again and straighten this out. I know that California is a long ways from Brooklyn and railroad fares are high—but if Billy should take it into his head to go out to Los Angeles and investigate this little hunting expedition of yours, well, it's certain you would be eating your supper "off" of the mantlepiece after he had finished investigating.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for March

"Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these you have done it unto Me."

Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Every month brings to me many letters which disregard this simple and necessary rule. Appeals unaccompanied by the references required will be destroyed.

Ada Champion, care of Stella Murchison, Shelby, N. C. A poor invalid who for sixteen years has never been out of pain. Asks the prayers of the cousins and for any material aid that can be given. Sallie Satterwhite, Blairstown, Box 24, Mo. Unable to walk, but struggles pluckily to aid herself in all possible ways. Give her a dime shower—and more than this, for she deserves it. Mrs. Viola Mollett, Boons Camp, Ky. Ill in bed with a husband almost blind. Has a boy of 10 years and three girls ranging from 12 to 13. Second-hand clothing will help, and money that will buy this unfortunate family food during the cold months. Irene E. Pruett, Lobelville, Tenn. A bedridden widow whose only hope is an operation she cannot afford. This poor woman cannot even sit up without pain. You have the chance to aid her helplessness. It is your money against her life. Mrs. Edna Bandy, Franklin, R. R. 9, Tenn. A shut-in who asks for letters, cards and quilt pieces that can aid her to pass lonely hours. J. E. Simpson, North Bradford, Maine. Crippled with rheumatism for twenty years and now afflicted with failing sight to add to his helplessness. A well-recommended and worthy case. Dennis Cobb, Cobbtown, Ga. A crippled lad of sixteen who has not walked for four years. Give him a little of the happiness that belongs to youth.

Those listed this month have passed through the winter months of days that shut-in hours have made very long indeed. Reward them now by cheer and gifts to show them their brave struggles have been worth making. Only a little aid on your part will mean so much to those whom misfortune makes pitifully grateful for small help. Remember this and lay aside forgetfulness and delay.

Lovingly,

Uncle Lisha

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C.," a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

How to become a Member

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.



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Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents—Sodereze: we are paying $7 an hour taking orders for this newest invention; send for Free Outfit and Samples. American Products Co., 5615 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

We Start You In Business, furnishing everything; men and women, $30 to $100 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories" home anywhere. Booklet free. W. Hillyer Ragsdale, Drawer 5, East Orange, N. J.

Agents—Write for big soap offer. Quick Seller, Big Money Maker. Ho-Ro-Co, 131 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

We Start You without a Dollar. Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes—Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 131 Olive, St. Louis.

Agents—Make a Dollar an Hour. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 453-B, Amsterdam, N.Y.

Sell Necessities. Everybody needs and buys the "Business Guide." Bryant cleared $360.00 in July. Send for sample. It's Free. Nichols Co., Dept. 6B, Naperville, Ill.

Large Shirt Manufacturer wants Agents to sell complete line of shirts direct to wearer. Exclusive patterns. Big values. Free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

Agents: Sell full line of guaranteed hosiery for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. All styles, colors and finest line of silk hose. Often take orders for dozen pairs in one family. Permanent customers and repeat orders make you steady income. Write for sample outfit. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 412, Dayton, Ohio.

Agents! 1922's Greatest Sensation. 21-piece toilet article set selling like blazes at $1.75 with $1.00 dressmaker's shears free to each customer. Line up with Davis for 1922. E. M. Davis Co., Dept. 505, Chicago.

350% Profits Easy Seller. Kleanrite. Washes Clothes without rubbing. Sample Free. Best-ever Prod. Co., 1947-V Irving Park, Chicago.

Agents:—$100 Weekly. Automobile owners wild with enthusiasm. Marvelous invention doubles power, mileage, efficiency. Saves cost first day. Sensational sales everywhere. Territory going like wildfire. $26 sample outfit and Ford Car free. Write quick. Ovee Co., Dept. 113, Louisville, Ky.

Men and women make $100 upwards weekly selling greatest labor and money saving household necessity. Big repeater. Good Crew Managers proposition. Free sample and particulars. Rolly Co., D-1, Hastings, Nebraska.

Agents—Steady Income. Large manufacturer of Handkerchiefs and Dress Goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Big profits, honest goods. Whole or spare time. Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 60 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Agents! A sale in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks and General Yard Goods. Quick sales! Big profits! Large book of 1000 handsome fabric samples. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. 24X, 573 Broadway, New York

Sell Pudding Powders—delicious desserts. Fast sellers, quick repeaters big profits. Send for terms and free samples. C. H. Stuart & Co., 71 Broadway, Newark, New York.

Agents: New 2 in 1 Reversible Double-duty raincoat. One side rich tan dress coat, other side storm overcoat. Two coats for the price of one. Saves $20. Positively guaranteed waterproof or money back. Commission paid same day you take orders. No capital required. Sample furnished. Great seller. Real money for agents. Parker Mfg. Co., 417 Rue St., Dayton, Ohio.

We Pay $200 monthly salary, furnish rig and expenses to all who qualify introducing guaranteed poultry and stock powders. Rigler Company, X314, Springfield, Illinois.

Agents Sell Neverfail Iron Rust And Stain Remover. Huge profits. Big line. Sample. Write today. Sanford Beal Co. Inc., Newark, N. Y. Dept. 4.

Men's Shirts—Big sellers - Factory to consumer, $15.00 daily. Undersell stores. Complete line. Free Samples to workers. Chicago Shirt Co., 208 So. LaSalle, Dept. 106, Chicago.

Big Money and Fast Sales. Every owner buys Gold Initials for his auto. You charge $1.50; make $1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 64, East Orange, N. J.

Make $2 an hour with new article that removes stains: other products. Write for free demonstrating outfit and start taking orders at once Christy, 6 Union, Newark, New York.

Unusual Opportunity. County rights free. Quick sales. Large profits. Repeat orders. Experience unnecessary. P. Barnes, Togo Street, Casadero, Calif.

Sell Minitmend For Tires And Tubes—cost 2c. repair: surpasses vulcanizing, saves 500%. Every auto and accessory dealer buys. Profits amazing. Shaw made $21 first day. Hart $155 first week. Particulars and free sample. The Colonial Rubber Co., Dept. 96, Philadelphia, Pa.

Agents. Sell rich looking 36x68 imported Rugs, $1 each; Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 days, profit $87; you can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid, $1.50. E Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

Your Chance to make Big Money resilvering mirrors, auto reflectors, metal plating. Outfit furnished. Write for particulars. International Laboratories, Dept. D6, 309-311 Fifth Ave., New York.

Salespeople Wanted—Men and Women. Earn $10 to $15 a day selling remedies, cosmetics, soaps, Coffee and food products; best quality easy sellers; you own and run your own business; we teach you how; selling experience unnecessary; you can make $35 to $100 a week the year around. Write today for special sample offer. Furst & Thomas, Distributors, Desk 11, Freeport, Ill.

Agents—fast selling novelty used by everyone. Big profits. Particulars free. Advertising Nov. Co., Sta. F, Baltimore, Md.

AGENTS WANTED

Be successful Agent! Free sample outfit—worth $2.25. "Quality" beauty preparations. Make big money. Extensive line. Established 50 years. Lynas Co., 209 Logansport, Ind.

General Agents. Something new. Whirlwind seller. "Repeat" washing powder. Washes clothes without rubbing. Women throw away washboards. Big profits. Exclusive territory. Write today free package. Kittredge Co., 2 Putnam St., Tunkhannock, Pa.

Polishing Cloth—great seller—big profit. Get our proposition. Newton & Co., 23 Main St., Newark, New York

Agents—New Invention. Harper's Ten-Use brush set and fibre broom. It sweeps, washes and dries upstairs windows, scrubs and mops floors and does 5 other things. Big profits; easy seller. Free trial offer. Harper Brush Works, Dept. A, Fairfield, Iowa.

Agents—Make $7 to $14 a day. Brand new Aluminum handle Cutlery Set. You take orders, we deliver and collect. Pay you daily. Full or spare time. No experience necessary. No capital. We need 1500 Sales Agents, men or women, to cover every county in the U. S. Demand enormous. Write quick. Jennings Mfg. Co., Dept. 1823, Dayton, Ohio.

Wonderful Seller. 96c profit every dollar sales. Deliver on spot. License unnecessary. Sample Free. Mission Bead Factory C, 2421 Smith St., Detroit, Mich.

$1,000 Per Man Per County. Get yours. Inexperienced men pulling down star salesmen's profits. Write for proof: How farmers, ministers, clerks—men in all walks of life—made big money in whole or spare time. You can do it. Amazing proposition — wanted everywhere. Exclusive territory—no sales limit. A hot or cold running water bath equipment for any home at only $7.50. Self-heating. No plumbing nor water works required. Investigate. Terms. Send no money. Write letter or postal today. Allen Mfg. Co., 645 Allen Bldg., Toledo Ohio.

Women Wanted—Reliable firm wants earnest, refined women to introduce Priscilla Fabrics, Underwear, Hosiery, etc. Good pay. Samples, instructions furnished. Write today. Fitzcharles Co., 121 Fitzcharles Bldg., Trenton, N.J.

Agents—A sale in every house. Handsome folding Shopping bag. Big capacity when opened up. Quick seller—Good Profit—Honest goods—Woman can't do without them and when seen in use Agents find ready sale. Material sample free. Territory going fast. Wright Cover Mfg. Co., 1413 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Agents: Here is something you can sell to every housewife. Most useful household article made. Indispensable in every kitchen, restaurants or hotels. Tyler's Ideal Fibre Cutter tenders meat, chops vegetables, shaves ice, cleaves bones, scales fish, all in one. Low price, quick sales, big profit. Address now—M. H. Tyler Mfg. Co., Dept. A-1, Muncie, Ind.

A Business of Your Own—Make Sparkling glass name plates, numbers, checkerboards, medallions, signs; big illustrated book Free. E. Palmer, 504 Wooster, Ohio.

Soap Agents: Free Sample Morgan's Hygienic Vegetable Oil Soap and selling scheme-Morgan Supply Co., B-10, St. Louis, Mo.

Agents—Men or women. $6 to $9 a day, taking orders for Liberty Raincoats. Made to order in our own factory. Guaranteed. We deliver and collect; pay you daily. Full or spare time. No capital needed. Be sure and write today. Liberty Coat Co., 2520 Liberty Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.

Gold Sign Letters for stores and office windows. Photo Pillow Tops, Portraits, Frames, Sheet Pictures, Medalions, Waterproof Aprons, Novelties. Samples, catalogue free. Thirty days credit. Jas. C. Bailey Co., Desk A-2, Chicago, Ill.

Turn Your Spare Time Into Dollars. We start you free selling Washing Tablets. New Premium plan gets the money. Send for free premium offer and sample. L. A. Knight Co., 119 Market St., St. Louis, Mo.

We pay $8 a day taking orders for Inside Tyres. Guaranteed to prevent punctures and blowouts. Double tire mileage. Any tire. Tremendous demand. Low priced. Write quick for agency. American Accessories Co., B330, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Agents—Best seller; Jem Rubber Repair for tires and tubes; supersedes vulcanization at a saving of over 500 per cent.; put it on cold, it vulcanizes itself in two minutes, and is guaranteed to last the life of the tire or tube; sells to every auto owner and accessory dealer. For particulars how to make big money and free sample, address Amazon Rubber Co., Philadelphia, Pa., Dept. 508.

Tailoring Agents: Make $50 to $100 a week and more, with our wonderful all-wool one price line; sells at $29.50 per suit; $20 cheaper than retail prices; you collect profit at once; we ship C. O. D. to customer for balance; exclusive territory; hustlers wanted; write fully; state experience. Sales Manager, Dept. A-40, 831 West Adams, Chicago, Illinois.

Men! $100 weekly easy and a dandy new Raincoat Free on our new Factory Offer. Interesting details postpaid. Write at once to Uneeda Raincoat Co., Dept. W, 378 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

We Pay $36 a Week and expenses and give a Ford Auto to men to introduce poultry and stock compounds. Imperial Co., D 1, Parsons, Kan.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

$6-$18 a dozen decorating pillow tops at home; pleasant work; experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 104, LaGrange, Ind.

At Once; 5 bright, capable ladies to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. $40 to $75 a week. R. R. fare paid. Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 82, Omaha, Nebr.

Women—Become Government Clerks, $90 month. List positions free. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. B 9, Rochester, N. Y.

Women—Girls. Learn Gown Designing. $35 week. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. B 861, Rochester, N. Y.

Be Millinery Designers. Big Easter demand. $25 week. Sample lessons Free. Franklin Institute, Dept. B866, Rochester, N. Y.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Photoplay Ideas Wanted By 48 Companies. $25-$300 paid. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Producers League, 311, St. Louis.

MISCELLANEOUS

Remnant Store, 1516 Vine St., Cincinnati, O. Greatest Dry Goods Bargains on Earth. Agents and Storekeepers supplied.

Don't buy a Bicycle Motor Attachment until you get our catalogue and prices. Shaw Mfg. Co., Dept. 3, Galesburg, Kansas.

Switches made from combings. The new way. Write me. Mrs. E. Vandervoort, Davenport, Iowa.

Hemstitching and Picoting Attachment works on any sewing machine, easily adjusted. Price $2.50 with full instructions. Oriental Novelty Co., Box 11, Corpus Christi, Texas.

Large Blue Prints. 14x17 inches, hand-made, of Poultry houses, Coops, Incubators and Brooders. Send 50c for a set and build your own. J. Sherman Piper, Box 338, Hammond, Ind.

OLD MONEY WANTED

$2 to $500 Each paid for hundreds of Old & Odd coins. Send 10cts. for 111'st Coin Value Book, 4x6. You may have valuable coins. Get Posted. We pay cash. Clarke Coin Co., Ave 20, Le Roy, N. Y.

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Only One Policy A Day Means $130 Per month profit; same on renewals. Policy pays $5,000 Death; $25 weekly benefit for injury or sickness. Premium $10 yearly. Full or spare time. Easy seller. Write quick for territory. Underwriters, Dept. 39, Newark, N.J.

Cigar Factory Wants Salesman—Full time or side line. Previous experience unnecessary, as we give complete instructions. J. H. Hargrave & Co., C22, Chatham, Va.

Easy to sell Groceries, Paints, Automobile Oils, Roofing, Stock Food to consumers from samples, no capital or experience necessary, steady, profitable work. Commissions advanced. Satisfaction guaranteed; 50 years in business. Write for full particulars. Lovell & Browne Co., Wholesale Grocers, 1761 So. State St., Chicago, Ill.

FARMS FOR SALE

118-Acre Farm With 10 Cows, Furniture, etc. included; good house, 66-ft. barn, all $2500, part cash. Page 24 Free Catalog. Strout Farm Agency, 150 B G Nassau St., New York City.

The State Land Settlement Board of California has a number of desirable irrigated farms of twenty and forty acres in San Joaquin Valley for sale to bona fide homeseekers on 36½ years' time. 5 per cent interest annually. Your opportunity to acquire a farm in winterless California. All deciduous fruits profitably grown; alfalfa is a paying crop. Ideal conditions for stock and poultry. Good schools and unsurpassed roads. Fruit associations market your crops, relieving you of marketing problems. You can farm all year in California. Go now and see. State Board's booklet, also Santa Fe folder describing San Joaquin Valley, mailed free on request. C. L. Seagraves, Gen. Colonization Ag't, Santa Fe Ry., 913 Ry. Ex., Chicago.

Want to hear from owner having farm for sale; give particulars and lowest price. John J. Black, Comfort St., Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin.

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Ladies—Earn Money Crocheting, Sewing, tatting, making aprons and caps. Patterns and plans 35c. Send remittance now. Returned if desired. Kenwood Pattern Co., 6138 So. Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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Earn $25 Weekly, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Press Syndicate, 461, St. Louis, Mo.

Government Positions Are Fine: $1400, $1600, $1800 at start, up to $2300 and $2600. Exams everywhere. Write Today for full information. Patterson Civil Service School, Box K, Rochester, N. Y.

Young men, women, over 17, desiring government positions, $130 monthly, write for free list of positions now open, J. Leonard, (former Civil Service examiner) 7 Equitable Bldg., Washington, D. C.

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Own Your Own Orange Grove In Fruitland Park, Florida's finest lake-jeweled highland section, way above sea level. A few dollars a month will buy it. Plant peaches, a quick money crop, with oranges, and the peaches may be made to pay not only for your land and orange grove but yield a profit besides. We can produce you a better orange grove for less money than anyone in the State and in Florida's greatest section. Fruitland Park is best. We can prove it. Write for a book of actual photographs, the interesting story of a Fruitland Park farm and why peaches may pay for it. Lake County Land Owner's Association, 280 Palm Ave., Fruitland Park, Lake County, Florida.

Productive Lands. Crop Payment or easy terms—along the Northern Pacific Ry., in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. Free literature. Say what state interests you. H. W. Byerly, 14 Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

MICH. FARM LANDS FOR SALE

Good Farm Lands! 20, 40, 80 ac. tracts in Mich. only $15 to $35 per ac. Very easy terms. Investigate this opportunity. Write today for Free booklet. Swigart Land Co., C-1246, First Natl. Bank Bldg., Chicago.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Earn $100 to $500 weekly; start a "Specialty Candy Factory"; own home; small store; anywhere; Men-women, booklet Free. Ben-Lee System, 15, San Francisco, Calif.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

Patents—Write for free Guide Book, and Evidence of Conception Blank. Send model or sketch and description for free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest References. Prompt Service. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 641 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Inventors—Desiring to secure patent should write for our book, "How To Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for opinion of its patentable nature. Randolph & Co., Dept. 112, Washington, D. C.

Patents Secured. Submit sketch or model of your invention for examination. Write for Record of Invention blank and valuable book, Free. J. L. Jackson & Co., 230 Ouray Building, Washington, D. C.

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Inventors. Send sketch or model of invention for advice. Write for Evidence of Disclosure form and Book on Patents, Free. Prompt Service. Merton-Roberts & Company, 169 Mather Building, Washington, D. C.

Patents Promptly procured. Moderate Fees. Best References. Send Sketch or Model. George P. Kimmel, Master of Patent Law, 27-F, Lean & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.

MALE HELP WANTED

All men, women, boys, girls, over 18, willing to accept Government Positions, $123, write immediately, Ozment, 104, St. Louis.

Be a Railway Traffic Inspector! $110 to $250 monthly, expenses paid after 3 months' spare-time study. Splendid opportunities. Position guaranteed or money refunded. Write for Free Booklet G-5. Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

Boys—men, Become Automobile experts. $45 week. Learn while earning. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. B 410, Rochester, N. Y.

Government needs Railway Mail Clerks, $133-$192 month. Write for free specimen questions. Columbus Institute, A-2 Columbus, O.

Be an Expert Penman; Wonderful Device guides your hand; corrects your writing in few days. Complete Outline Free. Write C. J. Ozment, 53, St. Louis, Mo.

Firemen, Brakemen, Baggagemen, Electric Motormen, conductors, Sleeping car and train porters (colored) Railroads everywhere, $140-$200. 828 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

Firemen, Brakemen, for railroads nearest their homes—Everywhere, beginners $150, later $250 monthly (which position?). Railway Association, Desk M-17, Brooklyn, N. Y.

OLD COINS

Old Coins Wanted. Have you an odd or old coin or bill? It may be worth several dollars. Get posted. Send 4c for coin circular. May mean much profit to you. Send now. Numismatic Bank, Dept. C, Fort Worth, Tex.

GAMES & AMUSEMENTS

250 Magic Tricks—10c. Big New catalog of Tricks, Novelties, Books—2c. L. Meody, 6074 Stony Island, Chicago.

HELP WANTED

Become Government Railway Mail Clerks. $133-$192 month. Steady. Men-boys, over 17. List Government positions free. Write today sure. Franklin Institute, Dept. B12, Rochester, N. Y.

Government Positions. Men, Women, 18, over, Wanted. Railway Mail, Postoffice, other positions. Examination soon. Salary $1400-$1800 year. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. Write Columbia School of Civil Service, 464 Pope Bldg., Washington, D.C.

CORRESPONDENCE COURSES

Used Correspondence Courses. Bargain prices. Bulletin 1025 free. Courses bought. Instruction Exchange, 1966 Broadway, N. Y.

We rent correspondence school courses 25 cents to 50 cents per week. Free list of 1000 courses to select from. We pay cash for used courses. Students' Exchange, 47D West 42d St., New York.

STAMPING NAMES

Stamp Names on key checks. Make $19 per 100. Send 25c for sample and inst. Either Sex. O. Keytag Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

MAGAZINES

Ambitious Writers send today for Free copy, America's leading magazine for writers of photoplays, stories, poems, songs. Instructive, helpful. Writer's Digest, 609 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

FOR ROADSIDE SELLING

Roadside Gladiolus Selling—Send for free instructions. 10 sample bulbs, 10c. Outfits $1 up. J. L. Vendel, Sharon, Mass.

FANCY MAINE POTATOES

Fancy Maine Potatoes. 135 barrels per acre. Will send you sample box of seed by express enough to plant over 100 hills for $1.15. No orders after May 20th. Dugal Supply Co., Portland, Me.

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Wanted—Men and women ambitious to make money writing Stories and Movie Plays. Send for wonderful Free Book that tells how. Address Authors' Press, Dept. 31, Auburn, N.Y.

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Special Trial Offer. Your next Kodak film developed 5c. Prints 2c each. Moser & Son, 2122 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, O.

Old Tintypes, Daguerreotypes or Faded Pictures of loved ones can be restored so as to produce beautiful enlargements and perfect likenesses under our new process. Individual pictures may also be produced out of groups Satisfactory results guaranteed. Prompt work. Fair prices. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 502 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

Better Pictures—Your kodak film developed 4c—prints 4c each. Cameron Photo Co., O 3418 Burch Ave., Cincinnati, O.

Kodak Finishing. Not the cheap way, but the most reliable. Our Quality Work insures best prints from every negative. Get particulars and List of Prizes. Or send Trial Order. Moem Photo Service, 15-A, LaCrosse, Wisconsin.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

$25.00 Profit Nightly. Small capital starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used, endorsed by Govt. institutions. Cat. free Atlas Moving Picture, 471 Morton Bldg., Chicago

FEMALE AGENTS

Do hemstitching and picoting, Attachment fits any machine $2.50. Buttonhole at $8.00. Hand embroiderer $5.50. Agents wanted. E. Stephenson, 22 Quincy St., Chicago, Ill.

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Delicious White-Clover Honey. Diamond clear. World's finest. Aids digestion. Promotes long life. Fine on pancakes, waffles, etc. Send today for 10 lb. pail, postpaid $3.00. Quantity price list and sample free. Rockward Nusbaum, Honeyhill Farm, Uniontown, Md.

Honey and Cheese of Superior Quality packed in family size packages, write today for Free price list. E. F. Rosa, Monroe, Wis.

STORY WRITERS WANTED

Authors:—Stories, poems, photo plays etc. are wanted for publication. Submit Mss. Literary Bureau, C4, Hannibal, Mo.

AUTOMOBILES

Auto Owners Wanted to use and introduce our new 5,000 and 10,000 Mile Guaranteed Cord and Fabric Tires. Make big money, part or full time. Free Tires for your car. Write quick for special agents offer and low wholesale prices. It will pay you to answer this little adv. now. Reliable Tire & Rubber Co., 35th St. & Michigan Ave., Dept. 70, Chicago, Ill.

INVENTIONS

Inventions Wanted. Cash or royalty for ideas. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 91, St. Louis, Mo.

ENTERTAINMENTS

Plays, Speakers, dialogues, and Entertainments; catalogues free. Address Dept. A, Ames Pub. Co., Clyde, O.

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Have You a Camera? Write for Free sample of our big magazine, showing how to make better pictures and earn money. American Photography, 230 Camera House, Boston, 17, Mass.

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Baby Chicks: 10c up. 12 kinds, and ducklings. Postpaid. Guaranteed. Large illustrated catalog and guide free. Superior Farms, Windsor, Mo.

Day Old Chicks, for sale. Thousands per week. Strong, better hatched, utility and pure Bred, circular Free. Old Honesty Hatchery, Dept. C, New Washington, O.

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Wanted To hear from owner of good farm for sale. State cash price, full description. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

Farm Wanted—Want to hear from owner, give lowest price, and full particulars. L. Jones, Box 107, Olney, Ill.

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Bulbs—10 kinds Gladioli mailed for 10c and names of four friends who grow flowers. Will include free, bulb of beautiful Mirabilis. S. W. Pike, Seedsman, Box R3, St. Charles, Ill.

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All Wool medium weight pants, brown and gray mixture. Best wearing cloth made direct from the manufacturer at wholesale price $3.98 by parcel post prepaid. True-Value Clothing Company, 728 Broadway, New York.

Surplus Stock of $18.00 Government New Hip Rubber boots since 7 to 12. Special $3.98 parcel post prepaid. American Clothing Company, Portland, Maine.



$1 Brings HARTMAN'S Richly Upholstered 7-Piece Suite

Quarter-Sawed and Solid Oak Throughout

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Do not confuse this fine Hartman suite with furniture which may look like it in pictures, but is inferior in construction and finish. Every Hartman piece is made to give lasting service as well as to have an elegant appearance. Note also the handsome upholstering, spring seats, ornamented backs, rounded arms and quarter-sawed oak in this special suite.

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Only by seeing this splendid **quarter-sawed and solid oak** suite can you realize how it will add to the appearance of your home. Only by examining it can you appreciate what a record-breaking bargain it is at our **smashed price.** Furniture like this—elegant, comfortable, massive—can be bought nowhere else at anywhere near the price nor on such liberal terms.

Handsome Fumed Finish!

TABLE, solid oak with top 24x36 inches. Has a shelf 7 inches wide. Height from floor, 29 inches. ARM ROCKER, solid oak with quarter-sawed top panel and rounded arm rests; seat 18x19 inches. Width over all, 25¾ inches. Height of back from seat, 21½ inches. Bent elm runners. SIDE ROCKER, solid oak with quarter-sawed oak top rail; seat 16x14 inches. Width over all, 17 inches. Height, 33½ inches. ARM CHAIR, 37 inches high, and SIDE CHAIR, 36 inches high, with seat 16x14 inches. Table and chairs stand on **noiseless glides. Backs and seats upholstered** in durable imitation Spanish brown leather. Comfortable spring seats. TABOURETTE, 16½ inches high with 10-inch top, is solid oak. BOOK BLOCKS, heavy enough to support a liberal number of volumes. Shipped (fully boxed, "knocked down" to lessen freight charges) from factory in Central Indiana, Western New York State or Chicago warehouse.

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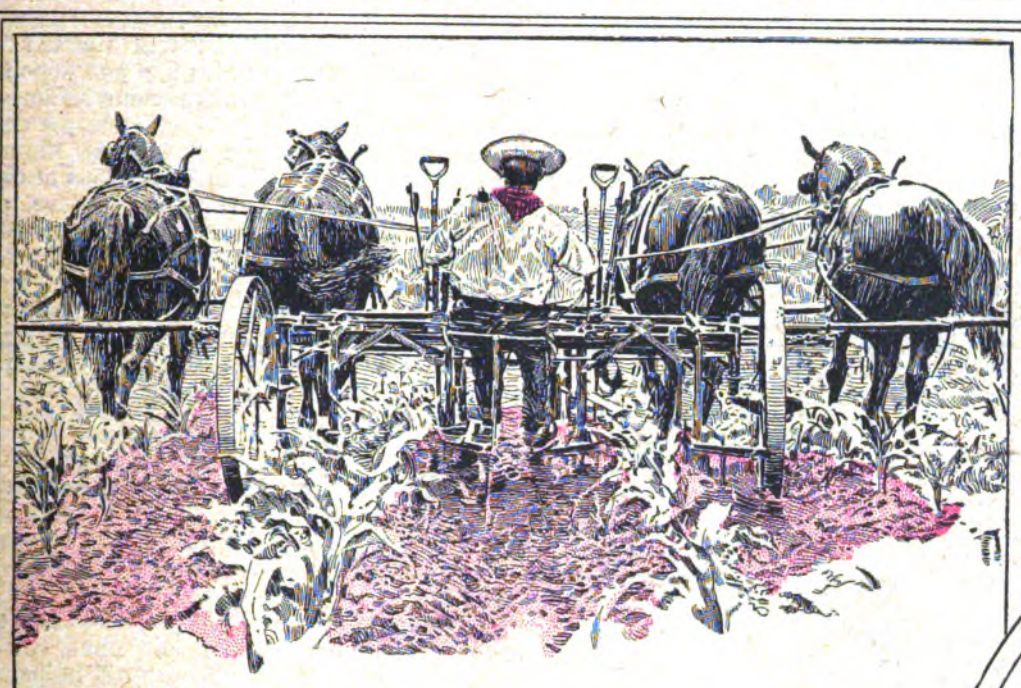
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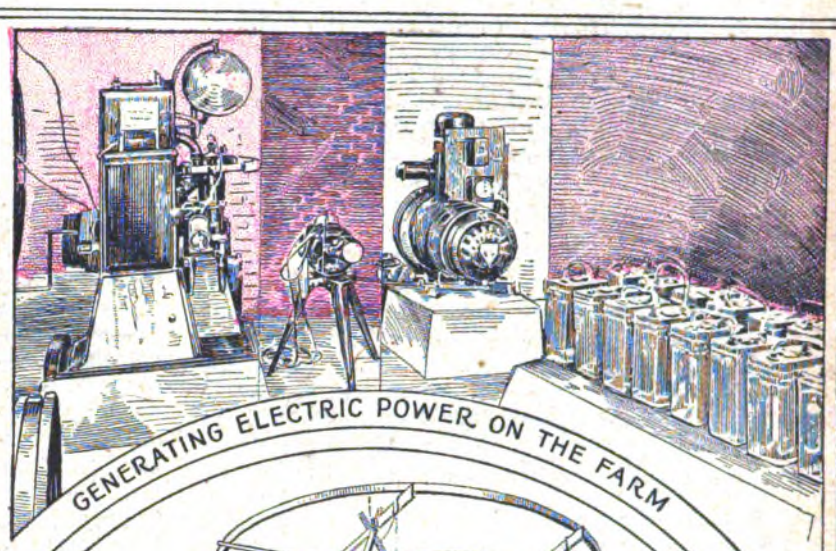
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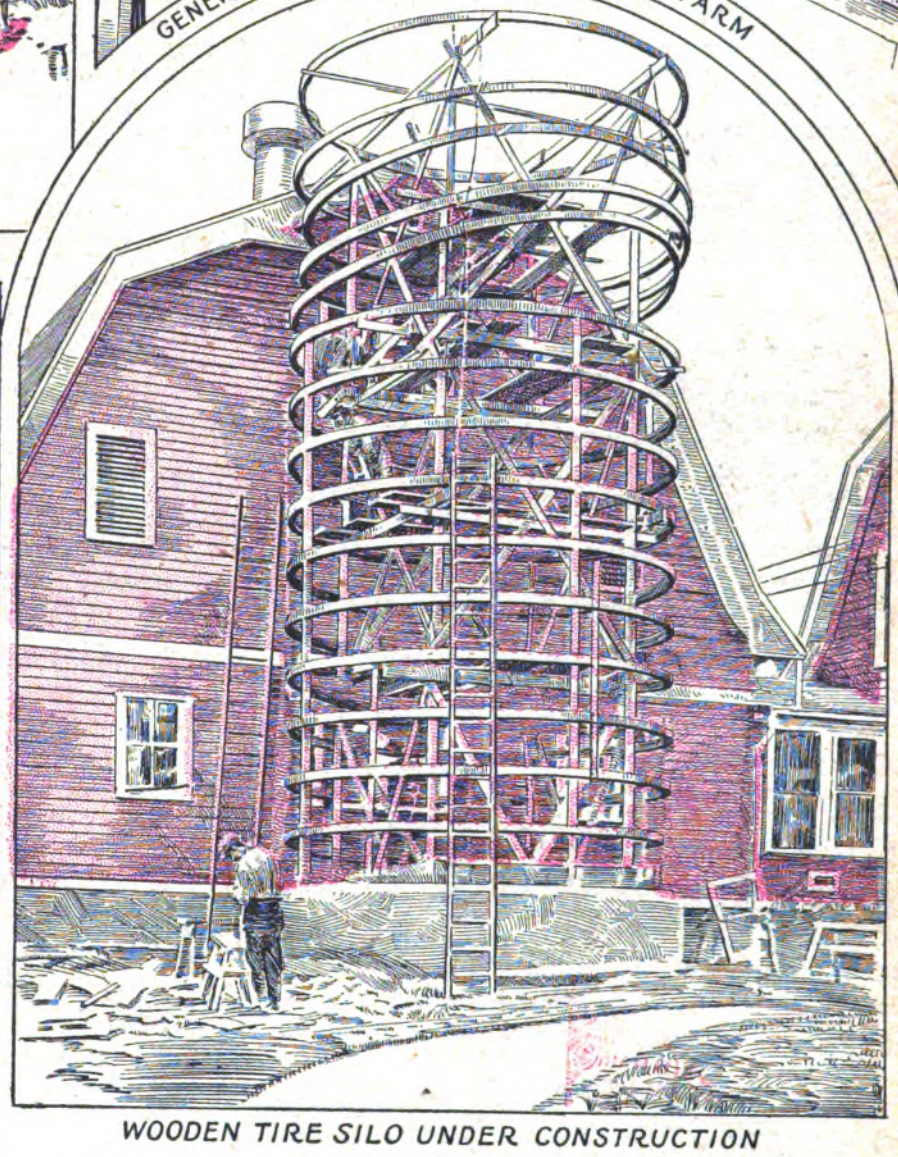
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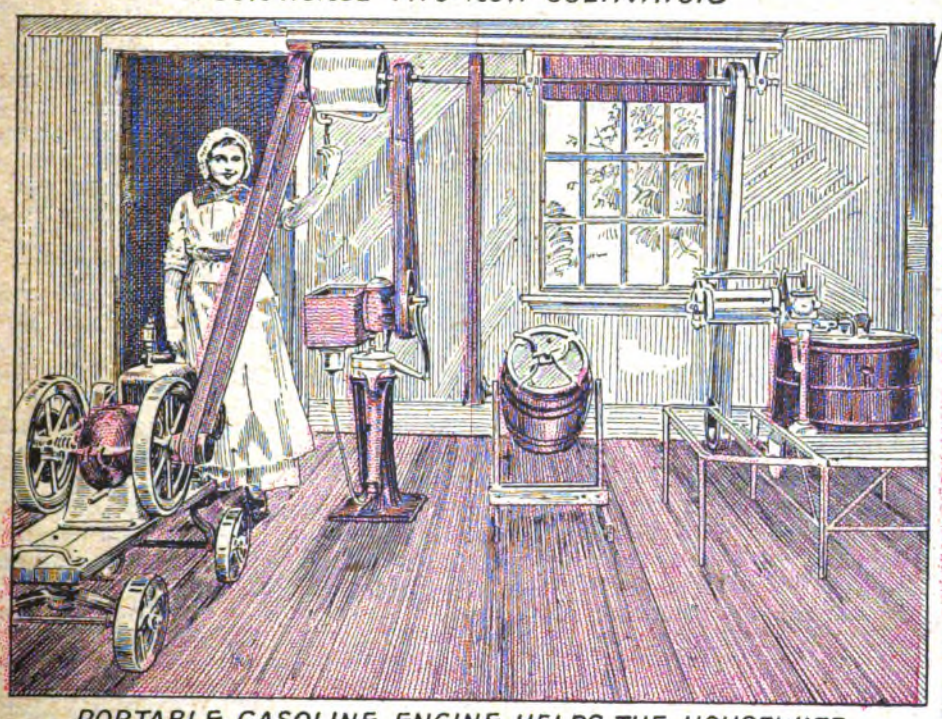
FOUR-HORSE TWO-ROW CULTIVATOR



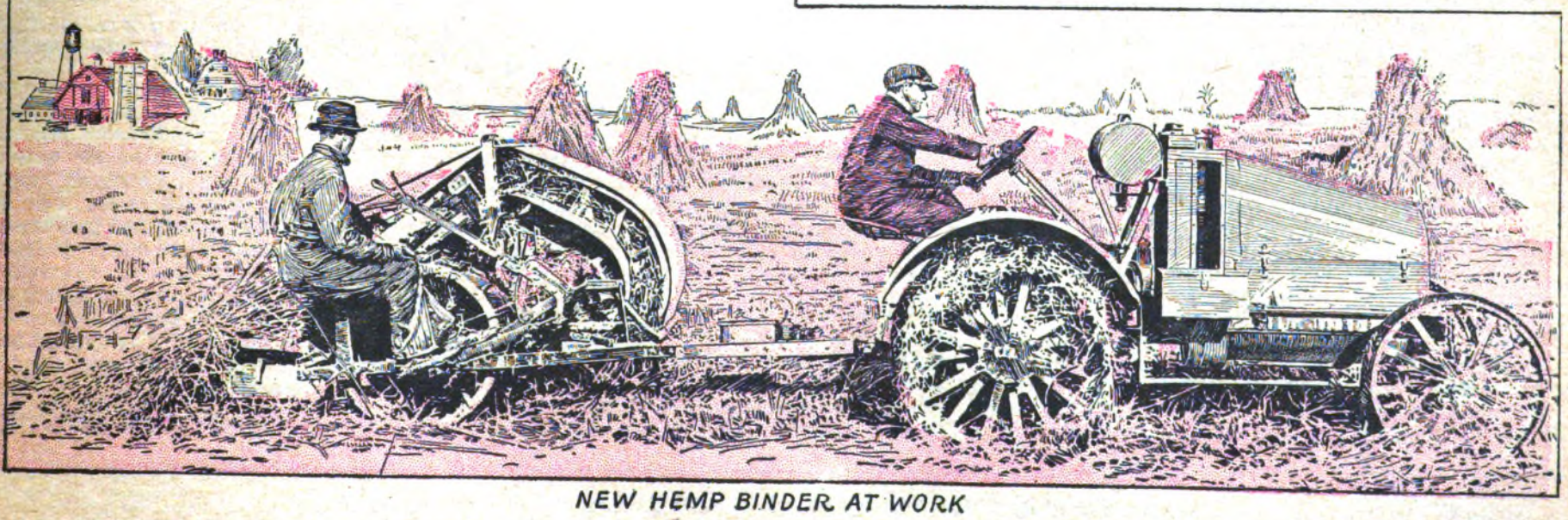
GENERATING ELECTRIC POWER ON THE FARM



WOODEN TIRE SILO UNDER CONSTRUCTION



PORTABLE GASOLINE ENGINE HELPS THE HOUSEWIFE



NEW HEMP BINDER AT WORK

See "Farm Improvement," page 21, and Modern Farmer, page 23.

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COMFORT EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

Increasing Demand and Rising Prices for Farm Products Reflect Brighter Prospects for the Farmers

"IT is always darkest just before dawn" is an adage notably applicable to times of business depression, a verification of which is seen in the very recent and marked improvement in the conditions affecting agricultural interests that suddenly shone forth and dispelled the shadow of gloom when in its darkest aspect it was weighing most oppressively on the farmers.

Although we have regarded the outlook more hopefully than the crape-hangers have painted it, unquestionably the situation during the past year has been hard and discouraging for the farmers, unjustly and increasingly so until it reached its lowest stage of depression about the beginning of the new year, and then it was that the markets (for their products and for what they had to buy) turned in their favor. Since then their prospects have been continually brightening in consequence of changed conditions resulting from natural causes having a permanent tendency that not only forecasts for them a fair degree of prosperity the coming season but promises, in connection with other movements on foot, a progressive advancement of agricultural interests in the future.

The leading editorial in the March 4 number of *The Literary Digest* in pointing out the hopeful signs of the dawn of general prosperity lays stress on the improved situation and prospects of the farmers, remarking that "Peculiarly significant is the new note of optimism in the agricultural press A few weeks ago," asserts the editor, "the immediate outlook for the American farmer was generally regarded as desperate. But with the recent upward swing of prices for farm products the clouds that hung so blackly on the rural horizon have begun to lift and scatter." And in support of his assertion he cites opinions editorially expressed in late issues of prominent publications from some of which we quote in part as follows:

"For some seven or eight months now," says *The Michigan Business Farmer*, "the farmers have been passing through a most unpleasant deflation process. The prices of crops produced at the highest cost in the history of the present generation dropped fifty and sixty per cent. That wouldn't have been so bad but prices of other things stayed up, and it has only been during the last sixty days that they have shown any intention of coming down. But now they, too, are dropping and as they fall, prices of farm products are starting up again. Nearly every manufacturer of farm machinery and implements has recently announced drastic price cuts affecting his entire line." * * * "Clothes, dress goods, automobiles, hair-cuts, shoes, candy, et cetera, have succumbed to the forces of deflation, and they're going down!

"A few months and the leveling process will be complete. Farm prices will be up where they belong and prices of everything else will be down where they belong. Then the farmer can resume his buying and prosperity will be with us again."

As indicating that business men are sensing the fact that their own prosperity is dependent on that of the farmer, the *Nebraska Farmer* remarks that "It is significant to hear business men, when asked nowadays for opinions upon the future prospects, almost invariably point out the recent increase in the price of corn, wheat and live stock to the farmer and give that as a reason for an improvement in the business outlook. * * *

"It is quite true that farm prices have been on the up-grade in recent weeks, and that is of material benefit to farmers and presents a hopeful aspect for agriculture in the coming year."

Among the financial authorities that point to the improved agricultural prospect as a ground for optimism is the Des Moines *Northwestern Banker* which rejoices that "With corn at fifty cents a bushel and hogs at ten dollars a hundred the farmers of Iowa are recovering from the depression in excellent shape. In fact, the advance in corn and hogs in the last thirty days has increased the wealth of Iowa farmers by over forty million dollars. They realize that the tide has turned."

The *Boston News Bureau*, the leading financial journal of New England, prints in its March 6 issue a report from Kansas City on business and financial conditions in the Southwest from which we quote: "Kansas City—For the first time in more than a year, business in the Southwest is climbing forward at a rate which is creating real enthusiasm among bankers and trade interests in general. Improvement in prices of livestock and grain in recent weeks and enlargement in sales of merchandise are surprising to almost all classes. Improvement had been expected, but not at the rate witnessed lately." This authority attributes this business revival chiefly to the rise in prices of farm products and says in explanation that "Rise of $2.50 a hundredweight on lambs the past month, advance of about $2.00 on hogs, rise of 75 cents on cattle, upturn of more than 35 cents on wheat, gains in feedstuffs and firmness in refined oil trade are among the developments making for distinct turn for the better in general business.

"Country merchants are reporting collections the best in months, and are beginning to take more merchandise because they see purchasing power of farmers and stockmen rising. Addition of the value of the large reserves of corn and other feedstuffs resulting from the recent upturns in prices is almost sufficient to carry trade forward in a gratifying manner, to say nothing of livestock and other products.

"Lambs never paid better profits than feeders are now earning. Texas is selling an unprecedented number of sheep at this season because of the high market, and proceeds are paying off loans and creating new business. Communities with big corn stocks, steeped in pessimism not long ago are now cheerful."

Some Obstacles Yet to Be Removed from the Road to Prosperity

THE greater part of the twenty-three billion dollar National debt and of the enormously increased State and municipal debts, under which we are staggering, represents the excessive cost of over-stimulating a sham prosperity by bolstering up highly inflated war prices. Everything was costing twice to four times its value and the Federal Government and the States were running in debt to pay the fiddler for the merry jazz. Of course this could not go on indefinitely, and when, after the war, the Government ceased to "hold the bag" the artificial props went out from under the market and the public began to demand a general lowering of prices to somewhere near normal levels. That should have been, but was not, the course pursued. Farm products were the first to yield to pressure and were forced down too fast and too low, below the cost of production; and this became a twofold hardship to the farmers because meanwhile the prices of other commodities stayed up or dropped comparatively little. This, of course, reduced the farmers' purchasing power and was soon reflected in a general business depression.

The industrial and mechanical laborers in the cities thought it a fine thing to drive food prices as low as possible regardless of disastrous consequences to the farmers, and at the same time demand war-time wages for themselves, thereby keeping up the high cost of manufactured goods. But they reckoned without their host, for the diminished purchasing power of the farmers so curtailed the market for goods that many factories were forced to close or run on half time, thereby augmenting the ranks of the unemployed.

Agriculture is the basic and by far the greatest and most important industry of this country, and on it depends directly or indirectly the prosperity of every other industry and line of business. When the farmers have abundant crops and dispose of them at good prices business is good throughout the land, and likewise hard times with the farmers always bring on general business depression. Of course there are other factors that exert an influence on business conditions, but it is an accepted axiom that industry and trade cannot thrive when agriculture is struggling with adversity.

As herein explained, the recent upward turn of agriculture has injected new life and hope into business, but there still remain some serious obstacles to be removed or overcome ere the country can make very much progress along the road to prosperity. Among the most noxious of these obstructions may be mentioned strikes and other labor troubles that demoralize industry, lower efficiency and raise the cost of production; also high railroad freight rates and expensive and inefficient means and methods of distribution that exact heavy tolls which cause an excessive spread between the price received by the producer and that paid by the consumer.

The National Farm Conference on January 27, the closing day of its five days session at Washington, after much discussion and careful consideration set forth its demand for lower freight rates by adopting the report of its Committee on Transportation which concludes with the following resolution:

"In conclusion we insist that the railroad corporations and railroad labor should share in the deflation in charges now affecting all industries. This is essential to the restoration of normal conditions in agriculture, and it is essential to the welfare of the entire community."

Reports of various other committees of the Conference that deal with deflation of war prices and other readjustments proposed for bringing about normal conditions in industry and trade are worthy of thoughtful attention, but we have space for only the two following extracts from the report of the General Committee on Costs, Process and Readjustments.

"There can be no general restoration of national prosperity until both wages and capital which enter into the production of the commodities which the farmer buys bear their mutual and just share in the general process of readjustment.

"Probably the chief source of relief which the farmer may rightfully expect and demand is in readjustment between the prices of the products which he buys and those which he sells. This is prevented at the present time by distributors' spreads far in excess of any income which the farmer is able to secure, and by high industrial wages and freight rates."

Cooperative selling organizations of farmers for marketing their products have been in successful operation for some years in certain sections and the movement is expanding through the medium of the Farm Bureau Federation. The purpose is to eliminate unnecessary middlemen and save their expenses and profits which so largely increase the price paid by the consumer over that received by the farmer for his products. Any achievement in this line will be of mutual benefit to the farmer and the consumer, both of whom are complaining of the inordinate cost of the present inefficient and wasteful system of distribution.

Lack of space does not allow us to discuss here the various legislative measures drafted in the interest of the farmers and now pending in Congress. Some of them, such as the extension of farm credits on security of harvested crops to tide the farmers over hard places and save them from the necessity of dumping their products on a glutted and falling market and others designed to curb the pernicious activities of speculators in farm products, may be of substantial benefit to the farmers and the general public. We believe, however, that irrespective of Government help a brighter era has dawned for the farmers and that it will make for general prosperity.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

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A Psycho-Illogical Episode

By W. W. Hatfield

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A SHORT time ago, at the instigation of a magazine editor, I made a journey to the Windy City for the purpose of gathering some first-hand information for the writing of an article on psychic phenomena. I failed, signally, to obtain any data worthy of recording. But one afternoon, as I was dejectedly supporting a lamp-post in front of a Van Buren Street hotel, a large hand descended suddenly and forcibly upon my shoulder, and the owner of the hand dragged me into the hotel, where he planted me in a cushioned seat opposite him, with a little round table between us.

"Now, Bill," he said, when he had ordered cigars and some other things not so dry, "shoot! Tell your Uncle what hurts you! You never looked like this when you and me was ridin' herd together out Cochise way, exceptin' mebbe once or twice when your cayuse put his foot in a gopher hole on the dead run."

It was "Breezy" McInnis, an old pal of mine, who had been in turn miner, cowpuncher and railroader over the greater part of that country lying between Paradise, Montana, and Nogales, Arizona. We "chinned" over old times for a few minutes, and then I confided to him that I had been assigned to write an article on occultism, and that my bluish expression was due to the failure of the immaterial information to materialize.

"Occultism? You mean spooks, don't you?" interrogated "Breezy". "Well, I imagine they would be sort of hard to corral. I never believed in 'em none myself, not bein' a eddicated man, but I once knowed a feller that did. And thereby hangs a tale, as the story-writers say."

And this is the tale that was delivered to me by "Breezy" McInnis, whose reputation was as good as his name, and the diction thereof is also his:

One day last summer I blowed into the town of Lost Angels, New Mexifornia. I had quite a stake at the time, havin' just disposed of a placer mine for a certified check with five figures on it. I hadn't been in town long before I got chummy with one of the main gazabos, a feller they called Doc Kenna. He owned a bank and a hardware store and a few miles of real estate, but he wasn't no doctor. He'd got that moniker on account of his fondness for airin' his book-learnin'. Doc's favorite brand of knowledge was spookism, psychic phenomena, he called it. He kept read up on spookism and spook doctors, and knew all about the most famous spooks. Doc and me conversed consid'able on this subject, which was a easy matter for me—all I had to do was to say spooks and then keep my mouth shut and my ears open.

But there was one thing that Doc thought more of than his eddication, and that was his daughter. He had a right to be proud of her, too, which is by way of sayin' that she was a right nice little party to have around the house. Violet was her name, and so was her eyes. She stood an inch taller than a yardstick and a two-foot rule in her lisle feet, and she weighed about as much as a hundred pounds of sugar. She had a complexion that made the girls on the magazine covers turn green every time she looked at 'em. Her disposition was as different from Doc's as the South poll is from the Republican, and Doc's disposition was as acetic as a dozen lemons. Her bein' the only child and Doc bein' a widower, he fussed around over her like a old hecluck with one lone chick.

But there was other folks besides Doc and me thought a lot of Violet, among 'em bein' a young chap by the name of Tommy Waller, who was a pal of mine, in a way. Waller was a well-eddicated and ambitious cuss, but he was a orphan and as poor as Job's gobbler. He wanted a job casherin' in Doc's bank, which Doc wouldn't give him, seein' as how the young feller had never accumulated no mazuma and didn't have no rich relatives to back him. Doc said a man goin' into a responsible job like that had to have a few thousands in his jeans. But Violet was real friendly to Tommy, her and him havin' been schoolmates together. Along about that time, too, she took to sighin' and showin' other indications of a evident desire to commit matrimony, although as yet nothin' definite had been said to Doc on the subject. But she got real peeved 'cause Doc wouldn't give Tommy a job in the bank, and she told him so.

Well, when Doc got wise to the fack that some one was fillin' Violet's cranial attachment with the weddin' bell idea, he was mad. So one night he cut Tommy out of the herd, read the riot ack to him, told him that Violet wouldn't never marry no one but what was a man of eddication, refinement and means, called him a ignorant and penniless young pup, and kicked him down the front steps. Which was a mistake on Doc's part.

Tommy picked himself up out of the begonia bed, shook his fist at Doc, and called on high Heaven and me to witness that Doc would pay for that ack. Then he turned around and took himself off up a dark street.

The next mornin' Tommy Waller was among the missin'. They was considable chin-music about his vanishment for a couple weeks, and some of his friends even made half a dozen trips to the morgue, but was disappointed. And then people sort of forgot him. Exceptin', of course, Violet and me, we didn't forget him none. We both thought a lot of Tommy.

One day shortly after that I ast Doc if he didn't think a woman orter have some say in pickin' out her own husband, but Doc immejiately boiled over and scalded me with certain remarks tendin' to illustrate the advisability of people mindin' their own business—especially people without any brains or eddication, like me and Tommy Waller. Also he reckoned that he could corral a conjugal mate for his daughter without any help from a uneddicated cowpuncher. Which was enough to make any man peeved. I didn't talk back none, but I confined my subsequent conversations with Doc to the subject of spookism, which, as I said before, was a easy matter. Also, when Doc wasn't around, I done my best to keep Miss Violet cheered up by tellin' her stories about my wild and woolly life, in which, if I do say it myself, she seemed to take quite a interest.

Well, to make a short story thick, one evenin' Violet Kenna went out for a little stroll and didn't come back. All that night Doc walked the floor and waited for her, and in the mornin' he went out and called up the police and hired detectives an went to see the manager of the morgue. Also he posted notices offerin' a thousand dollars' reward for information leadin' to the whereabouts, etcetery. People went around draggin' ponds and bloodhounds and things, but nobody qualified for that thousand. When a week went by without nobody findin' a lock of her hair or a han'kerchief or nothing, like they allus do in deteckative stories, Doc made his reward offer five thousand. And when another week went by without her trail bein' picked up he raised it to ten thousand. You can take it from me, half the population of Lost Angels turned Shylock, there bein' at that time another ten thousand dollar reward offer for the apperhension of a actress known as Marjorie Carmencita, who was also missin', along with a couple hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds not belongin' to her.

One evenin' a few days later, when Doc and I was walkin' down the street together, I called his attention to a old house settin' back from the street quite a ways. It was a big house, with vines and cupolas and towers and things growin' all over it. It looked as spooky as the graveyard at Tombstone, Arizona, by moonlight. There was a brass nameplate on the door, signifyin', in big letters, the fack that the name of the guy what lived there was Kubla Khali.

"Doc," said I, sudden like, "I've heard a lot about this Kubla Khali guy here lately. They say folks comes to him from all over the country and gives him twenty-dollar bills so 's they can talk to the spooks of their great-grandmothers what was scalped in Custer's last charge. Now you know consid'able about spook doctors. Why don't you give this guy a try-out? Mebbe he can get his tellypathic lariat on the horns of Violet's fourth dimension, so to speak."

Doc studied a little bit and then opened the gate and we went in. I rung the door-bell while he give the brass name-plate the once over. They was a lot of little chicken tracks under Kubla Khali's name that looked like they might 'a' been either Chinese or Choctaw.

"What's the hieroglyphics mean, Doc?" I ast him.

Doc wiped his spec's and took another look.

"They're Hindu," he explained, with a show of learnin'. "Translated, they mean 'Professor of Occult Science'."

"Never knew you could read Hindu, Doc," I said, lookin' at him with suspicion. "I believe you're tryin' to put one over on me. They look more like Aztec or Eskimo or Nonconformist to me."

Doc started to flare up, but just then the door was opened by a undersized party dressed in a nightgown or shroud or somethin', with a turban on its head and nothin' on its feet but a pair of perforated slippers. Its complexion was somethin' between a octaroon and a bottle of shoe polish. It put one hand on its stomach and bent over real respeckful while it held the door open.

"What do you reckon it is, Doc?" I whispered in his ear.

"Shut up, you ignoramus," Doc answered. "It's a Hindu boy." Then to the party in the shroud: "Is the Professor in, boy?"

For answer, the boy straightened up and motioned for us to foller. He led us down a dark hall to a little room at the end, where he made more motions to the effeck that Doc and me might set down, which we did. Then he took a sneak for hisself.

The room he left us in was fitted up like a doctor's waitin' room, with bookcases and a library table full of books and magazines and things on theosophy and astrology and occultism. Doc fussed around till he got hold of a magazine with a lot of big words in it and then started to read me a lecture.

"See here, Doc," I told him, "I didn't come here to be thee-ossified. Anyhow, I'd ruther hear you read Hindu. It ain't so hard to translate."

Just then the Hindu boy stuck his bean through a door and motioned for us to foller him again. He took us through another little passageway into a big room all decorated up with Oriental rugs and hangin's and things, and lit with a spooky light that you couldn't tell where it come from.

At the fur end of this room Professor Kubla Khali was takin' his ease in a Morris chair, readin' a book and smokin' one of them hookies. He was dressed in a Oriental costume, his robe bein' of silk and speckled with new moons and stars and comets and things. He had on perforated slippers, like the boy, but he didn't wear no turban. His hair was coarse and black. It was parted in the middle and hung down over his ears. His complexion was a shade darker than a cigar store Indian. His eyes was black, and when he turned 'em on you he didn't seem to look at you, but through you. We was led up to him by the Hindu boy, who got down and walloped his nose on the floor three times, after which he took a sneak for hisself again.

Kubla Khali amused hisself first by takin' a mental X-ray photograph of me. It only took him two seckins to classify me to his apparent dissatisfaction. Then he perforated Doc with his eyes for a couple minutes. Doc seemed to suit him better. Anyhow he smiled agreeable like.

"Be seated, gentlemen," he said, or words to that effeck. He had a accent somethin' between a Japanese bell-boy and a love-sick bobcat.

Doc and me deposited ourselves in chairs.

"Now," said the Professor, "which was it you wished to consult me about?"

Doc told him all there was to tell about the vanishment of Violet, casually mentionin' the ten thousand dollars reward. Kubla looked interested, especially at the last.

"I have had consid'able success," he said, "in locatin' missin' people by means of psychography. If you like, we will make an attempt to get into psychic touch with your daughter immejiately."

"The sooner the quicker," answered Doc.

The Professor rung a little bell and the Hindu boy trotted in and massaged the floor with his nose again. Then the two Orientals moved a little cabinet to the middle of the room. They was a depression in the top of this cabinet, into which fitted a doojigger which looked like a schoolboy's slate. The Kubla guy opened up this slate and ast Doc to examine it and load it up hisself with a sheet of blank paper and a pencil, so's he could be sure no one was dealin' from the bottom of the deck. Doc looked into things pretty careful, after which he tore a sheet of paper out of his notebook and laid it in the slate, along with one of his own pencils. Then he shut the slate. The Hindu boy brought four chairs and we all set down, holdin' each others' hands so as to form a circle around the cabinet. All at once the light went out. It was darker than Egypt on a rainy night.

We set that way for half an hour before anything happened. Then there was a noise, faint at first, but gradually gettin' louder, like a pencil tappin' on the slate. Doc was beginnin' to get nervous. I could tell that by the way his hand shook, him bein' between me and Kubla Khali. Directly the tappin' stopped and was followed by a slow scratchin' sound, like a kid learnin' to write. It kept up for several minutes, and then there was a noise like the pencil droppin' on the slate. We set still a little longer, but everything was quiet after that. All at once the light come on. Kubla Khali made motions for Doc to look in the slate.

Doc opened up the slate and took out his sheet of note-paper. It was full of writin'. The words was kind of cramped and the lines run crooked, but it was Violet's handwritin'—I could see that myself with half a eye. This is what it said:

"Dear Father:—Don't you think I ought to choose my own husband? VIOLET."

Doc read it over two or three times, blinkin' like a owl.

"Ask her where she is, Professor," he said.

"I'll try," answered the Professor, or words to that effeck.

Then we all set around the cabinet again, holdin' each others' hands. The light went out, same as before, mysterious like. I listened to Doc's watch runnin' a race with mine for three-quarters of a hour, and I was commencin' to feel so spooky I could see things where they wasn't any when the tappin' started again. Then came the scratchin', followed in a few minutes by the sound of the pencil droppin' on the slate. After that, quiet for a spell, then lights, then Doc jumpin' for the slate. Sure enough, there was another message. It read:

"You must answer my question before I answer yours. VIOLET."

Doc swallered hard when he read that. Then he called me over to one side.

"Breezy," he said, "what do you think of it?"

"Well," I answered, "allus havin' been a disbeliever in spooks myself, I'm kind of up in the air, so to speak. But if I ain't locoed, this is Violet's handwritin', and——"

"It *is* her handwritin'," Doc interrupted. "Of course it's impossible for a man of your limited eddication to comprehend that psychography is a scientifically established fack, but, nevertheless, such is the case. There is not a doubt in my mind but that Violet wrote these messages. The question is, where is she and what does she want me to answer?"

"Well, such bein' the case," I told him, "I would suggest that you answer the question she ast you in her first message."

Doc looked like thirty cents, Mexican *dinero*.

"I suppose," he said, "I'll have to tell her I was a trifle hasty with this Waller chap. Not that I've got so much against him, outside of the fack that he's a uneddicated and material minded cuss, like you. He might make Violet a good husband. Anyway, I'd let 'em get married if he had a few thousand saved up to keep a wife."

"Well, they ain't neither one of us throwin' our material away on spooks, and sich immaterial things," I reminded him sarcastic like.

So Doc went back to the Professor and told him to wireless Violet that he was expressin' regrets for his undue hastiness in the matter of Tommy Waller. Everything was arranged as before, and after another half-hour's wait in the Stygian darkness we got this message:

"Don't beat around the bush. Answer my question. *Will you let me pick my own husband?* "VIOLET."

Doc gritted his teeth. Bein' a hard-headed guy, it went consid'able against the grain for him to give in. So he got out his pencil and notebook and concocted a answer in the form of a complex sentence containin' about two hundred and fifty words, mostly ifs and ands and buts.

"Doc," said I, "of course I'm a uneddicated cowpuncher and don't know nothin' about this spook business, scientifically speakin'. But I would opine that you got about two hundred and forty-nine words too many there. It's a leetle lengthy for a spook to grasp, so to speak. If you want results you better cut it down to about three letters, unqualified, like this—y-e-s."

Of course Doc wouldn't concede that I knowed nothin' about it, so he ast the Professor. The Professor sided with me and Doc had to give in. He told Kubla to tellypath the "yes". Then we held another long spook session, and got another message from Violet. It read:

"Will you give Tommy a position in the bank? "VIOLET."

By this time Doc was lookin' to be a older man than he really was. Also he was gettin' peeved. He called me over in the corner again and drawed on his vocabulary of cuss words to relieve his feelin's.

"Breezy, what do you make of it?" he ast.

"Well," I told him, "bein' a uneddicated guy, especially in the ways of spooks, I'm disqualified to speak, so to speak. But, as you ast me, my unperfessional advice is to accede to all proposals."

"I will," said Doc, sort of grim like, "but I'll put more than three letters in my answer."

So he got out his notebook and wrote this answer:

"Yes. I'll do anything you ask. But I won't answer any more questions. *Where are you?*"

"Can you send her that, Professor?" he ast.

"I'll try," said Kubla Khali, readin' the message aloud.

Then the spook business was institooted again. Inside of half a hour we got this answer:

"I will be at pier 27 at midnight. VIOLET."

Doc looked at his watch and let out a yell. It was 11.30 P. M. then, and pier 27 five miles away.

"Come on," he hollered, and started for the door, with me and the Professor at his heels. Just as the three of us hit the sidewalk a taxicab swung around the corner. Doc hailed it. We all piled in and he told the chauffeur to take us to pier 27 without payin' any particular attention to the speed laws and sich.

It was still fifteen minutes till midnight when we unloaded at the pier. There was no one in sight there, exceptin' for a man in a rowboat which was tied to the wharf ladder, who looked at us kind of suspicious. So Doc and me ambushed ourselves like a couple of Injun sentries, while Kubla Khali stood between us, lookin' now at the stars, and again at the dim hulk of a yacht that was loomin' up in the offin'.

In about ten minutes another taxi come tearin' down the waterfront and skidded to a stop in front of pier 27. A woman jumped out, throwed the driver some money and made a bee-line for the pier, lookin' neither to the right nor the left. She looked like she was plumb set to do the high-divin' ack. Anyhow she went straight to the ladder, and had one foot on it when Kubla Khali grabbed her. Doc and me bein' sort of paralyzed at the time.

* * *

At this point "Breezy" McInnis smiled so reminiscently, lit a cigar and puffed at it so deliberately that I could not retain my curiosity.

"Well," I asked, "was it Violet?"

"It was not," answered "Breezy," "it was Marjorie Carmencita, the diamond thief. The feller in the boat was waitin' to take her out to the yacht. She was makin' her getaway when Kubla nabbed her. Subsequently he got the ten thousand dollars' reward for that little ack."

"And Violet," I persisted, "what about her?"

"Well," answered "Breezy" grinning, "that's the part that takes a little explainin'. Of course, bein' blessed with a average intelleck, you've already figgered out that this spook business was phony. Them funny scratches on that brass door-plate, for instance, was not Hindu. They was put on there by Sing Ho, my Chinese laundryman. I got Sing to translate 'em for Doc one day after it was all over. Sing said they meant, 'Allee samee catchee plenty big foolee'. You can bet your best saddle Doc never spouted to me about his eddication after that."

"But Violet, what about her?" I reiterated.

"I'm tellin' you, just as fast as I can," continued "Breezy." "You see, this Waller chap got the idee first, but he didn't have the mazuma to finance it. I did. So, him and me bein' pals, and him havin' the bean and me the beans, so to speak, we j'ined hands. I paid for the stuff and he done the actin'. He was Kubla Khali. A little walnut juice and a wig done the work. As for Violet, more walnut juice and a turban 'll make a Hindu boy out of any girl. She set between me and Tommy at the spook sessions, so's she could get up and scribble them messages. She was figurin' strong on liquidatin' part of that ten thousand on her weddin' tour. Half of the money, of course, was to come to me for backin' the thing and leadin' Doc into it."

"But why wasn't Violet at the pier?" I inquired.

"She was," answered "Breezy." "She made a quick change and followed in another taxi—we had both taxis ordered beforehand. But she went to pier 29. Pier 29 was what she really wrote in her message, but, writin' in the dark that way, she got her fingers so cramped up that the 9 looked more like a 7, and we got balled up. When it was plumb midnight and she hadn't showed up, I got worried and took another peek at the message, and figgered out what was wrong. Then we went over to pier 29 and picked her up. Seein' as how the triflin' error netted us a extra ten thousand, we didn't kick none. The next day Doc paid the reward, and Professor Kubla Khali disappeared, and Tommy Waller went casherin' in Doc's bank."

"I suppose," I said, still feeling a little in the dark, "that she and Tommy Waller were already married."

"Not by any means," answered "Breezy." You know I told you Doc made a mistake that night in kickin' Tommy down the front steps? Well, Doc got the wrong man. Of course Tommy and Violet was real good friends, havin' gone to school together. But the guy that put the weddin' bug in her ear, and that got matrimonially spliced to her the night she disappeared, was *me*, and we're spendin' that five thousand right now on our honeymoon."



"Breezy," he said, "what do you think of it?"

He that has never changed any of his opinions and was never wise enough to recognize mistakes in himself, cannot be charitable enough to excuse the mistakes of others.

Love Will Find the Way

by Wenona Gilman



June did not speak. He put out his hand and grasped that of his old friend.



She had come to a little rustic gate in the hedge and lifting the latch, she let herself through.



"But I tell you it is impossible. You are mistaken!"

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Junius Beckwith, a Westpointer, Anne Gordon, wealthy, Marian Reade, companion, friend and protegee of Anne Gordon, occupy a box at the Metropolitan Opera House. The curtain falls and Beckwith admits that "Lucia di Lammermore" has a depressing influence upon him and he cannot think of insanity without repulsion, no matter what the cause may be, and a marriage with either tainted, should be made a crime punishable by law. The next morning is Marian's birthday and deciding to go home, Anne Gordon, with a premonition that she ought to stay, exacts a promise, if any trouble comes, Marian will let her know first. Marian walks away and turning the corner meets June Beckwith and they go to the park. Remembering it is her birthday, he offers his love as a gift and asks her to be his wife. Happy in her love for June, Marian reaches home. Janet Reade, her grandmother, tells her that her mother is not dead but the inmate of a madhouse. What can she say to June? Hearing a voice, she answers to her father's call. He gives her a curious Venetian ring for a birthday gift, and questioning him where he got it he evades the answer and queries what Anne Gordon gives her. Showing the watch, her father berates Marian's friend. She might have given one thousand dollars, which he needs and will have. Marian, under the horror of all she hears, forgets all her grandmother told her, even forgets June Beckwith. Later in the night, recalling her promise to Anne Gordon, she goes to her home. A light flashed from a window opposite shows a rope hung from Anne Gordon's window, and in the window her father's face. Reaching home, Marian meets her father, tells him where he has been, and for no honest purpose, and demands that he return all he has stolen. He refuses, and only after her earnest pleading does he ask what she will do for him. Little dreaming the price she must pay, she asks for nothing but to serve him and she seals the promise upon her mother's Bible. Left alone, Paul Reade decides to keep one ring. Marian writes June she does not love him and that her soul is withered as much as the flower she encloses. Her father assures her he has obtained a position in the brokerage business and rented a house down town. June is stunned upon receiving Marian's letter and welcomes his friend, Fred Underwood, who tells him Paul Reade is a most unscrupulous villain and the house he has rented is a decoy for gamblers, that Marian is not as innocent as she appears. June cannot believe it, and Underwood will prove it to him if he cares to go. June calling upon Anne, she tells of Paul Reade's sudden wealth, and June, knowing where it comes from, as a friend, forbids Anne to go to Marian Reade's home. Going to the reception, Underwood requests Paul Reade to introduce Marian. In the meanwhile June appears with a message from Miss Gordon. He invites Marian for a waltz which she ends with Dick Gresham, the most notorious gambler in New York. The evening ended, Marian faces her father and asks who were those people. She receives no satisfaction from his answer—he expects her to receive them with courtesy, she has sworn to obey him. Anne begs Marian to come to her for a home, to divulge the secret that troubles her and she denies she has one. June Beckwith calls upon Anne, who defends Marian and with tears in her eyes pleads with him not to condemn her. If he never loved Anne before he thinks he does now and she is willing to be his wife. Marian speaks to her father of her mother and what has kept her from Marian all these years. She must see her. Her father refuses and Marian insists. There are those who will help. Paul Reade requests Ezra Morris, whose mother is hopelessly insane and confined in a house built especially for her, to allow Marian to visit her, believing she is her mother. Returning home she cries, "will the inheritance come to her?" Dick Gresham announces Anne's betrothal to Junius Beckwith, and for several days Marian remains in her room. Again mingling with her father's guests, she is introduced to Elliott Dwight, a multi-millionaire who, by his words and manner, arouses Marian's suspicions as to his motives. She demands of her father, and before his guests, to deny that she is an inmate of a gambling house, a decoy by his will for his guests, that it is not as Elliott Dwight says. Her father's silence convinces her it is true and in her anguish Marian leaves the house. She is stopped by Fred Underwood who exacts a promise that she will see him before making a decided change. Her heart sinks. June believes her guilty. Underwood admits he is in a most uncomfortable position. June loves Marian, Anne Gordon loves June and I love Anne Gordon. Janet Reade goes to Anne Gordon; she knows her son is not only a gambler but a thief, and has stolen from Anne, detected by his daughter and innocent of the character of the house Marian leaves as soon the truth comes to her. Fred Underwood takes Marian to Wildhurst where she meets Mrs. King, to whom she is strongly attracted and who tells her that Wildhurst joins Judson's Asylum. June going to see Anne, she tells him that Marian is innocent of their suspicions.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AN EXCHANGE OF OPINIONS.

UNDERWOOD had just returned from his drive into the country. He was rather tired after his sleepless night and the excitement under which he had labored during that long morning, had gone to his room for a bath and a little rest before he presented himself at the home of Paul Reade for his interview with Marian's grandmother.

He had thrown off his coat, and was about to shed the remainder of his clothing in like manner, when a knock sounded upon the door.

A servant entered in answer to his rather brisk: "Come in."

"Mr. Beckwith is down-stairs, sir," he said. "I told him you had left orders that you were not to be disturbed; but he seems very much upset about something, sir, and insists on seeing you."

"Tell him to come up."

Underwood slipped into his dressing-gown, and stood there waiting. He heard the quick, elastic step on the stairs, and a little flush arose to his brow.

"I wonder if he has heard?" he said mentally; "and I wonder how it is all to end?"

He was still standing there when June entered, forgetting to shake hands, in his excitement.

All restraint was removed from June then, but he was apparently more calm than he had been in the presence of his betrothed wife. He was deathly in his pallor, and his eyes showed curiously against the colorless skin; but his voice was strangely quiet as he said:

"Have you heard the news, Fred?"

"What news?"

"Why, about the Reades. Were you there last night?"

Underwood sat down before replying. He looked up at June's white face, and said, with an effort at self-control that proved successful, as it usually did with him:

"Sit down. Who told you? What have you heard?"

"But were you there?" persisted June.

"Yes, I was there."

"Then you must have heard about the scene that occurred. You must——"

"But who told you of it? There is nothing in the papers."

"Anne told me. Mrs. Reade went to her this morning. And you knew?"

"Yes."

"And did not come to me at once?"

Underwood did not reply at once. His gaze wandered for just a moment away from his friend's face, and then came back with a suddenness that was almost startling.

"Hang it all, man!" he exclaimed vehemently, "how could I tell you? If it had not been for the cursed cross-purposes at which we have been playing, I should have gone to you before I slept; but what was I to do? What would you have done? You love Marian Reade, and—— What is the good of going over the ground? I could not tell you!"

"Will you tell me just what happened there?"

The scene was rehearsed in its entirety; then, when it had been completed, June exclaimed:

"And you know that she has—disappeared?"

The last word was scarcely more than a whisper, but it seemed to tell Underwood something of what his friend feared. He leaned forward and placed his hand upon June's knee.

"Old man," he said gently, "I am under a solemn promise of silence, but I may at least tell you this much in order to relieve your anxiety: Marian is in no danger. She is safe where she is."

"Then you know her whereabouts?"

"Can you think that I would have left her to herself under these circumstances. I waited outside of the house last night until she had left it, and then—— I am not at liberty to tell you more until I receive her permission."

June did not speak. He put out his hand and grasped that of his old friend. If Underwood had looked at him, he would have seen that there were tears in his eyes, tears of gratitude for the friendship that had never failed him.

Underwood, too, was silent for a little while; then, he leaned forward and again placed his hand on June's knee.

"Have you thought what you were going to do in this emergency, old fellow?" he asked quietly.

June's great, wistful eyes were fixed on him.

"I seem like an overgrown baby," he said dully, "waiting for some one else to think and plan what I shall do. Had I not been so willing to believe wrong of Marian, this terrible decision might never have been put upon me. However, there is but one course to pursue, Fred. I have thought that out long ago. I thought it the instant the blow fell, and the belief that I was right has not changed. I am the betrothed husband of Anne Gordon. She has sinned in nowise, and I have not the right to break the pledge that has been made. I shall carry out my contract with her."

There was a dogged determination in the weary voice, and Underwood heard with a sinking of the heart, and at the same time an increased admiration for his old friend.

"I think you are right," he said musingly, after a time. "You have not the right to break your pledge; and yet—— June, don't think that I am speaking for myself! Don't think me selfish enough to want her made unhappy in order that I may have an opportunity to gratify my own desire, but is it fair to her that she should be deceived? Is it treating her loyally and honestly? Do you think that it is according to her desire? Suppose that in the years that are to come she should discover that you do not love her. What then, June?

Beckwith arose suddenly. All the animation had died from his countenance. It looked old and gray. He leaned against the mantel-shelf and looked down upon Underwood without seeing him clearly.

"I don't know," he said huskily. "These matters are too momentous to decide without reflection. We take a week to think of a business proposition. This is more than that. It encompasses more than life, for the salvation of a soul might hang upon it. My mind is at rest about Marian now, and I can think."

"There are many sides to it which must be considered," said Underwood wearily. "I seem to be too much exhausted, mentally and physically, to be able to advise you in any particular. Marian tells me that there are other disgraces that are connected with her life that would prevent her union with you, even now that this is removed."

June colored.

"I know to what she refers," he said, hanging his head with a dull sense of shame; "but"—lifting it suddenly and looking Underwood in the eye with a sort of defiance—"she is not responsible for the sins of her father."

Underwood leaned back in his chair and fixed his eyes questioningly upon June.

"June," he said earnestly, "I believe you would marry Marian if you knew her father to be a —convict!"

Beckwith flushed again. He did not reply and after a moment of silence Underwood exclaimed slowly:

"I thought so. You love her so that there is nothing that could stand between you except a fault of your own or your honor. But does your honor suggest the straight course to you in this? Is it fair that you should marry a girl like Anne Gordon, a girl who has the right to the whole heart of the man whom she marries, while your soul is filled with thoughts of another woman?"

Still June did not reply, and rising, Underwood placed his hand on the younger man's shoulder.

"There!" he exclaimed. "There is no reason why this decision should come at once as you have said. Forgive me, old man. I realize fully that there are two sides to it. Miss Gordon loves you. She is your betrothed wife. Most men would consider that honor held them to the pledge that had been made, and perhaps they would be correct in it. God knows I don't know. I acknowledge frankly that I cannot look at it dispassionately. I can only say this, June: If Miss Gordon were no longer your fiancee, I would not ask her to be my wife, because I should want one of whose whole heart I was the undisputed possessor."

Beckwith lifted his head and smiled. There was no mirth in it, but infinite sadness.

"There is a favorite expression of Miss Gordon that seems to me to apply to this situation," he said quietly. "It seems to me to be peculiarly appropriate. Do you remember the old song from which she has probably taken it? 'Love will find the way'?"

Underwood said nothing. He turned half-away with his hands thrust deeply into his pockets, and looked through the distant windows to the houses opposite. With that curious tangential flight of the mind that we have all observed, he noticed two children leaning far out in their efforts to see into the street. A fear came upon him that they might lose their balance and fall, and he was about to cross the room to call out to them, when June put out his hand and grasped his colder one in a warm clasp.

"Good by, Fred," he said huskily. "I am going home. I wish you would obtain from—Miss Reade her permission for me to see her once more. Tell her that if she forbids it I will not ask it again; but there are some things that are necessary that I should say to her. Will you do that for me, old man?"

"You know I will."

"And when shall I come for her answer?"

"Tomorrow at this hour. If anything should occur between now and then, I will send you a telegram."

The door closed upon Beckwith, and turning back, Underwood placed his elbows upon the mantel-shelf and propped his cheeks upon his clenched fists.

He had forgotten the children opposite.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DR. JUDSON'S STATEMENT.

With bowed head, Marian walked on in the direction that the gardener had indicated.

There was a hard sort of smile on her lips as she walked down the little pathway between the trees, a smile that was not used to dwell there.

"I am only giving to her that which another will not have," she thought bitterly. "Everything else has failed me, and now I turn to the duty for which I should have sacrificed every other desire in life. I should have left all for her sake, and I did not. After all, my punishment has been just. I danced, while she lay there, chained like a dog, in the room in which she has remained for sixteen long years. I have been happy while manacles have cut into the wrists of the woman who gave me birth. And when I saw her misfortune, I turned, sick with repulsion. I begged to be taken away where my eyes could not be tortured with the loathsome sight of the terrible affliction that had fallen upon my mother. Oh, I have deserved to suffer! Do I deserve forgiveness?"

A wild sob arose in her throat. She strove to control her emotions; but tears, the first she had shed, blinded her. She stopped and vigorously applied her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Now is not the time to weep," she said, aloud. "There is work to do, and with the help of Heaven, I am ready to do it."

She had come to the little rustic gate in the hedge, and lifting the latch, she let herself through.

On the other side of the hedge the lake lay, bordered with trees, but with the clear water visible between, lying with gentle, almost caressing touch against the greensward. A little lower down she saw the boathouse, picturesque as the imagination of an artist. The silence was broken alone by the slow swish of the water, and the peacefulness of the scene calmed her.

She paused a moment and looked about her, a resignation, sweet as religion, coming over her. Then she went on and entered the tiny boathouse.

A pleasant-looking man turned as she opened the door.

"I was told by the gardener that I should find some one here to row me across the lake," Marian said quietly. "Are you the man?"

"Yes, lady," he said politely. "Is it to the asylum that you want to go?"

"Yes."

"All right, lady. There is a boat all ready at the end of the float. I'll have you over in half a minute. Come along."

She followed him and took her seat opposite him in the end of the boat; and as he dipped his oars into the water he said:

"Have you ever been over?"

"To the asylum—yes: but not across the lake. Can you land me beside the little house where the isolated patient is confined?"

"Oh, yes. But you can't go in there, you know. They never let any one see her."

"Yes, I know," answered Marian faintly.

"You ought to hear her when she gets in one of her violent moods, sometimes. Why, we can hear her scream clear to Wildhurst, and it is like the scream of a human being, but the strange, unearthly noise that an animal makes. Poor old soul! They have looked for her to die for—the Lord knows how many years, but she don't die. She only grows worse and worse all the time."

Marian did not reply. She was listening, with her eyes bent on the water; and as the man ceased speaking, an awful thought came to her.

"If I remain here, there will be no escape for me. Sooner or later I must share her fate. I, too, must be like the animal. I, too, must live for years and years in a condition that is a thousand times worse than death. But I have not the right to shirk duty in order to save myself. I must do what I can, and trust God for the rest."

The boat was drawn ashore just below the little stone cottage, and she stepped out. With a shiver of horror she saw the place. She remembered her feeling of gratitude to her father when she had first looked on its beauties, and a curious sensation came over her.

"He can't be altogether bad," she said, with her hands pressed closely over her heart, "when he can love as he has loved her."

There was comfort in the thought, and she clasped it more closely to her. She turned to the boatman hastily and said:

"Can you wait for me here to take me back?"

"Unless I am summoned from the other side. If I am not here, you just whistle or call, and I will hear you and come."

"Thank you."

She turned away and walked swiftly. Before the door of the little cottage, which she remembered so well, a man sat. There was a short-stemmed pipe in his mouth, and his chair was tilted back against the cottage, only half-shaded from the glare of the sun. He saw her as she approached, and arose.

"May I—may I see the—lady who is confined in here?" asked Marian timidly.

"I am sorry, miss," he said, taking the pipe from his mouth, "but it is against the rules."

"But I have been in before. I am a relative of hers."

"The orders are just the same, miss. I can't let you go in without permission of one of the doctors; but if you will go up to the office, miss, I've no doubt but they would let you see her, if you are a relative and have been in before."

"Where is the office?"

"Straight up that path, miss, to the right of the entrance."

"Thank you. Do you—do you attend—her?"

"Yes, miss."

"And how has she been of late?"

"Just like she always is. There is never any change. She grew worse for a long time, until it got so bad that it could not be worse, and now it remains just the same. What keeps her alive is a mystery. I don't know what you want to see her for, miss. It is bad enough for us that have to wait on her."

"I will go to the office."

She bowed to him and moved on, unable to whisper to that man that the creature whom he so loathed was her own mother. Another sob arose in her throat; but she stranged it back, and almost ran in the direction of the office, in order that she might keep herself from thinking, and so retain her self-control until she had seen the doctor.

At the foot of the stoop she encountered a female attendant, and asked:

"Is the doctor in his office? May I see him?"

"I think Dr. Judson is in there. Walk right in."

She went up the stoop, and stood before the door which she saw open. A man with a sympathetic face, if a trifle stern, and with gray hair, sat beside a desk writing. He glanced up as he heard the footsteps pause.

There were few mn who could look upon Marian Reade without a thrill of pleasure, and Doctor Judson arose at once with a smile that warmed his countenance perceptibly.

"Won't you come in?" he asked. "Is there anything that I can do for you?"

He saw at a glance that she was excited, and placed a chair for her. She entered, but did not sit, placing her hand upon the desk and leaning there for support.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

TO take our minds from housecleaning, gardening, and the thousand and one things that must be done about a home, is another travel letter from Mrs. Marsh, wherein she describes a visit to San Francisco's Chinatown. The adventurous spirits among us can make the trip by proxy while the homebodies can read it and say, "My, I wouldn't go there for all the world." If you like these letters and want more of them, tell me so, for I have several interesting accounts of her travels.—Ed.

SO. BERKELEY, 3025 Adeline St., CALIF.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Much has been said and volumes written about the quaint Orientals in San Francisco's Chinatown, but each and every time one is fortunate enough to visit this Little China, there is always found something new and interesting that has, perhaps, escaped the observation of others.

There are twenty square blocks and over 15,000 of these people in grand restaurants, curio bazaars, fruit and vegetable, herbs and jewelry, with the glorious jade ornaments, not forgetting the doorway cobblers, mostly dressed in Oriental costume and a smile.

Our trip through Chinatown was after dark, when we arrived at the Joss House in the sightseeing autos, with guides, and found the temple on top of the house. This, we were told, is to get as near heaven and to face the East.

The Chinese worshipers always take off their shoes before entering. My husband whispered to me that he was glad it did not refer to us as he was not certain about his socks. No sooner were we seated when a handsome Chinaman came into the Joss House and beat wildly upon a big gong. I don't often pray, but I did that time that it was not a riot or a fire.

The guide then explained that this was done to drive away any evil spirits that may have followed us into the Joss House.

"Toss the Joss sticks and see what luck you have with them," said our guide, and my husband did so and he secured a cross between good and bad luck, but I noticed the next man got the ham bones flat, so he was in better luck.

The carvings and gold were glorious, and we were informed that over a million dollars could not replace it. The wedding canopies were beyond description, and the offerings to the god in a canopied enclosure, were in small Chinese bowls. I tasted some of it but wished I hadn't.

In the next room we were shown the "cookers" which reduced the worn-out Chinks to ashes to be sent back to their native land, for, unless the dust lies there, there is scant chance of heaven.

Then we were introduced to Underground Chinatown. What a creepy feeling came over us as we groped our way through narrow passages with niches or holes in the walls where they lived in a six-foot square compartment, while the only ventilation, said the guide, is got by opening the door. No wonder they wear a smoke-dried appearance and a smile.

Here, underground, was a Chinese family, a mother and nine children, who sang for us in Chinese and American, danced, and passed the basket for good Yankee coin. We bought a pair of chop-sticks from the children, but up to the present we have been unable to successfully convey any food of even semi-liquid nature to our eats chamber.

This long underground passage brought us to the gambling joints, where men and women were mixed in the games, passing through the toughest of alleys, so narrow that sunlight was an absolute stranger at all times.

At another place, underground, we saw an old Chinaman who was said to be over 80 and who played on many instruments, of which his room was covered, said to be 100 kinds. His rendition of Chinese opera was a scream.

The Chinese Notice Board on a side street with a crowd of Chinks reading them, looked to us like a magnified wash ticket, only red.

Some few weeks after, my husband related the following story to a friend of mine:

"While passing one of the families in Underground Chinatown, I touched a Chinese woman, who was holding a baby in her arms, under the chin, and my wife turned around, and seeing her smiling, smiled in return, thinking it was meant for *her*. It never dawned on her that I, not her, was the cause of the merriment. That was one time I got by and with an Oriental queen at that."

What wonderful art is wrapped up in a packet of water flowers! Who can repress a smile when they watch an animated 12-foot bamboo pole to which is attached often six chairs, and the center a Chinaman entangled in a mass of dessicated cane, on his way home into Chinatown. Poor fellow, he was bent up like a letter 'I.

Your sincere sister,
MRS. JAMES C. MARSH.

MISSOURI.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of this corner for a long time and have been helped in many ways by the sisters' letters. I believe the usual way to introduce oneself is by a description but I fear if I undertook that it would be such a homely one that you would not finish reading my letter, therefore I would not have my questions answered, so I'll give a description of our home. We have three acres of cherry orchard and in the midst of it is our house, just a common, five-room house. I wish you could visit us when the cherries are in blossom, or, better yet, when the cherries are ripe.

We have four babies, three boys and one girl. The oldest is ten years old, the next eight, the girl is six and the baby boy is four years old. Sometime if I may I will send their pictures to be printed in COMFORT. Our boys are healthy, happy and full of fun but our girl worries us. She has never been a little girl at all but seems about ten years older than her real age. She is never so happy or contented as when talking with some old person and seldom plays with children of her own age and when she does it is always some little girl or boy she thinks is being slighted by the other children. It seems to us that she denies herself all the care-free happiness that should be her own, just to make others happy. When we ask her if she enjoyed herself playing at school or at a party, she very often answers: "I didn't have much time to play. The children ran away from little Fred and I had to go back and help him take off his shoe to get some gravel out," and something like that seems to keep her from playing or having a good time like other children. She learns fast at school and her teachers love her. She is now ready for the third grade. I am glad she loves old people and little ones that are slighted but I don't feel that it is right for us to let her go on denying herself, without having more pleasures. I realize, too, that this is a step to be taken with care and I hope some of you can help me to do what is right.

Pearl Vesey, I'd like to visit you in your mountain home. We don't have to have a big house, electric lights and hot and cold water and all that to make a house a home. I think sometimes the very best homes to be found are the little log cabins our mothers lived in. It may be nice to live in a fine house but as a general rule the one living in such a house is kept so busy keeping things "shining" that she has very little time to make it a home.

I would like to correspond with some of the sisters in the Western and Northern States. Mrs. Wilkinson has my address.

Love to all. CHERRY.

Cherry.—You shouldn't have told us about your cherry orchard. We are apt to descend upon you when cherries are ripe and do terrible things to your cherry crop. Your little girl is rather unusual, I'll admit, but if she is healthy and normal in every way, I'd be glad, if I were you, that she was so kind and thoughtful of others and not try to change her.—Ed.

LACENTER, WASH.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

The first thing I'll do will be to ask some of the sisters to write to me. I like to write letters so will be sure to answer.

I am eighteen years young, a high school graduate, at present attending Business College and have hopes that some future day will find me in a University. This hope brings me to the object of this letter—a little appeal on behalf of the daughters and younger sisters of our big family.

First, education. I wonder how many of the sisters (and brothers) still cling to the belief that education is not for girls? Just oodles and oodles of you, aren't there? I knew it. How I wish you would get that narrow, senseless idea out of your heads—for it is absolutely senseless. I could give you reason upon reason why education is just as much, if not more, necessary for a girl than a boy, but to do so would require at least a page of COMFORT. What if a girl does marry? Is that any reason why she shouldn't have an education as well as her brother? Why should she just have to sit patiently around and wait for just anyone to come and carry her off to a home of her own, when it is easy to realize that it is only in the atmosphere of the work she loves that she will come into contact with the man whose ideas and tastes are congenial to her own and which congeniality tends to make for marital happiness. Moreover, it is essential for a woman to be independent for who knows when the day may come, when deprived of her chief support, and perhaps with small children dependent upon her, she is suddenly flung upon her own resources. A man may be independent without an education but for a woman it is almost impossible. Lacking the physical strength of a man, she needs must depend more on her brain to help her out. Hence the need of an educated brain. Oh, there are reasons and reasons, but taking not even any of them into consideration, let me tell you that there are no days so happy, no lectures more uplifting, no friends so true, or no dreams and ambitions so lofty as those found in the joyous, earnest hours of our school days. So, sisters and brothers, who are mothers and fathers as well, I plead with you to forget the old prejudice and when the eager eyes of that little daughter of yours grow big and wistful with dreams and ambitions, and she begins to wish for a college education, encourage her and begin laying aside money for her sake as well as "son's" and help her to make those wonderful dreams a splendid reality.

Almost in line with this was the other suggestion I wished to make on behalf of the younger sisters who will probably appreciate the point. That is, let your daughter have a little privacy. By all means, if possible, let her have a room of her own fixed to suit herself. You will be surprised how the room will be an open book of her taste and character. And when she retires to this corner of her own, let her alone. Don't try to enter or to find out what she is doing. What difference does it make whether she has wrapped herself in a bedspread in an effort to imitate Cleopatra or Theda Bara; or whether she is trying "movie expressions" before the mirror, or a new hair dressing or a new dance step, or just sitting by the window and dreaming wonderful dreams? What is that to you? It doesn't gain you anything and it does irritate her terribly. Youth doesn't like to be laughed at for its dreams and fancies. To us they are tremendously real. Give them a chance and your precious understanding will be the sweetest and most appreciated thing on earth when the years fly by and daughter is herself a woman.

That's all.

If any of you should like to know what sort of creature the writer of this is, just picture to yourself a slip of a girl, just a trifle over five feet tall, full of the joy of living, add to this a black satin smock, a black velvet tam, a pair of Irish eyes, a fluff of dusky hair—and you have as accurate a picture as could ever be drawn of

A LITTLE DREAMER.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I am writing to you for help for I feel that we are near to one another. I have been reading your letters for fourteen years and love all that I have read; that is why I am going to you for help now.

I have been married eight years to a kind husband, in some ways. I always have the pocketbook and spend most of the money and he is always good and kind and seldom says a harsh word to me but early last spring I was told that he was spending much of his time at a house he wouldn't have me visit. There was only the husband and wife in this family and I soon learned that the husband was away most of the time and that my husband was with his wife while he was away. I had heard questionable rumors concerning this woman and at first I tried not to believe what I had been told, but later I was forced to think that it was true. This may sound foolish to some of you but will anyone who has been through a similar experience tell me how you felt toward your husband in after years. Don't think I don't love him for I do. If I didn't care for him I would go away and let him do the same; still, it seems to me that I have a different love for him now. Do you think going away from here would help heal the wound? I have met this woman everal times but have never spoken to her. He still denies the stories. In my heart I think he is guilty. I have never seen this subject discussed and maybe the sisters can help me. HEARTBROKEN WIFE.

Heartbroken Wife.—I've often wondered how women similarly placed felt toward their husbands in after years, and shall be interested in the replies to your letter.—Ed.

MEDINA, R. R. 1, TENN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Mrs. Wilkinson, I noticed in the February COMFORT that your weight was 130 pounds so you won't be interested in my chat for it's really to the fleshy ones who wish to reduce without giving up sweets entirely and without taking as much exercise as the doctors advise.

Last year when I was trying to find a suit that would fit me, a clerk asked me if I had ever tried reducing and told me of the following plan; said her sister read it in an article written by a doctor, had tried it and found it the best way to reduce.

Eat as much and any kind of solid foods you want one day then drink as much and any kind of liquid foods the next and so on until you have reduced to the desired size.

Rich liquid food is just as nourishing as solid food and reducing this way you lose flesh but not strength and do not get so hungry, especially for sweets, for you see you can eat all you want of them every other day. The lady, in speaking of the liquid foods her sister drank, mentioned sweet milk. I said, "Sweet milk is a flesh builder." She said, "You will find it isn't when used with other liquids just every other day," which I found to be true when I tried it.

I weighed 174 pounds when I began to reduce and in about three months I had lost twenty pounds. Most everyone who knew of it laughed and said I was starving myself to death. They didn't seem to think the liquid foods would satisfy the appetite.

Don't think now that after you have reduced to the desired size, that you can go back to the solid foods every day for after I reduced I began eating solid foods one and sometimes two meals on my liquid food days. While doing this I didn't gain any but I soon left off my liquids and in a little while went back to 170, but returned to my solid foods one day and liquids the next and soon reduced again.

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for a long time and enjoy reading everything in it, especially the sisters' and cousins' letters. I think Uncle Lisha is proving to be another Uncle Charlie, don't you, sisters?

Pauline Williams, your suggestion for a "mope closet" is good; but don't you think it would also be good to ask God to help us not to mope any more?

How many of the sisters think they could act as the woman Dotty wrote about and their husbands not know of it? I think if the wife or husband are untrue to the other, they will soon find it out but oftentimes don't want other people to think they know. I have been happily married nine years and I believe if my John were to find another he'd rather be with, I'd soon know it. We have a little girl, five years old, and like most children where there is only one in the family, she keeps us busy entertaining her. Am teaching her at home and reading her a letter from one of the cousins who started to school at the age of seven in the fourth grade she says I will have her ready for the fourth grade when she begins school.

I want to ask the sisters to send me a scrap of gingham for a gingham quilt. I want to put all the pieces together and outline the state from which it was received, in each piece of gingham.

With best regards to Mrs. Wilkinson and the COMFORT family, MRS. A. G. DUNAVAN.

VERMONT.

HELLO EVERYBODY:

Let me in before Mrs. Wilkinson finds out I am a farmer's wife and let me sit near the door so I can run if West Texan chases me when she finds out that my chief occupation is farmwork. I really hope help is not so scarce in Texas as in Vermont. If I did not help out of doors the town would have to take care of us as this farm is more than one man can handle. My health is better too when I do out-of-door work. I never was worth much until I did it.

What became of the Farmer's Wife who wanted a request granted? I have been looking for it ever since her letter was published.

I can back the Parson's Daughter. She is telling the truth. I am not one; goodness, no. My father was a farmer too, but I chummed with a minister's daughter and besides I have heard a lot of talk about their extravagance, etc., like "Another Parson's Daughter" tells about. I have known of the parson's wife going to call at places where the people were at home and they

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

AN emergency shelf is a splendid thing at any time of year but particularly valuable at the "in between" season when the winter supply of vegetables are nearly gone and the fresh ones not large enough to be eaten. A sister, Mrs. Martha Mayfield, Middlebourne, W. Va., tells us of the good things her shelf contains, all of which she canned herself, and any suggestions or additions to this will be welcomed. Perhaps we can form a composite COMFORT Emergency Shelf. Here's Mrs. Mayfield's list: Canned green beans, lima beans, baked beans, pickled beans, tomatoes, sweet potatoes, corn, turnips, mixed vegetables for soup, beets, spare-rib, sausage, fruits."

A box of shredded codfish could be added to this, thus making a combination of salt fish dinner, as shown in illustration.—Ed.

SPANISH RICE.—Cook one cup of rice until it begins to get tender. In a frying-pan put two tablespoons of lard (I prefer bacon grease), chop a small onion into fine pieces and fry until light brown. Now add cooked rice, salt and pepper and one cup of catsup or chili sauce; tomatoes will do, but require more seasoning. Let cook.

SAVORY SCALLOPED POTATOES.—Peel and slice very thin as many potatoes as required. Put a layer in a baking dish, add a few thin slices of onion, salt, pepper, butter and a pinch of sage; another layer of potatoes, etc., until dish is nearly filled. Add hot milk to almost cover and bake in a moderate oven until done, not less than one hour.—BETTY'S MAMMA, Kansas City, Missouri.

MOCK OYSTERS OF COLD MEAT.—Slice cold boiled meat quite thin, dip in rather thick pancake batter and fry in deep fat. Turn so both sides will brown.

COLD WATER BATTER FOR ABOVE.—One cup flour, one rounding teaspoon baking powder, one-quarter teaspoon salt, one rounding teaspoon sugar, and enough cold water to make a thick batter.

PARTY CAKE.—Cream together one half cup of butter and one and one half cups of sugar. Beat in one teaspoon of vanilla and one-half cup of milk. Sift together one and one-half cups of sifted pastry flour, one-half cup of corn-starch, one-half teaspoon of soda and one and one-half teaspoon of cream of tartar and add to butter mixture, beating hard and smooth. Lastly, add the stiffly beaten whites of five eggs. Bake in a round pan in a moderate oven. Just before serving, split and fill with strawberry preserve beaten with white of egg. Cut into sections, tie around with narrow white ribbon, and dot with fresh or whole cooked fruit.



PARTY CAKE.

BOILED PORK PUDDING.—One cup of chopped salt pork, one cup of raisins, one cup of molasses, one cup of boiling water, one teaspoon soda and enough flour to make as stiff as soft gingerbread. Steam three hours.

SAUCE.—One cup of sugar, one tablespoon flour, two tablespoons of any tart jelly, and one-half pint boiling water. Set on stove, stir often until it boils up clear, then add a small piece of butter and serve hot.—MRS. JULIA BUMPIE, Clinton, Conn.

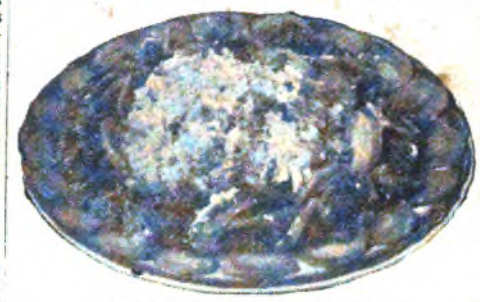
ORANGE SPONGE.—Soften one envelope of fine gelatine in quarter of a cup of cold water twenty minutes, add one cup of boiling water and one cup of sugar. When the sugar is dissolved add one cup of orange juice. When the jelly begins to stiffen, with an egg beater beat in the whites of two eggs that have been previously beaten stiff and dry. When hard, turn onto plate and surround with sections of orange from which all the outer pulp has been removed.



ORANGE SPONGE.

HONEY SYRUP.—Three cups sugar, one cup water. Stir until sugar is dissolved then let syrup come to boil, take from stove, add one cup of honey and stir until dissolved. We think this is fine and it keeps well and doesn't candy.—ROSE O' JUNE, Myrtle Point, Ore.

COMBINATION SALT FISH DINNER.—Take one box of shredded codfish and soak over night, or dessicated fish can be used if you choose. If the former, boil for half an hour, pour off the water, add one pint of milk, two tablespoons of butter, a tablespoon of flour, rubbed smooth in one egg that has been thoroughly beaten. Let this mixture boil until it thickens. Stir into it mashed potato and place in the center of a platter. Surround this with slices of boiled carrot, boiled beets that have been diced and another row of boiled carrots. —MARY HARROD NORTHEND.



COMBINATION SALT FISH DINNER.

PORK STEAK AND RICE.—Put one pound of pork steak through meat chopper, add one cup of cooked rice and moisten with three-quarters can of tomato soup; salt and pepper to taste, put in buttered baking dish and cook one hour.—MRS. M., Boyne City, Mich.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR MEAT.—One-half pound dried beans, one-quarter pound salt pork, one-quarter pound grated cheese, one and one-half cups bread-crumbs, one egg, one teaspoon of salt, one-eighth teaspoon pepper. Pick over and wash the beans, soak from twelve to twenty-four hours in cold water. Pour off the water. Put the beans into three cups of cold water with one-quarter teaspoon of soda and boil three to five minutes. Drain off this water. Return the beans to the kettle with three cups of fresh water and the salt pork, which has been washed, scraped and scored. Cover and cook slowly until the beans are soft (from two to three hours). Take out the pork, mash the beans, add the cheese, breadcrumbs, egg and seasoning. Mix well and put into a buttered dish. Cover with bread-crumbs and pieces of the pork. Bake one-half hour in a pan of hot water. Canned or baked beans may be used. One-half pound dried beans equal about three cups of mashed beans. This roast may be served hot or cold and is much improved if served with tomato sauce or catsup.—MRS. M. C. MACKINTOSH, Canton, Ill.

POTATO PUFF.—Two cups mashed potatoes, two tablespoons flour, two eggs, one tablespoon butter, pinch of salt and one-half cup sweet milk. Mix well together, put in buttered baking dish, spread with butter and bake.—MRS. K. E. J., Bruce, S. Dak.

A POT ROAST.—Trim off the rough parts of a brisket of beef, weighing about four pounds; place it in a kettle over a good fire; brown on one side, then turn and brown on the other; then add one pint of boiling water; cover and cook slowly fifteen minutes to every pound. Add a teaspoon of salt when the meat is half done. After the water evaporates add no more, as there should be sufficient fat to finish cooking the meat. When the meat is done place it on a heated dish. Drain all the fat but two tablespoons from the pot and put it away to be used for frying. To the two tablespoons in the pot add the same quantity of flour. Mix well and add one pint of water; stir until it boils; season and pour around the meat.

PRESSED MEAT.—Boil two pounds of good rump steak until done, when cold chop very fine. Boil the water away to a cupful, put the meat in with butter, salt and pepper and cook a few minutes. Pack in a dish and serve hot or cold.

APPLE CATSUP.—One quart of apple pulp, one cup of sugar, one teaspoon of pepper, one teaspoon of cloves, one teaspoon of mustard, two teaspoons of cinnamon, one tablespoon of salt, two grated onions and two cups of cider vinegar. Pare and core twelve apples, cover with water and bring to the boiling point. Let simmer until soft when all the water should be evaporated or nearly so. To each quart of apple pulp add the above ingredients and bring to boiling point and let simmer one hour. Bottle or put in cans while hot.—MRS. E. W. C., West Burke, Vt.

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It is conceded by domestic science teachers and baking experts the world over to be "the most healthful and dependable baking powder made." Royal contains no alum.

Stella Rosevelt

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



Did you hear what I said?" she demanded sharply.



With a stern face, he watched them until they were burnt to ashes.



Mr. Richards and family were thrown into considerable confusion by the double surprise.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A terrible storm at sea and from a steamer running between Liverpool and New York is Stella Rosevelt Gladstone, an orphan, on her way to distant relatives in New York. She is befriended by Jacob Rosevelt, who is startled when he learns her mother called her "Star," her grandmother giving her the name. A fire breaks out and the boats are rapidly filled. Stella refuses to go unless room is made for Mr. Rosevelt, who the next day suffers from an ill turn and is carefully nursed by her. The sixth day they are rescued. Mr. Rosevelt is told of the care Stella gave him during his illness and while thanking her a young man approaches and Mr. Rosevelt introduces Archibald Sherbrooke, whose home is in Derbyshire where Star's father preached. Star's shawl becomes loosened and not finding the pin, Mr. Sherbrooke draws one, an exquisitely carved stone, from his necktie, and Stella pins the shawl and then tells the story of the wreck and her endeavor to save Mr. Rosevelt's life. Arriving in New York, Mr. Sherbrooke places a card in her hand with his address upon it. Stella, remembering the pin, passes it to him. He begs her to keep it as a souvenir. Wishing she had something to give, he will accept a lock of her hair. Stella is met by Mrs. Blunt, Mrs. Richards' housekeeper, who hurries her away. Stella receives a cool reception from her aunt, who had written she would befriend and educate Stella until able to care for herself, and learns she is to be degraded to the level of a common servant. She asks her aunt if her father, from what she wrote him, had any idea she was to come into the family as a servant. Mrs. Richards does not relent, and Stella appeals to Mr. Richards, giving him the letter written by her father to Mrs. Richards and her reply. Stella has one hundred pounds. Could she not use it and then teach, relieving his wife of all responsibility? Mrs. Richards is surprised at Stella's suggestion and Mr. Richards makes arrangements for her to attend a select school, she giving a part of each day to household work. Stella wins, at commencement, a part in the class exercises and surprises Mr. Richards by her instrumental music, essay and promotion to the senior class. Josephine, admiring the cameo worn by Stella suggests she give it to her, as her wardrobe does not correspond with it. Going to Stella's room and finding the cameo, Josephine takes it and discovers the initials "A. S." Stella misses the cameo and is suspicious who has it. In the meanwhile Mr. Richards receives a letter from Mrs. Richards' Uncle Jacob. He has lost all, is penniless and will accept the home that was offered him when rich. Mrs. Richards refuses to receive him, the house is full, and Mr. Richards is left troubled. Upon his arrival he is taken to the Lodge to sleep, Mr. Rosevelt meets Star who offers her room to him and does all she can to brighten his life. Mrs. Richards receives him coldly, and Josephine ignores her uncle. Mrs. Richards and Josephine go to Long Branch where they meet Lord Carroll, of Carrolton, Derbyshire, England, who appears pleased with Josephine and requests permission of her mother to call. Noticing a ring Josephine wears and examining it he sees the initials "A. S." Josephine claims it is given by a relative. Lord Carrol cannot understand it. The next day he leaves for New York. Stella, hurrying to take a train for home, and in danger, is stopped by Archibald Sherbrooke and the acquaintance renewed. Stella tells him that she and Mr. Rosevelt are in the same home. Mr. Rosevelt goes to New York with Stella to call upon Mr. Sherbrooke in his studio and arranges a pleasure trip for them to Coney Island for the following day. When they return from it Stella is the promised wife of Archibald Sherbrooke. Lord Carrol, of Carrolton, thought to be Josephine's betrothed, is expected. Stella sees in him her promised husband, Archibald Sherbrooke. She passes a sleepless night. Walking to the lodge, she meets Archibald, and he cannot understand why he finds her there. Believing he is acting a part, for he wins her love as Archibald Sherbrooke, he appears as Lord Carrol of Carrolton, the expected husband of her cousin, and refusing his explanation she bids him go back to Josephine and ask her for the cameo he gave her. Archibald seeks Mr. Richards' confidence and explains his position, his meeting Star on the steamer, his interest in her and later her promised husband, his ignorance that she is an inmate of this house, his meeting Stella and her refusal to listen to him. Mrs. Richards, overhearing his story and determined that her plans shall not fail, seeks Stella in the lodge, where she has gone for sympathy from Mr. Rosevelt. She upbraids Stella for conducting herself in a shameless manner, misconstruing Lord Carrol's attentions and accusing him with unfaithfulness. Stella is crushed with shame and humiliation.

CHAPTER XX.

STAR'S DETERMINATION.

"STAR, my dear child, what does this mean?" Mr. Roosevelt ejaculated, in a tone of wonder, as his niece concluded.

"It is unnecessary to ask her whether I have spoken the truth or not; her very looks and manner betray that she is guilty of what I have told you," Mrs. Richards said, scornfully. "I did not suppose, however, with her innocent face and apparently quiet, modest manner, that she could be quite so shameless. But it is always so; such cat-like natures always work in the dark."

Star's proud little head came up with a haughty air at this taunting speech, while her blue eyes grew dark and ominous.

"You are accusing me ignorantly and most unjustly," she said, in a hard tone, but with pained and quivering lips.

"How so? Do you presume to deny that you met Lord Carrol in the grounds tonight?" demanded Mrs. Richards, severely.

"No."

"You did meet him?"

"Yes."

"And denounced him as a traitor?"

"Yes. I believe him to be a traitor to truth and honor, and—a coward!"

"Explain yourself," commanded Mrs. Richards, bridling.

"I shall explain nothing," Star answered, coldly, yet firmly. "What I said to Lord Carrol tonight was intended for him alone. If he has chosen to betray me, the responsibility rests upon himself, and you can go to him for explanations if you choose."

"Where did you meet him first—how did you make his acquaintance?" asked Mrs. Richards, longing to get Star's version of the story.

"I decline to answer any questions upon the subject," she returned quietly.

"I command you to tell me."

"And I still decline," Star said, with an air that surprised both of her listeners.

She was as colorless now as a block of marble, but so beautiful in her proud sorrow, her agonized scorn, that they could but regard her with wonder.

"You have no right to refuse what I ask of you. I am your guardian, and I demand a truthful confession of this whole scandalous affair," Mrs. Richards reiterated, sharply.

"You have already had it, you say, from Lord Carrol's own lips; it will therefore be unnecessary for me to repeat or enlarge upon it," the young girl returned, with calm scorn, while her delicate nostrils dilated, and her sweet lips curled with supreme contempt.

"I cannot understand—there must be some mistake in all this," ejaculated Mr. Rosevelt, his face a perfect blank. "I thought, Saturday, Star, that you——"

A slight motion from her checked him in what he was going to say.

"No, there is no mistake; and this much I will explain to you. I did meet Lord Carrol tonight, as Mrs. Richards has told you," she said. "I did believe myself his betrothed wife, and him to be a man of honor, until he came here last night as Miss Richards' acknowledged suitor, and when I saw him this evening I did denounce him as a traitor. It seems that he has volunteered explanations to suit himself to Mr. and Mrs. Richards, and I decline to go further into particulars with them. I have no desire to blight Miss Josephine's prospects in life, and I wish her all joy with her high-born and honorable lover."

Pen cannot portray the scorn which pervaded those last words, ringing out so clearly, so scathingly that Mrs. Richards' cheeks burned and her ears tingled; for this was the man—if he really had been the traitor which she wished to make him appear—whom she was using all her arts to secure for Josephine's husband.

"I do not see how you dare look any respectable person in the face, and confess what you just have, without seeking to clear yourself," retorted Mrs. Richards, sternly. "You are compromising your character in the most wretched manner. What can I believe of you—what can any one believe of you, if you own to having been upon such intimate terms with a man of such standing as Lord Carrol, while he is here as the acknowledged suitor of my daughter?"

"The very worst that you can believe, madam," Star returned, calmly, and meeting the woman's eye fearlessly, but with a look which made her quail in spite of herself, "can only serve to compromise the man, whose favor and title you appear so anxious to secure, more than it possibly can me. Notwithstanding whatever claim I may have supposed myself to have heretofore possessed upon him, I now most cheerfully resign it in favor of Miss Richards."

Mrs. Richards ground her teeth with rage over the fact that the man whom poor, despised Star Gladstone thus spurned, believing him to be the very soul of dishonor, she knew Josephine was using all her arts to win, while, of course, she could not undeceive her because it would spoil her plot.

"You are an insolent, overbearing girl," she said, in a low, hissing tone, "and I wonder how I have tolerated you in my house as long as I have. I wonder how you dare face me, and use such insulting language to me after your shameless conduct."

"I am neither insolent nor overbearing, Mrs. Richards. Ever since I came into your house I have striven to do as nearly right as I knew how, and to make as little trouble as possible. It is you who have been overbearing, who have wounded me by insulting the memory of my parents, and have tried to crush and trample upon me. In no way have I rebelled against your authority, except in the determination not to become a common servant and to pursue my education. This I did in justice to myself, and because I had promised my father I would do it. If you have 'tolerated me in your house,' believe me, there has been as much toleration exercised upon my part, for in no sense of the word has it been a home to me; instead, it has been merely a place of shelter, a spot to exist in until I could complete my education. I can bear it no longer. I shall consider your house no longer my home," Star concluded, with a decision which rather startled Mrs. Richards.

But she retorted, derisively:

"Your independent spirit ill becomes you. Where could you go? Who would take you, a penniless beggar, and give you the advantages which you have been enjoying during the past year? But it is folly for me to give heed to your idle words. I command you to return directly to your room, and hold no intercourse with any one, and tomorrow I will decide what course to pursue with reference to your future."

But Star did not move. She remained standing quietly by Mr. Rosevelt's chair, as if she had not heard her command.

"Did you hear what I said?" she demanded, sharply.

"Yes, madam."

"Well, do you intend to obey me?"

"No, madam."

"What!"

"I refuse to recognize your authority over me from this moment. I refuse to obey any longer one who, from the first, has been governed only by feelings of personal spite in all her dealings with me," Star returned, firmly.

Mrs. Richards could scarcely credit her ears.

She had not imagined that the usually quiet girl possessed a tithe of this spirit.

"Well, Uncle Jacob, what do you think of your little pattern of excellence now?" demanded the astonished woman, turning with an injured air to her uncle, who was nearly as much amazed himself.

"I think the child has been severely tried," he returned, quietly, whereupon Mrs. Richards flew into another rage.

"I must say, Uncle Jacob, "that I consider it very bad taste in you to take sides with her against me; and let me warn you that you have both got yourself into trouble by the doings of this night."

The arrogant dame did not wait for any reply, but turned abruptly and left the room, retiring, however, with a sense of defeat which it was not pleasant to contemplate.

The moment that the door closed after her, Star dropped again upon the floor by Mr. Rosevelt's side, heart-broken.

"My child, tell me what Ellen means. What cause has she for coming here to accuse you of such dreadful things? Who is this Lord Carrol, and what has he been to you?"

She lifted her white, pained face to him.

"You do not believe what she has told you—you do not believe I would be guilty of anything so shameless as she would try to make me appear?" she questioned, brokenly.

"No, no; I think there is some terrible misunderstanding. I do not believe you would do anything which you knew to be wrong; and yet your own words have mystified me. I cannot comprehend them."

"I will tell you all about it. I would not explain anything to her—I could not after she had told me what he said," Star answered, but her face flushed with shame at the thought of confessing a tale of love and devotion on her part, of deception and treachery on the part of the man whom she had so trusted.

Then she told him all the story of her love for Archibald Sherbrooke, beginning with that day when they had exchanged souvenirs on the steamer, and which, she felt, had been the commencement of their love.

"Oh, Uncle Jacob," Star concluded, hiding her face on the arm of his chair again, "I believed him so true, so honorable, so worthy of my love, and now to find him so unprincipled and treacherous, it crushes me!"

Mr. Rosevelt looked very grave, almost stern.

"This is just as I supposed—as I was led to believe from your appearance last Saturday. I knew well enough, when we returned home from Coney Island, that you had promised to be Sherbrooke's wife. But I don't understand his treachery, as you call it, nor what connection all this has with the young lord who has come to ask for Josephine's hand," he said, coldly.

Star looked up again, at the unfamiliar tone.

"Oh!" she said, wearily; "I am so miserable that I have not made it plain to you—I have not told you; but Lord Carrol is only another name for the man who called himself Archibald Sherbrooke. Under the latter he cheated me into loving him, and he has ruined my life; under the former, which is his real name, I suppose, he has been trying to win the heiress."

Mr. Rosevelt was speechless from amazement at this revelation, and for a full minute could only look down into those piteous, uplifted eyes in mute dismay.

"Impossible!" he cried, at length. "I cannot believe it; I cannot think that young Sherbrooke would be guilty of anything so dastardly. There must be some mistake."

"There is no mistake," Star returned, with despair in her tones. Then she told him all she had heard and seen while sitting at her window.

"Poor child! poor child!" he murmured, softly.

"I meant to bear it alone, and never let any one know how cruelly I had been deceived, or how readily I had given my foolish heart away," she went on, "but after our meeting tonight I seemed to have no strength! I called him a traitor and a coward, and then I ran away and came to you, who are the only friend I have in this wide, weary world."

"You did right, dear, to come to me; but were you not a trifle hasty and rash? I think you should have listened to young Sherbrooke's—or whoever he may be—defence," Mr. Rosevelt said, gently.

"What possible defence could he have had to offer?" Star cried, in a voice of scorn. "He has pretended to be Archibald Sherbrooke, a simple artist, to me, while everybody else knows him as Lord Carrol, of Carrolton."

"But he may have been traveling incognito under the former name," suggested Mr. Rosevelt.

"Then why did he not keep it to the end? Why did he go to a fashionable watering place and flourish as a titled Englishman, and devote himself to Josephine? Why did he resume the former name upon meeting me again, and lead me to love him, believing him to be a poor artist? No; there can be nothing said in defence of such double-dealing as this. He has cheated and fooled me. I have found him out, and compelled him to own it. It is enough to make me scorn him; but it has been a bitter lesson, and has taught me never to trust a man again," Star concluded, with vehement bitterness.

"Never, Star? Surely that acrimonious resolve does not include me?" said Mr. Rosevelt, with gentle reproach.

"No; I know that you are kind and true, and you are the only one in the world who cares for me," the suffering girl said, in husky tones.

"Indeed, my child, you have become very dear to me, and my life would be very forlorn without you."

Star bent down and touched his hand with her lips. In her wretchedness it comforted her greatly to know that she had contributed to his happiness.

"But I cannot get over what you have told me. I never was so deceived in my life before; and if this young sprig of English nobility is the villain you represent him, he is not fit to live," Mr. Rosevelt said, sternly, after a few moments of thoughtful silence.

Star shivered with pain. Much as she believed she scorned him, she could not endure that another should speak disparagingly of him.

"Never mind, Uncle Jacob," she said. "I have put him out of my life forever; and now I want to talk to you about something else. You say that I have made your life happier since you came here, and that you would be very lonely without me. I am going to tell you a little secret, and then I want you to promise to go away from here with me. I am not going to remain here another day," she concluded, decidedly.

"Is that your secret, Star?"

"Part of it," she said, with a sad smile. "I have a little money, as you know—a hundred pounds—which, at Mr. Richards' suggestion, I put at interest last year. Now I want to take this money and make a cozy little home for you and me somewhere, until I get through school—there will be enough to last till then, I think—and after that I shall be able to take care of us both in fine style, by teaching and giving music lessons."

He smiled skeptically as she planned so hopefully what her poor hundred pounds would do, while a tear started to his eye at her thought for him.

"You do not believe that I shall be able to take care of us both," she said eagerly, "but I know that I can, for I have not yet told you all. Listen."

She bent nearer to him, and putting her lips close to his ear, told him something which even you and I must not know just yet, my patient reader.

He was nearly as much surprised as he had been to learn of Archibald Sherbrooke's treachery.

"My dear," he said, while his face lighted with pride and joy, "you shall have your way, and I will do just as you wish, and I——"

He checked himself suddenly, dropped his head in thought for a moment, then resumed:

"I am not happy here any more than yourself, and have been thinking for some time I must go away; but I could not bear the thought of parting from you. Now we will go together as you wish, unless——"

"Unless what, Uncle Jacob?" Star asked, anxiously.

"Unless you will let me see this young scamp of a lord, and take him to task for his faithlessness to you."

"Never!" Star replied, proudly. "What good would it do to——"

"There may be some mistake; he might be able to explain everything satisfactorily," interrupted Mr. Rosevelt.

Star's beautiful lips curled.

"What would his explanations amount to? He is here as a suitor for Josephine's hand—they all confess it; and did you ever listen to a more monstrous story than Mrs. Richards repeated here tonight? To think that he could say anything so basely false of me is enough to drive me wild," Star cried, excitedly. "No, Uncle Jacob; although he has been guilty of the most cruel treachery, I will not contend with him. If he is such a craven that he would try to win a young girl's heart for the amusement of breaking it, and then seek to blight her fair fame by charging her with what he has imputed to me tonight, he is too far beneath me to be worthy of anything save my supreme contempt, and I never wish to meet him again. I only want to get away from them all, and never see their faces more."

Her voice broke with such a wail of despair in it that the old man could not find it in his heart to refuse her anything.

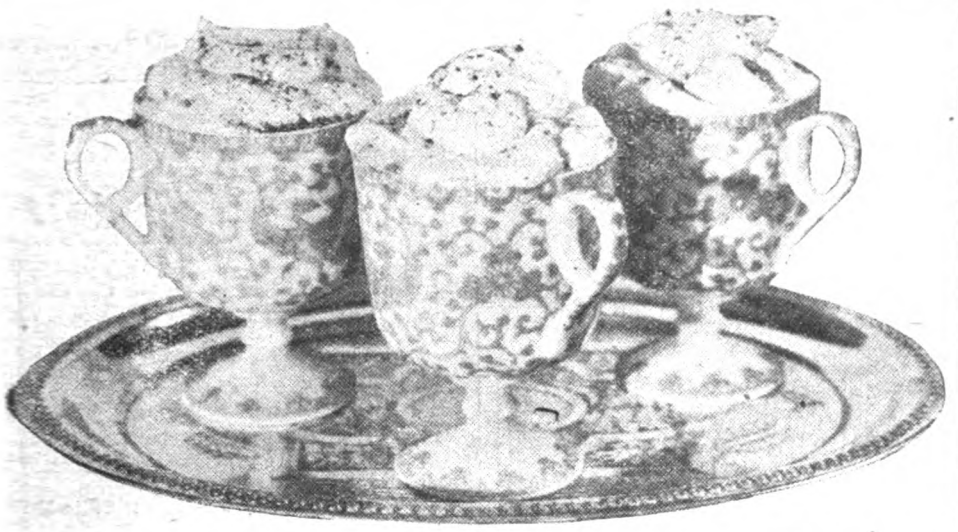
"Very well; we will go away tomorrow," he said, sorrowfully.

"Oh, thank you, Uncle Jacob!" the unhappy girl said, eagerly; "and will you go without letting them know? They would never consent, and I do not wish them even to know where I go."

"It shall be just as you wish, my dear; I feel that I am doing you no wrong in gratifying you. You shall be like a young daughter to me, and I—I promise I will be no burden to you, notwithstanding that I am old and feeble," Mr. Rosevelt answered, with a sad smile.

"A burden!" Star repeated, with quivering lips. "Oh, please do not imagine such a thing! It is you who are to take care of me and shield me

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)



TONIC IN EARLY SPRING FOODS

By Violet Marsh

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HOW many of our readers still adhere to their belief in "spring-tonic" taking time, and can recall being lined up to take their dose of flower of sulphur mixed with good old-fashioned New Orleans molasses, as a preventive against "spring-fever"? Some of you found the decoction not unpleasant as the sulphur flavor was concealed by the molasses, which in those earlier days was rich and delicious, and provided a wholesome sweet that could be eaten without stint.

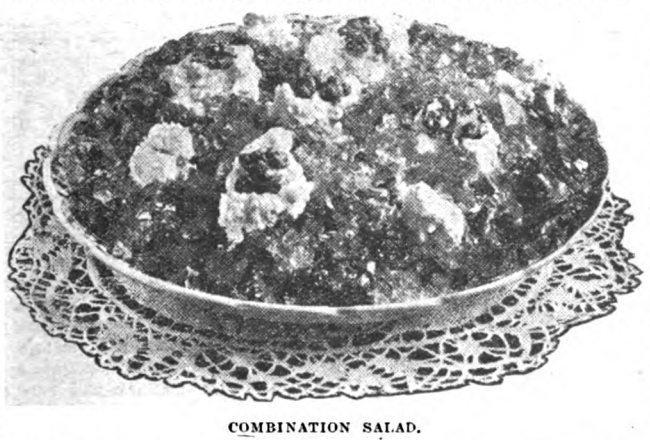
Years ago "spring-fever" was no myth. The blood became thick and sluggish, causing a languid feeling, for which teas steeped from various early roots and greens, and the ever-ready friend sulphur and molasses, were regarded as unfailing agents in assisting nature to "thin out" the blood. The fresh, aromatic root of the sassafras plant was made into a strong brew and drunk by the whole family, being considered a valuable "blood purifier."



PUFFS WITH STRAWBERRY FILLING.

A craving for something bitter or acid was not ignored nor treated as a "notion' ' in the good old days of root and herb home remedies; and who shall say but they were all sufficient, even in the light of modern knowledge and science, which, besides bewildering us with "cures," has placed the preventives against these "spring conditions" in our very hands by teaching us how to process our fruits and vegetables so that we may daily have them on our table in a variety of ways, and thus enable us better to wait for nature when again she will give out the refreshing products of field and garden.

There is a long list of greens and young vegetables that are highly beneficial for their tonic content when eaten raw, providing time is taken to thoroughly masticate them. They supply our blood with the vital vitamines, and take the place of fruits when they are scarce and expensive. These include lettuce, celery, finely-cut bleached cabbage, watercress, parsley, onions, leek, tomatoes, freshly-picked cucumbers, the tender bud ends of spinach, the heart of new green cabbage, small carrots, small early white turnips, young peas, and tender dandelion leaves which are highly beneficial eaten raw. A French dressing made from a good quality of oil, or just a sprinkling of salt, is the proper condiment for salads, and is easily digested, while the oil nourishes and acts as a valuable bowel lubricant.



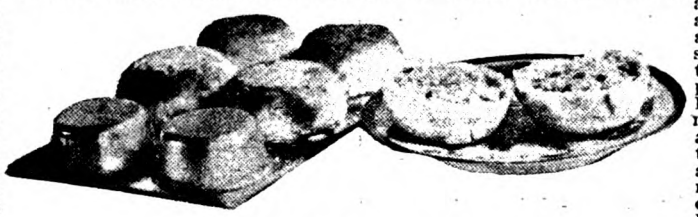
COMBINATION SALAD.

Our citrus fruits (oranges, lemons and grape-fruit) must not be overlooked as among our highly beneficial spring tonics. This is the season to make a supply of orange and grapefruit marmalade. Its tart, slightly bitter flavor acts as appetizer when the digestive organs become a little slow. Orange juice contains a high vitamine content, and is an excellent tonic taken half an hour before breakfast or between meals. Many find a half glass taken before going to bed an excellent laxative and liver stimulant.

Maple-sugar, probably the most wholesome form of sugar known, is another food that nature gives out in her early spring days in certain Northern States. Taken as a whole, the amount of maple-sugar produced is comparatively small, and fortunate are those who can share in this limited supply of delicious syrup or sugar.

Unless maple syrup is put into tins and sealed at the "sugar camps" when the maple sap is boiled down to the right consistency, it is a safe precaution to bring it just to the boiling point and seal in glass jars. Extended boiling impairs the fine maple flavor, which accounts for the sugar never having quite that rich, delicious quality of flavor found in the syrup.

As the maple-sugar supply is so small in comparison to the demand, many housewives make a very delicious sugar by adding a good grade of brown sugar, together with a little glucose, and thus extend the maple flavor. If the two sugars are combined, melt them slowly with the addition of a little hot water, cook until a little crisp when tested in cold water, give it a few hard strokes of beating, and pour into tins. The syrup and brown sugar will not require the addition of water.



RHUBARB CUSTARD PATTIES.

Maple Pralines are a famous confection said to have originated in New Orleans many years ago. No doubt they were originally made of pure maple, but I suspect that the pralines of today enjoy little more than a maple flavor, because they are made in such large quantities throughout the country. But they are very nice at that. A very simple recipe calls for one cup of maple syrup, one cup of brown sugar, one-half cup of medium-weight cream and one and one-half cup of pecan meats. The half nuts should be unbroken. Cook the sugar, syrup and cream until a little dropped in cold water forms into a soft ball, then remove from fire and beat until creamy, add the nuts and pour onto oiled tins in thin cakes. Be sure not to beat the mixture so long that it will not pour from the sauce-pan.

Dishes from the Spring Foods

DANDELION GREENS.—Before washing the greens carefully pick over and remove all grass and foreign material. Put through several waters slightly warmed as it starts the grit quicker than cold water. If greens of any kind are not to be cooked the day they are received, do not keep them in water as it greatly injures the flavor. Instead, pick them over if possible, wash, having the last water cold, drain, cover with a cloth and set in a cool place. To cook, put into boiling water, but care should be taken not to use too much, for as soon as they begin to boil, the shrinking process begins, so that only a small quantity of water is necessary in the beginning. It is better to add water, if necessary, than to start with too much. This rule applies to all kinds of greens. If pork or bacon is to be cooked with the greens, use it whole so that small pieces will not be all through the dish, which many object to, especially children. Greens of all kinds are far more wholesome and beneficial if cooked without the addition of fat meat. Butter or a good quality of salad oil, salt, pepper, lemon juice or vinegar constitute the best seasonings.

GREEN ONIONS.—Not many realize that the tiny green onions with the crisp tops, which are thinned from the onion patch, make a delicious dish. Cut off the roots but do not cut into the onion. Plunge into boiling water and cook uncovered until tender. Drain and cover with white sauce. Add a little salt to the water just before the onions are done.

LEEK SOUP.—Eight leeks cut fine and one small onion sliced, all lightly browned in two tablespoons of clear beef fat. Add one large potato sliced fine, and one pint of boiling water. Cover closely and cook until all is tender, then rub through a wire strainer. Add one pint of rich milk, salt and pepper, and celery salt to taste. Bring to a boil and serve with sliced toasted biscuits.

YOUNG CABBAGE FRIED.—Slice fine, removing the core. Place the cabbage in a frying-pan with boiling water to cover, add a little pepper, one tablespoon of butter and a little salt, cover closely until it is boiling hard then remove the cover and cook twenty minutes. Drain, and season with two tablespoons of vinegar and one tablespoon of butter. Delicious served with fresh pork.

ASPARAGUS BAKED WITH MEAT.—One cup of chicken meat put through the food chopper then spread over the bottom of a baking dish. Dot with butter, and lay over it a bunch of asparagus which has been broken into pieces and all the hard part removed. Cover with one cup of white sauce, sprinkle lightly with fine bread-crumbs, and bake in a moderate oven thirty-five minutes.

ASPARAGUS OMELET.—Allow one egg to a person. To four eggs, have ready three-fourths of a cup of asparagus cooked tender and cut into small pieces, and one rounding tablespoon of grated cheese. Beat the eggs a very little, add two tablespoons of cold water, or one if the asparagus is freshly cooked and not drained, a dash of pepper, and a sprinkling of salt. Warm the omelet pan so that a tablespoon of butter will melt and bubble, then pour in the egg, and on top evenly distribute the asparagus, and sprinkle with the cheese. Increase the heat, and as soon as the edges are firm when a knife is slipped around the omelet, put the omelet into a moderate oven and bake until well puffed and firm. Remove from oven, spread a little softened butter over it, fold once and turn out onto a warm platter.

RAW VEGETABLE SALAD.—One cup each of young tender carrots and white turnips, one cup of mixed tender celery and lettuce, and one leek, ground all together through the food chopper. Mix with salad dressing.

STRAWBERRY COMBINATION SALAD.—Dice four

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

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Cubby Bear and the Turtles

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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CUBBY Bear and his playmates had been having a merry game of "ring-around-a-rosy," and were resting in the shade of a great maple tree. Gentle summer breezes were whispering among the maple leaves, and soft white clouds were floating in the blue sky overhead.

"I'm expecting visitors soon," announced Tillie Turtle, with an air of pride.

"You are? How nice!" said Cubby Bear. None of them remembered that Tillie had ever had visitors before.

"Yes," went on Tillie; "two of my relatives are coming to see me. They are much larger than I."

"Why, aren't you grown up yet?" asked Chirpy Chipmunk. "I thought you were quite old!"

"I have been grown up for a long time," answered Tillie, "and shall never be any larger than I am now. Perhaps you do not know much about the Turtle family. They are of various kinds and sizes. Many of them call themselves by the name of Turtle, but some like Tortoise better, thinking it has a grander sound. A few very prideful ones go by the name of Terrapin. For myself, my mother named me Tillie Turtle, and though the name is a plain one, it suits me, and I like it.

"There are many different kinds of Turtles. Some live in the big seas, and never go out on the shore excepting to bury eggs in the sand. Some live in marshy places, and others by lakes and rivers, spending part of the time in the water, and part on the land, just as they choose. There is one kind, I have heard, whose shell is soft, poor thing! I have never seen any of them, but I pity them with all my heart!"

"But *I* would not *want* a hard shell!" said Redtop Woodpecker. "I could not fly, nor hop around!"

"You are not a Turtle!" said Tillie. "Now *I* like my safe, hard shell, into which I can draw myself and go to sleep, with never a thought of harm! But then, the soft-shelled ones live in the water, I am told, where they are safer, perhaps.

As a family, we live to be very old! One hundred years is a common life for us, and my mother said she had seen one hundred and twenty summers come and go. I have even heard of some Turtles who lived as long as two hundred years!"

"Wh-whoo? Who-oo?" asked Wise Owl, and his voice sounded as though he were making sport of Tillie.

"I cannot tell you their names," she said, "but it is well known that we live much longer than owls."

"Pooh, pooh!" puffed Wise Owl. "Your people cannot see in the dark, as mine can. Nor can they fly! And see how small you are! Why, my cousins, the Great Horned Owls, are almost as large as Edric Eagle!"

"Very likely!" agreed Tillie calmly. "Sometime you shall tell us all about your relatives. We shall be glad to have you. But just now I am talking about mine. As to size, some of the Turtles are very, very large—as long as Cubby Bear—yes, even longer. And heavy—why, I wouldn't dare tell you how much some of them weigh, for you would never believe me."

"You were speaking of how old some Turtles live to be," said Wollie Woodchuck. "If you don't mind, Tillie, I would like to know how old you are, yourself!"

"No, no!" refused Tillie Turtle playfully. That I shall not tell! Perhaps some of you young things would not want me for a playmate, if I did.

"Some of my relatives live in desert lands, and can stow away enough water inside them, to last for a long time, like a camel. We are all hard to starve, and if food is not easy to find, we can go without it for weeks. In cold countries we find a snug little winter home and stay in it through the cold weather, but in warmer climes Turtles live an active life the whole year round."

"My, my! does she call a Turtle's life active?" whispered lively Chirpy Chipmunk to Cubby Bear.

"We are very strong," went on Tillie Turtle, "and never sick. We never suffer from toothache, for we have no teeth to ache."

"No teeth?" asked Bunny Rabbit. "Then how can you bite your food as you do?"

"Our jaws are covered with a sharp, horny substance, and the Snapping Turtle's jaws are so sharp and so strong, he could snap off your paw in a twinkling, if he chose to do so!"

Billy Bluejay was heard to whisper, "Tillie is boasting today!"

"You needn't believe me if you don't want to," said Tillie, "but everything I have told you is true."

"Pooh, pooh!" scoffed Wise Owl again. "It *couldn't* be!"

"Perhaps Tillie is just fooling us," said Minnie Mink.

"A-ll right!" said Tillie. "If you can't believe me just you wait. Perhaps you'll get no invitation to my pick-a-back party!"



TILLIE INTRODUCED THEM TO HER FRIENDS AS MR. AND MRS. TIMOTHY TURTLE.

"Your—*what* kind of a party?"

"Never you mind." Tillie started to walk off, and would say no more.

But later in the day she told Cubby Bear:

"These relatives of mine who are coming to see me live many miles away, by a big lake. Redwing Blackbird brought me word last week that they were on the way, but, as you know, all Turtles travel slowly, and I do not know when they will get here."

"How large are they?" asked Cubby Bear.

"Oh, as large as—how can I tell you? Much, much larger than I. Why, I should think it would take eight of my size to cover one of their shells. And strong—why, they could give you a ride on their backs, Cubby Bear, heavy as you are!"

Whoever met Tillie Turtle in the forest the next few days asked about her visitors, and the party she was to give. But, "Never you mind!" or, "Wait and see!" was all Tillie would say to them.

A few days afterwards, in the dusk of a summer's evening, Cubby Bear and Racky Coon went together to the Big Brook for a drink of cool water. The stars were shining high overhead in a clear sky, and off in the west a thin little new moon was just going down out of sight.

"Look, Cubby Bear! what are those things?" asked Racky Coon, in sudden fright.

"Where asked Cubby.

"Over there!" said Racky, pointing to the shadows near the farther shore of the Big Brook. "At first I thought they were little islands near the shore, but they are moving—coming this way!"

"I see them!" said Cubby wonderingly.

The two dark objects were certainly moving. There was no doubt about it.

"We must run!" cried Racky, in terror, seizing hold of Cubby Bear. "If islands in the Big Brook can float, there is no knowing what may happen! The earth may be shaking all apart!"

They ran a little way from the Big Brook, and were glad to find that the ground was as solid and firm as ever.

Going cautiously back toward the brook to make sure if the islands were really floating, so they might tell their friends about it,

"Honest and true,
Black and blue,"

what was their amazement to find that the little islands had crawled out of the water, and were coming toward them, on the land!

Then a voice called to them:

"If you please, can you tell us if Tillie Turtle lives hereabouts?"

Cubby drew a sigh of relief, and both he and Racky Coon began to be ashamed of their fright. Their floating islands were only two great, slowly-moving Turtles! Tillie's relatives had arrived, and were every bit as large as Tillie had said.

"Oh, yes!" answered Cubby Bear. Tillie Turtle is expecting you, and we will be glad to show you where her home is."

And the next day, invitations were sent out for a pick-a-back party.

Of course Tillie could not carry the invitations around herself, for she was so slow it would have kept her away from her relatives for their whole visit. But Redtop Woodpecker kindly offered to do it for her.

"Shall you ask Mr. Wise Owl, Billy Bluejay and Minnie Mink, who did not believe what you told us?" asked Cubby Bear.

"Oh, yes, indeed, poor things!" said Tillie pityingly. "In a few years, I shall be glad to remember that I did not keep a grudge against them, but gave them the pleasure of coming to my party!"

Everybody came, for they were all anxious to see the great Turtles. Tillie introduced them to her friends as Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Turtle.

"Oh, ho, ho!" cried little Chirpy Chipmunk, clapping his tiny paws. "I've guessed what Tillie meant when she said she would have a pick-a-back party! I know, I know!"

"Oh, do you?" asked Tillie, looking a little disappointed. "I didn't think anybody could guess."

"But perhaps he hasn't guessed right!" said Cubby Bear.

"What is it?" asked Tillie. "If you know, you may tell."

"Well, then," said Chirpy, "I guess that Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Turtle are to give us rides on their broad shells."

"That is right!" said Timothy Turtle, "and the one who guessed it shall have the first ride. Hop on my back! Why, you weigh nothing at all! I could carry forty Chipmunks and never mind their weight!"

They all had rides, even Cubby Bear, who felt rather foolish to be carried about like that, when he had four strong paws of his own to walk on and could go so much faster—and Wise Owl, who was continually losing his balance and falling off.

They had a jolly afternoon at Tillie's party, and all were sorry that the visitors were to stay only a few days longer.

"Oh, Cubby Bear! what do you think?" cried Racky Coon in delight, meeting Cubby Bear the day before Tillie's relatives were to leave the Pleasant Forest and start for their home by the lake. "Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Turtle have invited Tillie and me to go home with them for a visit, and to ride all the way there pick-a-back! Of course I shall walk most of the way, but it will be nice for poor, slow Tillie to ride. I shall have such a good time going out on the great lake!"

"That will be fine," said Cubby. "I am glad you can go. But do you suppose," he added slyly, "that there will be any floating islands in the lake?"

"Oh, yes!" answered Racky Coon, laughing, "for many, many large Turtles the size of Mr. and Mrs. Timothy live there, and may be seen out for a swim any day, so Tillie tells me."

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April, 1922.

Crumbs of Comfort

Seek wisdom.
Calmness is power.
Happiness is earned.
No blessing lasts forever.
Capital is accumulated labor.
Proverbs are portable wisdom.
Neither despise nor be despised.
Outward actions show inward secrets.
Adversity is the architect of fortitude.
Circumstances can rule only the weak.
God hides himself behind causes and effects.
Do not expect praise, but learn to deserve it.
We all need mercy and must learn to grant it.
The sea is the greatest of all burying grounds.
We are not without wealth when we can laugh.
A tender conscience must be tenderly handled.
He is blessed who prepares pleasure for a child.
A book is a friend that can be always by our side.
The birth of a child is the imprisonment of a soul.
Make your own opportunities, do not wait for them.
An artist should work for no other mind but his own.
Both brains and money should be kept out at interest.
Common sense is genius dressed in its working clothes.
It is better to obey a wise man than to command a fool.
Whatever we put into life will in time come back to us.
The defeat of a wise attempt cannot be called a failure.
The only way to be loved is to be, and to appear, lovely.
The man who is hard to satisfy is the man who moves forward.

Because children are good imitators, parents should be good examples.

Next to the disapproval of your friends, avoid the approval of your enemies.

Without children we would have a world of little loveliness and great loneliness.

The joy of the spirit indicates its strength. All healthy things are sweet-tempered.

One of life's deepest joys is to have a constant sense of brotherhood with all men.

To carry care to bed with you is as foolish as to sleep with a pack upon your back.

Religion begins when man ceases to think for himself and thinks for the whole race.

The Bible is a window in the prison of life through which we can look out upon eternity.

Great is he who has vanquished his enemies, but he is greater who has won them over.

Do not let your heart be an island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins to them.

We can ask questions of the greatest men and women in the world by reading the books they have written.

The world goes on and the stars shine forth in the dark; we never miss in the great expanse of the sky some star that has ceased to light.

Agriculture is the backbone of the nation, and it is a backbone made up of the three vertebrae of a fertile soil, an active brain and a strong body.



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE LISHA

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 55 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.
ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

NOW that the rays of the sun are lengthening and deepening, often shining with prophetic warmth, Billy's winter discontent, I am glad to say, is fading like the last snowbanks left in fence corners. He is even cheerful at times, and allows a gleam of facetiousness to replace the consistent grouchy cynicism with which winter and rheumatism have been afflicting him. I have found the change agreeable and have done my best to foster it, you may be sure. But today Bill came into the house with gloom darkening his countenance and disarranging his whiskers: "It's an outrage, Uncle Lisha!" he exclaimed, flinging himself and his legful of library books into a paper-heaped chair where I had just sorted out 672 letters that, in various ways and voices, assailed Cousin Jack Wilcox of Allston, Massachusetts.

"What's all the fuss about, Bill?" I asked. "Who's been rubbing you the wrong way now? The only outrage I know about is the way you bounce in here mixing up my letters."

"I mean it's a shame people should have to live in such crowded ways as they do in this city today, Uncle Lisha," said Billy, in quieter tones of annoyance and rustling peevishly the fallen letters piled about his feet. "I was caught in this rush-hour jam in the subway and it is disgraceful! Why, I had my game leg stepped on four times coming up from De Kalb Avenue—once by a man I'll bet weighed three hundred pounds! The cars can't move the people, and out in the packed streets the people can hardly move themselves. Surely you have noticed how the city's congestion has increased in the past five years, Uncle? Why don't some of 'em move out in the country where there is more room?"

"Of course I've noticed it, Bill," I said. "I don't love it any more than you do—either for myself or for the millions who are huddled in here with us. It's since 1910 that the population shift has so increased that town dwellers are now in the majority. Your friends, the statistic-makers, tell us that only about 48 per cent. of our people now live in the country, Bill. In 1890 the percentage was almost 64 per cent.; and it was over 70 per cent. in 1870. So you see the likelihood of your getting your toes stepped on, Billy, my boy, is increasing with every decade."

"Well, what do they do it for?" exclaimed Bill crossly, scowling prodigiously and looking as if he were quite capable of reducing the surplus city population by means of his pivot teeth. "Goodness knows it is bad enough to live here, with rents sky high, and food at prices hardly to be imagined by any farmer that raised the stuff. Why do people keep pushing in, making things always worse and wages constantly lower?"

"Bill," I replied, "you mention the wages of the city worker—what do you know about the wage cut of the farmers? Cities would be less crowded, I believe, and the tide of population might turn fieldward, if the farmer were sufficiently paid for what he produces and his financial prospects stabilized and encouraged. No wonder there is a 'Farm bloc' in Congress today! In the inevitable deflation of the past few years, Bill, our nation's farmers have been the first and heaviest sufferers and now they are fighting for the aid they need. It is a serious fact to face that the agriculturists of our land received in 1921 eight billions of dollars less for their products than was theirs in 1919. Of course, all industry and trade have suffered. Deflation is not easy in its adjustments for either business or labor. But the farmer, always inadequately protected and hopelessly unorganized, has lost at both ends and most of all. With the prices received for his crops fallen as low or lower than before the war while he has to pay twenty-five to one hundred per cent. more than pre-war prices for nearly everything he buys, he is doubly a victim and is impelled to seek reasons and remedies for his troubles.

"The farmer *knows* he is insufficiently paid for what he produces. I don't think I make too broad a statement, Bill, when I say that farmers have thus wrongfully suffered from the time when increase in our nation's agricultural production meant the establishment of markets for our surplus from the soil. But now, with the coming to the farm of rural surveys and statistics, the farmer's trade disadvantage has become glaringly evident. No matter how high in the market may be the products of the soil when they reach the consumer, the farmer is sure never to have received his rightful proportion of the price. About a year ago, I remember, Chicago consumers were shown to be paying ten cents a pound for onions. Now what did the Texas grower—perhaps one of our big Family, Bill!—get out of these $200 per ton perfume-makers? Exactly $42 a ton at his Texas farm. The high freight charge of $29.64 on a ton of onions from Texas to the pork-packing metropolis does not account for the price discrepancy. Deducting the freight charges, some people were dividing $128, or over three times what the grower received. Such a case as this, Bill, is typical. The situation, in plain words, is that the farmer has been and is consistently and systematically robbed, through many channels, of the rightful reward of his toil. And a farmer's toil is real toil. As a firsthand producer of wealth the dweller on the land can never gain his labor return as easily as those taking part in banking, commerce or the various professions where money is passed from hand to hand—leaving a share stuck to each palm in passing. And yet it is from the soil only that this stream has its headwaters; where the flowing flood begins of which only a trickle is left finally to moisten the farmer's calloused palm.

"Rightly realizing that his help can only come through organization in the same way that both capital and labor, through which he deals, are organized today, the farmer *is organizing*, and the movement, already well started in several Western States, is spreading. The farmer means to cease being the only worker who must accept whatever may be offered him for his product by those who plan to profit largely from his toil. When the farmer has won his fight, Bill,—for he is certain to win it—life upon the land, in addition to its many natural advantages, will offer its proper commmercial return, and the drift cityward will be stayed. In the meantime, Bill, you mustn't be too hard on these huddled humans that jostle you and step on your one sore foot and your three sound ones. For remember, these city-crowded, unfortunate masses are shut away from the primal condition of human happiness: namely, that the tie between man and the earth shall not be severed, and that he shall dwell on the land and till it under the open sky."

"Uncle," said Billy, looking at me curiously, "you were a farmer once, weren't you?"

"Yes, Bill, I am proud to say I was," I replied.

"Huh," grunted Billy meditatively; "I thought you were talking rather enthusiastically. Well, why don't you and I get a farm, Uncle Lisha, and leave these crowds and stop paying so much good money to landlords?"

"I'm afraid you'd make a pretty poor sort of farmer, Billy," I answered. "Your particular agricultural ability lies in making one blade of grass grow where two grew before—and this would be rather bad for our hay crop!"

At which little joke of mine, Bill vouchsafed a wide grin and ambled, most amiably for him, out of the room. At the end of another four weeks Bill's disposition will be positively cherubic—particularly if we have a warm April and early dandelions.

And now for the letters—

SOMEWHERE IN MINNESOTA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

What a perfect darling you are anyway, Uncle! After you so nobly refuted Friend Jack's arguments against the "cross, ugly" American girl, I cannot refrain from sending you a thank you. My fingers fairly ached for a pencil as I read Jackie's refreshingly frank criticism of all of us who belong to the feminine portion of the youth of our country. Jack, old top, where art thou? Aha! I see your cynically smiling face gazing around at COMFORT'S group of "hopelessly plain" girl cousins. I seem to read in the depths of your honest gray (are they gray) eyes a desire to be back in France among those rare violet sky blue-eyed beauties who adorn the bourgeoisie (My French dictionary, James, quick!). It is to smile! Oh, by the way, pray explain the exquisite color "violet sky blue." Do you mean one eye is violet and the other sky blue? Ah, unique idea, what? Why don't you go, and leave behind you that type of girlhood which so offends your discriminating optic? We're all plain? "Mais oui," comes in Jack's slow musical drawl, as he gestures quite Frenchily with his hands and shrugs daintily. Don't you like us at all?—and we wait breathlessly for his answer: "Non, non, Mademoiselle or Madam; I could not like anyone who lacks beauty." Oh! oh! Now listen, mon cher homme, we don't care whether you like us or not. There are plenty of ex-service men who do, Jack, old laddie. Ta! ta! boy, see you at the next dance. I'll save "Sunny Tennessee" for you. Perhaps the next fox-trot hit will be "The Ugly American Girl Blues." Quite probable!

Ted Carmichael (isn't that a delicious name?) is an ex-soldier who sounds good to me. Tall and dark and curly-headed and twenty-three. Oh, girls! I'd write to him, but I know he must be swamped with pink, blue, buff and orchid-tinted (and perhaps scented with a chic French "parfum") letters, so that I wouldn't stand a ghost of a chance of recognition. If Teddy ever wrote to me, I'd answer or break a guy wire. But alas and alack! There's no chance for I'm not having my full name and address in COMFORT. But if any of the cousins from any part of the country except Minnesota care to write to me, my address can be secured from Uncle Lisha. You'll oblige(?) them, won't you, Uncle? There's a dear!

I have been in a rather subdued frame of mind ever since I read Augustus' second letter which appeared in the same issue as mine. It was so noble and clean and courageous that one cannot but admire him. If there is one quality in men I admire above all others it is courage, and Augustus possesses it to the nth degree. While I cannot agree with him on a few subjects, I respect his opinions, for I know he is honest in them. Augustus, I have gone half way in making peace, so let's be friends. I know you would be a wonderful pal, if you could get over your idea of the general uselessness of girls. Can't you?

It's getting frightfully late and my thoughts are running riot. My brain is fairly teeming with ideas I'd express if I could. I realize how weak and futile are my words to express what I really mean, but you will all overlook my failings, won't you? Love to Uncle and all the cousins, and a big piece for Billy with whom I have not yet had a row.

Your niece and cousin, RUTH.

Just as you did last July, Ruth, when you came forward as spokesgirl for those of your sex whom Cousin Augustus Trick had grievously treated, so you now step valiantly and merrily into print to curb Cousin Jack Wilcox's Parisian yearnings with a little Minnesota common sense. But, Ruth, poor Jack has been well scourged already, as you will see from his apologetic letter which appears in this issue. For my part, I haven't the heart to give him any more verbal hammering, so I am going to let your letter speak for itself without much comment concerning your successful efforts in kidding Jack, the Terror of the Boulevards. But you want to be careful, Ruth; your letter has so much French in it that Jack may be mistaking you for one of those sylphy brunettes or sky-blue eyed bourgeoisie. Perhaps it is just as well you left the secret of your address with me.

Ruthie, you say you admice courage in men more than all else. If so, you ought to just worship Jack, for his courage, it seems to me, is as sublime as his adjectives. Why as a stirrer-up of trouble Jack has Cousin Gus of Powder Puff fame beaten a mile! You and the doughty defenders of your sex seem to have effectually silenced bold Augustus. As for Jack, we will probably hear from him again. If he is still alive, I am sure that he has already taken passage for France—in a letter-proof cabin!

BIG CREEK, Camp 33 Hospital, CALIF.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

Your Billy is some boy; I hope that he is as fine a gentleman as my boss Nanny is a lady. Guess I had better tell you about her: I was sent to the Shaver Lake hospital to take charge during the attendant's absence. Upon my arrival there I found that he had already gone but left the following message: "I guess you will find everything O. K. Be sure and take good care of my friend Nanny." I immediately proceeded to become acquainted with the young lady, and, believe me, she is some lady is "Miss Nannie Goat." She is not at all like ordinary goats; oh, no! Nanny hails from aristocracy; her mother being the winner of a blue ribbon as queen of a tribe of mountain goats. Early last spring Nanny's mother met her fate by trespassing on the right of way of a 30-30 bullet which was intended to reach a deer—thus leaving Nanny an orphan while in her early infancy. Doc Mason (whom I relieved here) was one of the party of sportsmen. Being kind-hearted, he adopted the baby Nanny, grew to be fond of her, and as a result she is a very much spoiled child. No old tin cans or paper for her! I

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)



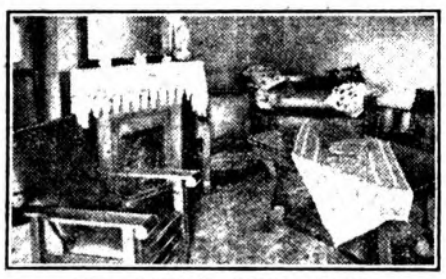
MRS. BAUER AND HER BOYS.

How I Made Home Cozy For My Loved Ones

By Mrs. Louis Bauer

Surely there is no place in the world that means so much to all of us who read Comfort Magazine as "Home Sweet Home". How we long to make it cozy and homelike! How eager we are that our boys and girls in after years shall look back upon it as the dearest spot on earth! And truly how important it is for the future of our children that we keep up their interest in home and make the home circle more attractive to them than any other place in the world.

Our dear little home in Louisville, Kentucky, spells hospitality itself, with its tidy green hedges and spotless white paint. But to be truly inviting, the home must reflect *within*, as well, real comforts in the way of tasteful furnishings. How I used to long for restful easy chairs, artistic rugs and other handsome



MRS. BAUER'S LIVING ROOM.

parlor and dining-room pieces, so that my boys as they grew up would be proud of the home in which they lived.

How was I to make these dreams of a mother's heart come true, and at the same time give to my growing boys all the motherly care that they deserved? Suddenly, as though a fairy had waved her magic wand, there came to me an opportunity beyond my wildest hopes, to bring comfort, coziness and beauty into our home.

Today as I look around our home, its transformation amazes me. I wish that the camera might do justice to the attractiveness of parlor, living rooms and bedrooms, beautifully furnished as they are through what I consider the ideal womanly work for women—running a Larkin Club.

And yet, today this transformation seems like a play, so easily and naturally, and entirely in my spare moments, has my Larkin Club work fitted into my daily life. And as I think of the many new friends it has brought me, I realize in how many different ways my Larkin Club has increased life's happiness for me.

Ours, I may well say, is a Larkin Premium home, containing more than 200 beautiful Larkin Premiums, of which I am very proud. Besides being furnished almost completely with Larkin furniture, even the paper on the walls, and the paint and varnish inside and out, were all given to me by my Larkin Club work.

Do you wonder then that I smile, when I am asked "Does it pay to be a Larkin Secretary?" If the readers of Comfort could only pay me a little visit there would be no need of words to answer the question.

The work is more than profitable. My two boys, aged twelve and six years, as well as myself, have really had a lot of fun out of running a Larkin Club. It has brought us so close together,—this mutual interest, which the boys and I share, in turning our spare moments into profit and pleasure. Naturally, the Larkin Co. and I do not let my two hustling young "assistants" go unrewarded. Perhaps our picture taken together one day when the boys were joyfully picking out Premiums of their own from the Larkin Catalog, tells better than words just how much the very name "Larkin" means to us.

Next to the happiness that the Larkin Plan has brought to my own home and loved ones, has been the great pleasure of spreading among my good neighbors the benefits and savings of Larkin factory-to-family dealing. It has been a big satisfaction to see housekeeping money, which might otherwise have been spent with nothing to show for it but receipted bills, bring into the homes of these good friends, handsome and valuable Larkin Premiums. For by the Larkin Plan, the same money which stocks the Pantry also furnishes the home.

I hope that this little glimpse of what becoming a Larkin Secretary has meant in one particular home, will prove a message of in-



MRS. BAUER'S COZY HOME.

spiration to many of the readers of Comfort Magazine. It will pay any home-loving woman to learn more about what a delightful opportunity is open to her in her spare time, to earn not only beautiful furniture but even clothing for herself, without sacrificing a single minute from home and social and business duties.

Whether you are a mother and home-maker as I am, or are teaching or in business every day, you can still find the little time necessary to conduct a congenial neighborly Larkin Club in your neighborhood.

If you would know more about Larkin Premiums and how easily they are earned, write now while you have this page before you. Just fill out and mail the coupon below: Larkin Co. will gladly send you their fascinating Catalog and full information about how *you* can make home cozy for *your* loved ones as I have for mine.

This Coupon brings you FREE the book that spelled opportunity for Mrs. Bauer.



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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Tonic in Early Spring Foods

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

large slices of canned pineapple, cut the soft part of one orange into small pieces, slightly mash two cups of ripe sweet strawberries, and break apart, wash and drain dry the white leaves of a head of lettuce. Arrange the lettuce on a platter and fill each leaf to overflowing with the fruit mixed together, and then pour over it a sweet salad dressing made as follows: Beat the yolks of two eggs until light yellow and creamy, gradually beat in one cup of powdered sugar and a pinch of salt. Lastly, gradually beat in one-half cup of pineapple juice.

VEGETABLE COMBINATION SALADS.—Usually these salads are chiefly made from left-over vegetables with the addition of uncooked celery, diced apple, fresh ripe tomatoes, a little raw onion, lettuce, nuts, shredded cabbage, or chopped crisp cucumber. The following will suggest combinations: Cold dandelion greens cut fine with freshly boiled potato, cold asparagus, finely-sliced radishes and lettuce. Cold chopped spinach, a grating of onion, and hard-boiled egg. Cold boiled beet, potato, carrot and scraped onion. Cold string beans, peas, celery and a little green pepper. Lettuce, tomato and cucumber. Apple, celery, nuts and lettuce. Shredded cabbage, shredded green peppers with seeds removed and thinly-sliced radishes. These vegetable salads are mixed with mayonnaise, Thousand Island dressing and French dressing.

MAYONNAISE DRESSING. — Three level tablespoons of butter melted in a porcelain-lined stewpan until it bubbles. Gradually work in one and a half tablespoons of dry flour and let it slowly cook about two minutes, while continually stirring. Remove pan to back of stove. Have ready one cup of boiling hot milk, and very slowly stir it into the butter and flour. Return to fire, stir until the mixture boils, then cover closely and slowly simmer ten minutes. Remove from fire, and beat in the well-beaten yolk of one egg, season with salt and cayenne pepper, and cover again. When partly cool add the juice of one lemon. When cold add the eggwhite beaten very stiff and dry.

THOUSAND ISLAND DRESSING.—One tablespoon each of sour pickle, onion, boiled beet, hard-boiled egg, stuffed olives, parsley, all minced or grated fine. Add two tablespoons of some kind of sharp sauce; chilli sauce is the best. Stir together and add to mayonnaise dressing as above described, with one-half teaspoon of salt, and pepper if needed.

FRENCH DRESSING.—In a cup put one-fourth teaspoon of salt, a small pinch of mustard, a little black and cayenne pepper, and one teaspoon of vinegar. Some like the addition of a few drops of onion juice. Beat well and add five teaspoons of salad oil. Beat hard and pour it over the salad before it settles.

MAPLE CUSTARD.—One and one-half cup of milk, and one-half cup each of maple and brown sugar heated in a double boiler until the milk is scalding hot and the sugar is thoroughly melted. Mix to a smooth cream one-fourth cup of sifted flour and one-half cup of cold whole milk, and add to it the well-beaten yolks of three eggs, beating all together with the eggbeater. Into this mixture slowly pour the hot milk and sugar, stirring continually. Return to the double boiler and continue stirring until the custard has thickened and is smooth, then cook five minutes longer, stirring occasionally. Just before serving, beat the eggwhites stiff and dry, and fold into the custard. Fill custard cups and sprinkle each with roasted almonds chopped fine.

RHUBARB CUSTARD PATTIES.—Cover an inverted gem-tin with pastry, as shown in illustration. Pick tiny holes for a steam escape and bake in a quick oven. Make the filling by stewing two cups of rhubarb cut into short lengths, one-half cup of sugar mixed with one tablespoon of flour, a small piece of orange rind and one-half cup of seedless raisins together until tender, and then pouring the boiling hot mixture over two well-beaten egg-yolks that have been mixed with one-half cup of sugar. Beat smooth, return to fire and cook three minutes, adding one tablespoon of butter. When both shells and filling are cool, put them together and top with a meringue made by beating very stiff and dry the two egg-whites and gradually adding two tablespoons of granulated or powdered sugar. Spread over the patties and brown in a moderate oven. Care must be taken to stir the rhubarb frequently while cooking, and if slowly brought to a boil it will be unnecessary to add water.

STEWED RHUBARB.—While rhubarb is delicious and refreshing, it contains oxalic acid, which is likely to make trouble for those who have a tendency to gout or gravel. For this reason many prefer to pour boiling water over the cut up rhubarb, let it stand ten minutes and then drain. It will be found that the water drained from the rhubarb will be highly acid. Add sugar to the rhubarb and stew. Addition of orange marmalade gives a fine flavor.

PUFFS WITH STRAWBERRY FILLING.—Bring to a boil half a cup of water with one-fourth of a cup of butter, and add all at once one scant cup of sifted flour. Stir rapidly until it is smooth and leaves the sides of the stew-pan clean. Remove from the fire and continue stirring until the mixture has partly cooled, then stir in two whole unbeaten eggs, one at a time. Drop by spoonfuls onto a biscuit-tin quite a distance apart. Bake in a moderate oven forty minutes. Do not open the oven door during the first twenty minutes. Cut a round from the top of each when cold, fill with mashed and sweetened strawberries stirred up with whipped cream, and then cut the round into several pieces and lay it into the filling. This is a very attractive dessert.

CITRUS MARMALADE.—Cut into very thin slices and remove the seeds from one lemon, one grapefruit and one orange. Carefully measure the fruit, and add twice the amount of cold water, putting the whole into a porcelain-lined preserving kettle and letting it stand over night. In the morning the mixture is boiled until the peelings are tender, which will take several hours. Let it again stand over night, then measure an equal amount of sugar. Bring the fruit to a boil, gradually add the sugar, and cook hard until thick enough to fall from a spoon in thick drops. Pour into hot glasses. It is ready for use. If to be kept any length of time, cover with melted paraffin.

ORANGE JELLY.—This is an old-time Jacksonville, Florida, recipe, made from the natural bitter orange, but very nearly the same results are attained by using the early, freshly-picked oranges before the peels have begun to shrink. In this state they contain a large amount of pectin. Use seven bitter oranges if obtainable (otherwise those as above described), two sweet oranges, and two lemons. Wash the fruit clean with a vegetable brush in cold water. Cover with cold water, bring to a boil, drain, and throw away the water. Slice the fruit into a preserving kettle, add three quarts of cold water, boil hard and keep the fruit stirred and mashed with a wooden pestle. Cook about forty-five minutes, stirring very frequently. Work through a wire sieve. The hard part of peel will not go through and is thrown away. Measure an equal amount of sugar. Boil the strained fruit ten minutes, gradually add the sugar, cook two minutes longer, and pour into glasses.

Love Will Find the Way

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

"I have come to ask a favor," she said huskily. "It is to see—one of your patients."

"Which one?"

There was a moment before she could reply. A great lump seemed to be swelling in her throat, and she was compelled to gulp it down before she could force herself to reply.

"The one—down by the lake," she said hoarsely.

"I am sorry," he said gently, "but I cannot consent to that, my child. The gentleman who placed her here has forbidden that any one shall see her without his permission."

Marian was growing excited. She took a step forward, pleading expressed in tone and voice. She was scarcely conscious of what she was saying:

"But he has not the right to refuse me, nor have you!" she cried out miserably. "You have not the right to prevent a most unhappy child from seeing the face of—her mother!"

Doctor Judson stared.

"Your mother!" he exclaimed. "Do you mean that the woman confined in the cottage down by the lake is your mother?"

"Yes."

"But I tell you it is impossible. You are mistaken!"

"There is no mistake. I have seen her. I know."

"But it can't be!" exclaimed the doctor, his countenance expressive of utter bewilderment. "You are scarcely more than a child, and poor old Mrs. Morris has been under the care of myself and my father for more than thirty years!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE DOCTOR'S THEORY.

Marian stood there silent, bewildered, stunned under the effect of the words that had been spoken by Dr. Judson. Her mentality had received a terrible blow, from which it seemed impossible that she could recover.

Her eyes were fixed on his, the pupils dilating with each second. A curious, greenish color crept into her cheeks, and about her nose, that strange, pinched look grew that precedes death. Doctor Judson watched her for some moments as if fascinated, then fearing for her intellect, he stepped forward and caught her by the arm.

The physical pain which the sharpness of his touch caused seemed to bring back some semblance of life, for she started as if recovering from a dream, and passed her hand across her face in a dazed way. Then she sat down suddenly and again lifted her eyes to his.

He was about to speak, but she put up her hand and stopped him.

"Wait!" she exclaimed, so hoarsely that it sounded like no human voice. "Wait! I—I don't—seem to have—heard you—aright. What did—you—call—the woman down by the lake?"

"Mrs. Morris."

"Are you—sure that is her name?"

"Why, certainly. She is the mother of old Ezra Morris, the gambler."

"And she has been here——"

"For thirty years or more."

"It can't be!" cried Marian desperately. "There must be some mistake. In all the world there could not live so vile a scoundrel as that would make of him. Oh, sir, think! Only a few days ago a man came here bringing with him a girl. She was admitted to that house and permitted to see the woman whom you have called Mrs. Morris. Do you remember that?"

"Perfectly. Ezra Morris sent out word early in the morning of the same day that a gentleman would call, bringing a lady to see her. They were friends of his. He notified us that we were to allow them to see his mother without questioning. They were driven to the cottage and admitted by one of the attendants. I think his note is here."

Dr. Judson went to the desk by which Marian sat, and opening a drawer, ran through a pile of letters. He selected one at last, and opening it, spread it before Marian. She had recovered herself in those few moments with wonderful rapidity, and with eager eyes she read breathlessly:

"DEAR DOCTOR JUDSON: A friend of mine, accompanied by a lady, will call on you today to see my mother. Will you kindly have them admitted without questioning, and have the attendant speak as little in their presence as possible. I hope that all is still as well as we can ever hope for.

"Yours, with gratitude for past favors,
"EZRA MORRIS."

It was not her father's writing. It was not her mother that had been entered there under a false name, to prevent the world from guessing the misfortune that had fallen upon the family. There was no mistake. The poor creature down there in the cottage beside the lake was Ezra Morris' mother—not hers!

And Marian felt too strangely to understand her own sensations. She did not know which was greatest, her horror of the lie that her father had told her, her loathing for this additional sin that he had committed against her, or her relief at discovering that her mother was not that helpless thing that had lost every element of the human in the utter destruction of all intelligence.

She sat there silently, striving to think it all out, but too much confused in thought to be able to do it, weak, trembling, half-exhausted, and Doctor Judson stood watching her.

"Are you c vinced?" he asked at last, with a smile.

"I am afraid to allow myself to be," she faltered. "I can scarcely bring myself to think that it can be true. If that woman is not my mother then where is she?"

Doctor Judson did not reply at once. He stood there for another moment, looking down upon her, then he took a chair and drew it in front of her, seating himself quietly where no expression of her face would escape him.

"It would be impossible for me even to hazard an answer to your question without knowing more of the reason for your asking it. I would help you if I could, but I know nothing whatever about you. I am not airing my curiosity, I am asking you no questions, but if there is anything that you care to tell me of the situation, I may be able to at least advance an opinion. Now I am mute through compulsion."

Swiftly some of the incidents of her past life had surged through Marian's brain. She remembered how she had believed her mother dead all those years; she remembered how her father had acted upon the day that she had mentioned her mother's misfortune to him; she recalled how he had refused to allow her to see her mother until she had threatened him with the courts; how he had then reluctantly yielded. And then she recalled his ability to rob, his ability to make his own daughter the thing that he had tried to make of her, and a shiver passed over her. Where was her mother? Was she living or dead? If dead, why was her grandmother in ignorance of it? If living—where?

She saw that no secrets could be kept now. The disgrace that shadowed her must be made known to all the world, if she would discover the fate of her mother; and realizing that there was no time to be lost, she bent forward eagerly toward the first assistance that was held out to her.

"I don't know how to tell you," she exclaimed, striving to speak calmly under her excitement. "It is all so strange, so unreal. My father told me that it was mother who occupied that house; that she had been there for sixteen years, having been placed there two years after my birth. My grandmother told me on my eighteenth birthday of the blight that had rested upon my mother's life. I asked my father, a few weeks afterward, for permission to see her. I remember now how he hesitated; I remember that he at first flatly refused; I remember the horror with which he regarded me when the subject was mentioned to him, and that he refused until I threatened; then he brought me—here."

"And has he always been a good man? Have you always trusted him?"

Her eyes drooped and her face flushed painfully; but the bravery that had been born in her heart, for her mother's sake, did not forsake her. She looked up again and answered more firmly than she had yet spoken.

"No; he is not a good man; he has deceived me in every way. Except that no murder rests upon his soul, I do not see how a man could be worse than my father has proven himself to be."

There was no disgust, but only sympathy, upon the good doctor's face. He drew his chair a little closer to her, as if to give her strength before replying, then in a low tone filled with compassion, he said:

"Then, my child, the case seems clear enough to me."

"How?"

"You and your mother are the victims of fraud."

"Fraud?"

"Yes. Remember this is merely a suggestion. My knowledge, even after all that you have had the courage to tell me, is of the most meager. I am merely jumping at conclusions which seem wild enough in the light of the twentieth century, and yet there seems no other explanation of the situation, from what little I know of it."

"Go on."

"Certainly you have been deceived, horribly deceived. That Mrs. Morris is not your mother I would be willing to swear. She has been in the same room in which she now is for more than thirty years, and if you were anything like that age, you would be able to remember more of the past than you do or can. Even if your appearance were deceptive, as would be most improbable, your own memory would be the test. Therefore, I say it is impossible that you should be the daughter of Mrs. Morris. Your grandmother told you of your mother's insanity, and your father, when you demanded of him that you should see her, took you to see a woman whom he palmed off on you as your mother, and who is not. Consequently, there is but one inference—your mother is not crazy. If she had been, why could he not have taken you to her instead of to see Mrs. Morris?"

"But—may she not be—dead?"

"That is not probable, either. If she were dead, he would have told you, because there is neither horror nor disgrace attached to death. Even if he had—killed her, which is not likely, he has not been accused by the law, and consequently could have found an excuse to justify death to you. My belief is that she is not dead."

"Then where is she?"

"You have asked a question that it will require the most careful search and investigation to answer. My own belief is that she is perfectly sane, and that for some reason, which neither you nor I can fathom at present, he has placed her out of the way. He has not had the nerve to kill her, because he fears the law; but he fears to have you see her, and he has put this deception upon you in order that you ask no further questions, which, to say the least, were embarrassing to answer."

"And what would you advise me to do?"

"Have you a friend to whom you can apply?"

Instantly her thoughts reverted to Underwood, and she answered with grateful remembrance:

"Yes."

"Then let me telegraph at once. There is an office in the building. Come with me, or wait until I send for a blank, as you desire."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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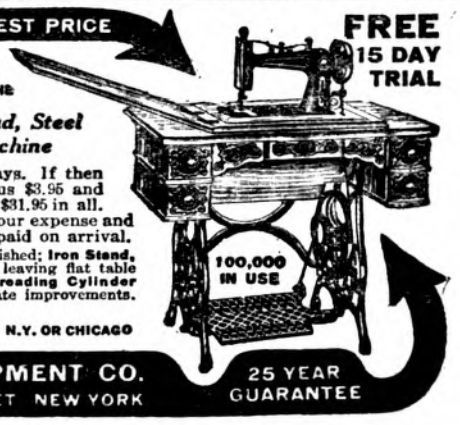
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Simply moisten your hair with water and rub it in. One or two teaspoonfuls of Mulsified will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather, and cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly. The lather rinses out easily and removes every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excessive oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves it fine and silky, bright, fluffy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at most any drug store. It is very cheap, and a few ounces is enough to last everyone in the family for months. Be sure your druggist gives you Mulsified.

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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Our Internal Complexions

THERE is no girl or woman who does not long for a beautiful complexion. I believe this one desire has more devotees than even the desire for a lovely figure. And we all know what women think about lovely figures!

Yet few of us are very intelligent in the methods we pursue to obtain what we desire. Most women seem to think that complexions can be bought in jars—at least that the remedies for a poor complexion are those to be applied externally. Nothing is farther from the truth. Good cold creams, pure powders, even a little rouge where one is naturally pale, are valuable adjuncts of the dressing-table and help to preserve a good complexion and aid a poor one, but they cannot overcome serious defects of complexion.

"And why?" ask the Bettys, and the Pattys, and the Elizabeths, and the Mabels. Well, my listening audience, just because the complexion is the outer advertisement of the condition of our interiors. And if we want a good complexion it is absolutely imperative that we should begin our campaign where complexions begin—inside our bodies. If our blood is poor and thin, we will never have a lovely bit of red in our cheeks—



FIGS HELP THE ELIMINATIVE ORGANS OF THE BODY.

unless we *buy* it, and that is really a very poor substitute. If it is sluggish and full of impurities, those impurities are sure to come out in pimples, boils and other skin imperfections.

So, if a beautiful complexion we would have, we must get at the internal conditions which are keeping it away. Proper elimination of impurities is the first essential, of course, and is at the bottom not only of a perfect complexion but of good health, as well. So accept no excuse from your eliminating organs, but see that they do their duty. Proper foods, plenty of water, and exercise will take care of this, and the result upon your complexion will at once be noticeable.

Foods that aid elimination are figs, prunes, apples, oranges, spinach, lettuce, bran bread and bran biscuits. Foods that, eaten to excess, are apt to cause constipation are starchy foods, such as potatoes, white bread, hot biscuits, griddle cakes, too much pastry. The woman who wants a good complexion should eat plenty of fruit, because of its eliminative effect and because it supplies certain mineral salts which the body needs. Prunes in the morning, an apple at noon, an orange at night, is a very good schedule to follow, but any and all fruits except bananas are excellent foods to put on the diet list. Melons are fine, also the berries in their season. Figs and prunes are more effective than most other fruits, so should be eaten as generously as possible. I am always recommending a dish of prunes for breakfast, soaked over night after being washed, then cooked in the water in which they have soaked, very very gently until soft. It is better than a gallon of medicine.

Eight to ten glasses of water should be taken in the course of the day, but do not take too much liquid at one time. A glass of water is as much as you should have at one session, unless you sip it slowly.

For exercise, choose abdominal and waist exercises, that the stomach and intestines may be stimulated to action. A good exercise for a "sluggish liver" is a waist-twisting exercise. Standing with heels together, hands on hips, fingers forward and thumbs back, chin up, spine straight, turn the upper half of the body as far to the left as it will go, then as far to the right. Let the head go with the upper half of the body, without altering its relative position, just as if it were of one piece with the torso and was moved with it. Practice this exercise fifteen or twenty times, twice a day. Then practice it with the arms outspread in a curve. The object is to twist the waist as far around as possible.

Body bathing daily is of course another essential of a good complexion, because unless the skin is kept perfectly clean the pores cannot operate to throw off impurities. Even though there is no question of the body being soiled, it nevertheless throws off daily tiny particles of scarf skin which unless removed will clog the pores as effectually as dirt. Where one has no bathtub in the house, and a bath is therefore more trouble to prepare, one can keep one's entire body perfectly clean with nothing more than a pitcher of warm or hot water, and a good Turkish wash-cloth. Standing on a folded towel, one can give the body a good cleansing rub and rinse. This is the first requisite of not only a good complexion but of good health, and nothing gives one such a sense of well-being as the feeling of perfect cleanliness.

Exercise, fresh air, lots of bathing, attention to foods—and there is no reason in the world why any of us may not have a perfectly good complexion, even a lovely one.

Answers to Questions

JEWEL.—Read what I say this month about health and beauty, and follow those suggestions. All of this is of use in either gaining flesh if one is too thin, or in losing flesh if one is too heavy. In other words, it starts the digestive and eliminative organs working properly and they prevent too much fat forming while at the same time getting every ounce of nourishment out of the food eaten. I imagine what you need to do is to be very careful indeed about your food. Proper food will do much to restore health, and it will certainly make flesh. The first thing is to cut out foods which are not good for you. This would mean, for you, pies, cake, fried foods of all kinds, which include fried potatoes, fried meat, doughnuts, griddle-cakes, etc. And it would mean cutting out hot breads, since hot breads are difficult of digestion; which is also true of pork and veal. You can, of course, gain quickly and substantially by taking the milk diet, and going without solid food; but if you wish to gain on ordinary foods you must eat plenty of fruits and green vegetables in order to keep the eliminative functions in order, then must choose your other foods for their fat-building qualities. Potatoes are great fat-builders, as is rice, white bread, butter, milk, cream, cereals. But none of these will do you any good if your digestive organs do not assimilate them, or if the eliminative functions are not active. Exercise daily, morning and evening, in your room, and get as much outdoor exercise as you can, but not to the point of fatigue. Eat three times a day heartily, chewing your food thoroughly, and without drinking while eating. Most people who drink while eating use the liquid to wash down their food, thus saving themselves the trouble of chewing properly. But the saliva is needed for digestive purposes and it makes no difference how softened the food is with liquid when it is swallowed, if that liquid is not the one placed in our bodies for digestive purposes. Starches, such as potatoes and white bread, are almost entirely digested in the mouth, that is with the mouth secretions, and if they are swallowed without being properly chewed they do not digest as they should. Just remember that. In fried foods, the coating of fat which covers the food makes it very hard for the stomach juices to get at the food to digest it; therefore it overworks the stomach, which in time fails in its function. Do not eat too many different foods at one meal. A breakfast consisting of fruit, a great bowl of well-cooked cereal with plenty of cream or milk, and a soft-boiled egg, is a healthful one and will make you gain. If for dinner you eat a moderate helping of broiled or roasted meat, not too well done, with a little of the fat, some potato and another vegetable such as string beans, spinach, carrots, white bread and butter, and a simple dessert—such as fruit, blanc mange, custard, rice pudding, floating island—you will have another good meal. Bread and milk, and plenty of it, would be perfectly all right for lunch, with an apple to follow; or a dish of hot rice with milk and sugar—cream, when you can—with hot buttered toast. With this you could take a glass of milk, sipping it, and never drinking it when food was in the mouth, or a cup of hot cocoa, taken in the same way. Cut out coffee and tea altogether for awhile, if you want to gain in health and weight. Pork and veal are hard to digest, taking much more time than beef, lamb and mutton, or fowl; so choose your food accordingly. Bacon is perfectly all right for you to take, and broiled bacon with a poached egg—soft—or a soft-boiled egg, one or two, would be a good meal with a baked potato and bread and butter. Good luck to you!

MRS. A. B. C.—Is that the name you wanted me to use? To get rid of pimples you have to regulate the diet and the bowel action. No application from outside will cure them. Read what I say this month about "internal complexions"—there is where you have to begin, at the stomach.

DOTTY DIMPLES.—Just one sickness after another, wasn't it? No wonder your hair fell out. You were right to bob it. If it grows thick on top but not on sides and back, massage the scalp nightly. Of course, first look after your general health, appetite, *bowels*, lots of water, plenty of exercise and fresh air. Your circulation has to be in good working order to make the various parts of the body healthy—including the hair. To massage the scalp, slip the flat of the fingers of one hand next the scalp on one side of the head, and those of the other hand on the other side of the head, and pressing firmly against the scalp move it back and forward on the skull, then round and round. Move the fingers from one spot to another, giving each a thorough massage. This will bring the blood to the scalp and help to nourish the little hair roots. "Mange Cure" is supposed to be good for growth of the hair. It is rubbed into the scalp thoroughly, and left on for an hour or two. Then you will need a very thorough shampoo, and be sure that you keep away from the public while you have the mange cure on, for it smells to high heaven and does not tend to make you beloved! Eat plenty of nourishing foods, my dear, and get lots of sleep—these are two of the essentials in giving your body strength enough to nourish your hair properly.

A NINETY-SIX GIRL.—I certainly do think you under weight, my dear—one hundred and six pounds for five feet, six inches. You should weigh, at your age, at least one hundred and twenty-five so get to work to remedy the lack. Eating properly, regularly, sleeping all you can, drinking lots of water, exercising and breathing in good fresh air, all help. See what I say this month to "Jewel" and follow the directions. Don't eat between meals.

D.—If you have dandruff, you need more frequent shampooing, I am inclined to think. With short hair this should be easy. Shampoo once in two weeks, and rinse thoroughly. Give the scalp massage nightly, as per directions in this issue to "Dotty Dimples." Your hair doesn't need to curl to be quite the fashion. Many of the girls who bob their hair wear it perfectly straight, parted on one side, and brushed over to the other side. Sometimes they catch a portion of this combed-over hair in one thick strand, with a flat large hair-clasp, of gold or tortoiseshell, etc., but often the hair hangs perfectly straight all about the head, with this one side part. You say you are an "ugly girl." Oh, I wonder, my dear! I don't really believe it. What may be the case, however, is that you do not make the most of yourself. See that your hair is always well shampooed, and that it is brushed daily with many strokes of the brush, until it is live and glossy;



LOWER HALF OF BODY TURNED IN ONE DIRECTION; UPPER HALF IN ANOTHER.

and see that you take a complete body bath every day, and give yourself a good toweling afterward so that the skin glows with health; brush your teeth the first thing in the morning with a good tooth paste, then after each meal, and before you go to bed. You will soon have pretty teeth, and nothing adds so much to one's good looks. See that your finger-nails are well taken care of and always perfectly clean and well-shaped. And be trim about your clothes, stockings put on smoothly, shoes kept in good condition, everything fresh and clean. About the freckles, I wouldn't worry about them, just now. Freckles aren't really unbeautiful, unless they come in a tremendous crop! Just put your time on getting your complexion beautiful and clear, your teeth white and shining, your eyes clear, your hair smooth and glossy and clean as can be, and your clothes well put on and well taken care of. Read all I say each month about proper eating, about bathing, about exercise, about keeping the bowels in good condition without cathartics. The first thing is the hair, my dear, so get to work. I expect to hear before long that you haven't any more dandruff. Before your first shampoo, I should oil my scalp by running a medicine dropper first down one part and then another, then tie my head up in a towel until morning, then give the hair a thorough shampoo, following the directions given so many times in these columns. The oil will loosen the dandruff and make it easy to remove. Do not comb the scalp, when you are dressing the hair, but only the hair; you can scratch the scalp with a comb so that you will produce dandruff.

JESSIE.—A brunette does not use as light colored a powder as a blonde. She should choose a flesh tint or a pink. A flesh tint has a little more color to it than white, while the pink powder when applied to the face seems just a flesh color. Don't use much powder in any case. If you are a young girl, I shouldn't use more than the merest dust of it—just so that my nose didn't look greasy.

MABELLE.—I quite understand the state of mind that makes one feel almost "wild" at times when there are a number of clamoring children around. You do not weigh nearly enough for your height, and need building up. You ought to weigh about one hundred and twenty-five pounds. You are probably not getting all the nourishment out of the food you eat, because of your nervous condition. It is also imperative that you learn to control the bowels without cathartics. Food will do this, even though you are unable to obtain fresh fruits, as you say. You can obtain prunes, and there is nothing better. Keep cooked prunes on hand all the time, and eat a dish for breakfast every morning. Do not add sugar to them in cooking, but after washing well, soak in plenty of water over night, then cook slowly until perfectly soft. These as a daily food will be just as beneficial for the children as for you. But you should not omit them from your diet one day. Canned fruits—but not rich preserves—are better than none, if you cannot obtain fresh fruits. You may not be able to get green vegetables at all times, but you can bake bran bread, bran muffins, bran biscuits, and eat those occasionally. It may be that you should eat them altogether instead of any white bread. White bread is about as constipating as any food you could choose. So make up your mind, every day, to have bran bread or muffins and prunes. Take plenty of liquid. As you go about your work, stop to drink a glass or half a glass of water, at short intervals. See that you get eight or ten glasses every day. Taking laxatives only aggravates your troubles, for you "wear them out" and have to keep taking stronger and stronger laxatives as time goes on. Drop them for the time being, and try the prune and bran bread regime. If you must, for a short time, resort to other aids, take an enema instead of a cathartic. Though the enema habit is said, by physicians, to be as bad as the cathartic habit. Of course exercise would help—like lying on the back and raising the right leg at right angles with the body without bending the knee; then slowly letting it sink to the bed again. The more slowly you can do this, the better the results, as it exercises the abdominal muscles, and this is what you need. After practicing with the right leg, the exercise should be repeated many times with the left and finally with both, remembering always not to bend the knee and to let the downward motion be as slow as possible. However, you may be too tired with your daily duties to have the strength to exercise. It might be more to the point if you could take the time an exercise would take and spend it just lying still in your own room with the door shut and getting hold of your nerves. For gaining flesh, read what I say to "Dottie Dimples" and "Jewel." These foods provide all the "fuel" anybody needs. In fact they are fuel foods. Fried foods use up your energy, as do pork and veal and dried meats. Bacon, eggs, milk, cream, sugar, butter, white bread (except for its constipating tendencies), cereal, custards, rice, are all the sort of foods that will give you "energy" as well as fat. You couldn't do better than eat the breakfast I have recommended to "Dotty Dimples," nor better than to eat that kind of dinner or supper. Remember you get no "energy" or "fuel" from food which you do not properly digest. More is obtained from the smallest amount of food properly digested. But, in any case, the regime I have laid down for you is full of "fuel" qualities and is sufficient nourishment for any amount of work you have to do. Your big job is to get over your constipation. Start right in drinking lots of water, eating apples if you have them on hand, one following breakfast or preceding it, and one at night before going to bed. Have your big dish of properly cooked prunes in the morning, followed by your cereal and cream or cereal and milk—letting it be thoroughly cooked—and adding a soft-boiled egg if you want it. Omit bread from your breakfast. Remember about chewing your food until each mouthful is liquid before swallowing it. You can see for yourself how the process of digestion must be simplified by this precaution, and it is your job to make things as easy for your stomach and bowels as possible. You have been taking cathartics for so long that just at first your bowels will probably refuse to act but, if so, take an enema to start them, and persist in the prunes, the water, the bran bread or biscuit, and it won't be any time until they behave as they should. Form regular habits. Attend to this at regular hours daily—at least twice a day. And keep on trying to form such habits, no matter if it seems at first entirely impossible.

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The Bread of Idleness

By Maud Mary Brown

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"SIDNEY!" Mrs. Blair's voice was sharply impatient. "Aren't you dressed yet?"

Sidney closed her book and looked up at her mother from the depths of an easy chair.

"I'm not going to that stodgy reception, mother. Monty has to drive into the country this afternoon and has asked me to go along."

"Monty! Don't tell me that you are mad enough to go off with that cheap soda fountain clerk when Oakhedge's favorite sons are gathering in the library."

"Oakhedge's old-home week is nothing in my young life," Sidney retorted flippantly. "I saw a few of those favorite sons leave the train last night. They're no favorites of mine, mother. Frankly, I prefer Monty. He belongs to my generation, at least."

Mrs. Blair was on the verge of despairing tears. "You are like your father in never seeing an opportunity," she accused.

Sidney's tawny eyes softened. "I wish I were more like him," she said simply.

"Sidney, you may as well be told that we are nearly down to our last dollar. I have done the best I could. I moved out to this dull town because we could live cheaply here. I have made our clothes. I have economized desperately—under cover. At that, we're pretty nearly done."

Sidney straightened, startled. She was very lovely with her tawny eyes quickened out of their habitual drowsiness and her tawny hair framing her oval face whose purity of coloring was intensified by the scarlet of her beautifully-modeled lips.

"Well," she demanded sharply, "what do you want me to do, mother?"

"I want you to make an advantageous marriage," was the candid reply.

"I think Monty is getting ready to propose," mused Sidney.

"Don't be a little fool, Sidney. There are several rich and distinguished men in town this week. Saxon Deane, the lawyer, is here, as well as John Randolph, the sculptor. I want you to stop playing around with Monty Brown and attend the old-home week ceremonies."

"And try to land a husband? It's revolting, mother."

"Fastidiousness is very well, within limits, my dear, but your face happens to be all the capital we have left. I haven't relished speaking so plainly, but I want you to realize that the situation is grave."

She left Sidney and went up to her room to make herself look as prosperous as possible before presenting herself before Oakledge's guests. She was on the reception committee, and she meant to make the most of that. If only Sidney would play up! But Sidney's reactions were as undependable as her father's had been.

Left alone, Sidney sank back in her chair, her brows drawn together in unpleasant reflection. This was the first intimation she had had that their circumstances were desperate. Well, she could work. She stretched her shapely limbs and admitted that she was deceiving herself. She hated the thought of work.

And her mother was right—Monty was out of the question. Her shrewd business sense acknowledged that.

She sat up finally, and threw her book aside. "I suppose I do owe mother something," she said. "But trying to trap a man is so humiliating. Daddy, if you couldn't leave us money, why couldn't you have left us some of your staunch courage?"

She rose and went slowly up to her mother's room. "What shall I wear?" she asked simply.

Mrs. Blair wheeled and they exchanged significant glances.

"Your brown Swiss with the yellow sash and your brown suede pumps will do nicely," she said.

"Precisely what I thought. Mother, we are really very much alike."

"We understand each other, I think Sidney."

"Perfectly. We are mild adventuresses, aren't we, mother? Only, we're strictly moral. We demand the wedding ring with a man's money, don't we? Well, I'm off to don war paint and beads? 'Bye, mother. See you later."

Mrs. Blair easily brought about the meeting of Saxon Deane and Sidney that afternoon and as easily found an excuse for leaving them alone.

"This must bore you frightfully," Deane said, his interested eyes on Sidney's face.

"Oh, no, indeed!" prevaricated Sidney. "We haven't lived here very long, but we love Oakhedge and we are proud of you today as is the oldest inhabitant who used to spank you when you stole her cherries."

"See here, Miss Blair," laughed Deane, "have you been getting acquainted with village legends?"

She shook her tawny head. "I know human nature," she said, "and you have an acquisitive eye."

"I suppose I ought to be grateful for having been called a thief so pleasantly," he grinned as they sauntered out into the spring air.

"Your mother asked me to call," he said shyly as he saw Mrs. Blair majestically approaching.

Sidney flashed him a warm glance. "Do come," she urged.

He shook hands with both women and watched them as they disappeared down the street.

"Jove!" He shook his shoulders as though ridding himself of a burden. "I feel younger than I have in years. I like those women and the girl's a beauty. Hello, Ranny!" He wheeled to greet John Randolph.

"Old man, isn't Oakhedge top hole? I expected to find it shabby and boresome."

"It is. Why do they drag us back, Saxon? What's that? You like it? Then you've seen a woman, man. That's the signs."

Deane had planned to hurry back to Harchester after doing duty as chief speechmaker, but he found himself inventing plausible excuses to remain over the week-end.

On Sunday evening he was invited to the Blairs for supper and when Sidney, flushed and triumphant, came out to the piazza to announce it, he was enchanted afresh with her beauty.

"I cooked everything that you're about to devour," she informed him, "and you are expected to put personal prejudices aside and call it excellent."

He followed the women into the dining-room and as he glanced at the daintily-set table, gleaming with silver and crystal and its garnished dishes of food, his eyes brightened.

"Oh, you country girls!" he exclaimed. "They don't breed home-makers in the city."

After supper Deane invited them both to go for a drive in the best car which the town afforded, but Mrs. Blair pleaded fatigue and Sidney and he started out alone, he at the wheel.

They wandered over the peaceful, half-forgotten roads of Deane's boyhood. They were for the most part silent, but finally Deane roused himself and placed a long-fingered hand over hers.

"You will think I'm mad, Sidney, for being sure so soon, but you are the girl I've waited for. Have I a chance? Or am I too old?"

"Old?" Her laugh was tremulous. "I don't believe you're thirty-five."

"Thirty-four, though, dear."

"Do you call that old—dear?"

He headed the car up a lane. "Just wait a minute," he said, "and I'll dare you to call me dear again."

It was late when they reached the Blair house, but Sidney found her mother waiting in her room for news.

"Well, mother, you can't say I'm not a fast worker. I've landed him."

"Don't be vulgar, Sidney. And kindly stop intimating that there was a conspiracy between us. I am sure that nothing was farther from my mind."

Sidney laughed shrilly. "So that's your system, mother! Well, I can't deceive myself quite so easily. I wish I could. It might be easier. Saxon Deane is sincere and I hate cheating him. He thinks I'm a simple country girl who enjoyed getting supper tonight. What if he should expect me to keep it up?"

"If you can't manage him," replied Mrs. Blair calmly, "you're no daughter of mine. I'm tired now, Sidney, and relieved enough to sleep well. Good night."

Deane spent as much time in Oakhedge that summer as his law practice would permit. He drove his car up and taught Sidney to drive it, leaving it there for her use. On each of his visits, Mrs. Blair talked to him confidentially about her daughter. She was not over-strong and she was highly-organized. She was so glad that her child was falling into his strong, protective hands.

His chief object in life, he readily promised, should be to safeguard Sidney from every shock and to make her the happiest, as she would be the loveliest, woman in Harchester.

He found himself advising Mrs. Blair not to spend any time on Sidney's trousseau. He planned to take her to Paris on their honeymoon and she could get all that she required then.

"But the expense, dear boy!" remonstrated Mrs. Blair.

"Mother Blair, I'm rather a rich man. Shall I tell you about my finances? You have a right to know."

A little later Mrs. Blair sought Sidney. "My dear," she said in restrained exultation, "Saxon Deane is richer than I dreamed."

"It's nice to know that I haven't become a rotter for nothing, mother," Sidney replied coolly.

"My dear!" Tears of vexation and offended pride filled Mrs. Blair's eyes. "I don't understand you at all."

They were married in early autumn and sailed on an ocean flier at once. Sidney spent a delirious season, spending money freely for the first time in her cramped life, while Deane looked on, tolerantly amused as at the greedy dissipations of a lovely child.

Returning in December, they found Mrs. Blair waiting for them in New York. Deane had sounded Sidney on her preference, a house or an apartment *de luxe* in Harchester, but he had succeeded in getting no definite response. Now Mrs. Blair took a hand.

"Aren't there any good hotels in Harchester?" she asked casually.

"Why, of course. There's nothing better than the Ardmore outside of New York."

"Then why not take a suite there for the winter?"

"I'm tired of hotel life, Mother Blair."

"Of course, dear boy. But Sidney is so young to assume so many responsibilities all at once. Wouldn't it be wise to give her time to get accustomed to her new environment before burdening her with housekeeping?"

Deane had been an eligible bachelor too long to have his bride regarded with indifference and as soon as they were established in their luxurious suite at the Ardmore—chosen by Mrs. Blair—Harchester began to call and Sidney found herself the intoxicating center of local interest.

For the first time in her twenty-one years she was thrown upon her own social resources. She could spend money without a qualm and select her friends without thought of policy. Her choice, Deane soon observed, was not his own, but he set that down to her youth.

He accompanied her to the Carrs to dinner one night, hopeful that she and Edith Carr would be companionable. Sidney was exquisite but disapprovingly silent and before the evening was over, sulky lines had settled about her mouth.

"That's over," she observed when they were in their car. "Hereafter let me manage the invitations, Saxon. We missed an evening of bridge with the Baxters for *that*."

"I hoped you would like the Carrs," he said simply.

"Professor Carr makes me nervous. He asked me my opinion of Lord Dunsany's latest play and wanted to know if I detected a touch of Barrie in it."

She laughed on a nervous key. "I told him I preferred jazz in music and literature," she added defiantly.

He turned to her, a rebuke on his lips, but at that moment they passed under an arc light and his sternness melted into an uprush of adoration at her beauty.

"It's early," she said. "Let's get the Baxters up for a rubber to take the taste of the Carrs from our lips."

"I have a brief to go over before I sleep," he said stiffly, his moment of rapture past.

"That's all right," she returned cheerfully. "Colonel Manley is always ready to fill in. You can read in the bedroom, Saxon."

At one o'clock she went into the bedroom, her eyes shining with excitement.

"See, Saxon!" She tossed a roll of bank-notes on his bed. "Little I won all that."

He frowned at the greenbacks. "I don't like you to play for money, Sidney."

"Don't be prehistoric, old dear! Merciful heaven, but I'm tired! Don't waken me in the morning, Saxon, there's a lamb."

During the winter Deane frequently spoke of taking a house, but Sidney, already the center of the gayest set in Harchester, pouted charmingly at the suggestions and stopped them with caresses. Finally, however, he became so insistent that Sidney sent for her mother.

Mrs. Deane wasted no time in getting to Harchester and a natural gift for strategy warned her that it would be better to approach the subject herself.

"You must have a home, dear boy."

His eyes brightened. "If only we might, Mother Blair!"

"But you must be patient with your young wife, Saxon. Remember, the first year of marriage is difficult, at best. Wouldn't it be better not to force her?"

"It isn't what I had expected of marriage," he said soberly.

"I know, Saxon. But it would be so easy to estrange Sidney. You must remember that she is years younger than you are."

That settled it then, and many times thereafter. Indeed, the disparity in their ages became the weapon by which mother and daughter clubbed him to submission.

However, Mrs. Blair was a little apprehensive. "I advise you to be a little more considerate of his wishes," she told Sidney.

"You see, mother dear," Sidney returned calmly, "I was your daughter long before I was his wife and you taught me well."

And Mrs. Blair wept because Sidney, turned by her into a certain path, was taking it headlong.

Time passed with Deane working to keep his income equal to their fast-increasing expenditures. It was difficult, for professional as well as business men were feeling the general depression and his capital was yielding shrinking returns.

He remonstrated with Sidney very gently, humiliated beyond words at the necessity, but she only pouted her adorable lips or, when that expedient failed, shrilled at him in a voice in which tears lurked.

They both showed the strain of the life they were living. Deep lines etched their way into Deane's cheeks and Sidney was forced to rely upon cosmetics to cover the ravages of excitement and loss of sleep.

One evening after nearly three years at the Ardmore, Deane and his wife made perfunctory conversation at dinner so long as the serving man remained.

When he had left, Sidney began in an aggrieved voice, "I knew you would return from John Randolph's funeral bringing its atmosphere with you. I wish we had dined down stairs. It's stupid eating up here, anyway."

"It is the one semblance we have of a home, Sidney."

"A home! Are you wishing for that again?"

"I've never stopped."

She gestured fretfully with her shoulders. "How did Lucy Randolph look in mourning?" she asked.

"Stunning."

"Trust her. Did he leave her a lot of money, Saxon?"

"No. Lucy's extravagance just about ruined him."

"That's right," sighed Sidney. "Lay it all to the woman."

"While we are on the subject, Sidney, I may as well tell you that the bills for this quarter are entirely beyond reason."

She rose angrily. "Do you want your wife to drop behind other women?" she demanded.

"Why not? What is the trophy you are after, Sidney?"

"Social power, for one thing," she said coldly. "And happiness."

"Sidney," he asked suddenly, "just why did you marry me?"

"I wonder," she said sullenly.

"How simple I must have seemed that summer when you were playing the domestic role. Well, I'm caught. But I'll make my trap tolerable or I'll fight my way out of it."

"What do you mean?" she quavered.

He glanced at her frock of Chinese blue and gold. "You are going out," he stated.

"And so are you."

"Oh, no, I'm not. I have some plans to work out. You can say I'm dead."

Sidney was frightened, and on her way to the Fosters' dance she wired for her mother.

Mrs. Blair, when she came, was unable to grasp Sidney's uneasiness. "I have never known him to be kinder or more generous," she maintained. "See this cheque, honey. It's for a trip abroad with the Havens. I merely suggested that I wanted to go."

Sidney, feeling a presage of evil, said, "I wish you wouldn't go, mother."

"But of course I shall go. You can manage Saxon now. If he becomes difficult, humor him. I think he is right about a home, anyway."

"Don't suggest that. He hasn't mentioned a home for weeks. I wish Saxon would hand me a cheque like that to me without my going on my knees for it. Let's go down town and buy some clothes, mother."

One evening in early March Sidney, housed with a cold, yawned over her book till her husband drew his chair alongside of hers by the fire and lighted a cigarette.

"I signed a lease for the Blanchard property today," he began quietly.

The Blanchard property? Do you mean that big place on the hill a few miles out of town?"

He nodded. "Four Winds," he said.

"What on earth do you want of that?"

"We are going to live in it, Sidney."

"I don't quite see the point of your joke, Saxon."

"I am not joking. We go out next week. It really is a fine old place."

"You think I will go to that prison to live?"

"I'm sure of it, Sidney."

His assurance infuriated her. "You shall never drag me there," she stormed. "Why, I have been told that motors go up that hill with difficulty. I'll join mother abroad or I'll go with the Fosters to Portsmouth, but you shall never force me to go there."

"Have you the money for Europe or Portsmouth?"

She whitened. "So you are threatening me," she sneered.

"I was merely asking a reasonable question."

"Well, I'll merely ask for a divorce."

"You won't get it," he said flatly.

"But I tell you I can't live in a place like that. What do you think I am?"

"A gold digger," he replied promptly. "But your sun has set. Your mother is too far away to summon and if you think about it all, you'll admit that, penniless, you will have few charms for Doris Foster and her ghastly crowd."

She was speechless, her tawny eyes filled with fear and anger.

He drew a memorandum book from the pocket of his dinner coat. "The first year of our marriage you cost me slightly over eighteen thousand dollars. So far in this third year you have spent thirty-one thousand. The price of wives, it would seem, is rising. Now, I pause to ask, what have I had in return?"

"You have the most popular and best dressed woman in Harchester for your wife."

"That isn't nearly enough. I have rebelled, Sidney, against being merely a banker for a silly wife. You are going out to Four Winds with me and take care of my house and be my woman. Get that, Sidney?"

"If you think," she began scornfully, "that I am the sort of woman to be tamed with cave-man methods, you are mistaken."

"Well," he returned cheerfully, "it does no harm to try."

She buried her face in her handkerchief and fired the final shot of the defeated woman. "Then you d-don't love me any more, Saxon?"

"I don't think I do," he said pleasantly.

In a storm of sobs she retreated to her room. Once in bed, she whimpered softly but her shrewd brain had never worked harder. Public opinion, she decided, must, at all hazards, be considered. Even Four Winds till she could work out a plan, was preferable to open scandal. But once there, she would make her husband so uncomfortable that he would be glad to ship her back to town and her friends. She might have to play a waiting game, but its result was certain. Toward dawn she slept.

It was on a mild, sunny day that Deane chose for their Hejira, and even Sidney had to fight the enchantment of the miracle of the budding season.

When their car had labored up the hill, Deane ushered Sidney into the house with a grave courtesy.

"It's furnished uncommonly well," he said, "and I'm sure you will like it."

"I'm sure I shall hate it," Sidney retorted evenly.

"This is living-room and library and dining-room combined," he explained on the threshold of a huge room.

Sidney glanced incuriously at the mammoth fireplace, the books and easy chairs, with lights cunningly placed for comfort in reading. A low jug of dull green held a mass of daffodils and she wondered idly who had placed it on the table.

"We make our own electric current," her husband was explaining.

"Indeed!"

"Would you care to see the kitchen now? No? Well, take your time. Above are two rooms connected by bath. We will use only this wing at present. Like it?"

"No."

"Too bad." He paused deliberately to light a pipe. "I am going outside. Want to come?"

"No."

"Very well. Have my supper ready promptly at six. We will have bacon and eggs and coffee. I remember that you cook them excellently. You will find things in the kitchen. I came out yesterday with supplies."

When he had left her, Sidney sat down in one of the big chairs and gazed unseeingly through a French window to the beautiful view beyond.

At six Deane entered by way of the kitchen and came to her chair, standing towering above her, as implacable as doom.

"I think I told you to have my supper ready."

"I don't take orders from you," she returned coldly.

"Oh, yes, you do. Go into the kitchen at once and cook my supper."

His voice snapped like the report of a pistol and Sidney, surprised and half-frightened, rose. She looked at him and saw about him the aura of authority and expediency warned her that it was better to give in now, while she might still be said to have some choice in the matter, than to wait for that humiliating moment when she would obey of necessity.

Like an outraged princess she swept out to the kitchen and cooked the supper, badly, but Deane was satisfied. The next morning he had her up at daybreak and, unaccustomed as she was to early rising, the effort of getting started was almost unendurable.

Sullenly she dragged around the kitchen, making the coffee and cooking the eggs. She refused food for herself, but if she expected her husband to protest at her abstinence she was disappointed, for he made no comment, but ate his breakfast in cheerful oblivion of her presence.

Events moved thus unpleasantly for days. Deane brought supplies from the Harchester markets and Sidney cooked them in aloof silence, but she never ate in his presence. When he addressed her, she answered as briefly as possible. Inwardly she was baffled and half-alarmed at his indifference.

However, youth can no more fail to react to voluptuous spring than dew can resist the sun, and Sidney, finding herself free for the first time from the influence of an ambitious mother, found herself drawing upon unexpected resources.

Her first, utterable weariness passed. As soon as her husband's car disappeared over the brow of the hill, she flew about her tasks, an unconscious song on her lips. At odd moments she opened the books which overflowed the library. Her eyes brightened one day when she found the Dunsany play that Professor Carr had discussed. It was almost like an unexpected meeting with a friend and she read it with interest.

Her Harchester friends had, it appeared, lost interest in her now that she was not an instrument for their amusement. They made no attempt to see her or to communicate with her. She thought about them frequently, a twisted smile on her lips.

She thought about her father also, and their warm companionship. When she was cutting tulips for the house or training the vines on the piazza columns, she reflected on his shy, whimsical philosophy.

"The bread of idleness," she remembered his having said, "is the most spiritually indigestible food in the world."

For three years she had had her fill and she knew him to have been right. She admitted at last that if only her husband's love and her own pride could be re-instated, she would be completely happy.

Many times she resolved that when he should return at night she would tell him that he had been right in forcibly detaching her from the life she had been leading. She even rehearsed the sentences till she knew them by heart. But always his implacable face or her own unsubdued pride prevented, and days melted into weeks with their differences unsettled.

As the days grew warmer, she explored the woods back of the estate. One day she ventured farther than usual, lured by the desire for one more spray of arbutus. She returned to the house finally, her hands overflowing with fragrance, her feet wet, her smile radiant.

The next morning she could not speak aloud. Aching in every bone, she crept down stairs to get her husband's breakfast. When he came down and saw her drawn face, he made no attempt to conceal his concern.

"It's nothing but a little cold," she croaked in answer to his question.

"Go right back to your room and get into bed," he commanded. "Mother used to have these colds and I know just what to do. Budge!"

For once she obeyed him gladly and in spite of her misery a delicious feeling of warmth stole over her.

They had been so long estranged that when he came into her room with remedies, she flushed, as though involved in an indiscretion, but he was too tactful or too intent upon his work of healing to observe it.

With hands as gentle as a woman's he made her comfortable. "Think you can sleep?" he asked when he finally adjusted the shades to her eyes.

Very happy and already drowsy, she nodded.

"Right-O! Do you mind being left for a couple of hours, Sidney?"

"I'm quite all right," she whispered. "I shall sleep."

His feet lagged as they bore him to the door. Once he turned, but he did not retrace his steps.

When he had closed the door behind him, Sidney stretched her limbs and smiled. "If I had been a decent human being, I'd have thanked him," she told herself.

In an incredibly short time Deane was back from the city, his car loaded with flowers and delicacies and superfluous books. Sidney, hearing the overworked motor, lifted herself on an elbow for a glance into a mirror.

Deane nursed her that day and the next though she knew what he did not suspect—that she needed his ministrations not at all. Formal courtesy, merged into friendliness but neither seemed able to destroy the barriers which separated friendliness from intimacy. Each covertly watched the other, waiting for the sign of complete surrender which each was too proud or too shy to give.

Toward evening of the second day Sidney came down stairs. It was a day of cold showers and Deane had a fire in the living-room and the supper table drawn up before it.

They discussed the books she had been reading and the latest plays. And the kitchen garden and gladioli. Those topics finished, constraint, like a spectre, sat between them.

Finally Sidney, an adorable flush suffusing her face, laid down an idle fork.

"Saxon." She leaned toward him across the table, her provocative eyes beckoning.

"Would you care to know what I'd call the most effective cure for marital disorders?"

He looked at her, bewildered.

"A hot mustard foot bath," she said demurely. "At least," she added shyly, "it completely cured mine."

The next moment he had charged around the table and she was crushed in his arms.

While a reporter was telephoning his story from Sing Sing, a convict hammering on the floor made it hard for the reporter to hear.

"Would you mind stopping for a few minutes?" asked the newspaper man.

"All right, boss," said the convict, "go to it. I got twenty years to finish this job."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

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Walter Field Co., Dept. H1077, Chicago

The April Wedding

By Andre Dupont

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MASCULINE and feminine tastes differ greatly in regard to weddings. The average man agrees in his heart with that old English author who summed up the subject pithily when he wrote, "Wedding is destiny and hanging likewise," so the bridegroom wants the ordeal quickly over, but the bride thoroughly enjoys being the center of attraction, and the more elaborate the wedding the better she likes it.

If one reads the signs of the times aright a reaction is beginning to set in against the overelaborate wedding with its many bridesmaids and ushers, its pages and its flower girls in fancy costume and its throng of curious guests. Many of the most fashionable weddings of the past year have taken place in the home where the solemn ceremony was performed with but a small audience of intimate friends and relatives and all the "circus features", as one old lady of my acquaintance will insist on calling the pageantry of a fashionable wedding, were omitted. But this simplicity does not appeal to all young women for many look back all their lives with great pleasure and pride in the brilliancy of their church wedding and crowded reception.

With the bride and her family rests the decision as to whether the wedding shall be simple or elaborate. Next comes the choice of bridesmaids and ushers, the color scheme of the occasion, the list of guests, etc. Invitations should always be sent out not later than two weeks, or earlier than a month, before the date set for the ceremony. To be correct they must be engraved on heavy unglazed paper, folded once in the center to fit in its envelope. On this envelope only the name of the person for whom it is intended is written. This is left unsealed and put into a second envelope which is sealed, properly directed and sent through the mail or by messenger. One of the newest forms of invitations uses but one envelope but this innovation is but slowly making its way.

The woman who does the correct thing never economizes on invitations. To group the names of parents and one or more unmarried daughters on the same envelope, or to address an invitation to "Mr. and Mrs. West and family" is considered to be in very questionable taste.

Husband and wife need but one invitation which can be addressed to "Mr. and Mrs. West." If there are two or more unmarried daughters they can be grouped together and the envelope addressed to "The Misses West;" if there is more than one son old enough to be invited, they also need have but one invitation and the envelope can be addressed to "The Messrs. West."

Most of the burdens of a fashionable wedding rest upon the family of the bride. The prospective groom has very little to worry about after he has asked his ushers and best man. The only expenses that he should assume in connection with the ceremony are the check he sends to the officiating clergyman, another to the organist and a substantial tip to the sexton for opening the church. He sends the bride her bouquet and pays for the flowers carried by the bridesmaids and often gives souvenirs to his ushers in the shape of cuff-links or scarf-pins.

The bride's family pay for the floral decorations used in the church and if special soloists are engaged or an elaborate musical program given they should also pay for that. It is unnecessary to add that they also pay for the wedding invitations and announcement cards, the wedding breakfast, the motor cars used by the bridal party and the souvenirs given by the bride to her bridesmaids.

A few years ago at the conventional wedding breakfast all the guests were seated at small tables with a larger one for the bridal party, but this made a great deal of trouble and was impossible except in very large rooms so that now in the majority of cases the refreshments are served from a buffet, with perhaps a single table where sit the bridal party, the minister and the bride and groom's parents. To the other guests the refreshments are passed by waiters assisted by some of the men guests. Aside from the presence of the bride and groom, a wedding reception is very like an afternoon reception except that there are always more men present than any hostess can succeed in capturing for the ordinary daylight "At Home."

As soon as the bridal party returns from the church, or if the ceremony is performed in the home as soon as the religious service is over, the newly-made husband and wife should station themselves at one end of the drawing-room, while the bridesmaids and maid of honor, if there is one, should take their stand near the happy couple. The bride's mother, being the hostess of the affair, should stand somewhere near the door to greet the guests as soon as they enter the room. With her may stand the bridegroom's father who should introduce her to all the friends of his family that she does not know, while she performs a like ceremony in regard to her daughter's friends who are unknown to him. Sometimes the bridegroom's mother and the bride's father stand near the bridal party at the other end of the room, while the ushers busy themselves in escorting guests to offer their congratulations to the bride and groom.

If the wedding is to be at all large and there are to be as many as four bridesmaids, it is well to think out a scheme so that there may be harmony in the bridesmaids' frocks and also the decorations of the church and the house. Flower schemes are lovely when they are well carried out. A daffodil wedding with the bridesmaids all dressed in palest yellow is charming, and so is a pink and white wedding with pink and white tulips or sweet peas. A rose wedding with the bridesmaids' frocks shading from a rich American Beauty tint to the palest cloth of gold and each girl carrying a matching bunch of roses, or a sweet peas' wedding where the frocks are made in the different shades of those attractive flowers. The rainbow color scheme for the bridesmaids is not new, but it is always successful. In this case each frock is of the palest shades of the colors of the spectrum so arranged that they shade down to the white dress of the bride.

Rice is seldom thrown nowadays at the happy pair as they depart on their wedding trip for there have been so many accidents to the eyes of both bride and groom due to a blow from a carelessly-aimed particle of the grain. When the newly-married couple retire to change their clothes the ushers, the bridesmaids and a few intimate friends cluster at the foot of the stairs, and confetti or bags of paper rose leaves or trays heaped with the real petals of the fragrant flower are passed to them with which to shower the newmade husband and wife as they descend the stairs and run through the hall to the waiting motor.

As the bride comes down the stairs with her husband she sometimes flings her wedding bouquet towards the bridesmaids and if she is thoughtful she divides it into two or three portions so as to give more than one girl the bit of luck it is said to bring. And the bridegroom has even been known to fling his boutonniere towards one of the ushers who, if he is wedded to his bachelor existence, is sometimes ungallant enough to dodge it, as the superstition is that the person who catches the bridal flowers will wed within the year.

When a widow or divorcee marries again the invitations are very much the same as those sent out for the first ceremony except that her married name prefixed by her Christian name is used on the invitation in exactly the same way as in an ordinary wedding invitation. Sometimes only her first name is used with her married name in brackets beneath it, but this is not often done. If the bride is young, such invitations are issued in the name of her parents, but if she has no immediate relatives, or has passed her first youth she sends out invitations in her own name.

At a second marriage no woman, of course, wears a veil or the conventional white satin wedding gown, or should she have bridesmaids, but she can, if she likes, have a single maid of honor. A man on making a second marriage follows precisely the same etiquette as that which he observed at his first marriage.

A prospective bride should always send a note of thanks for all wedding presents within a day or two after she has received them. It is not considered at all courteous to wait until after the return from the wedding trip to send these notes of thanks.

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

would peek out through the lace curtains and see who it was and then not go to the door. The parson's salary was so small that the wife's brother had to clothe the family and help them in other ways. Some of the church people were wealthy but the church was too poor to hire a sexton and the parson had to do the sexton's work and then people called him crazy. I can tell you some more if you want, worse yet, but, nevertheless, gospel truth.

Don't be too hard on Mother of Seven. There are such mothers as she had. I know for I had one. You who have a good mother have a treasure that is priceless. I never knew what a mother's love was although the woman who gave me birth lived until I was fourteen years old. When I have seen good mothers and their children together I have often said, "Why could not my mother have been like that?"

Irish, I don't believe you are spoiling your boy. I think when he gets older and understands such things better he will outgrow his fear of the dark. If you punish him you may make a wreck of his nervous system. Do not mind what the neighbors think. You cannot suit them all anyway.

Sometime ago someone asked what the sisters thought about women wearing overalls while at work on the farm, referring to a certain Bible passage. Even from Christ's teachings we learn that circumstances alter cases. I see no harm in wearing them when work can be done safer and easier but I don't believe in a girl wearing boys' or men's clothes in public places as many do nowadays. However, I think bloomers are better and they are a woman's garment anyway, so if your conscience troubles you when you wear overalls, try the bloomers.

I wish the Stuffing Blue Chums would tell us where they got that name and what it means. We have a mountain in this state called Ginger Blue and I wondered if they lived in a place known as Stuffing Blue. Anyway, the toys they made are cute and I would like the fat, woolly lamb.

I planned to write something last summer and tell of some things I made for Christmas but time flew along and it was too late but I'll try to do better next later on, after I see what luck I have with this.

I don't think there is much use telling anyone how to keep her house. I say keep it as you like and can be happiest and never mind what someone else thinks. They know better than to say much to me for they know I will tell them to go to work and do it for me if they don't like my methods.

VERMONTER.

Vermonter,—and Others.—Don't wait until December to write about Christmas gifts for your letter could not be printed before February or March, and that's rather late. Next time, don't put it off for such letters are a great help to the majority of us.—Ed.

PITTSFIELD, 427 North Monroe St., ILL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have just finished reading my third copy of COMFORT. No, I live in good old Illinois. The fact is I just never happened to get hold of a copy of COMFORT before. Our reading table is covered with weekly and monthly magazines on the most scientific subjects as friend Husband likes that kind of reading and I have been too busy with my home affairs and little girls to devote much time to magazine reading but one day a small girl stopped at my door and wanted my subscription for COMFORT and now that day goes down as a Perfect Day. I thoroughly enjoy all departments but the Sisters' Corner interests me the most. After reading letters from all parts of the globe, I wondered if I were the only reader interested in astrology or the influence of the planets on the human family. I have been a student in that science for years and find it invaluable in determining the character and temperament of newcomers into the home or neighborhood, by just finding out their birthdate you can tell whether they will be congenial or whether you will care to become intimate with them. The knowledge helps you to keep from "rubbing people the wrong way" and hence preserves harmony. I find the study of great help in bringing up my girls, I understand them better and can be of more help to them. Many mothers have come to me in despair because they were at their "wit's end" how to manage their children. I do not mean to boast as these mothers were scoffers at first but came as a last resort and found out that they did not understand their children at all. This is not fortune telling or a new religion, but a science as old as time. The wise men of ancient times made all their deductions by means of the stars. I would be glad to correspond with any who are interested in this subject and I believe it is the custom to enclose stamp.

It seems proper to introduce myself. I am the wife of a photographer and we live in an inland city in Illinois. We have two little girls, a freshman, age 14, and one 12, and we are "pals." We are all lovers of the great out of doors and spend every available hour in the car or tent beside a stream or river absorbing all that Mother Nature has to spare when the weather permits.

Hoping I have not bored you with this lecture,

Most sincerely, MRS. EVA SHINN.

WHETSTONE, KY.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND READERS:

COMFORT has been a regular visitor to our home for several years and a most welcome one indeed. The small children and the older ones love it and I feel just all right when I have it to read. My husband doesn't read very much but he likes the editorials and I read them to him if he is too tired to feel inclined to read.

I enjoy reading such letters as Dr. Defolar's. Why can't we have more like them?

Mrs. Gardner, I do not believe in Sunday baseball games but as you said about your place, it was quite the rage in our vicinity last summer. My little boy, ten years old, has watched them play on Saturdays and he seemed to think he must attend the games on Sunday too, but I told him the Sabbath was God's day and he was easily persuaded to give up the idea of going. We have Sunday School near our home during the spring, summer and fall months but the winter is usually too cold.

If the sisters who have nervous trouble like to ride horseback I think they will find this a great help, or, at least, I did. I have had a nervous trouble for several years but ride a good deal during the summer and I feel almost cured of nervousness, but when winter comes and the roads are bad and the weather cold, I don't ride very much and I am troubled with nervousness again.

If I could write as interesting a letter as some of the sisters I know Mrs. Wilkinson would not throw it in the waste-basket, but she seems like such a lovable, motherly soul—I always think of my own dear mother now gone to live with God, when I think of her—I know she will read it with a kindly smile and do with it whatever she thinks is best.

Mothers who have several children in school know what a lot of work it takes to keep them there. I know I overdo almost every day as I am not very strong and it takes a lot of work to keep six children in school. Our school closes in a few days but they will only rest one week then take up their studies again as I always teach them through the winter months. I don't think we should let them lay their books aside when school is over as it is a help to them to study during the winter.

Sincerest wishes for all. MRS. J. S. GUINN.

Mrs. Guinn.—Thank you for saying such delightful things about me. You couldn't have paid me a greater compliment than saying I reminded you of your own mother. I wish you would get into the habit of going out in the winter as well as in the summer and believe you would be less nervous if you would. Dress warmly and go out for a walk, regardless of cold weather, and take the children with you.—Ed.

DUNDEE, OREGON.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Please admit a mother from the Far West. I live near Portland, Oregon, the city of roses. However, I am a devoted reader of dear old COMFORT.

In the August number I read a letter written by a young man of Texas, who signed his name "Home Lover." His letter was in reply to "B" of Goshen, Calif., and as I read and re-read it I said to myself, if America could just have one hundred thousand homes such as I imagine he has, what a change would come over our dear country. I am sure that "Home Lover" has the right kind of a home, and a mother that has influenced him for high ideals and when the time comes for him to choose a wife and the mother of his children, it will be some good girl who has been raised by a sensible mother. Then her children can rise up and call her blessed. He too will praise her.

"Home Lover" has repeated what one great man has said, "Without home and home training our very institutions would crumble and soon decay." And as the days go by and the number of business women and motor cars increase, the number of real homes decrease. I can see from my own windows the signs of decreasing pleasures of the home and fireside. As I sit in my pleasant country home with electric lights, telephone, warm fires, good books, magazines, the daily paper to read, and last but no means least, my family around the library table, contented and happy, my neighbors are starting out with their cars, going, going, any place to get away from home. Even the small children are not contented to stay at home, but begin by saying, "Where are we going tonight?" or, "Mamma let's ask daddy to take us to the show."

So I believe the very heart of the home is being torn away by the automobile and shows, and the attraction the business world has for the mothers.

I say that the four walls of a home is the biggest place in the world if it has little children in it and a queen mother to reign and rule over all. I have felt many times that I did not know enough to train my children as I should but I can in my declining years thank God that I always did the best I knew and now that I have lived many years and have seen eight sons and daughters grow to manhood and womanhood, I say of a surety that I have but few regrets and have done what I could.

With best wshes to all,

MRS. ELLEN DLLINGER.

BERGOLZ, OHIO.

MRS. WILKINSON:

If the more critical sisters will not bother asking me if my work is done I will venture in for I am not afraid of the waste-basket since it has no voice. As a general rule I am not very lucky so if this gets into print I shall consider myself fortunate for once. They say fat people are not often troubled with melancholy and I don't intend to shed any tears if my luck fails again. We surely enjoy COMFORT. You will think so when we have three years paid in advance. I look at the crochet patterns first of all, then the Sisters' Corner. How often I have wished there was another letter in the space that was filled with a baby's picture. Although I think all babies are nice, yet no one thinks so much so as their own mothers.

I can't remember names but I want to agree with the ones that are swatting the movies. Has not this awful crime wave come upon this country since the people went movie mad? I have seen my own boys playing highway robbery after attending plays of that kind, and trying to do some of the daring acts the heroes performed. We have done what we could to discourage them until they seldom attend any more and seldom play pictures at home either. All children might not take them that way but why not try to save some other boy from the reform school? In speaking of the half-dressed women, we don't have to go to the movies to see that. It is a common sight on the street. I am not condemning georgette and other thin material for waists, if a proper amount of underclothing is worn underneath. You know Adam and Eve did not realize they were naked until they had eaten the forbidden fruit but as soon as they came in the presence of God they realized they needed clothes.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)



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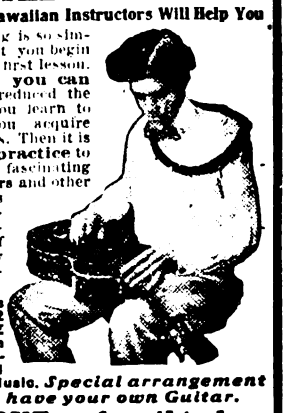
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Curious Easter Customs

By C. L. Cheever

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IT is an interesting speculation at the Easter season to consider from what distance the poetic fancies of the distant nations of remote times have filtered down to decorate the festival of a God they never knew.

The old, old association of the waning moon, returning in its own time to light the darkness, with the night of winter and the return of the sun and of new life in the spring, is back of the many trinkets that ornament the confectioner's window today.

To the mysterious development of life in an egg is easily seen the symbol of the revival of nature and the springing forth of life. The origin of Easter eggs seems to be a mixture of Christian and pagan legend for we find these egg stories coming from different countries, and in a variety of forms.

In ancient Persia there was a legend of two jealous brothers who had a good deal of influence in the creation of things. One brother made an egg containing good spirits, and the other produced one full of evil demons; and they broke the two together, so that good and evil became mixed in the world. Since that time the present-day Persians on a certain festival in March present each other with colored eggs in memory of these two brothers. From this may come our similar Easter custom.

Another story tells of a prince who sent to a certain princess on Easter a wonderful and huge iron egg. She thought it a practical joke and was so hurt with the gift that she dashed it to the floor. To her surprise, the force of the fall caused the egg to fly open, and on a lining of beautiful crystal lay a golden yolk. She took up the gold ball, and upon opening it found that it contained a crown of rubies; this opened also and there lay a betrothal ring of magnificent diamonds. The name of the prince nor the time in which he lived is not known, neither do we know more than this about the German princess; but the iron egg is surely a reality for it may be seen in the Museum of Berlin.

Another symbol of Easter quite as familiar as the egg is the Easter hare. From Egypt and India comes the association of the hare with the Easter season. Hindu and Japanese artists painted the hare across the moon's disc, while the Chinese represent the moon as a rabbit pounding rice in a mortar. The suggestion of purity and innocence of the white coat of the Easter rabbit is wholly a modern addition.

In Scotland a popular belief was that one must wear for the first time, on Easter Sunday, a new article of dress, to ensure good fortune in love-affairs during the year. Can this be the origin of the Easter bonnet?

The Easter festival in very early days was introduced by fasting one day only—the Friday before, known as Good Friday. Later the feast was extended to forty hours and afterwards the period was prolonged to forty days.

In England, Good Friday and hot-cross buns are synonymous. The bun seems to be an institution which none will try to upset, and the devouring of them is universal among all classes.

Long ago hot-cross buns were sold at the peep o' day on Good Friday on the streets of London by little lads who trudged along carrying baskets filled with fresh buns covered with sugar and marked with a cross. As they sold their goods they piped in high, boyish treble their trade cry, "Hot-Cross Buns—one a penny, two a penny—Hot-Cross Buns."

A loaf of bread baked on Good Friday was supposed to cure various ailments.

In former times Easter week was celebrated with many sports, which were enjoyed by young and old. The children made gifts of colored eggs, which they rolled down hill till they broke; the one whose egg held out longest was the lucky one, and claimed all the eggs. This old custom is the reason for the egg-rolling in our own capital. In Washington in April the spring odors and flowers seem suddenly to flood the gardens and lawns, and Easter Monday is the great day for the Washington babies, for there are hundreds of children who on this special afternoon storm the grounds of the White House for their annual frolic.

As a part of the joy and freedom of Easter time, music is indispensable.

The first Easter hymns were sung in the old cloisters. There seems little in the life of a monk to call forth much poetry or song, but he had the Old Testament from which to draw inspiration so that his whole nature burst forth in religious expression.

The earliest Easter hymn of which we have any knowledge takes us back to the fourth century. Its author is St. Ambrose, and it was probably written about 340:

"This is the very day of God,—
Serene with holy light it came,—
In which the stream of sacred blood
Swept over the world's crime and shame.

* * * *

"What can be ever more sublime!
That grace might meet the guilt of time.
Love doth the bonds of fear undo,
And death restores our life anew!"

There are many other hymns which are singularly beautiful and express the passionate love of the monk for Christ and the Church.

The hymns of later times are broader in thought and more elaborate in musical form, and the Easter music which is now sung in the churches is among the most beautiful ever written.

Easter Sunday was formerly called the "Sunday of Joy," and today the thought of a modern Easter Sunday pictures a bright morning, birds singing, and we never forget the flowers and music of the Easter service.

"The world itself keeps Easter Day,
An Easter larks are singing;
And Easter flow'rs are blooming gay
And Easter buds are springing.
The Lord of all things lives anew,
And all His works are living, too!"

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

should say not! She is a lady and demands the best of everything. Perhaps she might eat perfumed stationery, though, and if ever I get such a letter I am going to try her out. She suffers from indigestion, and maybe a little of the right sort of paper is all that she needs. She is most particular and will eat only out of a clean dish and her food must be cut in small pieces. She demands fresh water every time she drinks, and her bed must be "made up" fresh every morning. If I don't give her good service, she simply raises the dickens. She bleats and makes all kinds of fuss. I tried to shirk once and gee, her noise almost drove me crazy! So you readily see I have become virtually her private maid. If space permitted I could write quite a lengthy story about Miss Nanny Goat.

As Doc Mason will not return, I brought my boss with me when I came back here to Camp 33 Hospital. She seems well pleased with the new surroundings—which are much rougher than the Shaver Lake country.

Uncle, business is bad for me! It seems as though the boys are getting very careful lately. Ever since that safety first man came here and gave an illustrated lecture it seems that no one is getting hurt—they quit breaking their arms, legs or ribs. He ruined my business; it's a good thing I'm on a salary! I now have loads of idle time on my hands, so if some of the cousins care to write, I will do my best to answer with an interesting letter. You see Big Creek is way up in the high Sierra mountains. Fresno, the nearest city, is sixty miles away. One surely gets lonesome in the mountains. I would particularly like to hear from young ladies between 18 and 80. I am a young bachelor of twenty-five—a pretty good fellow, but shy on brains.

Nanny sends her best to Billy.

I am,

Your nephew and Nanny's servant,
CHARLES SCHMIDT.

Charles, you might think that Billy would like a letter like yours with the news of your subservience to your young and charming boss. But no; instead your letter only acted to rile him considerably. "Why, Uncle Lisha," said he, "should anyone think it surprising that a goat should want 'the best of everything'? I think the tone of Cousin Charles' letter peculiar and unappreciative." And then Bill followed with a dissertation on the intellect of the goatly race and his own particular family. He especially stressed the career of his uncle (of whom I have heard so many times!) who was Professor of Goatology in a Western college. Yet, of course it is true, Charles, that Bill is rather extraordinary. He never touches a tin can—unless to empty it—and he is not by nature fond of paper. He only developed this habit as a result of his taste for letters and all form of literary effort. As to your own Nanny's possible fondness for perfumed stationery, you will have plenty of opportunity to test this after your letter, with its correspondence appeal, has appeared in COMFORT. You may not receive the five or six thousand letters that Cousin Jack Wilcox writes me he has on his hands, but you are certain to get enough to give Nanny's digestive powers a good tryout. As a physician, Charles, you will know how to treat any bad case of paper collywobbles Nanny may develop from over-consumption of letters steeped in rose or violet or "quelque fleurs." From experience with Billy I recommend three drops of turpentine on a lump of sugar—but this is only a layman's prescription. Billy has asked me to return the kind regards sent him by Miss Nanny and says to tell her she has his encouragement in her efforts to stand up for her rights as a member of a great and glorious and unappreciated race.

ALLSTON, P. O. Box 22, MASS.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND ALL THE COUSINS:

I wish to apologize to all the readers for the exaggerated statements in my letter on French versus American beauty published in the January issue of dear old COMFORT. I did not give it enough thought. I realize now that we have a few really beautiful women and girls in the old U. S.—and readers of COMFORT, too, although I have never seen Billy's album. Yes, Uncle Lisha, I am 100 per cent. American, by birth and every other way. You have the right idea, Uncle, about the American girl, but you misunderstood me: I mean something more than face when I speak of beauty. I think a pretty girl should mean a cheerful nature, and many of the southern French girls have a most sunny disposition, which lots of the American girls lack. *Please* do not misunderstand me: I believe there are all sorts of people everywhere; all French girls are not saints, but there are pure women in France as well as in America. But I feel that I committed an enormity in my last letter in saying *all* American girls are plain-looking. I did not mean all, but many—or perhaps I should have said some.

I received many hateful letters from some of the readers of my other letter. Now Uncle, I believe a real, naturally pretty girl cannot be thus hateful, as her nature must be kind and pretty if her face is naturally beautiful. I do not mean by "beautiful" a doll look, but a clean, pure face with Nature's simple lines, and health, of course. When I speak here, and in my other letter, of plain-looking people, I mean their nature as well as their made-up faces are ugly. Let me explain, or perhaps you can do it better for me, Uncle Lisha. Anyway, this is what I mean: *Some* girls are considered very plain-looking, but to me they are beautiful, for they have a pure, genuine face and sweet nature. Yet everywhere girls with this sweet, kind, cheerful nature are few and far between. I have proof that few girls know what kindness means—if so, they would be kinder in their judgment of me. They knew I was all wrong, for it is true I was not very kind in my last letter. But now I wish to come making amends and asking forgiveness of all, for I did not really mean what I wrote in the spirit the readers took it.

I have been greatly misunderstood, and I am, of course, for America, first, last and all the time. But truth comes first with me and facts make truth. I say we have many, or "some" girls in America that are as different from the cheerful French girls as black is from white. And to prove some of the things I say and have said about the "beautiful" nature of American girls, I will say that half of the letters I got in reply to my letter in COMFORT were from girls who—well, I'll not say, but the letters, at least, were very hateful and mean and anything but sympathetic. As I was wrong, why not be kind and feel sorry for me? The French girls show a friendliness—an amity—that is lasting, while I think that some of the American girls very easily show their unpleasant, unfriendly nature and looks at every little thing which turns up. Many showed this nature in their letters to me. I must say that I received three letters that were most human and must have come from wonderful souls. Such understanding letters I highly value. Of course we have pure girls and very pretty ones in America, but I felt that I was speaking about 50 per cent. of the city as well as the country girls. The kind I wrote about I find mostly in the city.

There are a few facts which I have learned from much study and which I challenge the readers of COMFORT to disprove: Nine out of every ten flirtations, "affairs," entanglements, etc., are instigated by the so-called "fair" sex. Women have a definite, well-thought-out plan of attack in which eyes, voice and ankles play principal parts. Men are always reticent and often sheepish about such things, but women and girls glory in them. I mean this, but I don't mean that all women and girls are like this—only the class that under their made-up faces are plain and ugly in nature as well. That men are changeable and fickle I do not deny, but such is girl's second nature, except a few. I think the rare girls in America ought to do what I am trying to accomplish: make war on the other worthless kind. Let the real worthwhile girls show and teach the others how to live. I challenge the "cheap" girls to come forward and show their right to be such specimens. When I say "cheap" girls I do not mean those who are poor, but the tricksters, flirts and vain simpletons. It's up to the true-hearted womanhood to make our girls really beautiful and true-hearted, as after all I believe what the old song says: "A man is what a woman makes him"—and the making should start with the mother of that man. I wonder how many kind, true-hearted souls will read this if Uncle Lisha will print it? Give me a good answer, Uncle, for I am your *true-hearted* nephew.

True love to all,

JACK WILCOX.

Jack, I am mighty glad to place your apologies before the cousins and I am also glad to know I will not have to submit any samples from Bill's album to get you to grant the fact that there are many beautiful American girls and COMFORT cousins. And now, Jack, what remains is to have you become convinced that American girls know what kindness and cheerfulness are, and that these desirable and not so rare qualities are not confined to girls across the pond or to those maidens dwelling in sunny southern France. Jack, the south shores of those European countries bordering on the Mediterranean have never been famed, so far as I know, for the sweet tempers of their populations—either male or female. If you are inclined to doubt this, ask those who know well the towns of southern Italy and France. Warm and sunny, perhaps, yes, Jack; but very sunny climates often have very sudden and destructive storms. There is a distinct influence of climate upon racial types and characteristics. Perhaps it was cloudy and cold in Massachusetts when you wrote your first letter!

To speak mildly, Jack, and as kindly as you seem to demand that all who criticise you should speak, I do not think you have any basis for indicting the mass of our feminine readers by saying that "few girls know what kindness means." You give as your proof of this strong assertion that you have received so many letters that were "mean and anything but sympathetic." Now, Jack, my boy, you claim to be a student of humanity—or at least of the feminine half. Your study should have taught you that we are almost certain to get back what we give in life. Sometimes it comes back promptly—and sometimes only after many days. Sometimes we get our compensatory returns directly—and sometimes, as in your case, they descend upon us by mail! It requires a sunnier temperament than most of us can muster, except when the years and life and love have made us tolerant, to return quick and cheerful kindness when our toes are trod upon and we are mentally or physically buffeted. The ideal, Jack, the teaching of Him who was the Ideal Man, is to turn the other cheek. You and I know that this is not yet done in the slow struggle upward of humanity. When it is done, all our big and little life problems will have found solution. It will be all sun and shining faces. But until this comes to pass you must not expect to call our girls "ugly, cranky and hateful" and then complain that you have not received sunny, friendly smiles in return under the flaps of envelopes. You must remember, Jack, that if you have been "greatly misunderstood," you gave the cousins nothing but your written words to understand you by. If you did not quite mean all you said, I have faith enough in the faces in Bill's album to know that now when you "come making amends and asking forgiveness of all," you will get it—unless, Jack, because of the one paragraph in your letter which is a little unforgiving in itself. If you have been attacked at any past time in any "definite, well-thought out plan" by some ugly, unpleasant American girl, I am glad you have escaped up to now. Otherwise your sunny disposition might have failed under the strain! You must not mind my teasing you a bit, Jack. I might do much worse. For it is you who started all your troubles—and they are not over yet, I fear!

KIMBLES, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

I have been reading with interest the letter from Jack Wilcox in the January issue of dear old COMFORT. I appreciate his mistaken sincerity, but in rebuttal I must give some reasons why French girls are no more beautiful than those right here in our own U. S. I was born in the country, but did not appreciate the life nor the country girls and longed for a career as an actor in the white lights of Broadway in the big city of New York. My dreams were finally realized and for three years I have been facing the spotlight in well-known stage productions. In the course of these three years I have had the opportunity to meet actresses of all types—French, American and Italian, and from both city and country environments. I have had a chance to study them and the men who associate with them. Now I say this: The actress, taking her as a class, is not as good-looking as Cousin Jack and many others might mistakenly think. The make-up of actresses on the stage is necessary, as otherwise the glare of the footlights would give their faces a horrible whiteness. There is no real beauty on the stage, as nature never intended a woman to buy her complexion in a drug store, but that she should get it as the girls in the country get it: from pure air, plenty of sleep, fresh milk and clean, healthy living generally. These things are impossible in the case of a stage career. Only last season I was on the road with a musical comedy that traveled through the greater part of the U. S. In some places we stopped for a month, in some for a week, in others but a day or two. As I got into the smaller country places and realized what really good-looking girls there were in such towns, I began instinctively to compare them in my mind with the dozen French and English girls there were in our company. The result was never in doubt and the country girl was easily the winner. And so I say to Cousin Jack he has made a mistake—and one that really deserves sympathy if it has shut his eyes to what beauty really is and where it really lies. Of course some girls are deceptions, perhaps even in the country, although I have not been unfortunate enough to meet any of this sort; but surely no man is an angel—at least the kind that I have seen waiting around for the curtain to drop—"Stage Door Johnnies" being the pet name that belongs to this kind of bird. Perhaps Jack's eyesight was a little affected by shell shock, or maybe Gay Paree was too much for him. Let him look around again and go out in the country to do it. Some may be plain, but even then they are the real stuff—and you don't have to scratch the paint away to find the true grain. In other words, Jack will be sure not to find there painted and powdered rhinestone-bedecked chewing-gum artists who are mostly clothes and paint walking around with nothing real inside. The girl who paints can do it for but one reason—her complexion is not attractive without it. This may deceive some, but the real city girl does not do this, and the country girl has no need of rouge box and lipstick, because nature is always at work making her pink-cheeked and beautiful without these cosmetic aids. I may be wrong, but anyway I give my opinion taken from my experience in the world at large. I will appreciate hearing from those who agree with me—and those who don't. I think some French girl got hold of Jack and dazzled him—and he never got a chance to get a good look. Maybe he'll see better some day. With best love to you, Uncle, and to all the cousins, I am,

Always your nephew, IRVING HANNERS.

Yes, Irving, what you express sensibly and clearly to us of your experience is just another instance of things being very different on the inside looking out, than they are from the outside looking in. In reality, so-called "stage beauties" exist as much in imagination as do those aloe-eyed sylphs Jack wrote us about. Truly natural feminine beauty, untouched and unspoiled and originating under right conditions of country living, cannot fail to be far superior to any artificial painted beauty offered by the stage. One might just as well expect the studio-produced stage scenery to equal the natural color and splendor of a farm landscape. And artificiality of life must always make for artificiality of thought and feeling. The more simply we live and think, the more truly beautiful ourselves and our lives must become. This is actually a law, and its infraction marks all that is making for unhappiness and wrong in our present complex civilization.

Irving, I see that you yourself, despite your travels and stage career, write from a town I happen to know slightly—a tiny village dropped in the wilds of wildest Pike County along the Lackawaxen River where I have often fished and swam. If you are down in this secluded and beautiful country, Irv., I'm willing to wager one of Bill's bran muffins you are there because you have tired of spot and footlights and a life which has "nothing real inside" of it. Stick to the country and the country girls, Irving. I believe it is because you have gone back there that you are able to write so sensibly, and it is because you have seen both sides of a theater drop-curtain that you know what is true and best to choose. When it comes to staging beautiful effects—in humanity, or in woods and fields and streams, Old Lady Nature is right on the job she has held so many years. Believe me, Irv., she can beat any movie director or stage manager that ever bossed a reel or put on a play.

SCOTCH GROVE, R. R. 1, IOWA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

I thought I would write to you. I am a new friend. I like to read your letters fine. I go to school. I am in the fifth grade. I am thirteen years old. I ride my pony to school. Her name is Topsy. She is brown, with a white stripe down her face. There are twenty-four pupils in my school. I have four brothers and two sisters and me. There are seven children in the family. I am the youngest of the family. We live on a farm. We live in Scotch Grove, Iowa. The name of our school is The Timber. I have a little niece who died with the flue. Please just save this address, Uncle Lisha, so that the cousins can write to me. I am send-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

Stella Rosevelt

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

until I graduate, for without you to help me bear the responsibility, I should not dare to take such a step."

Mr. Rosevelt smiled again.

"You try to make the obligation appear all your own; but I share it, nevertheless; and I think you and I will be far happier away from the unpleasant influences which have surrounded us during the past year. I am quite anticipating the change, I assure you. Now you must go to rest. You look more like a ghost than a star just now; and my heart has been deeply pained tonight for the suffering that you have had to endure; but I believe it will yet be made up to you in some way."

He bent suddenly down and touched her forehead with his lips; and Star, with a low-spoken "good night," went away with a sorely aching heart, indeed, but greatly comforted by his sympathy.

Jacob Rosevelt locked the door after her, and went back to the table where he had been sitting when she came to him.

Opening the drawer, he took out a package of papers and letters, which he carefully looked over.

When he had read them all, he selected a portion, tore them into atoms, and throwing them into the grate where there was a slow fire, watched them until they had burned to ashes, with a white, stern face. Then he sat down again, and wrote far into the night.

The next morning when Mrs. Blunt went up to see how Star was feeling she found her room empty.

A little note lying upon the bed now attracted her attention, and she eagerly pounced upon it.

It was directed to her, and with trembling finbers she opened it, and read:

"DEAR MRS. BLUNT: Something has occurred which makes it impossible for me to remain here any longer, and I am going away to take care of myself. You have always been very kind to me, and I thank you very much for it, and shall never forget it. Some time I hope to see you again, and I trust you will always think kindly of

"STELLA GLADSTONE."

The good woman sat down and wept bitter tears over this brief note; then she went down to tell the news to her master. She met John Mellen in the hall, who had come with the intelligence that Mr. Rosevelt left the lodge early that morning, and he handed Mr. Richards a note which the old gentleman had left for him.

CHAPTER XXI.

FRUITLESS EFFORTS.

Mr. Richards and his family were thrown into considerable confusion by the double surprise which this morning revealed to them.

Mrs. Richards, however, found it difficult to conceal her satisfaction at the turn events had taken. She kept her own counsel regarding her knowledge of what had transpired during the interview between her husband and the young lord; neither did she consider it necessary to mention the stormy scene which had occurred at the Lodge the previous evening, in which she was so prominent an actor.

"Josephine shall have everything her own way now," she thought, exultantly; "at all events, that girl shall never triumph over my daughter by becoming Lady Carrol."

Mr. Richards declared that he should go immediately in search of the fugitives. He could not endure the thought that the delicate young girl and feeble old man should go out into the world to earn their own living, for this he supposed they would be obliged to do, since what little money he knew Star to be possessed of could not support them both a great while.

But Mrs. Richards indignantly objected to this proceeding.

"Let them alone," she said, angrily; "they will not thank you for your trouble, and doubtless would refuse to return if you should succeed in finding them. I am sure they have shown precious little gratitude for what we have already done for them. Uncle Jacob says in his note that it has been very unpleasant for him here, and if such is the case, let him go where he will fare better if he can find such a place. As for that proud-spirited, independent girl, I never want to see her again; I am glad to be rid of her."

Mr. Richards did not reply to this tirade, but he felt very sorrowful, for every day only seemed to reveal some new trait of selfishness and heartlessness in his wife, which served to detract from his respect for her.

Nothing of all this, however, was mentioned before their guests, and when after breakfast Lord Carrol sought his host in the library to make further arrangements for an interview with Star, he was astonished and dismayed by the intelligence which he received regarding her secret departure with Mr. Rosevelt.

"Have you any idea where they can have gone?" he asked, with a very pale, anxious face.

"Not the slightest," Mr. Richards answered, "and I am deeply concerned about the affair. You will believe me, I am sure, when I tell you that I admire Miss Gladstone exceedingly, although I am obliged to confess with shame that her sojourn with us has not been made as pleasant as it might have been."

Mr. Richards made this confession with a lowering brow and in a stern tone.

"I judged that she was not happy here from something that she dropped last night," Lord Carrol said, gravely. "And," he added, with evident embarrassment, "it is a delicate topic to touch upon, but I believe plain dealing is best—she also stated that it is generally believed in your household that I am here as a suitor for Miss Richards' hand. I trust, however, that there has been no such misunderstanding as this. I enjoyed a very pleasant month at Long Branch with both your wife and daughter. Perhaps I sought their society more than might have been deemed proper unless I had serious intentions; but this was owing to the fact that I discovered Mrs. Richards to be of English birth, and knowing something of her friends abroad, it seemed to become a bond between us, out of which a friendship naturally sprang. Mrs. Richards very kindly invited me to make one of a party here, and I accepted her invitation—I give you my word of honor upon it—with only thoughts of friendship and the pleasure of meeting congenial company, and with the intention, if she ever came abroad, of returning her hospitality in the same spirit. I hope—I trust, my dear sir, that my coming here thus has not been misconstrued, or placed Miss Richards in an awkward position."

"It is all right, my young friend," he responded, heartily. "I am satisfied you have been perfectly honorable, although I must confess that I was greatly astonished last night to learn that Star was the object of your affections. I regret sincerely the misunderstanding that has arisen between you, but we will do what we can to find the missing girl, and I trust that then it will not take long to effect a reconciliation."

"Thank you," the young lord said, but he looked very grave, for he did not feel as if it would be a very easy matter to find Star.

However, he resolved to devote all his time before the day set for his return should arrive in searching for her; and acting at once upon this decision, he sought Mrs. Richards and Josephine, telling them that, much as he regretted doing so, he should be obliged to cut his visit short, as business of importance called him unexpectedly away.

Josephine was bitterly disappointed and chagrined, for she was as yet in total ignorance as to the cause of his departure, and Mrs. Richards for the moment was rendered speechless from indignation. She had not once thought that he would go away before the expiration of his week.

"What under the sun is the matter with Lord Carrol this morning, mamma? He does not appear like himself at all; and what has possessed him to go away so soon?" Josephine cried, nearly ready to weep as the door closed upon the man she loved, and she was left alone with her mother.

Mrs. Richards then related what she had overheard the previous evening, and told her, also, of her subsequent interview with Star and Mr. Rosevelt, and the news that had come to them that morning of their flight.

Josephine listened to her in dumb amazement, hardly able to comprehend the romantic story.

"That girl has done nothing but set everybody by the ears ever since she entered this house," she burst forth, at length, quivering in every nerve with anger. "Lord Carrol in love with her! I cannot comprehend it, and I think it is scandalous for him to confess it, after the marked attention that he paid me at Long Branch."

"I think so, too," Mrs. Richards echoed, but rather faintly, for she knew how Josephine had almost been thrown at him, so to speak.

"Well, I am glad she is gone," the excited girl continued. "I hope now that we shall be able to take some comfort. She bewitched papa with her pretty face, her music, and pretended love of study. She was an artful thing, making herself so conspicuous at school that even the newspapers took it up, and was so puffed up on account of it that her airs were insufferable. It is a mercy that Uncle Jacob lost his fortune before he came to us, or she would have been likely to wheedle him out of it."

"She has been as sly as a fox," commented Mrs. Richards wrathfully, her ire against poor, unoffending Star waxing hotter and hotter, for she was as bitterly disappointed to lose his lordship as a son-in-law as Josephine was to lose him as a husband.

"I never heard anything like it. To think of his being engaged to her, and we never suspecting such a thing! I'll bet," the refined young lady continued, as a bright idea struck her, "that she went away to meet him last Saturday, and that was why she was rigged out so. That must be the secret of her insolence to me. She knew she was soon to become Lady Carrol, and she was trying how it would seem to lord it over me."

"You forget, Josephine," interposed her mother, "that she did not know anything about his title, and so you are all wrong in your surmises."

"True," she replied, somewhat crestfallen; "but when do you suppose he engaged himself to her?"

"I am sure I do not know—very recently, he said. I tried to make her tell me about it last night, but I couldn't get a word out of her. One would have thought, by the way that she faced me, that she was already my Lady Somebody. But I reckon I fixed it so that she will not be at present. I made her think that his lordship had told the story in a way to make her appear as ridiculous as possible, and she has gone away, believing him to be as faithless as it is in the power of man to be;" and the hard-hearted woman threw herself back in her chair with a sigh of satisfaction at the thought.

"It is a shame, anyhow. Everything has gone wrong, and I—I really was fond of him," Josephine confessed, with a passion of tears.

Mrs. Richards' face darkened. She never could tolerate anything which interfered with the desires and whims of her only child.

At this moment a servant entered the room and handed Josephine a note.

She opened it eagerly and read it.

Her face flushed a deep crimson, and, with a passionate gesture, she instantly tore it in two.

"What is it?" questioned her mother.

"It is too dreadful!" the spoiled beauty cried, stamping her foot; "and I believe that girl will be the death of me yet."

"Tell me what it is," persisted Mrs. Richards, growing pale.

"It is a note from Lord Carrol himself," Josephine answered, her cheeks still hot from mortification and anger. "When we were at Long Branch, he noticed this cameo ring that I wear—I happened to put it on the last night that we were there, unfortunately—and he said that it was very much like one which belonged to a friend of his. He appeared rather strangely when he said it, and told me that his friend's name was Archibald Sherbrooke. Of course, I can understand now why he would not say that it had belonged to him. I told him that it was given to me by a relative, and he did not appear like himself after that."

"But how came you by it—who gave it to you?" interrupted her mother, who had never noticed the ring until now, for Josephine had so many trinkets that she could not keep track of them all.

The girl flushed again, guiltily.

"To tell you the truth, it belonged to Stella," she confessed, reluctantly, "and it was such an exquisite little thing that I took a notion to have it. I offered to buy it of her, but she wouldn't hear a word of it, saying she 'prized it too highly as the gift of a friend.' But I was bound to have it, and went to her room one day and took it, and had it made into a ring, for it was in the shape of a pin. Of course I intended to return it some time, but I meant her to understand that a girl in her dependent position had no business to refuse so simple a request. The initials A. S., with two strawberry leaves, their stems crossed, are engraved on it, and I knew, when he described it to me, that it was 'his friend'—or rather himself, as it appears now—who had given it to her. I heartily wish now that I had let it alone. But just listen to this."

Mrs. Richards took the pieces of the note, which she had held crumpled in her hand, and putting them together, read the following:

"Oct. 10th, 188—.

"MISS RICHARDS: Doubtless before you receive this you will have learned that Archibald Sherbrooke—whom I represented to you as my friend, for reasons which you cannot now fail to understand—and Lord Carrol are one and the same person. Under the former name, which was the only one which belonged to me at that time, I became acquainted with Miss Gladstone on shipboard, and was so pleased with her that, at parting, I exchanged souvenirs with her, giving her a little cameo which I prized very highly. It is the same one which you have had made into a ring. When I met Miss Gladstone a short time since she remarked that she had 'lost' my gift; last night she told me how she had 'lost' it, and I would respectfully ask you to send it to the inclosed address, that I may return it to the owner, should I be so happy as to find her.

"Very respectfully,

"ARCHIBALD SHERBROOKE, Bart., and
"LORD CARROL, of Carrolton."

"Why on earth can't you let other folks' things alone, Josephine?" cried Mrs. Richards, when her daughter had finished reading this formal note, and feeling almost faint from mortification upon learning of this disgraceful episode in her life. "I'm sure," she added, reproachfully, "you have trinkets enough without taking the only thing a poor girl had."

"Isn't your commiseration somewhat ill-timed, mamma, for the 'poor girl,' now that she is not here to reap the benefit of it?" sneered the dutiful young lady. "I don't care; it is an elegant trifle, anyhow, and I've half a mind to keep it, in spite of his lordship's demand," she added, defiantly, as she held up her hand, on which the ring gleamed, and regarded it covetously.

But she did return it, nevertheless; she did not quite dare to retain it, particularly as she could not relinquish all hope of winning the young lord even yet.

Mr. Richards, accompanied by Lord Carrol, proceeded with all possible dispatch to New York, and thence to Brooklyn, where they went directly to the seminary which Star attended, and inquired for her.

It was only half-past ten when they arrived there, but early as it was, Professor Roberts told them that she had come at the usual hour and severed her connection with the school, and very much to his regret, he added, as he considered her one of the most promising members of the senior class.

Both gentlemen looked blank on this information; they did not suppose Star would be so energetic to cover all traces of her flight.

She had asked, the professor said, for a recommendation, that she might more easily enter some other, as she hoped to be able to complete her course, although she did not tell him where she was going.

"And I did," he continued; "I gave her the very best one that could be put into words, for she deserved it."

Lord Carrol's eyes glowed at these praises of his darling; but Mr. Richards winced under them, for his conscience was smiting him keenly for ever having allowed Star to occupy so questionable a position in his family.

"You will oblige me if you will account for her absence in some casual way, if you are questioned about it," he said. "I should be sorry to have anything unpleasant said of her."

"Certainly; you may rely upon my being very discreet, for her sake," Professor Roberts returned, somewhat stiffly.

He bowed his visitors out, and then returned to his duties.

As for Mr. Richards and Lord Carrol, their way seemed suddenly hedged up; they did not know which way to turn next.

Still Lord Carrol was determined not to relinquish his search.

An advertisement was inserted in all the daily papers.

"Star, let me justify myself!" That was all; and Star, in her hiding place, read it many times with curling lips and scornful eyes.

"There can be no justification," she said; "one man bearing two names and deceiving two girls, can never be justified."

But her heart ached none the less, for, with shame she owned it, she loved him still. The days seemed endless, her duties arduous and monotonous; she grew thin, her step lost its elasticity, and she was as miserable as even Josephine, in her most malicious mood, could have wished.

November came, and with it the day of Archibald Sherbrooke's sailing for England.

No one ever returned to his native land with a sadder heart and deeper regret than the young Lord of Carrolton, and he would not have gone even then, but that some urgent business imperatively demanded it. He would have much preferred to remain and search for the fair girl whom he loved so devotedly.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE GOAL REACHED.

The winter passed, the summer came again, and on a sunny day in June the great chapel of the Normal College of New York City was packed with human beings to its utmost capacity.

Upon the broad platform were seated the professors, the tutors and guests, while the body of the vast hall was filled with its fifteen hundred students, attentive and vigilant like so many soldiers at their posts.

Among the large number of this class who occupy, on this occasion, the front seats in the chapel, there is one quiet figure, having a pale, delicate face, large, deep blue eyes, and a fair, gleaming brow, shaded by hair of brightest gold, which more than one of the numerous visitors have singled out from her sister graduates, on account of her peculiar loveliness and an indefinite something which seems to appeal to them from the depths of her lovely but rather sorrowful eyes.

Slight of form, unassuming in manner, but with a dainty, starlike beauty that was almost magnetic in its influence, she sat quietly in her seat until one of the professors announced the "Address in French," as per program, when she arose, and Miss Star Gladstone at once stepped upon the platform, saluting first the officers, teachers and guests, then her fellow students, with a charming little bow and a graceful inclination of her body.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)



A War on Film

On the film that ruins teeth

Dental science has declared a war on film. Millions of people, half the world over, have joined it. And leading dentists everywhere are securing new recruits.

This ten-day test will show you the results. Make it and note the change that comes in cleaner, prettier teeth.

Makes teeth dingy

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. It makes white teeth look dingy. And most tooth troubles are now traced to that film.

Film is what discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Many serious troubles are now traced to them.

Failed to end it

Old teeth cleaning methods have failed to end film. Much was left to night and day threaten serious damage. That's why well-brushed teeth discolored and decayed.

Dental science has for years sought ways to fight that film. Two effective methods have been found, and able authorities have well proved their efficiency.

Now those methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—a tooth paste based on modern dental knowledge. And to millions of people it has brought a new era in teeth cleaning.

These five effects twice daily

Pepsodent combats the film in two effective ways. It leaves teeth highly polished, so film less easily adheres.

It also multiplies the salivary flow. That is Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer of acids which cause decay.

Every application brings these five desired effects. All of them are deemed essential. But old methods never brought them.

Send the coupon for a 10-day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

In a week the results will surprise and delight you. And your home, we believe, will adopt this new method. Don't wait longer. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, whose every application brings five desired effects. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free 832

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 858, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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.....

Only one tube to a family.

MOTHER!

'California Syrup of Figs" is Best Laxative for Child



Accept "California" Syrup of Figs only—look for the name California on the package, then you are sure your child is having the best and most harmless laxative for the little stomach, liver and bowels. Children love its fruity taste. Full directions on each bottle.

Ask your Druggist for "California Syrup of Figs"

Vapo Cresolene Est 1879

The Vapor Treatment for Coughs and Colds

The time for Vapo-Cresolene is at the first indication of a cold or sore throat, which are so often the warnings of dangerous complications.

Simple to use; you just light the little lamp that vaporizes the Cresolene and place it near the bed at night.

The soothing antiseptic vapor is breathed all night, making breathing easy, relieving the cough and easing the sore throat and congested chest.

Cresolene is recommended for Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Influenza, Bronchitis, Coughs and Nasal Catarrh. Its germicidal qualities make it a protection when these diseases are epidemic. It gives great relief in Asthma.

Cresolene has been recommended and used for the past 42 years. The benefit derived from it is unquestionable.

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Free to Mothers and Doctors

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Through the columns of this department our Doctor's advice regarding maternity and child welfare will be given free in answer to questions by our subscribers. Address Mother and Baby Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and be sure to give your full name and address. Names will not be published.

Indigestion of Babies—Continued

HABITUAL indigestion of babies is a serious condition and the parents and physician have reason to be alarmed, for although it is a simple functional disturbance of the stomach, it is apt to become chronic and you get a catarrhal inflammation of the mucous membranes, which is in itself serious, and it also lays the system open to other diseases, rendering it less fit to withstand them should they happen to occur. The symptoms of occasional indigestion are not likely to be mistaken for any other complaint. The suddenness of the attack, the vomiting and absence of symptoms indicating the invasion of any other disorder, the short duration of symptoms, and the rapid recovery. In older children it may not be quite so easy to tell, as often the invasion of some diseases, like scarlet fever, is ushered in by an attack of indigestion, vomiting, but of course if it is simply indigestion there is the absence of the fine characteristic rash. I wish to say right here as an aid to parents in taking care of babies, if baby vomits or has any symptom that is not normal, just stop and try and figure out if you can what might have caused it, and you will often get to the cause of the trouble. If it is a nursing baby, the mother must think of what she herself is eating, consider whether the baby has been nursed too fast, or that she is feeding her more often than its little stomach can digest.

People often say that they can never tell what ails the baby, as it cannot talk and tell you where it feels badly, but to me this is an advantage for it is a well-known fact that about half of what an adult tells you when sick does not help you at all in making a diagnosis, but is misleading. A baby at least does not do this, and a careful examination will enable you to discover the cause of its trouble. The treatment of simple indigestion of babies is simple, in fact the child may be entirely relieved by vomiting, nature's way of getting rid of what was causing the discomfort. If the baby continues pale and the vomiting continues after the stomach is emptied, you must do something to calm the irritability of this organ. This can be done most always with teaspoonful doses of lime-water and milk, every ten or fifteen minutes, made up as follows: milk, one-third; lime-water, two-thirds. If baby vomits this, try giving teaspoonful doses of lime-water and cinnamon-water every ten or fifteen minutes.

A small mustard plaster weakened with wheat flour, or Indian mush poultice may be applied over abdomen, these things usually relieve the vomiting. If they do not, try giving ten drops of paregoric. Continued fretting and crying would indicate that some of the disturbing food has gone down into the intestines, and if this is so you will find abdomen is swollen and hard. For this condition you should give teaspoonful doses of castor oil, or if the vomited matter indicates an acid condition, give one-fourth teaspoonful dose of magnesia. Treatment of habitual indigestion of babies or older children is very different from that required for the occasional or accidental form, for in case of the habitual form you have to meet something radically wrong, and have to regulate the diet, correct the constipation or the opposite relaxed condition causing diarrhea, and have to see that baby has the proper exercise and the proper exposure to air. Speaking of proper exposure to air, volumes are being written every day showing the beneficial results in the treatment of certain diseases out in the open air, even in the coldest weather in cold climates. We do not question but what these reports are correct, and wish to impress upon the minds of parents the wonderful good you can do your baby by keeping it out in the open air all that is possible.

We most certainly respect anything that successfully eliminates disease, especially when it is as free as pure, fresh air, but how much more important it is for your baby and my baby that we give them this fresh air as a preventive to these diseases. I know of a baby who has been sleeping out several hours a day, even in the coldest of the weather we have had this winter, the picture of health and has not had even the slightest sign of cold, when a neighboring family carefully keep their baby in an overheated room with the result of its having almost a continual head cold and irritating cough. We must not keep from our babies the fresh, pure air that they need so much in this wonderful stage of their development. In choosing food for a baby, bear in mind these two essential things—choose food they can digest, choose food that is nourishing and enables them to carry on their growth. If baby is constipated, give either the castor oil or magnesia often enough to relieve, if troubled with diarrhea, give them crushed, two or three times a day, a tablet containing bismuth subnitrate, three grains, pepsin sacch, two grains, aromatic chalk powder, one grain.

The subject for next month, *Danger Signals of Babyhood.*

Questions and Answers

FONTANELLES, NEURASTHENIA, LEG SORES.—I am a young mother and writing for help. (a) Is my baby all right mentally, for in the back of his head there was a soft spot nearly an inch wide that is gradually closing? (b) Ever since my baby came, several months ago, there has been a buzzing noise around my heart, and when doing my work I hear my heart beat as if it were in my ears or head, then it goes so rapidly I can hardly count it. (c) Should I nurse my baby, four months old, as I have two sores on my leg that are spreading and painful?

MRS. E. B., Manassas, Va.

A.—The soft spot you mention in back of baby's head is the posterior fontanelle, which gradually closes within a few months after birth, and your baby will be all right mentally. (b) From your letter I think you have neurasthenia, a nervous disorder, and would suggest your taking valerianates of iron, quinine and zinc, one grain each every three hours; also take elixir of lactated pepsin in two teaspoonful doses after each meal, keep bowels regular and get out in the open air all that is possible. (c) Do not see how these sores on your leg can affect the baby's nursing, but think you ought to have them treated and healed up if they are painful.

INDIGESTION.—What can I do for my four-months-old baby, whose bowels will not move without medicine, and she vomits up her milk as soon as she stops nursing? MRS. M., Hampton, Ky.

A.—Your baby has indigestion, and the proper treatment for it is for you to get your own digestion and bowels regulated, then the baby's will be normal. Take five-grain doses of Ext. of Cascara Sagrada often enough to get one or two movements from your bowels a day; after meals take Elix. Lactated Pepsin, in two teaspoonful doses.

URIC ACID GRAVEL.—What will cure uric acid gravel in the urine, which I have had ever since baby came several months ago?

MRS. C. A. S., Toquerville, Utah.

A.—Take twenty-grain doses of Acetate of Potassium in water three times a day, also tablespoonful doses of lime-water in one-half glass of milk, three times a day, keep bowels regular with teaspoonful doses of Phosphate of Sodium, as often as needed.

BED-WETTING.—I have a boy seven years old who wets the bed every night and I have given him physician's medicine, also hear-say remedies, without results.

MRS. D. H. C., West Frankfort, Ill.

A.—Should have the urine examined, and if acid should give him ten-grain doses of Acetate of Potassium in water, three times a day, examine throat for diseased tonsils, nose for adenoids, and it may be that circumcision is indicated.

CONSTIPATION OF PREGNANCY.—Can you give me some advice, as I am two months pregnant and badly constipated? MRS. S. H. L., Luray, Va.

A.—Try to relieve constipation by diet, eating such foods as oatmeal porridge, bran bread, brown bread; eat fruit and drink glass of water first thing in the morning and the last thing at night; eat figs, dates and prunes. If diet does not relieve, take teaspoonful doses of compound licorice powder at night, or a seidlitz powder occasionally.

FEEDING BABY.—My four-months-old baby fusses all the time, seems discontented. I nurse him, also give him cow's milk and Dextri Maltose. He now weighs fourteen pounds, weighing six and three-fourths pounds at birth. He is badly constipated, for which I have tried castoria and prune juice.

MRS. W. F. B., Harmony, Pa.

A.—Your baby cries because it is not being properly fed. Wean him and put him on modified cow's milk, adding teaspoonful doses of milk of magnesia, night and morning, if needed to relieve constipation.

DEFICIENT MILK FLOW; BLOTCHES ON FACE; NIGHT SWEATS.—I am an expectant mother and wish to know what to do to increase the amount of milk as I could not nurse my last baby. (b) Will you please print the prescription for blotches on face? (c) Will you tell me the cause and cure of night sweats?

MRS. C. A. M., Las Palomas, N. Mex.

A.—There is nothing you can do before the baby comes to increase the flow of milk, only to get your general health in the best possible condition; after the baby comes, drink lots of milk, broths, cocoa and other liquids, and eat vegetables, especially boiled beets without vinegar. (b) The prescription for blotches or brown spots on face was reprinted in the February COMFORT. (c) Night sweats may be caused by nervous exhaustion, but are most commonly caused by some general debility or disease, like tuberculosis. I cannot give a suggestion for treatment unless I know the cause in the special case.

ADENOIDS, DIET.—I am a young mother, twenty-two years old, and my baby girl, one month old, has a snuffling or rattling noise in her nose, although it does not hinder her from breathing and nursing. (b) What can I do to regulate my own bowels, and what foods should I eat to keep baby from having colic?

MRS. C. A., Atascadero, Calif.

A.—I should suspect a cold in the head with the mucous thrown off causing the rattling, but possibly there may be some slight obstruction, and if this continues should advise an examination by a physician who specializes on nose and throat. (b) Fluid Extract of Cascara Sagrada in one-half teaspoonful doses night and morning will relieve your constipation. Foods containing acids, such as apples, grapes, grapefruit and tomatoes, cause gas, especially if secretions are inclined to be very acid. I would suggest choosing foods that separate into small particles easily, for example, baked potato instead of boiled or fried, stale wheat bread toasted or dried out instead of fresh bread or rolls; crisp bacon is preferable to boiled or baked pork.

CONSTIPATED BABY.—My two-months-old son's bowels will not move unless I use a glycerine suppository, although I take a laxative every day. Should my sixteen-months-old daughter eat solid food? She eats practically nothing, but drinks cocoa.

MRS. R. V. K., Egeland, N. Dak.

A.—Take some laxative strong enough, night and morning, to move your bowels once or twice a day, and your nursing baby's bowels will become normal. A suppository, like an enema, is to be used as an emergency aid, not as a regular routine treatment. (b) Should give your sixteen-months-old daughter milk instead of cocoa, also some other foods, oatmeal gruel, custards, baked potato, stale wheat bread toasted, soft-boiled eggs, or any simple soup or broths *not* greasy.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

I think this is a good place to exchange the ideas we think are the most helpful to us so I will tell you that I save many dollars every year by refooting stockings. I have a very simple pattern that I will send to those who send me a stamped, addressed envelope.

Before planting cucumber seeds, soak them in spirits of turpentine for twenty-four hours and the bugs will not bother them. If you are planting corn in new ground the same treatment will save the corn from cutworms.

There are many subjects up for discussion but I'm not going to write any more. I have no advice to give on the care of children. The older I get and the more of it I have to do, the more I realize I need all my own advice and all others can give.

I like to get letters so if any sisters care to write I will be glad to hear from you. I might be able to answer sometime but cannot promise to answer all.

Best wishes. MRS. GEORGE PETTIT.

Mrs. Pettit.—Yours is the first letter in thousands to disapprove of babies' pictures in COMFORT. All the others like them. I do not agree with you in that the movies are all bad and that they are responsible for all the evil in the world. However, you can think as you choose and I'll do the same and we'll remain the best of friends.—Ed.

COLLINS, MISS.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I hope this will be printed as I want my brother to see it for he says there are no such people as Mrs. Wilkinson and Uncle Lisha.

COMFORT has helped me while away lonely hours. I live in a small village where there aren't many young people and I get lonesome sometimes. I wish I could have some of my COMFORT friends to chat with during the long evenings, like tonight, for instance. We'd go into the kitchen and make some candy. Mrs. Wilkinson, I would be the happiest girl if only I could see you stick your head in my door sometime. I just know I would enjoy your company. It has been my ambition to be a writer or do work like yours and Uncle Charlie's to help people in need, but you know how far I am from that, for I am only a housekeeper and feel that I am not doing anything to help.

I am twenty-seven years of age, have brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. I would like to hear from the young people.

Love to all. MATTIE ROGERS.

Mattie.—Speaking of candy, here's a recipe that I like, though you may know all about it and doubtless can tell me lots about candy making. Two cups sugar, three-fourths cup of milk, four tablespoons peanut butter, few grains of salt and one teaspoon of vanilla. Put sugar and milk in sauce-pan, let cook until it forms a soft ball when dropped in cold water. Remove from fire and let cool considerably before adding salt, peanut butter and vanilla. Beat with spoon until creamy, turn into buttered tin—and you know the rest.—Ed.

CHANUTE, R. R. 4, KANS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you please admit a farmer's daughter? I enjoy the paper, but more especially the sisters' letters, the needlework page and the stories. I like to crochet and do quite a bit in my spare time.

I live with my parents, brothers and sisters on a farm of one hundred and fifty acres, which we recently bought, moving here from Wabaunsee County, Kansas, where we lived on one of the oldest farms known of for many, many miles, being settled in 1856, and which had the distinction of having the old Santa Fe train crose it. Buffalo Bill (Wm. F. Cody), now dead, carried mail, when a pony express rider, to it and deposited that belonging to neighboring people in an old log house, now standing, where he kept his relief horses. We enjoyed many good times there. We have lived here about a year but are not acquainted with many people, so spend my evenings at home reading. I'd like very much to get the book, "Judy of Rogue's Harbor," by Grace Miller White.

I would like to correspond with girls of my own age, twenty-five. I have golden brown hair, dark blue eyes, fair complexion and am five feet, seven inches tall and weigh about 130 pounds.

Sincerely, IRENE BEACH.

Irene.—What a paradise your farm must have been to your brothers and their boy friends. I just know they played "Buffalo Bill," and did they rescue you from the Indians?—Ed.

KAMPSVILLE, ILL.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

May I step in long enough to tell you how I make my linoleum?

My kitchen floor was wearing out and we couldn't afford to buy linoleum for it. I had an old rag carpet that was too old and worn to be of any use so I washed and dried it. Then I spread it out on a smooth surface and patched all the holes with thick pieces of cloth, pasted into place. I cooked a flour paste, thick, and smeared it all over the carpet, rubbing it in well. This I let dry, then I smeared another coat over it and when dried I gave it a coat of light grey paint and after that was dry, a second coat of paint. Before I laid it on the floor, I padded the floor with several thicknesses of newspaper. This is a good way to utilize your old rag rugs. I have a large one which I painted and use it by the kitchen stove. My kitchen didn't have any baseboards around the wall, so I cut oilcloth into strips and pasted these to the wall and painted them the same color as the woodwork.

I like house plants and have quite a number.

Undecided Mother, I think your husband is right.

With best wishes to all, MRS. IDA BECKER.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

GOOD MORNING COMFORT SISTERS AND BROTHERS:

I've been a reader of this magazine for years and always thought I'd write you a letter sometime. I won't describe myself for I know you don't care about that. It isn't the color of the hair or eyes that makes the woman; but the use we make of the good common sense that God gave us, whether we are good or bad, kind or harsh, loving or cold. Let us turn the loving side of our nature outward so that the disagreeable side won't be discernable. Everyone loves beauty and harmony and despises deceit and an overabundance of self conceit.

Recently I had charge of a rummage sale which we held to raise money for an order of which I am a member. Our ladies donated the goods which were sold from an empty store building in the poorer part of the city. It made my heart ache to see how eager those poor people were to buy the things we did not need. Articles of clothing were donated that I thought would be impossible to get rid of but how anxious they were to obtain anything that cost only a few cents. Some of the things sold for more, of course. It made me think of the many things that are stored away in drawers and boxes that will never be used. Poor people all over the land would be glad to buy them at small cost rather than accept charity. I've been in the habit of giving away things but I never realized before how hard some may strive to pay their way as they go. Just the other day I read a letter in COMFORT from a woman who had put away her child's clothing and kept it for years, in memory of the dear face she will never see again. Sister, relinquish your hold on them and let some other little innocent have them that its life may be spared and thereby save a life and perhaps the soul of the poor mother who loves her little one just as much as you loved yours. In doing this you are helping someone and allowing them to help themselves.



EARL LA ROY BRACK.

Give? Do I ever expect to give to the needy again? Yes, indeed. I don't have much but I shall dispense as God giveth to me.

I am the mother of a little one buried and I never can forget the dear face although I haven't an article of clothing left to mourn over. Must I continually bring before others my grief? No, my object in life is to brighten this small corner where I am.

Love and best wishes to all the readers of COMFORT.

EVA.

ROZEL, KANS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have been a subscriber of COMFORT only a short time but like it very much. I do all kinds of fancy work so enjoy the patterns that are given.

I have been married over two years and have a darling baby boy, eleven months old. I am sending his picture, taken when he was nine months old. I hope to see it in COMFORT. His name is Earl La Roy.

With my best to all, MRS. DANIEL BRACK.

KANSAS.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I am seeking advice but first I will tell you my story.

Five years ago I was keeping company with a nice looking, respectable young man, son of Christian people, who never let him see the inside of a picture show, go to a dance or associate with worldly people. In fact, he was the choice of the community. After keeping company for over a year we were married. He seemed to love me very much and his parents, being "well off," started us out in fairly good circumstances, but in about six months he grew tired of his occupation (farming) and fooled away everything his father had given him. He tried first this job, then that, but nothing suited. We moved from place to place, becoming worse off every move we made. I begged and talked to him, trying to get him to secure a good job and stick to it, for there was then plenty of work, and we could get along nicely, but all in vain. He accumulated debts which he never paid (and says he won't pay). I have worked and earned money to "help out" but the more I did the more he expected of me. God has blessed our home with two sweet, healthy children, which he loves and I try to show him that for their sake he should set a different example, but he says he doesn't care and as his parents have now refused to help him any more, he is getting his living dishonestly. What an example for his children and this is what worries me night and day. What if these children grow up and follow in his footsteps? If I should take them to myself, work and bring them up, afterwards when they knew, would they respect and love their mother in return for leaving their father? Or, if I keep on living with him and he does some awful deed that brings disgrace upon the name, will they grow up to hate me? I have given him every chance to reform, for I have left him three times and each time he has promised so much I have gone back. He no longer seems to love me and doesn't appreciate anything I do for him, yet is very affectionate toward the children. People are beginning to be suspicious and every day he is heaping more worry upon me.

I am a dressmaker by trade, and can make suits, coats, dresses, men's shirts, everything in the sewing line and if I were to take my two little ones I could keep them with me and make a living for them and make their childhood days happy. Sisters, advise me. What is best for me to do? He allows me no privileges, am not allowed to go anywhere or spend the money I earn without telling him how I spend every cent and if he does not approve of what I buy he never gets through scolding about it.

Please tell me what you would do if you were in my place? You may obtain my address from Mrs. Wilkinson.

May God bless you all.

BROKEN-HEARTED MOTHER.

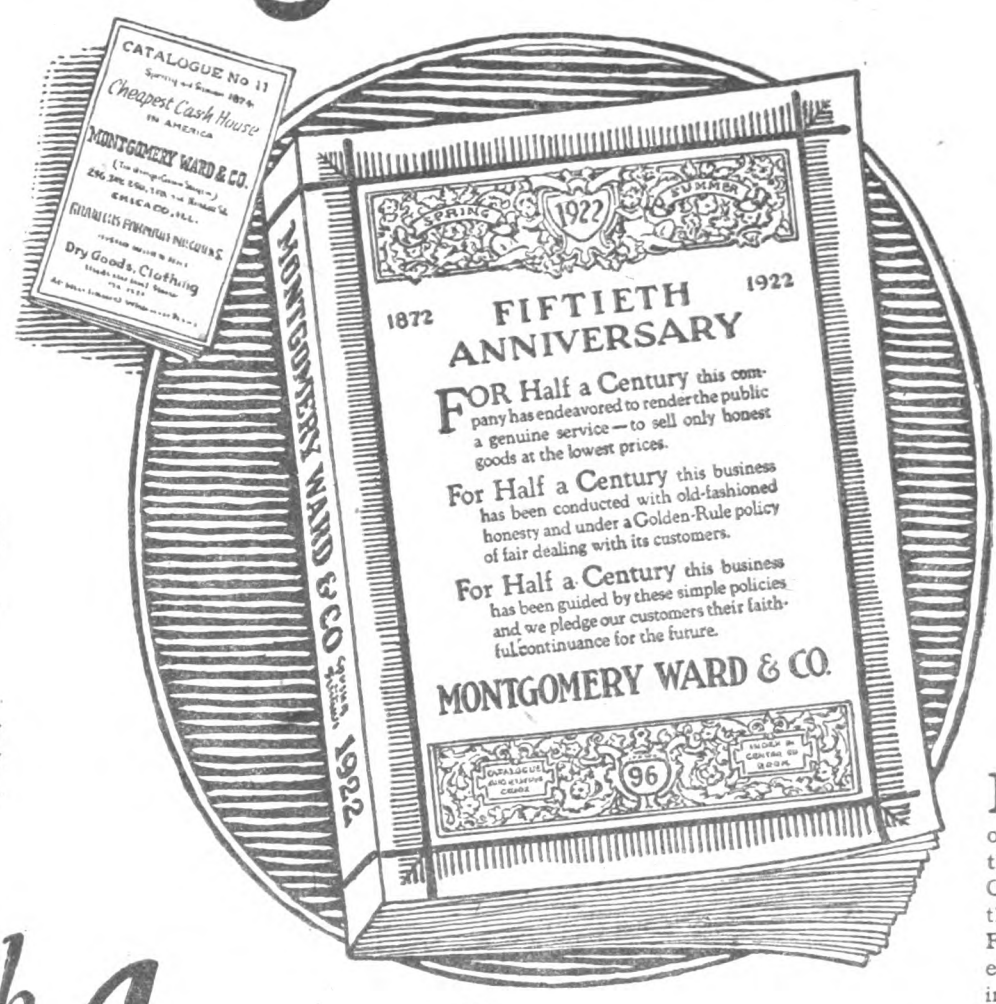
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

Montgomery Ward & Co.

The Oldest Mail Order House is to-day the *most progressive* —

1872

THE first little one-page mail order leaflets were sent out by Montgomery Ward & Co. in 1872. The first catalogue, pictured above, was issued in 1874. It contained eight pages, about three by five inches in size. This was the beginning of the mail order business—of selling goods direct by mail at one small profit.



1922

FIFTY years of fair dealing, of prices that always offered a saving, and today this big Golden Jubilee Catalogue contains everything for the Home, the Farm and the Family—everything at money-saving prices.

50th *Anniversary*

This big Golden Jubilee Catalogue pictured above is priced to match the spirit of the times. Some things are priced at no profit, many things at very little profit. It is your best guide to the lowest prices.

THIS is the Golden Anniversary of Montgomery Ward & Co. We have completed Fifty Years in the service of the American Public.

In 1872 this business was begun in one small room, twelve by fourteen feet.

Today, millions buy from us on faith in the name: "Montgomery Ward." Upon what is that faith founded?

Upon Fifty Years of fair dealing, upon Fifty Years devoted to selling only goods of standard quality at the lowest possible prices.

This 50th Anniversary Catalogue keeps faith with our customers. It is priced to meet present-day conditions. It is filled with new, fresh merchandise with every price based upon the new low costs of production.

Some things at No Profit Many things at Little Profit

At Montgomery Ward & Co. we believe we owe a duty to our customers—that it is our duty to sell everything today at the lowest possible prices.

We believe we owe a duty to the American Farmer. Therefore, we are selling *all our Tillage Tools absolutely without profit to us.*

Many of these tools are actually priced at less than it would cost us to replace them today. This is the way we are keeping faith with the American Farmer.

And to the American Woman we are offering almost equal advantages—New York Fashions, selected in New York by Ward's own Fashion Experts.

All are offered at the lowest prices possible today.

Everything needed in the home—everything to make the home more attractive—everything priced at a big saving for you.

The New-Old Spirit of Montgomery Ward & Co.

We are entering our second half century of business existence. And we step forward with the spirit of youth, of progress in Service and Saving for you.

To give you bigger and bigger values, to give you better and still better service, to quote always lower and lower prices—that is our work and our accomplishment today.

Buy from this 50th Anniversary Catalogue. Know that the price you pay is the right price for whatever you buy. Know that every order you send, every letter you write, will be handled in the full spirit of the Golden Rule.

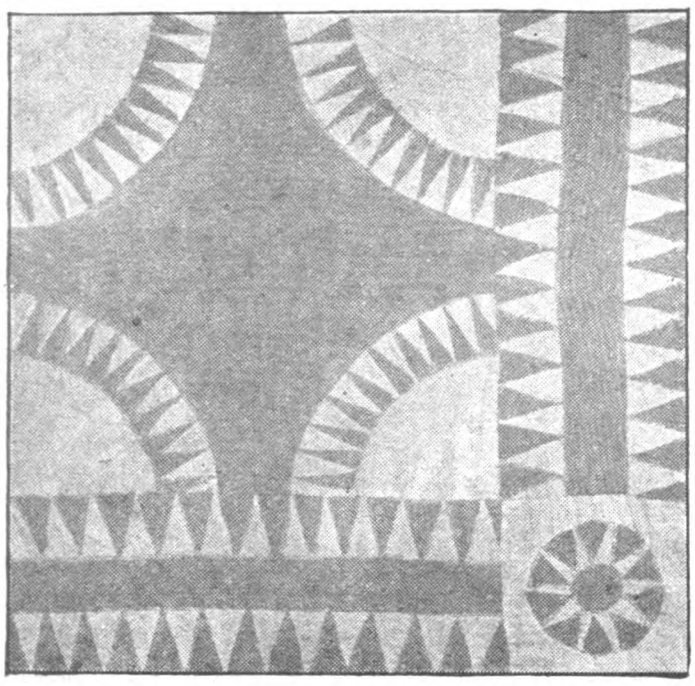
If you have a copy of our 50th Anniversary Catalogue, lend it to your friends.

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.

KANSAS CITY PORTLAND, ORE. CHICAGO
ST. PAUL FORT WORTH

If you haven't our 50th Anniversary Catalogue, borrow one from a neighbor or write to us for one.

Old-Fashioned Smocking



Handsome all-over pattern and border for quilts which can be made of small bits of contrasting colors. Submitted by Mrs. J. W. Dowling, Ga.

The Useful Art of Smocking

AS in our childhood days smocking is again the style. It is used plentifully on children's little dresses and rompers and on waists and blouses for grown-ups.

Nothing is daintier for the little tots than simple garments with a touch of this old-fashioned stitchery. All garments which are to be trimmed in this way should be of material, whether of cotton or silk, which is very soft and naturally folds prettily such as voile or crepe de chine.

Kimonos of cotton crepe or house dresses finished with a little smocking are most attractive

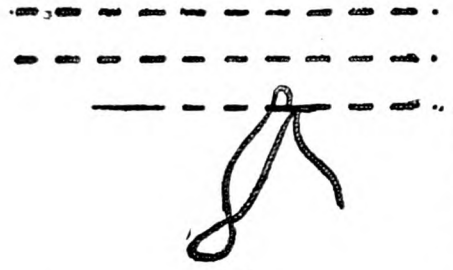


FIG. 1.

and also serviceable. But as fancy work or the actual way to do smocking is our subject rather than dressmaking, we will proceed at once to the manner of starting to do this work and the various stitches which are employed.

As with every kind of fancy work, evenness and perfection are the first requisites.

To secure this in smocking it is most necessary to have some means of keeping the lines

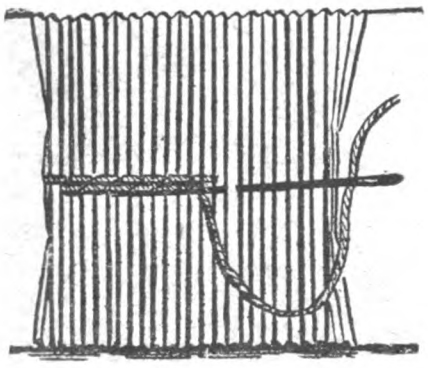


FIG. 2.

of gathering threads absolutely straight. One should also have plenty of material in width, as smocking will allow of no skimping.

For this reason it is best to do this work first and afterwards cut out the garment.

To give the smocking the proper elasticity it is also necessary to take the stitches sufficiently deep into each fold, so that when the gathering threads are taken out, one will get the honeycomb appearance characteristic of good work.

A beginner will find cotton voile a very good material to try her hand on, it is much easier to work than silk, and, when gathered, it sets in even ridges, which are easily worked over. With this, some crewel needles and some mercerized colored cottons one is ready to commence work.

First of all the gathering has to be prepared. This must not be too fine or too coarse—five stitches to the inch would be about right. Gather the whole width of the space to be smocked.

The second row of the gathering should be about half an inch below the first; be careful to take each stitch exactly under those of the first row, as shown in Fig. 1. One will see the necessity of this when the threads are drawn up tight, as the material must run in straight little ridges on which the fancy stitches are worked.

Continue the rows of gathering, still keeping the stitches exactly under each other, until one has done the depth that is to be worked; then draw the threads up tight as shown in Fig. 2 and fasten them securely.

If one has not a very straight eye and feels the need of a guide to keep those gathering stitches straight, one may be made in this way. Put a coarse needle in the sewing machine, take a piece of white paper about the weight of ordinary stationery or writing paper.

Rule a line from top to bottom about an inch in from the edge. Run over this with the unthreaded needle making a line of holes. Leave about a quarter inch space and using the machine foot for a guide stitch again, repeat until a good-sized sheet of paper is covered in this way.

Next take a large darning needle and run through a hole in the first row. Count five or more holes and run through the next according to the space one wishes to have between the rows.

Make these holes just opposite each other in each row.

Repeat this punching over the width of the paper, when one will be ready to begin work.

Lay this pattern upon the material, first pulling and pinning it out so that it will be perfectly straight and smooth. With a pencil make a dot on the goods through every large hole.

If the material is dark mark with a needle and white thread, afterwards cutting between the holes.

The pattern can be lifted and replaced till the entire space to be worked is dotted, but care must be taken to always place the pattern evenly and also to prevent the pattern from slipping when marking.

It is best to do both the marking and gathering on the wrong side, so that the right side of the material will be fresh when the garment is finished.

To Gather

Thread a needle with cotton No. 30 or 40 according to quality of the goods, and commence gathering by inserting the needle in the top right-hand dot and bring the point out half way between this and the next dot in the same line, then in through the second dot and up half way between this and the third and so on to the end of the line or space to be gathered.

Gather each row of dots in the same manner, stitch under stitch as shown in Fig. 1.

When this is completed, draw up the threads, keeping the gathers in place by twisting the end of the thread around pins. Pull the work now until the gathers are arranged and lie perfectly flat and even, as shown in Fig. 2.

The Stitches Used in Smocking

Outlining is one of the simplest stitches used in smocking. This is especially good for working a straight row of stitches. It is done in the usual way.

Commence work at the top left-hand corner of the gathers, and bring the needle out in the first plait; take a stitch on next plait, keeping the thread on the left side of the needle, and do not pull up too tight.

The plaits must be taken up separately, one stitch into each, taking care to keep a perfectly straight line.

Another very good stitch for working a straight line is illustrated in Fig. 2.

To do this take a stitch through each plait in a straight line as in outlining but change the thread from side to side. Take the first stitch through first two plaits and be careful to keep thread on the left side of the needle; take a stitch on the third plait, in line with last stitch, but with the thread on the right side of the needle.

Work on like this, with the thread alternately on the left and then the right side of the needle to the end of the row.

Two rows of this stitch form a sort of cable stitch. To do this, work the first row as just described; for the second one, commence on the first plait as directed quite close up to the first row, then take up the second plait, but where thread was kept on the left side of the needle before, in the last row, in this second row keep it on the right side and vice versa.

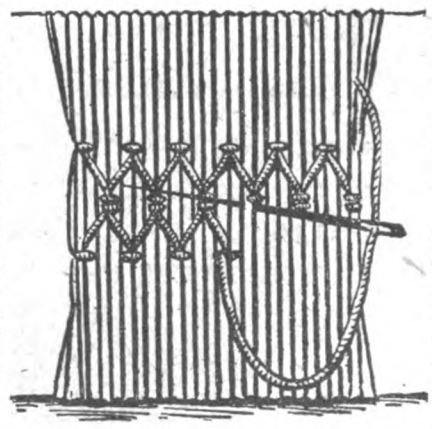


FIG. 4.

Honeycomb Stitch

Now we come to the most popular and of the prettiest of the fancy stitches used in smocking. This is the Honeycomb pattern illustrated in Fig. 3.

Commence work in the upper left-hand corner by bringing needle out toward the left, taking a stitch through the first plait, take up the second in a line with this, keeping the thread on the left side of the needle.

Take a stitch on the third plait a quarter of an inch below, as shown in the sketch, still keeping the thread on the left side.

Work on the fourth plait on a line with the last stitch, but with the thread on the *right side* of the needle; work on the fifth plait a quarter of an inch above or on a line with the first stitch, keeping the thread on the right side. Repeat this to the end of the row.

3rd row—Honeycomb the top stitches touching last row.

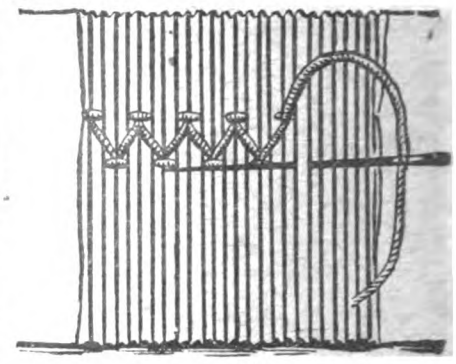


FIG. 3.

4th row—Once across of outline.
5th row—Honeycomb.
Two more rows of outlining.



A SMOCKED VOILE WAIST.

A Smocked Voile Waist

This is the stitch used in the white voile waist here illustrated. Two bands of four rows each of honeycomb stitch in black boil proof mercerized cotton are used on the front and also on the bottom of the sleeves.

In the space between the smocking on the waist are groups of roll-stitch or French knot embroidery—delicate pinks, blues and lavenders being used with yellow for centers and a bit of green. These little groups of charming color combination also appear on the cuffs and collar, the edges of which are finished with one row of black crocheting. To do this make 1 single, ch 3, 1 single into the edge of the cloth about one quarter inch from the first stitch.

Fig. 4 shows clearly the manner of working two honeycombing. To do this, work the first row as directed, and the second row as follows: Bring up your needle in the first plait, half an inch lower than where the first row was commenced. Take up the second plait on a straight line, and have the thread on the right side of the needle; the third plait is taken up a quarter of an inch higher, as shown in Fig. 4, it ought to meet the lower stitch in the last row, and the thread should be on the right side of the needle.

The fourth plait is taken up in a straight line with this last, but with the thread on the left-hand side.

The fifth is taken a quarter of an inch lower again, with the thread still on the left-hand side, and so on to the end.

Combination Stitches

In smocking combinations of stitches, as well as colors, are used in groups very effectively.

After a little practice of the different stitches this can be done very easily.

One of the simplest combinations is that of outline and honeycomb stitch. (See top of Fig. 5).

Suggestions for Combinations of Colors in Stitches

Suggestion No. 1.—Of two colors and black, commence as directed for Fig. 2 with the lighter shade, then one row of outlining in black, next one row honeycomb in darker shade, one row outlining in black. Now repeat, making alternate rows of honeycomb of the two shades with black outlining between for the desired depth, then finish to match the beginning.

This is a very pretty combination for children's simple little dresses.

Suggestion No. 2.—First two rows of outline stitch, worked as closely as possible together.

In above use black for the outline rows. Dark old blue for the first row of honeycomb and a lighter shade for second row.

Next, a quarter of an inch apart, work three rows of feather stitching. The first of light blue, second of gold and third of light blue, then finish with a band of outline and honeycomb stitches, using the second and then the darkest shade of blue. This combination is very pretty on either blue or white goods.

Suggestion No. 3.—This is a pretty combination of stitches which can be used if one wishes to do a piece of work all in one color.

First three rows of outlining, one row of feather stitching, three more rows of outlining. About a quarter-inch space should be left on either side of the feather stitching.

Next work four rows of stitches as follows: Commencing on the first plait take up one stitch close to the last row. Take up the second plait in a line with this, with the thread on the left side of the needle. Take up the third plait a little lower, thread still to the left. Take up

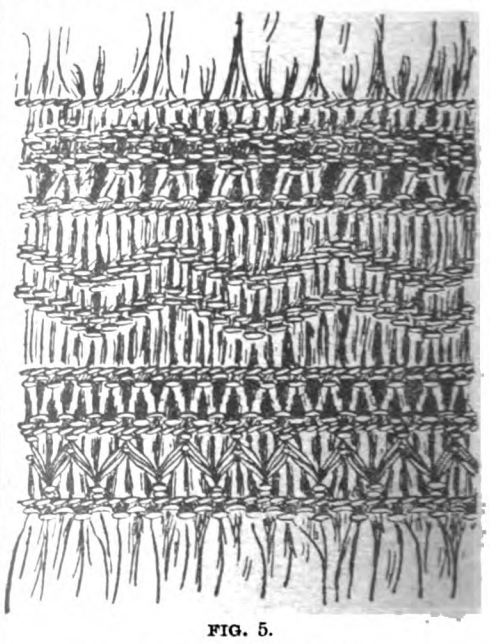


FIG. 5.

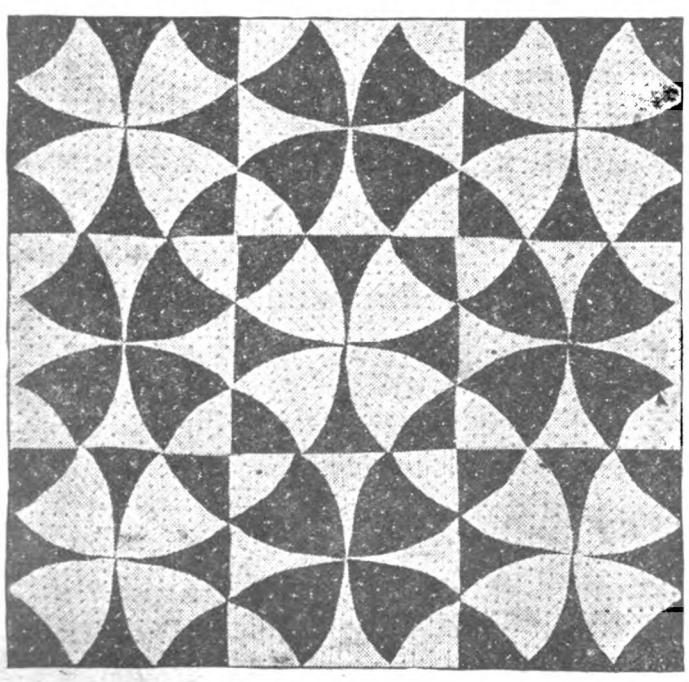
the fourth and fifth plaits, each a little lower than the last, with the thread to the left.

The sixth, take in line with the last but with the thread to the right of the needle.

The seventh, eighth and ninth are each a little higher than the last, and with the thread on the right side.

The tenth is taken up even with the last and with the thread on the left. Working in this way one makes a wavy line of stitches which touches the outline stitches at regular intervals. Make the next row in the same way touching the preceding row as it waves across.

Work two more rows following with a band



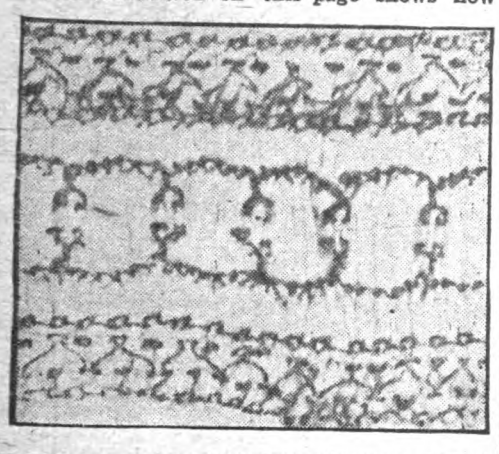
Sunshine and Shadow Submitted by Mrs. Blanche I. Owensby, Okla.

Shown in Easy Stitches

of outline and feather stitch to match the beginning.

Wavy lines can also be worked across running parallel with each other.

Our illustration on this page shows how



DETAIL OF SMOCKING ON CHILD'S DRESS. FIG. 6.

charming a bit of smocking makes the simple comfortable little frock for either a tiny girl or boy.

This little model, which is of white dimity, has the sleeves and the top of the pocket smocked with a band of honeycomb stitch between two rows of outlining all in yellow.

The fronts have a deeper band of a combination of stitches, which one should not find difficult after a little practice on the simpler stitches which have been described.

The first band consists of honeycomb between cable stitches (Fig. 6), then two rows of a fancy stitch which forms two broken or half circles, as shown.

Commence work a little over half an inch lower than the last row. Take up the second plait in a line with the first, keeping the thread to the right.

Take up the third and fourth a little higher each than the last. The fifth on a line with the last.

Then three each a trifle lower, the fourth on a line with the last. Now to take the two stitches which appear in the center of this pattern, run the needle back to the first of the last stitch, then the point in the opposite direction and on the plait previous to that over which the last stitch is worked, take one stitch a quarter of an inch lower than the last stitch.

Put the needle in again just where you brought it out for the last stitch and then take another stitch on a line with the last one. This makes the two center stitches.

After this row is complete, repeat, but work from the opposite end or turn your piece of work just upside down, then these two rows will come together just reversed, as shown in the detail of the pattern above.

Pillow Slip Insertion and Edging Lace

Insertion

Begin with ch 7 for center of wheel, join in ring, into this work 3 d c, ch 10 sts, * form last 3 into ring with sl st, ch 6, form 3 sts into picot, 1 d c in small or end of ch, ch 5, 1 p, 1 d c in same ring, repeat, making 5 picots in all, 7 s c on ch 7, 3 d c in 1st ring, ch 10, repeat from *, joining 1st picot of 2nd spoke to last picot of 1st. Then in joining the wheels together, as one works, join center picot of two side spokes.

To form insertion join thread in 1st free p of a spoke, ch 3, 1 s c in next p, ch 3, 1 s c in next p, ch 5, work over 2nd spoke, ch 10, 1 d c in p of 3rd spoke of same wheel, 1 d c in corresponding p of next wheel, ch 4, 1 d c in 4th st of ch 10, ch 6, work over two spokes of next wheel and repeat for length.

2nd row—1 d c in 1st st, ch 2, sk 2, 1 d c, repeat.

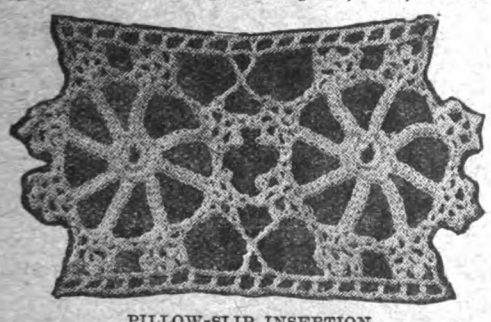
Work both edges in the same way.

Edging

Ch 7 for ring, ch 2, 3 d c, ch 5, 3 d c in ring, then 7 spokes same as in insertion. Break thread.

Begin in same way, join center picots of 1st and 2nd spokes to center picots of last two spokes of 1st wheel.

After completing last wheel, ch 14, sl st in ch 5, ch 14, sl st in 1st p of 1st spoke, ch 3, sl st in



PILLOW-SLIP INSERTION.

2nd p, ch 7, sl st to 2nd p of 2nd wheel, ch 3, sl st to last p of 2nd wheel, ch 14, sl st to ch 5, repeat.

2nd row—3 sps, ch 5, 1 d c in side of last d c, 1 d c in ch, thus forming a sp, 2 sps, ch 5, 1 d c in side of d c, 1 d c in ch, repeat.

3rd row—Ch 12, 1 d c in ch 5, ch 3, 1 d c in same ch 5, ch 7, repeat.

4th row—All spaces.

Three-Inch Towel Edge

This pattern worked of No. 30 white mercerized crochet cotton gives five scallops which are just right for a 15-inch huck towel.

1st row—Ch 60 sts, turn, make 17 sps on ch, ch 5, turn.

2nd row—17 sps, ch 5, turn.

3rd row—14 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, increasing 1 sp.

4th row—3 sps, 5 blks, 10 sps.

5th row—9 sps, 7 blks, 3 sps, increasing 1 sp.

6th row—2 sps, 9 blks, 8 sps.

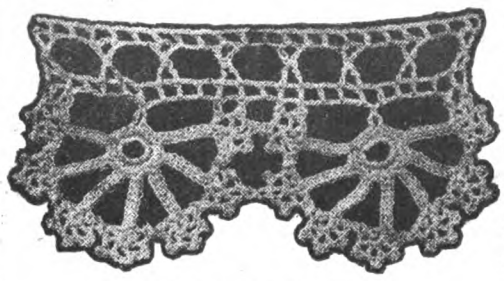
7th row—8 sps, 9 blks, 3 sps, increase (meaning 1 extra sp).

8th row—3 sps, 11 blks, 7 sps.

9th row—7 sps, 5 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 3 sps, increase.

10th row—3 sps, 6 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 7 sps.

11th row—7 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 6 blks, 4 sps, increase.



PILLOW-SLIP EDGING.

12th row—4 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 7 sps.

13th row—3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 5 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps.

14th row—4 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 7 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps.

15th row—4 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 7 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps.

16th row—Decrease, then 6 sps, 7 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 2 sps.

17th row—3 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 6 blks, 6 sps.

18th row—Decrease, 2 sps, 9 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 3 sps.

19th row—4 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps.

20th row—Decrease, 4 sps, 10 blks, 5 sps.

21st row—6 sps, 8 blks, 5 sps.



CHILD'S DRESS OF WHITE DIMITY WITH YELLOW SMOCKING AND YELLOW COLLAR AND CUFFS.

22nd row—Decrease, 6 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps.

23rd—7 sps, 3 blks, 8 sps.

24th row—Decrease, 7 sps, 2 blks, 8 sps.

25th row and 26 rows—17 sps.

27th and 28th rows—18 sps.

29th and 30th rows—19 sps.

31st and 32nd rows—20 sps.

33rd and 34th rows—21 sps.

Next 3 rows—22 sps.

38th row—13 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps.

39th row—7 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 14 sps.

40th row—12 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps.

41st row—5 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps.

42nd row—Decrease, 7 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps.

43rd row—Same as last row.

44th row—Decrease, 7 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps.

45th row—4 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps.

36th row—Decrease, 4 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps.

47th row—2 sps, 1 blk, 11 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps.

48th row—Decrease 1 sp, 1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.

49th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp.

50th row—2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps.

51st row—8 sps, 2 blks, 7 sps.

52nd row—6 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 5 sps.

53rd row—6 sps, 1 blk, 12 sps.

54th row—13 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps.

55th row—20 sps.

56th row—3 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 6 sps.

57th row.—5 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 blk, 3 sps.

58th row.—4 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps.

59th row—6 sps, 5 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps.

60th row—5 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps.

61st row—16 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps.

62nd row—5 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 11 sps.

63rd row—9 sps, 2 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps.

64th row—Decrease, 4 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 7 sps.

65th row—5 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps.

66th row—Decrease, 3 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 7 sps.

67th row—9 sps, 2 blks, 9 sps.

68th row—Decrease, 7 sps, 1 blk, 11 sps.

69th row—19 sps.

70th row—Decrease, 7 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 6 sps.

71st row—5 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps.

72nd row—Decrease, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk.

73rd row—1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 5 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.

74th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.

75th row—2 sps, 1 blk, 11 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps.

76th row—4 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps.

77th row—4 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps.

78th row—7 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps.

79th row—6 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps.

80th row—7 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps.

81st to 121st rows—Same as 41st, 40th, 39th back to the 1st row.

The Wool Flower Fad

If it has a touch of wool it is smart this season, whether it be a dress, hat, bag or something purely for household use, for wool embroidery and little crocheted flowers are used to add a dash of color to almost everything for feminine use.

And for once the fad of the moment is something which almost any woman is equal to, for the work is most simple, charming effects being obtained from the collection of stray odds and ends of wool, which are to be found in practically every household after the past few years of strenuous knitting.

Wool Hat Trimmings

The little ornaments suggested will be sure to delight any school girl, as they are worn on everything from tams to dressy velvets. Roses made in the same way as Irish crocheted roses with a few green leaves look well on almost anything in the hat line or a group of little balls, each of a different color and stuffed with cotton give a pretty effect.

For a fruit cluster make single crochet circles an inch in diameter, then narrow in, fill each with cotton and afterwards tack the front in closely, in or near the center, with a couple of French knots. Use different bright colors and add a few green leaves made of 9 loose d c sts on either side of a ch, with 5 d c in the center st.

A Hat Band

A handsome embroidery ribbon band may be made of a yard and a third of six-inch soft satin ribbon. Either black, navy or brown is good as a dark color is needed to show off the work.

In the center of the ribbon work a flat rose. This is done by twisting together strands enough to equal one's little finger.

Two shades will be needed, using the darker one for the center. Wind the strands about a couple of fingers three times, slip off, flatten out and couch in place with wool of the same color.

Next with the lighter shade, carry as many strands about this center once, catch in place, then work back and forth surrounding only about two thirds of the center and finish by twisting the strands and carrying once around completely.

To the very center add a few yellow French knots which should be half hidden.

On the left side of the rose work a bunch of grapes in over-and-over stitch and a couple of leaves and curling tendrals in outline stitch.

Finish this side with some yellow wheat in lazy-daisy stitch and green leaves.

On the right of the roses work a daisy, and below, trailing off a few forget-me-nots, made of different shades of French knots about a yellow center and green leayes and stems.

Fluted Diamond Lace

Begin this four-inch edging with ch 56 sts, turn.

1st row—1 d c in 9th st from hook, 2 d c in next 3 sts, ch 5, sk 5, 29 s c in 28 sts, ch 5, sk 5, 2 d c, ch 2, sk 2, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.

2nd row—1 d c on 2nd d c in last row, 2 sps, 3 d c under ch 5, sk 3 s c, 22 s c, working only through nearest loop of st, ch 5, 3d c under ch 5, ch 5, 3 d c under end ch, ch 10, turn.

3rd row—1 d c in each of 2 1st sts of ch and 1 d c on d c of group 3 doubles, ch 5, 4 s c under ch 5, ch 5, 3 d c under ch 5, ch 5, sk 3 s c, 16 s c, working through 1 loop only, ch 5, 3 d c under 3 sps, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.

4th row—1 d c, 4 sps, 3 d c, ch 5, sk 3 s c, 10 s c, ch 5, 3 d c, ch 5, 3 s c under ch 5, 4 s c on s c, 3 s c under ch 5, ch 5, 3 d c under end ch, ch 10, turn.

5th row—Work same as in beginning of 3rd row, ch 5, 3 s c under ch, s c on s c, 3 s c, under ch, ch 5, 3 d c, ch 5, 4 s c, ch 5, 3 d c, 5 sps, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.

6th row—1 d c, 6 sps, 3 d c, ch 3, 3 d c, ch 5, 3 s c under ch, s c on s c, 3 s c under ch, ch 5, 3 d c, ch 10, turn.

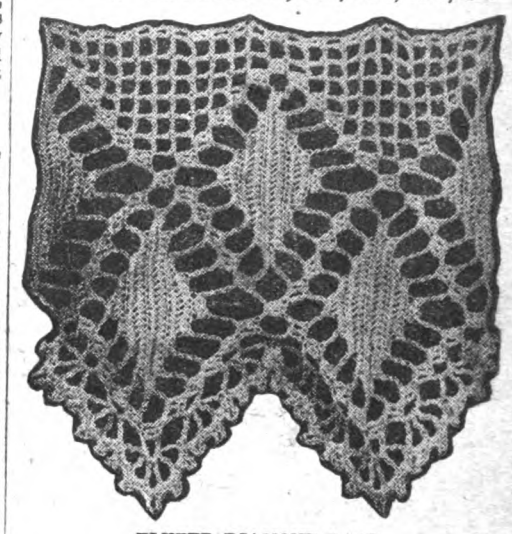
7th row—Same as 5th row in turning, then ch 5, 3 s c under ch, s c on s c, 3 s c under ch, ch 5, 3 d c under ch 3, 7 sps, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.

8th row—1 d c, 6 sps, 3 d c, ch 5, sk 3 s c, 1 s c on each to within 3 singles of the end, ch 5, 3 d c, ch 3, turn.

9th row—3 d c under ch (one is now decreasing the point), sk 3 s c, work 1 s c on each to within 3 s c of end, ch 5, 3 d c, ch 5, 4 s c, ch 5, 3 d c, 5 sps, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.

10th row—1 d c, 4 sps, 3 d c, ch 5, 3 s c under ch, 4 s c on s c, 3 s c under ch, ch 5, 3 d c, ch 5, singles on singles omitting first and last 3, ch 5, 3 d c, ch 3, turn.

11th row—3 d c under ch, ch 5, 4 s c, ch 5, 3 d c, ch 5, singles increasing by 3 at each end, ch 5, 3 d c, 3 sps, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.



FLUTED DIAMOND LACE.

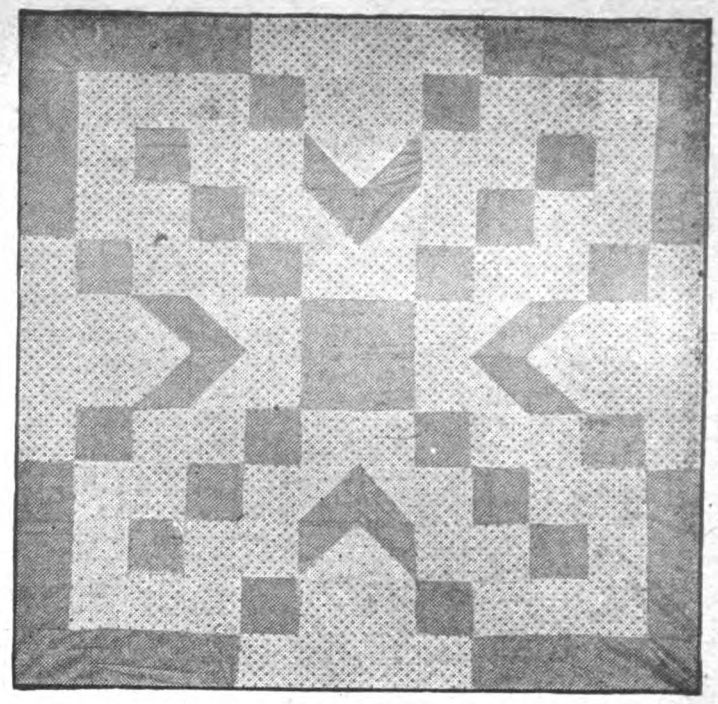
12th row—1 d c, 2 sps, 3 d c, ch 5, singles, ch 5, 3 d c, ch 3, 3 d c, ch 7, turn.

13th row—3 d c under ch 3 between doubles, ch 5, singles, ch 5, 3 d c, 1 sp, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.

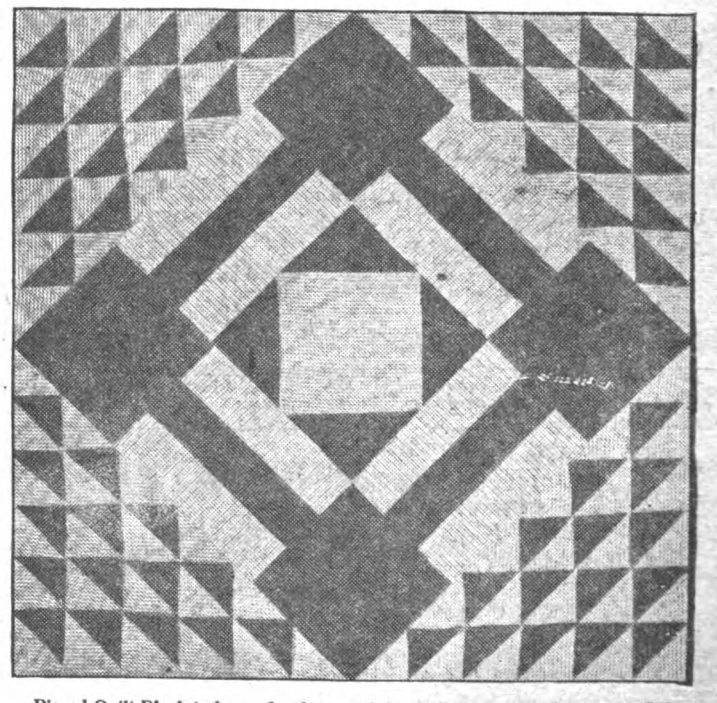
One point is now complete. After length is finished add fan edge. Begin by fastening thread in the end of 1st row on pointed edge, 1 tr c in sp in end 3rd row, ch 2, 1 tr c in same sp, repeat, making 4 trs, in all. Make treble fan in sp in end of 5th, 7th, 9th, 11th rows, 3 s c in sp in end 13th row, repeat fans around each point.

2nd row—Begin at same point and in each sp between trebles work 2 s c, ch 3 for p, 2 s c, repeat around points.

This pattern made up of No. 30 ecru crochet cotton and increased to about twice the width shown above, simply by adding to the spaces at the top, is especially suitable for the ends of natural linen scarfs or chair-backs.



Crossed Squares. Submitted by Mrs. William Stickles, Wis.



Pieced Quilt Block to be made of two colors, or light and dark pieces. Submitted by Mrs. William Stickles, Wis.

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Stella Rosevelt

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

In clear, bell-like tones she began her address, without the slightest appearance of self-consciousness or embarrassment, rolling out sentence after sentence in the smoothest and purest of French, until those who were well versed in the language wondered at such proficiency in one so young, while those who could not understand it were spellbound by her exquisite voice and graceful gestures.

Star had been well taught in French before coming to this country, until it had become almost like her native tongue; therefore, after a year of arduous study under the best of teachers at the Normal College, it is not strange that she should have been chosen, on account of her purity of accent, to deliver the French oration.

"Who is she?" questioned one of the visitors of a teacher.

"Miss Gladstone," she answered, pointing to the name on the program.

"How lovely she is! and I never heard purer French spoken, even in Paris. Does she live in the city?"

"I believe so, although I do not know where. She comes and goes very quietly, and her clothing indicates that her friends, whoever they may be, are in limited circumstances. She appears to have no intimates, and yet she is a favorite with all. There must be some sorrowful story connected with her life, I think, for there is a haunting sadness in her eyes whenever they meet yours, except when she smiles or becomes animated in conversation; then she is charming."

"I should like to know her," said the first speaker, musingly.

The subject of the above conversation, although unconscious of it, was none the less worthy of it.

After leaving Jacob Rosevelt on the night of her exciting interview with Mrs. Richards, she sped swiftly back to her room, where she gathered together a few articles of clothing and packed them into a small valise; her school books also, with her portfolio and the small box which had so aroused Josephine's curiosity that day when she went to steal Star's lovely cameo.

These preparations ended, she retired to rest.

She awoke long before daylight, and dressing herself in a dark street dress, she sat down by the window to wait for the dawn.

She penned that little note to Mrs. Blunt the last thing before leaving the house. The woman had been so kind to her that she could not find it in her heart to go away without a single word of farewell; to the others she gave not a thought.

As soon as it was light enough, she stole softly downstairs and out at the front door, as it was nearer, and, besides, some of the servants might be up if she went out the back way, and turned her back forever upon the house in which she had only been "tolerated."

When she reached the lodge, she found Mr. Rosevelt waiting for her on the vine-covered porch.

He smiled a silent good morning, motioning her not to speak, with a gesture that told her that John Mellin's wife was not far off; and together they went out from the grounds by a side gate and proceeded toward the station.

They were in time for the early morning train, and reached New York long before the household which they had left behind were aware of their flight.

"We will go to some quiet street and board for a few days," Mr. Rosevelt said, as they sat down in the waiting-room of the station to consult upon what was best to be done. "You must not lose a day of school if you can help it. I know just the place for us, I think, where there is a good, motherly soul of a landlady."

Star assented to this plan, and they repaired to the boarding place which Mr. Rosevelt had mentioned.

After partaking of a simple but wholesome breakfast, Star went at once to Brooklyn, and had an interview with Professor Roberts, as we already know.

On her way back to New York she decided, if she could pass the examination, she would enter the Normal College, believing that among the multitude who attended there she would escape observation more easily than in a similar school.

She went immediately and had an interview with the president, after which she was admitted to the senior class, "upon conditions."

She gave up all thoughts of music for the present, and bent all her energies to her studies, and soon not one of the forty who were to graduate gave promise of a more brilliant ending to her career as a scholar.

Meantime, Mr. Rosevelt had found three furnished rooms in a cheap but respectable locality, where they took up their abode, the woman who owned and lived in the house, agreeing to furnish their meals and act as sort of housekeeper general for a reasonable amount.

Mr. Rosevelt would not hear a word to any other arrangement, although Star declared she could do a portion of the work herself.

"No; you shall do nothing of the kind. You will have all you can attend to to keep up with your classes," he said.

"But it will cost so much, Uncle Jacob," Star answered, ruefully, for she found that her poor hundred pounds was melting rapidly away—at least, it would do so if they paid for having all their work done. Mr. Rosevelt smiled.

"My dear," he said, though somewhat sadly, she thought, "you did not suppose I was going to allow you to assume the burden of my whole support, did you? I never should have consented to come away with you in that case. I am not quite penniless, and what I can afford to pay toward our support will at least relieve you of all necessity of laboring as a household drudge."

They were as cozy as they could well be with their simple yet homelike little parlor, and two bedrooms leading out of it, and with their meals served to them there, it was very much like a home of their own.

"It is just as nice as can be, and I am happy as a queen," Star declared, over and over again; but he often looked troubled when he saw how thin her cheeks were growing, noticed her oft-repeated but quickly suppressed sighs, and that "haunting sadness" in her eyes.

Once during the year, when speaking of what she should do as soon as she graduated, she said that she had decided to apply for a situation as teacher in the city; she had concluded to remain in America instead of returning to England as she had at first planned to do.

He did not ask her why; he understood what she meant; she wished the sea to roll between her and the man who had so ruined her life; and perhaps, he thought, with a very tender feeling in his heart, she wanted to stay with him.

Thus the year sped around, and brought with its revolution another commencement day for Star.

Thus she had persevered and overcome every obstacle until the goal was reached, and today she would receive her diploma.

Uncle Jacob had gone to the great chapel with other interested friends, and watched the dear girl with glistening eyes while she so creditably performed the part assigned to her, feeling that she was an honor to her class, and in his eyes, at least, the gem of them all.

That evening there was to be a grand reunion in a commodious hall near by, where graduates of previous years were to meet the senior class of today, to offer their congratulations on their success and their good wishes for their future career.

Star had no fine clothes in which to make a show of herself, and was obliged to go clad in the same simple lace bunting that she had worn during the day; but she gave herself an air of elegance by substituting some bright flowers for the knots of blue ribbon, and excitement lending a rich color to her cheeks and light to her eyes, no one thought of criticizing her garments.

Jacob Rosevelt, too, dressed in a full new suit of handsome broadcloth, with a satin necktie and light kid gloves, did not look much like the bent, shabby old man who had arrived, dusty and travel stained, at Mr. Richards' mansion a little less than a year ago.

"Where did you get it?" Uncle Jacob?" Star exclaimed, as he came forth from his chamber and asked her if she thought he'd do.

He smiled mysteriously, then said:

"I told you that I was not quite a beggar, dear, when I left my niece Ellen's inhospitable roof, and so I've been saving up for this occasion, in order that I might do honor to you."

"You are just as fine as you can be," Star said, delightedly, as she went around and around him to examine the material and fashion of his new garments, "and I do not believe any one will be more proud of her escort tonight than I shall be; and yet," she thought, "Uncle Jacob must have been very saving indeed to have been able to buy such an expensive suit."

His eyes glowed with pleasure at her words; but when they entered the brilliantly lighted hall, and he saw the elegant toilets of some of the young ladies, he could not help regarding her with something of regret, although very many admiring eyes were fixed upon the arm of the stately, gray-haired gentleman, as they went forward to pay their respects to President Hunter and his corps of assistants.

"Miss Gladstone, I have a friend who desires to be presented to you," said one of Star's teachers, seeking her out later in the evening.

She led her toward a lady who was sitting a little apart from them, and who appeared to be three or four years Star's senior, and introduced her as Miss Meredith.

It was the visitor who had inquired so particularly regarding our heroine during the graduating exercises.

She was drawn toward her at once, and they were soon chatting as sociably as if they had been acquaintances of long standing.

While thus engaged, a gentleman approached them, greeting both young ladies in the most cordial manner.

"I was hoping that you two would meet tonight," he said, bestowing a smiling face upon them both. "Miss Meredith is a graduate of two years ago, Miss Gladstone, and I am sure you will find her a congenial spirit."

"Thank you, Mr. Appleton," Miss Meredith responded, brightly; "but you should have put it the other way, for I have been very impatient to meet Miss Gladstone. I singled her out from her class today, and felt sure that we should be *en rapport*, as the spiritualists say, if we could only become acquainted.

"Well, I think it does not matter much which way you put it, now that you know each other," the gentleman returned, smiling; then turning to Star, he added:

"So, my young friend, you have really 'run the race, and finished the course'; and now do you remember the promise you made me several months ago?"

Star flushed vividly at this question.

"Did I make you a promise, Mr. Appleton?" she asked, evasively, adding, with an arch glance: "I thought it was you who made me a promise."

He laughed and shook his finger at her.

"You said that on your eighteenth birthday I might reveal a secret."

"And you promised you would not reveal it until I was eighteen," she retorted, brightly, although the color deepened in her cheeks as she continued: "I am not eighteen yet, Mr. Appleton."

"No, but you will be tomorrow. You see I have not forgotten the date. Now, let me take time by the forelock a little, and whisper to Miss Meredith who the author of 'Chatsworth Pride' is. She has been on the *qui vive* to know her ever since the book was published," Mr. Appleton said, bending a roguish look upon Star, who now stood with drooping eyes and appearing somewhat confused.

"Oh, do you know? Is it some friend of yours, Miss Gladstone?" Miss Meredith said, eagerly, to her. "I think it is so tantalizing not to know the name of the author of a book," she went on, "particularly if it is one you happen to like very much; and here this provoking man who published this one only put on a great star where he should have printed the author's name. Do tell me, please, Miss Gladstone; I am, indeed, all curiosity."

Then remarking Star's embarrassment, she looked from her to Mr. Appleton, questioningly.

"Is it?" she went on, excitedly, as he smiled and glanced at the fair girl. "Can it be possible that it is Miss Gladstone herself? I believe it is," she said, with sparkling eyes, as she seized Star's hands; "and, oh! what can I say to you? It is a charming little book, and I have enjoyed it more than I can tell you. There! let me shake the hand that wrote it, and if I had a laurel wreath here I would put it on this golden head and make you wear it the remainder of the evening."

And she squeezed and shook that small, white-gloved hand until Star laughingly begged for mercy.

"See what you have subjected me to," she said, with a half-reproachful look at Mr. Appleton.

"You might just as well make the best of it, my modest little friend," that gentleman replied, laughing. "I have kept silence for a year under the most trying circumstances, for I have been unmercifully besieged to tell who the author of 'Chatsworth's Pride' is, and I could not stand the fire any longer. My time is too valuable to be spent in any such way; and I came here tonight not only to congratulate you upon your graduation, but also to introduce my fair young author to my friends. Yes, Miss Meredith, Miss Stella Gladstone is the author of 'Chatsworth's Pride.'"

"Miss Stella Gladstone?" Miss Meredith repeated.

"Yes; and, you perceive, I was not far from giving the name, after all. I was obliged to 'make her mark,' since I could not write her name," returned Mr. Appleton, jocosely.

"Ah, yes, I see. Stella means a star; and certainly," Miss Meredith said, turning to her new acquaintance again, "you bid fair to shine like one."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Not to Be Beaten

An Alabama darky, who prided himself on being able to play any tune on the banjo after he had heard it once, perched himself on the side of a hill one Sunday morning and began to pick the strings in a workmanlike manner.

It chanced that the minister came along. Going up to Moses, he demanded harshly: "Moses, do you know the Ten Commandments?"

Moses scratched his chin for a moment, and then, in an equally harsh voice, said:

"Parson, jest yo' whistle the first three or four bars, and I'll have a try at it."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

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DAVID WHITE, Dept. 60, 419 E. Water St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Missing Relatives and Friends

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT reopens the "Missing Relatives' and Friends' column.

To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will secure only one new yearly subscriber to COMFORT at 50c. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column by securing only one new subscription at 50c. If a longer notice is required send one 50c subscription for each additional seven words.

Mrs. D. A. Ryling, Hinton, W. Va., would appreciate information of her son, W. D. Ryling, last heard from at Akron, Ohio.

Wanted: Information of Jim Wade, last heard of at Lamar, Okla. Has one brother, John I. Richard. Inform J. N. Craig, Mancos, R. R. 2, Box 26, Colo.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Alice Jackson, last heard of at Columbus, Ohio, formerly of Marietta, Ohio, please write Mrs. J. M. Cunningham, Pine Grove, W. Va.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of John Hollingsworth, age 35, tall, light complexion, please write his mother, Mrs. N. Tilson, Grangeville, Idaho.

Would any reader knowing the whereabouts of Jessie Wilbur Loomis, age 15, light hair, blue eyes, notify Mrs. Joe Van Pelt, Martinsville, Ohio.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Edward S. Mullins, missing since June, 1919, please notify Mary H. Mullins, Man, W. Va.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Mrs. Leo Gould (maiden name, Ola Parkhurst), formerly of Nunica, Mich., notify Rev. Ida Franklin, Sheboygan, Wisc.

Anyone knowing Rudolph Adler, a barber, please notify Wm. Adler, 1085 Muscatine, New Hampshire, Iowa.

Anyone knowing of James Calvin Cox, small, light complexion, or Troy Cox, cripple, age 13, write G. S. Cox, Commerce, Texas.

Mrs. Wm. Hoffman, South Haven, R. R. 2, Box 9, Minn., would like to find the whereabouts of her father, Thomas Lene, last heard of in Washington.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Mrs. Knute Larsen (maiden name, Sophie Flamer), also Anna Mathilda Flamer, write Mrs. Odin Berg, Okla.

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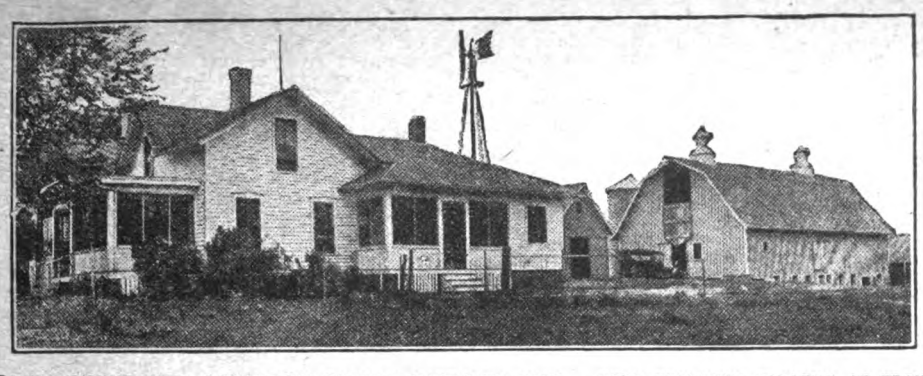
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ROOMY, COMFORTABLE FARMHOUSE OF THE MADE-OVER TYPE. NOTE SCREENED PORCHES AT FRONT AND SIDE.—NEAR MADISON, WISC.

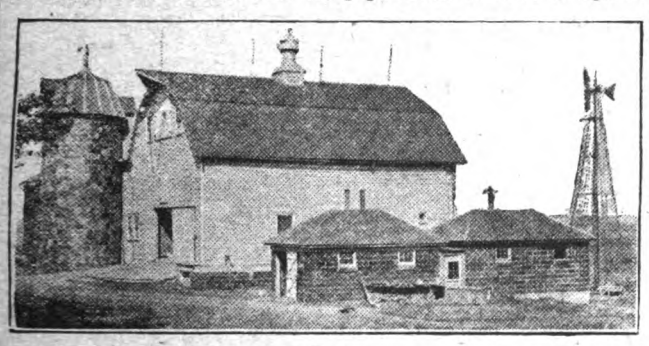
Farm Improvement

Written for COMFORT

"THE poor workman blames his tools," but excuses do not pay the taxes or lift the mortgage. Good workman and good tools go together.

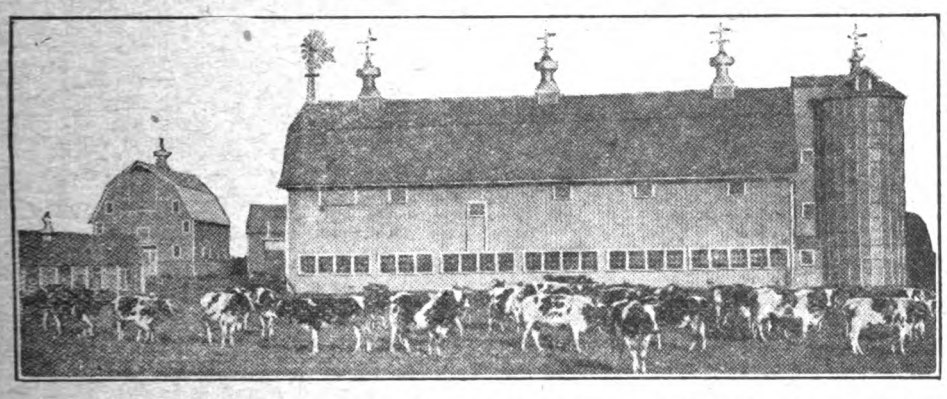
Agricultural advancement can be measured by the rate or improvement in farm machinery and the introduction of labor-saving implements to take the place of slow and tedious hand labor. More than ever before the farmer of today is taking advantage of the newer and more efficient farm machinery that is ever being perfected to meet his changing and growing needs. There was a time when machinery was considered somewhat in the light of a luxury—something that could be got along without, and that really had a place only on the elaborate estates of the very wealthy. Not so today. Times have changed, indeed. Several new influences have made themselves felt on the farm. Labor has been scarce and expensive; money has been none too plentiful for hiring extra farm help; therefore we find that an increasing number of farmers are trying to do more of their own work themselves, are so planning their crops and their buildings that this can be accomplished—with the use of modern machinery as a necessary means to the end of getting the work done in less time and at a saving in man power.

Furthermore, new standards of living have made their way into the country as well as the city; old-fashioned dwellings, implements, barns and methods have everywhere given way to up-to-date ones. Farmers now want more comforts and conveniences in homes and buildings. They want better buildings in which to live, well-equipped buildings for their livestock, better machinery that will do more and better work in less time at a reduced cost, and a good place to keep the same. All these developments have not only given new opportunities to the farmer; they have placed new responsibilities upon his shoulders, and have made new demands of his own ability to keep pace with the times. The most successful farmers of today are not those who can chop the most wood in a day, milk the most cows before breakfast or pitch the most hay working side by side with the hired men. These things are necessary, of course, but they now take second place. The successful farmer of the present is the one who has the best cared for and most complete outfit of farm machinery to meet his needs, and who can arrange his own time and work and that of hired help as to utilize this equipment to the best advantage. In short, the modern farmer is a manager who makes both machinery and men serve so as to accomplish big things for himself and his profession.



HOLLOW-TILE SILO, CONCRETE BLOCK MILK HOUSE AND COOLING HOUSE.—MODEST BUT CONVENIENT.

Any discussion of farm improvement, including farm machinery and modern conveniences as well as buildings, naturally divides itself into three parts. First we have certain implements that are already on the farm; we must consider their care, repairing and housing. Second, we have in mind a number of new and highly-improved machines that may not yet have come to the attention of the reader; of those we wish to say a word. Third, we cannot overlook the farm buildings and what they should hold in the line of labor-saving machinery and conveniences, nor do we think that the farmhouse should be overlooked in speaking of such improvements.



HERD OF PURE-BRED HOLSTEINS BACKED BY A PALATIAL SET OF BUILDINGS.—WOODLAWN FARM, MEDFORD, MINN.

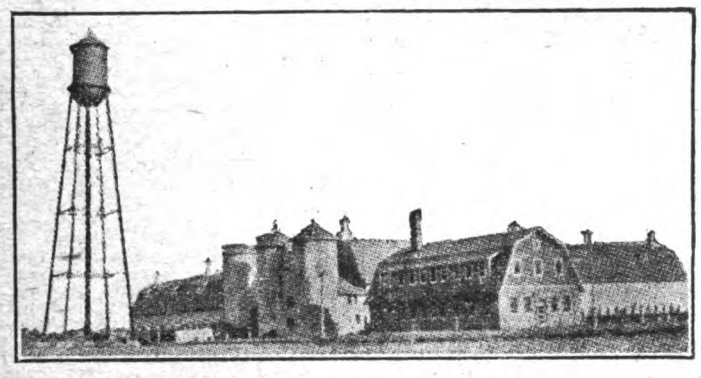
A Machine Shed Saves Time and Money

Two of the commonest sources of annoyance on the farm are the inability to find smaller tools quickly when they are needed, and the breakdowns that occur to machines in use in the field during the rush season. You have "cussed" these things yourself and so have we. But in a majority of cases a good machine-shed would do away with the cause of both. If there is a place for things it is easier to *keep everything* in its place. And breakdowns in the field are often due to neglect or failure to shelter the working parts of complicated machinery from rain or melting snow. We know that rust increases drag, that it is a sign of depreciation, that it is a warning; but still we allow machinery to stand outside the year around then expect 100 per cent. efficiency and no breaks or delays when it is next used. No, we don't *all* feel this way about it, but there is no farmer who can't give examples of neglect and the consequences.

Many farmers voice the opinion that it does not pay to build machine-sheds and use them for the protection of their machinery. They say that machines will wear out from steady use before the effects of exposure to the weather will be seriously noticed. Perhaps there may be some backing for this argument on the very large farm, but we have our serious doubts; on large farms several machines are required to get the work done in time, resulting on a saving in wear and tear to any single machine. Therefore each implement would last every bit as long on the big farm as on the small. To our way of thinking, any machine that is worth having at all is well worth keeping in A-1 condition. This can be done only by having it under cover when not in use. There is no available data to show the relative life of machinery housed and not housed, but observation indicates that housed implements last longer, give less trouble and cause fewer delays in the field, and look decidedly better. This last point may strike the reader as being unimportant. It is far from that. Why? Well, in case a farmer is selling out, he usually has an auction sale, doesn't he? And the bidder judges the age and the value of any piece of machinery by its looks; an old, weather-beaten, rusty, paintless plow or hayrake will be discounted. Therefore, from the standpoint of sale value, it pays well in dollars and cents to "give your machinery a home."

It is good business to reduce the cost of machinery storage when possible. To do this, barn driveways, alleyways in corn-cribs and lean-to sheds are the most common makeshifts. But there is sure to come some time during the year when machinery must be moved from place to place, and the constant temptation to leave it outside. We are all human; we all try to save steps, especially in the rush of haying time or harvest. For that reason the small machine-shed seems to be the only solution to the housing problem.

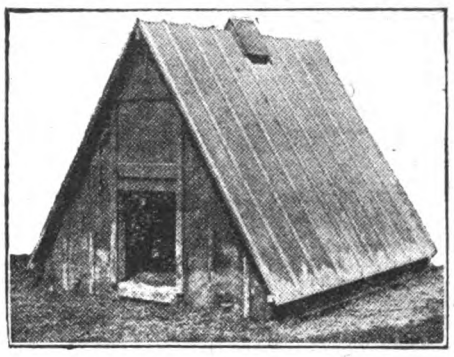
A shed having space for all the machinery found on a well-equipped farm of 160 acres will require a length of 36 feet and a width of 24 feet. No foundation is necessary; posts may best be set securely in concrete, and the floor should be raised slightly and tamped compactly with a mixture of earth and cinders. This slight "crown" and a shallow ditch or drain around the outside will take care of water from heavy rains or melting snow. Tastes differ as regards the arrangement of doors, some contending that sliding doors along one side serve all their needs, and others insist that both sides should have doors to permit driving in on one side and out on the other. We are inclined to favor the latter arrangement, personally, but, as we have said before tastes differ. The doors should be at least 10 feet wide to accommodate the widest machines; wider if larger implements are to be housed. If an automobile is to be kept in the shed a portion should be partitioned off. Better still, build a small garage at some convenient point on one end of the shed, and reserve it solely for the car and its accessories. Too often we have seen the garage used for anything from an emergency chicken-house to a calving-pen, and though these makeshifts may have seemed to be necessary they could have been avoided somehow, it seems.



THE LAST WORD IN DAIRY BARNS.

The Farm Workshop

On any farm "a stitch in time saves nine" in any number of ways besides having the good wife mend a rip in your overalls. The farmer must be able to make minor repairs to machinery of all kinds, and there is no greater inducement to do such repairing right at the time they are noticed—for this is the time they should be done, before we forget them—than by having a well-equipped workshop with tools and forge and vise and work-bench. We have noticed that the man who has to take time to have repairs made when he is busiest in the field is the man who has no shop to work in. Shop work is, to our way of thinking, the best time saver on the well-regulated farm and there is no better way to spend rainy days or idle hours than with a file or hammer or emery-wheel "tinkering" on some machine in need of repairs. Preparedness was a word we heard often during wartime, but it also has a strong peacetime application on every farm. It is unusual to find a farmer who cannot make repairs and who is not handy with tools; his calling requires that of him. Therefore all that is needed is the place for him to work in, so let's see what is required.



PORTABLE COLONY HOUSE FOR SOWS AND PIGS ON PASTURE.

A workshop need not be large or elaborate in any respect, nor need it represent any great outlay of money. Perhaps the commonest and handiest arrangement is simply to partition off one end of the machine-shed, leave a wide door between the two, and put in several double sash windows to supply sufficient light. A concrete floor serves as a secure base for fixed machines if mechanical power is to be used for running the grindstone, drill-press, etc. It also lessens danger from fire if the shop contains a forge, and it should have one to be complete. Fire risk is a thing that few farmers give the thought it should receive.

Needs vary from farm to farm and the equipment that should be found in any workshop varies likewise, but certain things are indispensable in all. For instance, we have already mentioned the grindstone, emery-wheel, forge with bellows and work-bench. A small anvil may be made of an old piece of railroad iron a foot or so in length. Other blacksmithing tools may be made as they are needed by a handy workman; old files or pieces of scrap-iron or steel make pinchers or hooks or punches, etc. Assorted wrenches, drills and screw-drivers are needed, and should be kept in drawers or a visible rack. Pulleys are required with belts and shafting when electric power or the portable gasolene engine are to be called upon as a source of power.

We will not attempt to list the things that can be done in the workshop. That depends on the farmer himself. But it is certain that there will be disc blades and plowshares to sharpen, sickle bars for the mower or binder to repair and adjust, clevices to make—any number of rainy-day jobs that can be done in spare time. Then, too, if accidents happen to machines or small repairs are found necessary, it will frequently be found that a trip to town for replacements or repairs will be unnecessary when the vise and the forge and the drill and the tools are all there waiting to be put to work. Time is money, and much of these two can be saved by the handy workshop.

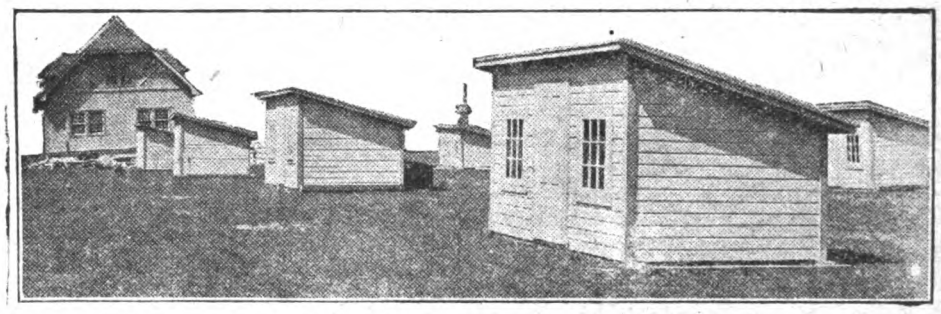
Keeping Abreast of the Times

In farming as in every other line of work there is a constant change going on; old methods are pushed aside by new ones, and to keep in touch with this constant change is an important duty of the farmer. We have said that agricultural advancement may be measured in the rate and extent of improvement of agricultural machinery. But how can the farmer himself keep in touch with these constant changes? He has little time for reading, we admit, but if reading is considered rather in the light of a pleasant duty and not just as a pleasure he will find that he gets over a lot more ground beside the reading lamp each evening. That is just one way, however, though it overlaps a bit on some of the others.

There is no region so far away from town or so sadly isolated by bad roads that farmers cannot get into some county seat for the county fair once a year. We don't mean for recreation alone, though it is true that the missus and the kiddies like to make the trip, and deserve it, too. At state fairs, county fairs, even at conventions and farmers' meetings, exhibits of machinery have come to be regular fixtures. At these are displayed the newest and best in the line of both the old and well-known and the newer things in the line of farm machinery; better still, there is always a demonstrator on hand to point out the new features, and to explain carefully just how any complicated-appearing piece of machinery works. There is no better way to find out what is going on in the realm of machinery improvement, what new "wrinkles" have been patented, than by slowly walking back and forth along the rows of exhibits at some fair. With several manufacturing companies exhibiting their wares in competition, and their demonstrators talking loud and long in competition also, no farmer can spend half a day to better advantage than right there with his eyes and ears open.

Then there are catalogues and bulletins on machinery. Get those that you noticed the other day in the office of your local machinery salesman; send to several of the big manufacturing companies you have noticed advertising in your farm papers, and write for machinery bulletins to your state agricultural college. When you get all this literature together, sit down by your reading lamp and go over it until you know just "what's what" in the machinery line. You may not be thinking of buying a complete new machinery outfit—few of us could stand the drain on our pocketbook all at once—but reading costs not one cent, remember that. If you are "posted" then you will know just what you want when the time does come, you will know the strong and weak points of each machine; in short, you will know the why and the wherefore and use this knowledge when it comes to paying out your money. Nor is it always real economy to postpone the date of buying as long as "we can make the old ones do." With so much to be done in a working day, and the summer over before a fellow can realize it, we feel that the sooner the new machine that works efficiently is put in the place of the old, worn-out one, the better for the farmer and his pocketbook.

Have you ever thought of making use of your county agent as an adviser regarding new machinery? And what about taking a week or so off each winter and running down to your state agricultural college for the farmers' short course? Remember that both the county agent and the trained staff of teachers and investigators at the college are hired by *you*, so don't feel a bit backward about making the most of their services. They can help you, and are only too glad of the chance to prove it. At the college you will see the latest and best in machinery; perhaps, if it is winter, you will see new machines at work in the field (in moving pictures). You will come home "just bustin'" with new ideas that have been tried out for you at no expense to yourself, and you are free to make them your own.



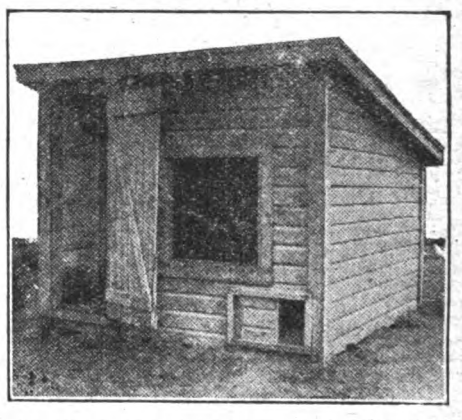
POULTRY COLONY HOUSES.—SEPARATE RUNS FENCED WITH SIX-FOOT NETTING, ARE TO BE ADDED.

New Machines and Farm Equipment

We are afraid that to enumerate all the recent advances in machinery would tire out every reader of COMFORT; we are certain that before we finished the chore we would be suffering from writers' cramp. All that we can do in a limited space is to mention briefly a few of the most important ones that have a rather general usefulness on any farm, no matter what region of the country it happens to be located in. We make just this one reservation: that we will confine ourselves entirely to machines that have been carefully tried and that have proved their usefulness and dependability.

TRACTORS for almost every kind of farm work, whether on the large farm or the small, are now on the market and are rapidly coming into more general use. We are not of the opinion that they sound the death-knell of the farm draft horse. From our own observations and experience we are convinced that both horses and tractors will work harmoniously on the same farm, and this is the way it seems to be working out in actual practice. The "horseless age" is not yet at hand, but the mechanical age, in which efficient, economical, time- and labor-saving machines are indispensable, *is* at hand. Tractors of small size and a number of makes are suited to general farm use, performing any job from pulling a wagon train to running the saw or silo filler or feed grinder. Larger and more powerful ones may, briefly, be said to do the same kinds of work, but more quickly. On the wide prairies of the Dakotas or Nebraska the 30 horse-power tractor that plows, discs, drags and seeds all at once is an accepted reality. On the hilly farms of the New England States or in the frontier districts of northern Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota the smaller tractor, either wide-wheeled or caterpillar tread, is doing everything from ordinary field work to clearing land and plowing new breaking. As we watch the noisy little puffers at work we feel confidence in the ability of machinery to replace man power, but realize more strongly than ever that "headwork" on the part of the thinking farmer is essential to success.

PLOWS, discs, mowers, binders and packers all show several new features worthy of attention. There is a growing tendency to use the two-wheel truck to support pole weight and keep the implement "on an even keel," taking this load off the horses and distributing weight. Then there are special attachments that make possible the use of either horse or tractor power. Plows for breaking swamp land are now made in 24-inch bottoms for either horse or tractor. Also, an entirely new thing in the plow line is the new brush plow with a highly-arched beam or throat giving 24 inches or more clearance. These plows are pulled by tractor, and have given good results in standing brush up to 15 feet in height and three or four inches in thickness, turning them under the furrow in a satisfactory manner. Double discs and giant discs, as well as disc-packers and disc-drags, are now made for either horses or tractors, and are meeting with approval. More durable and friction-lessening bearings in mowers and binders are receiving attention on the part of manufacturers, and larger power binders and mowers that take a wide swath have made their appearance on the market.



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(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

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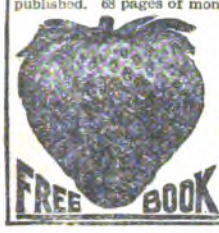
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Farm Improvement

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

cylinder and push-bar loader puts the hay just where it is wanted on the rack, does not clog, and attaches to the wagon with a flexible tongue that prevents jolting and twisting on rough ground. The side delivery rake lays even windrows that the loader picks up nicely. In the machines used in the hayfield, as in a number of other fields of advancement, we notice that speed has been gained with no increase in tractive resistance, and speed often means the difference of hay of finest quality and hay damaged by rain and sun.

MANURE SPREADERS show several new features. Some have been dropped down lower between large wheels that lessen the pull; others have a solid box bottom instead of the slatted bottom. This is an asset when the spreader is used for the distribution of commercial fertilizer or lime, as it prevents the loss of any through the bottom slats. The solid bottom also retains the juices of barnyard manure until the spreader reaches the field. Distributors of several new styles have made their appearance, the object being to give more even distribution over a wider swath, to eliminate clogging or packing, and to break up clumps of manure. Gears or chain drives are in most cases housed in such a way that dirt is kept out. In short, a lot has been done to remove some of the more justifiable criticisms that have kept the manure spreader from becoming the universally popular and valuable machine it deserves to be.

POWER HOES and especially adapted power cultivators have been perfected for the gardener or the nurseryman and, in fact, for anyone who has formerly found use for a hand cultivator. They are found in varying sizes and styles, some having two wheels and some just one. A variety of shovels, etc., adapts them for an unlimited number of uses.

SILO FILLERS, corn shredders, etc., have been altered somewhat with the purpose of eliminating accidents. "Safety First" for the farmer has been the trend of development, and gears, blades and other dangerous parts have been covered or placed out of reach. Fillers having anywhere from three tons capacity per hour with a small gas engine to larger machines that will cut 15 tons or more cover the needs of the small farmer or the farmer who has several silos to fill as quickly as possible. Uniform cutting even when run at full capacity has been gained as a much-needed improvement.

Improved Buildings and Equipment

During the war and for some two years thereafter little building was done on farms for the reason that building costs were so high and that labor was both scarce and expensive. Besides, the production of increased crops took precedence over all else. Now that times have changed, we see a marked increase in the tendency to replace old barns and even farmhouses with new and modern ones, made possible by sharp decline in cost of building materials and somewhat lower cost of labor. Also, most farmers have come to look at up-to-date buildings that are convenient in arrangement and that have the facilities for doing more and better work with less labor, as necessary, not a luxury. And they are right.

Dairy Barns and Silos

With the rapid expansion of the dairy industry we find new barns and more silos in place of old. The balloon-framed barn with ample mow room for clover hay, a good ventilation system *that works*, plenty of light figured at the rate of 45 square feet for each animal, litter carriers and feed trucks, metal stanchions, and easily-cleaned concrete floors show the trend of the times.

INDIVIDUAL DRINKING CUPS were laughed at a few years ago by dairymen, but now we find that they have won their way into all the best barns. And there is good reason for this. A good milker will drink 10 to 15 gallons of water each day, and heavier milkers will drink still more—if they get it. Furthermore, a cow drinks at least 10 per cent. more water at night than in the daytime—if she gets it. About two and one-half pounds of water are required for each pound of milk, but in cold winter weather no cow will drink this much as she stands out in the cold wind and shivers beside an ice-choked watering trough. Drinking cups quickly pay for themselves in increased milk production.

MILKING MACHINES in their present state of perfection are perhaps the greatest labor saver ever invented for the dairyman. They replace cheap labor with skilled and dependable labor at a reduced wage. Considered as an indispensable part of the barn equipment for some time now in all large dairies, they are coming to be considered in the same light in any number of smaller dairies with 10 to 15 cows, also as a solution of the milking problem. Proof that milking machines are a success is easily found by any dairyman who will try for himself or trust to the judgment of the leading dairy authorities of the country.

SILOS are still built of a great variety of materials in several styles and sizes. Cement, cement stave, cement block, hollow tile, wood staves of dozens of types—all these are used as they have been for some time. But by this we do not mean that there has been no recent development in silo construction. There has. Little more can be done to improve the cement or the hollow-tile silo, but wood silos show several new features. A wooden hollow-tile silo that provides an air space within two layers of staves is a marked departure. New anchoring and hoop-tightening devices are notable advances. Easily adjusted, secure and wind-resisting tops also are worthy of notice. Doors that fit snugly without binding and effectually keep out the air and in the juice have added to the list of useful changes. *See front cover illustration.*

Generally Useful Conveniencies

FARM LIGHTING PLANTS, or the utilization of electricity brought in by wires from central power plants (see front cover illustration), deserves its growing popularity on the modern farm. In the barns as a substitute for the old-fashioned lantern, with which our parents and grandparents spent gloomy hours each morning and night, we now find the handy light-switch that brings a bright and safe light in a jiffy. In the granary, the machine-shed, the milk-house, the feed-room or even in the haymow, we have light ever at our beck and call. No danger from matches or from the tipped over lantern or lamp. Then there is the outside light beside the garage door, at the kitchen porch and at the windmill—all places where we formerly used to stumble and fumble in the dark.

In the house there are so many uses for electricity that we cannot mention all, but in addition to light (and that alone is sufficient to warrant the outlay) there is the power washing-machine, churn, cream separator, the electric flat-iron, and power to operate the pressure water system (see front cover illustration). Speaking of electric power, we must not overlook the feed grinder, the fanning mill, or even the grindstone, etc., in the farm workshop. Then there is the small portable gasolene engine that serves various power purposes. We would like to go into greater detail relative to the cheap first cost of lighting or power plants, when the all-around usefulness is considered, but we must find a good stopping place. And where could we find a better place to linger in comfort than in a modern, comfortable farmhouse where there is good light, running water and all the conveniences that the good wife and girls need and appreciate? As full working partners in up-to-date farming in which the maximum utilization of machinery of all kinds is the very keynote of the day, we cannot help but look to these needed things for the inside of the house; they should be ranked with the new farm machinery in importance, and to our way of thinking they should even be given precedence, for we only live once and our happiness is in a sense measured in the smiles on the happy faces of others for whom we do a good turn.

$13.95 Goodyear All-Weather Coat FREE

Goodyear Mfg. Co., 354-R, Goodyear Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., is making an offer to send a handsome, Rainproofed, All-Weather coat to one person in each locality who will show and recommend it to friends. If you want one, write today.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

ing you a drawing I made of my pony Topsy. I hope to see my letter in COMFORT.

Yours hopefully and sincerely,
REVA A. RALSTON.

Reva, in your very declarative letter you say, "I am a new friend." That is the best sort of a declaration and makes me happy to hear it. You may be sure, my dear, that I am an old friend of yours from now on.

I think your twenty-four scholars have picked out a most appropriate name for a school located in a Scotch Grove when you call it "The Timber." Of course an institution with that name must be run by a School Board, and I suppose you just pine to get to your maple desk every morning. Billy says that what I have just written wooden make anyone laugh, but I think it is rather funny myself and worth a grin from anyone but a nasty, bad-tempered game-legged old Goat.

I was sorry to hear you had a niece who died with the influenza, Aunt Reva. Probably I have a great great many more nieces than there are trees in Scotch Grove, but I know I would not want to lose the tiniest one of 'em. In New York last winter we had plenty of this mean and tricky flu, and one of my bestest friends was very ill indeed with it. Fortunately, he soon got so well that he could eat six meals a day and in twelve hours consumed seventy-eight cents' worth of store milk. I say store milk, Reva, for here in New York we never expect that any milk we buy ever saw a cow or was produced by anything more bovine than a pasteurizing outfit.

That was a most delightful sketch of a very handsome pony which you sent me, Reva, and your pet had a white stripe down her equine and aquiline nose just as you described. Why don't you have Topsy enter The Timber School, Reva,—if the Board will let her—and see if she can learn how many quarts of oats there are in three pecks?

GUNLOCK, UTAH.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

Just a few lines to let you know that there is a boy in Utah who has life enough to write to you. We have taken COMFORT for years and I certainly enjoy it—especially the cousins' letters.

As it is the custom, I will give my description: I have blue eyes, brown hair and a healthy tan. I am seventeen years old; five feet, seven inches high; and weigh 150 pounds. In fact I am *rather handsome.*

I live in the heart of the wild and woolly West. And yet, when I read Western stories, I can only wish I could see such places as they describe. Unlike most Western boys, the trade of busting bronchos goes against my grain. In fact I would be afraid of getting busted myself if I tried it. I am not very enthusiastic, but you have got to show me if the beautiful scenery of Utah can be beat, or is beaten. Especially southern Utah. And as to agriculture, there is hardly a fruit or vegetable that cannot be raised here, and we have abundance of water. I am surprised at not seeing a cousin's letter describing my *wonderful State.*

Gunlock is an old-fashioned little town surrounded by hills. It is also a thriving little place and certainly worth living in.

I want the cousins to write to me, so I am sending a blank, well-salted piece of paper for Billy—and thus hope my letter may pass unnoticed. Or at least I hope so. I am afraid my letter is getting too long, so I will have to close.

Your nephew, FRANK NIELSEN.

All right, Frank, just as you say! We are willing to believe that Utah is beautiful just as long as you do not make us come out to the Great Salt Lake Desert and ask us to admire the view. However, I know that Gunlock is a considerable way from the big desert—say about a day and a half in an active Ford—and where lucky Gunlock is situated there must be plenty of water. I am sure of this, else how would there be beavers enough to build mountains? For I see you reside close to the Beaver Dam Range, Frank, and if the winds from the far-off Salt Desert make you thirsty, you can get plenty of Santa Clara River water to irrigate your lips. I think you have a right to brag—surrounded as you are by peaks and rivers. And if bucking broncos are scarce, and movie bad men also, why you haven't missed much after all. One good thing about where you live, Frank, is that you have a sort of big corner lot. If you ever get sick of little Gunlock, you can just drop a boat into the Virgin River and soon be paying a poll tax in either Nevada or Arizona. I really imagine, Frank, as a West-ignorant Eastern dweller, that you must be living in one of the most beautiful parts of the wild and woolly country. Anyway, it is a good State that can raise every kind of a product—including "rather handsome" cousins! Billy looked with suspicion upon this remark of yours concerning your looks, Frank. He said that he thought your description, like the piece of paper you sent, must be taken with a grain of salt. "I notice he didn't send any photo for my album, Uncle," said Bill. Bill is a cynical old codger, Frank. Seeing is believing with him—and sometimes he won't even believe what he sees!

GOLDTHWAITE, TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

After reading this month's issue of COMFORT I could not resist the temptation to write. First, before going any further, I want to get Billy in a good way so he won't chew up my letter, so I am sending him a couple of pictures to put in his album. While he is very much engrossed with these, you can slip my letter up your sleeve. The masculine-looking person is my brother's wife. Here, hold on and don't look so shocked: she is just a kid, and of course the other smiling maiden is myself. The water is a view of Lake Merritt, but only a bird's eye.

Say, Uncle, I do hope you can talk Billy into letting you print my letter. You know this makes the third or fourth time I have tried. I once heard from one of the cousins I would like to hear from again. If he sees this in print I hope he will recognize it and come along with a nice letter. He was in Los Angeles, California, the last I heard of him.

Uncle, I am in high school. I have four teachers. I am in the tenth grade and expect to graduate next year and then for college. Well, Uncle, as this letter has already gone beyond its limit, I must close. I trust you have no objection to the tint of my stationery. If so, let me know and I will change it to your liking. Please, all you cousins, write to me and I'll answer every letter. Try me and see if I don't.

With much love to all of you,
Your niece and cousin, LOIS SULLIVAN.

I was foxy enough to get your letter by Billy, Lois. The best way to fool Bill is to get him into an argument—and he is always ready to argue! I showed him your charming and smiling photo, and then I told him you said the other blank, watery-looking one was a picture of a bird's eye. Bill immediately snorted and cleaned his spectacles hastily by rubbing them along his left ear. After a close scrutiny, he declared: "Uncle Lisha, this photograph bears no resemblance whatsoever to the optic of any ornithological specimen I have ever encountered." It is awful, Lois, but Bill always uses language like this when he starts to argue, and it makes him very hard to talk to, at times. But this time, as you know, I didn't want to argue with him; I just slipped your pink letter (Billy is simply *death* on pink note paper!) out of his reach and told him I had heard there were very strange birds in Texas, and that I thought this bird's eye was from a water-fowl known as the Goldthwaite Wonder. Bill looked very unconvinced, but didn't say anything more, for he was in doubt whether or not I was kidding him. And so your letter was safe.

Lois, you must not expect to hear often from any California cousin like the one you mention. I very much fear, Lois, that this chap may be so busy hanging around the Sunkist Beauties of Hollywood and Universal City that he has no time to write letters. But perhaps if he gets a bird's-eye view of your letter in COMFORT, the bird may write.

I hope your four teachers keep on cramming you just full of knowledge, Lois, so you can graduate and commence writing us from your new college dormitory. But if you want these collegiate letters to be really safe from Billy, I warn you now that they had best come on maize, cerise or heliotrope stationery. Billy, as I said before, is simply *death* on pink!

BANCROFT, WEST VIRGINIA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

I wrote you once before but guess something must have happened to it. I am five feet, three inches tall and have brown eyes and light complexion.

Uncle, there is a soup house in our town.

Say, Uncle, my birthday is in March, and I want you and all the cousins to send me a card. I would like to hear from some of the cousins.

Your loving niece, ETHEL CRANDALL.

I'm sorry, Ethel, but you'll have to move your birthday on a month or two ahead, or else wait until next March to be buried under cousins' birthday cards. COMFORT has such a tremendous circulation that it has to be made ready for printing a considerable time in advance, and so this has meant that your birthday cake will be cut and eaten—candles and all—before you read this. But I know all the cousins will join me in sending you the best of birthday wishes, even if they come a little late.

Ethel, that is a mysterious and disquieting sentence of yours about having a "soup house" in your town. Why build a house out of soup, anyway? I'd much rather have one made out of something drier—say roast beef, with the walls thickly plastered with creamy mashed potatoes and the windows shinily filled in with lemon water ice. And if the floors could be made out of soft gingerbread, laid in geometrical and delicious patterns, it would be all the better and make the house command a much higher rent, I fancy.

Billy, always looking on the gloomy side of things, has been trying to make me believe that your soup house is only an unfortunate but worthy institution where soup is given free to those too poor to buy anything better to eat. I hope Bill is wrong, Ethel, and that none of your Bancroft families have passed through conditions that bring them to depend upon outside charitable aid for their daily fare. One thing that makes me hopefully think Billy is wrong is that here in New York we have what are called "chop houses," and let me tell you, Ethel, that no one can go and get a free chop at any of these nicely-named places. In fact one has to chop a big hole in a ten-dollar bill if one attempts to get a square-round, or even octagon-shaped meal out of any New York "chop house."

Write to us, Ethel, and tell us that Bancroft, a town bearing the name of one of America's great—or perhaps greatest—historians, will not have to go down in history as having to deal out soup to its hungry citizens.

And, Ethel, when you write again you might tell us how old that birthday made you. What's the use of having a birthday if one does not know how old it makes one or how many candles to stick in the chocolate frosting?

PAPAIKOU, BOX 42, HAWAII.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

The other day I was reading COMFORT and I said about the League of Cousins, and so I have joined it, too, as I love to read the letters and your answers. How old are you, and won't you please give your description, Uncle Lisha? I am seventeen years old, five feet, one and a half inches tall, and weigh 108 pounds. I have olive colored complexion and dark hair and eyes. I am attending the Hilo High School and I'll be a Junior pretty soon. I live in this little town about five miles from Hilo where I attend school every day, going by train. We have lots of fun in school and on the train. Uncle Lisha, isn't Charlie Chaplin the funniest thing? We always see him in the movies.

I hope you will publish my letter in COMFORT, and I will write as often as I can. I am always so anxious for COMFORT to arrive as I love it so. Mamma has been away for more than four months and I am very busy looking after my younger sisters, two of them, and my little brother. Father is at home with me, I am so anxious to have mamma return soon. She is in Japan taking a nice little trip.

I must stop now and go to work. You see, Uncle, I have to all the cooking, washing and ironing, keeping the house and sewing for my sisters. I have two brothers in Hilo, both older. They send their clothes over and I have to wash these, too. So you see I have quite a lot to do besides my school lessons.

Your loving niece, DIANA TAKAKAWA.

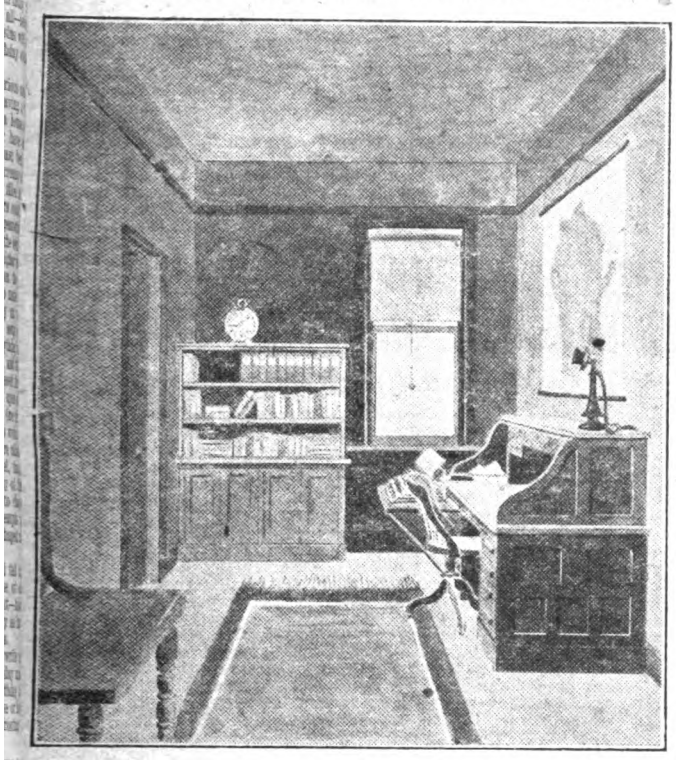
The nearest I have ever been to Papaikou, Diana, was to eat a can of Hawaiian pineapple and listen to a friend of mine play a guitar and that sweetly-singing native fashion which I like to imagine may sound its lovely musical meaning along the beach at beautiful Hoopulea. Kaluhaele and charming Laupahoehoe. Diana, I see that I shall have to let out a reef or two in my tongue before I can go out to Hawaii and have a chat with you and eat half-a-dozen bunches of big ripe bananas. Billy was greatly pleased with your letter and wants to make a trip to Hilo Bay as soon as possible. He thinks this would give him a chance to add some of your island flora to his herbarium, and he particularly wants to sample some taro root—which he says he hears tastes like raw cocoanut which has been kept too long. Your letter, Di, shows how far-flung are the borders of our happy family. You'll get steamer-loads of letters from cousins anxious to hear about your life and the pineapples, alohas, waikikis and other strange and delicious fruits of your sunny Pacific homeland. And if you reply in such perfectly scrumptious handwriting as that of your letter to me, you will show 'em all that one can learn to be a very fine pengirl in the schools of Hilo-on-the-Beach. There's lots of things you might have told us about your island, Diana, but perhaps you did not want to brag. Think of having two active volcanoes standing around smoking in one's back-yard! And a nice litle mountain like Mauna Kea—which is only 14,000 or so feet high when you get to the top. There must be a fine view over the aloah plantations and the pineapple forests from the top of little old Mauna. I'm certainly going to climb this hill when I go out to see you, and if Billy gets fatigued with the job, we'll let him slide back down on a surf board. Diana, you ask a hard question about my age. Sometimes I feel seventeen and sometimes a hundred and seven. I know I have been growing younger ever since I became an Uncle and if it keeps on I may have to start attending kindergarten again. But there is one thing sure: I'm not nearly as gray as Billy and I'm not so old and stiff but what I could get to the top of Mauna Kea with the aid of a derrick or two. There are many of the cousins who are astoundingly curious to find out just how bad I look and some even want to see Billy's countenance—pivot teeth and all. Perhaps when my new Uncle-ship is a little older, a way may be found. If Mr. Gannett is willing, to let the Family know just how much of an uncle I look and exactly how intelligently hungry Billy appears to answer, brave enough to face his gleaming eyes.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)



Improved Farming

HARD times are truly the acid test of all industry; the weak and insecure perish, and only those builded upon the enduring rock of sane finances and common sense survive. During the past two years agriculture, in company with every other form of human enterprise, has been severely buffeted and tossed about on the restless and stormy sea of uncertainty. The period of readjustment has been hard on the farmer, requiring a strong heart and will to meet successfully the problems he has been called upon to face. But the point is this: He has faced these problems with a smile of confidence; most of them he has already overcome; others, though not yet settled, it is true, he seems to "have on his hip" ready to toss out of the way. To this we may add the comment "as usual"—for is it not true that somehow he has ever managed to cope with adversity and to "come out on top"?



A SMALL BUT COMPLETE FARM OFFICE.

In spite of the hard knocks of falling prices, extortionate freight rates, uncertain markets and lack of adequate credit to finance his business, the farmer has a number of things to be thankful for. In the first place, it is safe to say that for him the worst is past, that the bottom has been reached and passed, and that now he can confidently look ahead to better things in the future. He was hit first and hit hard, but now while many other industries are still groping about in the dark he sees the light ahead and is steering straight for it.

Then there is another point to be considered, a point many of us have overlooked in our reckoning. It is this: The past two years have been



A RUGGED TRACTOR FOR HEAVY WORK.

rich in lessons plainly taught to the farmer. The weak spots in his business have been found, to his distress and discomfort at the time, no doubt, but found nevertheless. And in the years to come these lessons, if they are learned and put to good use, will fully repay us for all that has been lost in the past. Security is the purchase price of success; weak links in the chain from soil to market must be eliminated if security is to be attained for agriculture. And it is with these lessons learned under the lash of hard times that we look ahead. For as certainly as summer follows winter, as harvest follows seed time, so do peace and plenty follow close upon the heels of want and discouragement for the farmer who learns by experience, applies what he has learned, and "sticks to the ship".

Now let us look for a moment at some of the more important things that have developed during hard times to make for a bigger and better agriculture—some of the silver lining that we may find in every dark cloud—for we already can see that new or altered and revised methods are securing better results. This much we know and, though it is only a beginning in the right direction, we feel encouraged as we "put a stout heart to a stiff uphill pull".

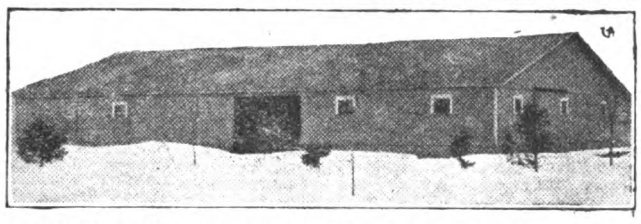
The things that have been learned and the forces at work toward the end of agricultural improvement may be classed roughly as the things the farmer is doing or can do for himself, and the things he is having done for him by others. Now let's see what they are:

Farming "From the Ears Up" Pays

One of the most important lessons that the period of hardship, now past, has taught is that farming is a two-sided business, that brain must be used as generally as brawn, that to meet successfully the problems good business management is at least as essential as hard work. Neither is sufficient alone; the two form a partnership which work together to make agriculture both permanent and prosperous. To many farmers the occupation of farming seemed to call for hard work, and hard work only. It may have been true when prices were high, when supply was smaller by far than demand, but under the conditions existing today and those likely to exist in the future farming is a strictly business proposition which requires thought and work together. The man who uses his head every waking hour or, in other words, the man who "farms from the ears up" instead of down, is the man who will make most rapid headway.

The farmer who farms well, breeds and feeds the right sort of good quality livestock economically, hires extra help for farm work only when he *knows* that every dollar so spent will bring back more than a dollar in return, will make a profit because he earns it. Economy is, or at any rate should be, a habit of thought and not a matter of enforced pinching. Lavish spending which became a habit in the days of more than plenty is an unwelcome heritage that has left its blot on the record of many a formerly prosperous farmer. Is it necessary for us to advise that only such things as are necessary, such things as will add to the efficiency of the farm or to its income, should be bought? By this we do not mean to eliminate comforts and conveniences; anything that adds to the welfare of the farm family and helps to lift the labor load will stand the test we mention. But there is a broad line between investing money in necessary things and wasting it for things not necessary. Be sure you need before you buy.

"To stand still means to go back" is a business axiom that has direct application to the farmer. Physical growth ceases after a man reaches full manhood, but mental growth goes on and on if encouraged. And here lies the secret that has enabled the thinking farmer to survive hard times. Farming calls for the best there is in men who have prepared themselves for their business by constant thought and study as well as by experience. We can think of no other form of human endeavor which calls for such a diversity of knowledge; none which presents more problems difficult to solve. Can they be solved by hard physical work alone? We think not, and a look at past experiences will prove the truth of our statements. Pioneer farming in the past century was mainly a matter of arduous manual labor, no doubt, but today it is mainly a matter of business. It demands the constant application of sound business principles just as much as manufacturing or banking or merchandising. To those who realize the importance of the application of strict business methods to farming will go the reward for their work; the toiler who refuses to read the "handwriting on the wall" and who depends upon hard work alone will not keep pace with the man who uses his head as well as his hands.



A MACHINE SHED IN KEEPING WITH THE SIZE OF THE FARM SAVES DEPRECIATION OF VALUABLE MACHINERY.

The Lead-Pencil Farmer

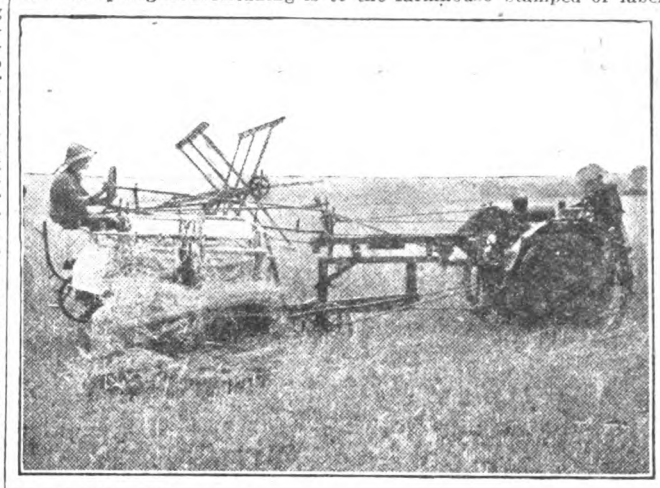
"The lead pencil is the most important implement on the farm," once said a farmer who spoke from years of experience. And the fact that he backed up his remark with a fine big farm free from debt, a herd of pure-bred cows any man would be proud of, fertile and well-tilled land that year after year returned a profit in crops, and a bank balance that enabled him to provide both education and comfort for his family, adds strength to his statement.

Where does the lead pencil figure as a farm implement? In the first place it does much to take the guesswork out of farming, for figures don't lie. The farmer who keeps a pencil behind his ear will make close figuring a habit. He will know what everything costs him, whether it be the rations he feeds his stock or the time and labor of raising a field of corn. It is the little losses from day to day that make a deficit at the end of the year, but the lead-pencil habit keeps the figures where they can be seen all the time.



MOTOR HOE HOEING THREE ROWS OF YOUNG TRANSPLANTED LETTUCE PLANTS AT ONE TIME.

Then there is the next step,—farm accounting. Many farmers are "gun-shy" when bookkeeping is mentioned. They think of great ledgers in an office and an expert bookkeeper perched on a high stool laboring over them for hours on end. But in truth, bookkeeping, so far as farm needs are concerned, is not a nightmare. It *is* a necessary part of the business. For all practical needs of the farmer, simple books have been devised, and may be bought for small cost. A day book to show daily outlay and income will do much to keep finances straight and to take the guess out of farming. From this start it is only a short step, and a worth-while one, to a complete record of every farm transaction. The "lead-pencil farmer we quoted above has a daughter who learned bookkeeping in high school; she gladly performs all the necessary work of this kind in her spare time. No doubt a large number of the readers of COMFORT also have sons or daughters who have had a similar training and who would be equally glad to help Dad keep his accounts. In this connection let us advise strongly in favor of taking or keeping a farm inventory, for it is every bit as necessary to the successful management of a farm as spring housecleaning is to the farmhouse (and if you doubt the need of the latter we refer you to the good wife).



HARVESTING TEN-FOOT SWATH—ONE MAN CUTS 30 TO 35 ACRES IN A DAY.

The lead-pencil farmer always knows just where he stands and how things are going. We might say that the man who makes his mark with the pencil makes his mark in the world, for it seems to turn out that way. No dairyman would try to run his herd without a milk sheet tacked up beside the milk scales in the dairy barn, but what use would the milk sheet be without a pencil? Again it is figures that talk. The same holds true in the feed room, where it is not a difficult matter, though one often overlooked, to keep an accurate account of the feed that goes to each cow, to the hogs and to the horses. How else can we know if stock is "paying for its board" if we do not use a pencil and paper? We cannot remember a single farmer who ever made a success of farming by guessing at things, but we can name any number (and so can you) who made a failure of it by guessing. To take the guesswork out of agriculture will mean to substitute the dollar sign for the question mark, and prosperity for profanity. Use your pencil.

Marketing: An Important Problem

In the past farmers and scientists alike gave much time and thought to increased production and relatively little consideration to the actual cost of production, to say nothing regarding the marketing of produce. To make two kernels of grain or two blades of grass grow where one grew before was the primary object. But times are changing. Today agricultural advancement is along a somewhat different line, and agricultural thought has taken a new trend. Hard times have recommended economy of production costs as well as other savings; the standardization of quality of farm produce is receiving more and more attention, and in a measure the control of markets through direct sales is working out in actual practice. Several agencies are at work on marketing problems and are getting results. Various bureaus, cooperative associations and the federal and state departments of agriculture are all pointing their efforts toward helping the farmer to get better markets for his crops, but we will speak more fully of their work later on. For the present let us look only at the things the farmer can do, and is doing, for himself, for the problems of marketing intimately concern the individual farmer. Someone once said that marketing crops is a double-ended saw with the farmer at one end and the investigational bodies we have mentioned at the other, both pulling in turn for the general welfare of agriculture. What can the farmer do to "hold up his end"?

COST OF PRODUCTION plays a big part in marketing crops at a profit. It is essentially a problem for the individual farmer and is more fully under his control than is the selling price. Therefore he can do much to insure a profit for his produce by reducing costs of production to a minimum. By this we do not mean that soil fertility should be allowed to decline through over-cropping and failure to use fertilizers; neither do we mean that the necessary work can safely be neglected. We have in mind the elimination of waste. The "lead-pencil" farmer we spoke of figures every cost from the time a crop goes into the ground until it is sold; therefore he knows just what each item costs, and knowing leads to the rigid economy essential to success. Some of the most important items influencing the cost of production, and also the places where a little work with the lead pencil will be well rewarded, are: use of farm equipment and depreciation; labor of men and teams; value of land; amount of cultivation and care required from seeding to harvest; cost and amount of seed, manure and fertilizer; arrangement of crops, etc., on farm to save steps and time; selection of crops that do not all require attention at the same season, thus allowing the farmer himself to do more of his own work, and save wages; elimination of waste, whether it be caused by plant or animal diseases, insects, weeds, or natural spoilage. In general, it is safe to say that the more valuable the crop the more intensive may be the cultivation and the greater the outlay. But guesswork must be eliminated and a thorough understanding of every item of cost of production substituted in its stead in order to make profitable marketing possible.

STANDARDIZATION OF PRODUCT is more difficult for the farmer than for the manufacturer but it is every bit as necessary, but the farmer can greatly aid marketing by carefully grading farm produce. To this end it is even necessary to standardize methods of production to insure quality. Standardized methods of production in a measure forecast what the quality will be; yield per acre must not be allowed to overshadow the rate any given crop will command by reason of its quality. Excellence has a greater reward than amount, and with less drain on the land.

Extensive experiments conducted at the Iowa Experiment Station have shown conclusively that correct methods of fertilization, rotation, clean culture, use of good clean seed, and disease prevention will do much to improve the quality of any crop as well as the yield, and will to a large extent eliminate low-grade products.

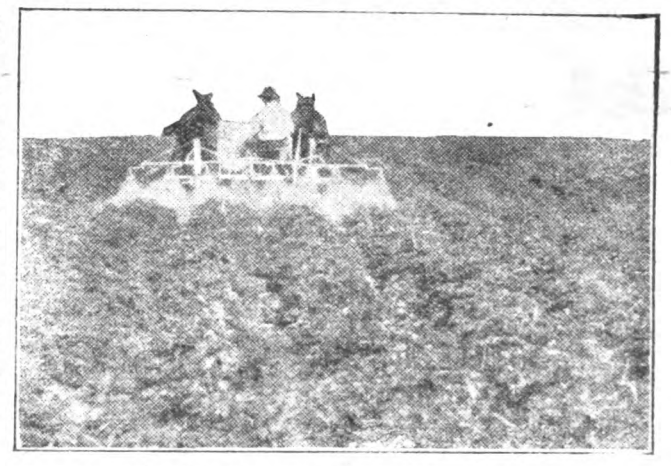
The condition and appearance of produce as it appears on the market, as well as the quality of the same, are receiving greater attention, and increased returns show that the time and attention thus spent is well rewarded in dollars and cents. Careful grading, bundling and boxing or packing are the first things to consider. In doing this it is well to try to see through the eyes of the ultimate consumer, and to make things attractive from his viewpoint.

The advantages of carefully grading farm produce are too numerous to be listed completely here, but we can mention a few. In the first place, grading fixes a standard for the market. In the second place, a standard grade can be stamped or labeled and advertised extensively, to the farmer's advantage in that the public becomes acquainted with his "trade-mark." Third, the producer receives a premium for his properly graded produce of high quality, nor does he have to compete equally and to his own disadvantage with the farmer who places a low-grade or otherwise inferior article on the market to force down prices. Other things that careful grading does are: to make possible the advertising of a whole community as a source of any certain produce; to assure the success of community or cooperative marketing for a group or district; to improve the storing and handling qualities of an article; to save or eliminate loss through "dockage" when mixed or unsorted products are sold in bulk; to permit offering graded produce in storage as security for loans; and to increase the market for farm produce of all kinds by improving the shipping and keeping qualities by careful grading. These things the farmer can do himself toward securing better markets, for marketing is far less a "combine against the producer which makes him work for nothing" than was once generally believed.

Cooperative Organizations and Others

Hard times in the recent past have driven home the moral that "In Unity Is Strength," and the American farmer has learned that pulling together is one of the surest ways to reach the goal. Many are still holding back for the reason that they have an entirely wrong notion of the sense and meaning of the word "cooperation" as applied to the farmer. No doubt there is some reasonable backing for this idea; in the past the word often signified an organization wherein he and his friends were left "holding the bag" for a group of clever and unscrupulous promotors who flew by night and left only debt and disgust in their wake. But times have changed, and again for the better. Now we realize that cooperation is more than a habit of thought, a willingness on the part of farmers to pull together toward some common end, rather than an empty name for a trade-restricting, narrow-thinking, dues-paying group. And in the same sense and measure that it means pulling together, it depends for complete success upon sticking together. An inclination "to stick to the ship" only when sailing is good on a quiet sea, but to abandon it when the storm clouds gather, has been the stumbling block that has tripped up many a cooperative society.

In this connection let us read what Mr. Soren Sorenson, agricultural representative of the Danish Government, had to say on this point at the recent meeting of the American Farm Bureau Federation, at Atlanta: "In Denmark we have learned that if farmers are to cooperate successfully they must loyally follow their leaders, *even when those leaders make mistakes!* We have learned that farmers must cooperate *even when it does not pay*, if they are to carry their desires and ambitions out to their entire satisfaction. Half-hearted support is not one bit better than no support at all." When we think what the farmers of his little country have done, we appreciate the truth of his statements, and know that experience backs his statements.



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Space does not permit us to more than mention other organizations which are doing a wonderful work for farmers and for agriculture, but let it be understood that it is for want of space, not for lack of appreciation of the work being done, that we cannot go into greater detail. State and Federal Bureaus of Marketing; Farm Bureau Federations; Agricultural Experiment Stations throughout the country and in Washington; and the farm press itself with its millions of readers,—all these agencies are pointed toward the end of first gaining the true facts, then passing this knowledge along to the farmer himself. Speaking purely from what we have seen accomplished in the recent past, is it expecting too much when we look for great and rapid advancement that will make for a better, more permanent agriculture in the near future?

Through these agencies the American people at large are being shown that their future prosperity and welfare, and that of the nation, as well as that of the farmer himself, is bound up in the future of American agriculture. To bring about this mutual feeling of need, and to break down age-old narrow-gauge prejudices, in itself will do much to assure agriculture its rightful place. Throughout the country people are coming

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)

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Improved Farming

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.)

to realize that the farmers' problems are the nation's problems; that the nation's problems are the farmers' problems. And out of understanding shall grow faith.

It is to these organizations and agencies that the farmer may look for the fulfillment of his needs and desires. With the reduction of armaments a reality, he may confidently look for increased interest in "farmaments." When we think that in 1920 our Government spent four and a quarter billions of dollars, or ninety-two and a half per cent. of the total Federal budget, for armaments and wars of the past and future, and that only three hundred and forty-four millions, or about seven and a half per cent., went for the maintenance of Civil Departments, Public Works, and for everything else, is it not reasonable to look for more attention and financial assistance for the many things needed in agriculture, now that peace-time enterprises are coming into their heritage? We confidently hope that the good work so well started will be continued; that the interests of agriculture, including all needed facilities to promote the material prosperity, educational advancement and social well-being and contentment of the farmers and their families, will receive the fostering care and assistance that their importance and intimate relation to the national welfare demand and deserve.

Increase of the Daily Horizon

Diversified farming, in which the dairy cow and the farmer have worked so successfully as partners, learned much and suffered little even in hard times. Perhaps that is why the dairy frontiers are so steadily expanding, for it is in the former one-crop regions that we see the new trend to adopt the cow as a partner. Throughout the South and Southwest there is a marked demand for high-grade and pure-bred cows; the same holds true in North Dakota which so long has been considered as a wheat country pure and simple. Not so now. Permanent agriculture decrees that crops cannot be sold forever in the wagon-box. Something must be returned to the soil to prevent depletion of soil fertility. Wherever the dairy cow is found, and where crops are fed to her and then marketed in the milkcan, we have seen that farmers have been in better shape financially during the last two years. Soil is more fertile, yields are better and mortgages are fewer. Moreover, there has never been a complete failure of the dairy crop, for in a sense milk is just as much a crop as corn or wheat or fruit or cotton. The fact that this is realized, and that diversified farming is encroaching on the domain of former one-crop regions, is a move in the right direction.

Nor has improvement in dairy cattle failed to keep pace with the increase in area where cows are depended on by farmers for their daily bread and butter. For instance, the 43rd Holstein cow to make over 1,000 pounds of butterfat in a year was recently announced. Naturally, the cows that do this are the exceptions, but the general average of production and quality of cattle is also improving. Though only some three per cent. of all the cattle in the United States are pure-breds, the once common unprofitable "scrubs" are diminishing in number. It is purely a matter of dollars and cents that has seen the "boarder" discarded for the cow that will pay a profit, and for the most part we find that cows are being steadily and surely graded up.

New Lines of Work in Agriculture

To enumerate all the recent work done for the betterment of agriculture, and the various lines of research now under way in the State experiment stations and the United States Department of Agriculture, would fill volumes. But thanks to the free bulletins issued, and to the cooperation of the farm press which strives to bring these new things to the attention of farm readers, we will not be held to the task. Suffice it to say that new plants are being introduced and tried by the greatest and best trained staff of agricultural scientists in the whole world; that new strains of the plants we already have are being developed for special purposes such as disease or frost or drought resistance; that economical new rations for feeding livestock are taking the place of old ones; that labor-saving devices and the increased use of machinery instead of hand power follow experimental work done for us; and that soil management, fertility conservation, prevention of animal diseases and the marketing of farm crops are all receiving due consideration.

Among the important problems engaging the attention of experiment stations is the study of vitamines, with the result that many formerly-held theories on nutrition and the respective values of feeds are being modified. Results of the greatest importance have already been obtained relative to the influence of the various vitamines on growth, maintenance, reproduction, and the preservation of health of both animals and mankind. Along this line it may be well to mention recent legislation passed for the purpose of protecting unsuspecting customers from buying and using "filled milk", in which cocoanut oil is substituted for butterfat. Not only does this guarantee the rightful preference for the pure and unadulterated whole milk over an inferior article through the education of the ultimate consumer, and thus assure a market for our dairy produce, but it tends to protect above all else our growing children—the best and dearest crop of all—from being denied the growth-stimulating, health-insuring food supplied in the pure milk of the cow that has been so aptly termed "the Nation's foster-mother."

Among the new crops introduced or popularized and the old ones that have in some way or other been changed to meet some special requirement there is much of interest to farmers. Hemp is now grown on a large scale in Wisconsin, and its popularity is fast spreading to other regions of similar climate (see front cover illustration of new hemp binder at work). A new frost-resistant corn which germinates at low temperatures, yields well and matures early is meeting a great need for Northern States and the seed is even being sought by a number of foreign countries. Sunflowers specially adapted for silage are being grown under varying conditions from the cooler North to the semi-arid West with satisfaction and profit. Disease-resistant strains of oats, wheat and barley have been developed to meet special needs by a number of stations, and work along this line is being carried on unceasingly in the constant endeavor to improve farm crops. Growing flax for fiber has passed the experimental stage in Michigan as well as in some other more Eastern states; with Russia not in a condition to supply this product as formerly there is fair likelihood that flax fiber will become an important crop, especially in the more Northerly states. Soybeans, cowpeas and velvet beans, though not new crops, are coming in for more attention due to the results attained by their use on sandy land as builders of soil fertility.

Injurious insects, though still a constant menace to growing crops, seldom get "out of hand" due to better methods of prevention and control, and to an increasing willingness for farmers to make the most of the work that is being done for them. Quarantine methods are also getting results, especially in the case of the corn-ear worm, which has so far been kept within bounds in certain restricted areas. The cotton boll weevil is responding to crop rotation in quarantined areas to an extent that has already permitted the release of some formerly infested districts from quarantine. In animal diseases the close relationship between physical condition and disease infection has been shown, weak or poorly nourished animals being more susceptible to contagion and less able to withstand the ravages of disease than well-nourished, healthy ones. Contagious abortion of cattle is receiving much study and many experiments and attempts at its cure or control are under way. It has been shown that a large proportion of the sterility of cows may be blamed to this disease, the Wyoming experiment station stating that of the cows studied 50 per cent. of those that aborted became sterile.

We should like to say a word about the use of explosives for land clearing, about crop rotations and soil management to increase returns, about any number of things that we have not touched on, for that matter, but space is limited and must be saved for what is to follow.

The Farm Family at Work

We have spoken of the agencies that are helping the farmer by placing at his disposal the results of extensive experiments. In a measure this is merely an attempt to save him the time and expense and discouragement of learning many things by personal experience, for experience is ever a dear teacher. But in no sense should it be thought that this work is done for the farmer whether or no; the controlling idea is to *help the farmer help himself.* We have mentioned the thinking farmer, the lead-pencil farmer, who uses his head as well as his hands. We know that to work efficiently a man, and a woman too for that matter, must work contentedly. In congenial surroundings where labor-saving machinery helps lighten the load we find the men folks whistling at their chores and the "missus" singing as she works with the girls in the well-equipped kitchen.

By no means all of the changes for the better on the farm have been brought about by the men alone, nor are all the farm improvements to be found from the back-door of the dwelling out. The modern housewife is taking advantage of the new ideas in cooking, in feeding and caring for the growing children, the short cuts that save herself steps and time, in fact any number of things that are placed within her reach by her papers, bulletins, and the home demonstration agent that is trained in the work of helping the farmer's wife. A pressure system to provide running water is lightening housework and brightening every working day on a steadily increasing number of farms. Add to that the convenience of running water at the kitchen sink, the comforts of a well-equipped bathroom and the joys of the up-to-date laundry. The pressure system kills two birds with one stone, in a way, for it also supplies running water for the barns, the watering trough, for fire protection for the farm buildings and even lawn sprinklers for the lawn and kitchen garden.

We have said that the very keynote of farming today and tomorrow is knowledge, ever-increasing knowledge. In congenial surroundings we are more likely to study—and study and knowledge go hand in hand. Therefore a study corner for the farmer is a necessity, and more and more the small farm office is coming to supply this need. By an office we do not mean an elaborate and extensive room such as the city office. All that is necessary is the quiet corner of some spare room, or a pantry-sized alcove, for that matter. As regards equipment, that is a matter to be left to the individual to choose in keeping with his own needs and what he feels he can afford. A desk of some kind, a small bookcase or rack, a place to keep bulletins and farm papers *where they can be quickly located when needed*, fills the average needs. The typewriter is rapidly coming into its own on a growing number of farms, for, though not every farmer feels like attempting the job himself, with stenography taught in high schools the country over the children are only too glad to help out with farm correspondence in the evening. In dollars and cents the typewritten letter will soon pay for the cost of the machine on a farm where there is any amount of writing to be done.

The mention of the farm office makes us think of lights in the farmhouse. The kerosene lamp, with its smells and wick-trimming needs, is fast giving way to electric lights in both houses and barns. As for electric lights, the hour or two saved each day by the use of modern machinery on the farm, if spent in comfort beside a good reading light, will be the best paying hours of the whole working day. Farming is really developing with a book or paper in the farmer's hand, for the man or woman who does not read, and thus take advantage of the new things that can be turned into cash on the farm, soon falls behind. And a good light is the greatest inducement to read. Light and life have ever been congenial bedfellows, age-old and inseparable; darkness and discouragement and discomfort likewise go together. Good light on the farm illuminates the happy faces of father and mother and kiddies and old folks; the little tots with their toys, the young folks off in a corner looking ahead perhaps to homes of their own, and old age with its knitting or sewing and a smile for everybody. Ease, refinement, comfort, happiness—these are all enjoyed at home by the modern farmer, and the pervading atmosphere of congeniality is even measured in a willingness of the young folks to stay at home, too. If a better light will help keep the family together, and resist the attraction of farm boys and girls to the cities, this strikes us as the very biggest farm improvement of all—and it seems to be working out in just that way on the farms of the looking-ahead class of farmers the country over.

April Garden Work

"APRIL showers bring May flowers," and we welcome them as a proof of the coming summer, along with swelling buds and running sap. But April showers bring other things as well; they often bring delays in garden work, and in the garden-making month *time once lost cannot be easily regained.* For that reason we must make the most of each day when skies are smiling and sunny; tomorrow may be a day of weeping skies, lowering clouds and winds that are strongly reminiscent of March so shortly past.

Transplanting from cold frames to the garden varies with the locality and also with the season. When the season is favorable and the soil as well as the weather has warmed up planting may be done, if young plants are well hardened, without much danger of having their growth checked. Cabbage is seldom injured by cold nights and can therefore be set out earlier than tomatoes or other more tender plants that suffer from cold. What may now be planted in light soil with fair assurance of success had often better be delayed until a later date on cold, heavy soil, nor can plowing or spading be done while the latter is too moist.

As soon as time and weather have permitted thorough preparation of a mellow, friable seed-bed, planting may be begun. Radishes, peas, spinach, lettuce, turnips, beets, onions, etc., should be planted in a succession where space pemits, thus providing garden truck for a longer period than if all of each crop is planted at once. But we spoke of this some time ago when we told how to plan a garden.

Amount of Seed to Plant

One of the commonest mistakes in gardening is to use too much seed. The unavoidable result is crowding of the struggling young plants, weakness, and usually a severe setback which, even when thinned, cannot be completely overcome. The following table, prepared by the Kansas Experiment Station, will prevent mistakes if it is cut out and kept in a handy place and *referred to when garden work is being done.* The amount of seed indicated in each case is for 100 feet of row.

Asparagus	1 pt.
Beans, bush	1 pt.
Beans, pole	1 pt.
Beans, bush lima	1 pt.
Beans, pole lima	1 pt.
Beets	2 oz.
Brussel Sprout	1 pkt.
Cabbage	½ oz.
Carrots	1 oz.
Collards	1 pkt.
Cauliflower	1 pkt.
Celery	1 pkt.
Cucumbers	½ oz.
Cantaloupe	½ oz.
Egg Plant	½ oz.
Kale	½ oz.
Kohl Rabi	½ oz.
Leek	½ oz.
Lettuce	½ oz.
Mustard	½ oz.
Okra	1 oz.
Onion seed	1 oz.
Onion sets	1 qt.
Parsley	½ oz.
Peas	1 pt.
Peppers	1 pkt.
Potatoes	½ pk.
Radishes	1 oz.
Salsify	1 oz.
Spinach	1 oz.
Squash	½ oz.
Sweet Potatoes	60 plants
Sweet Corn	1 pt.
Swiss Chard	½ oz.
Tomatoes	50 plants
Turnips	½ oz.

How to Grow Lettuce

Lettuce, to be at its best, should be grown as rapidly as possible. Therefore the soil intended for this crop should be made both rich and mellow by liberal applications of stable manure, then thoroughly worked to put in a high state of tilth. The general crop which is grown outdoors, and not started under glass, should be sown just as early as the ground can be put in the condition we have described. Drills should be eighteen inches apart. Thin the young plants to four inches apart in the row, then as the plants grow and begin to crowd, thin them out and use as required. By doing this a much longer succession may be had from the same ground. For the cabbage or "head" varieties the plants should finally be thinned to twelve inches apart in the row to assure large heads.

Sanitation Keeps Pigs Free of Worms

It has recently been found that simple sanitation, requiring nothing more than a little extra labor and care, is a successful means of raising pigs free from worms.

Just before the farrowing season clean the farrowing pens thoroughly with hot water and lye. Wash each sow to remove all dirt from the skin before being allowed into the clean pens. Within two weeks after farrowing move sows and pigs to a clean pasture which has not held pigs since it was cultivated last; up to this time do not allow sows and litters out of their pens. Keep young pigs on clean pastures away from worms, hogs or other sources of infection for at least four months, after which time there is less danger from worms. By carrying out this sanitary plan, and supplying the necessary feed, water and shelter, it is possible to raise worm-free pigs to market age, thus avoiding a common cause of loss.

There are four reasons why this swine-sanitation plan means dollars and cents to the farmer. In the first place, pigs without worms grow to greater size and make more gain for the same quantity of feed than those that must use a part of their feed to "board" an army of worms. It has been shown also that when those parasites are kept under control fewer young pigs are lost from thumps. Pigs that are not weakened by the inroads of worms are less susceptible to the common pig diseases than are those whose vitality has been sapped by worms. The quality of pork produced by clean, healthy pigs is better than that from thin, wormy and unthrifty pigs.

Veterinarians state that pigs infested with worms seem to be more susceptible to mange, necrobacillosis, and possibly to other diseases than are those that have been kept worm free. Even when the latter are infested with mange mites they seem to be highly resistant to their attacks, the mites causing them much less worry or inconvenience than in the case of wormy pigs.

All swine raisers in the Corn Belt, or in any region which has suffered from the harmful effects of worms in young pigs, for that matter, should find it profitable to adopt this system of swine sanitation. Breeders of pure-bred hogs should find it particularly advantageous, for a little gain in size and weight, and the marked improvement in appearance resulting from rapid growth unimpeded by worms, makes a big difference in either the show ring or sales ring. In the end this advantage is measured in better prices received for stock sold.

Home-Grown Dairy Feeds Best

"So far as possible utilize home-grown crops as feeds for dairy cows. Add only enough purchased feed to balance the ration when necessary, furnishing ingredients that may be lacking in feeds grown on the farm, and adding to the variety. Do not buy feeds that are the cheapest in price just because they *are cheapest.* Buy those that will give the *best results* at the *lowest price.*" This is the advice of Prof. R. S. Hulce, of the Wisconsin College of Agriculture.

If corn silage and alfalfa hay are available, one of the best and cheapest dairy rations obtainable is 30 pounds of corn silage and all the alfalfa hay that the cows will clean up. A mixture consisting of equal parts by weight of ground corn and oats, or of two parts of ground corn and one of wheat bran, may be used to supplement the alfalfa. Feed about one pound of this mixture for each three and one-half pounds of average-testing milk produced. A pound or two of cottonseed or linseed meal, if it can be bought at a reasonable price, can be fed each day to high-producing cows, but this is unnecessary for cows of average production. The above grain ration is sufficient only when legume hay of the best grade is used; it is not sufficient if hay of low grade is used.

Supply milking cows with plenty of fresh, clean water. Keep them in clean, warm, well-ventilated stables. Though the mention of these two points hardly seems to have place in a brief discussion of feeding rations, the best of feed is wasted if they are overlooked. Keep them ever in mind.

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Sensational Cut in Standard Tire Prices!

Two tires for less than the usual cost of one, **and a free inner tube with each tire!** *No double treads or sewed tires.* Our big volume means best tire values! Act now and cut your tire cost in two. Thousands of steady customers are getting full mileage out of these tires and you, too, can get **12,000 MILES**

You can see the mileage in our tires. Order and prove it—but order now! This is a special lot selected for record-breaking sale. Supply limited and going double quick.

Note the Bargain Prices on Two Tires of Same Size

Size	1 Tire	2 Tires	Size	1 Tire	2 Tires
30 x 3	$ 7.25	$11.95	32 x 4½	$13.45	$21.45
30 x 3½	8.25	13.95	33 x 4½	13.95	22.45
32 x 3½	9.45	15.45	34 x 4½	14.45	23.45
31 x 4	10.65	16.90	35 x 4½	14.95	24.90
32 x 4	11.85	19.75	36 x 4½	15.45	25.45
33 x 4	12.45	20.90	33 x 5	15.65	25.95
34 x 4	13.25	21.95	35 x 5	15.90	26.45
36 x 4	14.95	25.95	37 x 5	16 45	26.95

SEND NO MONEY! Shipment C. O. D. express or parcel post. Examine tires on arrival and if not fully satisfied return same at our expense and your money will be promptly refunded. State whether straight side or clincher. **DON'T DELAY! ORDER NOW!**

ALBANY TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
2721 Roosevelt Road Dept. 30D, Chicago, Illinois

Auto Owners WANTED!



To introduce the best automobile tires in the world. Made under our new and exclusive Internal Hydraulic Expansion Process that eliminates **Blow-Out—Stone-Bruise—Rim-Cut** and enables us to sell our tires under a

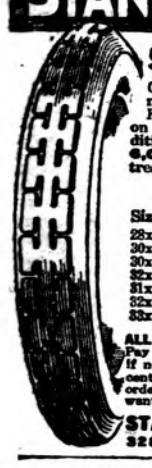
10,000 MILE GUARANTEE

We want **an agent** in every community to use and introduce these wonderful tires at our astonishingly low prices to all motorcar owners.

Write for booklet fully describing this new process and explaining our amazing introductory offer to owner agents.

Hydro-United Tire Co.
Dept. 167, Chicago, San Francisco, Pottstown, Pa.

SAVE 60% ON STANDARD TIRES



Send No Money!

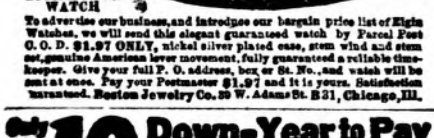
Cut your tire bill. **BUY STANDARD** make Tires such as Goodyear, Goodrich, Firestone and other adjusted tires at 40c on the dollar. They are in first class condition and may readily be guaranteed for **6,000 Miles.** These are NOT double tread or reconstructed tires.

Our Low Prices:

Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
28x3	$4.75	$1.10	34x4	$7.95	$2.25
30x3	4.85	1.30	32x4½	8.75	2.40
30x3½	5.65	1.40	34x4½	9.00	2.50
32x3½	6.20	1.50	35x4½	9.15	2.60
31x4	7.00	1.60	36x4½	9.25	2.70
32x4	7.40	1.85	35x5	9.65	2.80
33x4	7.70	2.15	37x5	9.85	2.90

ALL TUBES GUARANTEED FOR ONE YEAR. Pay on arrival. Examine before you pay and if not satisfied return at our expense. 5 per cent discount allowed when cash accompanies order. Specify whether straight side or clincher wanted. Order at once. Immediate shipment.

STANDARD TIRE & RUBBER CO.
3284 S. Morgan St., Chicago, Illinois



$1.97

GUARANTEED WATCH

To advertise our business, and introduce our bargain price list of Elgin Watches, we will send this elegant guaranteed watch by Parcel Post C. O. D. **$1.97 ONLY,** nickel silver plated case, stem wind and stem set, genuine American lever movement, fully guaranteed a reliable timekeeper. Give your full P. O. address, box or St. No., and watch will be sent at once. Pay your Postmaster $1.97 and it is yours. Satisfaction guaranteed. Boston Jewelry Co. 20 W. Adams St. B 31, Chicago, Ill.

$10 Down—Year to Pay

Get your Kirstin One-Man Stump Puller this month—on easy terms. Try it 30 days FREE. Prove that one man handles biggest stumps—quick, easy, cheap. If satisfied, pay a little each month, taking one year to pay. If not, return at our expense. Money refunded. No risk to you. FREE book gives full details. Write today—NOW!

30 Days FREE Trial!

A. J. Kirstin Co.
1804 Lud Street, ESCANABA, MICH.

Factory to Rider

Saves $10 to $25 on the Ranger Bicycle you select from 44 Styles, colors and sizes. Delivered free on approval express prepaid for 30 Days' Free Trial.

12 Months to Pay if desired. Possession and use at once on our liberal year to pay plan.

Tires lamps, wheels, equipment at half usual prices. Write for marvelous new prices, wonderful 30 day trial offer and terms.

Mead Cycle Company Dept. L-3, Chicago

Write us today for free catalog

We Pay $8 a Day



taking orders for Insyde Tyres—inner armor for automobile tires. Positively prevent punctures and blowouts. Guaranteed to give double tire mileage.

We Want 2000 Representatives

Easy to get orders. Every auto owner a prospect. Old worn-out casings will give three to five thousand miles more service. Use over and over again. Demand enormous. Write quick and get started.

AMERICAN ACCESSORIES CO., B 1833 Cincinnati, O.

130-Egg Incubator and Brooder Freight Paid East of Both Rockies $17.75

Made of California Redwood. Hot water; double walls; copper tank; best construction. Write for free catalog.

Wisconsin Incubator Co., Box 20 Racine, Wis.

Automobile and Gas Engine Helps

Questions relating to gasolene engines and automobiles, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Auto Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, free, in the columns of this department. Full name and address is required, but initials only will be printed. That we may intelligently diagnose your trouble please state the year in which your car was made.

Helpful Pointers

Carbon Monoxide

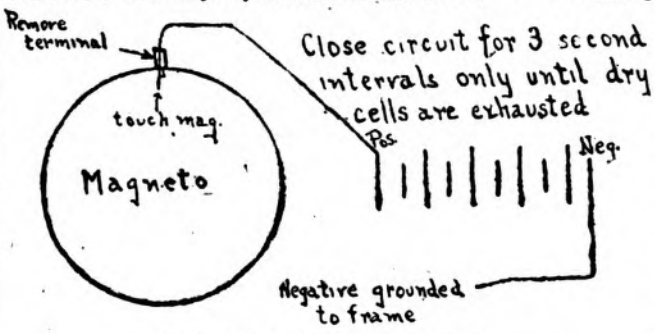
MANY owners will undoubtedly be possessed at this season with the "itch" to get out and tune the old bus up. One of the first things he will do is to start the engine so that the firing of the cylinders will furnish music to his ears. There is a "crepe hanger" to be tacked onto this display of enthusiasm and it is in the form of a warning to beware of carbon monoxide gas. It is a poisonous gas and is present in the exhaust from the motor. If your garage is small and closed up do not run the motor for any length of time. If you must have the motor running, open the doors and widows or, better still, connect a pipe or hose to the tail-pipe of the muffler and in this manner lead the exhaust gas into the open.

Putting Car Into Service

If when putting your car away for the winter you did not pour lubricating oil into the cylinders, it is an excellent plan to do so before putting the car back into service. Pour about a half cup of thin oil through the spark-plug opening of each cylinder. It is also well to use the hand-crank when first turning over a motor that has been standing for a long period.

Headlight Reflectors

Unless the headlight reflectors are very much in need of a cleaning it is good policy to leave them alone. The majority of reflectors are silver plated and, regardless of the care taken in the cleaning operation, it would appear that the surface does not take the mirror-like surface it possessed when new. If, however, the reflectors must be cleaned, dip a little bunch of cotton in alcohol and after blowing out all dust possible wipe the reflectors carefully. If it is found that the reflectors require polishing, use jeweler's rouge for the purpose. Dampen a soft chamois and dip it in the rouge and wipe the reflector in a direction starting at the bulb and working out to the rim of the lamp. Metal polish is not satisfactory for headlight reflectors.



CHARGING MAGNETO BY DRY CELLS.

Crankcase Oil

Do not throw away the oil that you drain from the crankcase of the motor. It may be diluted with gasolene or dirty, but if strained it can be used with excellent results for lubricating between the leaves of the car springs. It can also be used at most points of the chassis lubrication.

Answers to Correspondents

RECHARGING MAGNETO BY DRY CELLS.—Please tell me how to recharge a Ford-car magneto by means of dry cells, explaining how to connect them up, which side of dry cell is positive and which negative. My Ford is a 1917 model. A. D. J., Browning, Mo.

A.—This department has received a number of letters requesting the information which you seek, and in answer I have referred the writers to the August, 1921, number of COMFORT in which I covered this subject in detail, accompanied by an illustrative diagram which is reproduced here. As these inquiries keep coming, and many of the writers have not preserved their August COMFORT, I repeat here my former advice given in that issue; and I might add that I have since received several letters from COMFORT readers who report that they tried out this method with satisfactory results. I gained my information from a repairman who at one time did a great deal of magnet recharging and at times used dry cells for the magnets on your make of car. After coupling up five dry cells, he connected the negative side of the battery to the frame of the car, thereby forming a ground. He next removed the magneto plug at the top of the flywheel and formed a contact with the positive wire to the magneto. He allowed the circuit to be closed for three seconds' intervals only, and continued the charging in this manner until the five dry cells were completely discharged. Usually the dry cell has a center pole which is positive and one at the side which is negative.

CRANKS HARD AND GEARS STICK.—My 1915 Ford, when cold, will not crank without jacking rear wheel. After engine starts I have to speed it up and apply brakes on low gear in order to break high gear loose. Mutual connections seem to be properly adjusted. What is the cause of these troubles? B. O., Plazarro, Va.

A.—I am of the opinion that the difficult starting is due to end play of the crank-shaft. This condition causes the magneto magnets to be carried further away from the coils. Jacking the rear wheel and cranking from that end has a tendency to push the crank-shaft ahead, thereby bringing the magnets and coils closer together. The proper proceedure for correcting this difficulty is to install a new rear bearing cap that will take up all end play of the crank-shaft. If the proper field is not obtained in this manner it is possible to shim behind the field coils so as to bring them closer to the magnets. One repairman advises me that the rear bearing cap is reversible and if this has never been done on a motor, changing the cap around will often correct the end play. Regarding the sticking of the high-speed gear, I believe that this gear is in need of adjustment. Tighten up on the fingers and I believe you will help the condition.

STARTS HARD, CRANK-SHAFT TOO MUCH PLAY.—My 1918 model Ford starts hard on magneto unless rear wheel is jacked up. What is the cause? (2) The crank-shaft has some end play. How can this be taken up and magnets set up closer? H. C. R., Boon, Mich.

A.—The foregoing answer to B. O. covers your two questions also.

GEARING UP FOR HIGHER SPEED.—Have been getting some good stuff out of your Auto and Gas Engine Helps, so I will ask your advice in answer to the following question. I drive a Ford car about nine hours a day on country paved roads with only two hills that require the use of low; so I think that if my car was geared for higher speed I could use the greater speed to advantage in saving time and gas, too. I would like to know if I should put in a three-to-one gear (I guess that is what they call it, it is the next gear higher than the regular Ford gear), would it be easier on my motor and give me more speed? L. M., Canton, Ohio.

A.—You can purchase rear axle gears of different ratios from almost any accessory house. I have never been greatly in favor of the speed stuff as I have seen too much of the accident end to become an advocate of it. You are driving a light car which is not apt to hold the road very well at high speeds. Vibration also is a factor that cannot be ignored as at high rates of speed the vibration on certain parts is great and of course there is always danger of breakage. Do not misunderstand me. I am not a crank who strictly believes in a funeral-procession pace, but I am not in favor of the fellow who comes tearing down the road at a speed anywhere from 50 to 60 miles and who does it just because he believes the other fellow envies his driving ability and speedy car. I made a trip through the Eastern States last summer and do not believe I drove faster than 35 miles an hour during the entire trip. It was plenty fast enough for safety and I made good time. You would be placed to considerable expense for the new gears and their installation, which money would in the long run buy considerable gasolene. If, as you state, there are not many hills along your route you would probably experience no difficulty from lack of power and would enjoy a trifle better mileage to the gallon of gasolene. I have presented the matter to you exactly as I see it and you will have to be the judge as to whether the benefits you would derive warrant the change.

SEVERAL QUESTIONS ABOUT A FORD.—I would like information regarding 1921 model Ford in answer to the following questions: (1) How many gears are in mesh when a Ford is in direct drive? (2) Is the direction of current flow in the external circuit from positive to negative on discharge? (3) How many separators are found in each battery cell? (4) How many condensers in a Ford ignition? (5) What is the adjustment of the spark-plug points when using a high-tension magneto? (6) How many dead strokes has each cylinder of a four-cycle engine? (7) Can we pull with one broken rear axle? H. L. A., Cliffview, Va.

A.—Your first question leads me to believe that you do not fully understand the working principle of the transmission known as the planetary drive. The gears are never shifted into or out of mesh for the different speeds, but are always in mesh. It would require considerable space for me to describe the exact manner in which the speed changes are obtained, but, for your information, the entire transmission mechanism is clamped solidly together by a clutch for the high speed and revolves at motor speed. The Ford has the planetary drive transmission. (2) The direction of flow in the external circuit is usually from positive to negative. (3) The number of plates used in a battery cell determines the number of separators used. One of the best-known makes of batteries of the six-volt type is at present using 12 separators to the cell or 36 separators to the complete battery. (4) Each coil unit incorporates its own condenser. (5) Follow the manufacturer's recommendation as regards the proper gap to use for the spark-plugs. Usually the thickness of a smooth dime is about right. Many manufacturers furnish wrenches to which are atttached gauges for setting the breaker and spark-plugs. (6) A four-cycle motor has three dead strokes. The operations are as follows: suction, compression, power and exhaust. You will note that the suction, compression and exhaust strokes may be classified under dead strokes. (7) The great majority of makes of cars are equipped with a differential that applies the power to the wheel giving the least resistance. If an axle-shaft was to break, the power would be applied to that side since it would offer the least resistance. There are some differentials on the market that use pawls and apply the power to the wheel giving traction or, in other words, to the wheel that gives the most resistance. This type, however, is in the minority and it is safe to state that when an axle-shaft breaks the car cannot be propelled on its own power. The Ford belongs to the latter class and cannot pull if one rear axle-shaft is broken.

Old and Pleasant Custom.

Kissing is an established custom in all countries inhabited by white people who refrain at times from eating onions. It is a practice that insures the longevity and universal distribution of germ life and encourages the habit of matrimony.

Some one who didn't know much about kissing said years ago that stolen kisses are sweetest. The opinion is still qouted, but all persons who have had any experience of kissing know better. A kiss is never wholly satisfactory unless the kisser and the kissee show an equal degree of enthusiasm.

Kissing a pretty girl does not afford the unalloyed bliss it is commonly supposed to afford. If she has never been kissed before, her performance is crude and lifeless and, therefore, a little bit disappointing, and if she has been kissed too often she displays a degree of technique that robs the kiss of its flavor. In the old days the flavor of a kiss was imaginary; you couldn't taste anything but girl. But frequently the modern girl's kiss has the stale and unprofitable flavor of rouge. Some day a shrewd manufacturer will put out a line of rouge in all the popular flavors—vanilla, strawberry, lemon and the like—and then each girl can offer her young man the flavor he prefers.—*Baltimore Evening Sun.*

DISTRIBUTORS Wanted
Big Money For FORD OWNERS



Steer your Ford with one hand at thirty miles an hour over rough roads. Shoot through sand, mud, gravel, in and out of ruts and over car tracks. Your front wheels CAN'T turn and ditch you. Your Ford will stick to the middle of the road like a Packard or a Cadillac if it is equipped with

MOSPICO SAFETY SPINDLES

Give another driver just five minutes behind your wheel after you put them on your car. You've made a sale. No talking necessary—they sell themselves. Liberal profit on every sale. All or part time.

Get exclusive contract for your county.

Hundreds of Ford owners within a few miles of you. Most of them will buy after a five minute trial. Make big money wherever you drive your car with these and other fast selling accessories of our manufacture. WRITE US TODAY.

MOTOR SPINDLE CORPORATION,
413 E. Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

STANDARD TIRES LESS THAN 1/2 Price

Send No Money

Don't miss this chance to cut your tire cost in two and get a reliner with each tire FREE. We ship at once on approval standard Goodyear, Goodrich, Firestone, Mason and other adjusted tires in excellent condition and Your Money Back if you don't like them. They can readily be guaranteed for 6,000 miles. So sure are we you will like these tires that we request no deposit in advance. These are not sewed together tires known as the double tread and reconstructed tires.

SEE THESE LOW PRICES

Sizes	Tires	Tubes	Sizes	Tires	Tubes
28x3	$4.95	$1.25	34x4	$8.15	$2.35
30x3	4.75	1.35	32x4½	8.95	2.50
30x3½	5.75	1.45	34x4½	9.15	2.65
32x3½	6.45	1.60	35x4½	9.25	2.75
31x4	7.45	1.75	36x4½	9.60	2.95
32x4	7.50	2.10	35x5	9.75	3.10
33x4	7.85	2.25	37x5	9.95	3.25

Remember, a reliner Free with each tire. When cash is sent with order 5 per cent discount allowed. Examine—judge for yourself. If not satisfied, return goods at our expense. Specify straight side, clincher, non-skid or plain wanted.

CLEVELAND TIRE AND RUBBER CO.
3164 Michigan Avenue Chicago, Illinois

INNER TUBE FREE
6,000 Miles Guaranteed



SEND NO MONEY

Here is the greatest tire offer ever made. Never before such low prices. Brand new Inner Tube given Free with every one of our special reconstructed tires guaranteed for 6,000 miles. We ship at once on approval. Pay only when convinced.

Less Than ½ Price

28x3	$6.40	34x4	$9.95
30x3	6.75	32x4½	10.10
30x3½	6.95	34x4½	10.95
32x3½	7.25	35x4½	11.25
31x4	8.25	36x4½	11.75
32x4	8.95	35x5	12.10
33x4	9.25	37x5	12.25

Write Today No money now—just your name and number of tires wanted. Pay on arrival. Examine and judge for yourself. If not satisfied return at our expense and your money immediately refunded. Be sure to state size and whether clincher or straight side. Don't delay—send now. Immediate shipment.

Seven Ply Tire Co., 115 E. 30th St., Dept. 388, Chicago

FORDS run 34 Miles on Gallon of Gasoline

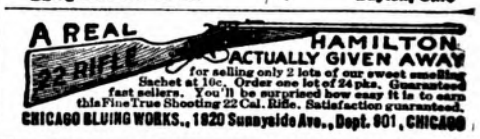


Wonderful new carburetor. Guaranteed to reduce gasoline bills from one-half to one-third and increase power of motors from 30 to 50%. Start easy in coldest weather.

Sent on 30 DAYS' TRIAL

Fits any car. Attach yourself. Fords make as high as 34 miles to gallon. Other cars show proportionate saving. Send make of car and take advantage of our special 30-day trial offer. **Agents Wanted.**

AIR FRICTION CARBURETOR CO.
3330 Madison Street Dayton, Ohio



for selling only 2 lots of our sweet smelling Sachet at 10c. Order one lot of 24 pks. Great fast sellers. You'll be surprised how easy it is to earn this Fine True Shooting 22 Cal. Rifle. Satisfaction guaranteed.

CHICAGO BLUING WORKS., 1920 Sunnyside Ave., Dept. 901, CHICAGO

Car owner selling agents wanted BIG PROFIT

To Sell a Storage Battery that Only Needs ½ Cup of Water Every 3 Months

No other attention. Replaces any storage battery. Cannot sulphate or corrode. Most wondertul battery. You sell, we ship direct. Exclusive agencies given. Write for proposition.

2 Years WRITTEN GUARANTEE

HARSHA BATTERY COMPANY, Dept. 16, 21 E. Van Buren St., Chicago

8,000 Mile Cord Tires



Brand new, absolutely first cord tires. Guaranteed 8,000 miles and adjusted at the list price on that guarantee. The prices below include a brand new United States Tube.

30x3	$ 9.50	32x4	$16.10
30x3½	11.25	33x4	17.00
32x3½	13.50	34x4	18.60
31x4	14.10	32x4½	21.10
		33x4½	$22.15
		34x4½	23.20
		35x4½	24.05
		33x5	25.25

Send no money. Just write today and tell us the size of your tires and the number you want. Tires will be shipped C. O. D. with section unwrapped for inspection. All tires have non-skid tread.

CHARLES TIRE CORP. Dept. 521, 2824 Wabash Avenue, Chicago



Preserve Eggs Now for Economy

SOME people go without eggs when the prices go up. There's no need for that. Eggs are a necessary food — nourishing and healthful.

Put eggs in RUTLAND *Egg Preserver* now while prices are reasonable. Use them later when eggs are high.

Keeping eggs in water glass is urged by the Government. RUTLAND *Egg Preserver* is perfected to such a high degree that complete satisfaction is assured. Don't take chances with unknown preservers!

Eggs keep in RUTLAND *Egg Preserver* from 9 to 12 months. Preserving 8 dozen requires only a pint. A quart preserves 15 to 20 dozen. ***Prepare the full solution and add the eggs to it from time to time as you get them.***

Sold in pints, quarts and gallons at drug stores, poultry supply houses and general stores.

Rutland Fire Clay Co., Rutland, Vt.



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Hatched in the World's largest Incubator and from stock on our own farm, holding official World's record. We also have best thoroughbred utility stock at our usual moderate prices, twelve popular breeds. Write nearest address, today, for catalogue—FREE.

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NEW LOW PRICES — SEASON 1922

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Customers report pullets lay all winter. 20 varieties to select from. 1,000,000 chicks via prepaid parcel post safe delivery guaranteed. Pleased customers in every state. 19th season. Catalog FREE.

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BABY CHIX lower than pre-war prices. Full-blooded stock. 11 varieties—Postpaid anywhere. Guarantee 95% alive delivery. Customers report hens as laying 288 eggs a year from our stock. Get our low prices before ordering. Large instructive catalog free.

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Peoria, Illinois.

$13.95 Buys 140-Egg Champion Belle City Incubator

Hot-Water Copper Tank, Double Walls Fibre Board, Self Regulated. $7.95 buys 140-Chick Hot-Water Brooder. Or both for only $19.95

Freight Prepaid East of Rockies and allowed on Express.

Over 911,000 Users

Guaranteed. Order now. Share in my $1,000 in Prizes, or write for Free Book "HatchingFacts." It tells everything. Jim Rohan, Pres.

Belle City Incubator Co., Box 135, Racine, Wis.

150 EGG CHICK Both for $19.75

FREIGHT PAID East of the Rockies

Incubator and Brooder made of California Redwood. Incubator covered with asbestos and galvanized iron, triple walls, nursery, copper tanks in incubator and brooder. 30 days' trial—money back if not O. K. FREE Catalog.

260 EGG INCUBATOR AND BROODER $28.75

Ironclad Incubator Co. Box 21, Racine, Wis.

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We furnish Pure Bred Chicks of the finest quality from high egg-producing stock. Flocks built directly from laying contest winners. We have seventeen breeds. Write for our free illustrated catalogue and price list.

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Foy's big book—an Encyclopedia of Poultry information. Many colored plates. *Written by a man who knows.* Low prices on Incubators, Brooders, Baby Chicks, Fowls and Eggs for Hatching. Write today. Sent for 5 cents.

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405 A. Broadway New York

BABY CHICKS from pure-bred, heavy-laying stock. The most profitable varieties. Also eggs, fowls, brooders, supplies. Large catalog explains all. Mailed FREE. Quotes low cut prices.

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BABY CHIX Lowest Prices. Full blooded, best laying strains. Ass't, Leghorns, Rox, Reds, Anconas, Minorcas, Wyan., Orp. We pay postage—Quick delivery. 95% alive delivery FREE CATALOG and price list. **Universal Baby Chick Co., Peoria, Illinois.**

BABY CHICKS Superlative Quality. 12 cents each and up. 17 leading breeds. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Catalog Free. Springfield Hatcheries, Box E, Springfield, Ohio

Chicks and Eggs of High Record Layers, S. C White and Black Leghorns, Anconas and Barred Rocks. Very reasonable. Catalogue free. Van Driest Farms, Box P, Cedar Grove, Wis.

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For us, big profits, thousands needed. We pay our raisers as high as $1.75 pair. No experience needed. Particulars, contract & book free.

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Poultry Farming for Women

BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

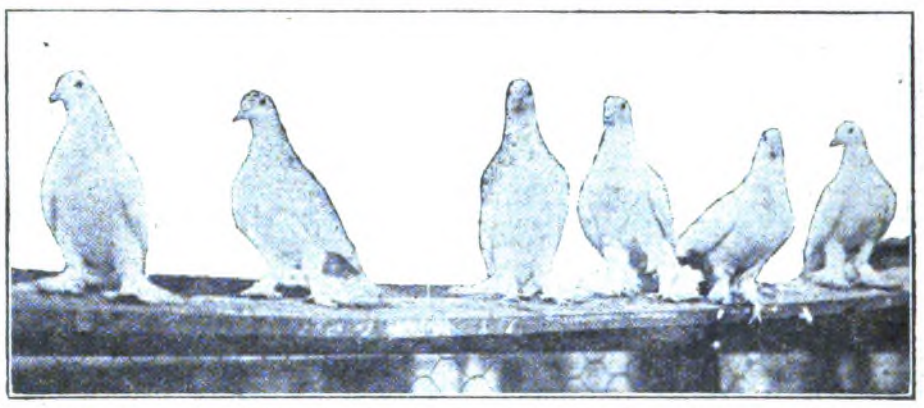
Why Not Pigeons?

THEY are the most profitable if well cared for, and especially appropriate for the man who has to be away from home most of the day or the woman with heavy household duties to occupy most of her time, because they won't overeat; food can be left before them all the time, and the parent birds take all the care of the young ones, so that an hour in the morning is about all the time anyone need devote to pigeons every day in the week, with a few extra hours on Saturday to clean up.

There is really money in the business if you are prepared to earn it. The people must understand that raising pigeons is a business requiring industry and management to make it a success. Unfortunately, a lot of nonsense has been written about pigeons and squab raising. Lots of people have run away with the idea that all they have to do is to buy a few birds, throw in a little corn night and morning, and make a fortune. True, there is no heavy work to be done, and a good income can be made on a fair-sized flock of Homers which are given intelligent care. For our selection must be Homers, because they are the best variety for squab raising, and squabs are what we must depend on for steady market returns.

Squabs from common mixed pigeons only weigh some six ounces when four weeks of age; are dark skinned, scrawny, and difficult to market; but Homer squabs weigh from twelve to twenty ounces when four weeks of age; are plump, attractive in appearance, and sell readily for four dollars a dozen in the wholesale market. Private customers will readily give forty cents apiece all through the winter. Every pair of good birds, well cared for, produce from ten to twelve squabs a year, which are ready to market at four weeks old; so they have not to be fed for long, and returns are quickly realized.

Mature Homers will cost about two dollars a pair from any of the recognized lofts, but it is no use buying birds elsewhere, for unless birds are mated pairs you may have another season wasted. Pigeons are faithful creatures which usually keep the same mates for life, and if one of a pair dies the survivor may refuse to mate a second time the same season. Young birds which are only paired at the time of sale, are likely to object to the mates which are chosen for them, and proceed to exercise personal choice when liberated among a flock of strange birds. So be wise, and buy only from reliable, experienced breeders.



THEY CAN ALIGHT WHEN FLYING AND SUN THEMSELVES ON A HIGH, DRY PLACE.

A comfortable house is essential, and the best plan for a small flock is to build a regular chicken house and cover it all over with tar paper or any of the good roofing papers. The yard must be completely enclosed with wire netting, covering the top as well as the sides, to keep the birds from escaping, and the wire cover should extend over the roof of the house and five or six feet above it, so the birds can alight on the roof when flying in the yard, and sun themselves (which they love to do) on a high, dry place. Put up two or three long perches at the end of the yard; a stand about three feet high in the center for a bathtub. Let the stand be a foot larger all round than the bath, so that the birds can light on it. The size of the house must depend, of course, on the number of birds you intend to keep. Just remember that each pair of old pigeons must have two nest boxes eleven inches square, with an earthenware nest pan in each. Nest boxes can cover the wall but must be out of reach of rats, which are destructive of eggs and birds. The earthenware pans are called nappies, and are manufactured on purpose for pigeons. They can be bought at any supply store for five or ten cents each. There is a brown crockery dish about seven inches across and two deep, which is to be found in most five- and ten-cent stores, that answers very well if you can't get the real things in your immediate vicinity.

In a box in one corner or fastened to the wall should be a supply of material for use of the birds in building their nests. For this purpose supply oak leaves or pine needles or tobacco stems; or if none of these are obtainable substitute clean straw. The benefit of mixing in the tobacco stems is that they keep lice away. But a plentiful supply of pine needles is equally effective in keeping lice out, and they have the virtue of keeping dry. Make the house as nearly rat proof as possible.

Now about feeding. Just throwing down cracked corn won't do. Variety in diet is necessary in birds' health as well as for man and beasts. It is wise to give the food question a little thought. Kaffir corn, red wheat, cracked corn, Canadian field peas, German millet and hemp are all staple grains. Use whichever can be had cheapest in your vicinity, and alternate them whenever you can. We follow the rule recommended by W. E. Rice, a very successful pigeon raiser: Morning—Equal parts of cracked corn, Kaffir corn and wheat. Evening—Cracked corn and Canadian peas. These regular meals are put into feed boxes in quantity sufficient to insure the birds having a constant supply. Treats, which we feed at odd times, such as millet, hemp and rice, are thrown on the ground; for, as they are only fed in comparatively small quantities, they are eaten up at once, and so there is no danger of their being soiled. Remember always to buy red, not white, wheat, for the latter is very apt to cause diarrhea.

Regular feeds are always placed in a self-feeder, so that the birds may help themselves. Peas, millet, hemp and rice are good only as treats once or twice a week. They are fed in small quantities, and alone, because we found out that, if mixed with other grains, the birds would pick out the dainties, and throw out the grain or wheat.

Unless starved to it, pigeons will not eat grain that has been defiled by lying on the floor, so to prevent waste it is best to have a self-feeder, or at least some contrivance which prevents birds getting their heads or feet into the supply and scattering it. The treats we feed by hand, and scatter on the floor, but if the birds are naturally eager for a novelty, it is picked up at once. Remember, that white wheat is very likely to produce diarrhea, so always order red, and don't be tempted to order new grain of any sort, or corn exclusively, for if you do, your birds will surely be troubled with canker. During the year, and especially in the early winter, I always receive letters asking why pigeons are afflicted with a strange disease of the mouth and throat, which looks like a cheesy growth; and it is for that reason that I caution you against the exclusive corn diet, for that is what caused the trouble, and often spoils the whole breeding season.

Once a week we give them a meal of stale bread which has been steeped in skim-milk and squeezed almost dry again, for we have lots of skim-milk, and the bread we get from a baker in town.

The parent birds take all the trouble and responsibility of feeding the young and raising them right up to the time they are ready for market. The hen bird lays two eggs, with one day intervening, which takes eighteen days to incubate. After the eggs are hatched, both birds devote their entire energies to feeding the youngsters for about two weeks, for both have power to secrete the predigested substance often called pigeon's milk, on which nestlings are exclusively fed for the first few days. At the end of two weeks the hen has usually laid more eggs in the second nest, so that by the time the squabs in the first nest are ready for market, the second eggs are ready to hatch. It is this double family which necessitates two nests for each pair of birds.

Cleanliness is even more imperative in the pigeon house than in the henhouse. Never neglect to scald out the earthenware nest, and whitewash the compartment it stands in, every time squabs are removed for market, for it is only by such rigid system that the place can be kept in sanitary condition. Pigeons must have salt, shell and charcoal to be healthy, so there should be a self-feeder with three compartments in each house. When ordering, specify that the oyster shell is for pigeons, as it is to be broken up smaller than for the hens. The rock salt and charcoal should be ground to about the size of rice. During the heavy breeding season crush most of the grain, and always peas, for when the parent birds are rushed for time between their two nests they are very liable to pick up whole grain and feed it to the young birds before they are able to digest it. Until we discovered this carelessness, we often had a dead squab in the nest. The feed boxes can be filled up, as the pigeons never overeat, and must have access to food at all times when they have young ones to feed.

If you start with a few pairs of birds, the best way to increase the number is to sell the squabs, and use the money to buy mature birds, for it takes pigeons six months to reach maturity, and it is necessary to have two extra houses in which to keep the growing birds, as they should not be allowed to remain in the regular brood pen. If, however, you have specially mated birds and desire to raise their progeny, you must watch the nests, and as soon as the young ones get out on the floor (the old ones generally push them out when the eggs in the second nest hatch), they can fend for themselves, and should be removed to a nursery house, where all feed should be cracked to the size of rice for several weeks. When one desires to build up size and good points, it is necessary to have two nursery houses, and so be in a position to select the best birds from different parentage to mate.

To illustrate: the nestlings from one side of the house should go into nursery number one, nestlings from the other side into nursery number two. Our nurseries are only seven by ten feet, so we never have more than twenty birds in each, and they can be taken within a few days of each other, in this way making very little difference in age when it comes to mating time. When the younger ones in the nurseries are between six and seven months old, we take a bird from each and put them into a mating cage, which is really a coop, four feet long, two and one-half feet deep and two feet high, which is fastened up in a corner of the feed house. The coop is divided into two compartments by a wire netting door. A bird is put into each compartment. If they are male and female, they will commence within a week or two to coo and talk to each other through the wire, at which time the compartment is fastened up to the top of the cage, and they are allowed to have the run of the coop for three or four days, after which they are put into a regular breeding house, where they will soon take possession of the nest. If, however, the birds chosen simply ignore each other after they are put into the mating cage, one of them is removed to another cage, and two more birds are taken from the nursery house and put into the two compartments. In this way we go through the nests until we have them all paired.

Preserving the Surplus Eggs for Winter

This is the season of the year when eggs are plentiful and cheap, so the wise housewife should lay by a supply for winter. First, the eggs should be infertile, and should be quite fresh. Don't use any from stolen nests without testing them. Candling is the safest way of testing.

Do this in a darkened room. If you have not a tester put a common lamp, lantern, electric bulb or any other light into a box. Have a hole in the box smaller than an egg and directly opposite the light. The box should also have a hole at the top to release heat and smoke.

Hold the egg, with the large end up, close to the lighted hole. If the egg is perfectly fresh and good it will look clear, its yolk but faintly outlined. The air space will be hardly visible, only one-eighth to three-sixteenths of an inch in depth. If this air space is larger, with a movable lower line, it means the egg is becoming stale or becoming weak and watery. Any small, dark spots that may be seen are usually blood clots. If heat or germination has been doing its work, large dark spots, blood rings or shadows will appear. A very dark or black egg with a large, fixed air space is a fertile one with a well-developed chick. When dark and with a large air space showing a movable lower line, it has become rotten.

Keep the nests clean and gather the eggs twice a day to prevent the shell being soiled. Washing in soapy water is injurious, for it removes the substance which fills the pores of the shell and protects the egg from germs. Should an egg get slightly soiled, a cloth dampened with vinegar will remove the stains without injury. But if it is very dirty don't try to preserve it. It is hardly necessary to say that a cracked egg is not fit for packing.

The question of a container comes up next. The best is an earthenware or stone crock or jar. It won't rust or leak or "taste"—it keeps the eggs in fine condition.

A five-gallon crock will hold fifteen dozen eggs. Clean it thoroughly, scald and dry. Put into it nine quarts of water that has been boiled and cooled. Add one quart of sodium silicate or water glass, which you can buy at the drug store. Stir well together. Set the eggs carefully in the crock. If you have not enough to fill it at once put them in from time to time. Be sure the solution always covers them by two inches. Cover the crock with a tight lid or waxed paper tied down, and set in a cool, dry place.

Carefully selected eggs laid down in this way will keep from six to twelve months. The authorities admit that they are likely to deteriorate a little after the sixth month. We are assured that for that length of time they are good enough to serve in any form. But if you boil them they will crack because of the expansion of the air in them. To avoid this, puncture the large end with a pin before putting the egg into the water.

Water-glass solution should not be used a second time unless it has kept quite clear and is free from odor and thick sediment.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor, free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

O. R. C.—Blackhead—a name which is very misleading, as the head turning black is only one of the symptoms which develop occasionally when turkeys are in an advanced stage of the disease which is especially characterized by sores in the cecum and liver, which are caused by a protozoan which has been named Amœba meleagridis, a minute protoplasmic animal, found to vary between six- and ten-millionths of an inch in diameter. While they are microscopic in size, they are at least three to four times larger than the red blood corpuscles, but they are, nevertheless, small enough to float in the blood capillaries of the portal system, from the cecum to the liver, where they seem to be stopped from going further. This short description of the parasite contains all that is of general interest. It may be summed up as follows: the amœba is a microscopic animal or parasite capable of living within the tissues of the turkey, its host. It can, therefore, eat, grow and reproduce itself in large numbers, thereby causing irritations, destruction of the tissues, and nearly always death of the invalid turkeys. The majority of young poults die after a day or two of drooping. Adults may droop longer and pass into carrier stage of the disease. Refusal to eat and standing apart constitute late symptoms. Starvation in chronic cases produces thinness. When the disease in the cecum is slight, it is doubtful if the affected animals have diarrhea, which is more or less present in other cases. In many of the older poults the droppings will be light and stained orange yellow; this is the most characteristic symptom of all. Sometimes there are blackish blood clots in the droppings, indicating slight hemorrhages. Experiments show that more than four-fifths of the young poults exposed to infected yards die before they are six weeks old. The disease has been popularly supposed to be one confined to older birds. It is notably a disease affecting young turkeys, but one from which the older turkeys do not escape. Of the one-fifth who do escape or survive its ravages, at least ten to twenty per cent. may die, throughout the year, at almost any age. Examination of the organs is the only sure means of telling the cause of death. The germs are transmitted from diseased turkeys to the ground through the droppings, which contaminate the food with which they come in contact. Evidence obtained here indicates that the amœbæ may also be carried by ordinary fowl, and may be transmitted by them to turkeys in the same manner. So you see once again the importance of exercising strict cleanliness is impressed upon us poultry people, for if droppings are removed regularly, there is little danger of infection. Plow up the old yards and ground where poultry usually congregate. Disinfect the coops and houses, and don't let the turkeys roost in the same house with the hens. An open shed is the best place for them, even in wet weather.

C. M. S.—The bird is crop bound. Give him a tablespoonful of oil. Work the crop very gently in your hand for a few minutes, then hold him by his feet with head hanging down, and continue working the crop very gently from the breastbone down to the neck. In this way you may be able to push some of the contents out of the crop. If you succeed in pushing even a very little out, it will help the congested condition, and make room for another tablespoonful of oil, which will work off the rest naturally. Put in a small coop, and don't feed for twenty-four hours. If relief has been effected by the end of that time, give him just a few crumbs of stale bread which have been soaked and squeezed out of milk. If the crop is only partly empty you can administer another dose of oil. If you can remove nothing when you work the crop, there is no use wasting time; better open the crop at once. You must get someone to hold him firmly on his back, then pull up the outer skin, and with a sharp knife make an opening about an inch and a half long, being careful that it is only in the outer skin. Then pull it to one side and make a very small cut in the crop itself. Take a mustard or salt spoon, or even the handle of a teaspoon, and very gently and quickly remove the contents of the crop; after which, pull the crop together with a few stitches, using a needle and white silk, if you have it. Tie the thread, then cut it. Now pull the edges of the outer skin together, and stitch them in the same way, being extremely careful that none of the stitches go into the crop, for if the crop and the outer get stitched together, it will cause untold trouble, and entirely spoil your operation. Keep him in a small coop for a few days, and give a very little soft food.

Z. H. F.—Please read answer to "A Subscriber."

H. A. I.—Please read answer to O. R. C. It is too late to treat breeding stock now. It would interfere with the fertility of the eggs. I cannot supply plans of the house you refer to. Incubators can be started at any time, no matter how early, if you have a heated brooder house or a warm room in which to locate individual brooders; otherwise it is better to wait until the end of February or even March. Eggs that are going to be used for incubation should be kept at a temperature not lower than 60, and not higher than 65, and should be turned once in every twenty-four hours.

A SUBSCRIBER.—I fear you have to fight an epidemic of malignant roup, which is a most contagious disease, but as many forms of cold resemble roup so closely as to make it almost impossible to be sure without personal examination, I may be wrong. The one unmistakable symptom of the true malignant roup is the stale, offensive odor which is always present. Open the bird's beak and if there is no odor on the breath you may be sure it is only a roupy cold they have, which will be comparatively easy to cure if taken in time. But if neglected, the cold is always liable to develop into roup, so it is always advisable to treat the birds for that disease without waiting to be sure of the extent of the trouble. Remove the birds that show signs of illness, and confine them in coops in some sheltered outhouse, far removed from the chicken house. Disinfect house, nests, feed and water dishes, as a protection to the rest of the flock. The sick birds should be fed very lightly on nutritious food, and treated as follows: Dissolve half a teaspoonful of permanganate of potassium in a quart of water. For use, dilute one tablespoonful of the mixture with four of water, and spray the bird's throat, nostrils and eyes twice or three times a day for a week or ten days. If the bird is not considerably better at the end of that time, it would be advisable to kill it and burn the carcass. Don't use any of the birds that have been attacked in your breeding pens, no matter how well they may seem to be in the spring, for if you do, the chicks are almost sure to be weak and slow to develop, and in many cases show unmistakable signs of rheumatism and kindred ailments.

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"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

ALTHOUGH true manners have their base in the heart and really consist of unselfish thought for the enjoyment and welfare of those in whose company we may be, yet there have necessarily become established a large mass of well-tried customs and forms which constitute the "etiquette of good society." It is this we all wish to know, yet it can be no reflection upon a boy or girl to be ignorant of these mysteries of manner if youth has prevented the goings and coming in the world where these things are acquired. In this column of COMFORT it is a pleasure for me to help young readers whose doubts concerning the right thing to do or say might really spoil for them the enjoyment of some friendly party or other gathering, and wish to learn the little things that will give them sureness and ease so that they may get the most fun out of social life. I wish to add also those older readers whose secluded lives, perhaps along quiet paths, have kept them out of touch with the forms of society. These subscribers may, upon occasion, wish to know some certain right thing to say or do which will not leave them feeling strangely "out" when in the company of those more experienced in the little-big things that make up modern etiquette. In addition to replying in this column to specific inquiries, I am going to begin the brief handling each month of some point or branch of etiquette which time has taught me may be of most value to readers. Thus I hope this department may grow more broadly helpful—in the way that COMFORT wishes all of its service to readers to become.—*Editor of Manners and Looks.*

B. F., Weinert, Texas.—One would not ordinarily indicate or "point out" any person by the use of finger or thumb. A few words of description are much better, such as: "That man to the right of you with the brown hat on," or some such explanatory phrase. This ruling holds good generally in so far as it regards objects, also; but there would be nothing incorrect in indicating a certain direction by the motion of the hand in a case where the gesture would add clearness to the words used.

MRS. G. C., Lowman, N. Y.—Some dining cars serve *table d'hote* meals—which means that a certain list of courses of food constituting a complete meal are served for one fixed sum, regardless of how much or how little of the foods presented for choice is consumed. It is "food by the lot," so to speak. In such a case you would simply select your preferred dishes from the menu given you—which will be found to offer a slight variety as to soups, meats, desserts, etc. The second method of dining-car service is called *a la carte* and might be designated "food by the piece." Each dish on the list of foods is separately priced, and the cost of a meal varies according to the number and prices of the foods chosen by the individual. It is usually customary on dining cars for the waiter to present a small pad to the diner who writes upon this the selected dishes—generally leaving the prices to be filled in by the management. The waiter in a dining car is tipped at the end of a meal—the customary amount given being at least ten per cent. of the check. (2) A porter in a parlor or sleeping car is tipped at the completion of his services when the journey is ended. This tip may vary according to the amount of service given, the length of the trip and the number in the party.

MISS A. W., Mississippi.—It makes absolutely no difference who is the first to say a word of a greeting when a man and woman pass upon the street. (2) In serving as an escort a man does not take his companion's arm or offer his own, unless some danger or difficulty in the path should make this aid needful.

MRS. R. T., Ohio.—Any entertainment which you might wish to give for your second wedding anniversary—the so-called "paper wedding"—may be made most interesting and amusing without much expense. Send your invitations at least a week ahead in the shape of paper dolls. Each doll should have pasted to hold in her hand a card on which you have written something like this: "Mr. and Mrs. Blank J. Dash request the pleasure of your company at the celebration of their second wedding anniversary, 234 Dash Avenue, Comfortville, Ohio, on April 29th, at eight in the evening." You will, of course, change names, date and time to suit your occasion. You may have your rooms decorated with wreaths, strips and flowers made of crepe paper of your favorite color combined with white. Have all your lighting effects shaded in this manner. Buttonhole bouquets of white paper carnations might be given to arriving men guests, and pink paper roses to the women. You may have dancing if you wish, and also play any games in which paper plays the chief part. A home paper chase in which a trail of tiny squares of colored tissue paper leads to hidden prizes is a well-planned and easily arranged fun-maker. Use different colored papers for your trail—red for the men, for instance, and white for the women. The prizes should be paper articles of some sort—either home-made or purchased at small expense. Have your refreshments grouped on a table covered with the colored crepe paper on which you have placed paper doilies of white. From this table your refreshments can be served buffet fashion to your guests who may eat and group themselves anywhere about your rooms. As a centerpiece for your refreshment table have two paper dolls representing a bridal couple standing under a paper arch with a paper bridal bell swinging above their heads. Two kinds of sandwiches, coffee, cake and ice cream will make simple and sufficient refreshments. You can add to this a salad if you wish. Serve everything in paper dishes, plates, cups, spoons, etc. With a little thought and time expended upon your preparations, you can make your friends long remember your paper anniversary.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

VIRGINIA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS AND MRS. WILKINSON:

I have been a subscriber to COMFORT for nearly twelve years. I want to thank Ever Cheerful of Tennessee for her advice on neighbor's children. It worked fine. I have four children of my own and a neighbor's little girl used to come here every day and stay nearly all day. I tried your method of having her sit down and keep perfectly quiet and it worked like magic. She was soon ready to go home.

How many believe in handing over your and your children's outgrown clothing to mothers less fortunate than yourself to make over for their children? Of course you have to understand the woman before doing this as it might offend her. So many people fill their attics with clothing rather than give it to the needy. I make shirts for my boys out of wornout skirts. I made underwear for my oldest boy, thirteen, of wornout underwear of his father's. They could be cut down and the good portions used to advantage. They lasted all winter. I made shirts for my youngest boy from the shirts of the oldest that were worn so he couldn't wear them any more. The families around here have had a hard time this year. Taxes are high and so is everything we have to buy and everything we have to sell brings a low price. We own our home, which is one great advantage as we don't have to move around.

I was married when very young and feel that God has been with me. I married a good man and one who is devoted to me. He is good to his children. We have only one pocketbook, his and mine, though I do most of the spending. I sometimes wish he would do the buying so he would know how much it takes and how it goes, although he never complains. I try to buy as wisely as I can though I often make mistakes but when I do my best, I say, what is the use to worry. It doesn't bring it back.

I was the oldest of a large family and we were very poor. My father and mother are living and I try to make up to them for the joys they have lost. Mother has worked hard all her life, as father's health was poor.

I hope to see this in COMFORT.

Much love to you all.

BROWN EYES.

WARREN, OHIO.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

After reading the inspiring letter by the Struggler, I could no longer keep silent.

When one finds in this busy, grumbling world of ours, down in its very midst of "common-old-everydayness," a soul as sweet and pure as that of the Struggler's, 'tis time we grumblers sat up and took notice! We go on day after day, year after year, treading the hard paths of life, some of us growing into hardened cynics or chronic pessimists, and others of us losing our very soul and individuality in the daily grind for bread.

If we would but take a moment's reflection on lives of our fellow-men around us, we can always find those whose lot is worse than ours, whose struggles are harder than ours, whose life holds just a third of the joy and sunshine of ours. Yet, they can look into our faces with a smile, and grasp our hand warmly in friendship and talk about daily matters with a free and easy grace!

You, dear Struggler, opened my eyes in time. I am yet young, not quite twenty. But I have started on the long path of Life and have gone but a little way. Yet I've been wearing smoked glasses and have been looking at Life with a darkened vision, for I thought that there could be no "hidden pot of gold at the end of the rainbow" for me! As everything seemed so opposed and contrary to what were my highest ideals; folks I thought were true friends were but "wolves in sheep's clothing," and that I could not trust in man with that simple faith that is a part of me. In sooth, the "rose-colored" spectacles Divine Providence has endowed to all youth, had to be cast away too soon!

But perhaps I can put them on again; for with renewed courage and experience as my teacher, I shall start anew, and as Excelsior of old, hold my torch high and aspire to greater things.

I would enjoy corresponding with any of the sisters and especially those interested in poetry, religion, or me. I shall leave my address with Mrs. Wilkinson.

"DREAMER."

RIVESVILLE, W. VA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have been a reader of COMFORT and think more of it than any other magazine we take. I get much help from the sisters' letters.

I have been married two years and have one baby, George Donald, five months old. He weighs nineteen and one-half pounds and has always been a strong,



GEORGE DONALD KENNEDY.

healthy baby. We think he is the only boy in the world. Am sending you his picture and hope to see it in COMFORT.

I am five feet, five inches tall, weigh 125 pounds and have red hair, grey eyes and a tanned complexion.

With love and best wishes to all,

MRS. GEORGE E. KENNEDY.

WELLINGTON, 215 South B St., KANS.

COMFORT SISTERS:

After reading a recent issue of COMFORT I made up my mind to write a letter. Some time ago I wrote a letter and some recipes but only the recipes were printed. A little later I received a nice letter from a sister in Casco, Maine, asking me if she might use the recipes in a cook book she was making. She wanted recipes from each state in the union. The money she received from the sale of these books was to be turned over to the church. We have kept up a correspondence ever since.

Aunt Sally-Lou, may I ask a question? How many times does love come into a woman's life? This is my opinion. God has mated us and for each woman there is a right man, not two or three or as many as we may take a fancy to, but one true mate. It is true, of course, that many a girl has thought the right man had come, and married him only to find out her mistake. Is this wrong or right? I am not saying that second marriages are not right, for the first man may not have been the right one.

I think too that God intended all of us to be mothers. I have two dear little girls. There is only thirteen months difference in their ages. Ruth Norma and Dorothy Geraldine. They were born by Cæserian birth. Both times the doctors said I couldn't live but I came up out of the Valley of the Shadow for God knew they needed me and although by giving birth to them I lost my health, I wouldn't have it any other way for all the world. They are the sunshine of my life.

M. M. of Nebraska, I think you are right about motion pictures. We can find sin in anything we want to make sin of. What man or woman, girl or boy, is there that could see the motion picture, "The Old Nest," without feeling they couldn't do enough for their mother? That picture makes you see more than ever what you owe your mother. After seeing it I came home and wrote to mother. Thousands have seen the picture and if half that many mothers' hearts were made glad by a letter from her child, then didn't the picture count for something?

I was twenty-one years old the 22nd day of last October, so you see I was married when I was very young. My husband works for the Santa Fe R. R. Wages have been cut once and another cut is talked of. Rent has not come down though nor other things.

I would be glad to hear from some of the sisters.

Good luck to all.

Sincerely, MRS. VERNON SCRIVENS.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)

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Don't doubt—because I give you a guarantee which dispels doubt. I refer you to women who testify to the most astonishing and gratifying results. Your complexion may be of the muddiest, it may be hideously disfigured with pimples, blackheads, whiteheads, red spots, enlarged pores, wrinkles and other blemishes. You may have tried a dozen remedies. I do not make an exception of any of these blemishes. I can give you a complexion, soft, clear, velvety beyond your fondest dream. **And I do it in a few days.** My statements are sober, serious, conscientious promises. I want you to believe, for I know what my wonderful treatment will do.

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C. N. Pitts, Macon, Ga., writes: "Have completed your course on violin. Now have 15 students."



Conducted by Cousin Marion

In writing this department always sign your true name and give your address; if not, your letter will receive no attention. Name will not be published.

LAST month I was so excited over housecleaning that I forgot to mention our New Year resolution—that of taking up and correcting a fault each month. Nobody has written me about their faults yet, and I'm getting tired exposing my own all the time. Come on, be good sports and tell us about the worst fault you had and how you overcame it. Then I'll tell you another one of mine. Here's one that most of us have—not showing appreciation. I never thought much about it before, but I was made so happy over a letter received this month that I began to wonder why folks weren't more appreciative when it costs so little, and then I began to wonder why *I* wasn't? Honestly, I felt terribly ashamed of myself. Do you want to know what the letter was that set me to thinking? It was from a dear girl in North Carolina who told me that my talk and the poem used in this department last August, helped her to decide an important question in her life and to decide it the right way. It pleased me so I almost cried. I'm giving nine-tenths of the credit to the poem and printing it again.

"I have to live with myself and so
I want to be fit for myself to know.
I want to be able as the days go by,
Always to look myself straight in the eye.
I don't want to stand with the setting sun
And hate myself for the things I've done.
I don't want to keep on my closet shelf
A lot of secrets about myself,
And fool myself as I come and go
Into thinking no one else will know
The kind of a girl I really am.
I don't want to dress myself in sham.
I have to live with myself and so
I want to be fit for myself to know."

IDA, Tennessee.—Growing up with a boy, playing together and going to school together isn't conducive to romance, not the thrilly kind, and, as you say, he seems like a brother or a friend to you instead of the wonderful, mysterious person you've dreamed about. However, romance doesn't always last, and when it goes it must be comforting to have friendship to rely upon. So many marriages are based upon love alone and when love vanishes (acute love, anyway) there's nothing left, not even congeniality. It is a safe plan to marry the man you admire, trust and respect as a friend, if you didn't love him as a husband. I rather like the title, Friend Husband. I don't say that this applies in your case. Unless he is mature beyond his years I'd say that he was too young to marry.

VIOLET, Georgia.—It would be very wrong for you to marry this divorced man against your parents' wishes, and it isn't honorable of him to suggest it to you. He is older in years and experience than you, and should protect your youth and innocence—and ignorance. Whenever I hear of a man getting a divorce because his wife flirted and went out with other men, I wonder to myself if she wouldn't have been all right if he had treated her differently and given her the love and polite attention he did before he married her. Other men are willing to give it and the woman whose husband is neglectful is more likely to go wrong than the woman whose husband treats her as his sweetheart. Possibly if you married him you'd be neglected just as his other wife was, and then you'd be tempted to flirt with some man—and most of them are ready for a flirtation. He may have been entirely blameless and his wife all at fault, as so often happens, but don't be in a hurry to marry even at that. Look around a bit first. You wouldn't buy a hat first without looking first at the different models shown in the various stores, would you? A husband is more important than a hat, yet you are willing to grab the first man who offers himself.

E. N., North Dakota.—There may be a lingering doubt in his mind as to whether or not he still cares for his sweetheart of former days so that he wants to see her to settle the question once for all. The chances are he will think to himself, "What do you suppose I ever saw in her? I wouldn't give three like her for one smile from my "E. N." However, if there is a doubt in your mind it is better to have it out with him now than worry about it as you are doing. Tell him how you feel and ask for a truthful answer. If he still cares for her the knowledge won't hurt so much now as it would for you to learn it after you had become his wife.

V. D., Oregon.—It is rather difficult for me to advise you, not knowing any more about the people you mention. It seems it would be best for you to marry the one you care most for, regardless of the financial side of it. Looking at it from a purely pecuniary standpoint, the student may earn more money after his graduation than the other, and it might be well to wait for him. Long engagements are uncertain, though, so there you are. Looks as if you had to decide for yourself.

STELLA, N. Y.—You are rather an unusual girl to complain because your sweetheart wants to go out so much. Most girls complain because they aren't taken to more theaters, dances and parties. Maybe he dislikes it as much as you do but thinks that in order for a farmer to make a good impression on a city girl, he must show her a good time, so she won't think him slow and a tightwad. Tell him how you feel about it and that you'd enjoy a quiet evening at home with him. That ought to please him. Of course if you want to get rid of him (foolish girl) you should tell him so and not let him think you care for him when you do not.

MARGARET, Arkansas.—Well, anyway, Margaret, he can't be with the other girl very much if he spends Sunday and five evenings a week with you. Don't be so stingy. It seems to me you are laying up a fine lot of trouble for yourself, as a wife, if already you have so little confidence in him. That's a terrible way to begin; time enough for all that later on. Don't you think you had better postpone your marriage until he is of age, at least? Then you could feel a little more certain that he knew what he wanted, and maybe you wouldn't want him then. Marriage and all its attendant responsibilities would interfere seriously with both your work and his. Be a nice, sensible girl and wait three years. Then you'll say, "Wasn't Cousin Marion a wise old soul? I'm so glad I took her advice." I wonder if you will.

LLEWELLYN, Georgia.—The life of an old maid sister, who devotes herself to her brothers and sisters, is usually a thankless one, and your brother's behavior now doesn't promise much for the future. The chances are good that before many years he will marry and you'll then be without a home and maybe without a father; so if you feel sure of your fiance's love, marry him and take your father with you, if necessary, but don't attempt getting married and living at home with your brothers. That would mean trouble. The difference in your ages isn't enough to worry you unless he is of an immature type. Lots of men never save money until they marry and their wives save it for them, so work together for a home. At that you won't have to work any harder than you do now, but, if I were you, I'd stop working in the fields. The woman who works beyond her strength suffers for it eventually, and the help you are to your husband for a few years is offset by years of ill health or invalidism.

MARY S., Pa.—Attend the church nearest your home and meet the young people of the church. Explain matters to the minister if necessary. (2) Of course you could learn to dance. Why not?

A DISCOURAGED GIRL, Iowa.—Don't consider yourself a failure because you haven't succeeded in a business career. Lots of girls don't, and you really haven't given it a fair trial yet. It may be that you are not fitted for work of that sort but would meet with wonderful success along other lines. What appeals to you more than anything else? Nursing involves enormous responsibilities and hard work. Don't take it up just for the sake of doing something. There are other professions open to women besides nursing and stenography. Explain to the woman who helped you that you appreciate all she did for you and that you hope to make good in something. Your business education will help you even if you take up something else. Don't worry, you'll be all right now that you realize your weak points and are striving to overcome them.

OLEVIA, Va.—Not all men are demonstrative and your sweetheart may belong to the undemonstrative kind. They are usually more sincere than the fellows who make a fuss over a girl all the time. Study him, then if you think you would be unhappy as his wife, don't marry him. Tell him why and give him a chance to be different.

JAZZ HEART, W. Va.—Don't let foolish pride stand in the way of your happiness. If he has repented and asked forgiveness, and you feel that you love and trust him, marry him. You were so young that perhaps he thought it better to leave you until you were older. Doubtless he had good reasons. It might be well to accept the position in a distant state, just to give yourself a chance to think things over fairly. You are too near now to get a clear perspective. Tell him to come to you at the end of six months or a year, and you'll give him his answer then.

SOPHIA, Missouri.—I didn't think that Missouri girls were ever so stupid. Don't you know that you shouldn't write to a strange man whom you met on the train, just because he was pleased with your appearance and asked you to write. In the first place you shouldn't have talked to him. It isn't safe. All girls, remember this.

MISS B. J., Wisconsin.—Just how much of your letter am I to believe? You say you live on a large farm (I believe that), a saloon in connection with this (interest) and that you do the housework and tend bar, also attend choir practice twice a week. Some combination—bar maid and choir singer. What do you sell over your bar? I won't tell Mr. Volstead. Has my previous advice helped you? I'm sorry, but I don't live in Chicago so you can't visit me next time you are in Chicago. I'd like to meet a girl like you.

N. D., Oklahoma.—You are acting in a very childish manner, unless you have good reasons for disliking your friend's husband. You couldn't expect her to be with you as much as before her marriage, but you could still be friends, and I think you owe her an apology. Maybe she is a like-me-like-my-husband sort of person, and if you can't visit her home when he is at home she may not care to have you when he is absent. Some wives are like that. You know your reasons for all this, so can best determine whether you did right or wrong.

TROUBLED, Star Route.—Have a frank talk with your husband and tell him to choose between you and his people, since they are not financially dependent upon him. Tell him you are going away and that he can join you when he is willing to live with you in a home of your own.

WEARIED BLUE EYES, Tennessee.—If you deliberately "beat her time," as you express it, why be hypocritical enough to say you "have a heart" and that you feel sorry for her. You should have considered her feelings earlier. However, don't worry any more about it or feel that you wronged the girl. Maybe you did, but she should thank you for it. You have no assurance that a prettier girl will not take him from you, since he seems to be of a weak sort.

UNDECIDED BRUNETTE, Pa.—Tell your father and mother that if they'll send you to high school you'll promise to study hard and not waste your time with boys. An education will be worth more to you than anything else and there will always be boys when there won't be an opportunity for an education. That's what I'd want you to do if you were my own little daughter and getting such good rank in your studies. I'd be very proud of you.

Mildred, Wisc.—If you've always read my Talks with Girls, you must have seen where I said that all leading hospitals required applicants for nursing to have a high school education or its equivalent. Select your hospital with care, for three years means a lot and you want to get the most value for your work and the time spent. Don't select a hospital because it has a reputation for being easy—if any of them are that. The harder you are obliged to work and study the better nurse you'll be when you graduate.

Sincerely,
COUSIN MARION.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27.)

ABDINGTON, Otter Point Road, MARYLAND.

DEAR SISTERS:

I would like very much to receive letters from any of the sisters who care to write. Will answer all who send stamps and as many as I can of those who do not.

I live on a thirty-eight acre farm in Harford County, and, having lived all my life in a busy city, find it very lonely. My nearest neighbor is over a mile away. I have two children but they are quite small.

With love to all, MRS. JOHN C. SCHWEITZER.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

To remove ink stains from colored goods, take equal parts of cream of tartar and alum, moisten enough to make a paste. Spread over stain and wash in usual way. This will not injure color or fabric.—MRS. F. C. WARKENTON, Winton, Calif.

If expectant mothers will rub dark spots on face with pure olive oil they will disappear.—RENA J. VAWTER, Oakley, Kans.

It is better to keep your coffee, cereals, sugar, spices, etc., in fruit jars with screw tops, rather than in paper boxes.—MRS. D. E. DUBBS, Vesta, Minn.

To remove iodine stains from white goods, stretch the fabric over bowl and pour boiling water through it. Do this as soon as possible after stain has gotten on goods. Then wash in usual way.—MRS. THOMAS PHILLIPS, Ladysmith, Wisc.

Make children's underwaists to slip over their heads. This saves buttons and buttonholes in the back.

Don't throw away old sweater sleeves. Make leggings for baby from them.

Make shoes for baby from old pieces of velvet. They are warm and look nice.—BROWN EYES, Corinth, Miss.

If boiled custard curdles pour it into another dish and beat with egg beater until smooth.

Equal parts of ammonia and turpentine will take paint out of clothing. It may be necessary to repeat if stain is of long standing. Wash in soapy water.

To remove old wall paper place boilers of boiling

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34.)

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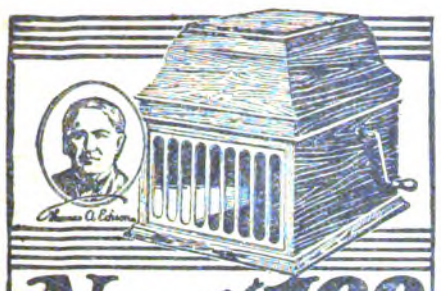
1922 Thin Model GUARANTEED WATCH $1.95 C.O.D.



HIGH GRADE thin 1922 model, beautifully polished SILVEROID Case. Stem set and stem wind; movement carefully tested. Men's and women's sizes. Price slashed to only $1.95 to advertise our bargains.
SEND NO MONEY! Send name and address quick! (Write plainly). Pay postman only $1.95 on delivery. If you are not delighted, return watch and we'll instantly refund every cent of your money.
CAMBRIDGE WATCH CO., 113 Cambridge Bldg., CHICAGO

FREE PROFESSIONAL TONE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
and lessons sent on free trial. Violin, Tenor Banjo, Hawaiian Guitar, Ukulele, Mandolin, Cornet, Banjo Mandolin, Banjo Ukulele, Guitar, Banjo Guitar, or Banjo. Wonderful new copyrighted system of teaching note music by mail. Four lessons will teach you several pieces. Over 100,000 successful players. Do not miss this free trial offer. Write for booklet. No obligations.
SLINGERLAND SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Inc.,
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Now $1.00 Down

KEEP the New Edison Amberola—Edison's great phonograph with the diamond stylus reproducer—and your choice of records, for only $1.00. Pay balance at rate of only a few cents a day. Hear it in your own home before you decide. Only $1.00 down. Seize this opportunity.

Write for Book

Get our New Edison catalog. Your name and address on a post card or letter is enough. Find out about this offer—*while this offer lasts.*

F. K. BABSON, Edison Phonograph Dists.
19th St. and Marshall Blvd., Dept. 3704, Chicago, Ill.

The "Fairy Princess" ORGANDIE DRESS
launders perfectly
Swiss Embroidered



Mother! Your little girl's dress for Spring and Summer—for Easter Sunday and every Sunday is now ready to send you ON APPROVAL! This exquisite little dress is made of crisp Organdie in white, light Blue or pretty Rose—the most fashionable Material and stylish shades for 1922 wear. Launders beautifully. Note charming Peter Pan collar of self-material edged with washable Rick-rack braid. Short Sleeves have deep Swiss embroidered turn-back cuffs.

Send No Money!

$2.45 Postage FREE

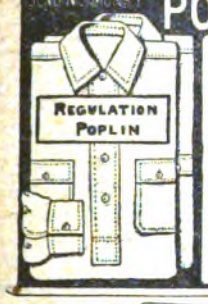
Front of dress has 2 graduated Swiss embroidered Revers which extend entire length of garment. Set-in front panel is trimmed with 11 clusters of pin-tucks above waist line. Black Velvet Belt is set off with 4 crochet buttons. Closing in fly under right rever. Deep hem at bottom is important, permits lengthening dress for growing girl. Full cut and length.

Don't Send a Penny! Simply order by No. 2450. State size, 7 to 14 years. State color, white, Light Blue or Rose. Pay only $2.45 for dress on arrival—we pay the postage! Money instantly refunded if you are not satisfied. Order right away while this money-saving price remains in effect!

Style always a Season ahead

LESTER-ROSE CO., DEPT. 472 CHICAGO

U.S. ARMY OFFICER'S POPLIN SHIRT



Regular U. S. Officer's Olive Drab Poplin shirts. Double stitched, warranted fast color. Two large pockets with buttons and flaps. Only two shirts to a customer at this low price. Two FOR $3.65

SEND NO MONEY
Just name, address, and size. Pay postman $3.65 and postage when shirts arrive. Money back if not satisfied.

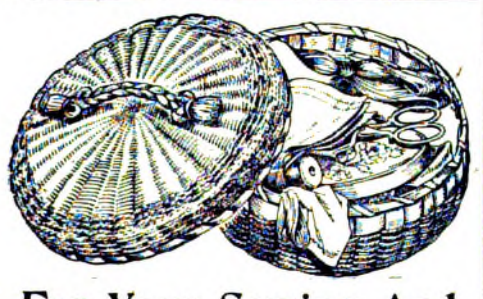
Civilian Army and Navy Shoe Co.
Dept. 507, 461 8th Ave., New York.



FREE TRIAL

Let us send this fine Razor for 30 days free trial. When satisfied after using, send $1.85 or return razor. Order Today.
JONES MFG. CO. 160 N. Wells St. Dept. 648 Chicago

Sweet Grass Basket



For Your Sewing And Fancy Work

WHERE is the woman who does not "just love" these beautiful Sewing Baskets made of sweet grass? Their delightful fragrance which is practically everlasting is like that of flowers; they are handsome in appearance and very strong and serviceable, being hand-woven by the St. Regis Indians of Canada, who produce the finest hand-made baskets in the world.

Of ample size—eight inches in diameter and three inches deep—and with its close-fitting top, this sweet-grass Basket is just what you need in which to take along your sewing or fancy work when calling or visiting. And at home it holds your work, along with scissors, buttons, thread and other necessities, so that you always know just where to look for them. And the Basket itself is such a beautiful ornament for any room.

The Indians sell these Baskets for $2.00 and $3.00 apiece at summer resorts, but by buying in large quantities they let us have them at a special low price. Therefore, we are able to offer the Basket herewith illustrated and described for a very small club of subscriptions as you will note by reading the following bargain offer.

Given To You! For only four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this fragrant, sweet-grass Sewing Basket free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 8084.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort's Home Lawyer



Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from our eminent legal adviser on all questions of law except divorce matters.

Address Home Lawyer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

MRS. A. L. M., Kansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving no child nor descendant, his whole estate, after payment of debts and expenses, would go to his surviving widow.

COMFORT READER, Pennsylvania.—We are of the opinion that the remarriage, during the lifetime of the husband or wife, of any married person would be a bigamous and illegal marriage under the laws of any state of the Union, unless, of course, such person had a valid divorce from such former husband or wife.

MRS. I. G., Minnesota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving no child nor descendant, his whole estate, after payment of debts and expenses, would descend to his surviving widow.

MRS. E. A., Wisconsin.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the cemetery lot you mention belongs to the man who purchased and paid for same, and it will be necessary for you to purchase same from him or his estate, in case he is dead, if you desire to acquire good title to the same.

N. T. K., Wyoming.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if the land you mention stands in the husband's name, and is occupied by the family as a homestead, the husband cannot dispose of same without the signature of the wife to the deed of conveyance; we think that upon his death, without a will, the widow, if she survives him and he leaves also children, would, in addition to her homestead rights and certain other small allowances, be entitled to receive one-half of his estate, after payment of debts and expenses, the balance of the estate going in equal shares to his children, the descendants of any deceased child taking their parent's share.

L. W., Nebraska.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the woman you mention can dispose of such interest, in the property you mention, as is vested in her, but we can form no opinion as to the amount of this interest without an examination of the will through which she derives her title.

MRS. E. R. J., Georgia.—If, as we understand from your communication, your parents' interest in the property you mention was limited to a life estate, we think it would die with them and that such property would not descend as an asset of either of their estates; we think an examination of the instrument, under which they derive their life estate, would be necessary to determine where the remainder interest in the property is vested.

MRS. F. B., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving a surviving widow and more than one child, his widow, in addition to certain allowances, would receive one-third of his estate, after payments of debts and expenses; we think it is necessary for the widow to survive him in order to become vested with her share in the property, except that he is liable for her support during his lifetime, unless she abandons him without good cause.

H. J. W., Maine.—We think you can foreclose your mortgage as soon as there is a default in the payment of either principle or interest as provided in the terms thereof.

C. F. P., North Carolina.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that the statute of limitations runs against actions brought for the foreclosure of a mortgage within 10 years, unless such mortgage has been kept alive by payments of interest or principal or some other evidence of indebtedness.

F. N., Minnesota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if the mortgage upon your property is properly recorded it will remain a prior lien upon the property until same is paid, and that you cannot have same subordinate to a later mortgage without the consent of the holder thereof.

MRS. J. S., South Dakota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the holder of the mortgage you mention can collect any deficiency due him from any property the mortgagor may own, not exempt by law under any execution.

MISS V. E. S., Tennessee.—We do not think you can now set aside the deed of the property you mention if the same was executed and delivered by your father in 1881; we think an examination of the records of the county in the state where the property is situated would be necessary to determine where the title to the property is now vested.

MRS. D. G., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving no child nor descendant, his surviving widow, in addition to certain allowances, is entitled, after payment of debts and expenses, to receive one-half of the real estate and the whole of the personal estate, absolutely, the balance of the real estate going to his parents, brothers and sisters or their descendants, depending upon who is left.

MRS. L. M., Michigan.—Under the laws of your state, we do not think the consent of the wife is necessary for the sale of the livestock belonging to the husband.

M. M. J., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and having no child nor descendant, his surviving widow would receive all of his estate, after payment of debts and expenses, provided same consisted only of property acquired by him, and none of which came to him by descent, devise or deed of gift.

MRS. G. H., Iowa.—We think the woman whose husband beats her should make her complaint against him to a justice of the peace or some local magistrate, so that he may be punished for his offence.

MRS. J. A. H., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no child nor descendant and leaving no will, the widow, after payment of debts and expenses, is entitled to receive absolutely all personal property which came to the husband in right of the marriage, and also one-half of the real and personal estate of which the husband was owner at the time of his death, provided she makes a written election to take such property subject to the payment of the husband's debts, but this election must be in writing, acknowledged as in the case of a deed, filed in the probate court within six months, and recorded in the county where letters of administration was granted within nine months after the grant of such letters.

MRS. T. K., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that all property both real and personal owned or claimed by the husband before marriage, and that acquired afterwards by gift, devise or descent, and also the increase of all such real estate, is the separate property of the husband, and forms no part of the community property of his marriage.

M. E. F., North Carolina.—If the contract of sale signed by you is in proper form, we think the purchaser under such contract can compel you to carry out the provisions of such contract.

MRS. S. J., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a married man is liable for the support of his wife, unless she abandons him without good cause, or unless her conduct is such as to justify him in leaving her, or unless she has sufficient means to provide for her own support.

M. H. J., North Dakota.—Under the laws of your state, we think women attain their majority at 18 years.

MRS. D. W., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the widow of the man who died can convey no greater interest in the property, she received under his will, than she herself possesses therein, and if she is limited to an estate to be terminated upon her death or remarriage, her deed to the property would only convey such an estate, and the purchaser's right in the property would expire upon her death or remarriage; we think the signature of those entitled to the remainder interest in the property would be necessary to convey absolute titles.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

Diana, I like Charlie Chaplin just as much as you do. I never miss seeing a picture in which he appears and I believe that much of his work will become screen classics. I hope you saw him in "Easy Street." Charlie is in New York at this writing, staying at the Ritz Carlton hotel, and the other night a worshiping crowd almost crushed him to death in signifying their admiration.

Send me a copy of the "Hawaii Herald," Diana, and tell us about Oahu, Kauai and Maui—and about how good ripe pineapples and bananas taste!

ST. MARIES, BOX 385, IDAHO.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

As I have nothing else to do I will take my pencil in hand and write to you. The last time I wrote it was to Uncle Charlie but I guess you will have to answer the purpose at present. I am a young man eighteen years of age. I work every day. Last fall I was getting from $5.50 to $7.50 per day, but now I, and everybody else, is getting $3.60 to $4.00. Uncle, what is going to come next? But I am not so bad off: I own a five-room house and lot and an acre of orchard here in Idaho which I bought with money I saved up. I think I will buy a car—or rather an automobile. Uncle, do you think this is a good thing to do, or would it be a big expense? Maybe you know; I think you have had one. If I buy one, I am going to Lodi, California, where one of the COMFORT cousins is living. I correspond with her and her name is Alvina Zieman. She joined the League of Cousins about two years ago—at the time I did and I am proud of it, too, as every cousin ought to be. I would like to hear from any of the cousins and would also like a favor from one of them. I would like the words of the songs, "Three Leaves of Shamrock," and "The Gypsy's Warning." I will return any favor that is possible. Uncle, do you think we are going to have a harder time this year than last year?

I quite agree with Augustus Trick, but as far as the girls using powder puffs, that is their business and not the boys'. They do not interfere with the boys' doings. The powder is not any worse for them than it is for the boys to smoke cigarettes. But let me tell you and all others that there are some mighty good girls behind that powder and paint. And some mighty poor ones. I don't believe that Gus really knew what he was saying when he handed so many good girls such a wallop. I know a few good ones both at a distance and close up, too. Well, Uncle, I'll close my letter as it is getting most too long and I am anxious to see it published. I want Augustus and the other cousins to see it—especially a certain one. So don't let Billy the Goat get this until after it has been in COMFORT. Good by, with best wishes from

A COMFORT Cousin, ARCHIE GILLARD.

Archie, you want to know what is going to come next? This is a large order for any prophet and I would rather have the contract landed on Billy—who is always ready to make dogmatic assertions and predictions, without regard for facts or for the feelings of his audience. But I imagine all your question means is how many less silvery salary cartwheels you may be going to receive six months from now at the rate your rich wage scale has been descending. Well, Archibald, old chap, what I've seen of you so far I like, and I *hope* you won't be getting one red Indian less, but the chances look bad to me just now. It is going to be a difficult year for wage-earners—in the big cities at least, where prices of rent and foodstuffs are still high enough to take too large chunks out of depleted pay envelopes, or to be paid from past savings of workers who have lost their jobs. The unemployment situation in New York City is a desperate one. Over half a million men are out of work and are swamping the various aid organizations which are attempting to care for these industrial derelicts. There is nothing which is more of an indictment of modern life than the fact that an able-bodied man, willing to work, can be forced to go without food or shelter that he is capable of earning, and, jobless and helpless, must take the aid which can be only sparingly doled out by charitable organizations. For labor is wealth, and the more men who are working, the more wealth is being produced and the happier and better off we can all be. A hungry man, sleeping on a park bench, is a liability, not an asset, to society. He is a living problem for civilization. He is a sore showing the unhealthy circulation of our nation's industrial blood. As a part of the present problem, as a penalty we cannot avoid, is the fact that we must all face the assumption of a lower standard of living—which means lower wages—until the immense destruction of wealth which the great war brought on has been mostly made up. It cannot fail that the brunt of this "making up" must fall upon labor—the creating spirit of all wealth which exists or can exist. Yet, with all this gloomy prospect, think, Archie, what a lucky exhibit you are for wage-earners of other struggling countries: At eighteen you have a house, lot and orchard purchased with money saved from your labor, and now you are even contemplating the purchase of a gasolene chariot, once considered only as a plaything of the idle rich. As to the financial policy involved in buying an automobile, Archie, it depends entirely upon capital and earning capacity of the prospective buyer. Personally, I do not think a man earning four dollars a day should own a car. You earn your money with too much difficulty to have it wasted in the constant consumption of gasolene, oil and tires which goes on each day a car is used. Autos have dropped heavily in price and many good low-cost cars are on the market, but as you would be using your car only for pleasure purposes, I think you would be wise to leave even the low-priced cars alone and seek your fun in ways costing less money. Archibald, there are railroads running to Lodi, California, and you do not have to own an automobile just "to get to see" cousin Alvina Zieman. Buy a ticket, Archie, and keep the rest of your change in your inside pocket until you get to Lodi.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for April

"Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these you have done it unto Me."

Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Every month brings to me many letters which disregard this simple and necessary rule. Appeals unaccompanied by the references required will be destroyed.

Leonard Norman, Murdock, R. R. 1, Box 43, Minn. A young man unable to support himself because of a tubercular foot. Well recommended. Send him cheer and a shower of dimes. J. Ashburn, Taylorsville, N. C. Helpless and with a wife and four children to support. Give him a generous helping hand in his troubles. Mrs. Bertha C. Smith, Portland, 168 Ivy Street, Ore. A widow and a shut-in. Weary of four walls and begs for "a little real human sympathy." Send her letters and cheer which will help her to carry on. Mrs. Minnie Hughes, Shenandoah, 1208 W. Sheridan Avenue, Iowa. A widow who has reached a hard pass in trying to support herself and her young children. Show her that her hard struggle is worthy of reward. Mrs. Bertha Mulliner, Grand Junction, 860 Struthers Street, Colorado. Spinal trouble and a long chain of other physical ills make this poor woman ask aid for herself and her two children's support. Let her reply be a real boost. Mrs. Jennie Ajee, Spencer, R. R. 1, Box 35, Va. Old and afflicted. Needs help for herself and hus-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 33.)

The Remarkable Story of "Eva Dean"



NOTE—This is a story of "Eva Dean." In its brief way it presents the story of hundreds of other women who, in the fascinating manner described, have been able to provide themselves with the extra money which slender incomes so often cannot afford. If it shall have shown the way to happiness to but ONE woman, instead of hundreds who will respond, it will have served its purpose.

How One Woman Solved the Money Problem

Was this Eva Dean? I could scarcely believe my eyes. A miracle had happened in only a few short months. The prosperous looking, handsomely gowned woman before me was indeed my friend, Eva Dean. But what a transformation!

I knew that she had been very hard up and with only her husband's limited earnings on which to depend. Then, too, I had heard about some serious financial trouble the Deans had while I was away. Yet, here she was, at a time when work was scarce and wages getting lower and lower, well dressed, happy as a lark, and with a smile of contentment on a face which showed not a trace of the hardship I knew she had endured.

She must have read the question in my eyes and, as we entered her beautifully furnished home, she had told me the whole story.

"This is it," she said with pride, "the Gearhart Knitter which has helped me out of my trouble and made me one of the happiest women on earth. Every day I devote a little of my time to knitting the Famous Allwear Standard Hosiery.

You know my circumstances a few months back. I was almost desperate. I thought of sewing, washing, working out,—anything to overcome that terrible need for money. Finally I learned that the Gearhart Company of Clearfield, Pa., wanted women to do machine knitting at home. They said the work was easy and that they would pay me generously for every pair of standard Allwear Hosiery I could send them. They offered me a three year contract and as I found them to be a very reliable, long established company with bank references and hundreds of satisfied home workers, I promptly decided to send the moderate amount required to secure the knitter and start in making money.

It has proved a really delightful and restful occupation for me. It has turned my spare moments into golden hours. You see for yourself what I have gained, happiness at home, new clothes, things for the children, and money in the bank.

The Gearhart Knitter and the wool to make the hosiery came together and I got busy right away,—nothing difficult about it, no special training necessary,—so easy in fact that my husband and the children often help me.

Let me tell you, those checks from the Gearhart people came in mighty handy. One after another they arrived, as fast as I could send them the beautiful knitted Allwear" Hosiery."

The story of Eva Dean was finished and then I was treated to the surprise of my life. With a few simple movements she had the Gearhart Knitter started and at the bottom there appeared a lovely knitted sock of wonderful quality.

No wonder the Gearhart Knitter is known as the standard knitter, the fastest, most complete and reliable knitter made! No wonder the Gearhart home industry has so many happy, contented women!

My heart goes out to the woman struggling to make ends meet and to her I say, "Write to the Gearhart Knitting Machine Company of Clearfield, Pa., right away. Get a Gearhart Knitter, time for and accept the liberal pay time for and accept the liberal pay checks which they will send you for the pleasantest, nicest home work imaginable."



Free Booklet

Particulars of the Gearhart Knitting Company's Allwear Hosiery Home Industry Plan will be sent on request. Write for their Profit Guide Book and samples of Knitting free. Gearhart Knitting Machine Co., Dept. C O 631, Clearfield, Pa.



54 Inch Rope Of Pearls

Reward No. 9882

Full Opera Length

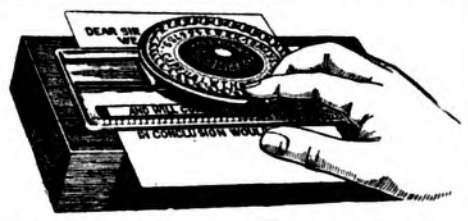
THE dream of every woman and girl is to possess her own necklace of gleaming, iridescent pearls. There's a wonderful fascination about them—a beauty that appeals to every feminine heart.

Now your dream can come true—for we are giving away this handsome, full **opera length** rope of Parisian pearls. It is 54 inches long, all the pearls are of uniform size—¼ inch in diameter—of perfect finish and luster, far handsomer than the ordinary imitation pearl necklace sold at a high price. It can easily be wound **twice** around the neck, making the double rope as shown in our illustration.

By rare good luck we secured first choice of these necklaces from a large importer and at a price that enables us to give them for an unusually small club. Please read the following offer and learn how you can get a beautiful, 54-inch rope of pearls free of all cost.

Given To You! For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this handsome, opera length Pearl Necklace free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9882.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

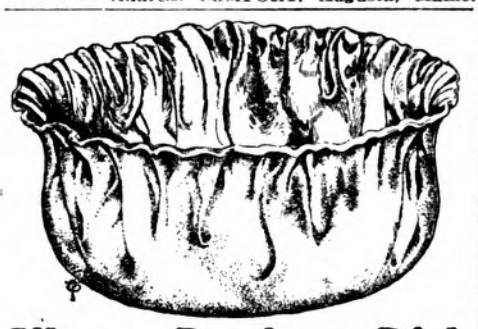


Little Giant Typewriter

A REAL machine that writes very distinctly. Has every letter in the alphabet, all the numerals from 1 to 10 and punctuation marks. Uses any size letter paper up to 5 inches wide. For correspondence, making out invoices, statements, addressing envelopes, etc., this machine will do the work well. It is very easy to operate, in fact, a child can write on it after a little practice.

Given To You! For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Typewriter free and prepaid. **Reward No. 8853.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Silver Bonbon Dish

THIS beautiful dish can be used for a variety of purposes—for candy, nuts, salted peanuts, popcorn, etc. It is much larger than it appears in the above illustration, measuring over five inches in width and two inches deep. It is heavily silver plated outside and gold lined. Needless to say, it makes a handsome ornament for the sideboard and will last a lifetime.

We will send you this handsome Silver Bonbon Dish free upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this Silver Plated, Gold Lined Bonbon Dish free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9942.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Beautiful Silk Remnants

REMNANTS of real silk, in all shapes, sizes and colors. They are carefully trimmed and just what you need for making up quilts, tidies, pillow tops and all kinds of "crazy patchwork." We will send you a package containing more than one hundred of these beautiful silk pieces and 5 skeins embroidery cotton in different bright colors, also an Instruction Book with eight full-page illustrations showing how to ornament seams of crazy patchwork and other work where fancy stitches are used, also how to work the Outline and Kensington Stitch, Arrasene and Chenille Embroidery, ribbon work, plush or tufted stitch, also directions for Kensington painting. All this is yours free upon the terms of the following special offer:

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you one package of these Silk Remnants free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 5561.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Plant This Grand Fruit Orchard!

For A Club Of Only Two We Will Send You Seventeen Apple And Pear Tree Grafts, Berry Bushes And Grape Vines!

LAST season we sent out nearly twenty-five thousand of these Orchard Collections to COMFORT readers. So far as we know, not one of them failed to grow. This season we expect to give away fifty thousand. We buy these Collections from a nursery man who has been in business for years and who has the reputation of producing some of the finest nursery stock to be obtained anywhere. He personally selects the different varieties that make up these Collections and forwards them direct to our readers by prepaid parcel post. **He Guarantees Every Collection.** If any of the trees, bushes or vines fail to grow satisfactorily they will be replaced for you **free of all charge.**

Here Is What You Get!

ONE Snow Apple Tree, One Wealthy Apple Tree, One Kieffer Pear Tree, One Bartlett Pear Tree, Two Lucretia Dewberry Bushes, Two Rex Raspberry Bushes, Three Niagara Grape Vines, Three Delaware Grape Vines, Three Concord Grape Vines.

The four Apple and Pear Tree grafts are **one foot high,** grafted from bearing trees with good records. They will take root as soon as planted and grow rapidly into vigorous, healthy trees.

The nine Grape Vines are a product of Southern Michigan, where the finest grapes in the world are grown. From selected vines, cuttings are taken and buried in underground pits until they undergo a process known as "callousing." After being properly "calloused" the cuttings will take root as soon as planted. **The "calloused" Grape Cuttings in this Collection are all produced in this manner.** They will grow rapidly and bear immense crops of choice grapes almost as soon as large vines planted at the same time.

The two Raspberry Bushes and two Dewberry Bushes are robust, one-year-old youngsters, ready to set out as soon as you receive them. They will begin growing at once and develop into fine, heavy-bearing bushes if given proper attention.

All Will Bear Soon!

This Fine Fruit Orchard will prove an ever-increasing source of pleasure and profit to you year after year. All the trees, vines and bushes will bear fruit in a remarkably short time. In two years the Raspberry and Dewberry bushes will commence bearing. The following year you will have grapes. The Apple and Pear Trees will begin to bear in from three to five years. Then you will have loads and loads of fine fruit in increasing quantity every year.

Full Planting Instructions!

WITH this Orchard Collection you will also receive **instructions for planting.** These directions are illustrated with pictures and diagrams showing you **just what to do and when and how to do it.** By following these simple directions you should in a few years have one of the finest orchards in your neighborhood.

They Are Sure To Grow!

REMEMBER, everything in this Collection is **absolutely guaranteed to grow.** We stand behind every Collection sent out and the grower in turn stands behind us. You may rest assured that this splendid Collection will reach you in **good condition** and grow to your **entire satisfaction** if the directions for planting are carefully followed. If any of the trees, bushes or vines fail to make growth satisfactory to you, we hereby guarantee to replace them **absolutely without charge.** You run absolutely no risk in accepting this offer.

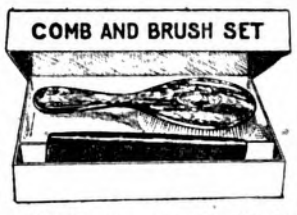
Our Free Offer!

FOR a club of only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will give you this remarkable Fruit and Orchard Collection free—the two Apple Trees, two Pear Trees, two Dewberry Bushes, two Raspberry Bushes and nine Grape Vines. The whole Collection will be carefully wrapped and sent to you prepaid by parcel post, direct from the grower **at the proper time for planting in your locality.** Remember we guarantee that everything will reach you in perfect condition. Be sure to send in your order this very day and ask for **Reward No. 9542.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine



2-Piece Toilet Set



THIS is a good grade Toilet Set, consisting of comb and brush. The comb is seven inches long, with coarse and fine teeth, and comes in the new popular "Malachite" green finish. The brush is nine inches long, two and a half inches wide, with firm white bristles, and is finished in the same beautiful "Malachite" green, with a silverine shield on the back. We have given away thousands of these sets and it never fails to please.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Comb and Brush Set free and prepaid. **Reward No. 9982.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Three Lovely Ferns



THEY are the largest, handsomest varieties ever grown for house culture—the **Roosevelt,** the **Boston** or "Fountain" fern, and the **Whitmani** or "Ostrich Plume" Fern. We guarantee these ferns to be strong, healthy and well rooted, and that they will reach you in perfect condition, ready to pot. If any of them fail to grow, we will cheerfully replace them free of charge. We are able to illustrate but one variety, **"The Roosevelt,"** but remember you get **all three ferns free on this offer.**

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you the above described collection of **three beautiful ferns** free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 8581.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



31-Piece Dinner Set

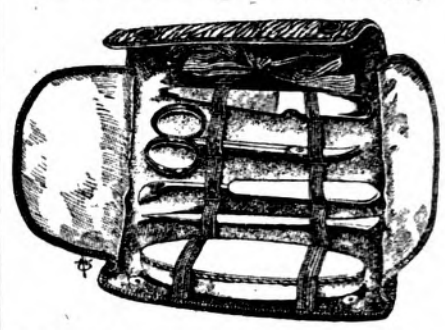
THIS splendid set of dishes is full size for family use and consists of **6 Plates, 6 Cups, 6 Saucers, 6 Cereal or Fruit Dishes, 6 Individual Butters** and large **Meat Platter** all handsomely decorated with clusters of **purple wood violets** surrounded with rich green foliage and bordered with **lovely tracings of gold.** Our illustration gives you no idea of the real beauty of these dishes. This is by far the handsomest, daintiest dinner set we have ever offered and we are positive that it will **more than please** every woman who secures one of them on the terms of our very liberal offer. No matter where you live **(if it is not outside the United States),** we will ship you this set by express direct from the pottery in Ohio. You are to pay the express charges, but they will be but a fraction of what this set would cost you at retail.

Given To You! For a club of only ten one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome 31-piece Violet Decorated Dinner Set carefully packed to prevent breakage, charges collect. **Reward No. 75010.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

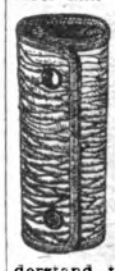
French Ivory Manicure Set

In A Roll-Up Leather Case



Given For A Club Of Four!

A PRACTICAL and beautiful Set, containing everything necessary for the proper care of the nails. It consists of a 5-inch flexible polished steel nail file, a pair of 3½-inch polished steel curved nail scissors, a 4-inch cuticle knife with French Ivory handle, a 4-inch French Ivory nail stick, and a 4½-inch nail polisher or buffer with French Ivory Top. All these articles are neatly contained in a moire-lined, **genuine leather case,** measuring 5½ inches wide and 6 inches from end to end when opened. The case rolls up as shown in illustration, and fastens with two snap clasps. In this form it resembles a miniature pocketbook, and is just as convenient to carry, as it measures only 5½x2 inches and only 1 inch in thickness.



Although we offer this Manicure Set for an unusually small club, please understand that **each and every piece** is strictly high grade and **regulation size.** We know that every woman and girl who accepts this offer and earns one of these splendid Sets will be more than delighted with it. It is **free** on the terms of the following offer.

Given To You! For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this splendid French Ivory Manicure Set in a roll-up leather case free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8124.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

"Peggy"

The New Winter Doll



PEGGY first saw the light of day in New York but she didn't like the big city with its noise and confusion and was mighty glad to come to Maine on a brief vacation before looking for a permanent home somewhere in the country.

She doesn't care where she lives so long as it is in some cozy little town or on a nice, big farm, and provided she can find some little girl who will be a kind mother to her. She just loves the horses and cows and doggies and kitties and—yes, even the little "piggies" make her laugh until she can hardly stand up.

Peggy says that life on the farm is the only life for her, so we want to give her to some little girl who lives on a farm, where she can romp and play to her heart's content and be happy all day long. Please remember, however, that we have but a limited number of these Dolls on hand and if you want one your order should be sent in **at once.**

A New York manufacturer who wanted to keep his help busy during the dull season sold us these Dolls at about one-half the regular wholesale price, so we are enabled to give them away for almost nothing.

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you "Peggy" free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8621.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Writing And Drawing Outfit

Reward No. 9972



For Home And School

In A Fine Leathereett Case

HERE is something that is needed in every home and by every schoolboy and schoolgirl—a big value-assortment of almost everything needed for writing and drawing. Our illustration is, of course, greatly reduced in size. The Case, which is made of fine leatherette, is 10½ inches long and 2½ inches wide. It is of the folding style, with a snap fastener, so that it can conveniently be carried in the pocket or in the children's lunch basket. Inside the Case there are **three high-grade pencils with erasers, one good quality penholder with pen, one twin pencil** (in reality two pencils in a combination holder), **one pencil sharpener, one large rubber eraser, one 10-inch ruler** and an **aluminum collapsible drinking cup with cover.**

This Outfit is manufactured by the American Lead Pencil Company, which is sufficient guarantee of its fine quality, and we know that it will please our readers, especially those who have children going to school, and of course it is just as handy in the home, because all the pencils, penholder, etc., are high grade and just what grown people like to use. If you will accept the following special offer we will send you one of these fine Outfits free.

Given To You! For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this complete Writing and Drawing Outfit, exactly as above described, free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9972.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

French Ivory Manicure Set In A Roll-Up Leather Case



Given For A Club Of Only Four

A PRACTICAL and beautiful set containing everything necessary for the care of the nails. It consists of a pair of extra fine steel nail scissors, a pair of curved nail scissors, a curved nail scissors, a knife with French Ivory handle, a 4½-inch nail polisher with French Ivory top, all of which are neatly contained in a genuine leather case 6 inches wide and 4 inches long when opened. The case is as shown in illustration with two snap clasps and resembles a miniature suitcase. It is just as convenient. When closed it measures only 6½ inches long, 4½ inches wide and 1 inch in thickness.

Although we offer this set for an unusually small club, we demand that each and every one be of high grade and regulation size. Every woman and girl who sees one of these splendid sets will be delighted with it. It is the following offer.

Given To You! For four one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this French Ivory Manicure Set in a case free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 8621.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



She Is Looking For A Mother

"Peg The Wa

Do You Want Her?

The only life for her, so we say, is that little girl who lives on a farm and has room and play to her heart's content. Happy all day long. Please see that we have but a limited number on hand and if you want one it should be sent in at once.

A New York manufacturer who wishes to help busy during the dull season has made these dolls at about one-half their regular value. Owing to the low price, so we are enabled to sell them at almost nothing.

Given To You! For one new subscription to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you the "Peggy" free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 8621.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Writing And Drawing Outfit



For Home And School

A Fine Leatherette Case

HERE is something that is needed in every home and by every schoolboy and girl—a big value-assortment of all the articles needed for writing and drawing. The case, of course, greatly reduced in price, is made of fine leatherette, which is made of fine leatherette 9 inches wide, 6½ inches long and 2½ inches wide. It is fitted with a snap fastener to keep the contents safely and can be carried in the pocket or conveniently carried in the pocket or in the boy's lunch basket. Inside the case are two high-grade pencils with rubber, one high-quality penholder with pen, one high-quality two pencils in a container, one pencil sharpener, one large rubber eraser, one 6-inch ruler and an aluminum ink cup with cover.

This Outfit is manufactured by the Eagle Pencil Company, which is a guarantee of its fine quality, and we believe that our readers, especially the children going to school, will find it handy in the home, because of the pencil holder, etc., are high grade and such as their own people like to use. If you want the following special offer we will send you one of these fine Outfits free.

Given To You! For four one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this Writing and Drawing Outfit, exactly as pictured, free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 8622.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN



WARNING! Say "Bayer" when you buy Aspirin.

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians over 22 years and proved safe by millions for

Colds	Headache	Rheumatism
Toothache	Neuralgia	Neuritis
Earache	Lumbago	Pain, Pain

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions.

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

Varicose Veins Relieved



Don't neglect Varicose Veins. Don't wear dangerous bandages or ill-fitting Elastic Stockings with SEAMS that irritate and chafe veins. Worcester SEAMLESS Elastic Stockings are safest and best, because they have no seams. Made of strictly fresh rubber thread to your exact leg measurements—therefore fit perfectly and wear longest. Cost less and ensure more comfort.

Write for Free Booklet

about Varicose Veins and our full line of Abdominal Belts, Elastic Brassieres and Trusses.

Worcester Elastic Stocking & Truss Co.
Box 10 Worcester, Mass.

16-Piece Aluminum Set



For A Club Of Only Five

TO describe the many virtues of this splendid Aluminum Set seems unnecessary. Every good housewife knows what it means to have her kitchen utensils made of this bright, handsome, light-weight, sanitary metal that is so easy to keep clean, that never "peels," rusts or corrodes and **never wears out.**

As shown in our illustration, this big-value Kitchen Set consists of the following named pieces, all pure aluminum—16 of them in all: **Six Teaspoons, Six Tablespoons, One Whole Mixing Spoon, One Ladle, One Slotted Mixing Spoon and One Cake Beater.**

Please bear in mind that each and every piece is full standard size for every-day use in the home and the set as a whole is in every way equal to those sold at high prices in the retail stores today. We buy direct from the manufacturer, however, and in large quantities, thereby securing the lowest factory price. As a result, we can afford to give away this set for a very small club of subscriptions.

Given To You! For a club of five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this genuine Aluminum 16-piece Kitchen Set, free by Parcel Post, prepaid. **Reward No. 7615.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

VETERINARY INFORMATION



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

Worm Medicine for Pigs

WHEN pigs that are well fed fail to thrive, have harsh, "staring" coats of hair, "pot bellies," depraved appetite and a tendency to diarrhea, worms are usually the cause. Intestinal parasites may also cause fits. It is best, so far as possible, to prevent pigs from becoming infested with worms. This may be managed by ridding sows of parasites as soon as their pigs are strong enough to run outdoors and then allowing the sow and her litter a clean colony house and a succession of fresh, green grazing crops from early spring until late autumn. Such crops may consist of clover, alfalfa, soy beans, rape, peas and oats or any other green food relished by swine and suitable for growth in the district where the pigs are raised. It is also necessary to keep the young pigs out of houses, yards, fields and wallows used by adult hogs and at all times to provide pure drinking water and to keep the feeding utensils scrupulously clean.

When pigs are known to be infested with worms withold feed for 18 hours or more and then give the following medicines, in a very little slop or water, for each 50 pounds of body weight of pigs: Two and one-half grains each of santonin and calomel; one dram of freshly powdered areca nut, and one-half dram of bicarbonate of soda. Repeat the treatment in two weeks. It is a mistake to give concentrated lye to hogs and copperas (sulphate of copper) is liable to cause a pregnant sow to abort. When such a sow needs worm medicine she may safely be given one or two teaspoonfuls of flowers of sulphur, according to age and size, in feed for three consecutive days, for two weeks. As santonin is expensive, some breeders prefer to give turpentine in slop or milk. Pure medicinal turpentine should be used. The dose is one teaspoonful for each 80 pounds of body weight of pig, to be given in slop once daily for three days a week, for two weeks. Commercial worm capsules are also effective but may cause choking or gangrene unless very carefully administered.

MOON BLINDNESS.—Both of my horses have had sore eyes and now there is a white scum forming over the sight of the eye. Is there any remedy that will remove the scum and restore the sight? H. F. L.

A.—The disease present is periodic or recurrent ophthalmia, commonly called "moon blindness." It is practically incurable and after repeated attacks causes cataract and blindness of one or both eyes. Tendency to the disease is considered hereditary but many consider the disease to be caused by germs. Veterinarians are now experimenting with a bacterin against the disease. Blindness may be retarded somewhat by isolating the mare in a practically darkened stable, giving her one dram of iodide of potash twice daily in drinking water for a week or 10 days at time of attack and twice daily putting a little bit of one per cent. yellow oxid of mercury ointment in the inner corner of the affected eye and also smearing some on the eyelid. Bathe the eye with a saturated solution of beric acid frequently at time of attack.

RINGBONE.—Can you tell me what causes my two-year-old horse to be so lame in his right front leg? Some tell me it is ringbone. Is there a cure for it? A. H.

A.—A personal examination is of course necessary for the determination of the seat and cause of a mysterious lameness. If you are sure that a ringbone is causing the lameness, the only certain way of giving relief would be to have high unnerving done by a trained veterinarian. Point-firing and blistering followed by a prolonged rest may suffice when a hind pastern is the seat of the ringbone, but it rarely helps the condition on a fore pastern. If you cannot employ a veterinarian clip off the hair and repeatedly blister the ringbone and hoof-head.

PRECOCIOUS LACTATION.—I have a heifer, two years old, that will be fresh in the summer. There is a six-months-old calf sucking her and she gives lots of milk. Will this hurt her? J. W. W.

A.—When calves suck the teats of a heifer that has not had a calf, milk commonly forms and the tendency, as a result, is for the udder to become ruinously affected with garget at freshening time. The calf should be weaned at once and the milk secretion of the heifer gradually dried off by increasing the intervals between milkings, rubbing in warm camphorated oil or lard twice daily and feeding a dry ration.

DISEASE OF SWINE.—Will you tell me what is the matter with my hogs? They were in good shape the first of last November, and all at once they stopped eating corn, but would drink water or slop, until the day before they died. Some of them are down in the back and some have swollen joints. They have blisters and sores on them and finally the hair drops off. I feed mostly corn, some skim-milk, buttermilk and slop. They haven't had much green stuff since the last of October. I keep wood ashes in their pens. MRS. A. M. T.

A.—The hogs, no doubt, are dying of cholera or swine plague or necrotic stomachitis. You should at once have a qualified veterinarian make the necessary investigation and post-mortem examination to determine what is wrong. Vaccination will be in order as a preventive if it is cholera or swine plague, and new, clean quarters should be provided if it is the other disease. Medicinal treatment rarely does any good.

LAMPAS.—I have a six-year-old horse that I bought a year ago. He had the "lampers" or what people said were lampers. His upper gums are swollen and he can hardly bite corn off the cob. Please tell me what to do for it and what causes it. H. E. H.

A. Lampas is not a disease but merely a swollen condition of the bars of the hard palate just behind the upper incisor teeth. It usually comes in sympathy with swelling of the gums and cheeks or tongue, caused by sharp or irregular molar teeth or by teething. Have the teeth put in order by a veterinarian, and if then necessary paint the swelling with tincture of iodin twice a week, but do not cut or burn the part.

WEAK STIFLE.—I have a colt, 18 months old, that is stifled. The stifle flies out when he trots but not when he walks. I would like to know what I can do for him. MRS. H. E. D.

A.—The patella or kneecap of the stifle joint at the flank slips out of place. This is due to weakness of the ligaments and muscles of the joint. To remedy the condition, tie the colt up short in a narrow stall, and from a collar around his neck run a padded rope or strap between the forelegs and tie it to a strap buckled around the pastern of the affected leg to keep that foot somewhat advanced. A high-heeled shoe also helps. Clip the hair from the stifle joint and around it and apply a blister when the colt has been tied up. Repeat the blister when the skin has recovered. Obtain the blister from a veterinarian.

KICKING IN STABLE.—I have a mare eight years old that has the habit of kicking the partition with her left hind foot. She does it more at night than in the daytime. Can you tell me what I can do to stop it? J. A. McK.

A.—Rats or mice in the stable often cause a nervous horse to kick at night. Do away with that cause. She may not kick if you can allow her a box-stall at night. If she persists, buckle a piece of trace-chain to the pastern of the leg with which she does the kicking.

INFECTED EYES.—My boys have a pet dog and there is something wrong with his eyes. A formation gathers around them and they appear to itch, for he scratches all the time and his hair comes out. What is good for him? I have taken COMFORT seventeen years. MRS. B.

A.—Bathe the eye twice daily with warm water containing all the boric acid it will dissolve. If that does not suffice and there is a discharge from the eyes, put a drop or so of 25 per cent. argyrol solution in each eye at intervals of six hours, or oftener if necessary, until the discharge subsides. If there are sores on the skin, clip off the hair, scrub clean and then rub in some compound sulphur ointment every three days.

WORMS IN CAT.—Will you prescribe something for my cat? After taking the kittens away from her, her bowels became very loose and the membrane in the corner of the eye is nearly half out of the eye. MRS. N. D. S.

A.—We suspect that intestinal worms are causing the irritation. Possibly you can find them in the dropping. They may be destroyed by withholding food for 24 hours and then giving the cat one to three grains of santonin, according to age and size, and following in an hour with a dose of castor oil in milk. A very large cat may also have five drops of turpentine added to the dose of oil. Repeat the treatment in two weeks. Diarrhea in cats may be stopped by giving a dose of castoria and then five to 10 grains of subnitrate of bismuth in milk two or three times daily.

FITS.—Will you tell me what ails my eight-weeks-old pigs? They look all right, but when they eat or drink they sometimes fall and have spasms or fits. Is it worms? MRS. F. I. B.

A.—Too fast drinking of milk or slops by hungry pigs sometimes induces spasm of the gullet which results in fit. Indigestion is usually present in such cases. Worms are not the likely cause. Feed slop that will just pour and allow milk twice daily in addition. Do not feed oats or unscreened ground oats and do not cook the feed. Have the pigs take active outdoor exercise every day. If constipated, physic the pigs with castor oil or epsom salt.

According to recent figures, there are 9,245,195 passenger cars, trucks and commercial motor vehicles registered in the United States.

Automobiles are found on more than 30 per cent. of all the farms in the United States, the number of cars totaling 2,146,512.

3 Special Bargains Send NO MONEY

Any of these amazing bargains will be sent on approval. Simply mail the coupon below—your choice will come at once, direct to your door. You are the judge. We guarantee to satisfy you—or no sale.

Men's Single-Breasted U. S. Army Raincoat, made of Tan Gas Mask Cloth, guaranteed absolutely waterproof. Sizes: 32 to 48. **Only $4.45, plus postage.**

Two splendid Shirts for the price of one! Made of splendid quality Officers' Silk Poplin. Will give wonderful service and wear. All sizes. **Two for $3.49, plus postage.**

$2.85 buys this tremendous bargain in Work Shoes of finest Boarded Leather, Munson last. Soles of best quality oak and inner soles of solid leather Sizes: 6 to 11, all widths. **$2.85, plus postage.**



INTERNATIONAL COMMERCIAL HOUSE, Inc.
210 Second Avenue, New York Dept. 401

Please send me the articles checked below. I will pay for the goods and postage on arrival. My money back if I want it. I risk nothing.

Raincoat at $4.45 Size ... Two Shirts at $3.49 Size ... Shoes at $2.85 Size

Name .....

Address .....

Gate Top Mesh Purse

THIS is the new "Gate Top" mesh purse with a ten-inch wrist chain, handsome, stylish, and **perfectly safe for the carrying of money and other valuables.** A slight pull with the forefinger of each hand instantly opens the purse, a gentle pressure with thumb and finger closes it. Our illustration shows the purse closed. When open the top is as large as the bottom, or in other words, two inches in diameter. When closed it leaves an opening only three-fourths of an inch wide over which the brightly polished German silver cover snaps down tightly so that the contents of the purse cannot possibly become lost. This dainty purse is now extremely fashionable so we have purchased a quantity for the benefit of those of our lady and girl readers who like to be up-to-date in these little accessories. You can have one of them free by taking advantage of the following



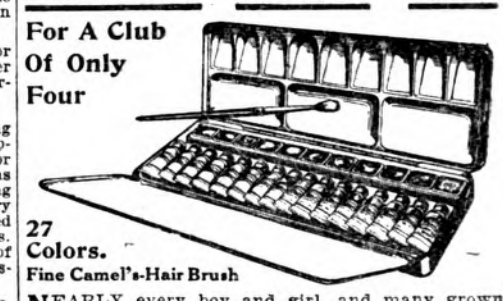
Reward No. 7833

Club Offer. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this handsome and stylish Gate Top mesh purse free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Reward No. 7833.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Artist's Paint Box

For A Club Of Only Four



27 Colors.

Fine Camel's-Hair Brush

NEARLY every boy and girl, and many grown people too, like to paint pictures of flowers, animal life, bits of scenery, etc. To get the best results, however, you need a good set of colors like the one shown here. The box is 8½ inches long, 3½ inches wide, made of black enameled metal. It contains **eleven** regular colors in pans and **sixteen** moist colors in tubes, including Light Red, Yellow, Light Yellow, Violet, Ultramarine, Green, Light Green, Cobalt Blue, Prussian Blue, Carmine, Warm Sepia, Vermilion, Black, White, Yellow Ochre and Orange. There is also a good quality camel's-hair brush five inches long. Anyone who has a talent for drawing or painting should have one of these outfits because it is of good quality throughout and we know it will give the greatest satisfaction. You can have this Paint Box complete as described upon the terms of the following special offer:

Given To You! For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this fine Artist's Paint Box free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 7994.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Send Only Three Subscriptions For This Cut Glass Sugar and Creamer—Or Two Subscriptions For The Pickle Dish Or Spoon Tray!



WE want to ask our women readers—did you ever see or hear of a more remarkable offer?

Just think of the small number of subscriptions required to earn any one or all of these beautiful cut glass pieces.

And it is **real** cut glass—of good weight and thickness—clear, brilliant, crystal glass, exquisitely hand cut in a new and beautiful design. Each piece is full size with the same handsome floral pattern that twines completely around the outside in graceful curves, while on the bottom of each piece is a heavily cut, many-pointed star. The rim of both sugar and creamer is deeply notched.

Do you wonder how we can make this offer? A certain factory, realizing that we shall probably use thousands of these sets, has made us an unusually low price. That's the whole story. And the result is we can give you your choice of this rich genuine cut glass absolutely free in return for the easiest half hour's work you ever did.

We Prepay Charges And Positively Guarantee Safe Delivery

Any or all of these pieces can be safely mailed by parcel post. We pay all postage and guarantee safe delivery to your home. If by chance a piece should become broken (something that rarely happens) we will replace it **free of charge.**

We know that every woman that receives one or more of these rich cut glass pieces will be amazed and delighted with the bargain she has obtained. It is easily the greatest value in a premium that we have ever been able to offer. We will give you your choice of the Sugar and Creamer, or the Pickle Dish, or the Spoon Tray absolutely free on the terms of the following special

Club Offers. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you the Sugar and Creamer by prepaid insured parcel post. **(Reward No. 8883).** Or for two one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you your choice of **either** the Pickle Dish **(Reward No. 9402),** or the Spoon Tray **(Reward No. 9412).** Or we will send you the complete set of all four pieces free and prepaid for a club of seven one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each. **(Reward No. 7457).**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Crooked Spines Made Straight



If you are suffering from any form of spinal trouble you can be relieved—and **probably wholly overcome** your affliction—right in your own home without pain or discomfort. A wonderful anatomical appliance has been invented by a man who cured himself of Spinal Curvature. Its results are marvelous. It is nature's own method. Eminent physicians are endorsing it. The Philo Burt Method relieves the pressure at the affected parts of the spine, the whole spine is invigorated and strengthened, all soreness is taken out of the back, the cartilage between the vertibræ is made to expand, the contracted muscles are relaxed, and the spine is straightened. There is bright hope for you, no matter how long you have suffered. We have strong testimonials from every State in the Union. Each appliance is made to order from individual measurements and fits perfectly. There is positively no inconvenience in wearing. **We guarantee satisfaction and let you use it 30 days.** Write today for our new book. It gives full information and testimonials.



PHILO BURT MFG. CO., 334-160dd Fellows' Bldg., JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

Ladies' Wrist Watch

With Silk Ribbon Bracelet



For A Club Of Only Ten

WE have long searched the market for a suitable wrist watch for our girl readers and at last we have found it.

The above illustration really fails to do the watch justice. We know you will instantly fall in love with it. It is the popular **octagon** shape, only 5-16 of an inch thick and one inch in diameter. It has a high-grade jeweled Swiss movement and will keep accurate time. The dial is pure white with Arabic numerals. The bracelet is made of the finest black silk ribbon with a genuine rolled-gold catch and slide.

If you want a dainty, stylish, up-to-date wrist watch that you will be proud to show your friends, here is your opportunity to secure one absolutely free. You can easily secure the small club mentioned below and as soon as you have done so this beautiful wrist watch is yours without one cent of cost.

Given To You! For a club of only ten one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this fine wrist watch with ribbon bracelet exactly as described above, absolutely free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 75110.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Gold Birthstone Rings

THE most popular ladies' rings worn today are these beautiful birthstone rings. Not only is it considered lucky to wear one of them but they are now and always will be exceedingly stylish. We are able to illustrate only three of the rings but there are **twelve** in all—a different stone for each month of the year, and of course you should wear the stone that is symbolical of the month you were born. The following is a list of the twelve rings, names of the stones and the month to which they apply:

No. 8411, January, Garnet. **No. 8421, February,** Amethyst. **No. 8431, March,** Bloodstone. **No. 8441, April,** Diamond. **No. 8451, May,** Emerald. **No. 8461, June,** Agate. **No. 8471, July,** Ruby. **No. 8481, August,** Sardonyx. **No. 8491, September,** Sapphire. **No. 8501, October,** Opal. **No. 8511, November,** Topaz. **No. 8521, December,** Turquoise.

Each ring is guaranteed genuine gold filled, which looks exactly like solid gold and will wear for years. **In fact we absolutely guarantee each ring for at least five years.** The rings themselves are perfectly plain, the stones are solitaires and perfect imitations of the real gems. The setting of each ring is the ever popular "Tiffany" style. As a Christmas, Birthday or all-the-year-round gift for wife, mother, sweetheart or sister, nothing could be more appropriate and acceptable than one of these beautiful guaranteed rings set with the birthstone of the person to whom it is given. We will send you one of these rings free upon the terms of the following offer:

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you one of these beautiful gold-filled Rings by parcel post, prepaid. **Please be sure to give size and number of ring wanted.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Sugar, Creamer And Tray



MADE of "crushed" silver—the very latest idea. Sugar, Creamer and Tray are full standard size. The Tray is quadruple silver plated and both Sugar and Creamer are quadruple silver plated outside and gold lined inside. A very useful set and a beautiful ornament for the dining table or sideboard.

CLUB OFFER. We will send you this Crushed Silver Set free and prepaid for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. **Reward No. 7904.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

SELF-FILLING

Fountain Pen

For A Club Of Three



HERE is a fountain pen **that we can positively guarantee. Perhaps you have had some experience with fountain pens which never would write well and continually leaked ink all over your fingers. If so you will certainly appreciate this opportunity to secure a fountain pen that has none of these defects.** Our illustration is of course **greatly reduced in size. The pen offered you here is 6½** inches long, made entirely of hard rubber, finely finished, and the pen point is genuine 14-K gold. The feeding device is perfect, permitting a uniform flow of ink and **it will not leak.** Also please notice that this is a **self-filling** pen. You can fill this fountain pen **in less than 10 seconds** by pressing down the spring on the side, then placing the pen point in a bottle of ink, after which you release the spring and the pen is instantly filled with ink to its full capacity. If given proper care this pen should last anybody for years. If you will accept the following special offer we will send you one of these self-filling fountain pens with a positive guarantee that if it fails to prove satisfactory in any way you may return it to us and we will replace it with a new pen **free of charge.**

Club Offer. For a club of only three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed self-filling fountain pen free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8873.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Five One-Year Old

ROSE BUSHES

HERE is the offer you have been waiting for—our new 1922 offer of beautiful Rose bushes free to all COMFORT readers. This year we shall give you what we believe to be five of the **finest** varieties yet produced. They come from the most famous rose grower in the United States—an **expert** who has done nothing but cutivate roses all his life. Each bush is **one year old** and in a growing condition when delivered to you. No matter where you live, you will receive the bushes at the proper time to plant in your locality. We guarantee that they will reach you in perfect condition. If they do not, or if any of the bushes fail to grow, we will replace them for you **free of all cost.** Following is a brief description of each of the five different varieties. Please read carefully—and send in your order **today.**

For One Subscription You Get These Five Prize Beauties!

Alexander Hill Grey A magnificent giant yellow rose, standing head and shoulders above all others of its color, ranking with the American Beauty and the Killarneys in value and grandeur. The color is a deep golden yellow with the edge of the petal a little lighter.

Columbia A very large Rose, the open flower measuring six inches across. The color is a true pink, deepening as it opens to a glowing pink. The shades become more and more intense until the full maturity of the flower is reached, and this color is enduring.

Lady Gay One of the most wonderful of all climbing roses, noted for its sweet and lasting fragrance and immense clusters of double, light pink blossoms—as many as thirty to forty in a single cluster. It has none of the defects of the Rambler but remains free from disease in all climates.

Eugene E. Marlitt One of the finest garden roses, healthy, vigorous and free blooming. The flowers are large and very double and of a rich bright carmine with scarlet tones which do not fade in the hottest weather. It is very hardy, fragrant and keeps up a close succession of bloom.

Bessie Brown A splendid new rose introduced here from Europe and beautiful beyond comparison. It bears large, full, double blossoms on strong, erect stems, is very hardy and fragrant, blooming profusely all through the summer. The color is almost pure white, flushed with pink.

Our Free Offer For only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50c we will send you the above described five Rose Bushes, free by parcel post prepaid. They will be forwarded to you at the proper time for planting in your locality and we guarantee they will reach you in perfect condition. **Reward 8661.**

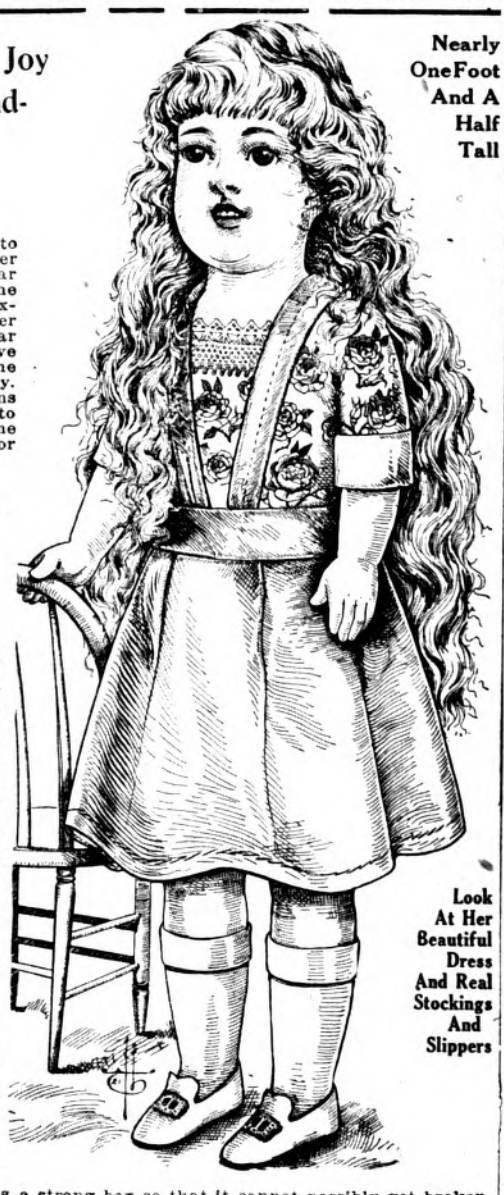
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine

What A Beautiful Life-Like Doll For Some Little Girl In Your Home!

Won't She Fairly Shout With Joy When She Finds This Big, Handsome, Sleeping Dolly Is All Her Own!

YES, we will send this big lifelike Doll to any little girl whose Papa, Mama, brother or sister will send in a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT. Not since before the war have we been able to offer such an expensive Doll. No city store will show a larger or handsomer Doll this season at anywhere near the price we paid for this one. We bought five thousand of them in one lot direct from the factory—that is how we secured them so cheaply. **And just think**—a club of only **six** subscriptions to COMFORT brings this beautiful Doll right to your door—yours to have and to own without one cent of expense. What a delightful surprise for some little tot in your home!

Nearly One Foot And A Half Tall



Look At Her Beautiful Dress And Real Stockings And Slippers

She Can Open And Close Her Eyes. She Has Imitation Teeth, Long Golden Hair And Wears A Pretty Dress With Real Stockings And Slippers.

NOW let us tell you more about this Doll. she stands **nearly a foot and a half tall.** The body, arms and legs are made by a new improved process which renders them practically **indestructible.** The head is **unbreakable** and head, arms and legs are movable. And if you could only see her hair. It is a light golden color, thick, long and luxuriant, **falling far below her waist.** Her eyes are as blue as the sky and she can open and shut them and go to sleep **like a real baby** whenever you want her to. Her rosebud lips are parted in a winsome smile showing her pretty white teeth in a truly lifelike manner.

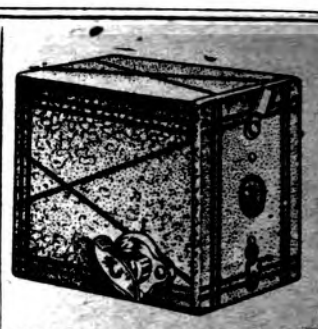
She is fully dressed from head to feet in the latest style with cute short sleeves, handsome figured lace trimmed waist and short pleated skirt and she wears real stockings and slippers with silveroid buckles. **You can undress and dress this Doll as often as you please and you can take off her stockings and slippers and put them on again just as you do your own.**

Fathers and Mothers—just look at this beautiful Doll as she stands smiling and waiting for someone to pick her up, hug her and kiss her and take her out to play. Don't you think **your** little girl would just love to have her for her very own? Of course she would—and you should take advantage of this offer **at once.** Remember we have but five thousand of these Dolls on hand and when they are gone this offer will be withdrawn.

FOR A CLUB OF ONLY SIX!

YOU can surely find six neighbors and friends who will be glad to subscribe to COMFORT at the present bargain rate of 50 cents a year. Send us their names and addresses and the money collected ($3.00 in all) and we will send you this big, beautiful Sleeping Doll, fully dressed and otherwise exactly as described above, packed in a strong box so that it cannot possibly get broken, free by parcel post prepaid. There will be no expense to you whatever. Your Mail Carrier will deliver the Doll right to your door without charge. This Doll is **Reward No. 7806 and please mention this number when ordering.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Premo Camera

Reward No. 7944

Films And Instruction Book Free

THIS is not a toy but a genuine "Premo" camera, **made by the Eastman Kodak Co.,** therefore you can depend upon it to produce the most pleasing and satisfactory results. It takes a picture 1¼ by 1¾ inches, is fitted with the best quality **Meniscus lens and an automatic shutter** adapted for snapshots and time exposures. The pictures may be taken either the long way or the short way of the camera. It uses the regulation roll film cartridge containing six exposures, and this may be put in the camera and taken out again **in broad daylight,** so that you don't have to go into a dark room every time you want to load the camera. Anybody can make good pictures with this camera. Being small and compact, it is just the thing to carry with you to "snap" pictures of your friends, sports, etc., with. And remember, we send you not only the camera itself but also include **One Six Exposure Roll Film Cartridge and Instruction Book,** all packed together in a strong box and sent to you **Free by Parcel Post, prepaid,** on the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For a club of four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you by parcel post, prepaid, this Premo Camera with one Roll Film Cartridge containing six exposures and complete Instruction Book. **Reward No. 7944.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Shaggy Teddy Bear

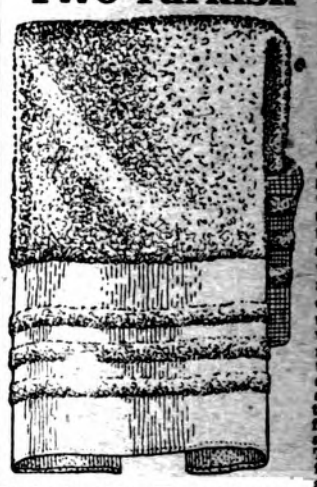
EVERY little boy and girl wants a Teddy Bear and here is an opportunity for every father or mother who reads COMFORT to get one without expense. "Teddy" is a plump, shaggy fellow, 10 inches tall, made of brown plush, carefully stitched and finished, and his head and legs are jointed in such a manner that you can place him in almost any position. He will stand up, sit down, stand on his head, walk on all fours, in fact he gets himself into all kinds of positions, so comical and lifelike that **it makes the children scream with delight just to look at him. Teddy is so well made that he cannot easily become broken, and with ordinary care should last for years.** We will send you Teddy free if you will accept the following special offer:

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Teddy Bear free and prepaid. **Reward No. 9992.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Two Turkish Towels

Good Size Soft And Fleecy

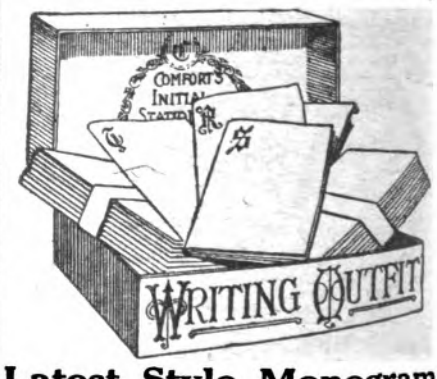


AFTER bathing there is nothing quite as fine as a good rub down with a **Turkish towel.** In fact it is the **best** towel for **all purposes,** whether for the bathroom, guestroom or everyday family use. They absorb the water much more readily than other towels and the **soft fleece-like surface** imparts to the body a delightful feeling of warmth and well-being. They are also fine for **baby's toilet** as they will not hurt **the tender skin. The towels offered here are 15 inches wide and 32 inches long** which is a good convenient size for all-round family use, and are of good weight, well made and finished. We will make you a present of two of these towels upon the terms of the following offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you one pair (2) of these fine Turkish Towels free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 9912.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Box Of Initial Stationery



Latest Style Monogram

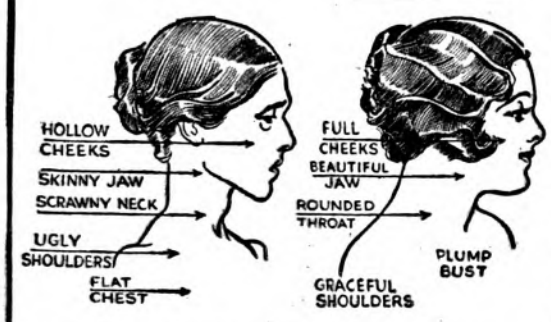
IT is now the **height of fashion** and evidence of the **very best taste** to use stationery with your **own monogram initial or "crest"** on it. In this offer we give you **two dozen sheets** white linen **stationery** 10½x6¼ inches in size, each sheet **beautifully embossed in colors** with any **monogram initial you desire and two dozen envelopes.** Just think how nice it will be when writing to your friends to have your own **letter crest monogram initial embossed in colors** on this high-grade **fine quality stationery.** Remember you get **one full quire** of choice paper and **twenty-four envelopes** in this complete writer's outfit. Don't hesitate to send for this **premium today** because you will surely be **delighted with it.**

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you a box of this Initial Stationery **free** by parcel post, prepaid. **When ordering be sure to specify what monogram initial you want. Reward No. 9423.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

To Round Out Face and Figure Take Mastin's Vitamon Tablets

Clear Skin, Increase Energy and Beautify the Complexion. All Three Vitamines Combined with True Organic Iron and the Necessary Lime Salts in Concentrated Form —Easy to Take and Economical—Results Quick.



Thin or run-down folks who want to quickly get some good, firm, solid flesh on their bones, fill out the hollows and sunken cheeks with strong, healthy tissues, and build up increased energy and vitality should try taking a little Mastin's VITAMON with their meals. Mastin's VITAMON is a tiny tablet containing highly concentrated yeast vitamines as well as the two other still more important vitamines (Fat soluble A and Water-soluble C), together with true organic iron and the necessary lime salts, all of which Science says you must have to be strong, well and fully developed. They help to banish pimples, boils and skin eruptions as if by magic, strengthen the nerves, build up the body with firm flesh and tissue and often completely rejuvenate the whole system. By getting the precious yeast vitamines in this concentrated tablet form you run no risk of causing gas or upsetting the stomach and can be sure of quick, gratifying results.

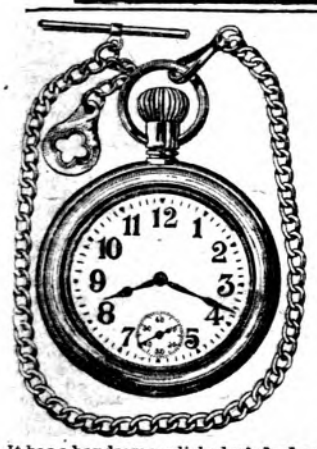
If you are thin, pale, haggard, drawn looking or lack energy and endurance you should find it well worth while to make this simple test: First weigh yourself and measure yourself. Next take Mastin's VITAMON—two tablets with every meal. Then weigh and measure yourself again each week and continue taking Mastin's VITAMON regularly until you are satisfied with your gain in weight and energy. It is not only a question of how much better you look and feel, or what your friends say and think—the scales and tape measure will tell their own story.

WARNING: Your safety and protection depend upon getting MASTIN'S VITAMON TABLETS—if it isn't MASTIN'S it isn't the Original and Genuine VITAMON—the World's Standard—now used by millions. Beware of imitations, cheap substitutes or so-called "yeast vitamine tablets." Insist upon MASTIN'S. At all good druggists.

MASTIN'S VITAMON TABLETS — THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE — YEAST VITAMINE TABLET

MASTIN'S VITAMON TABLETS Are Fully Guaranteed In Every Respect Or Your Money Will Be Promptly Refunded.

if it isn't MASTIN'S it isn't VITAMON The Worlds Standard-Used by Millions



Gent's Watch and Chain

Reward No. 7696

For A Club Of Six!

A WATCH that any man or boy may feel **proud** to carry, and an excellent timekeeper. It has a handsome polished **nickel case;** the movement is **American made, stem wind and stem set,** the **dial** is pure white with **large plain easily read figures.** We have already given away thousands of these watches and they never fail to please and satisfy. Now is the time for you to secure one of these guaranteed watches before the price of them goes up still further as it is pretty sure to do in the near future. We will send you this watch exactly as described, **together with a chain,** if you will accept the following

Club Offer. For a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed watch, also a handsome chain free by Parcel Post, prepaid. **Reward No. 7696. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Crystal Beads



Topaz Amethyst — Emerald Sapphire

Given For A Club Of Two!

THESE Crystal Beads are the latest thing out and so beautiful are they we could not refrain from buying a quantity to give as club rewards to our young lady readers. The Necklace is 24 inches in length, with a strong, durable gold-plated clasp; the beads are graduated, the largest ones measuring ⅛x⅝ inches and the smallest ⅜x¼ inches in size. They are real cut glass—not pressed glass—and their flashing prismatic colors are a delight to the eye.

For summer wear, with low-neck dresses, nothing could be more stylish than one of these handsome new necklaces and we are delighted to think that we are able to make this offer. Be sure to state color desired when ordering. You can have your choice of Topaz, Amethyst, Emerald and Sapphire.

Given To You! For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these handsome and stylish Crystal Bead Necklaces free by parcel post prepaid. **Please be sure to mention color wanted. Reward No. 1052. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)

band. Second-hand clothes would be welcomed by this poor couple. Mrs. B. F. Tyson, Entwistle, N. C. Almost helpless and with six small children ranging from 12 years to 15 months. This struggling family's only chance of support is a husband with one hand. Send second-hand clothes and money which will buy food for these many hungry mouths.

Winter may be over, but the pain and sorrow of the unfortunates whose names appear this month cannot pass away as does the cold and snow. Their dark days and chill remain. Give of your own to all these who find life a constant burden and struggle that no seasons alter. They need so much. Grant them ready and real aid, cousins, and your own hearts will be happier and more April-like.

Lovingly,

Uncle Lisha

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C.," a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

How to become a Member

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

To The Point

Lovers are not necessarily alike because they correspond.

The most of the slips occur after the cup has been to the lip.

The woman who is a good talker is apt to be a good auditor.

No jeweler has ever been able to improve on the setting of the sun.

The fortune hunter chooses a handsome figure rather than a pretty face.

Spiritualists tip the table, but the man who tips the waiter fares better.

When instinct governs some men's actions instinct is only another name for a wife.

If one's faults showed on the surface most people would look as if they had the measles.

A divorce suit is often included in the wardrobe of an actress for advertising purposes.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address but we will print only initials if so requested.

R. H. B., Hammond, La.—The new Ku Klux Klan, the Southern organization that has been the subject of so much recent discussion in Congress and in the newspapers, has its headquarters at Atlanta, Georgia. For the information you require you should address Imperial Wizard Joseph W. Simmons in that city. (2) We know of no Louisiana law that would prevent the formation of a branch of the Ku Klux Klan in your locality.

H. L. B., Richey, Miss.—Your California gold half-dollar of 1852, with thirteen stars, commands a small premium. Coins of this issue are worth about $1.10 each, if in good condition.

Mrs. C. C. J., Oregon.—Applications for patents are made to the Commissioner of Patents, Washington, D. C. The Patent Office itself states that "it is advised that in every case the services of a competent registered patent attorney be secured, as the value of patents depends largely upon the skillful preparation of the specifications and claims. The patent office cannot recommend any particular attorney or firm." Upon the filing of an application and the payment of the required fees, a patent will be granted you if it appears to the office, after examination of your claims, that you are justly entitled to a patent under the law, and that your invention is sufficiently useful and important to be so protected. Fees are payable in advance, and are as follows: on filing each original application, $20. On issuing each patent, $15. (2) Trade-marks are registered at the Patent Office by the issuing of a certificate, the fee of which is $10. There are various details relating to the law governing the registration of trade-marks which are too lengthy for publication here. The Commissioner of Patents will, upon request, supply you with a copy of this law.

T. L. B., Lowden, Wash.—Although Australia is a big country which, with its sparse population and undeveloped lands, must offer more opportunities than more settled regions, yet a considerable part of the interior of the great island continent is practically a desert because of insufficient rain, while the northern portion has a hot climate due to its tropical situation. For more particulars than we have space for here, write to the Australian Trade Commissioner, 61 Broadway, New York City. Remember it is a long way to go—if you should not like it when you arrive.

W. H., Valley, Nebr.—Thomas Alva Edison, the celebrated inventor, was born February 11th, 1847. Mr. Edison is not blind.

H. S. W., Ala.—Necessarily the securing of the privileges granted by a patent requires some expense. The fees of the Patent Office amount to $35. See reply to Mrs. C. C. J., Oregon, in this issue.

G. J., Virginia.—As a child must creep before it can walk, so you cannot expect to market your work as a writer until you have conquered the grammar of our language. Tackle this first before you enter competition with those trained and experienced. You have plenty of time; Joseph Conrad did not turn to authorship until he had reached the age of forty. We write this because you ask "to who" you may sell your stories, when "to whom" would fit an editor's notions much better.

E. C., Washington.—Common sense as well as law declares that it was the girl who was married and not her name. If this ceremony was legally performed, and the ages of the couple were within those prescribed by the marriage laws of the state, the fact that the name of the girl was incorrectly given would not void the marriage nor affect the legitimacy of children born in wedlock.

Mrs. J. H. D., Kentucky.—There is no premium on the coins you describe save on the silver three-cent piece of 1867. This is worth from twenty to forty cents, according to condition of the coin.

F. S., Ariel, Pa.—People believe all sorts of things that are not so—some that the earth is flat and that there is a big hole at the North Pole, for instance. Many persons win amusement and interest out of the device known as a "ouija" board, but the secrets discovered and the events predicted by this little fireside prophet may be believed or not—just as you may elect. We think "ouija" is being taken a little too seriously in your vicinity. Ouija is in the divining-rod class of delusions.

Mrs. C. S., Bluefield, W. Va.—None of your listed coins command a premium except your large copper U. S. cent of 1814. This might be worth anywhere from five cents to a dollar—and this variation in price will show you how much the condition of a coin affects its market value.

E. V. T., South Carolina.—An author may continue to conceal his or her identity behind a pen name, but in these days such secrets are difficult to keep. It is the custom for manuscripts to be submitted typed the custom for manuscripts to be submitted typed, nary bond typewriter paper of size 8½ by 11. Always mail a manuscript flat or folded, and enclose stamps for return postage.

Mrs. C. F., Texas.—No editorial offices have quoted rates which are paid for serials, and COMFORT is not an exception to this rule. Such prices vary with the length and character of the story and according to the fame of the author. See reply to E. V. T. (2) We cannot attempt the identification of quotations in this department, or we would be forced to crowd out more important inquiries.

A Lonely Wife, Minnesota.—As the soil in your flower pots is already so badly attacked by white worms, you should remove the diseased earth at once and repot with leaf-mold obtained from the woods. We mean by this the fine "woodsy" top-soil which exists in damp rich forest land, directly under the old layers of fallen leaves. Sift this carefully, see that it is free from insects, and use it in the repotting of your suffering flowers. We imagine you may have been watering your house plants too much—which is often as common an error as letting them go too long without moisture. A south window is much better than one facing east, for without a certain measure of direct sunlight, and a sufficiently high and even temperature, no indoor plants can be expected to thrive. Watch out for all these things, and we can promise you that your fading plants will eventually flower again.

A. B. D., Kansas.—For you—and all COMFORT readers—we state here that buffalo nickels and Lincoln pennies are worth exactly their face value and no more.

Mrs. J. M., Oklahoma.—The so-called "state flowers" are as follows: Ala., Goldenrod; Ariz., Saguaro; Ark., Apple Blossom; Cal., Golden Poppy; Col., Columbine; Conn., Mountain Laurel; Del., Peach Blossom; Fla., Orange Blossom; Ga., Cherokee Rose; Idaho, Syringa; Ill., Violet; Ind., Carnation; Iowa, Wld Rose; Kansas, Sunflower; Kentucky, Trumpet Vine; La., Magnolia; Maine, Pine Cone; Md., Blackeyed Susan; Mass., Mayflower; Mich., Apple Blossom; Minn., Moccasin Flower; Miss., Magnolia; Mont., Bitter Root; Nebr., Goldenrod; Nev., Sagebrush; N. H., Purple Lilac; N. J., Violet; N. Mex., Cactus; N. Y., Rose; N. C., Daisy; N. Dak., Wild Prairie Rose; Ohio, Scarlet Carnation; Okla., Mistletoe; Ore., Oregon Grape; R. I., Violet; S. Dak., Pasque Flower; Tenn., Passion Flower; Texas, Bluebonnet; Utah, Sego Lily; Vt., Red Clover; Va., Dogwood; Wash., Rhododendron; W. Va., Rhododendron; Wisc., Violet, and Wyoming, Indian Paintbrush. Missouri, Pennsylvania, South Carolina and the district of Columbia remain flowerless in so far as any communal choice has not been made. Congress has often been urged to adopt a national flower, but this has still to be done by that busy body of legislators who have more than blossoms on their minds at this time.

F. S., Oakland, Md.—The temperature of the regions about the South Pole are colder in summer, and perhaps warmer in winter than those of the Arctic polar region. Nobody will probably ever care to remain long enough to keep a full year's records. During the voyage of the ship Discovery in May, 1903, a temperature of 67 below zero was registered in the South polar region. But perhaps the North Pole could beat this if tested.

Keep Musterole on the bath-room shelf

Years ago the old-fashioned mustard plaster was the favorite remedy for rheumatism, lumbago, colds on the chest and sore throat.

It did the work all right, but it was sticky and messy to apply and my how it did burn and blister!

The little white jar of Musterole has taken the place of the stern old mustard plaster.

Keep this soothing ointment on your bathroom shelf and bring it out at the first cough or sniffle, at rheumatism's first warning tingle.

Made from pure oil of mustard, with the blister and sting taken out, Musterole penetrates the skin and goes right down to the seat of the trouble.

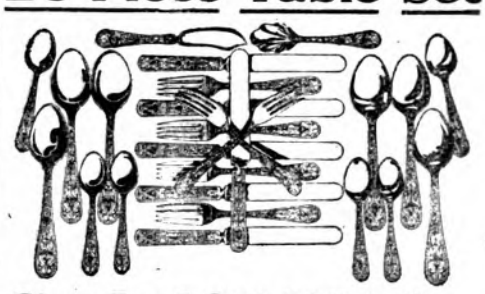
Order Musterole today from your druggist. He has it in 35c and 65c jars and tubes; hospital size, $3.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

MUSTEROLE — WILL NOT BLISTER

26-Piece Table Set



Given For A Club Of Only Five

WE have made many offers of table-ware, but this is the first time we have been able to offer **a complete set of 26 Pieces** in return for so small a club. And please don't think that because we **are** giving this set on such liberal terms that it is plated on a brass base and consequently will change color and have that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. On the contrary, it has a **white metal base;** therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will not show signs of wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration, there are 26 pieces in this set—**6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, Sugar Shell and Butter Knife.** Each piece is **full regulation size** for family use, the handles are handsomely **embossed** and the blades of the knives and the bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and **bright polished.** It is only because we buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a reward for so few subscriptions. It is by far **the greatest value** we have offered and **we guarantee every set sent out for a period of five years.** We will send this 26-Piece Table Set exactly as illustrated and described to any address upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For a club of five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this 26-Piece Table Set free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 7625.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Ivory White Toilet Set — **Comb Brush Mirror** — **For A Club Of Six**

PURE white, with a **fine** smooth finish, this handsome Comb, Brush and Mirror Set equals in appearance the finest French Ivory. The Comb is 7½ inches long, very light and dainty, with both coarse and fine teeth. The Brush is 10 inches long and 2½ inches wide, with medium-length, finest, stiff bristles. The Mirror, which measures 10x5½ inches, is made of heavy, flawless, beveled French **glass,** 4½ inches in diameter.

No lady could wish for a finer Toilet Set than this one. It has the **air** of refinement found in the highest grade Ivory Sets, it is just as durable and can be cleaned as often as desired without injury to its smooth **ivory** white **finish.**

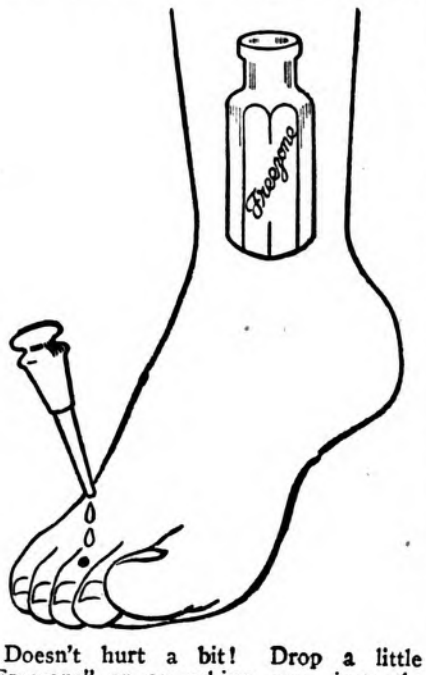
We will give you, free, this fine Ivory White Comb, Brush and Mirror Set in a fitted box upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this Comb, Brush and Mirror Set in a fitted box, free, by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 7796.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Corns

Lift Off with the Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between toes, and calluses, without pain, soreness

Don't Wear a Truss



C.E. Brooks, Inventor

We Guarantee Your Comfort

with every Brooks' Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful. No obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions. **Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb.** No salves. No plasters. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Never on sale in stores. Don't be fooled by imitations. Look for trade mark signature of C. E. Brooks and his picture on every appliance. None other genuine. Full information and booklet free.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., 157 R STATE ST., MARSHALL, MICH.

"DON'T SHOUT"



"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. 'How?' With the MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in, myself, only that I hear all right. "The Morley Phone for the

DEAF

is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it." Over one hundred thousand sold. Write for booklet and testimonials.

THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 766, 26 S. 15th St., Phila.

The Bee Cell Supporter



A BOON TO WOMANKIND

Made from the purest, softest rubber. Six cups or faces render misplacement absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Send us $2.50 and we will mail you one postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Write for descriptive circular. It's FREE.

The Bee Cell Co., Dept. 108 White Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

Light Fibre Legs and Arms



657 Dean Bldg. RAY TRAUTMAN Minneapolis, Minn.

MAKE MONEY SELLING GLASSES

Prescriptions filled — Broken lenses duplicated. Send for Catalog. COULTER OPTICAL CO., Dept. B, Chicago

MONEY Made quickly by smart men. Artol Co., 115 Nassau St., N. Y.

100 neatly printed envelopes, 55c; 500, $1.75, postpaid. WOMBLE PRESS, C, BEARCREEK, N. C.

CARDS, Dice, Magic Goods, Novelties, Catalog Free. D. M. SMYTHE Co., Newark, Mo.

MONEY $ For Wise Men. Key for stamp. E. Kerste, Box 289, Ottawa, Ill.

Sisters' Circle Pin



Free! EVERY COMFORT Sister should wear this beautiful Sisters' Circle Brooch Pin—the one and only official Sisters' "badge" of membership, uniting in one grand Circle of friendship and love the thousands of COMFORT Sisters living in all parts of the world. It is the size of a 25-cent piece, gold finished, and the front is inlaid with handsome cloisonne enamel in two colors—your choice of red or blue—with the words "COMFORT Sisters" deeply embossed, as shown in the illustration.

If you are a COMFORT Sister, send us only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50c and we will send you a Sisters' Circle Pin free and prepaid. Or, if you prefer, you may send 50c to pay for a one-year renewal (not your own), and we will send you the Pin free. Be sure to mention color wanted. **Reward No. 8671.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



The Family Doctor

The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be taken to your local doctor.

Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published

Miss A. C., Waverly, Iowa.—Diet and exercise are the sheet-anchors in flesh reduction. On alternate days, for food and drink, use only one quart of skimmed-milk in divided doses, or amounts. To "the sore on leg," apply white precipitate ointment, and also wear during the day an elastic bandage. Remove the bandage at night and apply the first thing in the morning. In this way you will cure the varicose ulcer.

Mrs. C. T., Comstock, N. Y.—"Night-horrors" are due to indigestion. Have the boy's bowels kept open and give him at night a five-grain tablet of bromide of sodium.

Mrs. J. L., St. Louis, Mo.—Take, for the rheumatism, after meals some five-grain tablets of salicylate of sodium.

Miss B. H., Pilot Mountain, N. C.—There is no simple remedy for wrinkles in face or forehead. If they are marked and very deep, especially under the eyes, an operation is indicated which will draw up and smooth out the excessive amount of skin. On the other hand, if the condition is not too marked, massage of the forehead and face daily with cocoa butter will help the condition.

Mrs. C. E. B., St. Francis, Kansas.—From symptoms given, you seem to have a nervous indigestion. Take, after meals, five-grain pills of asafœtida and avoid eating sweets of all kinds.

Mr. H. S. J., Wadena, Minn.—Probably you have a chronic catarrh due to enlarged tonsils and adenoids. Be operated on for this condition, and the morning and daily discharge of muco-purulent matter will clear up as you recover from the operation. Of course, as you can imagine, swallowing tainted mucous of this kind would destroy your appetite and lead up to a chronic dyspepsia as well as mal-nutrition.

Mrs. M. W., Bronson, Mich.—You can remedy the chronic constipation by using cascara sagrada pills at night. Take one or two, as indicated. Bicarbonate of soda tablets will help the gas also. Take ten-grain tablets after meals. Of course, avoid starchy foods of all kinds and drink plenty of water. The soda tablets will also help your muscular rheumatism.

Mrs. A. H. H., Terra Bella, Calif.—Your brother has a mild form of epilepsy. He should eat sparingly at all times, take plenty of exercise in the open, avoid excitement of all kinds, and probably would be benefited with an outdoor life on some farm where the temperature is not too high. He should also take ten-grain tablets of bromide of potassium after meals, and keep his bowels free. Regimen, care and exercise are indicated in all cases of this kind.

Miss M. W., Nevada, Mo.—You probably have nasal polyps, which should be removed, and also may have adenoids as well as enlarged tonsils. Have the polyps removed and also the throat and tonsils operated on at once and all of your symptoms will be remedied in a short time. You will not have tuberculosis in any case as there is no relation between polyps, adenoids, etc., to tuberculosis. Have the operations done at once, this is the only sure way to remove or cure your condition.

Mrs. M. C. D., Lucile, Idaho.—Bunions, if severe and of long standing, must be operated on and the joint and toe straightened. If only a slight and recent condition, apply, at night, a thirty per cent. ointment of ichthyol. Also have your shoes made to order, so that pressure may be removed from the joint. The superfluous hair can only be cured by having the hairs removed by use of the electric cautery or electric needle.

Miss K. J., Anniston, Ala.—Your "joint creaks" because the joints do not have a sufficient fluid in them. Massage the joints with cocoa butter. The wrinkles can be removed by operation or massage.

Mrs. N. L. A., Westernport, Md.—Your husband may have Bright's disease. Have the urine examined and find out just the condition of his kidneys. Milk diet is indicated in any case of this kind.

Mrs. C. I. B., Longmont, Colo.—Maybe you have a tapeworm. Watch the stools and see if you pass any links of the worm. If so, advise us and we will prescribe a cure for you.

Mrs. S. M. R., Gering, Nebr.—Chewing ground coffee is very harmful. Chew, instead, any good chewing gum.

Mr. J. W., Gemmell, Minn.—Your son must and should go to school. By going to school he may get rid of the stuttering and nervousness due to his defective speech.

Mrs. C. H. B., Medford, Wisc.—Your trouble is probably due to malarial poisoning. Try a teaspoonful of modified Warburg's tincture after meals.

Mrs. J. W. T., Sulphur Springs, Ark.—Your husband should take a teaspoonful of Warburg's tincture after meals. Better get the modified tincture as it contains aloes and will keep the bowels regular as well as counteract any malarial influence that may be causing the "chills and fever."

Mrs. M. M. S., Stratford, Okla.—Be examined for correcting lenses. Also apply at night to the inflamed lids a one per cent. yellow oxide of mercury ointment.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28.)

water in the room and close the doors and windows. The steam softens the paper so that it can be removed easily.

When the linings of boots or shoes are worn through at the heels, cover with adhesive plaster. Adhesive plaster is also useful for mending overshoes and rubbers.

A hot shovel held over white spots on varnished furniture will remove them.—Mrs. J. E. N., Canton, N. C.

Put a large Turkish towel in bottom of bathtub and there will be less danger of slipping.

Discarded window shades make excellent covering for ironing board. Boil until all stiffening and color have been removed, dry and tack onto board.—Dixie Sister.

Quilts for children's beds become soiled so quickly that it is advisable to have them made of wash material. I found it a great saver of time and labor to enclose the batting in a mosquito netting cover, before covering with whatever material used for outside. When soiled it is an easy matter to remove cover while the batting remains soft. It could be put on line and aired thoroughly. Have never tried this idea for making pillows but should think it could be carried out successfully.—Mrs. Myrtle M., Baltimore, Md.

Requests

How to pickle small onions.

How to care for crested fern.

Poem: "My Daddy is a Gentleman."

How to remove perfume spots from silk dress.

How to make old-fashioned French chewing candy.

How to remove red calico stains from blue and white silk shirt.

Mrs. Ruby Richardson, Westpoint, Maine, would like reading matter.

How to put up horseradish in bottles for trade. What kind of top to use.

How to tell fortunes by cards.—E. Brown, Rockville, 1 Brewster St., Conn.

Quilt pattern called "Grandfather's Clock."—Mrs. E. T. Lidtka, Grinnell, Iowa.

Poem: "The Bairns Cuddle Doon at Nicht."—Andrew S. Cunningham, Eldorado, Ill.

How to make ginger cookies, not rolled but spread in tin like cake and frosted when cool.

Song: "Your Mother Is Praying for You, Jack."—Mrs. Clement Smith, Elizabethtown, R. R. 2, Ky.

To hear from someone who has copy of book, "American Song and Chorus Collection."—Maud L. Ham, York Beach, Maine.

I am making velvet quilt and would like to have the sisters send me pieces of velvet, six inches long by four and one-half inches wide. Will return favor.—Mrs. Miles Jones, Mt. Auburn, Iowa.

Will the sisters kindly send me squares of unbleached muslin, ten by ten inches, with name and address embroidered thereon, also favorite flower. Will return favor in any way I can.—Pearl L. McDowell, Eastport, Box 36, Florida.

The following wish back numbers of COMFORT. In every case, write before sending paper or papers, as only one of each kind is desired. Miss Rena Purvis, Crestwood, R. R. 1, Ky., May, 1921. Mrs. Walter Wright, Islay P. O. South, Alberta, Canada, July and August, 1921. Mrs. Ava Gaskins, Nashville, Ga., May, 1921. Mrs. W. C. Hogue, Monticello, care Box 122, Ark., July, August, 1920. Mrs. W. B. Edison, Macksville, Box 117, N. C., Oct., Nov., Dec., 1920. Mrs. Samuel S. Musser, Amboy, Lock Box 109, Ill., July, Sept., 1921. Luella Ward, Copeland, Kans., October, 1920. Mrs. Anna Schmoll, Spring Valley, P. O. Box 429, N. Y., October, 1920. Esther Whitley, Rocky Mountain, 546 Sunset Ave., N. C., Feb., 1917.

Remedies

Burns.—Dip or hold burned part in gasolene.—Mrs. Nellie Vail, Byron, Wyo.

Iodine put in tooth on absorbent cotton, stops ache. Is not harmful.—Mrs. Maud M., Bismarck, N. D.

Worms.—Make a tea of dry sage, sweeten to taste and give a drink of this, half a cupful, before breakfast, three mornings in succession.—Mrs. John T. Headley, Fleming, R. R. 2, Colo.

Sprains.—Use hot water and Epsom salts for sprains, one tablespoonful of salts to two quarts of water.

Lime-Water.—Put one cup of unslaked lime in large bottle, add one-half gallon of water, cork well and shake several times during day. Next morning pour off most of water and throw away. Fill again with water, shake well and when settled decant into smaller bottles to be kept on toilet stand. As long as lime remains, water may be added. This can be used for the teeth and I use it in my baby's milk.—Mrs. John A. Wrye, Argyle, N. Y.

Lemon Cure for Lung Trouble.—Put one dozen whole lemons in cold water and then boil until soft. Roll and squeeze until all the juice is extracted. Sweeten juice enough to make it palatable and drink. Use as many as a dozen lemons a day. Should they cause pain, lessen the quantity to half, increase gradually until a dozen a day can be taken. By the time you have used five or six dozen you will begin to gain strength and appetite.—Mrs. Maude Morgan, Marietta, Mississippi.

Contributors to Sisters' Corner

The following list contains names of those who have written for the Sisters' Corner. Lack of space prevents printing the letters.

Mrs. Olga Wenner, Minn. Mrs. G. J. Miller, Texas. Agnes Shamburger, Texas. Miss Margaret McFarland, Ind. Mrs. Katherine G. Perego, Texas. Bessie Collier, Va. Mrs. Sylvia Gaither, Mo. Naomi Holland, Fla. Mrs. Laura Wills, Ark. Mrs. F. D. Barickman, W. Va. Julia Anderson, Colo. Nora Ferguson, W. Va. Mrs. W. D. Nahles, Ala. Mrs. John A. Wyre, N. Y. Mrs. Jessie Sharp, Tenn. Mrs. Minnie Vick, N. C. Miss L. Brown, Okla. Maggie Mathews, Tenn. Florence Gaines, Ga. Mrs. Walter McDonald, Mich. Mrs. G. B. Parris, Ga. Mrs. Estel Cox, Ill. Mrs. Raymond Wotten, Wash. Mrs. Pearl Rushing, Ariz. Minnie Strain, Miss. Mrs. C. G. Wilson, Okla. Mrs. Archie Hume, Ky. Mrs. John Rushford, Ill. Mrs. Ruby Sutton, Okla. Mrs. Mary A. Rhudy, Va. Mrs. Walter Friend, Kans. Inez Donnahue, Texas. Myrtle Moyer, Mo. Mrs. Vallie Sexton, Ky. Presentia Fulton, Mo. Mrs. W. R. Knight, Texas. Mrs. Hubert Knight, Iowa. Mrs. Esther McDowell, Tenn. Mrs. B. A. Vermillion, Kans. Mrs. Bettie Isaacs, Tenn. Marguerite Nibeck, Iowa. Mrs. Anna V. Kissell, Calif. Mrs. W. McGuire, Wisc. Mrs. B. Buck, Colo. Miss Relva Spriggs, Idaho. Mrs. Estella M. Lambert, Minn. Lomis Moncrief, Ala. Mrs. Chris Sellers, Tenn. Mrs. Walter Vinson, S. C. Mrs. Marguerite P. Schlegel, Pa. Louise M. Spencer, Kans. Mrs. Louise Reed, Mich. Ruth Little, S. C. Mrs. Burel Whitworth, S. Car. Mrs. J. A. Austin, N. Mex. Mrs. E. S. DeLozier, Tenn. Mrs. Annie E. Clements, Fla. Mrs. Edward Fagan, Ark. Miss Emma Blaeholder, Calif. Mrs. Nelson L. Gage, Vt. Nellie Garvey, Wisc. Mrs. W. E. Blocher, Ill. Mrs. G. V. Lewis, Mo. Mrs. Kathrin Lusson, Calif. Mrs. W. A. Healby, Texas. Garnett Hodge, Pa. Mrs. Etta F. Harris, Mo. Pansy Arbuckle, Tenn. Mrs. Cora Hartup, Okla. Mrs. Sam Crews, Miss. Mrs. Lola Adolph, Okla. Mollie Barker, W. Va. Mrs. E. B. Beaty, Texas. Mrs. Alice Sayles, Calif. Mrs. M. A. McCarlin, Ark. Mrs. Clay Abel, Ore. Mrs. Ada Cornelison, Mo. Mrs. A. O. Francis, Okla. Peggy Van Hoofstadt, Colo. Mrs. Patrie Quesenberry, Va. Miss Willie Payne, Ark. Julia Pullen, Texas. Mrs. R. A. De Fee, Okla. Mrs. Owen Secrist, Va. Mrs. Ethel Levy, Ohio. Mrs. Maud Davis, Miami, Ariz. Mrs. Chas. Barrigen, Mich. Flossie Sager, Ill. Mrs. Betty Houglin, Ky. Sidney Chandler, N. Y. Mrs. Wm. D. Edwards, N. J. Mrs. Geo. F. Borchelt, Texas. Mary E. Smith, Miss. Crissie Hadaway, Mich. Mrs. C. Holt, Ill. Mrs. E. D. Baxter, Oregon. Mrs. Emily Porter, Mich. Mrs. Margaret East, Va. Myrtle Bolin, N. C. Miss Nora E. Bates, Ga. Mrs. May Favrow, Okla. George Wahl, Ky. Miss Ethel Huff, Ohio. Mrs. W. W. Stewart, Tenn. Mrs. J. W. Pitts, Ala. Mrs. Frank D. Talbert, La. Mrs. Lula Burt, Ala. Mrs. Sheldyan Pettry, W. Va. Miss Clara O. Reiersgard, Minn. Mrs. M. S. Lynch, S. C. Mrs. Sam Albro, Okla. Mrs. Annie Bissell, Ark. Mrs. Dell Chase, Mich. Elizabeth Bridwell, S. C. Mattie Wilson, Ala. Minnie Mullis, Ga. Mrs. Nora M. Newman, Tenn. Margie Lee Hendon, Ark. Mrs. Mary A. Rugh, Mo. Mrs. Tina Daniel, Tenn. Birdie Kolman, Wisc. Mrs. Blanch Tobias, Mich. Irene Kemmer, N. Dak. Mrs. C. B. Warden, Kans. Mrs. Minnia A. Lawless, Va.

The Bright Side

There is many a rest on the road of life,
If we only would stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would wake it.

To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust never faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,
When the ominous clouds are rifted.

There was never a night without a day,
Nor an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, the proverb goes,
Is just before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jeweled crown
Or the miser's hoarded treasure.

It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are swift and willing.

Than to snap the delicate silver threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit to grieve and wonder.

Sent by Rena Forren, Smoot, W. Va.

Three Wheel Chairs in March

633 Is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The three March wheel chairs go to Monroe Franklin White, Lonoke, Ark., 83; Clydies Lonease Peacock, Slocomb, Ala., 72; Clovis Colvin, Vienna, La., 58. The figures following their respective names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends for them.

Monroe Franklin White age 7, has been afflicted with hydrocephalus (dropsy of the brain) since early infancy which has caused partial paralysis of his left side and deprived him of the use of his left hand, and resulted in the enlargement of his head so that he cannot sit up much because of inability to hold his head up. His father is dead, and he is dependent on his grandparents.

Clydies Lonease Peacock, age about 5, has been crippled from her hips down since September, 1920, as the result of infantile paralysis. She is a bright and cheerful little girl, and her mother



THOMAS HELLER ENJOYING HIS COMFORT WHEEL CHAIR.

writes the wheel chair will be "a lot of pleasure" to the child and a great help to herself in caring for her.

Clovis Colvin, age 8, is unable to walk and has no use of her left hand. Although thus afflicted since birth she is very intelligent and will greatly appreciate and enjoy her wheel chair.

Three sad cases, these, of children that have never known the joys of active childhood and have not even had the relief and comfort of a much needed wheel chair.

On this page I am reproducing the interesting pictures of two more of the many crippled shut-ins that have been made happy by receiving a COMFORT wheel chair. The photograph of little Thomas Heller, Camden, Delaware, was sent in by Mrs. Wm. T. Jensen who did so much in getting the subscriptions for this boy's chair. The picture of Miss Eda Pierce came some time ago in a letter of thanks from her and her niece which also appears on this page.

Sincerely yours,
W. H. GANNETT,
Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 150 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 50 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscriptions, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Comfort Wheel Chair a Great Help

Turney, Texas.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

We enclose a picture of Miss Eda Pierce enjoying her COMFORT wheel chair. It was taken out of doors in the bright sunshine, the second time she had been out of doors in several months. She said she had the "sun grins" but maybe it would do to reproduce. The chair is a great help to us, and we wish to express our appreciation of the kindness of those who helped to secure the subscriptions for it. Aunt Eda and I hope you can spare the space to print the names of these help-



MISS EDA PIERCE ENJOYING HER COMFORT WHEEL CHAIR.

ers with the number of subscriptions they obtained, as follows: Mrs. Jimmie Bounds, 1; Mrs. Lillie Stephens, 2; Mrs. Gertrude Bailey, 3; Mrs. Annie Dowell, 4; Mrs. Dock Jones, 5; Mrs. H. A. Megginson, 7; Mrs. May Wright, 9; Miss Bertha Belk, 15; Mrs. J. W. Belk, 27. Hoping each and every COMFORT subscriber may get much comfort out of your good magazine, we are

Sincerely your friends,
Eda and Ollie Pierce.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dollar

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 35.)



The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities



Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents—Sell Necessities like Tea, Coffee, Baking Powder, Flavors, Soaps, Perfumes and other Products. Used every day in the year. Repeat over and over again. Every home a customer and regular user. The smart and Experienced agents handle this line, why not you. Write today for Money-Making Plan. Don't delay. Territory going fast. American Products Co., 5816 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

We Start You In Business, furnishing everything; men and women, $30 to $100 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories" home anywhere. Booklet free. W. Hillyer Ragsdale, Drawer 5, East Orange, N. J.

Agents—Write for big soap offer. Quick Seller, Big Money Maker. Ho-Ro-Co, 131 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

We Start You without a Dollar. Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes—Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 131 Olive, St. Louis.

Agents—Make a Dollar an Hour. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 452-B, Amsterdam, N.Y.

Sell Necessities. Everybody needs and buys the "Business Guide." Bryant cleared $800.00 in July. Send for sample. It's Free. Nichols Co., Dept. 6B, Naperville, Ill.

Large Shirt Manufacturer wants Agents to sell complete line of shirts direct to wearer. Exclusive patterns. Big values. Free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

Agents: A Brand New Hosiery proposition for men, women and children. Must wear 12 **months or replaced free. All styles, colors and finest silk hose. You can sell at less than store prices. Write for samples. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 619, Dayton, Ohio.**

Agents! 1922's Greatest Sensation. 11-piece toilet article set selling like blazes at $1.75 with $1.00 dressmaker's shears free to each customer. Line up with Davis for 1922. E. M. Davis Co., Dept. 565, Chicago.

350% Profit: Easy Seller. Klearite. Washes Clothes without rubbing. Sample Free. Best-ever Prod. Co., 1947-V Irving Park, Chicago.

Agents:—$100 Weekly. Automobile owners wild with enthusiasm. Marvelous invention doubles power, mileage, efficiency. Saves cost first day. Sensational sales everywhere. Territory going like wildfire. $26 sample outfit and Ford Car free. Write quick. Ovee Co., Dept. 113, Louisville, Ky.

Men and women make $100 upwards weekly selling greatest labor and money saving household necessity. Big repeater. Good Crew Managers proposition. Free sample and particulars. Rolly Co., D-1, Hastings, Nebraska.

Agents—Steady Income. Large manufacturer of Handkerchiefs and Dress Goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Big profits, honest goods. Whole or spare time. Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 60 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Agents! A sale in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks and General Yard Goods. Quick sales! Big profits! Large book of 1000 handsome fabric samples. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. 24X, 673 Broadway, New York.

Sell Pudding Powders—delicious desserts. Fast sellers, quick repeaters big profits. Send for terms and free samples. C. H. Stuart & Co., 71 Broadway, Newark, New York.

Agents: Reversible Raincoat. Two coats in one. One side dress coat, other side storm overcoat. Guaranteed waterproof or money back. Not sold in stores. Big commission. Sample furnished. Parker Mfg. Co., 117 Rue St., Dayton, Ohio.

Men's Shirts. Easy to sell. Big demand everywhere. Make $15.00 daily. Undersell stores. Complete line. Free samples to workers. Chicago Shirt Co., 208 So. LaSalle, Factory 106, Chicago.

Big Money and Fast Sales. Every owner buys Gold Initials for his auto. You charge $1.50; make $1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 64, East Orange, N. J.

Make $2 an hour with new article that removes stains: other products. Write for free demonstrating outfit and start taking orders at once. Christy, 6 Union, Newark, New York.

Men or Women—Enormous Profits selling Duo Guaranteed Products. Easy Sales at every house. All or spare time. Big repeaters. Write Quick. Duo Co., Dept. Y41, Attica, N.Y.

Make $25 to $50 Week representing Clows' Famous Philadelphia Hosiery, direct from mill—for men, women, children. Every pair guaranteed. Prices that win. Free book "How to Start" tells the story. George Clows Company, Desk 14, Philadelphia, Pa.

Men—Women $30 to $75 Weekly Every Housewife needs. Positive Repeater. Sample 10c. Utility Mfg. Co., Chippewa Falls, Wis.

$5 to $15 daily introducing new style guaranteed hosiery; must wear or replace free; no capital or experience required; just show samples; write orders; Your pay in advance; we deliver and collect; elegant outfit furnished, all colors and grades including silks. Mac-O-Chee Mills Co., Desk 3, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Turn Your Spare Time Into Dollars. We start you free selling Washing Tablets. New Premium plan gets the money. Send for free premium offer and sample. L. A. Knight Co., 119 Market St., St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS WANTED

Be successful Agent! Free sample outfit—worth $2.25. "Quality" beauty preparations. Make big money. Extensive line. Established 50 years. Lynas Co., 200 Logansport, Ind.

Polishing Cloth—great seller—big profit. Get our proposition. Newton & Co., 22 Main St., Newark, New York

Agents—New Invention. Harper's Ten-Use brush set and fibre broom. It sweeps, washes and dries upstairs windows, scrubs and mops floors and does 5 other things. Big profits; easy seller. Free trial offer. Harper Brush Works, Dept. A, Fairfield, Iowa.

Sales Agents. Year Round employment. No layoffs. Newest hosiery. Written guarantee of satisfaction or new hose free. Liberal pay. Write for samples. Jennings Mfg. Co., Dept. 623, Dayton, Ohio.

Wonderful Seller. 96c profit every dollar sales. Deliver on spot. License unnecessary. Sample Free. Mission Bead Factory C, 2421 Smith St., Detroit, Mich.

Agents—A sale in every house. Handsome folding Shopping bag. Big capacity when opened up. Quick seller—Good Profit—Honest goods—Woman can't do without them and when seen in use Agents find ready sale. Material sample free. Territory going fast. Wright Cover Mfg. Co., 1413 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Agents: Here is something you can sell to every housewife. Most useful household article made. Indispensable in every kitchen, restaurants or hotels. Tyler's Ideal Fibre Cutter tenders meat, chops vegetables, shaves ice, cleaves bones, scales fish, all in one. Low price, quick sales, big profit. Address now—M. H. Tyler Mfg. Co., Dept. A-1, Muncie, Ind.

A Business Of Your Own—Make sparkling glass name plates, numbers, checkerboards, medallions, signs; big illustrated book Free. E. Palmer, 504, Wooster, Ohio.

Soap Agents: Free Sample Morgan's Hygienic Vegetable Oil Soap and selling scheme. Morgan Supply Co., B-10, St. Louis, Mo.

Agents—$7 a day. Take orders for Liberty Raincoats. Guaranteed. No capital needed. We pay you daily. Write quick for outfit. Liberty Coat Co., 2420 Liberty Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.

Agents—We pay $9 a day taking orders for Inside Tyres. Best and easiest seller ever put on the market. Guaranteed to give double tire mileage. Any tire. No punctures or blowouts. Every auto owner buys on account of low price. Enormous demand. Write quick for agency. American Accessories Co., B 620, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Agents—Best seller; Jem Rubber Repair for tires and tubes; supersedes vulcanization at a saving of over 800 per cent.; put it on cold, it vulcanizes itself in two minutes, and is guaranteed to last the life of the tire or tube; sells to every auto owner and accessory dealer. For particulars how to make big money and free sample, address Amazon Rubber Co., Philadelphia, Pa., Dept. 508.

Agents. Sell rich looking 36x68 imported Rugs, $1 each; Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 days, profit $57; you can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid, $1.39. E. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

Sells like hot cakes. New ironing wax pad and asbestos iron rest. Clamps board. Perfumes clothes. Working outfit 10c. Yankee Manufacturers, 380 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Agents Sell Neverfail Iron Rust And Stain Remover. Huge profits. Big line. Sample. Write today. Sanford Beal Co. Inc., Newark, N. Y. Dept. 4.

Steel Safety Pins. 100% profit. Send stamp for samples. Steel Safety Pin Co., 152 Linden Street, Yonkers, N. Y.

Agents $6 a day taking orders for Blue Ribbon Cutlery Set. Stainless steel. Guaranteed. Aluminum handle. We deliver and collect. Pay you daily. Write quick for sample outfit. Parker Mfg. Co., 117 Awl St., Dayton, Ohio.

Agents:—Men and Women to take orders for Dyx Guaranteed Silk Hosiery sold direct from the mill to the wearer. Possibilities unlimited for making money. Dyx Hosiery Company, 508 Lyric Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Everybody uses Extracts. Sell Duo Double Strength Extracts. Complete line necessities. Write today. Duo Co., Dept. E 41, Attica, N. Y.

$5000 Every Year, $2000 easy in spare time. We share profits with you besides. Sell "Weather Monarch" Raincoats—Ask about new "Duol Coat" No. 999. Get your sample raincoat Free. Associated Raincoat Agents, Inc., W 446 N. Wells, Chicago.

Shoes—Let us start you without a cent of capital in our Direct-To-Consumer-Agency taking orders for the best shoes money can buy. Catalogs with your name on the front cover sent to your customers. Big money-making opportunity. Whole or part time. No experience necessary. For particulars address Tanners Shoe Mfg. Co., 116 South St., Boston, Mass.

$20 A Day Easy—Men and Women. Remarkable new invention, "Simplex Ironing Board Covers." Wonderful seller. New agent made $75 in two days. W. J. Lynch, Box 718, Springfield, Ill.

Earn $25.00—$50.00 weekly selling guaranteed hosiery for men, women, children. We deliver and collect. Consumers Knitting Mills, 724 City Hall Station, New York.

AGENTS WANTED

Men! $100 weekly easy and a dandy new Raincoat Free on our new Factory Offer. Interesting details postpaid. Write at once to Uneeda Raincoat Co., Dept. W, 376 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

Agents—Big money taking orders Suits, Pants, Blankets, Raincoats, direct woolen mill to wearer. Big values. Donahue made $108.00 first week. Pinocci makes $200.00 weekly. Complete outfit free. Taylor, Wells & Co., B 2740 N. Paulina, Chicago.

MISCELLANEOUS

Remnant Store, 1510 Vine St., Cincinnati, O. Greatest Dry Goods Bargains on Earth. Agents and Storekeepers supplied.

Don't buy a Bicycle Motor Attachment until you get our catalogue and prices. Shaw Mfg. Co., Dept. 3, Galesburg, Kansas.

Hemstiching and Picoting attachment, works on all sewing machines, easily adjusted. Price $2.00 with instructions. Ladies' Art Sales Co., Box 71-G, Hamtramck, Mich.

Switches made from combings. The new way. Write me. Mrs. E. Vandervoort, Davenport, Iowa.

Plants—Frost-proof cabbage, potatoes, tomatoes: 100—20c, 500—75c, 1000—$1.25. Sweet pepper, eggplants 100—30c, 500—$1.50. Prompt delivery, mail or express. Emerald Farms, Meigs, Ga.

OLD MONEY WANTED

$2 to $500 Each paid for hundreds of Old & Odd coins. Send 10cts. for 111st Coin Value Book, 4x6. You may have valuable coins. Get Posted. We pay cash. Clarke Coin Co., Ave 20, Le Roy, N. Y.

GAMES & AMUSEMENTS

250 Magic Tricks—10c. Big New catalog of Tricks, Novelties, Books—2c. L. Moody, 6074 Stony Island, Chicago.

SALESMEN WANTED

Easy to sell Groceries, Paints, Automobile Oils, Roofing, Stock Food to consumers from samples, no capital or experience necessary, steady, profitable work. Commissions advanced. Satisfaction guaranteed; 50 years in business. Write for full particulars. Loverin & Browne Co., Wholesale Grocers, 1761 So. State St., Chicago, Ill.

Only One Policy A Day Means $130 Per month profit; same on renewals. Policy pays $5,000 Death; $25 weekly benefit for injury or sickness. Premium $10 yearly. Full or spare time. Easy seller. Write quick for territory. Underwriters, Dept. 30, Newark, N.J.

FARM LANDS

Productive Lands. Crop Payment or easy terms—along the Northern Pacific Ry., in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. Free literature. Say what state interests you. H. W. Byerly, 14 Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

FARMS FOR SALE

Strout's New Catalog! Farms!! 1200 Bargains! Just Out!! $10 to $150 acre; throughout 30 states. Full equipments. Easy terms. Copy Free. Strout Farm Agency, 150 B G Nassau St., New York City.

Want to hear from owner having farm for sale; give particulars and lowest price. John J. Black, Comfort St., Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin.

MICH. FARM LANDS FOR SALE

Land Seekers! 20, 40, 80 ac. tracts near hustling city in Mich. $15 to $35 per ac. Very easy terms. Special opportunity. Write today for Free booklet. Swigart Land Co., C-1246, First Natl. Bank Bldg., Chicago.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Ladies—Earn Money Crocheting, Sewing, tatting, making aprons and caps. Patterns and plans 35c. Send remittance now. Returned if desired. Kenwood Pattern Co., 6238 So. Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Hemstitching and Picoting Attachment works on any sewing machine, easily adjusted. Price $2.50 with full instructions. Oriental Novelty Co., Box 11, Corpus Christi, Texas.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

$6-$18 a dozen decorating pillow tops at home; pleasant work; experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 104, LaGrange, Ind.

At Once; 5 bright, capable ladies to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. $40 to $75 a week. R. R. fare paid. Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 82, Omaha, Nebr.

Women over 17.—Get Government Jobs. $90 month up. List free. Franklin Institute, Dept. C 9, Rochester, N. Y.

Become Millinery Designers. $125 month. Learn while earning. Sample free. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. C800, Rochester, N.Y.

Girls—Women. Become Dress Designers. $35 week. Learn while earning. Sample. Franklin Institute, Dept. C501, Rochester, N. Y.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

Patents—Write for free Guide Book, and Evidence of Conception Blank. Send model or sketch and description for free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest References. Prompt Service. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 641 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Inventors—Desiring to secure patent should write for our book, "How To Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for opinion of its patentable nature. Randolph & Co., Dept. 112, Washington, D. C.

Patents Secured. Submit sketch or model of your invention for examination. Write for Record of Invention blank and valuable book, Free. J. L. Jackson & Co., 230 Ouray Building, Washington, D. C.

Patents—Send for free book. Contains valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for Free Opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service. (Twenty years' experience). Talbert & Talbert, 402 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Patents Promptly procured. Moderate Fees. Best References. Send Sketch or Model. George P. Kimmel, Master of Patent Law, 27-G, Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.

MALE HELP WANTED

All men, women, boys, girls, over 18, willing to accept Government Positions, $133, write immediately, Ozment, 104, St. Louis.

Be a Railway Traffic Inspector! $110 to $250 monthly, expenses paid after 3 months' spare-time study. Splendid opportunities. Position guaranteed or money refunded. Write for Free Booklet G-5. Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

Firemen, Brakemen, Baggagemen, Electric Motormen, conductors, Sleeping car and train porters (colored) Railroads everywhere. $140-$200. 828 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

Be an Expert Penman; Wonderful Device guides your hand; corrects your writing in few days. Complete Outline Free. Write C. J. Ozment, 53, St. Louis, Mo.

Boys—Men. Become Automobile experts. $45 week. Learn while earning. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. C410, Rochester, N. Y.

Government needs Railway Mail Clerks, $133 to $192 month. Write for free specimen questions. Columbus Institute, A-2 Columbus, O.

I made $100,000 as real estate specialist. Free information tells how. American Business Builder, 1129-K Broadway, New York.

MAIL ORDER BUSINESS

I Made $25,000 with small Mail Order Business. Sample article & plan 25c. Free Booklet. Tells How For Stamp. AC Scott, Cohoes, N. Y.

OLD COINS

$2,500.00 for one dollar. Mr. Manning of Albany, N. Y., received this amount from us for one silver dollar. You may not have this dollar but we buy all other rare coins and pay high cash premiums. Send 4c. Get large coin circular. It will pay you to be posted. Numismatic Bank, Dept. C, Ft. Worth, Tex.

HELP WANTED

U. S. Government Railway Mail Clerks get $92-$192 month. Men—boys over 17. Steady work. List positions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. C12, Rochester, N.Y.

Government Positions. Men, Women, 18, over. Railway Mail, Postoffice, other Government positions. Examination soon. $1400—$1800 year. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. Write Columbia School of Civil Service, 464 Pope Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Men And Women: $40.00 to $150.00 Weekly. Become writers of Advertising, booklets, circulars, folders, letters. Previous experience unnecessary. Splendid income while learning. Prepare in short time. Write for full particulars. Applied Arts Institute, Dept. 122, Witherspoon Bldg., Philadelphia.

Stop Daily Grind. Start Silvering Mirrors, Auto headlights, tableware, etc. Plans free. Clarence Sprinkle, Dept. 99, Marion, Ind.

Electricity Taught By Experts; earn while you learn at home; electrical book and proof lessons free; your success guaranteed, position secured. Write Chief Engineer, 2146 Lawrence Av., Dept. 1294, Chicago.

Wanted—Men, Women, age 17 to 65, for U. S. Govt. positions. Experience unnecessary. Information free. Chicago Civil Service College, Dept. K, Chicago, Ill.

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Correspondence School courses only one quarter original price. Bargain price list 1000 courses free. Used courses bought. Students' Exchange, 47-D, West 42nd St., New York.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Photoplay Ideas Wanted By 48 Companies. $25-$500 paid. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Producers League, 311, St. Louis.

PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES

Wanted—Men and women ambitious to make money writing Stories and Movie Plays. Send for wonderful Free Book that tells how. Address Authors' Press, Dept. 31, Auburn, N.Y.

PHOTO FINISHING

Special Trial Offer. Your next Kodak film developed 6c. Prints 2c each. Moser & Son, 2122 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, O.

Trial Offer—20 cents for developing any film or six negatives any size, including six prints. Other charges proportionate. 24 hour service. Splendid work. $20,000 plant. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., Roanoke, Virginia.

Better Pictures—Your kodak film developed 4c—prints 4c each. Cameron Photo Co., C 3418 Burch Ave., Cincinnati, O.

Kodak Finishing. Not the cheap way, but the most reliable. Our Quality Work insures best prints from every negative. Get particulars and List of Prizes. Or send Trial Order. Moen Photo Service, 15-A, LaCrosse, Wisconsin.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

$35.00 Profit Nightly. Small capital starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used, endorsed by Govt. institutions. Cat. free. Atlas Moving Picture, 471 Morton Bldg., Chicago.

FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS

Have You a Camera? Write for Free sample of our big magazine, showing how to make better pictures and earn money. American Photography, 230 Camera House, Boston, 17, Mass.

ENTERTAINMENTS

Plays, Speakers, dialogues, and Entertainments; catalogues free. Address Dept. A, Ames Pub. Co., Clyde, O.

MAGAZINES

Ambitious Writers send today for Free copy, America's leading magazine for writers of photoplays, stories, poems, songs. Instructive, helpful. Writer's Digest, 609 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

AUTOMOBILES

Auto Owners Wanted to use and introduce our new 5,000 and 10,000 Mile Guaranteed Cord and Fabric Tires. Make big money, part or full time. Free Tires for your car. Write quick for special agents offer and low wholesale prices. It will pay you to answer this little adv. now. Reliable Tire & Rubber Co., 35th St. & Michigan Ave., Dept. 70, Chicago, Ill.

INVENTIONS

Inventions Wanted. Cash or royalty for ideas. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 91, St. Louis, Mo.

STAMPING NAMES

Stamp Names on key checks. Make $19 per 100. Send 25c for sample and inst. Either Sex. C. Keytag Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

HELP—MALE & FEMALE

Earn $25 Weekly, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Press Syndicate, 451, St. Louis, Mo.

Government Positions Are Fine: $1400, $1600, $1800 at start, up to $2300 and $2800. Exams everywhere. Write Today for full information. Patterson Civil Service School, Box K, Rochester, N. Y.

SILK REMNANTS

Milliners, Dressmakers, Tailors and Housewives—$20 worth of Silk for $4. Remnants; ½-yd. to 2-yd. pieces; $4 per lb.; send $2.00 for ½-lb; your money refunded if not satisfied. Checker & Lowenthal, 47 East 29th St., New York, N. Y.

POULTRY

Baby Chicks 10c up. 1,600,000 best grade guaranteed chicks. All kinds. Catalog free. Booth Hatchery, Box X-268, Clinton, Mo.

Day Old Chicks, for sale. Thousands per week. Strong, better hatched, utility and pure Bred, circular Free. Old Honesty Hatchery, Dept. C, New Washington, O.

FARM WANTED

Wanted To hear from owner of good farm for sale. State cash price, full description. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

STORY WRITERS WANTED

Authors:—Stories, poems, photo plays etc. are wanted for publication. Submit Mss. Literary Bureau, C4, Hannibal, Mo.



THOMAS HELLER ENJOYING HIS CHAIR

Three Wheel Chairs in March

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34.)

lar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions or amount of cash sent.

Mrs. Mattie Glover, Ark., for Monroe Franklin White, 83 subs; Mrs. Laura Gabriel, Wash., for Mrs. A. J. Walls, 32; Mrs. M. C. Peacher, Fla., for Mrs. Zanie Peacher, 25; Mrs. John C. Rogers, Ark., for Herman Rogers, 23; Mrs. Leonard A. Hoke, Mo., for Velma Irene Hough, 20; Mrs. Cecil Will Humphrey, Mo., for Velma Hough, 16; Mrs. Daisy Nichols, Ala., for Harvey Perry, 14 subs and $4.50; Mrs. T. E. Peacock, Ala., for Clydics Louise Peacock, 13 subs; Miss Lela Lewis, Ala., for Clydics Louise Peacock, 13 subs and $1.25; Mrs. J. T. Thompson, Va., for Lela Virginia Moore, 11 subs; Mrs. Ben T. Deskins, W. Va., for Jeannette Deskins, 11; Mrs. G. R. Witt, Texas for C. A. Cole, 10; Mrs. B. F. Oneal, Texas, for Mary Jane Oneal, 8; Mrs. Charner Colvin, La., for Clovis Colvin, 7; Mrs. Lily V. Phillips, Mich., for general, 5; Mae Bridges, Ala., for general, 5; Mrs. T. T. Harrell, Ala., for Gaines Wallace Harrell, 5; Mrs. Fannie Womack, Miss., for own, 5; Mrs. Leonard Stone, Oregon, for general, 2 subs and $1.00; Mrs. H. C. Hilscher, Mo., for general, 2 subs and $1.00; Annie Perry, Ala., for Harvey Perry, 1 sub and $2.25; Annie Grischer, Mont., for general, $5.00; Miss Irene Kockel, Mo., for general, $3.00; Miss Irene Kochel, Mo., for Vertice Borders, $2.00: Mrs. B. L. Griffith, N. Y., for Lafayette Swanson, $2.00; Lulu M. McCray, W. Va., for general, $1.00; Mrs. A. E. Hufford, Ill., for general, $1.00.

The Story of "Grog"

Grog is a sailor's way of designating brandy, whiskey, or any kind of intoxicating liquor that has been mixed with water. The word "groggy" meaning unsteady, originated from the same source.

Admiral Vernon of the British navy in 1740 became very unpopular with the sailors when he ordered each man's allotment of brandy mixed with water. This was done because, on previous trips, the water supply had run low.

The new ruling was disliked among the hardy sailors because they were in the habit of drinking their brandy neat.

Vernon, while in service, always wore a big grogam coat which hung loosely from his shoulders. Because of this, sailors nicknamed him "Old Grog", which afterwards they applied to the drink he concocted for them.

Opinion of a Rival

Miss A. Sharp—"I feel saddest when I sing."

Miss High C—"So does the audience."—*Boston Herald.*

Schoolboy Roosevelt

A good story is recalled of ex-President Roosevelt's schooldays. He was once requested to recite a poem, beginning—

At midnight, in his guarded tent
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour,
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power.

He got only as far as the third line, when he began to hesitate. Twice he repeated, "Greece, her knee," and then stopped dead. The old professor beamed on him over his glasses, and then dryly remarked:

"Greece her knee once more, Theodore. Perhaps she'll go easier then."



$1.00 Down

Brings This

6-Piece Library Set

Fumed Solid Oak

A Room Full of Furniture

Price Slashed

This Entire Set of Furniture—6 Pieces—

Now $22.85

Seize this opportunity now. Send the coupon with only $1.00 and we'll ship this entire 6-piece fumed solid oak living room or library set to your home on 30 days trial. We've smashed the price on this sensational offer. A few months ago we had to charge $35.90 for this very same set. But now, because the factory needed money and we had the cash, we are able to cut the price on this roomful of furniture way down to $22.85! And you get this rock bottom price on easy monthly payments of only $2.50 a month! Where can you match this bargain—*anywhere?* Only $1.00 brings the entire set on approval—we take the risk.

6-Piece Set

Fumed Solid Oak

This superb 6 piece set is made of selected solid oak throughout, finished in rich, dull waxed, brown fumed oak. All the four pieces are padded; seats upholstered with brown Delavan Spanish leather, the best imitation of genuine Spanish leather known. The upholstering is of a rich brown color, and will give you the best possible service.

Arm Chair is a roomy, dignified piece of furniture, comfortable and big enough for a very large person while not seeming too large for the ordinary occupant. Seat, 19x17 1-2 in., height 36 in.

Arm Rocker is a massive, stately, comfortable piece, with beautifully designed back, wide, shapely arms, and smooth operating runners. Seat, 19x17 1-2 in., height 36 in.

Sewing Rocker is unusually attractive and useful. Seat 17x17 in., height 35 in.

Reception Chair has beautiful shape to match the other pieces. Seat measures 17x17 in., height 35 in.

Library Table—a beautiful piece of library furniture. Has beautifully designed ends to match the chairs with roomy magazine shelf below. Legs cut of 2 in. stock; massive, dignified. Top measures 23 1-4x34 in.

Jardiniere Stand matches other pieces. A decoration to your living room or library. Carefully built throughout. Measures 17 1 2 in. high; the top 12x12 inches.

Entire set is shipped knocked down construction. Very easy to set up. Saves in freight charges. Weight, about 175 pounds.

Order by No. B6943A. $1.00 with coupon, $2.50 a month, price $22.85.

30 Days Trial!

When you get this magnificent 6-piece library set, put it in your living room or library and use it freely for 30 days. Before you pay another penny examine it thoroughly. Note the massive, solid construction—the beautiful fumed oak finish—the fine upholstery and graceful lines. Convince yourself that this beautiful set will make your home brighter and more beautiful. Compare it with anything you can buy locally at anywhere near the same price **—even for spot cash.** Then if not satisfied for any reason and convinced that this is a stupendous bargain—you alone to judge—return the set at our expense and we will refund your $1.00 at once, plus any freight charges you paid.

Only $2.50 a Month

If you decide to keep the set, start paying only $2.50 a month until you have paid $22.85—payments so low and so convenient that you will scarcely feel them while you enjoy the proud ownership of so magnificent a set of furniture. A full year to pay—at the rate of only a few cents a day, less than one fritters away every day for trifles. This wonderful value is not listed in our regular catalog. We have only a limited number of sets which we reserve for this acquaintance offer to new customers. We send our complete catalog when we ship the set. We trust honest people anywhere in U. S. One price, cash or credit. **No discount for cash, nothing extra for credit. No C. O. D.**

Straus & Schram, Reg 3044 **W. 35th St. Chicago, Ill.**

Enclosed find $1. Ship special advertised 6-piece Fumed Oak Library Set. I am to have 30 days free trial. If I keep the set, I will pay you $2.50 monthly. If not satisfied, I am to return the set within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any freight charges I paid.

☐ **6-Piece Library Set No. B6943A, $22.85.**

Name _____

Street, R. F. D. or Box No. _____

Shipping Point _____

Post Office _____ *State* _____

If you only want catalog put X in box below:

☐ **Furniture, Stoves, Jewelry** ☐ **Men's, Women's and Children's Clothing**

Get This Offer—Send Now!

Don't delay. Just send $1.00 along with the coupon as a deposit to show you are really interested. If you wish to return the set after 30 days, your dollar will be refunded, plus all freight charges which you paid. Remember, this is a special, limited, reduced price offer. First come, first served. Get your set while this offer lasts. 30 days trial—we take all the risk—costs you nothing if not satisfied—no obligation. Send coupon today—NOW!

Free Bargain Catalog

Shows thousands of bargains in furniture, jewelry, carpets, rugs, curtains, silverware, phonographs, stoves, porch and lawn furniture, women's, men's and children's wearing apparel. Sent upon request, with or without order.

Straus & Schram, Reg. 3044 W. 35th St., Chicago, Ill.

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COMFORT

The Key to Happiness and Success in over a Million and a Quarter Homes

Published at Augusta Maine

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See story, "Loyalty and Love," on page 3.

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COMFORT EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

Public Cheated Out of Millions By Investing in Get-Rich-Quick Schemes and Fraudulent Stock

IT is amazing that the American people will give up five hundred millions a year of their good, hard-earned money to swindlers and keep on doing it year after year although repeatedly warned by frequent public exposures of the various methods and devices used by these crooks to gain their confidence and wheedle them into parting with their cash. The success of these nefarious operators is based on an appeal to the desire that most people have to acquire unearned wealth and their willingness to take a gambler's chance in the hope of realizing their wish. In other words it is the combination of greed and folly on the part of the victims quite as much as deceit on the part of the rascals that leads to the undoing of the former. The following illustrations are interesting and we hope that they may prove helpful in saving our readers from getting caught in some similar trap.

Such was the world-wide notoriety given the get-rich-quick scheme by which Charles Ponzi, starting with nothing, in a few months raked in six or eight million dollars in large and small sums from thousands of credulous people in Boston and vicinity that it did not seem possible for a bunco game of the same brand to be worked again on the present generation. That happened only a year ago last fall when Ponzi was arrested and later sentenced in the U. S. Court, in Boston, to serve five years in prison for using the mails to defraud. For weeks the daily and weekly papers throughout the country featured his skyrocket career in finance as the chief sensational topic of the season. The inducement that he held out to the public was the promise of fifty per cent. profit for the use of a depositor's money for a short time ranging from forty-five to ninety days, falsely and fraudulently representing that he was realizing enormous profits from dealing in foreign exchange and foreign return postage coupons. He did not deal in foreign exchange nor in return postage coupons, but paid the early depositors ahead of time with the promised fifty per cent. additional by the simple expedient of using the money of later depositors for this purpose, though he did not disclose this fact but pretended he was only sharing profits with them. As soon as it got noised about that he was actually returning fifty per cent. profit for a few weeks' use of his depositors' money he was overwhelmed by a rush of would-be depositors and money came in faster than his clerks could count and give receipts for it, much less keep proper account of it on his books. He used and spent this money in luxurious living as if it were his own, and when called to account for it he was found to be hopelessly bankrupt. He is now in Plymouth jail on the second year of his sentence while the poor dupes that trusted him are bewailing the loss of their money.

But there is now, as there was in Barnum's day, a never-failing crop of suckers ever ready to bite at an alluring bait. And so, before the newspapers had ceased featuring Ponzi's picture and exploits on the front page an imitator of him launched out on a career of fraud which rivals that of the original. Raymond J. Bischoff, age twenty-seven, is the man who worked the Ponzi game in Chicago unfil stopped by bankruptcy proceedings instituted against him last February. In answer to questions by Judge Landis he acknowledged that he owed at least seven million dollars for money that he had induced thousands of people to entrust to him for speculative purposes. He collected this vast sum in less than two years, largely from people of small means who will suffer because of its loss which in many a case means the sweeping away of the savings of a lifetime, and he has run through with practically all of it; five thousand dollars is the Judge's valuation of all there is left of it. He had twenty agents out canvassing for him and it was no unusual occurrence for them to bring in fifty to seventy-five thousand dollars in a single day. He said that people had confidence in him and that it was easy to induce them to trust him with their money in expectation of inordinate profits; and to some of them he did pay profits ranging from twenty-five to one hundred per cent., which was the bait that kept the suckers coming.

A polite rogue, with an attractive personality and a refined elegance of manners and dress that betokened gentility, and living in luxurious style that indicated a high degree of prosperity, made a specialty of gaining the confidence of property-owning women, mostly lone spinsters and widows without male relatives to advise them in financial matters. His rascality came to light recently when he suddenly absconded leaving some twenty women in and about New York poorer by amounts ranging from five thousand to more than half a million dollars because of having trusted him to handle their money. He got six hundred thousand dollars from one woman and smaller, though large, fortunes from others, leaving most of his victims destitute. He deceived these unsuspecting women by pretending (falsely) that he was intimately associated in business with the greatest financiers in New York, and made them believe that in this way he had superlative knowledge and opportunities for profitable investment of their funds.

Some Common Swindles that Are Always Being Worked

The foregoing are samples of somewhat novel and spectacular methods now and then devised by some perverted genius. They usually run a phenominally successful though brief course, and, when exposed, the wide publicity attained disqualifies them for further use so long as they are held in odious remembrance by the public. But the old swindles of the common sort appear to be endowed with eternal life and perpetual youth, for they are worked continually and can be relied on year after year to attract an endless stream of suckers. Among these old and steady pullers that are working over-time special mention should be made of "bucket shops" that, while pretending to buy and sell stocks on "margin", do not execute orders of that kind but in such cases merely appropriate their customers' money and gamble on the market. If the market goes against the customer the "bucket shop" wins what he loses, but if it happens to go strongly in favor of a large number of customers it is likely to bankrupt the "bucket shop", and in that event the customers lose when they should have won on a square deal. Some States prohibit "bucket shops." At best it is a dangerous gamble for the ordinary man to buy stock on a margin; the only safe rule in this respect is never to do it, and this would eliminate the "bucket shop" question.

Then there is the class of brokers who deal in stocks of such doubtful value and speculative nature that they cannot properly be regarded as "investment securities." A safe rule for the investor is to shun such houses and their wares which latter while holding out an alluring prospect of profit also involve (though not made conspicuous) a chance of loss that the person of small or moderate means cannot afford to take.

Finally there are the promoters of the out-and-out frauds or (what are equally risky) wild and ill-considered development projects. They are a legion in number and name and include almost every kind of business or manufacturing enterprise. The game is to organize a corporation for the pretended purpose of engaging in some line of business in which large fortunes are generally known to have been made. The next step is to sell the stock, and the last is for the promoters to get away with the money, leaving the stockholders with beautifully engraved stock certificates worth less than the value of the blank paper before it was printed.

There are variations in the way the game is worked but certain features are always prominent. A prospectus in the form of a more or less elaborate circular or pamphlet is gotten up describing the property claimed to be owned or proposed to be bought or constructed, the business to be carried on, and an extravagant statement of the profits expected to be realized. Usually copies of the prospectus are sent by mail accompanied by a letter offering the stock for sale, often on the installment plan, and enclosing a subscription blank. In some instances the prospectus has contained pictures of extensive and costly properties falsely represented to be owned by the company. If the intended victims do not bite immediately they are bombarded by a series of "follow-ups" in the form of persuasive letters or, maybe, by telegrams urging immediate purchase of stock "before the price is advanced" or, perhaps, promising a dividend at an early date. Sometimes a dividend is actually declared and paid out of the capital to make it appear that the company is operating profitably when in fact it has neither business nor operating plant. Sometimes the company offers its stock direct, but more often it is done through some brokerage house; and sometimes the stock subscriptions are solicited personally by agents instead of by mail.

At present oil (petroleum) producing and oil land companies lead all others in the field of fraudulent stock promotion schemes. Automobile companies come next. Motion picture producing companies and even packing house projects have been incorporated for the purpose of fraudulent stock sales. The Government keeps a force of detectives continually at work investigating complaints of fraudulent use of the mails and has landed many of the perpetrators in prison, but in most cases the people have been victimized to a large extent before the scheme has been discovered; frequently the rascals make their clean-up, get away with it and vanish from sight, but soon start a new bunco project under a new name in another locality.

How Investors Can Steer Clear of Fraudulent Stock Schemes

There are two good reasons why it is so extremely rare for an experienced investor to get "stung" by a fraudulent stock promotion. First, because such schemes bear certain characteristic earmarks that put him on his guard at once. Some of these have been described but may not readily be detected by inexperienced persons. However there is one unmistakable danger signal —that of promising big dividends, high interest rates or large profits—which should be enough to scare you off. The second reason why the experienced investor does not get "roped" is because he never does business with unreliable brokerage houses. Now if you will adhere strictly to these two rules and go just a step further (which I will suggest) for your own protection you will keep out of the sucker class and be immune to the blandishments of the bunco stock promoter.

The experienced investor knows the reliable brokerage houses that offer their customers only high-grade investment securities; he also knows how to select from these offerings the securities that are best suited to his financial circumstances and investment policy, for even among good, solid bonds and stocks there is a considerable range for the exercise of judgment in choosing. Most people need advice on both these points, and they should get it from their nearest bank; it will be trustworthy and given without charge. Probably the best policy for the small investor is to put his savings into Government, State, county or municipal bonds, or deposit his money in the savings department of some near-by bank; besides the all-important element of safety thus secured, such investments are readily convertible into cash if need be. But don't overlook the danger of loss of your bonds by fire or theft if kept in your home; some bonds may be safeguarded by registration, but the best way is to keep them in a safe-deposit box in some bank that provides such facility at a small cost.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

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LOYALTY AND LOVE

A Memorial Day Romance

By Joseph F. Novak

See front cover illustration.

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MEMORIAL Day dawned brilliantly in the suburb of Chicago where Mrs. Vivian Wheaton and her small daughter, Alethea, lived.

Life had been hard to Vivian. Widowed at nineteen and a mother at the same age, it seemed hard to doom one so young to the life of a devotee—yet that was what her life had been since the day Fred was killed in France. His memory was the idol of her worship.

In the excitement, stress and turmoil of those April days of 1917, when the country was inflamed and patriotism ran high, Fred Wheaton had enlisted. How irresistible he looked in his uniform though it was only that of a private. The snug-fitting coat emphasized the grace of his lithe young body, and with the trappings of war, Fred became more than human to the impressionable girl of eighteen. No captain could have looked more glorious to her than did Fred.

Then came that dream-like night when they attended a dance a few days before he was to leave. The fever of romance was in their veins, and he whispered that he loved her and asked her to marry him.

Tingling with the wild emotion of the hour, filled with the belief that a volunteer should not be refused anything, and with the witchery of his uniform adding its quota to the intensity of a girl's first love, she accepted him and they were married.

A few days of heaven—and then he was off. His kind mother, who was comfortably fixed, took Vivian to live with her, and they comforted each other in their mutual loss. Still, they were happy for as the days passed, Vivian discovered that a great event was to take place in her life, and the day finally came which bore the news to Fred that he was a father.

Shortly after, trouble descended upon the pretty bungalow. Fred's mother took sick and died, and Vivian had scarcely recovered from the shock of this, when news came to her that Fred had fallen in the Chateau Thierry Drive.

For weeks, blank despair held its cold hand upon her heart. Then she realized that she must think—not of herself but of Alethea. So, like a stricken lily, when the storm has passed, she raised her head and determined to live.

Fred and his mother had so arranged the title to the bungalow that it should become Vivian's property in the case of the death of either of them, and the money in the bank and her insurance were so arranged that she need have no fears for being able to provide for herself. So she lived on in the pretty bungalow, like a cloistered nun, her whole interest wrapped up in Alethea and the memory of Fred.

This, in short, was Vivian's history.

On this Memorial Day, she stepped out into the small garden about the house, and gathered clusters of lilacs and snowballs from the blooming bushes, and fragrant lilies-of-the-valley. The sun was warm, the air fine and clear. Flags were flapping in the breeze and there came to her faintly, distant music—probably the Boy Scouts were assembling for their duties at the cemeteries, or else rehearsing for the big parade that was to take place in the city in the afternoon.

Her fragrant task finished, Vivian went into the house and to Alethea's bed.

"Come, darling," she whispered, "we'll have to get ready. We'll go to the cemetery and decorate Daddy's grave."

The year before, Fred's body had been brought back. When Vivian first beheld the flag-draped box, she had felt that she wanted to die.

But the feeling gradually gave way.

In response to her gentle rousing, little Alethea opened her eyes and yawned a kiss-provoking yawn.

"We going today, mamma?" she queried.

"Yes, dear. Now, we'll have some breakfast and and then I'll dress you and we'll take these flags and flowers and show Daddy that we haven't forgotten him," and with the words, she picked up Alethea and carried her downstairs.

They stopped before a picture of Fred in uniform. He had been a handsome lad and the glamour that a uniform casts about a man made him doubly attractive.

How she loved him!

But as she gazed, she found herself realizing that she was reconciling herself to his loss. The thought startled her, and she hastily brushed it away.

"Come, dear, we'll have breakfast," she said to Alethea, who was babbling sweet nothings to the picture, and they went to the dining-room and there had breakfast, after which Vivian got herself and Alethea ready for the trip to the cemetery.

Memorial services were held in which the veterans of three wars partook; the grizzled old chaps of the Civil War; the boys of the Spanish-American War now in the full bloom of middle age, and the bright, youthful faces of the lads of the World War, "Veterans of the World War" they called themselves, and it seemed a misnomer. To apply the term "veteran" to those boyish faces! And yet, these hoary-headed veterans of the Civil War had once been lads like these!

Vivian went to the little plot in the cemetery where Fred and his mother rested. The flowers she brought were placed in beautiful array upon the grave, but when she draped the flags and a vision of that flag-draped box in which all that was mortal of Fred rested, Vivian wept.

She finally dried her eyes, and taking Alethea by the hand, went to the rostrum where the Memorial services were being held, and listened until Alethea grew restless. So she started for the street car and went to the down-town district where she and Alethea had their lunch, after which they went to Michigan Boulevard and finding a place sat down upon the curbstone to await the coming of the parade.

All the while the crowd deepened until humanity stood six to eight deep on the sidewalk. The broad thoroughfare was kept clear of pedestrians by the untiring efforts of the traffic police, while Chicago's wonderful sky-line presented a flag-be-decked front. In the balconies of the fashionable clubs and hotels, society folk congregated, and all the windows of the buildings held their quotas of humanity.

Now and then detachments of organizations marched along to find their places in the parade and relieved the monotony of the wait with bands that struck up martial or popular music.

After a long wait, a solid phalanx advanced over the new Link Bridge and the parade came.

There were the old Veterans coming along, some with springy step, some halting, and others who had been obliged to acknowledge their infirmities by riding in automobiles but whose faded old eyes, nevertheless, showed deep interest in all that was going on and in the applause they received; there were organizations of the Sons of Veterans, Daughters of Veterans, Women's Relief Corps, Posts of the Spanish-American War Veterans, Veterans of the World War, Posts of the American Legion; Posts of colored veterans who did their bit; the Gold Star Mothers, the Gold Star Fathers, and British, French, Italian, Czecho-Slovakian and Belgian veterans; Naval Reserves, the Illinois National Guard, thousands upon thousands of men marching through cheering, applauding lines.

Between the various groups were interspersed the bands and historical, emblematical floats, mounted officers, great marshaling of flags, always thrilling, ever picturesque.

In the line of march came an immense float, emblematical of "Peace". A girl in white, winged, with a gilded palm-leaf in one hand and a dove in the other, stood benignly over a gathering of men in uniform representing every participant in the great war. The stacked arms, the machine-guns and cannon and other implements of war had their grimness hidden in flowers.

As the lumbering motor truck upon which the pageant was posed creaked by, it bounced into a slight rut and a beautiful lily dropped to the street. Little Alethea, seeing this, made a sudden dive for the flower and into the path of a skittish horse which was curvetting restlessly to the music of the band behind him. At a sudden blare, he broke into a run. With a cream of terror, Vivian ran to the child's rescue. Nothing but the quick action of the rider in leaning down and snatching up the child saved her from being killed, but Vivian was brushed from her feet to the street.

Several policemen rushed forward and picked up the unconscious girl, others were immediately on the spot to preserve order and Vivian was hurried to the Red Cross Emergency Hospital Tent set up before the Public Library, while the parade continued on its way as if nothing had momentarily disturbed it.

Meanwhile, Vivian lay on a cot in the tent, while the sweet-faced nurses worked over her and brought her to consciousness.

"My baby!" was her first exclamation.

The nurse brought Alethea to her, smiling and unharmed.

"Nothing happened to her, dear," she said gently. "Mr. Forsyth caught her up just in time." And then she went on: "Could you see him dear? He's very anxious about you, and feels so dreadfully about the whole occurrence."

"I think I could," Vivian said, and taking Alethea to her, she closed her eyes.

In a moment more, through the tent-flap came a tall, bronzed, good-looking young fellow of about twenty-nine with the insignia of a first lieutenant upon his shoulder.

"Are you hurt very much, Miss—er, ma'am?" he asked with a boyish frankness that was very winsome. "I'm so sorry it all occurred. I haven't been on a horse for a year or more, and I'm afraid I didn't have especially good control of him."

Vivian smiled upon him. "It wasn't your fault. Alethea ran into the street for the lily, see?" and she held up the baby hand which still clasped the lily. "It really was my fault for not watching her more closely. Children will follow their inclinations and dart from your control no matter how much you warn them."

"But you haven't told me whether you are hurt or not," he insisted.

"I'm sure I am not. Your horse just brushed me, and I think I fainted more from fear than from injury. See, I think I can go now."

"I'd rest a bit longer, dear, if I were you," the nurse cautioned gently.

"I'll stay with the soldier man, mamma, "Vivian announced, "I'll play he's my soldier papa."

Vivian sighed. "Alethea's papa was a soldier," she said.

"Oh," remarked Lieutenant Forsyth.

"Yes. But he—he—was killed at Chateau Thierry," Vivian said, turning away.

"Oh," and this expression was something different again than Lieutenant's same exclamation a moment previous.

Without another word, Forsyth took Alethea outside of the tent, and left Vivian to her memories.

For half an hour or more she rested, listening to Alethea's artless prattle outside, and Forsyth's big, cheery voice. There was that in his laugh, so full, so round, yet with no boisterousness, that was very attractive.

Finally she called out to them, and the two came into the tent.

"We'll go now, Alethea," Vivian said.

"You must let me take you home," Forsyth said. "I have my machine here. Won't you do that?"

He was so anxious to make all amends that she felt it would be unjust not to allow him. And yet, while Chicago is a great city, it is a big city and sometimes a very cruel and wicked city if one is not careful.

"But your horse——" she demurred.

"Oh, he's taken care of," he laughed. "Won't you let me do you that little favor?"

They were outside the tent now, and he pointed to a luxurious machine at the curb.

Just then a newsboy rushed by.

"*Special extree! All 'bout th' p'rade axidunt!*" he yelled.

"Get me a paper," Vivian requested.

"Here, kid!" Forsyth yelled, but when he handed the sheet to her, his cheeks burned.

In headlines four inches high was the announcement:

"RESCUES CHILD IN PARADE."

Then followed:

"Lieutenant Elmer Forsyth by his cool foresight rescued Alethea Wheaton from being crushed to death under the hoofs of the horse he was riding. The child had run from her mother's side to pick up a lily which had dropped from the "Peace" float.

"Before he knew it, he was upon the child. Lieutenant Forsyth snatched up the babe and saved her from injury though Mrs. Wheaton, the child's mother, who was knocked down in making a dash for the child, was rushed to the Emergency Hospital Tent where it was laterly said she was not seriously hurt.

"Lieutenant Forsyth was decorated for bravery. His home is on the North Shore and he is connected with the Spread Eagle Automobile Company. He is a member of many of our exclusive and prominent clubs."

It doesn't take much to make a Chicago reporter make a mountain out of a mole-hill, does it?" he queried, just a little embarrassed.

Vivian smiled. "It is their living, and makes interesting reading for the public, although it is rather embarrassing to the participants."

The newspaper story, however, was proof enough of the social standing of Alethea's rescuer, so Vivian allowed herself to enter the luxurious Spread-Eagle car, and soon it was nosing its way through the dense crowds that spread over street and sidewalk for the parade was now over and citizens, soldiers, Boy Scouts and everybody mixed in one great jam as they made for suburban train, "L" train or street car to take them to their homes.

Forsyth had a way of getting through the crowds and soon the jam began to thin out, the machine increased in speed until they were fairly flying toward the suburb in which Vivian and Alethea lived.

The bungalow reached, Forsyth helped them down, and followed Vivian and Alethea to the porch where he lingered while she unlocked the door.

"Is there anything that I could do for you before I go?" he asked. "And here is my card in case anything serious should develop from today's accident."

She accepted the card, but he still lingered, and his desire to remain was so pronounced that Vivian, with a good-humored little smile, asked if he'd like to stay and have a cup of tea.

"Why——" he started to accept with alacrity, then evidently not wishing to seem too anxious, he said: "If it won't be too much trouble, I would indeed."

"None at all," Vivian replied, "and as the evening is so lovely, shall we have it out on the porch?"

"That will be nice," he agreed, and seated himself in the porch swing with Alethea, while Vivian went into the house.

Presently she brought out a little card-table which she set up, and then handed him a book of snap-shots.

"Perhaps these may interest you. They are pictures my husband took in France. It was my pleasure to mount, date and title them according to the notations he made on the backs of them. This is Mr. Wheaton."

Forsyth looked at the handsome young face.

He shook his head. "No, I didn't know him, but he looks like a very nice lad."

Vivian with a little nod left them and Forsyth turned the pages.

"That's my Daddy," Alethea ventured, at each appearance of Fred in the pictures, "he's in heaven."

Unconsciously the child snuggled to Forsyth and looked at the pictures with him.

"Do Daddies ever come from heaven?" she queried suddenly.

Forsyth looked compassionately upon her.

"No, dear," he said slowly, "Daddies don't ever come from heaven. But you'll see him when you go there."

"That will be a long time before I go, won't it?" she queried.

"For your mother's sake, dear child, I hope it will be a very, very long time," and he placed a gentle hand upon her head.

Vivian, bringing some of the tea things, glimpsed the tender little action.

A sudden emotion seized her, a yearning toward the man who, only that morning, she had not known existed. It horrified her, for she knew that sudden yearning—she knew what it was! She knew!

Her heart was responding to the man who so tenderly regarded her child. It was vile, monstrous! Disloyal!

Crushing down the wild impulse, she fled to the kitchen where she remained until she had her emotions in control and the high color from her cheeks, and finally she became calm enough to do her duties as hostess.

Yet, while she would not admit it, there was something very sweet in having Forsyth sitting there; he looked so strong and reliable, just the kind of man one would want to hide behind in trouble, knowing full well that that broad breast would be given to receive all buffets that might come. That it had defied the foe was mutely attested by the several decorations it bore.

They chatted of the war, naturally, for it was a topic they had in common. Vivian told of Fred's experiences as she knew them through his letters, while Forsyth related his, making light of his own bravery that gave truth to his colorful tales.

At length it was getting dark, even the daylight saving time that held sway in Chicago was being slowly but surely defeated by the oncoming night. Still Forsyth lingered until realizing that perhaps for a perfect stranger he was overstaying the bounds of propriety, he rose with an almost regretful sigh.

"I have had a very pleasant afternoon and evening," he said. "I wonder if you will allow me to call again?"

Vivian hesitated; desire made her want to extend the invitation, yet loyalty to Fred held her back.

"If you'd rather not——" Forsyth began regretfully. "Perhaps I am disturbing tender memories——"

She looked at him, a bit startled. Was he reading her mind so well?

"It isn't that——" she faltered. "I should like to have you call again but—but——"

"Is it because I am a perfect stranger?"

"I am all alone," she murmured.

"And fear what your neighbors may say, perhaps? But surely if my calling is not objectionable to you, you are entitled to some company. It is hardly fair to expect you to shut yourself up like a nun and remain apart from the world. It would be such a pleasure for me to call. Won't you let me?"

She wanted to, ah, she wanted to, and the spell that uniform casts was upon her. Possibly if she saw him in civilian clothes the glamour would be gone and her loyalty to Fred which had been so rudely shaken would regain its equilibrium.

"If it will please you, you may," she said.

"Thank you. Good night," and he went down the dark path, while Vivian gathered Alethea in her arms, and sat in the porch swing, listening. She heard him slam the car door, then the buzz of the self-starter on the machine, then the whirr as he raced the engine a moment—and he was gone.

Gone, she ran to her shrine, Fred's picture. But a sudden realization came to her. The realization that the hurt which we so tenderly cherished is completely healed, the pain gone and only the scar left.

It shocked her to find how completely it was healed. Had her love been a myth? No, she had loved him truly and had he returned all would have been well, but Nature is stronger than will sometimes and the desire for human companionship which had been slowly growing was demanding a hearing now!

She wanted someone—she wanted companionship—she wanted someone!

"Oh, Fred, why were you taken from me?"

But all her caressing of Alethea would not down her desire to see Lieutenant Forsyth again, and when he came again in response to her invitation, Vivian found, with something like despair, that it had not been the uniform but an actual love that had sprung up in her heart and all because of his kindness to little Alethea.

He called again, and yet again and Vivian knew that he loved her; but had she the right to chance Alethea's happiness by giving her a stepfather?

The need for a decision came. One of those glorious summer evenings when love demands its own. And Forsyth whispered the words, simply, manly, with a compelling earnestness that booked no refusal, especially when they were whispered to a heart that wanted to accept.

Still:

"I don't know, oh, I don't know," she said.

"Why don't you know?" he questioned kindly. "You love me, don't you?"

"Yes, but Alethea——"

"I love her as my own, but will you let her decide?"

Vivian nodded.

He called Alethea to him.

"Listen, Alethea dear, would you like to have two Daddies?"

"Two Daddies?" she queried, puzzled.

"Yes, dear. One here and one in heaven?"

"Who'll be my Daddy here? You?"

"Would you like to have me?"

"Oh, yes. 'Cause I like soldier Daddies."

"There, Vivian, dear," Forsyth said. "Are you satisfied?"

The years proved that Alethea's choice of a new Daddy had been well made.

"A Little Culture"

By Hilda Koppel

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"MAMMY, it's the only thing I know how to do," declared Suzanne Lewis.

"Ah ain' gwine hab mah chile learnin' no po' W'ite trash manners," said Mammy.

"But, Mammy, when you're an orphan and your guardian elopes with your money and you have to do something, and you've never been trained, and——"

"Honey, W'at yo' nice frien's gwine thunk 'bout yo'?"

"I have to earn money. Noy listen, Mammy——"

And Suzanne proceeded to unfold her plan. She would pawn some jewelry and rent a "studio" and then advertise for persons desiring to attain "polish." Mammy would be chaperone. But no glowing words could move Mammy, and in desperation the girl sent for Pat Blair, one of her "nice friends."

"Nope, it won't do," he said, "marry me instead."

Being finally convinced that Suzanne was obdurate, he agreed to help and rented a "studio" which had once been a saloon, and was cheap and well located. The next day the papers had the following advertisement:

"DO YOU EVER WISH
YOU HAD NO HANDS AND FEET?"
"Are you ever tongue-tied?
"Do you prefer to eat alone?
"Don't you want to learn to appreciate your hands and feet?
"Don't you want to know how to greet the President?
"Don't you want to know how to dine with potentates?
"Apply 224 Elm Street.
"ALL BRANCHES OF ETIQUETTE TAUGHT."

"My Gawd! Lamp this ad," and pretty Eudora Payne handed Mrs. Cæsar Rocah the paper.

"Boys, listen," commanded stout Mrs. Rocah, and she read aloud the unusual advertisement.

Jupiter Jones, a pleasant-appearing young man, and Oliver Kilmansegg, stern and middle-aged, listened and became enthusiastic.

After a short discussion, "That's what we want," Kilmansegg said, "a little culture. Get your lids on and let's beat it to this joint pronto."

Suzanne received the party graciously, but Mammy was openly suspicious.

"We will pay well," Kilmansegg stated, "to acquire polish."

"We want to go with the best people," and Mrs. Roach smiled.

"You teach us, introduce us in society," Kilmansegg began.

Jupiter interrupted: "However, we must insist that you take no other—er—pupils for the present."

"We will pay well," insisted Kilmansegg. "Business, this, must have agreement signed."

He produced an agreement which they all signed, whereby Suzanne gave each one an afternoon a week, in return for a goodly sum and took no other pupils.

* * * * * * * *

The officer on the beat, one Finnegan, grew suspicious when he saw the same persons, always well dressed, entering the erstwhile saloon at the same hour on the same days, and he believed he recognized two of them,—as old customers of the bar.

The lessons progressed, the pupils improved. Mrs. Cæsar Roach now managed a train exquisitely; Eudora's use of slang had been curtailed; Jupiter made a lovely bow, and Kilmansegg used his hands and feet as if they were his own.

The pupils now thought they were ready to be "introduced," so Suzanne asked the long-suffering Pat to invite them to a house party.

Who knows? Perhaps the moon got in some good work. Kilmansegg became smitten of a wealthy widow, a Mrs. Stewart, much to Mrs. Roach's disgust. Pat, brought to a sudden realization of Eudora's charms, succeeded in making Suzanne jealous. Out of pique the girl encouraged the admiring Jupiter.

During the evening Mrs. Stewart hysterically declared that her pearls were missing. There was great excitement and Pat with Jupiter's assistance instituted a vain search. The next morning the jewelry of several other guests had disappeared, Mrs. Roach asserting she had lost much of value.

"I must notify the police," Pat said.

"My dear fellow, consider the unpleasant publicity," was Kilmansegg's objection.

"How awful!" breathed Mrs. Roach. "I would rather lose my jewels than get into the vulgar newspapers."

Suzanne said nothing.

"I don't like to say anything," Eudora began, "but I saw one of the maids snooping around and acting suspiciously."

Mrs. Roach said she had noticed the maid's actions also.

Despite protestations, Pat sent for a detective. Suzanne's pupils were openly skeptical of his prowess, and laughed unpleasantly when his search proved a vain one.

"I am disgusted with this culture stuff," Jupiter said, one afternoon several weeks later, "let's give it up."

Eudora laughed. "Jupiter's soft on Miss Lewis."

"I never regretted what I am until I knew Miss Lewis," he declared seriously.

Eudora snickered and the others smiled.

After a lengthy discussion Jupiter persuaded them to his way of thinking.

"Mammy," Suzanne said, "my pupils are leaving tomorrow and in appreciation of my good work they are giving a little farewell dinner at the studio. They want Pat, too."

Mammy spoke scornfully: "Ah, cain' nohow see how-come yo' diden' marry wif' Massa Pat 'stid ob aimin' fo'——"

"Oh!" and Suzanne patted the old negress' shoulder affectionately, "I've made loads of money."

"Ah'm gwine tol' Massa Pat to mak' yo' all marry wif' him immejit."

"But, I don't want to. He's so usual. You know exactly what he's going to do and say."

The studio presented a festive appearance for the dinner but Mammy served with ill grace the "po' w'ite trash." The dinner progressed smoothly with each pupil a pride to the teacher. They had reached the demi-tasse stage when the door opened and Patrolman Finnegan entered, followed by a squad of other bluecoats. Finnegan advanced a little and then stopped short, apparently disconcerted. Instead of the gambling and drinking he had expected, he found a peaceful dinner party, but Suzanne's guests, unaware of the reason for his entrance, began to fidget uneasily.

It seemed to Kilmansegg that Finnegan's eye never left him, and finally, in sheer nervousness, he jumped from his chair and said, "I admit it, and I'll turn state's evidence if you do your best

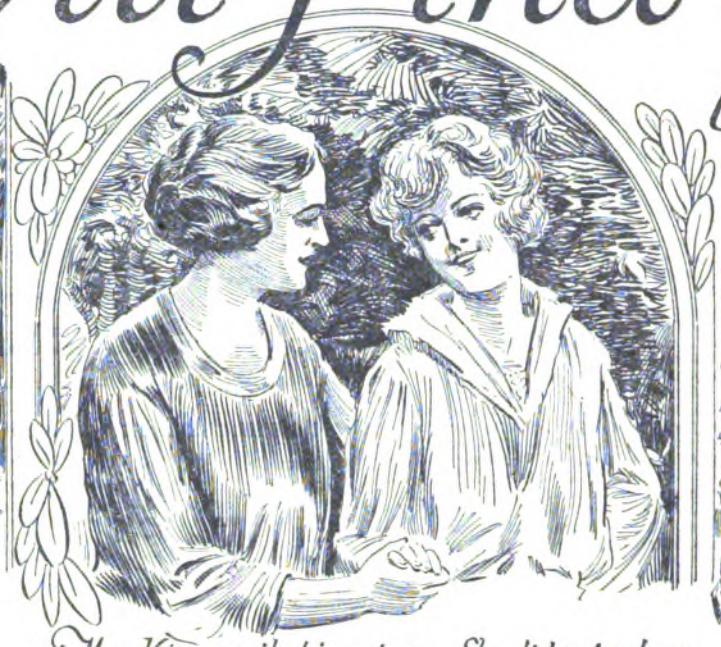
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

Love Will Find the Way

by Wenona Gilman



He took off his old cap to her.



Mrs. King smiled in return. She did not release the hand that had been extended to her.



"What is it? she asked, "Are you ill?"

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Junius Beckwith, a Westpointer, Anne Gordon, wealthy, Marian Reade, companion, friend and protegee of Anne Gordon, occupy a box at the Metropolitan Opera House. The curtain falls and Beckwith admits that "Lucia di Lammermore" has a depressing influence upon him and he cannot think of insanity without repulsion, no matter what the cause may be, and a marriage with either tainted, should be made a crime punishable by law. The next morning is Marian's birthday and deciding to go home, Anne Gordon, with a premonition that she ought to stay, exacts a promise, if any trouble comes, Marian will let her know first. Marian walks away and turning the corner meets June Beckwith and they go to the park. Remembering it is her birthday, he offers his love as a gift and asks her to be his wife. Happy in her love for June, Marian reaches home. Janet Reade, her grandmother, tells her that her mother is not dead but the inmate of a madhouse. What can she say to June? Hearing a voice, she answers to her father's call. He gives her a curious Venetian ring for a birthday gift, and questioning him where he got it he evades the answer and queries what Anne Gordon gives her. Showing the watch, her father berates Marian's friend. She might have given one thousand dollars, which he needs and will have. Marian, under the horror of all she hears, forgets all her grandmother told her, even forgets June Beckwith. Later in the night, recalling her promise to Anne Gordon, she goes to her home. A light flashed from a window opposite shows a rope hung from Anne Gordon's window, and in the window her father's face. Reaching home, Marian meets her father, tells him where he has been, and for no honest purpose, and demands that he return all he has stolen. He refuses, and only after her earnest pleading does he ask what she will do for him. Little dreaming the price she must pay, she asks for nothing but to serve him and she seals the promise upon her mother's Bible. Left alone, Paul Reade decides to keep one ring. Marian writes June she does not love him and that her soul is withered as much as the flower she encloses. Her father assures her he has obtained a position in the brokerage business and rented a house down town. June is stunned upon receiving Marian's letter and welcomes his friend, Fred Underwood, who tells him Paul Reade is a most unscrupulous villain and the house he has rented is a decoy for gamblers, that Marian is not as innocent as she appears. June cannot believe it, and Underwood will prove it to him if he cares to go. June calling upon Anne, she tells of Paul Reade's sudden wealth, and June, knowing where it comes from, as a friend, forbids Anne to go to Marian Reade's home. Going to the reception, Underwood requests Paul Reade to introduce Marian. In the meanwhile June appears with a message from Miss Gordon. He invites Marian for a waltz which she ends with Dick Gresham, the most notorious gambler in New York. The evening ended, Marian faces her father and asks who were those people. She receives no satisfaction from his answer—he expects her to receive them with courtesy, she has sworn to obey him. Anne begs Marian to come to her for a home, to divulge the secret that troubles her and she denies she has one. June Beckwith calls upon Anne, who defends Marian and with tears in her eyes pleads with him not to condemn her. If he never loved Anne before he thinks he does now and she is willing to be his wife. Marian speaks to her father of her mother and what has kept her from Marian all these years. She must see her. Her father refuses and Marian insists. There are those who will help. Paul Reade requests Ezra Morris, whose mother is hopelessly insane and confined in a house built especially for her, to allow Marian to visit her, believing she is her mother. Returning home she cries, "will the inheritance come to her?" Dick Gresham announces Anne's betrothal to Junius Beckwith, and for several days Marian remains in her room. Again mingling with her father's guests, she is introduced to Elliott Dwight, a multi-millionaire who, by his words and manner, arouses Marian's suspicions as to his motives. She demands of her father, and before his guests, to deny that she is an inmate of a gambling house, a decoy by his will for his guests, that it is not as Elliott Dwight says. Her father's silence convinces her it is true and in her anguish Marian leaves the house. She is stopped by Fred Underwood who exacts a promise that she will see him before making a decided change. Her heart sinks. June believes her guilty. Underwood admits he is in a most uncomfortable position. June loves Marian, Anne Gordon loves June and I love Anne Gordon. Janet Reade goes to Anne Gordon; she knows her son is not only a gambler but a thief, and has stolen from Anne, detected by his daughter and innocent of the character of the house Marian leaves as soon as the truth comes to her. Fred Underwood takes Marian to Wildhurst where she meets Mrs. King, to whom she is strongly attracted and who tells her that Wildhurst joins Judson's Asylum. June going to see Anne, she tells him that Marian is innocent of their suspicions, and talking with Underwood, June admits she is not responsibe for the sins of her father. Marian, seeking Dr. Judson, asks permission of him to see the lady down by the lake. He refuses and she claims the right—she has seen her—it is her mother. Dr. Judson proves it is impossible; she is the mother of old Ezra Morris and has been confined there thirty years, and the inference is her mother is not dead apd is sane.

CHAPTER XXX.

MRS. KING'S INFLUENCE.

MARIAN remained for some time talking with Doctor Judson, though it must be confessed that there was little enough that was new in their conversation.

They sent the telegram, and then she told him more of her life, he, in turn, convincing her more thoroughly that it was impossible for the woman in the cottage by the lake to be her mother, and thereby relieving her of perhaps the greatest of the shadows that had rested on her life.

"It is my belief that you will find your mother as sane as you are," he said to her, as she stood on the stoop, preparing to return to Wildhurst. "If you care to bring your friend, Underwood, here, do [illegible] and we will talk the whole situation over together, and perhaps I may be able to make some suggestions to him. Since you have confided in me so much, I take it that there will be little that you desire to keep from me. I am afraid you would think that I had absorbed some of the lunacy with which I am surrounded if I were to tell you a crazy thought that has come into my brain."

"Nevertheless, tell me."

"Shall I? And yet it would be best not. It might inspire a hope that, if it should prove untrue, it had best not lived."

"But tell me. I can bear disappointment better than you think."

"Then—has it ever struck you that there might be just the remotest possibility of your not being Paul Reade's child?"

She started. A swift flush rushed to her cheeks and burned there. She fastened her eyes on the doctor's, burning under the added excitement.

"Oh, if it should be!" she whispered.

"There!" he exclaimed briskly. "I have done wrong to arouse that hope. There are many instances where the child is as unlike the parent as you are unlike yours. You may have inherited from your mother. It was only that thought which suggested the other wild one. I have always been told that my fault was in being unable to hold my imagination in check, and I take it that I have not been misinformed. I am quite convinced that my theory about your mother is correct, but the other is merely a foolish flight of the imagination. Good by. Forget, if you can, that I said that, and bring your friend whenever you choose."

She placed her palm in the hand that he had extended without removing her eyes from his. She heaved a sigh, and then smiled bravely.

"You have given me that which was dead in my breast—hope. Even if it all proved an illusion, I shall still thank you, for I am sure that I can never be as I was when I entered here. Nothing can make me like that again. As soon as Mr. Underwood comes, we will come together to see you. Good by, and God bless you!"

She went down the steps, and he watched her as she disappeared among the trees.

"Poor child!" he said, as he turned and reentered his office. "How she has suffered! I wish she could find that that scoundrel is not her father. What manner of man can he be who would deliberately tell a daughter that that poor old creature down by the lake was her mother? It was a fiendish punishment. I half-believe the wild thought that I suggested to her. I half-believe that he is not her father."

And Marian?

Doctor Judson had forbidden her to think of that which he had told her, and yet it never left her thoughts for one moment, as she followed the path through the trees down to the landing by the lake.

As she passed the little picturesque cottage, she paused and looked at it. How different her feelings were from what they had been when she stood there less than two hours before!

"It is not my mother who lies there, chained like a dog," she whispered, smiling through the grateful tears that filled her eyes. "The blood that flows through those poor veins is not the same that throbs within my body. That awful danger is removed from my life, and it seems to me almost as if nothing can matter now. Oh, if what he said should prove true! Oh, if God would but let me acknowledge another parentage than that of sin and shame! Nothing could be worse; any change must be better. I am like him in no way. I have always hated him, though I never dared own it, even to my own heart. I feel that it is true. I feel that Doctor Judson spoke the truth. Paul Reade is not my father. I know it. I know it."

She had reached the landing, and found Jake sitting on the bank, while the little boat rocked idly in the gentle waves of the tiny lake. He looked at her curiously. How differently she looked from what she had done when he rowed her to that bank such a little while before.

Countrymen are reckoned for their goodness of heart, and not for their breeding, and they rarely hesitate to ask a question when one suggests itself. Certainly Jake did not pause to consider that it was none of his business when he said:

"Did you go to see a friend at the asylum, miss?"

"Yes."

"And you found her better than you expected?"

"Much."

"I thought you did."

"What made you think so?" she asked, placing her hand in his that he might assist her to her seat in the boat.

"Because you looked so white and tired, like as if you was worried, when I took you over; and now—well, I never see such a change in a person in all my born days! There is color in your cheeks, and—'pon my word, you look ten years younger!"

Marian laughed.

"I see you are a good reader of faces," she said kindly. "You are quite right in fancying that I have had good news. I don't think any one ever heard such good news in all the world as I have!"

"I'm glad of that. You looked so pale and unhappy when I rowed you over that my heart ached for you. It did really. I have been a-sittin' on that bank a-whittling and thinking of you ever since I left you there. Say, it wasn't about the old woman in the cottage, was it?"

"She was connected with it," answered Marian evasively. "I thought she might prove to be a relative of mine, but it was not true."

"Great Scott! I should think that would be a relief to you. Poor old soul! Well, miss, I am here, and if you want to go over again you have only to call on Jake. I live at Wildhurst. You are staying there, too; I saw you on the balcony today."

"Thank you, Jake. I have sent for a friend, and when he comes I shall want you to take us both over. If you are not down here I shall ask for you at Wildhurst."

"Thank you, miss."

He took off his old cap to her. She smiled brightly and tripped away.

How different she was from the girl who had come down that path but a few hours previous! There was a song in her heart now—a song that would bubble through her lips—and she paused once and laughed at her own childishness.

"I am hoping too much," she said to herself. "If it should all prove untrue, I should die!"

But she would not allow herself to believe in the possibility. She laughed again and went onward, and a moment later came in contact with the woman whom she had met before leaving Wildhurst.

"We have been looking everywhere for you!" Mrs. King said. "Dinner is over, and Mr. and Mrs. Presbury have feared that you were lost. They came out to look for you; but I rather fancied I knew where you had gone, and sent them back, telling them that I would do it. You have been to the asylum?"

"Yes. The fact is, I forgot all about dinner and that they would be worried about me. It was very good of you to think of it and not allow them to distress themselves."

"But you are hungry now."

"I believe I am," answered Marian, with a little laugh that sounded new to Mrs. King, "but I would not inconvenience them for the world."

"They never consider anything an inconvenience. They will like to oblige you in any way that is possible. I wonder if you would allow me to go in and sit with you while you eat?"

There was something in the wistful countenance that strangely touched Marian. She had felt the influence of this woman before, but it was upon her now in a greater degree. She felt hope swelling in her heart to such an extent that sadness in any countenance was pitiful to her, but there was something beyond that in this one. She put out her hand and grasped the other almost tenderly.

"Do come!" she exclaimed, with a winning smile. It will be so good of you. I feel like a naughty child that ought to be punished, and you will save me from it."

Mrs. King smiled in return. She did not release the hand that had been extended to her, but drew it closer within her own.

"You look so much happier than when you left me on the balcony," she said wistfully. "Has the sight of those poor creatures filled you with thanksgiving that you are not of their number?"

Marian hesitated. The woman's influence was still moving her with force. She looked into the gentle face for a moment; then answered:

"It has aroused—hope! Oh, I can't tell you; but that visit has opened a prospect to me that seems like—heaven! Can you understand how a person would think that the greatest good that could happen her in life would be to find herself without the parent that she had considered hers through all the years of her life?"

Mrs. King started. The hand which held Marian's trembled violently. She did not speak at once, and when she did, her voice was hoarse past recognition.

"Yes; I can understand," she answered.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MARION FINDS HER MOTHER.

A silence fell upon the two women that neither of them seemed capable of breaking. They stood there under the trees for a moment; then Mrs. King, still holding Marian's hand, led her to the house and into the dining-room.

The dinner which Mrs. Presbury had kept warm for her guest was served—a simple dinner, but of such excellent quality that the greatest connoisseur would have found no fault with it, and for the first time in weeks Marian found herself with an appetite such as she had indulged in happier days.

Mrs. King sat and watched her with a singular smile upon her lips, scarcely understanding her own sensations in presence of the girl whom, but a few hours before, she did not even know.

She thought it was fascination, springing from the girlish presence, an association which it had been long since she had known. She believed it was the sweet, airy, cool and soothing personality of the girl that appealed to her, and her heart beat as it had not done in many weary years as the dear eyes ever and anon rested on hers.

She did not know exactly what Marian was talking about, and it is doubtful if Marian did either; but she chatted on, as does a happy child under the influence of strong excitement.

And how strange it seemed to her to have something of that awful burden lifted! She had not paused to think of it. It was only the radiant glare of hope that was illuminating her life to such brightness that it was almost impossible for her to see mentally. She was blinded and bewildered by the sudden effulgence that had been shed upon her soul, and she wanted to take the whole world into her embrace and make it her confidant, as the baby girl takes the kitten into her delighted arms and tells it of the happiness that has come into the little life.

She was becoming almost hysterical as her meal proceeded, and, observing it, Mrs. King rose and poured out a glass of wine from the decanter upon the buffet.

"Drink that," she said, with some authority; and without questioning, Marion swallowed it.

When she had finished she rose from the table, and again extending her hand to Mrs. King, she exclaimed:

"Come and let us walk, will you not? I feel as if inactivity would suffocate me. I must seem a crazy thing to you; but the most extraordinary thing has happened to me, that if it should prove true, I should be the happiest girl in the whole world. Perhaps I may tell you what it is some time, if you care to listen."

Mrs. King took the hand, and leaning forward kissed the fair young cheek.

"If you knew how much good it does me to see some one happy, to have some fair young thing about me so full of life and hope as you are, you would not think it necessary to find excuses," she said, with tears standing in her wistful eyes. "Why, child, it has been years and years since I have seen the shadow of a smile upon any face. It has been years and years since I have held a human hand in mine. My lips have forgotten how to kiss.

"I believed my heart had forgotten how to love, and yet, not having known you a day, I already love you. A little week ago I had believed that life and hope were alike dead to me, and yet in those few short days all have been born again. I can understand your excitement, for the same miracle that has been worked for you has been worked for me, only that I am old, and the enthusiasm of youth has burned out. Perhaps when you tell me the story that has made you so happy today, I shall tell you the one of my life, and we may give each other the sympathy that both are craving.

They kissed each other, those two women who had suffered so much, the one in so short a time and the other during long years of silent torture, and went out into the hall.

It was growing rather late in the afternoon, and there were long stretches of shadow made by the trees in the park.

"It is the loveliest hour of the day," Marian said, as she drew her new friend toward the open door. "Come, let us enjoy it."

They were about to pass out, when Marian saw some one entering. It was a man, and recognizing Underwood, she sprang forward and caught his hand.

"Have you received my telegram so soon?" she asked eagerly. "Oh, it was good of you to come. It was like you to lose no time?"

"Telegram!" he repeated. "What telegram?"

"You did not get it, then?"

"No. I have received no message from you. I came because there was that which I had to say which could not be written? Has something happened? You look as if heaven had opened for you."

"And I think it has. Allow me to introduce you to a new friend, Mrs. King. You will excuse us for a few minutes, will you not, Mrs. King?"

The elder woman bowed and pressed the fingers which were extended to her, then she left them. Marian again turned to Underwood.

"Come out into the park, under the trees," she exclaimed, unable to control the joy in her voice. "Somehow I feel as if my soul could not bear the confinement of rooms. You have been so good to me that perhaps I am presuming too much in thinking that you will rejoice with me in this, and help me to prove that it is all true; but I can't believe it. You know it is human nature to expect more from those who have already given."

She laughed as the words left her lips, a sweet, ringing laugh, and Underwood looked down upon her, surprised at the increase in her beauty, delighted with the dainty ringing sound that he had never heard before.

He drew her hand through his arm with a protecting gesture, and led her out to a rustic seat beneath a tree where they would be unobserved. They were surrounded by shrubbery, half-enclosed in one of Nature's own domiciles.

"Why, you are quite excited," he said gently to her. "Something most extraordinary must have occurred. Now tell me what it is. You know that you can depend upon me."

She sat down and looked up at him.

"Yes, I feel that in every corner of my heart," she answered with filling eyes. "I want to try to be consecutive if I can, and in order to do that, I must begin back and tell you of everything that has occurred before. This morning it would have been impossible to me; but now, with this sweet hope that has been born in my soul, I can do it without a shadow of hesitation. If, in my excitement, I grow incoherent, don't fail to stop me, and don't hesitate in asking any question that you may desire."

But he interrupted her very little as she told the story from beginning to end. He let her tell it in her own way; but as she proceeded he took her hand in his to give her strength and courage to continue. She, understanding, answered him with a smile.

"And Doctor Judson, you tell me, is quite sure that it is impossible for your father not to have assumed the name of Morris in going there?" he asked, when she paused in the recital.

"Quite certain. He knows the address of Ezra

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

IT'S rather a serious matter to decide which of two poems will appeal to the greater number of readers, "Laddie of Mine," with special Memorial Day significance, or the poem for Mothers' Day, and all other days as well. First the decision would rest with one, then with the other until at last a compromise was effected and both poems used, and which appear on another page. We have to thank for these, Clara Miehm, Detroit, Mich., writer of "Laddie of Mine," and Mrs. Ezra Paddock, New York (postmark blurred and address not given), for the Mother poem, author unknown.—Ed.

WOODBRIDGE, Box 297, N. J.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I cannot recall having seen any letters from New Jersey. I wonder is it because no COMFORT sisters live in my dear old state?

I am a trained nurse and graduated from one of the best training schools in the country in 1914. I have taken COMFORT for quite a few years and have found it all that its name implies. I especially like the Sisters' Corner. Much that is interesting and enlightening can be found here. Next, great-hearted Uncle Charlie when he was among us and Uncle Lisha who succeeded him.

I have always held COMFORT in high esteem and for the fine moral fiber on which it is so well builded. I have taken many magazines, some of the highest priced ones in the country, and in such magazines one would naturally expect the best, but in nearly every one I have found defects. But to my way of judging a magazine COMFORT has none. I always find its fiction clean, its information on various subjects of the best, its advice and counsel of the different departments all that one could require. In fact it is a paper to inspire, to teach, to help, and to guide, and I would challenge any one to say otherwise. When you buy COMFORT you are not paying for costly paper and gayly colored pictures. You are getting good, clean, sensible articles, the real life of any magazine. Even in its method of getting subscriptions, the crippled and helpless are not forgotten. Can you show me any other magazine that does likewise? I have yet to find one.

I am an American, single, and was born in Woodbridge twenty-seven years ago last October. I have dark brown hair, dark blue eyes and medium complexion. I am five feet three inches and weigh about 120 pounds.

In my spare time I love to read and study. Since graduating I have bought and studied a great many post-graduate books. I have my special hobby outside of my beloved work. Can I tell all of you about it and perhaps get you interested in my behalf? In fact I would give a very great deal to get every COMFORT reader interested in this desire of mine. Since 1917 I have been collecting pictures of the World War. Today I have about 7,000—all told—pictures that are wonderful and of course most interesting. They include soldiers of every rank of every country involved in the war, and of every action in connection with the war.

You cannot realize how difficult it has been for me to gather these pictures of scenes and situations which have passed with the passing of the war and which will recede farther and farther into the past until even the memory of them is gone. Today attics and storerooms of hundreds of homes are piled high with these precious old papers. Would you all give me a little help? Any kind of picture is acceptable, so long as it pertains to the war or had any connection with it.

IN all recipes calling for baking powder, insure successful results by using Royal Baking Powder (absolutely pure).

It is conceded by domestic science teachers and baking experts the world over to be "the most healthful and dependable baking powder made." Royal contains no alum.

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

LEFT-OVER recipes are always good and you will particularly like the meat rolls that are illustrated in this column, together with recipe. And to sort of "tone up" the humble left-overs are rhubarb and spring greens recipes that have a toning-up effect on the system and are better tonics than can be bought at drug stores, besides being much more pleasant to "take." Different ways of preparing the greens in your locality would be helpful for there are many people who do not know that the most common kind of weeds, when properly prepared, are edible and delicious. Won't you send in your favorite recipe?—Ed.

A GOOD SUPPER DISH.—One-half pound macaroni, cook in boiling, salted water until soft. Put layer in buttered baking dish, cover with layer of meat, one-half pound of this, either fresh or left-over, over this sprinkle a little grated cheese, repeat until ingredients are used up, and over all pour one can of tomato soup. Sprinkle thick layer of bread- or cracker-crumbs over top and cook one-half hour in moderate oven.—MRS. M., Dresden, Maine.

LEFT-OVER MEAT AND MASHED POTATOES.—Cover the bottom of a greased baking dish with hot mashed potatoes, add a thick layer of pieces of roast beef cut in small pieces, season well with salt, pepper and a little onion juice, and moisten with some of the gravy left over from the hot roast, and cover with a thin layer of mashed potatoes. Bake in a hot oven until well heated and the top is a good brown color.

MEAT SOUFFLE.—This can be made of any left-over meat, or even two kinds of meat, to make one cupful when finely chopped. Make a sauce of one cup of hot milk thickened with one tablespoon of flour, one tablespoon of butter and seasoned with salt and pepper. To this add the chopped meat, and one-quarter cup bread-crumbs. Remove from fire, let cool a little, add beaten yolk of one egg and then the stiffly-beaten whites of two eggs. Put into buttered baking dish and bake half an hour in moderate oven. Serve as soon as cooked, before it has time to cool.—MRS. C., Augusta, Maine.

MEAT ROLLS.—Sift together two cups of sifted flour, three-fourths teaspoon of salt, and two teaspoons of baking powder. Work into this two rounding tablespoons of shortening until the mixture is like a meal.



MEAT ROLLS.

As flour varies, it is difficult to give the exact amount of liquid, but it will require from two-thirds to three-fourths of a cup of cold milk, or mixed milk and water may be used. Add the liquid gradually and distribute it evenly while mixing that no portion of the flour may become over-wet. Turn the dough out onto a slightly floured board and very lightly form into a ball without kneading. Roll one-third of an inch thick, cut into five-inch squares and brush with melted butter. Have ready a meat mixture made as follows: Put a beefsteak cut through the food chopper, add a grating of onion, salt and pepper, and lightly fry in a little beef fat previously tried out, tossing continuously while cooking. Cook about the same as hamburg steak, then cool. Make into small rolls, and wrap with the squares of dough, buttered side next to the meat. Place well apart on a shallow tin and bake in a hot oven until a golden brown. This is an excellent way to use left-overs of meat and fish but care must be taken not to make the mixture too wet.

RHUBARB MARMALADE.—Boil slowly until thick two quarts rhubarb, cut into small pieces, six cups of sugar and the rind and pulp of half a dozen large oranges.

MEAT TURNOVERS.—Chop the meat. If the quantity on hand is small, mix with it left-over potato or rice. Season with salt, pepper, onion, etc. Place filling on circular pieces of biscuit dough about the size of a saucer. Fold over the dough and crimp edges together. Bake for about one-half hour in a hot oven. A brown sauce made from two tablespoons flour browned in two tablespoons of butter or other fat, to which a cup of water or stock and one-half teaspoon of salt is added, may be served with turnovers. —MRS. C. L., Millinocket, Maine.

POTATO SCALLOP.—In a greased baking dish arrange alternate layers of cold sliced potatoes, probably three or four cupfuls, cold boiled onions, a little finely-chopped green and red peppers, one-half of each. Season with salt and pepper, add enough milk to cover potatoes and cook one hour. This is a good way to use up left-over onions and potatoes.

CREAMED SPINACH.—Make a plain milk gravy of one cup of milk thickened with a little flour, and salt and pepper to taste, one heaping tablespoon of butter and a very little sugar. To this add one quart of cooked spinach, and just before serving put slices of hard-boiled egg over top of spinach.

ALBERT CAKES.—Line tins with plain pastry rolled very thin. Into each put one tablespoon of jelly or thick jam. Fill each tin two-thirds full of cake mix-



ALBERT CAKES.

ture, cross the top with two very thin even strips of pastry and bake in a moderately hot oven until they shrink from the tins.

DANDELIONS.—Wash thoroughly, remove roots, and cook until tender in boiling salted water. Allow two quarts of water to one peck of dandelions. Season with butter, salt and pepper to taste.—MRS. L. E. H., New Hampshire.

RHUBARB AND ORANGE DESSERT.—Two pounds of rhubarb, two oranges, one and three-quarters cup of sugar, one cup chopped nuts, and one tablespoon gelatine. Peel the oranges and cut into small pieces and mix with the rhubarb that has been cut into small pieces, cover with sugar and bake until rhubarb is tender; dissolve the gelatine in a little water, stir into rhubarb and orange mixture, add the chopped nuts and pour into moulds. Let stand until cold and hardened. Serve with whipped cream.

RHUBARB TAPIOCA PUDDING.—Two-thirds cup tapioca, one and one-quarter cup boiling water, three cups rhubarb, one and one-half cup sugar, two-thirds teaspoon salt. Unless minute tapioca is used, which requires but little cooking, soak the tapioca several hours. Drain, put in double boiler, add boiling water and cook until tapioca has absorbed the water. Peel rhubarb, cut in small pieces, add to tapioca with sugar and cook until soft. Serve with cream and sugar.—MRS. L. E. H., Manchester, N. H.

BAKED RHUBARB.—Wash rhubarb, peel, cut into small pieces; slice three bananas and arrange layers of rhubarb and bananas in buttered baking dish, covering each layer with sugar, until probably three cups of sugar are used. Dot each layer of rhubarb with small pieces of butter. Cover and bake in slow oven two hours.—E. H. B., Maine.

RHUBARB PIE.—One and one-half pints of rhubarb, two cups of sugar, butter size of egg, three crackers rolled fine, and one egg well beaten. Stir all together and put into pie crusts. Raisins or slices of bananas added to this are very good.

CREAM CAKES.—To one cup of hot water, add one half cup of butter or butter substitute, and half a teaspoon of salt. Bring to a boil and then add one and one-half cups of pastry flour and stir well for fully five minutes. When the mixture is nearly cold, add five eggs, one at a time, without beating. After the last egg is added, stir hard that the eggs may be thoroughly incorporated. Drop in rounding teaspoonfuls on a buttered tin, some distance apart, and bake twenty-five minutes, or until well puffed and brown.



CREAM CAKES.

FILLING.—Bring two cups of milk to a boil and thicken with two tablespoons of corn-starch wet with a little cold milk. Cook slowly ten minutes. Beat two eggs until light, add two-thirds of a cup of sugar, and one teaspoon of butter. Pour milk into egg mixture, return to kettle and cook five minutes. Flavor when cold. Split cakes and fill.

CAKE MIXTURE.—Cream together half a cup each sugar and strained honey and one heaping tablespoon of butter. Add one well-beaten egg, a grating of nutmeg and one cup of flour sifted with one rounding teaspoon of baking powder.

For the country mother I have a few words to say. You who live at a great distance from a doctor often find yourself in a terrifying situation with a young child in convulsions on your hands. Many diseases which start in an adult with a chill, commence in children with convulsions. Among these diseases are scarlet fever, measles, smallpox and pneumonia. Convulsions, however, most frequently occur from irritation of some portion of the intestinal tract, as in teething, intestinal worms, and indigestible articles of diet. A possible attack of convulsions is preceded by restlessness during sleep for a day or two, the eyes being partly opened, with more or less grating of the teeth, and sudden starting when touched as if very frightened. The child is cross and changes color often. Convulsions are more liable to appear in that period to and during the cutting of the first teeth. A long-drawn, deep breath indicates the termination of the spasm, and if the child sleeps naturally for some time after this, he will not be as likely to have a return, as if the sleep is broken, accompanied by twitching of the limbs.

This is a condition that the mother can treat until she can get the doctor. The first thing to do is to give an enema to which has been added a little salt or vinegar. While this is being done, some water should be made hot, and a soft cotton bed sheet wrung from it, carefully wrapped around the child's whole body, and outside of this wrap a warm woolen blanket. Be very careful lest the water be too hot and seriously burn the child's tender skin; first test the water by holding your elbow in it—the elbow is very sensitive to heat and therefore is a good temperature tester. Apply chipped ice or cloths wring out of ice water, to the head; and plain mustard drafts to the nape of the neck and the calves of the legs. If the bowels do not move in a little time, repeat the enema. Continue the cold to the head and change the sheet every half hour for a couple of hours (careful the water is not hot enough to burn the skin), then wipe the skin dry and put on dry warmed clothing. In the meantime get in touch with your doctor who will prescribe the medicine needed.

I would like to hear from every reader of the COMFORT Family—sisters, brothers and cousins.

Sincerely yours,
MISS CATHRINE M. JACKSON.

Miss Jackson.—It has always been the aim of the owner, editor, and everyone connected with COMFORT, to make it just what you so kindly say it means to you. I do wish you'd give us more valuable information along the lines of your work. It would mean so much, maybe the saving of a life, to those who live a long distance from a doctor. I hope you get hundreds of pictures.—Ed.

BUNNELL, FLA.

DEAR SISTERS AND MRS. W:

I am going to put my letter in a very bright envelope so Mrs. W. will be sure to see it and let me into the Sisters' Corner. I come with a request. Do any of the sisters know where I can get the book, "Nannock Igelow:" or, "Life in the White Bear's Den?"

I have read COMFORT since I was a very little girl and Mother and I nearly scrap over it when I get it out of the post office. I come down the street reading and sometimes I bump into people. Are you shocked at my street manners? Well, you needn't be for if I don't look at it on the street I won't get it for hours after I get home for Mother reads slowly and makes a good thing last longer but I just simply devour it.

When I was about seven years old I wrote a letter to COMFORT and told you all how to make a pie. I told Mother to be sure and mail it but that letter went where my letters to Santa Claus went—in her box of keepsakes. How indignant I was when I discovered it!

I am five feet, eight inches tall, weigh 104 pounds, and have dark brown hair and eyes. I am seventeen years old and was married the 11th of last January.

I'll sign my real name and not as some do, a nom de plume.

MRS. N. A. HAWKES.

Mrs. Hawkes.—Your mother deserves a scolding for keeping that perfectly good recipe from us. Anyway, you did the best you could.—Ed.

BURGETTSTOWN, PA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND ALL THE COMFORT FAMILY:

I have come all the way up from Penn's Woods to see you and please let me sit over there by "Old Maid" of the January COMFORT. I think she is a near relative of mine, related by experience. I hope if I don't see her that she will write again and tell us of her experiences "Over There." I still have an interest in a piece of French soil, and would like to hear from her.

How many of the sisters ever try pasting a piece of velvet in the heels of slippers to prevent "railroads" in stockings? The velvet keeps the shoe from slipping up and down and saves the wear on the hose.

If the sisters care to know, I will if they write me tell them how I cured myself of catarrh in an easy and inexpensive way.

How many of you keep a supply of mustard plasters on hand? A box filled with the ingredients used in making plasters can be kept in the cabinet and is always ready except to add warm water to make a paste. Put flour, mustard and ginger in the proportions required and put away. If the patient is rubbed with a little vaseline before the plaster is placed in position no blisters will form. This saves putting the oil or lard in with the flour, etc., and it will keep an indefinite time. If the plaster "material" is sprinkled on a thick slice of damp bread it will act quicker as the bread keeps the heat in.

Now may I ask for some suggestions? Will someone tell me how to care for hyacinths? I have never tried to raise them before but I like them so well I am going to attempt them this year.

Why don't the sisters tell us something about themselves beside their height, etc., for instance:—favorite flower, color, books, and any hobby they may have.

I like shades of brown, and green and gold. My choice of all flowers is the "sweet-brier rose," the dearest, loveliest flower that grows. And if I have a hobby at all it is amateur photography. Anyone want to exchange pictures?

Sisters, I love you all, so look for your letters anxiously.

Your Pennsylvania Sister,
MISS I. LEVITHA EMLER.

Miss Emler.—You will save yourself much work by sending the catarrh remedy to me to be printed in COMFORT for you'll be sure to get requests for it.—Ed.

LEWISBURG, KY.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I come this morning to talk about Christmas presents and it is none too early for the woman of limited time and means, if she is to make them. I read a letter some time ago wherein a sister asked what to give to men in the way of home-made articles.

I find that a crocheted collar box, made with two colors of thread, would be acceptable and a crocheted tie rack is also good. A laundry bag, embroidered with monogram or initial, would be convenient.

I have a large number of friends to remember at Christmas and as my purse is not very fat I always make most of the presents. For the woman I make crocheted collars and buy towels and either tat or embroider an edge on them, and maybe embroider an initial, and I have a very pretty and useful gift. Many are the ways to make pincushions and they are always useful.

For the children I make home-made dogs from a pattern I have. I made one for my little brother of a fleece lined stocking, turned wrong side out and with a little fur on its neck and on the tip of its turned up tail. He looks like a sure-enough poodle.

The handwoven, hot dish mats make a very acceptable gift to every housewife.

I am five feet, four inches tall, have dark hair and eyes and weigh 120 pounds. I have been married eight years.

Your COMFORT Sister, MABEL JANE.

MISSISSIPPI.

DEAR READERS:

Please Mrs. Wilkinson, let me in. You will get rid of me then.

No use for me to praise our COMFORT for the large number of readers know that it is the best to be had, regardless of cost. There are many higher priced magazines that do not contain half as much as "our" paper.

Through our department I've made some nice pen friends. I'm not going to ask that any of you write to me directly (Mrs. Wilkinson has my address) for while I'd appreciate the letters very much I would not be able to answer all as postage stamps are scarce with me most of the time, to say nothing of the time it would take.

This is the 9th of November and we haven't had a killing frost yet. Just now through this section farmers are busy making molasses from sugar cane. I wish there was room to tell you just how it is done but we haven't the space for the details.

How many of the sisters attend the movies? I go once in a while. I cannot get into town very often then after I do I cannot afford the price of a ticket only at times. I try to see the best plays, as I prefer those that are inspiring and uplifting. There are many shown that are a disgrace to humanity, and are not fit for grownups much less children and young folks. I believe much good could be obtained from good plays.

Here's a topic worthy of discussion, I think. Why the double standard? One for man, another for woman? I've heard men and women condemn others when deep down in their hearts they weren't half so good as their tongue's target. God has only one standard and all must measure up to it. No woman ever fell so low but what some man fell also, but the man can go on and he is called Mr. So-and-so, while the poor girl or woman, sometimes with a babe in arms, is cast out and shunned.

I hope August Trick reads our corner. I think you are a nice fellow.

I'm most thirty years old, and curl my hair, use cream and powder on my face, but Nature has provided me with rouge. I think some people should use rouge, and most men powder their faces. When I hear people condemn a girl because she powders her face I wonder to myself if they haven't done worse than that. My hubby spends more in one week for tobacco than powder would cost me in a year's time. Powder doesn't smell as badly as tobacco nor is it injurious to one's health.

Good by to everyone. WELL WISHER.

TENNESSEE.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have read COMFORT many years and now come to the sisters for advice as I am greatly troubled and worried. My boy has gone wrong with a young girl and thinks he will have to marry her as she is under age and so is he. This is what I want to ask. Should I treat her as one of the family or scorn her and never have anything to do with her? Now what is the way for a mother to treat that kind of a girl? She has always been a nice girl and well thought of up to this time. I don't know whether the boy cares enough about her to marry her and live with her or not, for he won't say.

I will be thankful for any advice from the sisters. Will leave my address with Mrs. Wilkinson.

A WORRIED MOTHER.

Worried Mother.—It seems that a mother should treat "that kind of a girl" just as she would treat "that kind of a boy" and if you scorn her and never have anything to do with her, as you suggest, you should use your son the same way.—Ed.

KOSSUTH, MISS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Will you allow another farm woman to chat with you a while? I will write about flowers as they are my heart's delight. I love flowers of all kinds and potted plants are my choice. I had over three hundred potted plants last year and fifty of that number were coleus, the briercrest and sunset shade, or rainbow coleus as some call them. I had some fine ones, with some leaves as large as dinner plates. I grew them in rich soil with plenty of water and sunlight as they do not thrive in shady places. I made my porch boxes all around the porch and filled them with good rich soil, one-third good garden loam, one-third leaf mold or chip dirt and one-third sand. I planted geraniums very close together and bordered the boxes, every inch apart, with Wandering Jew (four kinds), a trailing coleus and sleeping sea moss, which grows several feet long and resembles the finest ferns. Its fronds are as long as one's arm and resemble fine feathers. It is very strange and odd, for at sundown it droops its feathery foliage and clings close to the stem; at sunrise it spreads out its foliage and seems to have real life. I have all kinds and colors of geraniums, the American Beauty and the blue geraniums are beautiful planted in a tub in a circle with a double white geranium for the center. It then has the national colors. I also have the blue rose and expect to make an umbrella trellis for it. As some of you may not understand what I mean by this, it will be a post ten feet high with a frame like an umbrella for the climbing rose to cover. I love roses and have many kinds, one a giant pink, with buds as large as a goblet and the open flower is over six inches across. The flower stems are long and stiff with large foliage. Roses and other flowers thrive when soot from the stovepipe is stirred around the roots and mixed well with the soil. I have another lovely plant called the Christ Crown and the thorns are like needles. The plant has lovely pink, waxy blossoms. It is claimed to be the same plant that was used to plait the crown that was placed on the Savior's head when crucified and it is just like the pictures shown in the Bible.

I have the blue, white, pink and blood red hydrangeas. They are so pretty with their large heads of flowers, some of them larger than gallon buckets. To be successful with them, give them a large pot and good rich soil.

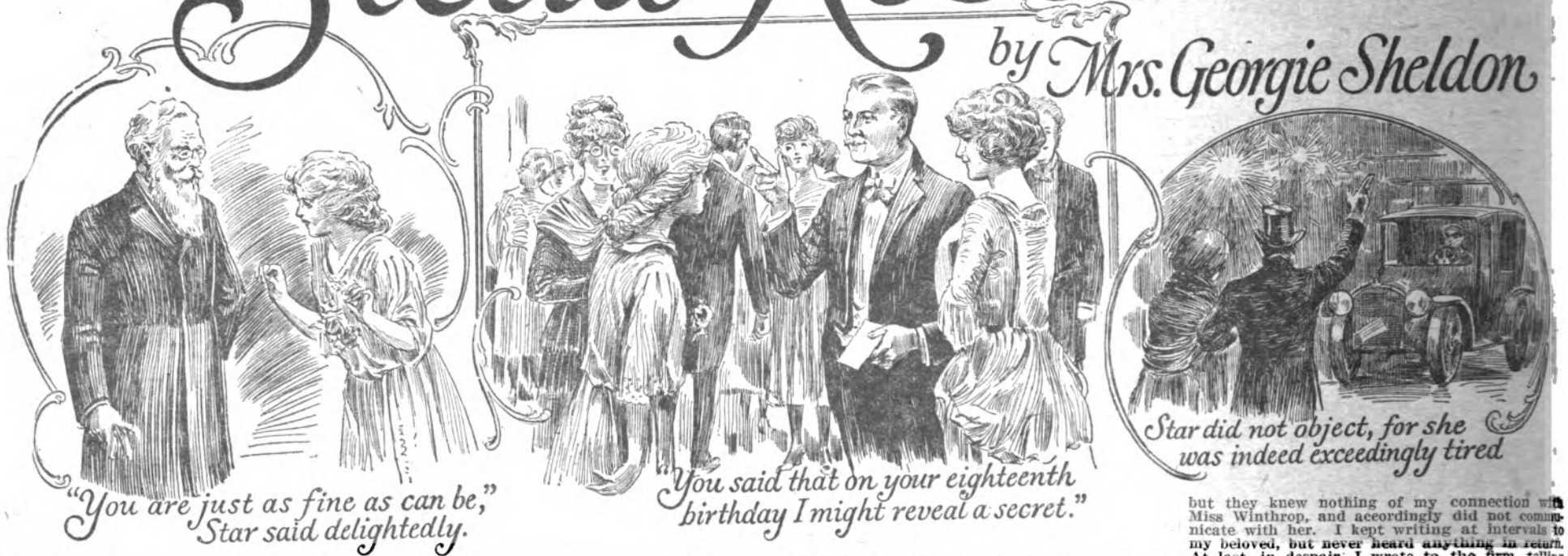
I want a cocoanut tree and shall try to find one, also a pineapple. If some of the sisters can tell me where to get them I would be very glad. I am trying to get one tropical plant of each kind of fruit that grows as it helps to educate my children (Mildred, fourteen, and Elland, eleven). I have banana trees, also oranges and lemons and children from several miles around come to see my banana trees. I've heard them say: "I used to read about banana trees but never thought I would ever see one."

I have a plant home, 15x24 feet, to keep all my plants in, and an oil heater to use in very cool weather. Every farm should have a plant house as it

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

Stella Rosevelt

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



"You are just as fine as can be," Star said delightedly.

"You said that on your eighteenth birthday I might reveal a secret."

Star did not object, for she was indeed exceedingly tired

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A terrible storm at sea and from a steamer running between Liverpool and New York is Stella Rosevelt Gladstone, an orphan, on her way to distant relatives in New York. She is befriended by Jacob Rosevelt, who is startled when he learns her mother called her "Star," her grandmother giving her the name. A fire breaks out and the boats are rapidly filled. Stella refuses to go unless room is made for Mr. Rosevelt, who the next day suffers from an ill turn and is carefully nursed by her. The sixth day they are rescued. Mr. Rosevelt is told of the care Stella gave him during his illness and while thanking her a young man approaches and Mr. Rosevelt introduces Archibald Sherbrooke, whose home is in Derbyshire where Star's father preached. Star's shawl becomes loosened and not finding the pin, Mr. Sherbrooke draws one, an exquisitely carved stone, from his necktie, and Stella pins the shawl and then tells the story of the wreck and her endeavor to save Mr. Rosevelt's life. Arriving in New York, Mr. Sherbrooke places a card in her hand with his address upon it. Stella, remembering the pin, passes it to him. He begs her to keep it as a souvenir. Wishing she had something to give, he will accept a lock of her hair. Stella is met by Mrs. Blunt, Mrs. Richards' housekeeper, who hurries her away. Stella receives a cool reception from her aunt, who had written she would befriend and educate Stella until able to care for herself, and learns she is to be degraded to the level of a common servant. She asks her aunt if her father, from what she wrote him, had any idea she was to come into the family as a servant. Mrs. Richards does not relent, and Stella appeals to Mr. Richards, giving him the letter written by her father to Mrs. Richards and her reply. Stella has one hundred pounds. Could she not use it and then teach, relieving his wife of all responsibility? Mrs. Richards is surprised at Stella's suggestion and Mr. Richards makes arrangements for her to attend a select school, she giving a part of each day to household work. Stella wins, at commencement, a part in the class exercises and surprises Mr. Richards by her instrumental music, essay and promotion to the senior class. Josephine, admiring the cameo worn by Stella suggests she give it to her, as her wardrobe does not correspond with it. Going to Stella's room and finding the cameo, Josephine takes it and discovers the initials "A. S." Stella misses the cameo and is suspicious who has it. In the meanwhile Mr. Richards receives a letter from Mrs. Richards' Uncle Jacob. He has lost all, is penniless and will accept the home that was offered him when rich. Mrs. Richards refuses to receive him, the house is full, and Mr. Richards is left troubled. Upon his arrival he is taken to the Lodge to sleep, Mr. Rosevelt meets Star who offers her room to him and does all she can to brighten his life. Mrs. Richards receives him coldly, and Josephine ignores her uncle. Mrs. Richards and Josephine go to Long Branch where they meet Lord Carroll, of Carrolton, Derbyshire, England, who appears pleased with Josephine and requests permission of her mother to call. Noticing a ring Josephine wears and examining it he sees the initials "A. S." Josephine claims it is given by a relative. Lord Carrol cannot understand it. The next day he leaves for New York. Stella, hurrying to take a train for home, and in danger, is stopped by Archibald Sherbrooke and the acquaintance renewed. Stella tells him that she and Mr. Rosevelt are in the same home. Mr. Rosevelt goes to New York with Stella to call upon Mr. Sherbrooke in his studio and arranges a pleasure trip for them to Coney Island for the following day. When they return from it Stella is the promised wife of Archibald Sherbrooke. Lord Carrol, of Carrolton, thought to be Josephine's betrothed, is expected. Stella sees in him her promised husband, Archibald Sherbrooke. She passes a sleepless night. Walking to the lodge, she meets Archibald, and he cannot understand why he finds her there. Believing he is acting a part, for he wins her love as Archibald Sherbrooke, he appears as Lord Carrol of Carrolton, the expected husband of her cousin, and refusing his explanation she bids him go back to Josephine and ask her for the cameo he gave her. Archibald seeks Mr. Richards' confidence and explains his position, his meeting Star on the steamer, his interest in her and later her promised husband, his ignorance that she is an inmate of this house, his meeting Stella and her refusal to listen to him. Mrs. Richards, overhearing his story and determined that her plans shall not fail, seeks Stella in the lodge, where she has gone for sympathy from Mr. Rosevelt. She upbraids Stella for conducting herself in a shameless manner, misconstruing Lord Carrol's attentions and accusing him with unfaithfulness. Stella is crushed with shame and humiliation, and the next morning Mr. Rosevelt and Stella go to New York where they make their home. Lord Carrol leaves a note for Josephine requesting her to send the cameo to his address that he may return it to the owner should he be so happy as to find her. Stella graduates with honor from the Normal College and Mr. Appleton introduces her as the author of "Chatsworth's Pride."

CHAPTER XXIII.

AN INTERESTING STORY.

JACOB Rosevelt stood not far away during the conversation between Mr. Appleton, Miss Meredith and Star, and a proud light beamed in his eyes as he listened to their praises of the girl whom he had learned to love so well.

But it was nothing new to him that Star was an authoress; he had known it for nearly a year.

That was the secret that she had whispered in his ear when, after Mrs. Richards' terrible accusations, they had been left alone and she had begged him to go away with her to make a little home of their own, telling him that what she should receive for her book, together with her hundred pounds, would be ample for their support until she could graduate and obtain a position as a teacher.

She had written it that first winter; for after Mr. Richards had vetoed his wife's plan of making her a [illegible] and insisted that she should be sent to school, there had been many lonely hours which would have been very irksome to her if she had not spent them in this way.

When she was shown into Mr. Appleton's office and made known her errand there, he looked at her in wonder, astonished at the temerity of one so young and simple as she appeared to be in bringing her manuscript to him and asking him to publish it.

But he became strangely interested in it at once, and read on and on, now with smiles, then melting into tears, until it was finished, and pronounced a "little gem"; while he was convinced that a sensitive, refined and talented girl had thrown her heart, and perhaps something of her own life, into those touching pages.

He was greatly interested in her, and told her that he should publish her book, and if the first edition sold well, she should have a thousand dollars, and a certain per cent. on all other editions.

It seemed like a fortune to Star, who had not thought of receiving anything like such a sum, and she went back to her duties with a joyful heart to await the issue of her book.

Mr. Appleton was so pleased with her that he saw her often after that, and having received a card from her for the commencement exercises of Professor Roberts' seminary, he decided he would go; and the little package which he had given her in the presence of Mr. Richards was a copy of her book, which had just come to him from the hands of the binders; and it was he, too, who, admiring her fine essay, begged it of her and sent it, with those few flattering remarks which had so annoyed Josephine, to the next morning's papers.

Star had put no name to her work, telling Mr. Appleton that she did not care to be known as its author; and he, too, thought it best, since it was her first experience in literary matters; so, when she had told him that her name was Stella, he had put a simple Star in place of it.

But the book had sold beyond even the publisher's most sanguine expectations, and when it became evident very soon that a second edition must be published, he asked her to allow him to put her name to it, as everybody was besieging him to know who wrote it.

But she was firm, and insisted upon having his promise that he would not betray her until after her graduation and her eighteenth birthday.

When he wrote her a check for the promised thousand dollars, she had taken it directly to Mr. Rosevelt.

"Now we need have no fears for the future," she said, with a proud smile, as she put it into his hand. "You must have every comfort, Uncle Jacob—fruits, and wines, and everything nice, to make you strong and well. There will be more coming, you know, as the other editions are sold, and when I begin to teach I shall have my salary besides."

The old gentleman was deeply touched by her thoughtfulness for him; he could not speak for the choking sensation in his throat, but drew her gently to him and kissed her fair forehead, feeling that she was the only gleam of sunshine which his life contained.

Now, as he stood by and heard her praises sung, and knew that she would have the fame that belonged to her, he exulted over it; and when, a little later, she came to him and slipped an envelope into his hand, saying: "It is another check, Uncle Jacob, which Mr. Appleton has just given to me. Please take care of it, for you are my banker, you know; and," a tear starting to her glorious eyes, "I believe I never expected to be so happy again as I am tonight," he thought his own cup of joy was nearly as full as hers.

She was, indeed, a star after that all through the evening, and held a right royal little court, receiving and making the acquaintance of the admirers of "Chatsworth's Pride," until she became so weary that she longed to get home to quiet and rest.

As soon as she could find an opportunity to do so, she drew Mr. Rosevelt to President Hunter and made her adieu.

Just as she was turning away some one touched her on the arm.

"Miss Gladstone, allow me to present my brother, Mr. Ralph Meredith."

It was Miss Meredith—Grace Meredith, she had told Star she was called—who spoke, and looking up, she found a pair of brilliant dark eyes looking into hers, a handsome face smiling down upon her, while a musical voice acknowledged the introduction with evident pleasure.

"I expect you are the 'star' whom I have been wishing to know for a long time," he said, significantly, as he took the hand she held out to him, and thought he had never seen a lovelier face in his life.

Star thanked him with a charming smile for his interest in her, and introduced him to Mr. Rosevelt; then turned to Miss Meredith to escape from the praises which she saw he was longing to pour into her ears.

The young man was somewhat chagrined at being thus summarily disposed of, but he was too polite and good-natured to betray it, and did his best to make himself agreeable to the old gentleman and win his good will.

Gradually, however, he managed to attract the attention of the young ladies, and then the conversation became general until Mr. Rosevelt declared they must go.

Mr. Meredith regretted that they must leave, but begged, with his most captivating smile:

"May I have the pleasure, Miss Gladstone, of coming with my sister to call upon you?"

"Certainly," Star replied, graciously, for she was pleased with both brother and sister. "I shall be very happy to have you do so. We live——"

"Wait a minute, Star, and I will write our address down for them. It is so difficult to remember numbers, I am afraid they will forget;" and taking a leaf from a small notebook that was in his pocket, Mr. Rosevelt wrote both street and number and passed it to young Meredith.

Star thought he looked surprised as he read it. Was it because of the humble locality, she wondered.

Then they exchanged good nights and parted. When they reached the street, Mr. Rosevelt said:

"I am going to call a carriage, dear, for I know you are just ready to drop from weariness;" and Star did not object, for she was indeed exceedingly tired.

When they reached home she insisted upon making a cup of tea for Uncle Jacob; but the old gentleman was so absent-minded that she felt almost guilty for having kept him up so late, and feared he would be ill tomorrow.

She put away the tea things when they were through, and was about to light her lamp to retire, when he stopped her, saying:

"Star, my dear, come and sit down upon this ottoman by me; I have something I wish to say to you."

She obeyed, wondering what had happened to make him look and speak so gravely.

"Are you really happy tonight, my child?" he asked, tenderly.

A startled look came into the girl's eyes at this question, and her heart leaped with sudden pain as her thoughts went bounding over the sea to one to whom she had given the first grand passion of her soul.

"Uncle Jacob," she answered, gravely, though he could see the quiver about her lips, which she tried in vain to repress, "I am happier than I ever expected to be again. It is useless to regret or mourn over the past. I have tried to be sensible over it, but sometimes, I am afraid, I have not succeeded very well," she added, with a smile that was a trifle bitter. "If," she added, more brightly, a moment after, "that one episode could have been left out of my life, I believe there would be nothing to mar it now."

"I would that it could have been so," Mr. Rosevelt sighed. "But I want you to listen to me for a little while. I know it is late, and you ought to go to rest, but I particularly wish to tell you a short story of my life tonight. It is a page which has been turned from sight for many years, and no one has ever read it save myself. You are about entering upon a new era in your life. I have learned to love you very tenderly, my child, and I want to bind you yet closer to me."

"Why, Uncle Jacob, you do not think I have any idea of going away from you, I hope," Star said, in surprise.

"No, for I have grown to feel that you belong to me. Do you remember telling me, on board that ill-fated steamer, that your name was Star Rosevelt Gladstone, and how surprised you were when you learned that my last name was the same as your middle one?"

"Yes, sir; and I still think it a strange coincidence," Star answered.

"Perhaps you will be more surprised when I tell you that you were named for me."

Star looked up at him astonished

"How can that be possible?" she asked.

"In this way," Mr. Rosevelt returned, a shade of pain crossing his face. "When your grandmother, Stella Winthrop—that was her name before her marriage, was it not?"

"Yes; and that is all I know about her, Uncle Jacob," Star answered, with a troubled look.

"It seems strange that I should be the one to tell you about her," Mr. Rosevelt said, thoughtfully. "Did your father ever have any trouble with his family?"

"Not that I know of; and yet," Star said, flushing, "there was some trouble about his marriage with mamma, though that seems to have been on the part of her family rather than his. Mrs. Richards once twitted me about mamma—who was a sort of cousin to her—having married beneath her."

"I do not see how that could have been, for the Mr. Gladstone who married Stella Winthrop was a very wealthy and important man in the county of Devonshire—at least, I was told so—and if your father was his son, he might have married almost any one he chose, and have conferred an honor in so doing. But this is not telling you my story.

"When Stella Winthrop was of your age, and I three or four years older, we met at a large reception in London. That meeting was fatal to us both, for we loved from that hour as true lovers ever love. For six months the world was like Paradise to us, and then I was called away to the far East on business for the firm with which I was connected.

"If I was successful in my business undertaking, it was agreed that I might claim my bride when I returned at the end of two years. The vessel on which I sailed was wrecked, and it was reported that every passenger on board was lost, while only a very few of the crew lived to tell the story of the disaster. But I was fortunate enough to secure a large cask, and with this I managed to keep afloat for two days, when I was picked up by a sailing vessel bound for the Philippine Islands.

"My first work upon reaching land was to write to Stella and tell her of my safety; but my letter never reached her. I also notified the firm that I was all right, and should proceed directly about the business upon which I had been sent, but they knew nothing of my connection with Miss Winthrop, and accordingly did not communicate with her. I kept writing at intervals to my beloved, but never heard anything in return. At last, in despair, I wrote to the firm, telling them of my engagement, and asking them to notify her of my safety and give her my address in case she should have happened to lose the one I had given her. In reply, they said that the Winthrop family had gone abroad for an indefinite stay. Of course, this was a great trial to me, and I was exceedingly impatient; but my two years were over at last, and I turned my face toward England once more. I had succeeded in my business beyond my most sanguine expectations, and I looked forward to the immediate fulfillment of my hopes when I should return.

"My first duty on reaching London was to acquaint my employers with the result of my transactions, and my next thought was for Stella—my bright Star. Never for an instant had I doubted her fidelity; I believed she would be as true to me as I was to her, and my heart beat high with hope as I bounded up the familiar steps leading to her home and rang the bell. I asked for Miss Winthrop of the maid who answered my summons, and she stared at me as if she thought me demented.

"'Miss Winthrop?' she repeated. 'There is no Miss Winthrop, sir; she was married and went away nearly a year ago.'

"'Married!' The word was like a thunderbolt to me, and in an instant all the light went out of my life—my heart was paralyzed. I staggered from the place, and hid myself from every one for a week. Then I gained something of the calmness and courage to go out among my friends and try to learn how it happened that Stella Winthrop had married. As I told you before, it was reported that every passenger on the vessel in which I sailed was lost. Those of the crew who were saved affirmed that such was the case, and my betrothed had believed that I was dead.

"She grieved herself almost to death over my loss, and her parents, fearing they would lose her also, took her abroad and traveled for many months. It was during this absence that the firm received my letter relating to her, but were unable to learn her address, as she was moving from point to point, and so could not communicate with her.

"Six months after learning my fate, she met Mr. Gladstone in Paris. He fell in love with her, and offered himself to her. He was a gentleman in every sense of the word, was kind and sympathetic, and she liked him as a friend. She told him the story of her grief, and that she could never marry. He was patient with her, and when at length a second time he asked her to marry him, she told him that she could never love him as she had loved me, but if he could be content to take her with what respect she could give him, and the duty she would strive to yield him, she would become his wife. He told her he would be content, and they were married—a year and three months after I sailed on the fatal voyage.

"They traveled several months longer, and when at length on their return to London, only three or four months before I arrived there, she learned that I had not perished, but was soon expected back, the shock nearly killed her a second time. Her husband was all kindness and attention, took her immediately away again, and showered everything that wealth could buy upon her; and after a time children were born to her, and those new ties aroused her to her sense of duty as a mother. I never saw her, for I had not courage to look upon her dear face, knowing that she had become the wife of another; for I never ceased to love her, and with an affection that amounted to idolatry. They told me that she had two children—two noble boys, one of them resembling her, the other his father—that she was a tender, faithful mother, and very much beloved by every one who knew her.

"That was forty years ago, Star, and for thirty I have not heard one word concerning either her or her family."

His voice broke, his lips quivered painfully, and it seemed for a moment as if he must break down utterly.

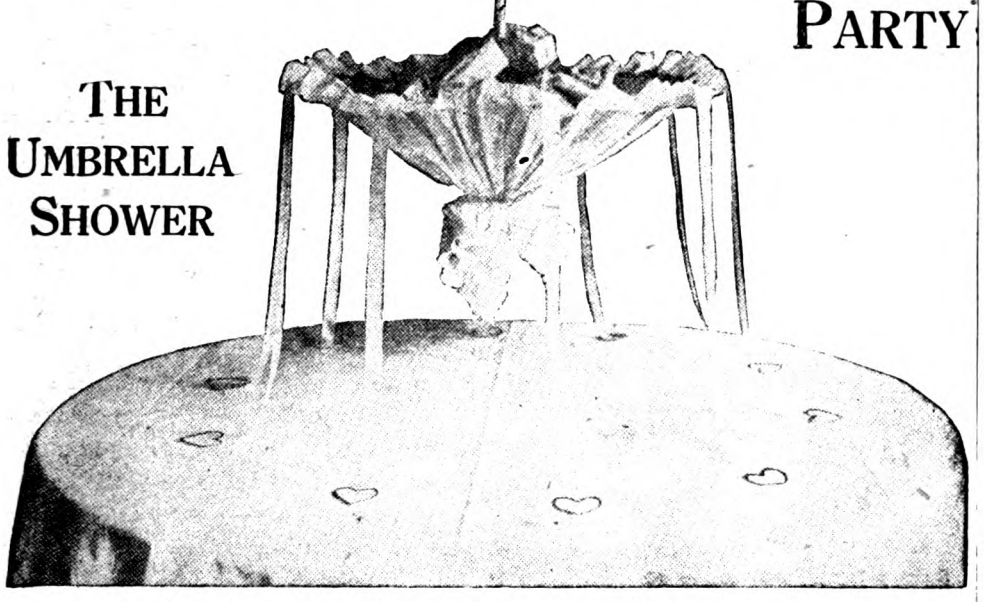
"When I first saw you," he continued, after a moment, "there was something in your face that touched me—a light in your eye, a sheen on your hair, that somehow smote a familiar chord in my heart. I watched you, although you were not aware of it, and felt sorry for you during that dreadful storm at sea; for your white face and great, startled eyes appealed to me as nothing had done for many a year. But I would not yield to it. I had shut my heart to every one; I vowed that I would never love any one again, and I mistrusted every one who sought to win me to a better mood. But when that lurch of the boat threw you directly into my arms, and you clung to me in such a helpless way, I could not resist you, and some good angel prompted me to gather you close to me and make you rest upon me. When you told me your name, the shock nearly unmanned me—'Star Rosevelt Gladstone,' you said—and I knew as well as if I had been told, that you were in some way connected with my lost Star, and I watched over you all the night through, feeling almost as if some sweet spirit had been sent from her to me, to give me a little ray of comfort at the end of my long, loveless life.

"When, the next morning, you told me that your grandmother had named you, and that her name was Stella Winthrop, I had not a doubt; I felt convinced that you must be the child of one of her sons. You thought it merely a strange coincidence, but I knew better, and all my boasted coldness and hardness melted away, and I began to love you then and there. When that dreadful explosion occurred, and you urged me to save myself, as 'doubtless I had dear friends' and 'you

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

AN ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCEMENT PARTY

THE UMBRELLA SHOWER



By Violet Marsh

"ALL the world loves a bride," and so do all the girls I know anything about love an engagement shower. There are many forms of arrangement for presenting these tokens of love, but whichever one you choose, keep it simple and free from embarrassment to the recipient.

I would suggest that the decorations be gathered from the fields and woods which now abound in beauteous and wonderful growths just unfolding to meet the light and sunshine of a new world. Could anything be more appropriate?

One of the loveliest effects I know is a shallow glass dish filled with early spring mosses which in turn are filled with wild violets. If kept wet they will last for days.

For height there is nothing prettier than the spring "pussy-toes," and everyone knows the charm and fragrance of apple blossoms. If you push back the carpet of fallen leaves you will find graceful vines fit to garland any room. The wild lilies are as exquisite as any grown in hothouses, and in fragrance nothing surpasses the trailing arbutus, or Mayflower as it is sometimes called. The variety of wild flora changes in different localities, but nearly everywhere the woods and fields abound in nature's treasures.

The Umbrella Shower

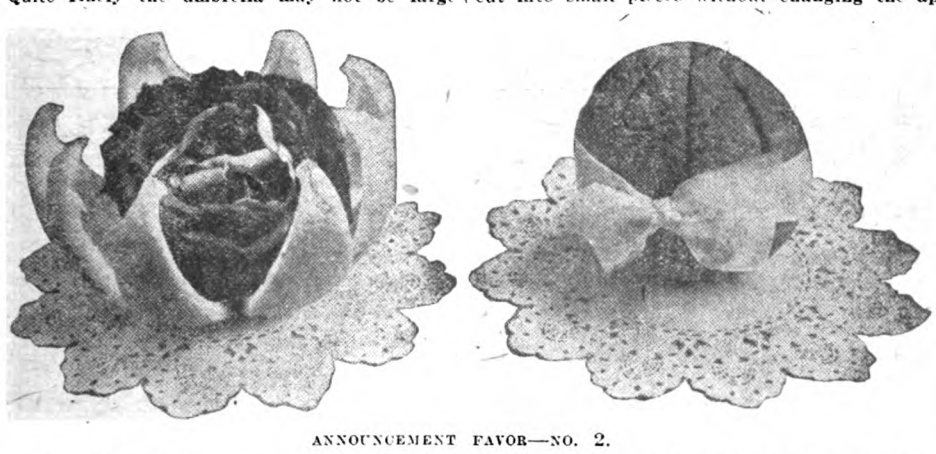
At the head of this column is pictured an umbrella so arranged as to hold a linen shower. The umbrella has a curved handle which is suspended from a hook in the ceiling by means of white sash ribbon. The handle is well wrapped with white crepe tissue paper, while the same material is used to cover both inside and outside of the umbrella. Extend the edge of paper beyond the edge of umbrella and smooth into a ruffle effect. A few long stitches will be necessary to hold the paper in place. Tie the top of umbrella with a huge paper bow. To carry out the decorative effect, some of the packages have each a long ribbon the other end of which is brought down to the table where it is held by a paper heart. These hearts may be large enough to hold some written sentiment of the giver.

Quite likely the umbrella may not be large enough to hold all the packages, in which case those in excess are piled beneath it.

Where the event includes a standup luncheon, the umbrella is suspended higher, and the food attractively arranged on the table, together with dishes and silver ready for service.



ANNOUNCEMENT FAVOR—NO. 1.



ANNOUNCEMENT FAVOR—NO. 2.

The Announcement Luncheon

The recipes given below will assist the one who wishes that which is simple, delicious and unusual. Whatever the drinks are, it will save confusion to have someone pass them on a tray, while a second tray follows close behind bearing sugar and cream for chocolate and coffee, and slices of lemon into which a clove has been stuck for tea. The small luncheon biscuit should be split and buttered before serving, and while hot. Strawberries at this season greatly assist in making a luncheon delicious and attractive.

ANNOUNCEMENT FAVORS, No. 1.—Select small celluloid dolls that will stand firmly when the feet are glued to the cardboard circle. The idea is particularly well carried out by dressing the doll to represent a page, who holds between his hands a paper tray which bears a card with an engagement ring painted in one corner, while in the opposite corner are outlined two hearts linked together. Across the card are painted the given names of the engaged couple, which in the picture are given as "Nan-Ned."

ANNOUNCEMENT FAVORS, No. 2.—The right-hand illustration pictures the favor as it will appear at the plate of each guest. These are made from carefully selected oranges and half-bloomed roses of uniform sizes. The orange rinds are cut from the stem end down the sides with a sharp-pointed knife into eighths, and just far enough to remove the entire orange. In place of the orange the rose is inserted as shown in the picture to the left, and in the heart of the rose is tucked a little paper scroll, tied with ribbon, which when opened announces the engagement. Use red roses if obtainable. The sections of the orange rind are now carefully brought together and held in place by carrying a white satin ribbon around the orange and holding it with a handome bow.

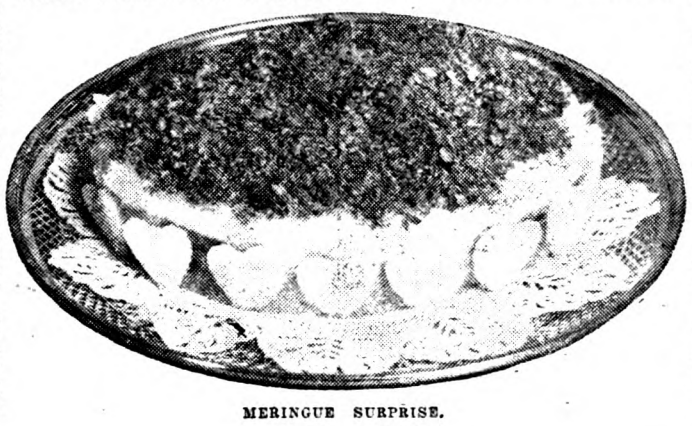
MOULDED CHICKEN SALAD.—Prepare a chicken the same as for roasting, stuff with one cup of moistened bread-crumbs highly seasoned with salt, pepper, one thin slice of onion, and one chopped sour pickle, or other pickle. Sew up the neck and crop opening, tie the legs to the body and steam until very tender, which will require several hours. When thoroughly cold, remove the skin, fat, bone and gristle, reserving them for a soup. The stuffing will be delicious served with cold meat of any kind. Cut up the meat but not too fine as it gives an unappetizing consistency. To three cups of cut-up meat, take three tablespoons of granulated gelatine, let it stand in three tablespoons of cold water about 15 minutes and then dissolve in one cup of boiling water. Add at once to the chicken, season with salt and one tablespoon of lemon juice, stir thoroughly and set over night where it is cold. About two hours before serving, whip one and one-third cup of very heavy cream, taking care it does not turn to butter. Fold this into the jellied chicken and pour into a dish that will give the desired shape of mould. Serve on a bed of crisp white lettuce leaves.

STRAWBERRY AND PINEAPPLE SALAD.—Fresh or canned pineapple can be used. The hard centers are removed from the slices of pineapple which are then placed on the serving dish and cut into small pieces without changing the appearance of a whole slice. Cover each slice with strawberries cut into quarters and garnish with small white lettuce leaves. Pour over the salad a sweet dressing made as follows: Use the pineapple juice as a foundation. To one-half cup add three tablespoons of salad oil, two tablespoons of sugar, one tablespoon of lemon juice, and a pinch of salt. The salad should be served as soon as put together.

NUT PATTIES.—Sift together three times, five even tablespoons of flour and one-half cup of powdered sugar. Beat one whole egg until very creamy, then gradually beat in with the egg-beater one-half cup of powdered sugar that has been sifted free from lumps. Now beat in the mixed flour and sugar, one-half cup of chopped pecan meats, and a few drops of almond extract. Stir well and drop in teaspoonfuls on an oiled biscuit tin. Place in a moderate oven and bake twenty minutes.

LUNCHEON BISCUITS.—Sift together two cups of flour, one-half teaspoon of salt, and four teaspoons of baking powder. Into this work two slightly rounded tablespoons of butter, and mix soft as can be handled with about three-fourths cup

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)



MERINGUE SURPRISE.



FROM SOUP

When your pantry is supplied with National Biscuit Company products you are well prepared for all food occasions. Not only does it mean a great saving of your time, and freedom from embarrassment, it means also that those at your table—young and old—will derive added meal-time enjoyment and nourishment from these appetizing aids. There's something special for every course, every meal, as well as for those odd occasions when hunger calls.



TO DESSERT

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NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

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Cubby Bear Seeks New Friends

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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CUBBY Bear brushed his hair and made himself tidy one summer morning, kissed Mamma Bruin and Grandma Bear good by, and started off happily for a day among new scenes and new faces.

"I am going toward the west, the way the bright sun travels," he said, "and try to find new friends."

As he approached the line where his own Pleasant Forest merged into the West Forest, he came upon little Chickadee Chirrupee.

"Chickadee dee-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee!" the little bird chirped blithely.

"Good morning," called Cubby Bear. "How happy you seem!"

"Aren't you happy, too?" asked Chickadee.

"Yes," answered Cubby, "so happy that I want to make others so! This day I have started out to be kind to all I meet, and to help them, for I want to make new friends."

Chickadee's little black eyes shone.

"Oh, if you really mean that," he cried, "I shall fly around and tell the good news to everybody I see!"

When Chickadee had gone, Cubby said to himself, "I already have friends in this West Forest—I will look up the Badger family."

He had been to Betty Badger's house before, so knew the way.

"What fun!" said Betty, when Cubby had told her how he meant to spend the day. "We will go with you."

So after Betty had hastily washed the five Little Badgers' faces, they trailed along after Cubby Bear.

"I can show you where little Ruby Hummingbird lives," said one Little Badger.

"But she will not let you come near," added his brother.

"She likes the honey from flowers," Cubby remembered, "so I will pick an armful, and carry them to her."

The Badgers helped, and Cubby carried a huge bouquet of sweet wild flowers and laid them on the ground underneath the humming-bird's tiny nest. There was a whirring of little gauzy wings, and Cubby hastily withdrew.

"The flowers are to give you honey, little bird," called Cubby. "Do not be afraid."

A brown-furred animal sprang up from a bed of moss at their approach, and was starting off when Cubby said, "Oh, wait, Mr. Marten! You were in the Pleasant Forest that night of the moon's eclipse! Please do not go yet. I want to talk to you!"

"I am in a hurry," was all the Marten would stop to say.

"Chipper, chapper! chipper, chapper!" cried a voice above them, and a shower of leaves fell on Cubby's head. A sleek gray squirrel with plumy tail followed the leaves, coming to the ground in a long, graceful leap.

"How pretty you are!" exclaimed Cubby admiringly. "What is your name?"

"I am Griffie Gray. I don't need to ask who *you* are—Chickadee told me about you. You haven't a nut in your pocket, have you?"

"No," answered Cubby. "I am sorry. But go home with me, to Mamma Bruin's house, and you shall have as many nuts as you can eat."

"I will go," promised Griffie Gray, "and I will be your friend."

So Griffie went along with Cubby and the others.

"I can tell you of an animal who does not live here, but who is passing through the forest. I saw him fixing a bed in a thicket a little while ago." This from Griffie.

"Oh, let us go and see him!" said Cubby.

"He might not be pleasant if you woke him," objected Griffie. "He is the Fisher, and is not often seen around here."

Cubby, unafraid, went to see the Fisher. He was sleeping lightly, seeming to have an eye out for danger.

"Go away!" he called ungraciously.

"Oh, but I would like to be friends with you," said Cubby Bear.

"I am only passing through here, bound for the Green Mountains of Vermont. Will you leave me in peace?" growled the Fisher.

"I would like to hear the story of your travels," said Cubby wistfully.

"I have traveled far, and am tired, but if you come too near, I shall forget that I am tired, and then you will be sorry!" The Fisher glared at them angrily.

Cubby turned sadly away.

"I am glad he did not come with us," said Betty Badger. "We want only those who will be pleasant and polite.

"Oh, look! look there!" cried the oldest Little Badger. "I can see Brown Bat, asleep, clinging to that branch. If I could reach him, we would take him along."

Griffie Gray climbed to the branch in a twinkling, and gently loosing the little creature's hold, tossed him lightly down to the Little Badger.

"Here, Cubby Bear," said the Little Badger, "is another friend for you. Brown Bat will sleep all day, but when night comes he will be lively enough, and then you can make friends with him."



"OH, IT MUST BE ZAPUS JUMPING-MOUSE AND HIS BROTHERS!" CRIED BETTY.

"I see an Oven-bird's nest!" said Griffie Gray, and carefully pulled away some dried leaves from a little pile on the ground. A curious nest it was, shaped like a Dutch oven, with an opening in one side.

"I can see eggs inside," Griffie told them. "Pretty, spotted eggs."

A sharp "Chip, chip, chip!" was heard close by.

"We shall not harm your nest, Mrs. Oven-bird," promised Cubby. "Please, will you be my friend?"

"I bear you no ill-will," answered the bird, "but I will not come near you. I never care to be with others."

They had not gone far after this when they saw seven tiny animals hurrying toward them, making most surprising leaps and bounds.

"Oh, it must be Zapus Jumping-mouse and his brothers!" cried Betty.

Now jumping-mice are quite different from the mice that live in houses and barns. They are of a rusty-yellowish color, with long, strong hind-legs and feet, and slender tails much longer than their little bodies.

"We have come to see you, Cubby Bear," spoke up little Zapus, all seven of them sitting up and holding out their little fore-paws pleadingly. "Chickadee Chirrupee said you would help us. We had a beautiful, smooth playground for our jumping games, and now droves of big ants have stolen it and are building their great community nests there! Can you drive them away?"

"It would be easier to build another playground, I think," Cubby told them. "Their bite is not pleasant, and there are so many of them in a colony——"

"But we are so small," said poor little Zapus, almost in tears, "it would take us all summer to clear such another playground!"

"Come with me on my travels today," said Cubby, "and then go home with me to Mamma Bruin's house tonight. Tomorrow Mamma Bruin and I will make you a beautiful, smooth, playground, and we would love to watch your games. We are so large and strong we could easily do it in a day."

Zapus and his six brothers were happy once more, and hopped and bounded along with Cubby Bear.

They saw the gleam of water through the trees, and came to a small pond.

Chickadee Chirrupee was there, talking with Froggie Freckles.

Froggie splashed into the water and swam to the middle of the pond. Then, throwing up his fore-paws, he shouted:

"Come and save me, Cubby Bear! Do not let me drown!" Then he sank in the muddy water.

"No, no; don't go!" cried Betty Badger. "Wait—let me tell you——"

But Cubby had already started bravely to the rescue.

The bottom of the pond was soft, and after taking a few quick steps Cubby Bear found he could no longer move his feet. They were stuck fast in the mud. Worse than this, he felt himself sinking slowly.

"It is a quagmire!" cried Betty in distress. "I know this pond—I was trying to tell you about it. Stand still! do not struggle, or you will sink faster!"

The voice of the oldest Little Badger broke forth in a wild cry.

"Cubby Bear will drown!" he shrieked. "Why don't somebody save him? I will pull him out, myself!" And he plunged into the water.

His mother promptly seized him and drew him out.

"It will do Cubby Bear no good for you to drown, too," she told him.

Froggie Freckles was swimming around Cubby Bear distractedly.

"Oh, I am sorry!" he croaked. "I only meant to play a joke on you! You *couldn't* drown a *frog*—didn't you know that? I was going to tell you this was a dangerous place for you, but I didn't think you would get stuck so soon. It must be dangerous because you are so heavy. *Can't* you pull yourself out? Oh, try hard!"

Betty Badger and her children dragged a stick to the edge of the pond, and pushed it out where Cubby could reach it, but were not strong enough to pull him ashore.

Little Chickadee called, "See this yellow birch tree close to the water's edge? If we could only bend this long branch down where Cubby could reach it, he could pull himself out!"

"We need more weight to bend it down," said Griffie.

"I will fly for help," offered Chickadee.

He soon came back, with Policeman Bob Catt, Mr. Marten and the Fisher.

They all rushed to the branch of the tree, even little Chickadee adding his tiny weight to help bring it within Cubby's reach.

Joyfully Cubby seized the branch, and after a long, hard struggle, he managed to pull himself up to safety. Paw over paw he carefully worked his way along.

When he was safe on solid ground once more, dripping black mud, they gathered about him joyously.

"Now all come home with me, to Mamma Bruin's house," said Cubby Bear.

"No, no," refused the Fisher. "I must be on my way."

"No, no," echoed Mr. Marten.

"Oh, but Mamma Bruin will want to thank every one who helped to rescue me! *Please* come!" coaxed Cubby.

So Marten and Fisher, Bob Catt, Betty Badger and her children (the oldest one dragging little Brown Bat by one wing), Zapus Jumping-mouse and his brothers, Griffie Gray, Chickadee Chirrupee, and Froggie Freckles, all started for the Pleasant Forest with Cubby Bear.

The shy Oven-bird came out when they passed her home, and offered to let Cubby dry himself by her oven, and little Ruby Hummingbird hovered in the air near Cubby's ear long enough to tell him how glad she was he had not been drowned.

As the bright sun was sinking in the west, Cubby Bear and his friends, their journey ended, found Mamma Bruin standing in her doorway.

"What has happened to you, Cubby Bear?" she asked. "You are covered with black mud!"

"Oh, I do not mind the mud, Mamma Bruin," Cubby told her joyously, "for, see, all the good friends I have brought home with me! And only think, they saved me from drowning!"

"Come in, come in, all of you," invited Mamma Bruin opening wide the door. "I have supper enough for everyone, and after you have eaten, you shall help Cubby tell me the story of the day's adventures!"

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May, 1922.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF COMFORT, PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT AUGUSTA, MAINE, FOR APRIL 1, 1922.

State of Maine, ... } ss.
County of Kennebec, ... }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared William H. Gannett, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the COMFORT and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, W. H. Gannett, Publisher (Inc.), Post-office address, 20 Willow St., Augusta, Maine.

Editor, A. M. Goddard, Post-office address, Augusta, Maine.

Managing Editor, William H. Gannett, Post-office address, Augusta, Maine.

Business Managers, W. H. Gannett, Bus. Mgr., Guy P. Gannett, Assist. Bus. Mgr., Post-office address, Augusta, Maine.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) Owner: W. H. Gannett Publisher (Incorporated), 20 Willow St., Augusta, Maine.—Stockholders:—W. H. Gannett, Augusta, Maine; Guy P. Gannett, Augusta, Maine.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) No outstanding bonds, mortgages or other securities.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona-fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

WILLIAM H. GANNETT,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of March, 1922.

(NOTARIAL SEAL) HOWARD E. WEBBER, *Notary Public*

(My commission expires July 17, 1925.)



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IT is an old and true instinct that turns us toward the earth these days—to garden and ploughlands, to the gathering of the first Spring flowers and of those new little sticky leaves as wonderful and beautiful themselves as any blossoms. Billy I see only about twice a day—for breakfast and supper. Between these important hours of bran muffins and cocoa he is spending long out-of-doors days after his months of attachment to radiators and the liniment bottle. The mound of letters which mounts higher than my desk tells of Bill's neglect of his accustomed duties and diet. But I am patient and weight the scattering overflowing mass down with a pile of paving brick. For I doubt not that even dandelions will satiate in time, and that Bill will return dragging his pivot teeth behind him, so to speak, ready to add a little assorted wood pulp to his interior botanical gardens.

As I love the deeper warmer sun of these days, and rejoice in getting my feet away from icy pavements and on to springy sod, I have taken some short walking trips. In these expeditions afield I have often paused to think a bit sadly to myself of how man's life today must so often be inevitably cut off from the satisfaction of that natural turning toward the soil which should be normally his in the months of the world's rebirth. I like to think that perhaps the happiest races are those who have lived in the simplest manner and clung the more closely to Mother Earth. The Chinese, for instance, have been farmers for four thousand years, and the course of the seasons, seedtime and harvest, sun and rain, have become almost a religion with them. It is an achievement in agriculture that after these thousands of years of tillage the soil of China is yet as productive as in the first ploughings. While we have wasted what nature has given us, the Chinese have nursed and guarded their heritage. Before all else, they are an agrarian race, and one can read this in their history, their literature and their religious forms. Much of the conservatism of China, I believe, can be traced to their existence upon the soil and their blending of their lives with the slow but sure processes of nature.

In thinking of the Chinese, we need not turn up our Western noses haughtily—as I am sure that Billy would do, for one. We can learn much from the Chinese, from their attitude toward nature and life, and from a sympathetic study of their instinctive holding at bay of the world-spreading—I almost wrote world-wrecking—tendencies of industrial nationalism. For we need badly today a respect for and an appreciation of what the true fundamentals of natural happy living are. For instance, we live in a time when a false and dangerous value is being set on all things of the intellect. Man is building his brain into a Tower of Babel that can never reach the heaven toward which he aims—low though that heaven be. In this period of the growth of cities, in this stressing by education of those things only that will aid us to hold a niche in the complex struggle of our material civilization, we are arriving at an age of fatal unfaith in all simple human things—or perhaps I should say a neglect of the power and primary importance of the place the old natural human instincts must form in man's happiness. We erect barriers and allow them to be erected for us between ourselves and our fellows. We do not leave ourselves time to push aside the screen that a false sense of the values of life has placed between us and the God in whom we live and have our being. We foolishly let ourselves be cut off from a natural life close to that earth upon which we were meant to dwell as happy children—and not as quarreling, over-intellectualized, sickly creatures of unnatural growth. We have cast aside our birthright in too many instances. We can only faint with hunger upon dry husks of the intellect until we remember our Father's house and our proper place in it.

Kipling writes of the importance of being able to "walk with kings" without losing "the common touch." We need a cultivation of the common touch today, I think. Those who attempt to set our customs and dictate the standards of our life and education have failed of the ideal given in Kipling's striking line. If crowned two-legged kings have been scarce to companion them, they have walked with the kings of their own and other intellectual domains. And their common touch, their grasp upon the simple human truths of life and God have failed them. They have come to believe and would command us to believe that life can answer best to the scepter of the brain and that there the seat of power rests. But there can come no responding court bows—at least no happy ones—from the children of men who are in truth subjects of a very different Ruler from that set up by the uncommon brains of our "leaders" of modern thought and philosophy. How bad the mistake is that has been made in this demand for false allegiance Nature will finally tell us—and in the telling will take her own sweet and slow way to repair the damage done and the wounds given.

And as for leaders, I like to imagine the possibility of our some day having a Farmer President. A man who, like Lincoln, would have "the common touch" joined to companionship with the only King. A man who could have his roots firmly in the soil of his country, and a brain, deepened by true human living and bearing no influences of those ephemeral teachings of our day and education which really are less than scratches upon the permanent things of the life of man upon the earth. Such a ruler would touch the chords of our national life with a strong, sure and tender hand. Democracy with him would be instinct, not phrase. A very part of him would be the knowledge of how inevitably bound up with the life of the earth is the natural life of man. And he would know where to look for the true bases of happiness, and how to raise a standard of those values which exist ever, because they are eternal, under all our false accretions of modern living.

In our civilization, as we call it, man today makes huge circles and goes devious ways for the primary purposes of gaining food, lodging and clothes to cover him. What he often wins of these simple things, let anyone look into our cities or industrial centers and answer. The wheel, which is our world, grows larger and wider-rimmed to make places for all who would hang to hub and felloes, and there are constantly heavier tires to crush those who are knocked off in the scramble or who have been unable to get secure foothold as the speed increases. Yet the simple living upon the earth, which is all that is needed for man's happiness, and without which, in fact, his happiness cannot exist, is always ready to be given from Nature's hands. She stands unchangeable in the rewards she offers, while in our cities today thousands fight, literally to the death, for the necessaries our complex and unnatural living makes so hard to win.

I was going to write more upon this subject which means much to me, when Billy came marching importantly in, bringing with him a breath of moist fresh air and a scent of mud and green things.

"Whatever are you doing? Uncle Lisha," he exclaimed; "staying inside a day like this! Are you bothering with these old letters?"—and Bill laid an inquiring nose upon the big pile about my desk. "For if you are, take your hat and get out in the sun. I'll attend to them!"

And so I took Bill's kindly meant advice and went into the spring sunshine. As I closed the door, I heard a steady sound of munching and crunching. I think that Billy's walk gave him an appetite.

And now for the letters:

ETHER, NORTH CAROLINA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

It is imperative this letter be published. You will learn why when you proceed to read. This is the "Hermit of the Hills" writing again. Since my letter appeared in the December COMFORT I have been compelled to vacate my cave to make room for letters. It is already filled to overflowing, with not even standing room left for yours truly any more. There are letters to stir all the emotions of man. Some would make you laugh, others would make you cry, a few would make you feel like swearing, and great numbers are friendly, sensible letters that vividly express the beautiful character of the writers and make you feel that life is worth living after all.

I have received no less than twelve or fifteen direct proposals. I am too tender-hearted to reject any of them, yet I am afraid if I accept them all there will be war in the camp right away. So you must tell me what to do, Uncle Lisha.

So many requests came for samples of those "lovely curls" I told you about, that my head is now as devoid of hair as a toad's back—and still I am about a thousand orders behind. You must tell me what to do about this, also, because you were partly the cause of it all, for I didn't want the girls to know my real name and wished to be known only as the "Hermit of the Hills." Could you recommend a tonic, Uncle Lisha, that would produce a new set of curls on my head right away?

Let me say to all the cousins and readers who have written me, that I could answer only a few (I am sure I have received over fifteen hundred letters in the past month and they are still coming), but every single one was highly appreciated and I am keeping them all as extremely interesting souvenirs.

I will now use a few words to describe the paramount desirableness of the Tarheel State. The climate is very healthful and people never die here except of disease, accident and old age. That is one salient point, isn't it? The soil is very productive, hence we can raise everything we need to eat and are not dependent upon any other state for existence. Winston-Salem is the largest city. This city is a great tobacco market and millions of cigars and cigarettes are manufactured there every week. High Point is one of the greatest furniture manufacturing cities in the South. The White Oak Cotton Mill at Greensboro ranks among the largest in the world; and, of course, Ether, my home town, is so world-famous it would be superfluous to tell about it here. Thousands of crates of delicious peaches are shipped from the orchards in the "Sand Hill" section of southern North Carolina every year, and the apples produced in the mountain regions of western Carolina are among the finest in the world. All things considered, North Carolina is just about the *creme de la creme* of the Union.

Uncle Lisha, when you see this letter published, please hustle Billy the Goat off for a long vacation.

Again thanking all of you who have written to me, I remain,

The same
CARL A. MANESS,
alias Hermit of the Hills.

You don't express much sorrow, Carl, about having been driven out of your mountain cave and away from the wildcats and other charming pets of your lonely hermitage about which you last wrote to us. I think the truth is all hermits like to get out in the world once in a while—particularly when they can emerge and breathe the life-giving Ether of such a state as you describe yours to be.

About your more than a dozen proposals from would-be hermitesses, Carl; I don't think you will have any further matrimonial entanglements now that you have revealed your curlless, bald-headed condition. The charm will be gone, for curls are a great attraction, it seems, for the feminine heart about which they must have a way of twining. Ask Cousin Ted Carmichael, down in Carrizozo, New Mexico, about this. The only reason Ted is not as bald as you, Carl, is that he had an old buffalo robe from which he cut a tiny dark curl for each letter that demanded a hirsute sample with the Carmichael brand. It was a big hide, but it did not quite go 'round and Teddy had to start a vacant place over one of his ears. But it saved almost all the curls he had planted on his cowboy dome and you ought to have looked up some such substitute, Carl—a curly wildcat, or some lady coon that had taken to wearing marcel waves. But it's too late now. I feel sad to think of your high and intellectual hermit brow shining brightly in the spring sunlight. Of course, you must try some sort of a tonic. The best one I know about is to find some old haircloth sofa not too much worn. Take about six square feet of the thickest covering of this sofa, cut in small pieces, and boil in two gallons of best cider vinegar for four hours. Strain and cool, and apply to the head by rubbing in well with a circular motion, following grain. The hair produced by this treatment is apt to be stiff and shiny. Not a curl can be expected; but bald-headed men cannot be choosers—and hair is hair. I knew one man who grew a head of haircloth covering in this way, and it proved to be so slippery that the only way he could hold his hat on was to keep a lump of tar in the crown. But then you have plenty of tar down in North Carolina, Carl.

Since you were driven from your hermitage I think you must have joined the Ether Chamber of Commerce, Carl,—from the way you now write. In your first letter you spoke quite discouragingly about your state and seemed to think that it could produce nothing profitably but moonshine. There wasn't a bit of *creme de la creme* in your first hermit message, Carl. It was all skim-milk or mountain dew. But then this may have only been the gloomy effect of living in a damp cave without any proposals except those of the wildcats who proposed to dine off your handsome carcass. A bald-headed young Chamber of Commerce booster is very different from a long-curled, cave-dwelling hermit. Carl, you may have improved from the standpoint of a world of conformity, but you are not nearly as interesting as in your cave-man stage of development. I cannot ask you to turn back to your proposal-crowded cave—probably the only course left open for you now is to use your head and grow a few acres of haircloth for the High Point furniture factory.

CHARLOTTE, 617 West Lawrence Ave., MICH.

DEAREST UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS (ALSO BILLY):

I have just finished reading your department and have decided to write to you for the first time. But now that I have started, I don't suppose it will be the last. Uncle, I most surely wish you would put Billy's picture in the paper. Now that I have seen yours, I am anxious to see Billy's. I am sure that I would like him; I haven't the slightest doubt that I wouldn't. And I think that Billy would like me, for I am just a kid—and kids and goats are some relation!

I am eating some fudge that I made about a half hour ago, and it sure is good. Now don't think I am selfish, for I most heartily wish you and Billy were here so you could have some. Uncle, I am going to tell you something—but don't tell Billy. It is this: if Billy likes good homemade candy, and is real good, I will send him a box of it sometime. But you must remember that this will also be for you—and I will guarantee it not to give you the toothache. But it is awful rich, so you had better not eat too much of it at once. Of course, if you don't like good homemade fudge and divinity and other kinds of candy I will not send it to you.

If you want to know what I look like, I am five feet, three inches tall, have a brunette complexion, dark brown hair, and black eyes with long eyelashes. I am only thirteen years old, but everybody says I act and look as if I were sixteen. Isn't that ridiculous?—for I am always getting into mischief of some sort.

Tell Billy not to look at the misspelt words, for my dictionary is at school. I am a Freshie, but can't write good—as you can see.

Oh, dear! I just had to get up and get a drink, this candy is so sweet.

I am going downtown this afternoon, but I can't go for a while yet, as the gas men are here putting in a new meter and the gas is shut off—so I can't get any hot water to finish my work. I have had quite a few accidents today: When I was ironing with the electric iron this morning I burnt my hand, and gee! but it is sore. And when I was running the electric Hoover something must have got caught in it, for it would not run right and took me about half an hour to fix it.

It is 2.35 now and I have got an appointment downtown for 3 o'clock. I don't see how I will ever make it!

Uncle and cousins, do you think it is any worse for a girl to powder and paint than for a boy to smoke and chew tobacco?

I wish Billy would come and see me sometime—and you also. Tell Billy I will show him a dandy time if he will come. I will send you my picture sometime, if you want it, so Billy can see I am not so beautiful that I would be ashamed of him even if he has got gray whiskers. I bet he is full of fun anyway. And Uncle, I think you are just as grand as your picture. Well, I must close. So long, everybody!

Your niece and cousin and Billy's pal,
ISABEL CARDWELL.

There must have been something about your letter that Billy liked, Isabel, for he brought it to me, saying: "This is a sweet and breezy message from a Michigan cousin, Uncle. I thought you might like to print it. I see she claims to be some sort of a relative of mine—which is interesting." Of course, when Billy said "sweet," Isabel, he may have only meant that he had found a drop of your homemade fudge on one corner of the paper, for I must say that Bill has a very sweet pivot tooth and is much of a candy-hound. But I'm not sure if it would be entirely safe for Bill to eat any of your "awful rich" fudge. His constantly over-strained digestion is rather delicate. Anyhow, the best way would be to start him off on an ounce of "divinity" a day, administered with a medicine dropper and watch effects. Certainly divinity fudge should be divinely digestible, but you never can tell with Bill. He has a way of going by contraries.

But I think the real secret of Bill having favored your letter is that he liked what you wrote about having his picture in COMFORT. Isabel, if you knew how simply wild Billy is to have his photograph appear, you would laugh

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)



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Pepsodent is largely for the coming generation. It brings to adults whiter teeth, new protection. But to children it means a new dental era.

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Round Prairie Observes Mothers' Monday

By Margaret A. Bartlett

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"ASK Betty, The Buyer—she'll help you!"

The words danced fastastically over the page of the newspaper Maria Josephs was trying to read. It was Monday evening—wash-day evening—and Maria knew why black dots floated before her eyes, and only certain words on the page before her were visible, and those appeared and disappeared, only to show up again in some unexpected spot. It was always like that Monday evening—unless a bad storm made it necessary to postpone the weekly washing.

Wearily, she kicked off first one worn shoe, and then the other. Drawing a chair nearer, she put her aching feet on its seat and leaned back in her hollow-backed rocker. Usually she felt quite rested when her stockinged feet were high off the floor, but tonight, as on all Monday nights, there seemed no way to ease the aching nerves and muscles.

On the opposite side of the drop-leaf table with its turkey-red checker-board patterned cloth, Andrew Josephs sat, enjoying his Monday evening perusal of the Sunday paper which the inhabitants of Round Prairie received by rural carrier Monday afternoon. Suddenly he threw aside the paper, pulled out his big silver turnip-watch and began winding it, preparatory to going to bed.

"What's the matter, Maria? Tired? No use sleeping down here. Better go to bed!" he advised.

"But, Andrew,"—Maria opened her eyes and straightened in her uneasy chair—"I haven't half looked through the paper. I did want to read a little while tonight, but that washing today has left me feeling as flat as a sponge cake a draught has struck. If only, Andrew——"

"Better stop right where you be, Maria," cut in her husband. "I don't want to hear any more of this electric washer nonsense. Women for a good many years have washed their clothes by scrubbing them on a wash-board, and I guess you ain't any better n they were."

"But, Andrew," pleaded his wife, "if only you knew how the weekly washing tuckers me out. I'm afraid I won't be able to do it at all much longer."

"Oh, you're kinda run down, Maria. I'll send tomorrow for a box of those Dr. Pearson's Pleasant Pellets. They'll fix you all right. Now, come on to bed. You won't get your bones rested any sitting there all night."

Maria heard him shuffle in his carpet-slippers to the table in the kitchen where the water-pail stood. She heard him drain the dipper with big, horse-like gulps, and then she watched the wavering light of the lamp as it rose higher and higher over the stairs. With senses suddenly awakened she listened breathlessly till the creaking of the heavy wooden bed told her that her husband was settled for the night.

Though her heart thumped at her temerity, she stole to the soap-order writing-desk she had earned twenty years or more ago, hunted up pen and ink and a sheet of writing paper, and sat down to it, spreading out before her the paper she had last been looking at. It contained the advertisement of Louden's Bigger and Better Department Store. In one corner was Betty, the Buyer's message to out-of-town women, urging them to find out how easy and satisfactory mail-order shopping could be, if goods were purchased from the Louden's store, and concluding with the request: If there is anything you wish to know, if you have any problem you can't solve, don't hesitate to write us. Just ask Betty, the Buyer—she'll help you!"

It was that final sentence that had flitted over the face of the newspaper a while before when Maria Josephs had tried to read it. It was those words, that invitation, which had been running through Maria's mind ever since. "Ask Betty, the Buyer!" Well—Maria bit the end of her pen viciously—well, since this Betty person asked her to do it, she'd tell her all her troubles!

Thus it was that the Louden Department Store received a few days later the following pathetic letter:

My Dear Betty, the Buyer:

You ask us to write you if we have any problems we cannot solve. I have one which is too big for me. I want to know what you would do if you were in my place. I am a woman fifty years old and not very strong. We live way back from everywhere and I have to do my work under about the same conditions my grandmother did hers. But I am not strong and the heavy work, such as washing dirty farm clothes, is too hard for me. My husband can afford an electric washing machine, for he can afford all the nice things he wants for his cows and barn, but he doesn't believe in women having things to make their work easier—he's afraid it will make us lazy. Now, I want a washing machine and believe I ought to have one, but how am I to get my husband to buy me one? There are ten or a dozen other women here in Round Prairie that need one like I do, but their husbands won't listen to them when they try to get them to buy one for them. You say you can help us. I hope you can, for I think we need help.

Very truly yours,

MRS. ANDREW (MARIA) JOSEPHS,

(Address) R. R. No. 4, Round Prairie, Colo.

Betty the Buyer smiled as she read the letter. She was used to all sorts of letters from all sorts and classes of women, but each was only a part of her work. She was paid to be tactful, pleasant, helpful, to all inquirers, to think always of how the store might benefit.

Now, she slipped a fresh piece of paper into her typewriter, and began her oft-repeated instructions to one of the mail-order department clerks. "Say," she wrote; then she hesitated. It would never do to let this woman's husband know she had written her troubles to a stranger. That would be the surest way of killing a possible sale. Any literature concerning washing-machines sent to the wife would receive only condemnation from the husband. Obviously no ordinary letter would do this time. She must be tactful, she must be pleasant and helpful, and above all, she must help the company increase its sales! An electric washer was a big item, something over a hundred dollars. And there were in Round Prairie, according to this Mrs. Josephs' letter, at least ten other women in need of the modern improvement over the tub and washboard of the age when women scrubbed their lives away because there was no help for it! If only she could corner the whole eleven of them!

"Miss Mason!"

Betty, the Buyer, held the Round Prairie letter out to the head of the mail-order department.

"I wish you would read this letter, and then tell me if you think I would be breaking the adamantine rules of this store if I neglected to answer Mrs. Josephs but instead wrote to her husband.

Miss Mason glanced quickly through the letter.

"Your judgment is always good, Betty. A pound of chocolates that you'll land them all." Thus did she acquiesce to Betty's implication that for once she was going to let a woman look in vain for a reply to her letter to Betty the Buyer.

Two days later when Andrew Josephs took his mail from the hands of the rural carrier as he passed the gate, his attention was caught by a flashing orange envelope addressed to him. In the upper left-hand corner smiled the pleasant face of a young woman, to the right of which was the inscription: "From Betty the Buyer, care of Louden's Bigger and Better Department Store, Denver, Colo." Maria, watching from the sitting-room window, saw him shove the letter into his pocket. Of course, she didn't know what letter it was, but she had been expecting her reply from "that Betty person," and now—— A panic seized her. Somehow her husband had found out about the letter she wrote. Just how she didn't see, for she had walked three miles to their nearest neighbor's in order to slip the letter into their mail-box just before the carrier arrived. Still, she knew he must have known about it, and so had taken her answer when it arrived. What would that Betty person say? What would Andrew think of her? "Oh——oh," she hid her head in her apron. He'd never forgive her, and, what seemed of even greater importance at the time, he would never, never get her a modern washing-machine now!

Out in the barn a half hour later, Andrew climbed up into the haymow, where he was confident no one coming suddenly into the barn would see him, sank into the fragrant dried grass and drew out the flaming envelope. He had a premonition that that letter was one for himself alone—not for Maria. He felt it all over, held it to the light, shook it, as if trying to guess its contents: then finally gathered courage to slip his knife between the flap and slit the top.

A sheet of paper of the same vivid color was folded within. In his excitement his hands shook as he unfolded the typewritten letter. It read:

DEAR MR. JOSEPHS:

By good authority I have been informed that you own one of the finest equipped dairy farms in your county. I understand that you have spared neither time nor money in installing every convenience known to dairymen in your barn—from a perfect ventilating system to individual drinking-cups for each bossy.

Naturally, I suppose you have provided for your wife's health and comfort in the same careful manner; but in case she is still laboring under old-fashioned conveniences, I am sure you will be interested in Louden's line of labor lighteners for women, especially in our electric washing machines.

I am enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Won't you please be so kind as to write to me personally, letting me know whether your wife has now an electric washer or not? I will return the favor in any way possible.

Wishing your wife a good long life, I am,

Most cordially yours,

BETTY THE BUYER.

"Well I'll be jiggered!" he exclaimed to the barn swallows and the mice and whatever other inhabitants of the barn were within hearing distance. "I swan if I can understand how those folks down there got all that information about me. But they want to sell me a washing-machine, do they? Good thing Maria *didn't* get hold of this letter. And they want me to write and let them know if my wife owns one or not? H-m-m! I wouldn't waste a good two-cent stamp on such a letter, but since they've enclosed an envelope ready-stamped—a government envelope, gosh blink 'em! the stamp can't be soaked off from!—I don't know as it will do any harm to answer them."

Accordingly, Andrew Josephs did just what Betty the Buyer had hoped he would do: he reversed the sheet of paper and, after a deal of fumbling deep down in the pencil-pocket of his overalls for a stub which persisted in keeping just out of reach, wrote the following:

"DEAR BETTY THE BUYER:

"Yours of the 18th instant received and contents noted. Much obliged for your words of praise of my barn. I don't know where you heard about it, but your news is o. k. As regards a washing machine for my wife, I wish to state emphatically that she does not own one and never will own one so long as I have any say about it. What does a woman want of a machine-run contraption? Women don't know anything about machinery. They'd be calling on us men all the time to help them run the thing. Washing may be hard work, but I believe women have washed the family linen since the time of Eve and I somehow think there are enough women living to dispute the claim that scrubbing clothes makes for early deaths. Of course I appreciate your interest in writing to me, but I'm afraid you will have to offer something better than a washing-machine to get my order.

"Yours respectively,

"ANDREW JOSEPHS."

The letter was surreptitiously mailed—and its orange-enveloped reply as surreptitiously received, so far, at least, as Maria was concerned. Andrew Josephs hated to admit it but he looked forward rather eagerly to that reply. He wondered with a grin what that Betty person would have to say to his denouncement of the electric washing-machine!

When the reply came he went directly to the barn with it, albeit Maria was watching from the window, anxious to learn if there was anything in the mail for her. (He explained later that he had heard the colt kicking and was afraid she might kick through the stall.) With no preliminaries this time he tore open the gaily-colored envelope and drew out Betty the Buyer's letter. It was short—the shortest letter he had ever seen. It contained one line:

"Machines wear out. What of women?"

There was a stamped, addressed envelope. Andrew chewed his pencil-stub. Then he scrawled beneath the single line:

"By gum, that's a fact. So do men, so does everything—in time."

That'll settle her, he thought, yet he knew he would be greatly disappointed if he heard no more from that Betty-person.

He did hear more. Orange envelopes arrived on an average of one a week, and orange envelopes were as often delivered into the hands of the rural carrier. Andrew Josephs had not the slightest idea of buying an electric washer—so he told himself—and all the letters in the world could not convince him that they were necessary for the health and happiness of the women about him—at least, he repeated that again and again to himself.

When one day there came enclosed in the Betty letter a printed bit of paper good for ten dollars on the purchase price of any electric-washer in the store, provided he would be kind enough to send the names of ten or more families in Round Prairie which might be interested in washing-machines, Andrew little dreamed how Betty the Buyer was closing in on him. Andrew could no more resist that ten-dollar gift than he could have refused a gold piece that had been actually placed in his hand. He immediately wrote the names of the ten best families in Round Prairie

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

Velvet Grip

HOSE SUPPORTERS

Equipped with our famous **Oblong ALL-Rubber Button** clasps, hold the stockings in place securely—and without injury to the most delicate silk fabric.

Velvet Grip Hose Supporters for ALL the Family

Are Sold Everywhere

Made by the George Frost Company, Boston

An Engagement Announcement Party

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

of milk. Shape without kneading and gently roll quite thin. Use a small cutter as the biscuits should be small.

CHEESE WAFERS.—Cover the tops of salted crackers with grated dairy cheese, sprinkle generously with paprika, add a very little salt, and toast in a quick oven until the cheese is softened. Watch very carefully as they quickly harden after the cheese is melted.

MERINGUE SURPRISE.—Six whites of eggs, two cups of granulated sugar, one teaspoon of vanilla, one-fourth teaspoon of cream of tartar, and one teaspoon of vinegar. Beat the egg-whites until very stiff, add the cream of tartar, and beat again, then gradually add the sugar and beat about fifteen minutes. Lastly, add vanilla and vinegar and beat five minutes more. Line a pan with paraffin paper, pour in the mixture and bake one hour in a very slow oven. When cold, whip one cup of cream, sweeten and spread over the top, and sprinkle with chopped pecan meats. Place on a fancy serving dish, and surround with candy hearts. If preferred, just before serving, the nuts may be omitted, and crushed sweetened strawberries heaped over the top. This pie will keep perfectly for several days in a closely-covered tin box, providing no cream or fruit has been added.

PEANUT BUTTER COOKIES.—Cream together one-half cup of peanut butter and two tablespoons of butter, and beat into it one cup of granulated sugar. Add one egg beaten light and one-half cup of milk. Stir in two cups of flour sifted with four teaspoons of baking powder and one-half teaspoon of salt. Add more flour if necessary, but only sufficient to handle. Shape a little at a time without kneading, roll thin and cut into small rounds. Bake in a quick oven. If desired, a few roasted half peanuts may be pressed into center of each cookie.

JEWISH FRUIT CAKE.—Sift together one-half cup of granulated sugar, one-half cup of flour, one heaping teaspoon of baking powder and one-half teaspoon of salt. Beat the yolks of three eggs to a light yellow and beat in the sugar, then add the three egg whites first beaten stiff and dry. Add one pound of seeded and skinned dates, and one-half pound of English walnut meats chopped fairly fine.

DELICATE CAKE WITH CRIMSON FROSTING.—Sift together one cup of sugar, one and one-half cup of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder, and one-fourth teaspoon of salt. In a measuring cup soften one-fourth of a cup of butter, break two whole eggs onto the butter and fill up the cup with sweet milk. Add this to the dry ingredients and beat hard until smooth and fine grained. Bake in a moderate oven.

FROSTING.—Wash ripe cranberries and heat until the juice is drawn out. Strain through cheese-cloth. To one-half cup of the cranberry juice add one and one-half cup of granulated sugar and a pinch of salt, and boil until a little holds its shape in cold water. Pour gradually over the stiffly-beaten whites of two eggs and beat until smooth and thick. Pour over cold cake.

MAPLE SYRUP FROSTING.—Into the upper part of the double boiler put two-thirds cup of maple syrup and the unbeaten white of one egg. Set into the lower part of the boiler when the water is boiling rapidly, and cook and beat with the egg beater eight minutes. Remove from water and beat until cool enough to spread.

DATES WITH CHEESE STUFFING.—Wash and wipe the dates. Slit one side of dates and remove the pits. Soften cream cheese with a little mayonnaise salad dressing, or canned milk, add chopped nuts, and salt and paprika providing milk is used, beat thoroughly together and fill dates. Keep in a cold place until served.

Three Appetizing Breakfast Dishes

SAUSAGE WITH APPLES.—Wipe and core large tart apples. In the center of each insert a sausage, which should project about half way over the apple, so that the sausage will baste the apple as it cooks. Bake thoroughly in a hot oven. Serve with corn muffins.

CORN MEAL AND POTATO MUFFINS.—One cup of corn meal, three teaspoons of baking powder, three-fourths teaspoon of salt, one tablespoon of sugar, sifted together. Stir in one-half cup of milk, one beaten egg, one tablespoon of melted shortening, and one cup of mashed potato. Beat hard, adding more milk if necessary to make a medium soft batter. Bake in a quick oven. Makes 12 muffins.

CREOLE CODFISH.—Cut salt codfish into small pieces, cover with cold water and let it stand over night. In the morning change the water if the fish is extra salt, bring slowly to the boiling point (but do not let it boil) and hold it there about fifteen minutes. Drain and shred. In a saucepan melt three tablespoons of butter, add one-half of a small onion thinly sliced, stir until tender and lightly browned, and then add half a green sweet pepper chopped fine. When cooking, slowly add four tablespoons of dry flour and when this is well blended, gradually add one pint of boiling hot milk, season with salt and pepper and cook slowly about ten minutes. Add the prepared codfish, and just before serving add one tablespoon of chili sauce.

POTATO AND MEAT CAKES.—These can be prepared the day before, thus making the breakfast a quickly-prepared meal. Put three tablespoons of butter or bacon fat into a frying-pan and in it brown two rounding teaspoons of scraped onion. Set the pan back and rub into the mixture four even tablespoons of dry flour, then gradually add one cup of hot milk, return to fire and constantly stir until it has thickened and then cooked three minutes. Add one and a half cup of cooked chopped meat, and sufficient fresh mashed potato to make the mixture stiff enough to handle. When cool, shape into cakes, roll in slightly-beaten egg, then in crumbs, and set away. Fry brown in fat.

A registered letter from Russia recently arrived in Newark with 500 or more stamps attached to the back of the envelope by metal fasteners. The stamps exceeded $1,000 in value at the normal rate of exchange.—*Dearborn Independent.*

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Selecting our Silhouette

SO much talk these days about "silhouettes"! One speaks of "the fashionable silhouette," or "the "new silhouette." Well, let's consider what that means. A silhouette is the shadow thrown by a figure; it is a figure in outline. If you will stand between a light and the wall at night, you will see your silhouette thrown back against the wallpaper. If you stand facing the wall, it will be a blot or blur; if you stand with your side toward the wall, it will be a profile figure. Well, girls, that's your silhouette!

What kind of a silhouette have you? For that determines whether you are fashionable, attractive, of good figure, and many other things.

Suppose you test this out?

An! you find that your shoulders round a little, Patty? And as for you, Ellen, your chin bags beneath! And Ruth's waist pokes out in front, and she sags a little on one side! What disclosures! And what shall we do about them?

Oh, it's very simple. Just take that candle, or lamp or gasjet into your confidence, nightly, and practice standing, lifting the chin, drawing in the abdomen, straightening the spine, until the silhouette on the wall becomes what you feel it should be.

If you are too fat, the lamplight will tell tales at once; if you slouch in standing, there will be the evidence; if you let your shoulders round or your chin drop, the shadows on the wall will do the same.



HAVE YOU A SILHOUETTE LIKE THIS?

Every defect of this kind can be remedied. It is not possible to add inches to your nose, but it is possible to remove extra fat from your cheeks and thus give your small nose a chance. Flesh can be added, removed, round shoulders flattened, abdomens decreased, and every fault of posture remedied. So study your silhouette and see what you need.

The first thing, of course, is to remember the correct way of standing which I have told you so many times; heels together, toes slightly apart, weight of body resting on the balls of the feet, so that the body leans slightly—oh, ever so slightly!—forward, chin lifted easily, shoulders drooped, chest raised, abdomen drawn in, arms hanging easily at sides.

There is a sitting silhouette, also, though more difficult to perceive through shadows. Better examine that by daylight in front of your mirror, and be sure you do not round the shoulders. Keep the chest always raised and you cannot go far wrong.

A good exercise for the back and the abdomen is to stand erect with the legs about eighteen inches apart, the arms raised straight above the head, palms touching each other, elbows rigid. Now breathe in slowly while you count ten. Be sure the back is straight and that you do not hunch forward because of the raised arms. Now throw them down with force, palms still together, and between the legs as far as they will go, exhaling at the same time. Do not bend knees, bend only at waist. Raise the arms slowly, inhaling again as you mentally count ten; throw arms down again, as before. Repeat ten or fifteen times. This is called "Sawing Wood," and is excellent for the reduction of the abdomen, the strengthening of the spine, and for inducing action of the eliminative organs.

Watch your silhouette!

Answers to Questions

VIRGINIA.—At your age your hair should not be turning gray, and if it is thin as well, it means that the hair is not properly nourished. I should not use a dye, for the hair never looks natural, and the dye must be repeated and repeated. Also, dyeing hair is a job for the professional, and home-dyed hair is apt to look streaked and unsatisfactory, plainly disclosing what has happened to it. Remember, once you use anything approaching dye on your hair, the damage is done, and you cannot go back to the hair you once had. For that reason I should let dyes alone. What you really need is a general upbuilding of the body so that the scalp gets the nourishment it needs. And you certainly need scalp massage twice daily. So, first, make it your job to eat nourishing food, and plenty of it: cut out foods that are hard to digest, such as pork, veal, fried foods, cabbage, griddle cakes, pie, hot biscuits, and eat instead simple easily digested foods so that you may get from them the most nourishment with the least effort. Have your potatoes baked or boiled and eat them dry and mealy with good fresh butter. Drink milk, eat well-cooked cereal with cream or milk, plenty of fruit, green vegetables, take an extra dish of well-cooked rice with cream and sugar before retiring—that is, unless you are overweight, and I do not believe you are—have your meats roasted or broiled and eat them medium rare. And chew your food until it is liquid. Cut out coffee and tea; don't drink with your meals, but drink a glass of milk just before lunch or breakfast. See that the eliminative organs work properly: drink plenty of water to help them along. Sleep eight or nine hours a night, with fresh air in your room. And, incidentally, massage your scalp night and morning. Dip your finger-tips in olive oil, and after letting the hair down and thoroughly brushing it—though gently; never drag the brush through the hair—slip the fingers of the right hand under the hair at the right of the head, pressing them firmly against the scalp; and the fingers of the left hand at the left of the head, in the same manner. Now move the scalp back and forth on the skull without lifting the fingers. If the scalp is tight and does not seem to move, persevere. The scalp must be loose on the skull to have healthy hair. But remember, no nourishment can be carried to the scalp unless you provide it, and the hair *must* be fed if it is to stop turning grey. If you will keep at this scalp massage, day in and day out, and after the body health, new hair will begin to come in. And while it is probably too much to expect that the old hair will regain its color—though it did in the case of a friend of mine—yet the new hair will be healthy in color and will in time take the place of the old. This is a longer process than dyeing, but infinitely more satisfactory. So try it, my dear!

BLUE EYES.—Powder will clog the pores unless care is taken to keep them clean. Very young girls should not use powder, as their skins are too pretty in their natural condition. When the nose is shiny, the rubbing on of a little powder is permissible, but be sure that the face is thoroughly cleansed at night. One way of getting around the shiny nose problem is to use rolled oats in little cheese-cloth bags for washing the face. Make the bags about two by three inches, and fill them half full of oats. Dip them quickly in and out of water and wash the face with the damp bag. A milky liquid will ooze forth, and after the face is clean, you should not rub it but pat it dry with a soft cloth. A powdery surface will remain, velvety in appearance, and do away with the need for other powder. This is the milky liquid drying on the face.

VINEN.—Yes, my dear; you do not weigh enough for your height. I should try to gain about 25 pounds. I expect that sounds like a big job, but it isn't so very, if you will just keep at it. The first thing to remember is that some foods make fat and some do not, and that some ways of cooking food let the stomach get all the nourishment with little effort, and that other ways make it so hard for the stomach to get the nourishment out of food that it lets half of it get by without extracting any flesh-building elements from it. So, first, choose your foods properly; then cook them properly. Now, we want to gain weight, so we must choose the kind of foods which make fat. You should eat for breakfast a great bowl of well-cooked cereal with plenty of milk or cream, preferably the latter if you can get it. Make a real breakfast from this, with some bread and butter or buttered toast, and some fruit. Chew the bread until it is liquid. Drink a glass of milk with it, and if you want it, eat a soft-boiled egg. Never eat hard-boiled or fried eggs; they make too much work for your stomach and you do not get the same food value from them. That breakfast is a thoroughly healthful one, and if you have taken a couple of glasses of water after getting up in the morning, and will drink two more in the morning, two more in the afternoon, and two some time after your evening meal, you will be helping things along very nicely. For your midday meal—which I suppose is your heavy meal—eat some baked potatoes, or boiled potatoes, with butter, some green vegetables, such as string beans (not cooked with meat, however, but boiled until tender in plenty of boiling salted water), lettuce, peas, spinach or other greens, beets, tomatoes, summer squash, carrots, etc., etc. For dessert, baked custard, blanc mange, baked apples, or apple sauce, stewed prunes (soaked over night, after washing, then cooked slowly until very soft), ice cream, corn-starch pudding, rice pudding, tapioca pudding, etc. Eat these puddings with cream or milk when you can. Any berries, or melons, peaches, pears, etc., make good desserts. For your evening meal, bread and milk make a fine dish, with some fruit for dessert. Or a baked potato, large and fat, and plenty of bread and butter, and some fruit. An extra dish of rice, sugar and milk or cream, taken before you go to bed will help to add pounds to your weight. Your pimples and your sallow complexion will disappear in a short time if you persevere in drinking lots of water, eating fruit, and bathing the body daily. I did not mention meats for your midday meal, but of course meat is desirable for strength. Bacon is all right for you, chicken, roasted, or broiled—but not fried—or broiled or baked fish, or broiled or roasted meat. Pork and veal are hard to digest, so must be chewed very thoroughly indeed, and are better left alone, where one is trying hard to gain. Beef, mutton and lamb are good meats for you, if roasted or broiled, and eaten not too well done. The wrinkles under your eyes come from not having flesh or fat enough under your skin to stretch the skin properly. Go to work and add as many pounds as you can and you will find the wrinkles disappearing. Your bust is too small for your waist and hips, but that will increase as you build your body up. Your bust and hips should be the same measurement, and the waist ten inches smaller. If you wear a corset, be sure you put it on right so that you do not push the flesh down around the hips and make them too large for the rest of your body. Unlace the corset—that is, loosen the strings out wide—then slip the corset on and fasten up the front, fasten the corset garters to the stockings, then lace the corset, or rather draw the lacings of the corset to fit the figure. You will find this difficult to do unless you put your corset strings in properly in the first place. Find the middle of the string, and put that at the top of the corset; then lace in the ordinary way until you reach the waist-line, when instead of crossing over with your string, put each string through the hole just below it, and again start lacing across until you reach about four or five inches below the waist, when do the same thing again. This will give you a loop to pull at each side of the waist, and a loop to pull about half way below the waist, each side of the corset. Of course if you wear a short corset, there will be no room for this lower loop, and you will only lace it in this way at the waist-line. After you have fastened the front and the garters, you will then pull down the loops in the back until the corset is adjusted to the figure. Unlace before taking off—that is, loosen the lacings before taking off. In this way no superfluous flesh will be pushed down on the hips, and the figure will be kept in proportion. As to the itching head, shampoo once in two weeks with a shampoo liquid made by shaving half a bar of white household soap into a quart of boiling water and keeping it on the stove until dissolved. Lather the head with a little of this at a time, rinse off, lather again, rubbing hair and scalp thoroughly, then rinse many times. Dry in the sun, brush gently. You have been using a sharp comb or a stiff brush on your scalp. That will irritate it. Every night dip your finger-tips in olive oil, lightly, and massage the scalp as I have directed "Virginia."

ALMA.—Superfluous hair on the face should be treated carefully, as most depilatories only bring the hair back more noticeably. It is safe and sure to use peroxide of hydrogen one day to dampen the hairy spots, and ammonia the next day. Keep this up until the hair disappears. It is a slow process, but the peroxide bleaches the hair and the ammonia dries it up. Under the arms it is permissible to use a depilatory, which means that it must be taken off every little bit. I should use nothing on my face at all, unless I had a real growth. Many young girls exaggerate the light down that



SHOULDERS A LITTLE TOO ROUNDED, THOUGH POSITION OTHERWISE GOOD.

we all have on our faces, and undertake to remove that; very often only aggravating the condition. There is nothing unbeautiful about a little down on the face; it is only when the hair becomes black and mustachey, or long and noticeable, that one need do anything about it. Examine closely the faces of the people you know and whom you think quite good looking and you will find that practically all of them have hair in some form on their faces, yet you never noticed it before. People do not notice any small amount of hair you may have, either.

MOTHER.—Your hair is splitting and growing thin because your body is not nourishing it sufficiently. The fact that you nurse your baby, as of course you should, means that you need yourself a great deal more nourishment than ordinary in order to feed her and keep your own body up to normal. So try your best to take more nourishment; milk, well-cooked cereal, boiled rice with sugar and cream, soft-boiled eggs, baked potatoes. Be sure that the bowels function. Get all the sleep you possibly can. After you have weaned the baby, it will be easier, but even then you must be careful to keep well-fed, and well taken care of. You need sleep, food. The hair probably does not need any special local treatment—it is only crying out for food, just as your baby would if you neglected it. So answer that cry, by systematically pouring easily digested food into your body at regular intervals—milk, cream, cereals, fruits, lean medium rare meat, bacon, green vegetables, fresh fruits. Be your own patient and treat yourself well.

LOUISE.—French heels are not at all fashionable except for dancing pumps or slippers. For street wear, a quite low flat heel is the most worn by fashionable women; for those who are short, a high heel but of military shape—that is, with a large base instead of the small French base. Your height does not require anything of the kind; you should be both fashionable and comfortable by choosing low heels. Even for your pumps and slippers, I should choose what they call the opera heel—which is a sort of French heel, that is with a small base—but only half the ordinary height of this kind of heel. This is a very fashionable heel, except for short women or those who have an arch which is not comfortable in a low heel. For walking, never under any circumstances wear a high heel—it is distinctly unfashionable as well as unhealthful. No, my dear, you do not weigh too much—you could even stand a few more pounds!

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.



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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

is nice for starting all garden plants and every home should grow flowers. I love flowers, children and chickens and they get every minute of my spare time.

I raise the single comb brown Leghorn chickens and I find them extra good layers. I would not raise a mixed breed of chickens as so many farm women do. I have read of the Golden Wyandottes and would like to learn more about that breed. Every woman that lives where there is plenty of space can raise the large breeds to furnish meat for the table and the smaller breed for eggs.

I must hurry now for Mrs. Wilkinson will shoo at me.

With love to all the kind sisters,

MRS. F. F. MULLIKIN.

ARAGO, MINN.

DEAR SISTERS AND MRS. WILKINSON:

I can promise not to take up much room if you will only let me come in, for I weigh only a little over one hundred pounds. And I'll only stay a minute for I get tired so soon, not tired of your company (that couldn't happen) but I'm a semi-invalid, have been for the past four years, and cannot stay up long.

I come to ask a favor of you all. I'd like to have the sisters send me post-cards, and I hope you will even though I shall not be able to answer them. My reason for asking this is to help pass away the long, idle hours. I hear someone whisper that they have no idle hours. I wouldn't either if I were well and strong but I've been in bed most of the time since I was taken sick. Some days I feel quite well, then I do fancy work. I like to crochet, tat, knit and do raffia work. Can make pretty paper flowers and we make lots of trimmings for our Christmas tree. I also mend and patch but the sisters don't generally mention that branch of fancy work though I am sure they all have to do it. On the days that I am too tired to do these things I read and it is for those days of which there are many, that I want to look at your post-cards. My birthday is in June but I will not ask for a birthday shower as this letter may not appear until after that, and, besides, I like a variety of views and will ask each of you to choose what you like best to send me.

I live on a farm of 250 acres, twelve miles from Park Rapids. This is noted for summer resorts as there is such pretty scenery, lots of lakes and fine fishing. The Itasca State Park is only nineteen miles from my home and there is where the Mississippi River begins its long journey. There are all kinds of wild animals in the park, including elk, moose, deer and bear. Many tourists come here every summer and mamma earns pin money by selling fresh vegetables to them. We have one acre of ground for a garden and raise everything for our own use for summer and winter. Mamma cans a big winter supply of vegetables and fruits and in winter we can mincemeat, fresh beef, soup, cure and smoke pork and also fry down fresh sausages and pork chops for summer use.

Mamma does all the sewing and knitting for a family of nine, besides sending three children to school and taking care of me, so don't you think she is pretty busy? The children help her all they can but they haven't much time as we live two and one-half miles from school so they must leave home early and it is late before they get back. We have a covered rig with a stove in it for cold weather.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

You laugh, you pout, you frown—

—and every emotion sets its seal on your skin, marring its youthful smoothness. Elizabeth Arden has perfected a true balm to erase these marks of time and life—

ANTI-WRINKLE CREAM—an astringent nourishing cream that prevents and banishes unbecoming lines. $2 by mail.

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Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.



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Through the columns of this department our Doctor's advice regarding maternity and child welfare will be given free in answer to questions by our subscribers. Address Mother and Baby Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and be sure to give your full name and address. Names will not be published.

Some Danger Signals of Babyhood

HERETOFORE each topic that I have chosen as the subject of a monthly talk in this department has taken all the space that could be spared for that purpose in a single issue and sometimes had to be continued in the following number, but this month my little lecture will cover several matters no less important for parents to know about though requiring less space for explanation. If parents will heed these cautions and instructions it will enable them in many a case to save baby from life-long suffering or maybe from immediate fatal consequences.

As soon as baby is born, a few drops of one per cent. solution of nitrate of silver or twenty per cent. solution of argyrol should be dropped in baby's eyes, taking care to get the solution well under each lid. This should be done by the doctor or nurse in attendance but, although required by law in many of the States, it is sometimes neglected, and such neglect may, and sometimes does, result in the child becoming totally blind for life. Therefore the parents should see to it that this precautionary treatment, the importance of which cannot be overestimated, be promptly administered in every case to prevent possible infection of a nature that might destroy the baby's sight. The statistics of blindness in babies are almost unbelievable, and when we stop to think that many, if not all, these cases of infant blindness are preventable by this simple means we realize that neglect is unpardonable.

Another important thing to bear in mind is the proper tying of the cord, as there is great danger of hemorrhage if this is not properly done. Also see that the abdominal band is properly put on, with the end of the cord pinting upward toward the chin. The abdominal band will support the weak abdominal muscles if baby cries or strains. The cord stump can be well covered with clean absorbent cotton, which dries it up quickly as anything, and this is the object to be realized. The greasy rag so often used is not an absorbent and there is great danger of infection. The stump of the cord dries up in about five days. In washing baby notice if the navel protrudes, and I speak of this because often if baby cries a great deal you may get an umbilical hernia. This is not serious if noticed and properly treated. The treatment is to take a button about one inch in diameter, covering it with absorbent cotton, the rounded or convex surface being covered to make it soft and unirritating; with this press the navel in and hold the button there with strips of adhesive plaster put on so as to form a cross. This dressing if properly applied holds the parts in their normal position and you soon get the parts strongly healed. You can change the cotton and adhesive plaster often enough to keep them clean, and if this is worn a few months you can cure the hernia and thereby eliminate the necessity of an operation or truss to hold it in position. An umbilical hernia in young babies is not an uncommon condition.

Just a few words in regard to leaving medicine, pins, screws, etc., around where baby can get hold of them and swallow them, as you all know the first thing a baby tries to do with anything is to put it into its mouth. It ought not to be necessary to speak of this as everyone knows of these dangers and the unfortunate sad results we hear about so often, but our object in referring to it is to increase your vigilance.

There should be a shelf or closet for all medicines and each bottle or box ought to be properly marked or labeled. If a baby is taken suddenly ill we always have to take into consideration the possibility of its being poisoned by some medicine taken unbeknown to anyone, or of its being infected or injured by some foreign body it has swallowed.

Volumes have been written about feeding the baby and everyone seems to agree that the ideal food for a baby is the healthy mother's milk. If for some reason it is not possible for the mother to nurse the baby, we have to consider cow's milk and the different baby foods. Modified cow's milk may seem to be an ideal food, but one danger that we have to consider is that the cow may not be healthy, may be tubercular. In some States the cows are tested and examined, but I am sorry to say that this is not the law all over the country. Without doubt in many cases where modified milk does not agree with baby it is on account of the milk not being right. Let us hope that this can be overcome and that these poor helpless babies will not be exposed to the danger of drinking milk from diseased cows. A baby properly fed and given the proper amount of exercise and sleep out in the open air will not have many of the ailments that cause us so much worry and trouble, and is less susceptible to even the infectious and contagious diseases.

Many of the deformities of babies, especially of their feet, if properly treated can easily be corrected before they are two years old. Often at this early age, a corrected deformity held in position by a plaster of Paris cast for a few weeks will save an operation later on in life, and with better hopes for a perfect result. It is a solemn duty that parents owe their children, that they start them in life well equipped physically, their future education depending on the financial condition of their parents and the ambition of the child.

It is an impossibility to keep education away from one who has the ambition and courage to go out for it.

Subject for our next month's talk: *"Summer Diseases* of Babies."

Questions and Answers

FEEDING BABY.—I would like to know what to feed my baby and how often, as I am going to wean her. She does not get sleep enough, going to sleep at 8 P. M., awakening several times during the night, then gets up at 6.30 A. M., gets one or two hours sleep during day. MRS. C. V. H., Mt. Vernon, Ill.

A.—Feeding a baby after weaning depends or varies a little according to its age. If only a few weeks old I should suggest at first: milk, two ounces; water, four ounces; sugar of milk, one-half teaspoonful; keep increasing the milk until at six months the baby is taking equal parts of milk and water, as follows: milk, three ounces; water, three ounces; sugar of milk, one teaspoonful; lime-water, one tablespoonful. You keep on increasing the proportion of milk until at the ninth month the baby is taking pure milk, with lime-water, one tablespoonful to three ounces.

Until the baby is three months old, it should be fed every two hours, during day, one or two feedings during night, but after third month, feed every three hours, and no night feedings. This is a good rule to follow, but you must follow it with reason, and if the baby falls asleep and does not get a good meal at bedtime and awakens in the night hungry, feed it by all means, although night feeding after the third or fourth month as a regular thing is not advisable. Babies can become like night-watchmen, eating during night-time and keeping its guardian awake.

Milk is a good food at any age; after weaning baby, oatmeal gruel, cream of wheat, stale wheat bread toasted, baked potato, coddled egg, chicken broth, meat soups not greasy, are all good in addition to milk.

Most of the trouble of babies lying awake nights is caused by their being hungry, the want of food, or the indigestion gas caused by taking food that does not digest properly. MRS. E. B., Forston, Minn., MRS. W. L. H., Lehi, Utah, MRS. B. F., Brandenburg, Ky., please read the foregoing in answer to your inquiries.

INDIGESTION.—My babies are fat at birth, but soon get thin, weighing less at four months of age than at birth. They never seem sick, but constipated, vomiting milk three hours after nursing. Will you please tell me the cause and relief.

MRS. M. M., Mt. Olive, Miss.

A.—A nursing mother should keep her own bowels and digestion in a normal condition and the baby's will be normal.

Would suggest that you be careful what you eat, and take two teaspoonfuls of elix. lactated pepsin, after each meal, and if the baby does not improve, wean it and put her on modified milk. Have baby sleep and exercise out in the open air all that is possible.

SORES, ERUPTIONS FROM ANEMIA AND MALNUTRITION.—What can I do for my five-months-old baby that has sores, eruptions on head and face and itches very badly? MRS. V. K., Herbster, Wisc.

A.—Should give him syrup of iodide of iron, two drops, three times a day, in water. Should wash parts twice a day with Dakins' solution, then apply a little sulphur ointment. Please read the foregoing: Mrs. J. L. L., Guernsey, Wyo., also Mrs. C. I., Mannington, W. Va.

CLOTHING FOR BABY.—Should a baby born in May wear wool or silk shirts? Should I get outing gowns or nainsook? MRS. J. H., Sapulpa, Okla.

A.—Should advise the woolen shirts as they absorb quickly. I think the outing preferable to nainsook.

FONTANELLES CLOSING.—My baby girl is three months old and when she was born, the soft place on her head was the size of a ten-cent piece. They tell me if this closes too quickly, she will die, or not be right mentally. Is this true? She is very bright and healthy now.

MRS. N. B. V., Seward, Alaska.

A.—The gradual closing of the fontanelles is a natural physiological act, and will not cause your baby girl any trouble or affect her mental condition.

NIGHT SWEATS.—Can you tell me the cause and relief of my five-months-old baby sweating at night until his clothing is wet?

MRS. M. W., Tanner, W. Va.

A.—Night sweats are a symptom of some severe constitutional disease like tuberculosis, or a serious run-down condition, but may be of nervous origin. Would suggest examination by some competent physician to find the cause in your baby's case.

RICKETS.—What can I feed my eleven-months-old baby who has rickets, as she does not seem to gain. One side is higher than the other, and her head sweats a great deal. Should she take a tonic?

MRS. M. E. H., Outlook, Mont.

A.—Should put her on a nourishing diet, cow's milk, cream, beef juice squeezed from fresh steak, broths, stale bread-crumbs in milk, and have her out of doors all you can. There is, in such cases, usually a lack of salts in the body, so put two or three tablespoonfuls of lime-water in milk or other liquid foods per day; also give a few grains of bicarbonate of soda in her food. Give her one teaspoonful of Maltine and Cod Liver Oil, three times a day.

CONSTIPATION AND INDIGESTION.—What can I do for my four-months-old baby, as he throws up his food, does not seem to digest it? He slobbers all the time and bites his hands.

MRS. A. S., Ky.

A.—Keep your own bowels regular and your digestion normal and your nursing baby's will be the same. Take Nujol in teaspoonful doses often enough to keep bowels regular, or teaspoonful doses of fluid extract of cascara sagrada.

The slobbering and biting his hands would indicate that he was teething.

DIET DURING PREGNANCY AND AFTER: BABY'S BAND.—What foods should a mother avoid during pregnancy and after confinement? How long should a baby wear its band?

MRS. C. E., Abbeville, Ga.

A.—During pregnancy a mother should have a good generous diet, avoiding any foods that cause indigestion and gas, being especially careful to keep bowels regular and to know that kidneys are performing their proper functions.

After confinement the same suggestion would hold good, only that she must take milk and other liquids in the amounts needed to furnish proper food for the baby.

If baby has indigestion and gas, the mother must avoid acids and indigestible foods. (b) Baby should wear band two years, or until it gets its teeth.

UNDERWEIGHT, ANEMIA.—I have a boy seven years old who weighs 35 pounds, has yellow, sallow complexion. He eats heartily, but on meats and sweets. Please suggest diet and treatment.

MRS. E. E. A., Winters, Texas.

A.—Your boy's color would indicate a torpid liver, and I would sugest cutting down of the sugars and fats, that is the meats and sweets. Have him take milk, three or four glasses each day, vegetables, cereals with cream, and not much sugar. Should give him teaspoonful doses of Neoferrum, three times a day after meals.

SUCKING THUMBS, BIRTHMARKS, AFTERNOON CRYING SPELLS.—Will it cause my baby's mouth or fist to be ugly shaped if baby sucks his fist, and how can I stop it? (b) What causes birthmarks, and how can they be removed? (c) What causes my baby to cry late in the afternoon and evening?

MRS. C. L. B., Ranseur, N. C.

A.—Sucking the thumb or fist is a harmless matter and will not cause any deformity. Any harmless preparation that tastes badly, like vinegar or alum, put on fist will usually stop the sucking of thumb or fist.

(B) We do not believe in birthmarks, but if your baby has any disfiguring mark, any abnormal growth, both of which are caused by pressure, or disturbed cell formation, go to some competent surgeon and he will advise you what to do. There is no general suggestion or advice that would be applicable to all cases.

(C) A baby, or even adult, becomes tired in the late afternoon and evening, and at times may become irritable.

Mrs. L. H., Swan Quarter, N. C., please read the foregoing.

BOW-LEGS.—What can I do for a baby eighteen months old who is bow-legged?

MRS. M., Liberty, Tenn.

A.—You can do a whole lot for him by massage, rubbing, of course using your pressure so as to correct deformity. If you do not get perfect result from this persistent rubbing, have your physician correct the shape of the legs, by extreme pressure under ether, put on plaster of Paris bandage, and have him wear it six weeks. Do not encourage baby to walk until he is stronger.

SUCKING LIP.—What can I do for my five-months-old baby, who sucks his lip all the time?

MRS. G. S., Trent, Texas.

A.—This is one of the almost unaccountable habits that babies take up. Stop him doing it whenever you can, giving him rubber ring or something to suck and he will soon give up the habit.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

I said Ed only stay a minute and I'm like the little boy whose mother asked him how many seconds there were in a minute. He said: "Which kind do you mean, mother, a regular minute or one of those great, long wait-a-minnfes? That's the kind I meant.

With best wishes and good luck to all,

FRIEDA HEMMERICH.

BRIGHTON, OREGON.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for only a few months but after seeing a sister's letter requesting the ideas of others on remarriage, I decided to write of my own experience and let her judge for herself.

At the age of eighteen I was left a widow with two babies, one seventeen months old and one just a week old. I went home to father and mother but it was no longer home to me after having had one of the dearest men and homes in the world. Besides, I felt as though I were imposing and in the way. A year after my husband's death I met a man who loved me and wanted me to marry him. I also cared for him. At first I thought of the children for I did not want to run the risk of having them misused. He said he loved my babies and would be a regular father to them so we were married. The children loved him from the first and he is always ready to wait on their many wants and answer their childish questions. They think Daddy is the only one ever and will do anything for him and mind him better than they will me. We also have a baby boy, eight months old. I have never regretted my second marriage for a minute as my husband is so good to us all.

But I will say if you are not sure this man loves children, don't marry him for a man who doesn't care for children won't care for those that aren't his own.

Now for a bit about myself. I am in the twenties, five feet, three inches tall, weigh 110 pounds, have grey eyes and auburn hair.

Best wishes to all readers. MRS. J. G. KRAKE.

Laddie of Mine

By Clara Miehm

There's a little house on the hilltop
Snuggled closely among the trees
And every eve, at twilight,
A song wafts out on the breeze.
A song that is glad, yet lonely,
But filled with a hope divine;
It's the little old lady singing,
"Laddie, dear laddie of mine."

Will you come home in the springtime,
Or will it be in the fall?
But laddie was many a mile away
And never came home at all.
He sleeps in the land of the Lilies
With other lads, stalwart and fine,
The little old lady keeps singing,
"Laddie, dear laddie of mine."

Her eyes with sad tears grow dimmer,
Her hopes and her dreams all die,
Though she knows she will meet her laddie
In the sweet, sweet by and by,
Far away from the land of the Lilies,
Far away from the battle line,
Still she keeps singing and singing,
"Laddie, dear laddie of mine."

He sleeps in the land of the Lilies;
She sleeps in the land of the Free,
For death called, and she answered
Gently, with sweet humility.
And she never knew that her laddie,
In France 'neath a sheltering pine,
Heard her sing, as he dreamed in the shadows,
"Laddie—dear laddie of mine."

—*Detroit News.*

The Mother

"She never touched with skillful brush the canvas,
And left a picture that the world might praise,
Or, with inspired fingers on the keyboard,
Sent down an echo through the length of days.

But once with eyes tearstained yet looking upward,
With smiling lips she passed beneath the rod,
Descending almost to the Vale of Shadows,
To bring a little newborn soul from God.

"She never sang a song of joy or sadness,
In clear, sweet tones, to make us smile or weep,
Her voice, too weak to win the world's approval,
Was only good to hush a babe to sleep.

"She never penned a book whose glowing pages
Might lift us up and help us in the fight,
But day by day she sought with loving patience
To guide two little stumbling feet aright.

"And yet, mayhap when at the gate of Heaven
She paused, God looked at her and smiled,
With hand outstretched, His kind voice spoke a welcome
To her, the mother of a little child."

(Author unknown.)

NORWICH, 8 West Railroad St., N. Y.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for only four months but I wish to reply to Lena's letters. My life has been practically the same as hers, for the last seven years. My husband was extremely jealous of my first husband's children; he thought I cared more for them than I did for him and it wasn't long before I had reason for feeling that way. He was the best man in the world to me when he didn't feel jealous but I was not allowed to speak to men, or women either at times. I tried to live a Christian life and if I brought up this subject I was ridiculed. Now I will tell you what I did: I left. After some time my imaginary conscience told me I was doing wrong by not taking him for better or for worse and I took him back, only to live the same life over. I did that several times until I was just ruining my children's happiness and my own, too. It was a hard thing to do but the last time he came back I refused to see him and although today he is dead, I really feel no regret for not trying it all over again.

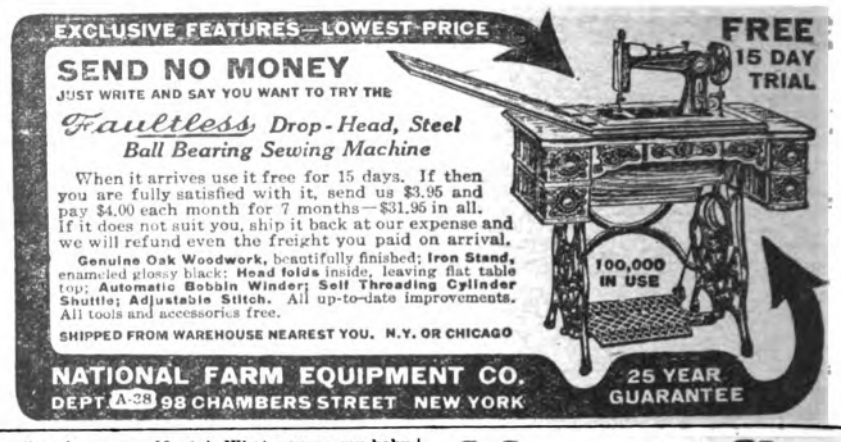
A little poem I like is:

"What's the use of ever sighing,
Might as well go long and smile,
Life, our longest, greatest sorrow,
Only lasts a little while."

Surely my letter does not read like "Heartbroken's" does it, but I am not heartbroken. I have a great peace of mind and know that God knows all and sees all. I can hold my religious belief now and I have learned the great lesson of not to worry. Actually, I do not worry over a thing. God says, "Ask, expecting to receive and you will receive." My advice to you is to get so close to God that you can feel His love and He will tell you what to do.

I am a middle-aged woman, past forty, work every week day in a mill to support two children and do my housework at night. I do not work on Sunday. I find I always lose before the week is over if I work on Sunday. I am perfectly happy and contented and each night I thank God for our health, our eyesight

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)





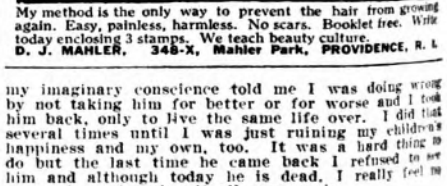
















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KRAUTH & REED, Dept. 130
MASONIC TEMPLE CHICAGO

Love Will Find the Way

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

Morris. Why, I have met the man myself."

"But your father may have borrowed his name?"

"Even that would give no account for the length of time that she has been under Doctor Judson's care—thirty years and more. Is that no proof?"

"Strong proof—insurmountable proof! But what reason has he for doubting your paternity?"

"Only that it would seem impossible for a father to practice so cruel a deception on his own child, not to speak of the humiliation and disgrace that he has put upon me. Even the most depraved of parents will save a daughter the shame that he has forced upon me."

"That creates hope, certainly, but offers no proof, and it is not sentimentality but reality that we are trying to discover now. I don't want to hurt you, dear, but I will not advise you to think too strongly of this mistaken parentage. Those things sometimes occur; but they are cases which are few in number, and happen more often in novels than in real life. Can we go and see Doctor Judson now?"

"He told me to bring you as soon as you came."

"Then I should like to go over all the ground with him at once. Let us go."

She arose immediately, and standing there with the declining sun making shadows among the shrubbery about her, she exclaimed:

"Yes; let us go! I am impatient to know all that is possible for me to know, and to hear what you will have to say to each other. But I shall not hear for praying—praying to the God of the helpless that it may prove true that I am not the daughter of Paul Reade, that I am not the offspring of a scoundrel and a thief!"

A sudden exclamation caught their attention, and turning, Marian saw Mrs. King. She had fallen against a trunk of a tree, and half-lay there, looking up at her with wildly startled eyes. Marian sprang toward her and lifted her gently.

"What is it?" she asked. "Have you hurt yourself? Are you ill?"

"No, no!" gasped the woman. "I thought you were in the house. I was passing here, and I heard your last words. Tell me quickly! What Paul Reade was it of whom you spoke? Name something by which I can know! What is your own first name, and what was his mother's?"

"My name is Marian. His mother's is Janet."

The words were scarcely coherent under excitement; but Mrs. King understood.

"It must be!" she panted—"it must be! God has sent me deliverance at last! If it is the Paul Reade who has wrecked my life, then he is not your father, child, but I—I, the unfortunate, wretched creature who have scarcely seen the light of day for sixteen long years—I, whom he has kept confined as he would a dog that was mad—I, who have suffered as no human being ever did and retained her reason—I am your mother!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

MRS. KING'S STORY.

Marian looked from Underwood to Mrs. King and back again in the utmost bewilderment. It seemed to her that she had run the gamut of surprises, surprises that were horrible and those that were pleasurable; but, surely, this was the greatest of all.

She could think of nothing to say, remember nothing that she should do, and even Underwood, losing the characteristic presence of mind of manhood, seemed stunned, and for the moment as completely at sea as if he, too, were a hysterical woman.

But he recovered himself more quickly than Marian, and, going forward hastily, he lifted Mrs. King and stood her on her feet.

"You are nervous and excited," he said soothingly. "This coincidence is very strange, certainly, and requires careful investigation, but you must wait until you are better able to be coherent on the subject. Let me take you to your room."

Mrs. King smiled faintly. She leaned heavily upon him, trembling violently, but there was more of calmness in her voice than in her manner, as she replied:

"Yes, I am both excited and nervous; but the worst is over now. I have waited too long to let this opportunity go. I can wait no longer. Silence would be the greatest possible torture to me now. It would increase my excitement to hysteria. Don't try to stop me now. Let us go on with the explanation. There can be no rest until that is done."

She put out her hand to Marian with the same faint smile still resting upon her lips, and with something like a feeling of awe Marian took it, raised it to her lips, noting how thin and transparent it was; then she held it in a warm, close clasp, and assisted Underwood as he led Mrs. King to the seat they had vacated.

"Since you will have it so," he said indulgently, "we may as well go on; but had our conversation not best take place here?"

"Yes," assented Mrs. King. "Let me tell you the story of my life here; then, if it should prove that I am wrong, that this young girl's life has no connection whatever with mine, at least, I may trust you to keep silent upon the subject until my mission will have been accomplished."

"You may trust us to help you all that lies in our power," answered Underwood kindly. "But from what has already been said, I think I am justified in adding that I don't believe you will discover that the story of your life is unconnected with hers."

He placed Mrs. King upon the seat and sat beside her, while Marian knelt in the long grass at her feet, still holding the hand that had been firmly extended to her. The girl's cheeks were flushed, and her eyes were dancing with excitement. Nothing of creation was ever more beautiful than she appeared, as she knelt there in the waning light.

Mrs. King bent forward and kissed her upon the lips, looking into the lovely eyes with an affection that could belong to none but a mother. Her heart was speaking, while the proof remained mute; but motherhood flows silently from the soul, and needs no court of justice to make knowledge perfect.

She looked into the sweet face for some moments in silence, and then she turned more quietly to Underwood.

"You see, I am quite calm now," she said gently. "I have endured so much that nothing has the power to upset me long. I have learned resignation. I had ceased to hope to ever again behold the face of my child, and yet I know that, in spite of all doubt, I am looking at her now. I believe that I intuitively knew it the moment that I looked into her eyes. I believe my mother-heart knew its offspring before my lips had spoken one word to her."

She was silent for a moment again, looking earnestly at Marian, and Underwood did not have the heart to bid her not to hope, whatever his masculine practicality might have thought. He did not speak, but waited for her to continue.

It was to him that she told the story, to him that her eyes were directed, even while she held Marian's hand closest, even when she felt the tender arm steal about her waist, and felt the breath of her own child upon her cheek.

"It is useless," she began, "to go back into the past further than Marian's birth, and, therefore, I shall only say of those days that I was married to a man whom I did not appreciate. I was young and foolish; he, wise, wealthy, and beyond his first youth. He was a man who loved his books, loved science, loved art, loved research, while I thought only of society and flattery. I shall not try to spare myself in this recital, for at least the misery of the past has taught me justice.

"I loved Horace Morehead. I know it now, though then, in my blind foolishness, I told myself that I hated him. I was jealous of his books, jealous of his friends, jealous of anything that took his time and attention from me. But I had so little experience that I understood nothing of all that. He was so wise, that it seemed to me that he must despise me for my ignorance, and in hating myself, I believed that I hated him.

"But all this while I did not try to improve myself. I did not strive to make myself the more his companion. I only lived the more for dress and fashion, striving to make myself believe I did not care. But it grew to be a bitter burden to me, and my hatred for him grew until it seemed almost a mania—this thing which I called hatred, but which was only the most senseless, inane jealousy.

"And then my baby was born! For a time I hoped that would win him from his habits of seclusion, but after the first flush of paternity was over he seemed to forget us both—baby and me—and was more deeply buried in his books than ever before. I resented this as never woman did. My whole nature and womanhood rose in rebellion.

"I have neglected to tell you that at this time we were living in New Orleans, and to that city came a young and handsome man, who seemed to comprise in his person everything which my husband most admired. He was a dilettante in almost every line. He wrote poetry that found favor with the press. He had written a book, the sound philosophy of which had pleased my husband, even before he met the author. He was something of an artist, certainly a connoisseur of art, and a clever, though not a great, musician.

"While I was still an invalid he became a frequent visitor at the house. My husband always welcomed him royally, and while the greater part of his time was passed in the study, I observed that the period passed in the drawing-room or the nursery—for he had obtained the position of friend of the household—seemed the happiest one to him. That man was Paul Reade!

"Oh! how can I go on? How can I tell you of the insidious manner in which he poisoned my mind still more against my husband? How can I tell you of the daily intercourse in which he seemed to me the personification of all that man should be? My indignation against my husband was growing with each hour, and against that background I seemed to see nothing but perfection in Paul Reade. And then the time came when I knew that he—loved me!

"He did not tell me in words, but he let me see it in every act of his daily life. He let me see it in every tender little attention that man can pay to woman. He let me read it in the contrast between him and my husband. He did not speak to me of my husband's neglect, but he made me feel his sympathy, and he knew me well enough to understand that while I would have resented any spoken words, his unuttered sympathy touched my heart in its most vulnerable point.

"And then when my baby was less than six months old, her father died suddenly."

Mrs. King paused. The horror that had come into her eyes as she continued the recital had increased. She felt the arm that encircled her waist grow tighter, and it gave her strength to continue, though her voice was fainter as she went on. No one else spoke, and no voice save hers broke the stillness.

"I did not realize even then that I loved him more than all the world. I did not understand that the loss I had sustained was one that would affect my whole after-life. The doctors called it disease of the heart, and he was buried. He had not even bidden me good night on the night that he died, and my resentment was there even against the dead. And then—well, Paul Reade was more than ever my friend, my protector, my—I blush to say it—lover!

"I need not recount all that time. I need not particularize the means that he used to accomplish his ends. I believed that my husband had never loved me. I believed that Paul Reade did, and with my foolish heart crying out for the affection that had been denied it through all those years of my young life, I yielded to his entreaties, and when my baby's father had been in his grave scarce six months, I became the wife of another man!

"But I was ashamed of it. Somehow, I felt that I had brought disgrace on that little life by giving it two fathers when it was scarcely one year old; and I persuaded Paul to take me away from New Orleans. He consented. Seeing how I felt, he proposed that he should tell his relatives that we had been married four years before and that Marian was his own child. Since that marriage was legal, I saw no objection to that, and since Paul Reade had been away from his native state for more than three years there was no reason why it should not be successfully carried out.

"We agreed upon that plan. We took the fortune which my husband had left to his wife and child, and for six months we traveled about the country—in Europe, and over half the world. It was then that I learned the true character of Paul Reade. I discovered him to be a thief—a gambler! He was kind enough to me until I refused to give him money, and then the man's fiendish temper broke out, and I knew that my master had found me through physical force.

"Then I began to realize what Horace Morehead had been to me. I began to understand how I had loved him. I began to see how much a man he really had been, and I loathed myself that I had not been a better wife; that I had not tried to comprehend him, that I had not striven to be a companion instead of a drag upon him. He grew then to be a sort of god to me, and I worshiped his memory as I had really worshiped him in life without knowing it.

"This seems, I know, like mere sentiment, and a man can never forgive the hanging of destiny upon sentiment; but it is only the groundwork of what occurred later. The money, which had seemed ample in the beginning, became scarcer and scarcer. The constant drain, which was indeed terrible, with nothing added from any source, had well-nigh exhausted the supply, for Paul's losses, notwithstanding his dishonest principles at cards, were something stupendous. And then one day the end came.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FAMILY FAULTS

By Jean O'Brien

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ONCE I heard a boy of eighteen say, laughingly, "This is why boys leave home." He said it after his mother had opened his mail one morning. She only smiled and said, "Oh, I knew *you* couldn't be getting any important letters."

I have known many sisters who open their brother's mail, and many brothers who give their sister's letters the "once over." A most serious fault. What is intolerable conduct in a stranger, is still more intolerable from a near relative with whom one must live every day.

But of this mail-opening I have not heard nearly so many complaints as of another thing. The most awful family failing, and the most prevalent, to judge by observation as well as hearsay, is the sin, yes, the *sin*, of trying to appropriate one member's friend or friends, to destroy the sacredness of individual friendship, and to make the friend of *one*, the common and no longer sacred companion, of a whole family.

It should be plain to every person of even ordinary intelligence that the friend who loves one member of a family can hardly adore the whole group. It should be quite as plain, therefore, that the friend, who calls often, is not interested, save through politeness, in the others.

Individual friendships should be *more* sacred in a home than elsewhere, for if a girl or boy, man or woman, cannot reveal individuality there, then he or she must pose all through life.

It is often true, unfortunately, that a friend recognizes talents and virtues in one of the family which the other members did not know existed. To live all one's life with another is not always enough to *know* that other.

Friendship is the world's greatest talent-discoverer. The brightest spot in every great man's, in every great woman's life, is friendship. Is not the family *big* enough, *great* enough, to leave this wonderful gift to any one of their group? Do not forget the biting sarcasm of the old phrase, "One can choose his friends, but not his relations."

For the sake of unity of family groups, for the sake of hospitality, all of you who live in a family recognize and respect the rights of others to their friends. Don't let your constant presence be a restraint to friendly converse. Don't urge your own friends to meet your family too often. People in families lose many friends by this urging. Recognize even a child's right to the affection of friends. Don't try to get the child's friends for your own.

Acknowledge that every member of a family has a right to individual friends. Just as every member, when circumstances permit, has a right to an individual room.

If you get so far as to acknowledge this, it should be easy to agree that each member of the family has a right to cultivate his own talents and to use, or display, his own taste.

Don't expect John to like your system of decoration for his room. Don't find fault with his choice of books, writing materials, or even ties. *No.* If his taste is atrocious, the family is to blame. If the family had been careful while John was still young enough, he would have better taste. It is only justice that the family should suffer for its own carelessness.

The collector of clippings, books, sketches, butterflies, has a right to those tastes. Often what is regarded by the family as "queerness" is the survival of a childish talent, or aptitude which a stupid system of education has almost killed. The wise relative should show interest in all family collections.

As the first family failing is a disregard for a member's rights to his own friends, so this second failing is a disregard for a member's right to his own tastes. Just as if you told a son, daughter, brother or sister: "You have no right to your own soul." To laugh at a child's or adult's "hobbies" is to laugh at the most frequent revelation of soul-strivings in the world.

If every member of a family would just resolve to respect every other member's friendships and tastes, there would be fewer complaints about another family failing—discourtesy.

This includes telling Mary that her dress looks "fierce," telling Aunt Jane, "How yellow you're getting," and also informing John, "You're as awkward as the deuce." Probably Mary must wear her dress however "fierce" it is, and Aunt Jane will be no happier for knowing she grows yellow, nor will John develop grace by being called awkward.

Discourtesy often goes deeper than these surface remarks, though. It is a far more gross discourtesy to hasten from the parlor every time Mary sits down to play, or to walk away from the rest of the company when Aunt Jane is in the middle of an oft-told tale. True, Aunt Jane should not be such a repeater but that gives *you* no excuse to let the general public observe your rudeness to her. Especially if she is growing old, and therefore garrulous at times.

Discourtesy in the family is usually the fault of the family. Children who were taught courtesy by example as well as precept for many years do not forget when they are older. But every discourteous adult can cure himself or herself.

Really one of the best cures for discourtesy is a really free hospitality. The kind of hospitality which will allow Mary to chat with *her* friend, John with *his* friend, father with his own cronies, and mother with hers. The family group which sees too much of one another and too little of friends grows queer and defeats one of the best missions of the home.

For the ideal home should be an asylum for the homeless or those in unhappy homes, and, equally, an asylum for its own. The best motto for such a one is that of the French Republic, "Liberte, egalite, fraternite."

Respect rights in others, and talents, and friends, and be happy and at home everywhere.



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Simple Slip-On Features a New Border

Cranberry Insertion and Edging

Ch 54, turn.

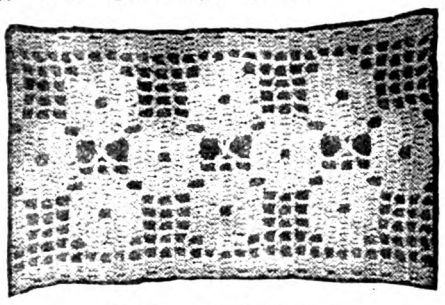
1st row—3 d c in 3 sts, ch 2, sk 2, 1 d c, repeat, making 5 more sps, 3 blks (10 d c), 6 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

2nd row—3 d c, 5 sps, 5 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

3rd row—1 blk, 5 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

4th row—Same as 3rd row.

5th row—1 blk, 2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.



CRANBERRY INSERTION.

6th row—1 blk, 1 sp, 5 blks, 1 sp, ch 5, begin doubles in next sp and make 5 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

7th row—1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, ch 3, 1 s c under ch 5 in last row, ch 3, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

8th row—Same as 6th row, ch 19, turn.

9th row—5 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, ch 5, 1 d c on d c beyond sp in last row, ch 5, 1 d c on 1st d c in next blk in last row, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

10th row—1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 5 blks, 5 closed lacets as in 6th and 8th rows 1 sp, 5 blks, ch 3, turn.

11th row—2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 5 chs of 5 over lacets, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

12th row—Same as 10th, ch 5, turn.

13th row—3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, ch 5, 1 d c, ch 5, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 s c over center 4th lacet, 2 d c under ch of 3 lacet, 1 d c on d c, 2 d c under ch 1 d c on center st, 2 d c under ch of next lacet, 1 d c on d c, 1 sp, 3 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

14th row—1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps, 5 blks, 1 lacet, 1 sp, 5 blks, ch 3, turn.

15th row—2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, ch 5, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

16th row—Same as 14th row, ch 5, turn.

17th row—3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks over lacet and a half worked in same way as in 13th row, 1 sp, 3 blks, 7 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk.

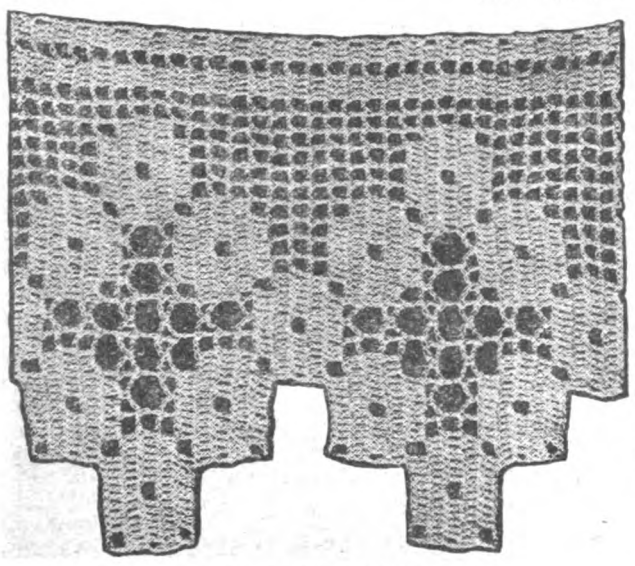
18th row—1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps, 5 blks, 1 lacet, 1 sp, 5 blks, ch 3, turn.

19th row—2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, ch 5, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

20th row—Same as 18th row, ch 5, turn.

21st row—3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks over sp and lacet, 1 sp, 3 blks, 7 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

22nd row—1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 10 sps, 5 blks, ch 3, turn.



CRANBERRY EDGING.

23rd row—2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 10 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

24th row—Same as 22nd row, ch 19, turn.

25th row—Same as 5th row.

Repeat pattern from here.

Hope Chest Linens

With the coming of the spring days the June brides to be begin to take account of the stock which their hope chests already have, and make plans for what is still needed.

To do this successfully one must first consider what the future home is to be, whether a house, a flat or a first tiny home of only two or three rooms. Then only what is really needed will be purchased.

Any girl in need of advice as to just what she should have to begin housekeeping in a modest but comfortable way will find this list a most satisfactory one.

Six sheets,	Six wash-cloths,
Six pairs pillow slips,	Six huck towels,
Six hand towels,	Two guest towels,
Six dish towels,	Three pairs blankets,
Two dish cloths,	Two bedspreads,
Three glass towels,	Two puffs,
Three dust cloths,	One table-cloth,
Six bath towels,	Two breakfast cloths.

The table-cloth should be of linen even if not of the finest quality. This for guests with the addition of a dozen napkins, one-half of dinner and one-half of tea size, and the two smaller cloths will provide for the table linen for two, at the start.

To this may be added a hand-made luncheon set, table runners or perhaps a set of sanitas doilies, which are great labor savers.

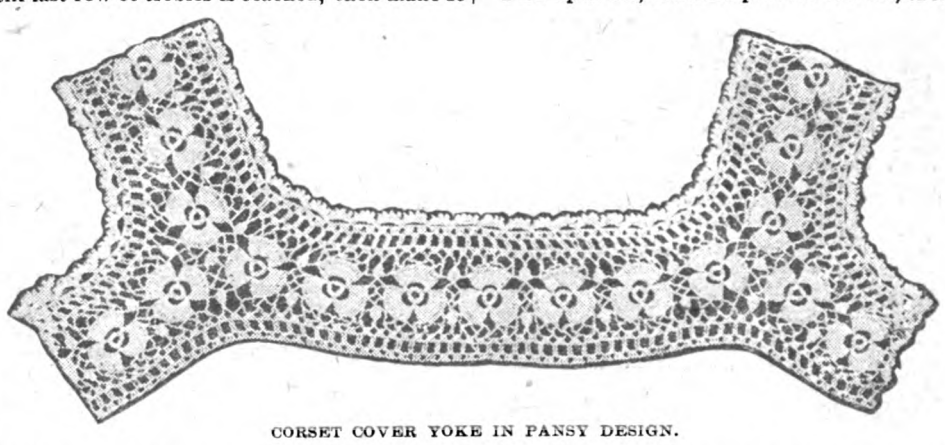
Bureau covers, doilies, centerpieces and other extras which help to make a home pretty, can be made in spare moments or often come to the hope chest from friends.

Corset Cover Yoke in Pansy Design

Materials. No. 60 white or colored crochet cotton and suitable size steel hook.

Pansies

Ch 10, join in ring, 18 d c in ring, ch 10, fasten in 6th double, ch 10, fasten in 12th double, ch 10, fasten at base of 1st, ch 10, * 16 doubles under next 10 chs, turn, treble in every double (16 in all), turn, 15 tr c, ch 3, catch in last treble and sl st down to center ring, *, repeat from * to * for next petal, repeat for third petal till last row of trebles is reached, then make 16 trebtes, omitting 3 chs at end of row and do not sl st down side, * ch 9, fasten in top of ch 3 of next petal, ch 9, fasten in 4th treble, ch 9, fasten in 8th treble, ch 9, fasten in 12th treble, ch 9, fasten in 16th or last treble, *, repeat from * to * twice. Ch 9, catch at base of 1st 9 ch. This completes a pansy. Yoke requires 35 pansies for medium size, when making the loops of ch 9 join 3 loops to completed pansy in the following way: Ch 4, catch in center of ch 9 on completed pansy, ch 4, catch in pansy being made, repeat twice. Illustration will show position of each pansy and which loops to join.



CORSET COVER YOKE IN PANSY DESIGN.

Make the front over shoulders and back ones first, the under arms last. Join 10 in same way for front, 4 over each shoulder, 9 for back and 4 under each arm.

Border

Fasten thread in back in center of ch 9, ch 9, fasten in center of next ch 9, repeat around, making a cluster of 6 tr c between pansies to strengthen border, keeping trebles on hook until all are made and taking all off together.

2nd row—Sl st to center of ch 9, ch 3, 2 trebles under next ch 9, repeat around, joining to top of 1st ch 3.

Beading

3rd row—Sl st to ch 1, between trebles, ch 5, 1 d tr in 1st tr of cluster of trs, ch 3, 1 d tr in 1st ch between next two clusters of trs, 1 d tr in first tr of cluster following. Repeat around.

4th row—Sl st to 1st st of ch 3, ch 3, 2 tr in next 2 sts of ch, ch 1, c tr in next ch 3, repeat around.

5th row—Ch 7, sk 2 clusters of tr, catch in ch 1, repeat around.

Scallops

6th row—1 d c, 2 tr c, picot of ch 3, 2 tr c, 1 p, 2 tr c, 1 p, 2 tr c, 1 p, 2 tr c, 1 d c. This completes one scallop, repeat.

Border, neck and arms the same. Leave off scallops for bottom of yoke.

Use No. 60 crochet cotton, white or colored.

Mercerized Cotton Slip-On

Materials. For size 36 about 12 ounces of cotton perle No. 3 will be required, without sleeves 4 ounces less, 5 bone knitting needles and 1 bone crochet hook size 7 or 8.

This pretty garment features an entirely new idea, that of adding a crocheted border to a knitted body. The sweater is of stocking stitch, that is, 1 row plain, 1 purl, alternating. Work is commenced at the lower edge of the back. Cast 80 sts on the No. 5 needles.

1st row—Knit to end of row. Do not slip first stitch only as directed to do so.

2nd row—Purl all stitches.

Repeat these two rows until work measures about 15 inches or just below the bottom of the waist-line in the back. Then the crocheted border, as shown in our illustration, is added to complete the length of the sweater.

Divide work for shoulders and neck as follows: Knit 33 sts, bind off 14 sts for the neck, knit 33 sts. At this point the stitches on one side can be run onto a third needle or a safety pin, or retained on the original needle just as one prefers. Purl back. Knit and purl alternate rows, slipping first stitch now on each row on the armsize of the work.

When work measures three inches begin to increase one st on the center side of work on every other row. Continue until 12 sts have been added. Then work until opening for front is as long as desired.

Work the other shoulder to match, slip all stitches (90 in all) onto one needle and continue until work equals length of the back, folding it over at the neck line.

Sleeves

Pick up 60 sts, knit and purl for 18 rows, then commence decreasing to shape the sleeve, as follows:

19th row—K 1, k 2 tog, k to within 3 sts of end of row, then k 2 tog, k 1.

Decrease in this way in every 5th row until sleeves are right length and width. Bind off loosely.

Seam both sides of garment from the bottoms to edge of sleeves, then around bottom work a row of slip stitches loosely to even the work.

To slip stitch insert the hook into edge of knitting and draw thread through stitch and loop on hook at the same time.

Crochet Border for Lower Edge

As many rows of the open pattern, here illustrated, are used for a border as one desires, and the sleeves are edged in the sme way.

1st round—After slip stitching, beginning at an under-arm seam, * ch 4, sk 3 sts, 1 s c, repeat from * all around, ending with 1 s c.

2nd round—7 s c under each ch 4.

3rd round—Sl st to center of first loop, ch 5, 1 sl st in 5th s c of next loop.

4th round.—Same as 2nd row.

Repeat 3rd and 4th rounds as many times as one desires, then to finish work around same as the 3rd and follow with a picot edge made as follows: 3 s c, 1 p, 3 s c, 1 p, 3 s c under each ch. Break thread and fasten off by running through back stitches.

The border around sleeves is worked in the same way, but narrower, 12 rounds being a good depth.

Edging Around Neck

Work one row of slip stitches all around the opening of the neck to give evenness and firmness to the work, commencing at point in front.

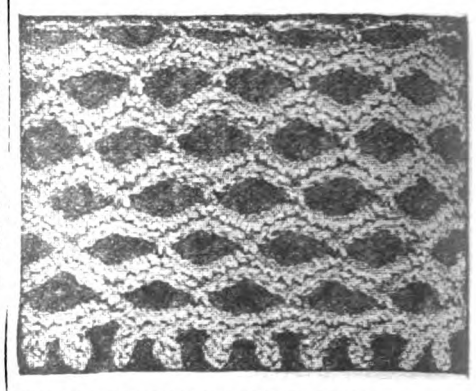
1st round—1 s c in 1st st, * ch 4, sk 3 sl sts, 1 s c into 4th st, repeat from * all around.

2nd round—* 1 s c into 1st loop of ch 4, ch 3, sl st into top of s c to form picot, 1 s c, 1 p, 1 s c, making 2 picots and 3 singles in loop, repeat from * all around and join.

Take two threads and crochet a chain about a yard in length, thread it through the holes formed by hooks around the neck and finish the ends with tassels or balls. This cord tied in front makes a very pretty finish.

Crocheted Girdle for Summer Wear

This pretty girdle is formed of interlocked rings made as follows of No. 3 mercerized pearle crochet cotton. Ch 7, join in ring, ch 1, 14 d c in ring, join and leave thread long enough to fasten. Ch 7, run through finished ring and



CROCHETED BORDER FOR MERCERIZED SLIP-ON.

join, ch 1, 14 d c in ring, join and leave thread. All rings may be of the same color or several shades may be combined.

Filet Initial D

1st row.—17 sps, ch 5, turn.

2nd row.—2 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 4 blks, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

3rd row.—4 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

4th row.—2 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

5th row.—2 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, 8 sps, ch 5, turn.

6th row.—9 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

7th row.—1 sp, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

8th row.—4 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

9th row.—1 sp, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.

10th row.—4 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

11th row.—3 sps, 2 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

12th row.—6 sps, 6 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

13th row.—17 sps.

Point Wheel Edging

This simple but effective pattern is specially good for scarf ends.

Wheels of No. 30 cotton will result in an edge about three inches wide.

Begin each wheel in the center with a ch 4, join in ring, ch 8.

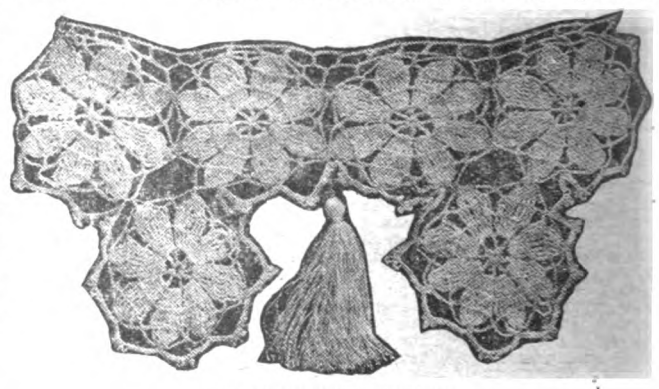
1st round—1 d c in ring, ch 3, 1 d c in ring, repeat 5 times more, ch 3, join to 1st ch 5, ch 4.

2nd round—5 tr c in 1st sp, ch 1, 6 tr c in next sp, ch 1, repeat around, ch 4.

3rd round—1 tr c on 1st 2 tr c on 2nd tr, repeat, ch 3. Repeat trs on each spoke, ch 3, join, ch 4.

4th round—1 tr on each tr retaining last loop of each on the hook and working these off together, ch 5, 1 s c under ch 3, ch 5, repeat around, ending with ch 5, 1 s c in center of 1st spoke.

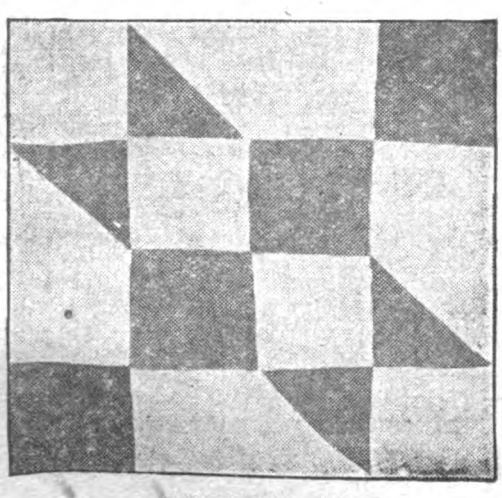
Make each wheel in this way, joining a row as shown when making by two and two spokes, then add third wheel. To the top add a row of spaces made of ch 5, 1 s c over the spokes and



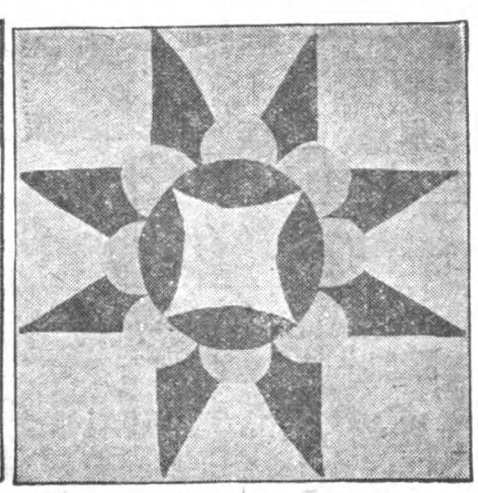
POINT WHEEL EDGING.

chs of 5, 1 d c between the wheels. Finish with 2nd row of ch 5, 1 d c under a ch, ch 5, 1 d c, repeat.

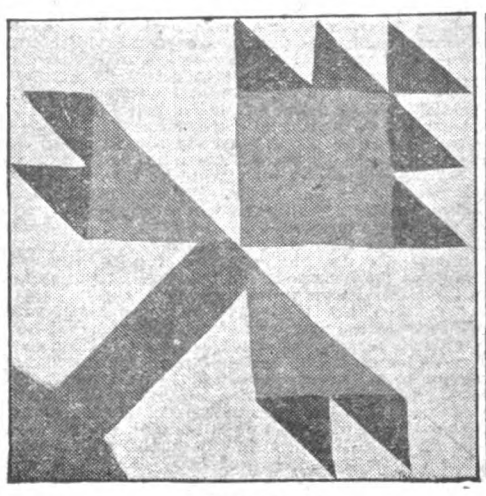
To the lower or point edge join thread to center of a spoke, ch 15, 1 s c on next spoke, continue around third wheel, along two wheels around next third wheel, and so on. Finish with a row of 10 s c, ch 3, 1 s c, ch 3, 1 s c, ch 3, 10 s c under each ch. Two-inch tassels between the points are a great addition.



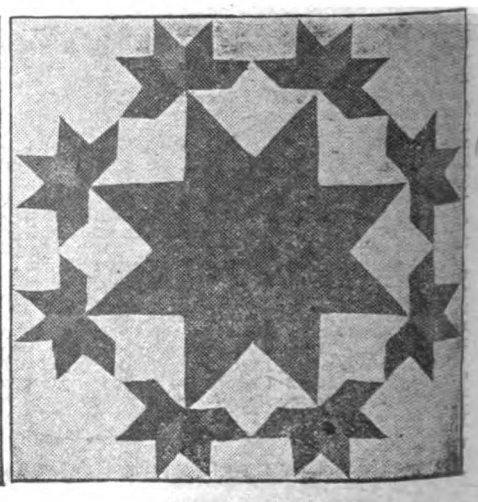
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By the Magic of the Old Tatting Shuttle

Tatted Hand Bag

OUR illustration of the single medallion which makes up the main part of this tatted bag shows the pattern quite clearly.

Work is begun in the center by making 4 rings each of 1 d s, 1 p, 1 d s, 1 p, 1 d s, 1 p, 1 d s, 1 p, 1 d s, 1 p, 1 d s, 1 p, 1 d s, 1 p, 1 d s, close as closely together as possible (as shown in Fig. 1).

The edge of each medallion is the clover-leaf design connected by chains which are joined to the center group of 4 rings as shown. Clover leaf rings are each of 3 d s, 6 p with 1 d s between, 3 d s, close. Join 1st 2 picots of center ring to last 2 ps of 1st ring and join 1st 2 ps of 3rd ring to last 2 ps of center ring, ch 3 d s, 5 p with 1 d s between, 1 clover leaf, joining 2nd and 3rd ps to 5th and 4th ps of last ring of 1st clover leaf.

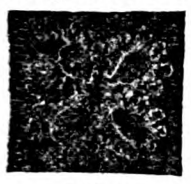


FIG. 1.

Complete leaf as before. Ch 3 d s, join to 1st p of last ch, 5 p with 1 d s between 3 d s. In this 2nd ch join 3rd free p to center p of one of the group of 4 rings in the center.

Continue repeating clover leaves and chains alternately, joining the leaves as directed and the center picot of every other ch to the center until one has completed 8 clovers as shown in the medallion.

In making the second medallion join the center picots of the first two clovers to corresponding ps of last two clovers in the first medallion. Repeat work until one has two strips of six medallions each.

These should now be basted to either a piece of cloth or paper opposite each other about half the width of the medallion apart. This space is filled by crossing with chains as shown.

To do this make a 5 p ring, close, ch 5, 1 p, ch 5, 1 p, ch 5, 1 ring same as last, joining center p to center picot of clover on top medallion on one strip, ch 5, 1 p, ch 5, 1 p, ch 5, 1 p, ch 5, 1 ring, ch 5, 1 p, ch 5, 1 p, ch 5, 1 p, ch 5, 1 ring, join to top side clover of second medallion, ch 5, 1 p, ch 5, 1 p, ch 5, 1 p, ch 5, 1 ring, ch 5, 1 p, ch 5, 1 p, ch 5, 1 p, ch 5, 1 ring, join to next medallion.



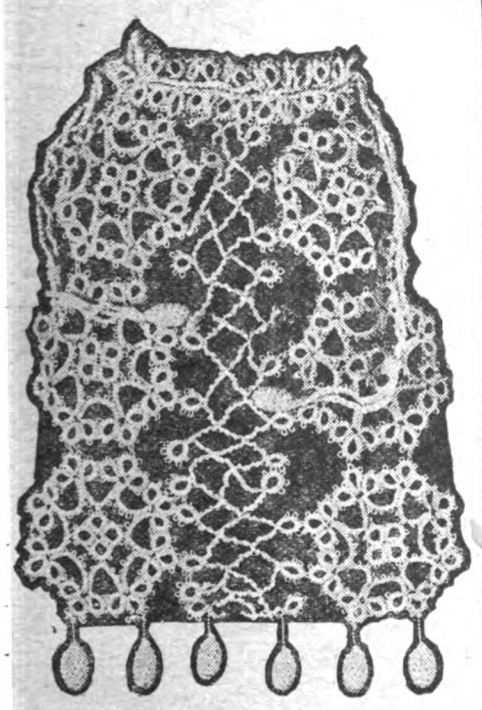
FIG. 2.

Repeat, working in this way until all medallions on one side have been joined. After making ring which is joined to last medallion finish with ch 5, 1 p, ch 5, 1 p, ch 5, 1 ring.

Now straighten out the chains and baste rings in place. The first ring made should turn in the opposite direction to the medallions to which the second ring was joined, and be basted down just above the top medallion on the second strip.

Now begin again with a ring, ch 5, join to 1st p of 1st ch, now ch 5, 1 p, ch 5, ring joined to top medallion of second strip. Now ch 5, 1 p, ch 5, join to 2nd p of 2nd ch, ch 5, 1 p, ch 5, 1 ring. Ch 5, 1 p, ch 5, join to 2nd p of 3rd ch, ch 5, 1 p, ch 5, 1 ring join to top clover of second medallion.

Repeat, making a ch and a free ring, a ch and a ring joined to top clover of each succeeding medallion to end; then finish with a ch and ring as before.

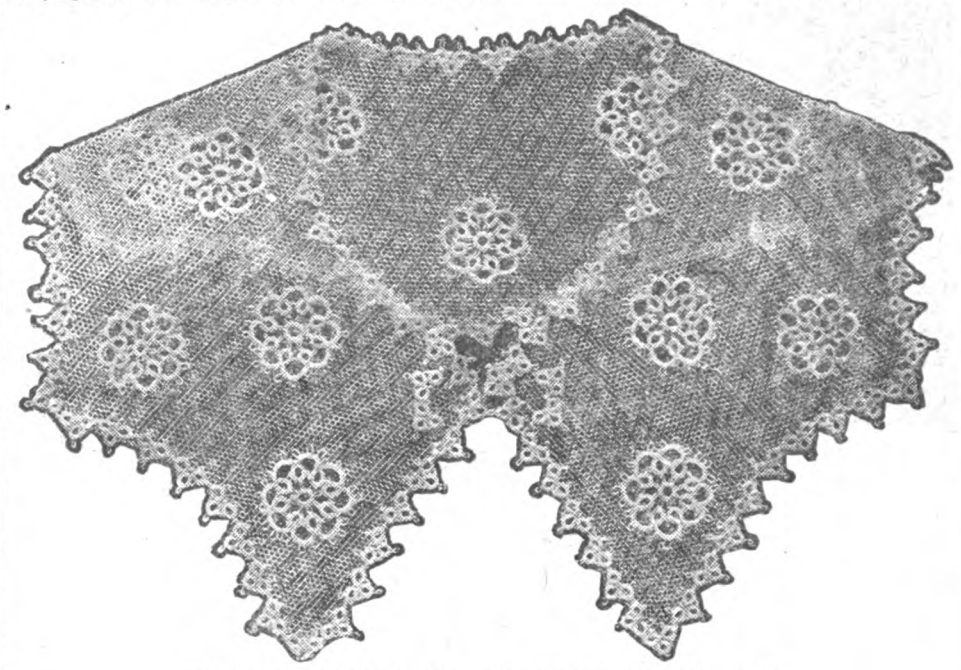


TATTED HAND BAG.

Arrange and baste down these rings and chains, starting with the first ring over the medallion which one joined to first.

Again start with a ring, joining 1 p to last p of the ring just placed above medallion, complete ring, thus making two about the first medallion.

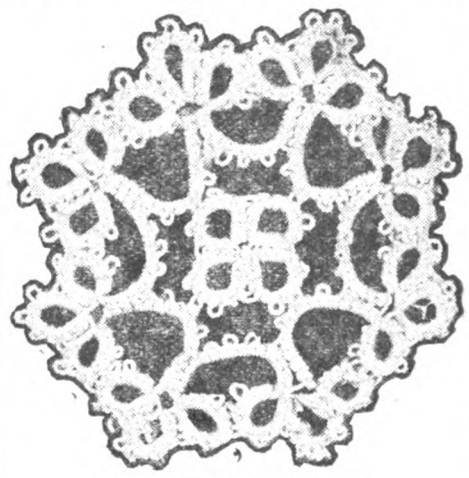
Ch 5, 1 p joined to 2nd p of 1st ch, ch 5, 1 p, ch 3, 1 p joined to 1st p of 2nd ch, ch 5, 1 ring joined to 2nd clover of top medallion on 2nd strip.



TATTED TRIMMED NET COLLAR, BY ORA ARMSTRONG HILL.

Now, ch 5, 1 p joined to 3rd ch, ch 5, first ring joined to free ring between 1st and 2nd medallion in 1st strip.

Now, ch 5, 1 p, ch 5, 1 p, ch 5, join to 1st p of 4th ch, ch 5, 1 ring joined to 2nd clover of 2nd medallion.



MEDALLION USED IN BAG.

Next, chains and ring joined to free ring, then chains and ring joined to medallion, to end of strip.

Beginning again at top make ring and join below the first ring made, thus making two rings above 2nd strip of medallions, ch 5, join to p of 1st ch crossed, ch 5, join to second ch, ch 5 joined to 3rd ch, 1 ring join to 2nd clover of top medallion of 1st strip, 4 chs of 5, 1 ring, join to free ring on opposite side between 1st and 2nd medallions.

Repeat, when this is completed, two clovers of each medallion will be joined and there will be two free rings joined together, between each medallion.

When this part of the work is complete fold in half and join the side clovers of each medallion.

Finish the top with one row of tatting worked as shown in Fig. 2. 1 ring, 7 p with 1 d s between one-third inch space, 1 ring in opposite direction. Space, 1 ring joining first 2 picots to last two of first ring.

Make 4th ring and join to 2nd and repeat.

Knitted Silk Stockings

New hand-knitted silk stockings have made their appearance to take the place of the woolen ones which have been so popular the past few winters.

Materials. 6 balls sweater silk, 1 ball mercerized cotton of the same shade, 2 pairs No. 16 or 18 steel needles.

With cotton cast on 121 stitches on one needle. Knit and purl alternate rows for one inch. Purl 2 rows. Divide the stitches on three needles, 41 on first and 40 on each of the other two, purl first st in every alternate round to form a seam.

After knitting one inch plain, fold over the top piece and join by knitting the cast-on sts with those on needles to make a hem.

Break off the cotton, join silk and knit plain for 10 inches, after which begin decreasing to shape the leg as follows: Seam st, k 1, k 2 tog, k to within 3 sts of end of round, k 2 tog, k 1. Knit 6 rounds without decreasing.

7th round—Decrease in this round as before, then k 5 rounds without decreasing and continue working in this way with 1 round less each time between the decreasings, until sts are reduced to 112.

Then decrease in every other round till they are reduced to 87, after which knit plain for 5 inches.

Divide for heel, placing 20 sts on each side of the seam, and leaving 46 sts for the instep.

For the heel, sl 1, k 1, purl 2, k 16, purl 1, k 16, purl 2, k 2. Purl back. Knit these 2 rows 18 times in all.

Then work as before to seam sts, k 2, k 2 tog, k 1, turn. Purl 7, purl 2 tog, purl 1, turn. Continue in this way, knitting and purling an extra st in every row until all the sts are worked off.

Pick up from side of heel 18 sts, k across instep needle and pick up 18 sts from other side of heel.

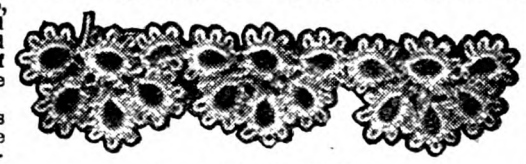
Knit one round plain, then decrease to shape gusset of foot as follows: On first needle knit to within 3 sts of end, k 2 tog, k 1, k across instep needle. On third needle k 1, k 2 tog, k to end.

Knit a round without decreasing, and repeat these 2 rounds until the sts on the two back needles are reduced to 46 (92 in all).

Work plain until the foot measures seven and a half or eight inches, then decrease for the toe as follows: Decrease at the end of first needle as before; on instep needle k 1, k 2 tog, k to within 3 sts of the end, k 2 tog, k 1; decrease at beginning of third needle as before, k 2 rounds without decreasing. Repeat these 3 rounds until the sts are reduced to 36. Bind off.

Half-Wheel Tatted Edge

1 ring, 2 d s, 1 p, 1 d s, 1 p, 1 d s, 1 p, 1 d s, 1 p, 1 d s, 1 p, 1 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, close. As close to the first ring as possible make a second ring, close. Make third ring joining 1st p to last p of second ring. Join second p to next p, then make 5 free picots and close. Join to p of first ring. Repeat, making 3 more rings, after each joining to successive picots of first ring.



HALF-WHEEL EDGING.

Leave one-half inch of thread and make another first and second rings, joining the 4th p of the second ring to the center p of the last ring. Repeat for length desired.

Tatted Trimmed Net Collar

The simplest and best way to make this an attractive collar is first to cut a paper pattern the desired shape but a little larger than one wishes the finished collar, baste the net to this and after one has finished the tatted wheels and clover-leaf edging baste this in place, as shown, and apply to the net with a fine buttonhole stitch after which the neck may be cut away under the wheels as one prefers.

The clover-leaf edge is made with a single thread of three rings each of 5 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 5 d s, close.

Tatted Wheel Motifs

The center ring of this motif is made with 8 picots, 2 d s between each, close, tie and cut thread. With shuttle make one small ring of 5 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, join to p of center ring, 3 d s, 1 p, 5 d s, close. With 2 threads make ch of 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 8 d s, 1 small ring joining to center ring, 1 3 p, ch, repeat.

ORA ARMSTRONG HILL.

Tatted Curtain Pull Backs

Use heavy cotton, either No. 10 or 15, for these unless the curtains are very fine and sheer on which they will be used.

Make a large 5 p ring as per directions above, close, carry thread across back to center p, join as closely as possible. Make another ring. Repeat for length of pull backs.

Finish end with a wheel made like center of rosette, omitting the last round.

Of the coarse cotton the center should slip over a hook easily.

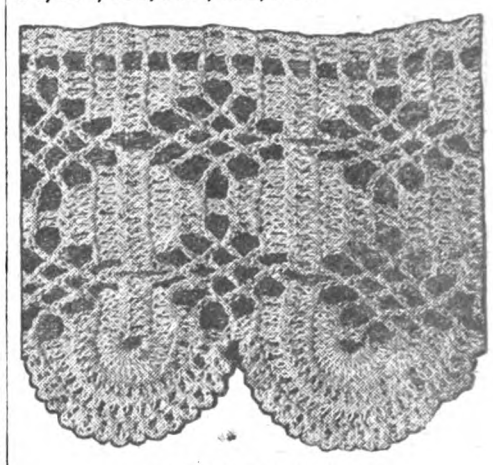
Pillow-Slip Lace

BY A. L. MEADOWS.

Of No. 30 mercerized crochet cotton this pattern will make a lace about three and one-half inches in width.

Begin with ch 40 sts, turn.

1st row—1 d c in 3rd st from hook, 6 d c in next 6 sts, ch 5, sk 3 sts, 14 d c, ch 5, sk 3 sts, 7 d c, ch 2, sk 2, 3 d c, ch 3, turn.



PILLOW-SLIP LACE.

2nd row—2 d c, ch 2, 5 d c, ch 5, 1 d c under ch 5, 10 d c on 12 d c, ch 5, 1 s c under ch 5, ch 5, 5 d c, 5 d c on last 5 of 7 d c in 1st row, ch 2, turn.

3rd row—2 d c, 3 chs of 5 with 1 s c between, 6 d c on 10 d c, 3 chs of 5 with 1 s c between, 3 d c, ch 2, 3 d c, ch 2, turn.

4th row—2 d c, ch 2, 1 d c, 4 chs 5, 2 d c on 6 d c, 4 chs 5, 1 d c, ch 5, turn.

5th row—2 d c under 4th ch 5 in last row, 3 chs 5, 2 d c under ch 5, 2 d c on 2 d c, 2 d c under ch 5, 3 chs of 5, 3 d c, ch 2, 3 d c, ch 2, turn.

6th row—2 d c, ch 2, 5 d c, ch 5, 1 s c, ch 5, 10 d c over 6 d c, working as in last row, 2 chs 5, 5 d c, 15 d c under ch 5 loop at end of last row. Fasten to end 4th row. Sl st to end 3rd row, turn.

7th row—15 d c on 15 d c, 5 d c on 5 d c, 2 d c under ch 5, ch 5, 12 d c, ch 5, 7 d c, ch 2, 3 d c, ch 2, turn.

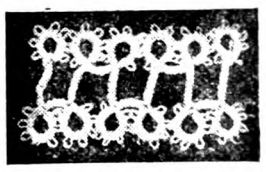
8th row—2 d c, ch 2, 5 d c, 2 chs of 5, 10 d c, 2 chs, of 5, 5 d c, 15 d c on 15 d c, with ch 1 between each. Fasten to top of 1st row, turn.

9th row—Ch 5, sl st over ch 1, repeat 14 times, ch 2, 2 d c over 5 d c, 3 chs of 5, 6 d c, 3 chs of 5, 3 d c, ch 2, 3 d c, ch 2, turn.

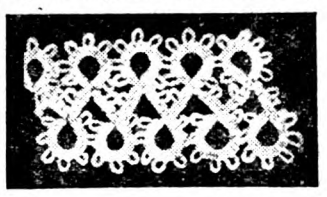
Now repeat pattern from 4th row, making the ch 5 which forms the center of each scallop at the end of each 8th row.

Narrow Tatting Insertion

No. 1 and No. 2 are both examples of pattern which are worked with two threads. No. 1 is begun with a small wheel of 7 picots with 1 d s between and 1 d s at start and finish, close. Ch 6 d s, 1 small 7 p ring, ch 5 d s, 1 ring, joining last 2 ps to 1st 2 ps of 2nd ring, close. Ch 6 d s, 1 ring, joining 2nd and 3rd ps to 5th and 6th ps of 1st ring, ch 5, 1 ring, joining 1st 2 ps to last 2 ps of last ring. Ch 6, 1 ring, joining 5th and 6th picots, to corresponding ones of 2nd ring. Ch 5, 1 ring, joining last 2 ps to 1st 2 ps of last ring. Repeat for desired length.

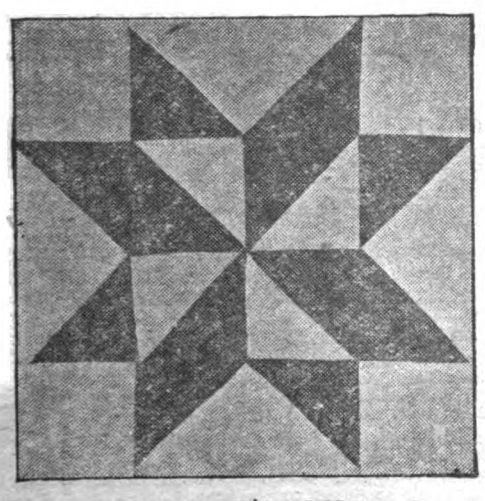


NO. 1.

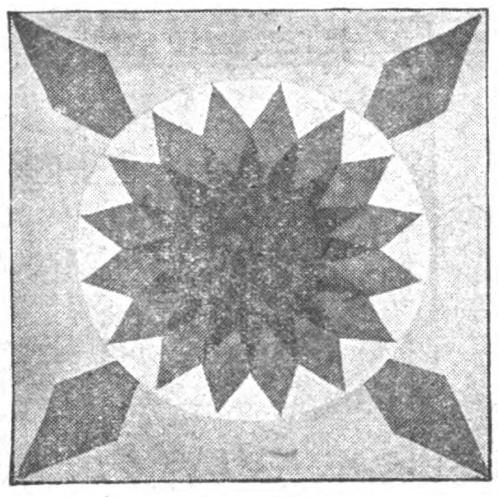


NO. 2.

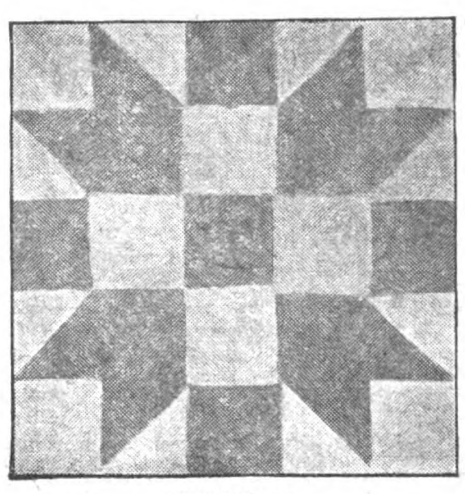
No. 2—Begin with 7 p ring, 3 p ch, 1 ring, 1 ch, 1 ring joined by 6th p to 2nd p of 1st ring, 1 ch, 1 ring joined to 2nd ring. Repeat pattern.



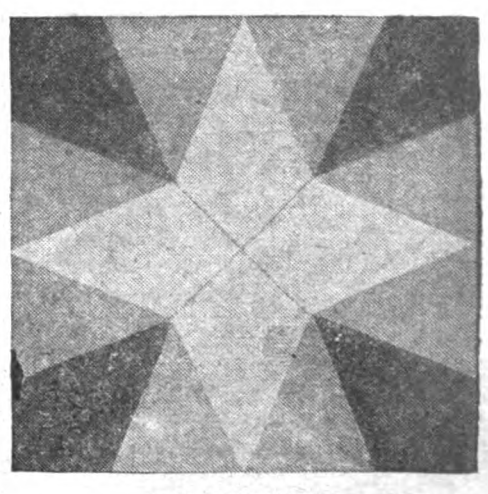
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Rose Filet Corner Inserts

For a table cover of linen use No. 50 white mercerized crochet cotton and a suitable steel crochet hook.

Begin with ch 96 sts, turn.

1st row—30 sps, ch 5, turn.

2nd row—6 sps, 3 blks (10 d c), 10 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 5 blks, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

3rd row—4 sps, 4 blks, 4 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

4th row—3 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

5th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

6th row—2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 5 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

7th row—3 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

8th row—2 blks over 2 blks, 1 sp, 6 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 blks, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

9th row—2 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 7 blks, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

10th row—3 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 15 sps. Break thread. Turn work.

11th row—Over 15 sps from end work a sp, 3 more sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 2 sps, ch 5, turn. This makes 16 blks and sps in a row instead of 30 as before.

12th row—2 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.

13th row—1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.

14th row—6 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

15th row—8 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

16th row—2 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

17th row—2 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

18th row—4 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.

19th row—3 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

20th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 4 blks, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

21st row—2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 4 blks, ch 5, turn.

22nd row—2 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

23rd row—2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

24th row—1 sp, 3 blks over 3 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

25th row—2 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

26th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

27th row—1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

28th row—4 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

29th row—10 sps. Fasten off.

After inserting the filet in the corners finish the entire edge of the cloth with one row of spaces, then one row of singles over chains and one picot over each space.

Stella Rosevelt

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

had no one to love you'—when you refused to leave me, and took up your station by my side to die with me, as we both believed, I felt as if something of the spirit of my lost love was shining through you. Then your tenderness toward, and your care of me—your heroic self-denial and efforts to save my life while we were helplessly afloat on the mighty ocean—your sweet voice singing those hymns of faith and cheer, completed the conquest of my hardened nature. I can never make you understand how disappointed I was, on arriving in New York, to find you gone. I meant to tell you something of myself, and learn your own destination, so that I might see you once in a while.

"But I never forgot you; and when I visited my nephew in the West, and met only coldness and neglect, simply because of my misfortunes, I could not help contrasting it with your kind attention to an entire stranger.

"I left those heartless people and came to my niece, and met with the same reception, when before they had always fawned at my feet, flattered and humored me as if I had been something more than common clay.

"I felt forsaken; no one loved me, no one wanted me; I was a burden and incumbrance. But just then you appeared to me, and your heavenly kindness made my poor old heart glow again. Still, I was so embittered by finding my only brother's children so heartless and selfish, that I was not quite sure of you. It made me mistrust everybody, and I feared you might grow to be like them. But for that I should not have remained a day beneath Ellen Richards' roof; I should have gone my own way again as soon as I became rested and recruited. My dear, I began to love you for my lost Star's sake; now I love you for your own. There, you have all my story now, and you must go to rest, for tomorrow will be your birthday, and we must celebrate a little in honor of it," Mr. Rosevelt concluded, patting her softly on the shoulder.

Star lifted a flushed and tearful face to his.

"Uncle Jacob!" she cried, tenderly; "it seems as if you are really that to me now; and I am so glad that you have told you how you loved my grandmother, and I shall try more than ever after this to make your life as bright as possible. I do not see how any one could ever have treated you unkindly or disrespectfully."

Uncle Jacob smiled fondly at her.

"I know there is one, at least, who treats me friendly for my own sake, and who would share all her laurels with me. My child, I was very proud of you tonight."

"And I of you," Star added, quickly. "I never saw you look so nice—so like an aristocratic old gentleman."

He laughed, such a bright, hearty laugh that she wondered to see him so pleased over her little compliment.

"Now, good night," he said, rising; "I want you to be as fresh as possible tomorrow."

He led her to the door of her room, and then, with a softly breathed "God bless you!" sought his own.

But she did not go directly to bed, as he bade her; his story had strangely stirred her heart, and she could not rest until she had decided some questions that were troubling her.

She opened a drawer of her dressing-case, and taking that worn portfolio to which we have before referred from it, unlocked it, and drew forth a sealed package.

"Papa told me to wait until I was eighteen before I opened and read it," she said, musingly; "but a few hours can make no difference, and I feel now as if I must know if he was her son, and why he never would tell me anything about his family."

With reverent fingers she broke the seals, a sob rising to her lips as she thought whose hand had fastened them there, and how tenderly it used to stroke her hair and call her "My bright little Star."

The package contained several papers, and it took her more than an hour to examine them; but when she had read them through, there was a look of wonder in her large blue eyes and an almost blank expression on her white face.

TO BE CONTINUED.



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HOWDY, Girls! My, aren't you the good-looking crowd of girls. Don't begin powdering your noses, you are quite all right as you are. I had heaps of things to tell you, scoldings, good advice, good resolutions, etc., but there are so many questions to be answered that the scoldings, anyway, will have to wait until the next time. H-m-m, springtime. I might have known there would be more questions than usual. Here we are:

JOHN, Oregon.—Girls are peculiar things, aren't they, John? One never knows what they are going to do any more than they know themselves, but we like them. You may be to blame for your sweetheart's "failing" love. You are either too attentive or else not attentive enough. Which is it? If the latter double your attentions and continue to be attentive after marriage if you want to keep her love in a strong, healthy condition, and not in need of pink pills. If the former, neglect her a little for some other girl, one she doesn't like, preferably. As I have already said, one never knows what a girl will do—she may throw you down flat or she may realize that she cares a lot for you. Anyway, you are apt to lose her as matters are now so you might as well take a chance and win or lose all.

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his desserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all."

TROUBLED, Ark.—Be friendly with all girls but don't get so friendly with one that you give up all others, even if she is jealous and wants you to. Such crushes are bad for all concerned. You can be more friendly with her than any of the others, if you wish, but have it understood that you are to keep your own friends. The girl I like best (only we aren't "girls" any more) never liked my friends and I never liked hers yet we think as much of each other as we did years ago and have our own friends regardless of each other. We think it rather a joke because we don't like each other's friends, and often laugh over it. Isn't this a better way than being jealous?

VEXED, Iowa.—It is very true that if you give up the man your parents dislike you can never love another as you love him—but it's mighty comforting to know you can love another so much more that you'll forget all about the first one. If you are sure of each other you can afford to wait until you gain the consent of your parents, or, at least, a while longer. He should understand how uncomfortable the situation is for you and be willing to do his part toward making it better.

KENTUCKY BLUE BELL.—Your letter is contradictory, to say the least. If you like him "just as a friend" there should be no occasion for questioning the right or wrong of letting him put his arms around you and kissing you. "Just friends" don't do that. No, indeed, it doesn't prove that he loves you and "would give his life for you" when he does that. It merely proves that you are an easy little girl to allow it, and being an easy little girl is the first step toward being an uneasy little girl. Trust him if you want to—but at arm's length. If he really cares for you he will realize that you are young and should be protected and he will join with your mother in keeping you from harm. I'm not saying that he doesn't love you but if he wants to marry you he will ask your parents' consent and then wait until you are of a marriageable age—not before three years. Remember your promise to rely on my advice. Boys are getting nicer all the time (if only I were a young girl again!) and by the end of three years you may meet a wonderful fellow and think how perfectly tragic it would be if you were married and had a baby—twins, maybe—by that time!

C. S., Illinois.—If at the end of two years you still care for each other and your parents are willing, it seems that it would be all right to get married, but think it over first. Marrying a minister is a serious thing, for a minister's wife has more to do toward making or marring his life than has the wife of the average business man to do with her husband's success or failure. If I were going to marry a minister I'd study and fit myself to be his wife in all that it would mean, and if possible I'd take a special course at some good Bible school—but there isn't a chance of anything like that happening to me. I'm very frivolous in spite of the scoldings I hand out to you girls and it would keep a minister so busy saving my soul that he wouldn't have the time to look after the spiritual and moral welfare of his flock and they'd go plumb to the bowwows.

BOBBIE, Texas.—You know very well, Bobby-Texas, that you shouldn't go car-riding with a boy after twelve at night, and if you do it again I'll go right down to Texas and spank both of you. Only sixteen years old! For that matter, after twelve at night isn't a respectable time to go for a ride even if you were thirty years old.

DELSIE, Pa.—Maybe when you are older and larger and better educated you might become a good nurse. Nobody knows. When you acquire above mentioned qualities, write me again, telling me more about yourself, and I'll do my best to help you.

GLADYS, Okla.—The very fact that your mother has been married three times proves that she is a better judge of men than you are and it would be better to obey her. (2) See answer to Kentucky Blue Bell, about kissing. (3) Whether one can love more than once has always been a debated question and I believe the ayes have it, at least, that's how it appears in everyday life. It is different in books.

BROWN EYES, Ala.—You are doubtless happier with a good position than you would be married to a jealous old man or a poor young one. If you marry the wealthy, older man you will have to give up all your liberty and pleasures, and if you marry the other one you'll have to work harder than you do now. Not very pleasant prospects. Of course if you cared a lot for him you wouldn't mind that but your letter doesn't indicate that you do care. Do you know what I think would be the very best thing for you to do? You say you are a poor girl and have had a hard time all your life and because of this you haven't had the opportunity for an education. Your letter shows this, but I'm not going to scold because it wasn't your fault—but I do think you should spend your evenings studying instead of going to dances and to the movies. Not every evening, perhaps, for if the movies or a dance mean a good time to you then you deserve to have it. But it is surprising how our ideas of a good time change as we grow older. You won't always want to dance and you'll grow tired of the movies, but if your mind is trained to appreciate good literature and other worthwhile things, you need never be lonely.

CITY GIRL, N. Y.—No, you are not selfish. If you were you'd marry him and then fuss and nag him to such an extent that he'd give up his beloved Western ranch to live in an Eastern city with you. It is generous of him to be willing to do that but do you want him to do it? He'd probably dislike city life, and, another thing, is he as well fitted to earn his living, and yours, in the city as he is on a ranch? That's quite important. I think you underrate your cababilities. We never know what we can do until we have to or want to and you appear to care enough for him to want to be with him, even on a lonely ranch. Can't you visit his home, properly chaperoned, of course, and get a line on things? Then you could judge for yourself as to whether or not you would be equal to all that would be expected of you. He would do his best to make everything as easy as he could if he understands how you feel about the work.

'By, COUSIN MARION.



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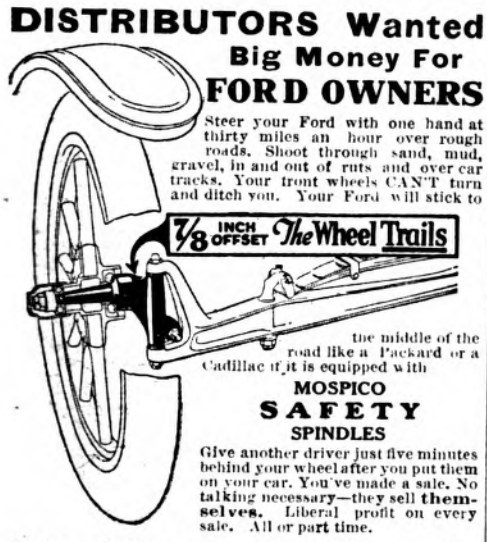
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Leaky Float

THE working principle of the vacuum system for supplying gasolene to the carburetor has been previously explained. In brief, the tank consists of two chambers between which is a partition containing a valve. The suction of the motor creates a vacuum in the upper chamber. This vacuum draws gasolene from the storage gasolene tank usually in the rear of the car, also closes the valve between the two chambers of the vacuum tank. As the gasolene flows into the upper chamber of the tank it causes a float to rise until it reaches a certain point at which it closes a valve shutting off the suction from the motor. The description has now gone far enough to answer the purpose intended. The float in the vacuum tank is of metal construction and therefore there is a possibility of leaks. Should the float for some reason develop a small hole, gasolene would gradually enter this opening until the quantity became sufficient to weight the float until it refused to rise. Now we would have a condition that sometimes occurs and which is difficult to locate unless of course similar difficulty has been experienced before. The motor loads, chokes and often refuses to operate. The reason is that the suction valve in the vacuum tank is not being closed and for this reason raw gasolene is being taken directly into the intake manifold above the carburetor. The accompanying illustration shows a good method for determining whether the suction valve is operating properly. Remove the pipe line leading from the top of the vacuum tank to the intake manifold. Procure two pieces of glass pipe and connect the two with rubber tubing. Place rubber washers at the ends of the glass tubing and press one tubing against the connection in the manifold and the other tubing against the

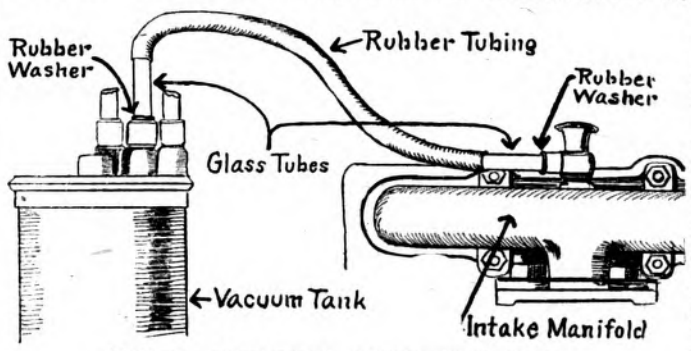


DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING VACUUM FEED SYSTEM.

connection in the tank. When the motor is started it can be readily determined if the suction valve is working properly as the gasolene will be seen passing through the glass tubings if the valve does not shut off the suction.

To test for a leak in the float, dip it into a pan of hot water. If bubbles rise, note the spot and mark it. Enlarge the hole a trifle at the point of leak, also punch another small hole on the opposite side of float. This allows the gasolene to be drained from inside of float after which solder the two holes and again test for leaks by dipping into hot water. Use only enough solder to effect a repair as piles of solder cause the float to become too heavy.

Slipping the Clutch

About July of each year is the time that many owners complain that the clutch on their car does not hold. Numerous complaints are heard about faulty clutch construction and the like but if each individual case could be thoroughly investigated the majority would be found the fault of the driver. There are many ways in which an owner will subject his clutch to considerable abuse. How many times have you noticed an owner get into his car, shift into gear, open the throttle until the motor roars and then let in the clutch? It is a common occurrence. Under such circumstances the clutch must do considerable slipping until it gradually takes hold of the load. The proper manner of starting is to open the throttle just a trifle or, in other words, to just make certain of sufficient motor power to prevent stalling while taking up the load when the car is standing. Then again there is the nervous driver who continually has his foot on the clutch pedal. It is excellent practice to have the foot ready to depress the clutch pedal but it is poor policy to ride the pedal. By this I mean keeping a little pressure on the pedal at all times. This condition prevents full tension on the clutch plates and has a tendency to cause them to slip. Riding the clutch pedal is not only done by nervous drivers but by many who have formed a habit of it. Again there is the type of driver who believes his car should make every hill on high. He stubbornly refuses to shift gears and as the motor commences to lose power or knock he slips the clutch to allow the motor to pick up. The abuse suffered by the clutch under such conditions is almost beyond words to describe and sooner or later is developed a clutch that will not hold under any condition and each year we hear about faulty clutch construction, etc.

Helpful Pointers

Water for Battery

Do not forget that a storage battery requires distilled water. The water evaporates but the acid does not. Add water but not acid. Keep the plates covered. Water that has been properly distilled is usually free at any battery station or repair shop. It is yours for the asking so don't ruin the battery by neglect to replenish the water.

Stubborn Screws

A screw or bolt that has rusted in place is difficult to remove, often shearing off before it will give to the pressure of the wrench or screwdriver. Many times an effective way to loosen them is to make a mould (putty will do) in the shape of a retaining cup around the screw or bolt to be moved. Pour kerosene into the cup and allow it to soak around the threads for about 12 hours.

Spindle Bolts

A spindle bolt that screws into the lower lip of the front axle yoke is sometimes difficult to start regardless of the size of wrench used. One mechanic who appears to have excellent success in removing steering spindle bolts proceeds as follows: Remove the nut from end of bolt and then strike head of bolt several heavy blows with large hammer. Strike end of bolt several heavy blows with lead hammer (lead hammer being used here to prevent damage to threads). Apply wrench to head of bolt and if bolt does not give to pressure strike wrench on end a sharp blow with hammer.

Oil Necessary

Transmissions and rear axles require oil. These units are often forgotten until something happens. If you haven't given these assemblies oil recently, better look at them now. Many cars have growling transmissions and rear axles, which condition could be corrected by pouring into the cases a suitable quantity of oil.

Cutting Valve Seats

Unless the greatest care is exercised in the recutting of valve seats the cutter is apt to leave chatter marks that are difficult to remove. File the teeth of the cutter with hard oil and the danger of making chatter marks is reduced to the minimum.

Removing Chatter Marks

Should the cutter make chatter marks in the valve seat it is almost an impossibility to remove them by continued cutting. A mechanic of my acquaintance removed the marks by using a discarded valve having the same angle as the seat. He used coarse grinding compound and ground the old valve into the seat until the chatter marks disappeared. He then used the cutter on the seat and ground in the new valve.

Answers to Correspondents

KNOCK IN GENERATOR.—The Wagner generator in my 1919 Grant Six R X model car has a very hard knock when car is driven over twenty miles an hour, but when driven at less speed it does not knock. Do you think there is too much play in magneto shaft? If so how am I to stop it?

MRS. E. H. N., Lime City, O.

A.—I would suggest that the knock in the generator is caused by a worn bearing. A repairman or anyone familiar with generators should easily determine whether a new bearing is needed.

PUDDLING SCORED CYLINDER.—One cylinder of my 1917 Dodge car has four scores, two each on opposite sides of the cylinder wall, about one inch apart, caused by a wrist pin getting loose; these cuts are about a quarter of an inch wide and about a thirty-second of an inch deep. Can I have these small places filled by welding without ruining the walls?

L. R. C., Coffeyville, Kansas.

A.—I am informed that there are concerns especially in the larger cities that have facilities for puddling deep scores in cylinders after which it is necessary to regrind the cylinder a trifle over size and fit new pistons. To obtain smooth operation it would be necessary to have all cylinders reground to the same size.

CRACKED WATER JACKET.—The water jacket of the engine of my 1917 model Overland car is slightly cracked in four places, due to water freezing. Can you tell me of a good solution to put in to stop the leaks without having the engine welded? There is also a slight crack in the valve case and water leaks into crank case. Would it be safe to use solution for this crack?

W. T. B., Eldred, Ill.

A.—I have known of cases where cracked water jackets that could not be welded have been repaired by rusting. In one instance I have in mind, the cylinders were removed, pistons taken out and the water openings plugged. The cylinders were turned over so that they rested on the head. One of the plugs was removed and the water jackets filled with a strong solution of sal-ammoniac. The opening was replugged and the cylinders allowed to stand in that condition for about 24 hours. On the other hand, if the crack is too large for the solution to be effective I am told that there is a preparation sold under the trade name of "Smooth On" which when applied directly to the crack will quickly harden when exposed to the air. It is suggested that sal-ammoniac solution be used in connection with the preparation. Kindly bear in mind that I have not personally tried out this suggestion and am only stating the advice given me by others.

Missing Relatives and Friends

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT reopens the "Missing Relatives' and Friends' column.

To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will secure only one new yearly subscriber to COMFORT at 50c. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column by securing only one new subscription at 50c. If a longer notice is required send one 50c subscription for each additional seven words.

If anyone knows of James A. Robbins, please write Benjamin E. Miller, Cisne, Box 36, Ill.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Sidney Scott, last heard of in Texas many years ago, communicate with his sister, Angeline Scott Miles, San Jose, 66 West Humbolt St., Calif.

Mrs. S. H. Thompson, Van Nuys, R. R. 2, Box 139, Calif., wishes to hear of cousin, Mrs. Alida Stadelbauer, last heard from in Michigan.

Will anyone knowing the whereabouts of Clifford E. Gaddis, write his mother, last heard of in Denver, Colo., please notify Mrs. S. P. Gaddis, Kingston, Ga.

Wanted to know the whereabouts of David Wells or any of his relatives. Last heard from was in California. Notify Mrs. L. P. Dellinger, Cherryville, Box 214, N. C.

Will anyone knowing the whereabouts of Shirley S. Prunty please write his mother, Sarah L. Prunty, Harrisville, R. R. 2, W. Va.

I would appreciate, in locating descendants of my uncle, Thomas Ferguson, mother's (Elizabeth Ferguson Gordon) brother, who lived near Cumberland, Tenn. Had daughter Texas, son Robert, C. P. minister. Address, L. Box A, Seaton, Ill. Mrs. B. S. Duncan.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Chas. Dippel, who disappeared December, 1919, age, 27, please notify his wife, Mrs. Chas. Dippel, Foss, Okla.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Louis Haessler, or Hesaler, last heard from in Cleveland, Ohio, 18 years ago, age about 40, please notify his sister, Fannie Vandas, Cleveland, 3165 E. 45th S. E., Ohio.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Bessie Maybelle Wilson (or Lewis), last heard of in Tulsa, Okla., May, 1918, please write Miss Lula E. Wilson, Greensboro, R. R. 5, Box 44, N. C.

Mrs. M. Fowler, Denison, 726 W. Johnson St., Texas, is very anxious to learn the whereabouts of her sons, Russell and Chas. Fowler.

Miss Minnie Mingram (or Mrs. Geo. O. Vaughan) lived in St. Louis, Mo., in 1894. If some of her relatives or friends see this in print, please write to Box 43, Wecota, S. Dak.

Wanted: To know the whereabouts of Noah Carpenter's children and particularly to hear from Franklin, Herman or Neva Carpenter. Mrs. Ethel Carpenter, Blodgett, Box 28, Miss.

Anyone knowing Rudolf Adler, a barber, please notify Wm. Adler, Muscatine, 1085 New Hampshire St., Iowa.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Anna Mahoney, last heard of in Gettysburg, please write her cousin, Mrs. Jennie Bettz, Riegelsville, Pa.



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32 x 3½	9.45	15.45	34 x 4½	14.45	23.45
31 x 4	10.65	16.90	35 x 4½	14.95	24.90
32 x 4	11.85	19.75	36 x 4½	15.45	25.45
33 x 4	12.45	20.90	33 x 5	15.65	25.95
34 x 4	13.25	21.95	35 x 5	15.90	26.45
36 x 4	14.95	25.95	37 x 5	16.45	26.95

SEND NO MONEY! Shipment C. O. D. express or parcel post. Examine tires on arrival and if not fully satisfied return same at our expense and your money will be promptly refunded. State whether straight side or clincher. **DON'T DELAY! ORDER NOW!**

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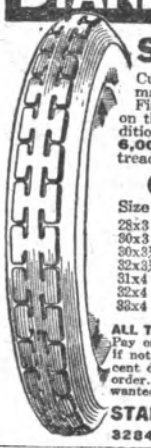
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Write for booklet fully describing this new process and explaining our amazing introductory offer to owner agents.

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30x3½	5.65	1.40	34x4½	9.00	2.50
32x3½	6.20	1.50	35x4½	9.15	2.60
31x4	7.00	1.60	36x4½	9.35	2.70
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MINERALIZED WATER ROUTS CHICKEN LICE

Tablets Dropped into Drinking Founts Banish Vermin, Make Fowls Grow Faster and Increase Egg Yield.

Any poultry raiser can easily rid his flock of lice and mites, makes chickens grow faster and increase their egg yield by simply adding minerals to the fowls' drinking water. This does away with all bother, such as dusting, greasing, dipping and spraying. The necessary minerals can now be obtained in convenient tablets, known as Paratabs. Soon after the fowls drink the mineralized water,



all lice and mites leave them. The tablets also act as a tonic conditioner. The health of the fowls quickly improves, they grow faster and the egg yield frequently is doubled. Little chicks that drink freely of the water never will be bothered by mites or lice.

The method is especially recommended for raisers of purebred stock, as there is no risk of soiling the plumage. The tablets are warranted to impart no flavor or odor to the eggs and meat. This remarkable conditioner, egg tonic and lice remedy costs only a trifle and is sold under an absolute guarantee. The tablets are scientifically prepared, perfectly safe, and dissolve readily in water.

Any reader of this paper may try them without risk. The laboratories producing Paratabs are so confident of good results that to introduce them to every poultry raiser they offer two big $1 packages for only $1. Send no money, just your name and address—a card will do— to the Paratab Laboratories, Dept. 869, 1100 Coca Cola Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., and the two $1 packages, enough for 100 gallons of water, will be mailed. Pay the postman $1 and postage on delivery, and if you are not delighted with results in 10 days—if your chickens are not healthier, laying more eggs and entirely free from lice and mites—your money will be promptly refunded. Don't hesitate to accept this trial offer as you are fully protected by



BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Keep the Young Stock Growing

I HAVE found that chicks that are grown rapidly return the most money. We would not force the pullets to lay before they secure their growth by the use of stimulants, condiments and emmenagogues, but pullets that are grown quickly on a good healthy diet will mature their bodies before ripening their egg organs.

Pullets that are grown in the open air consume a larger amount of food and put it to a good use. The body will reach full development before she drops an egg. The ovary (the egg-producing organ) is largely dependent on heat for its growth, and sometimes by keeping chicks long in heated brooders, close housing and feeding a stimulating, heat-producing ration, we can cause them to lay before the body has matured. Such pullets will never make good layers for any length of time, and their eggs are usually under size. It is probably because of having grown such pullets that writers have warned us not to force birds intended for breeders or layers.

When pullets are grown right—given room, airy coops at night, free range or large yard, and fed a wholesome ration, there is no danger of their developing too fast.

When chicks are eight weeks old, they should be separated from their mothers, and the families divided; the young pullets being relegated to colony coops in an orchard or partly-shaded meadow, where they will have extensive free range; the cockerels being placed in the semi-confinement of wards, as their ultimate fate is the frying-pan, which necessitates plump bodies, while free range would only develop frame and muscle.

Our colony houses are six feet long, three feet wide, thirty-six inches high in front, and twenty-four inches at the back. They are made of light scantling, the ends, back and roof being covered with roofing paper; and the front, to within eight inches of the ground, with unbleached muslin, which insures perfect ventilation and prevents rain beating in upon the birds when they are upon the roosts, which are fixed a foot from the bottom and nine inches from the back of the coop. Two holes are made, nine inches apart, in the middle of each end of the coop, and a heavy rope knotted through them, to form handles.

The coops having no flooring, and the whole construction being light, they are easily removed to fresh ground every week and so kept clean with little trouble—an important item when there is a large quantity being used. Having a large orchard, we placed the coops in rows thirty feet apart, as two sides of the orchard adjoin woodland, through which a never-failing spring stream runs, so the birds have a splendid range.

Twenty birds are placed in each coop. The first week a portable yard, five feet long, is placed in front of each coop, so that the young chicks cannot wander off and get lost, as they surely would in strange quarters. During that time a self-feeding hopper and a drinking fountain are placed inside of the coop. When the yard is removed, the individual vessels are dispensed with, large drinking tubs and food hoppers being stationed midway between every four coops, to reduce time and labor in caring for the birds.

The large hoppers are nothing more than boxes, five feet long, two feet wide and six inches deep, over which is placed an A-shaped cover, made of slats one inch apart, to prevent the birds getting into the box and scratching the grain into the ground, where it will be wasted. For water, five-gallon kegs are used, with an automatic escape, which keeps a small pan continually full. Both feed and water are placed under a rough shelter to protect them from sun and rain. Using such large receptacles, it is only necessary to fill them every other day.

Feed consists of a dry mash, composed of ten pounds of wheat bran, ten pounds of ground oats, one pound of white middlings, one pound of old process oil meal, and ten pounds of beef scraps well mixed. In addition to that, they receive at night a feed of wheat and cracked corn, two parts of the former to one of the latter. About half a pint is scattered in front of each coop about 4 P. M.

Grit is supplied in large quantities. Being near a stone crusher, we buy the screenings by the cartload and dump it in heaps on the outskirts of the orchard, where it does not show but is quite accessible to the chicks.

On these rations, without any variation, the pullets are kept until September, when they are transferred to their winter quarters.

Pullets which have to be grown in confinement should have a well-littered coop of good size, and having large openings. That is, the greater portion of one side should be wire. The pullets should not be crowded, nor should they be grown in large flocks. They should be fed practically the same as those on free range. They should have the dry mash before mentioned, grit, charcoal and shells, and be fed grain and green food. Where the green food is lettuce, lawn clippings or garden refuse, they should have two grain feeds a day, and this should be scattered in litter, not too deep. Where sprouted oats are used for greens, one feed a day of hard grain is sufficient.

Cockerels and old hens should not be allowed with growing pullets. Where cockerels are allowed to run with pullets neither will mature to full size. Too often we see cockerels and pullets allowed free range on the farm and all allowed to mix together. Good stock cannot be grown in this manner, and the future egg yield of the flock will not be as large as it would be if more care were given to the growing stock.

Cockerels intended for breeders should have every advantage that would tend to full and perfect development, and I prefer, when possible, to give them free range, isolated from hens and pullets. Next to free range comes large yards with well-littered, roomy coops or roosts out of doors. Good cockerels as I ever raised lived all summer in a yard without a coop. Poles were set up in the shade of a large apple tree, and on these the cockerels roosted. In event of a storm they sought the protection of a tree. They were a hardy, close-feathered bunch, and stood the rigors of a severe winter in an open house with the utmost comfort. At best they should only have a roof to protect them from the rain.

Hawks and crows often make life a burden to the poultryman in chicken time, where the growing chicks range. It is a good plan to erect poles about the chicken range, and run wire or strong twine zigzag from these, high enough to allow head room. From these lines suspend at frequent intervals, strips of white and colored cloth, bright bits of tin and pieces of glass. This is the most effective crow and hawk scare we know of, and it is well worth the expense and labor. Crows often become so bold that no other scarecrow will keep them from stealing young chicks, especially if bits of bright tin and glass are hung so that they will jingle in the breeze. Hawks generally come at the same time every day, so can be easily watched and shot.

Rats cause losses, and will frequently kill and hide a large number of chicks in a single night. Make the coops rat proof. Raise coops and boxes often, and kill any rats found beneath. A good rat dog is a great help. Traps are seldom effective, and poison is not safe in chicken time.

One of the most difficult problems which the poultry keeper has to meet is that of keeping his stock and poultry house reasonably free from lice, mites and other external parasites.

In keeping a poultry house free from lice, there are two points of attack; one, the birds themselves, the other the houses, the nest boxes, the roosting boards, etc.

In using any kind of lice powder on the birds themselves, it should always be remembered that a single application of powder is not sufficient. When there are lice present on a bird, there are always unhatched eggs of lice (nits) present, too. The proper procedure is to follow up the first application of powder with a second at an interval of four days to a week. If the birds are badly infested at the beginning it may be necessary to make still a third application. To clean the cracks and crevices of the woodwork of the houses and nests of vermin, a liquid spray or paint is probably the most desirable form of application.

So many of this month's inquiries have been about preventives or cures for gapes or bowel trouble, that I will take them for my text instead of trying to answer the individual letters. Bowel trouble usually attacks brooder chickens—perhaps I should have said incubator chickens which have been reared in a brooder—more frequently than it does chicks under hens, and the cause is usually want of sufficient heat. Little chicks can't stand being chilly. If you notice, even when hens are brooding, they will suffer if the hen happens to be a restless wanderer, and a cold, damp spell strikes us late in the spring. The brooder must be warm and well ventilated, and there should be a sheltered yard for them to exercise in for the first two or three weeks. If you are running a heated brooder, use a thermometer, and see that it keeps steadily at 95. If you have adopted the new fireless brooder, put plenty of cotton at the top, and never have less than twenty-five chicks to a brooder, for any less than that number can't supply sufficient bodily heat to warm up the air inside of the brooder. It is also well to cover the bottom of the brooder box with hay sweepings or cut hay, which is warm and soft for the little chicks to lie on. It is also very important to see that they go into their brooder at night, for they are very apt to run into some corner and huddle together, and of course become chilled before morning. Watch the droppings of all chickens, both brooder and those under the hens, and at the slightest indication of looseness of the bowels, remove the drinking water and replace with cold tea or rice water. It is a good precaution to feed boiled rice two or three times a week whilst the chicks are little, and if they develop any serious trouble, keep them under cover; or if with the hen, keep the hen shut into the brooder coop, for she is much more likely to brood than when allowed to run alone.

Leg weakness rarely if ever develops if the chickens are properly fed. Green food and animal food must form part of their rations. There is a meat meal on the market which is very good if you can buy in small quantities, but it is not safe to buy a large bag which cannot be used up within two or three weeks, so it is usually better for the ordinary farm to depend on curd cheese and an occasional hard-boiled egg, chopped up fine without removing the shell. And for green stuff I don't think there is anything as good as young clover and the young sprouts of onions, chopped fine enough, of course, to be acceptable for little chicks. If you are where you can get beef's liver, it is the best of all animal food, when about half boiled and chopped fine and fed in small quantities. If your birds have had any kind of animal meat from the start, it is quite safe; but if you suddenly commence to feed it after four or five weeks, you must go very carefully for some time until they become accustomed to it. A rusty nail or two, with a few drops of tincture of iron in the drinking water is a good tonic, and it is advisable to use it if chickens commence to look pale around the gills, or droopy in any way.

As I have explained before in these columns, gapes is really not a disease at all, but a parasite worm about one-sixteenth of an inch in length, and like a thin thread. They lodge in the windpipe and suck the blood of their victim. They are supposed to materialize only on ground on which poultry droppings have been deposited for several seasons. For this reason it is best to try and locate the brooder coops on fresh ground each year, or have the ground where they have stood heavily dressed with lime and plowed in in the fall. These wretched little worms multiply very quickly if they are not removed from the bird's throat, for the little chicks have not ejected them, no matter how

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20)



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Gardening in May

FOR our readers who live in Northern States, the month of May sees gardening begin in real earnest, but those who live in the sunny Southland have long ago done their spading and seed planting, and are now perhaps gathering their first reward in the form of tasty and welcome garden "sass." Further north the fruit trees are in bloom, the birds have returned with their glad spring songs, and the sun's warmth is a real joy that bears only a promise of the heat to follow. Under these conditions it seems wrong to speak of gardening as *work;* in many respects it is play with the element of profit from garden truck thrown in for good measure. Would that only Life permitted us all to always turn work into play, then play to our own profit as we can in the garden!

Even if the instructions we gave for April have been followed, we make a guess that there are some things that have been overlooked. If this is true, then attend to them at once, for time lost now cannot well be regained. The seed for many of the vegetables is now in the ground; perhaps others have been transplanted to permanent and favorable locations. For these cultivation and thinning are the order of the day. Examine all seedbeds closely and re-seed in place of those that fail to grow. If good seed of strong vitality and germination has been purchased direct from the seedsmen as we have advised then little re-seeding will be necessary, however. All plants in cold frames will now need plenty of air and water to gradually harden them off before planting time. Plants grown in shallow beds close to the glass are less likely to become "spindling," weak and sickly. Strong root growth, thick short stems, and healthy dark green tops are far superior to "lanky," light-green ones. Toward the end of the month, if the season is warm, the more tender plants or seeds may be planted.

Garden Pests

Though we have never come across a census report on the matter, we risk a guess that insect pests are the bane of every gardener's existence. Several of the worst of "these plagued creatures" put in their first appearance in May, and if they are severely and promptly dealt with a lot of future trouble will be avoided. These first bugs are mainly the mature insects that have hibernated over winter, now coming forth to lay eggs for the new "crop," and by destroying either them or their eggs we may escape the next generation the numbers of which are legion.

Perhaps the most troublesome of all the spring garden pests is the cutworm, that naked and dirty gray or greenish-brown caterpillar that raises havoc with the cabbage and tomato plants as soon as set out and with corn—or anything else that is green, for that matter—as soon as it comes above ground. Working at night and burrowing under ground in the daytime, he is seldom caught at work, but the evidence remains in the morning in plants that appear to have been snipped off with scissors. About the only quick remedy is by poisoning. Take 50 pounds of bran, mix it dry with 1 pound of Paris green, then add water sweetened with molasses to make a mash. Do not get it too wet; just wet enough to stick together is sufficient. Place spoonfuls at frequent intervals in the rows of newly transplanted cabbage, cauliflower, strawberries or other plants. Scatter here and there around the borders of the garden close to patches of weeds or grass. Keep the chickens away as they will eat the bait to their own undoing. Young plants may also be protected by placing discs or "collars" of tar paper around the base of each, but by combining the two plans we are more certain to defeat the cutworm.

Trapping Slugs and Snails

Slugs and snails do considerable harm in gardens, but they can be kept within bounds by trapping. Lay cabbage leaves or slices of rutabaga on the ground between the rows in badly infested spots. The vermin will gather under or upon these baits or "traps" during the night and may be easily killed in the morning by sprinkling with lime or salt. Cabbage leaves heated until soft then rubbed with unsalted butter or any kind of fresh drippings free from salt, then placed on infested ground, will in a few hours be found covered with slugs, snails and an unusual assortment of injurious insects of all kinds. All that remains to be done is pick up the leaves and burn them, then prepare and set out new baits until the pests are brought under control. Also sprinkle slaked lime around growing plants, along edges of beds and about the rows of lettuce, peas, beans and other tender vegetables.

A Word About Garden Tools

Most of the tools needed for garden work are found as part of the ordinary equipment on the average farm. We can hardly imagine a farm without a spade, spading fork, rake, hoe, wheelbarrow, and some sort of a line that will serve as a garden tape. But there are other implements that should be added from time to time, the sooner the better. These are a trowel, extra hoes of special forms, cultivators or weeders, a marker (that can be made), and a hose or sprinkling can. A wheel hoe is a great labor saver that will take the place of several implements, since it makes furrows, hoes, harrows or rakes as fast as its operator can walk. If the garden is large then a seed drill attachment will be a welcome time and labor saver. A spray pump that can be carried on the back is a good investment for the small farm that does not boast a power sprayer for use in orchards or in potato fields.

There are any number of tools on the market designed to make garden work easier. Most of these are very useful if correctly used under right conditions—but there lies the question. From one part of our country to another conditions differ widely, and implements that are ideal in one locality for crops common there may be useless elsewhere. Therefore every gardener must to a certain extent try them out for himself, using home-made "makeshifts" until he thoroughly knows his own needs. In this way he will save expense and be sure of his needs before he buys.

Why Livestock Need Salt and Iodine

Today the problems of animal nutrition are receiving more attention than formerly, and the mineral needs of livestock are coming in for a great deal of study. Investigators have recently made important discoveries which show that the importance of minerals to animal growth and health that it is next to impossible to overestimate its importance. Nor have certain manufacturers lost time in placing upon the market mineral mixtures to meet the growing interest and increasing demand. Some of these mixtures are harmless or of doubtful value; others may even be harmful. Therefore we advise readers of COMFORT to avoid being mislead into buying *unknowns.* The mineral needs of livestock, so far as the farmer himself is concerned, are comparatively simple, being supplied mainly and sufficiently in the feed. Those that are for any reason deficient, moreover, may be safely and cheaply supplied in *pure form,* thus eliminating part of the expense and all of the possible danger involved in the purchase and use of mineral mixtures.

Salt Essential to Digestion

Most farmers provide salt for their livestock with but little thought as to why they do it. They know that farm animals in either barn or pasture, if not supplied with salt, will become "salt hungry." Salting stock is a habit that has been handed down to us from the dim and distant past; a habit that is followed in a sort of hit-or-miss way by a majority of feeders, without much thought being paid to amounts needed, what for, and why. Here are the reasons why salt is absolutely necessary if farm animals are to thrive as they should, as explained by Prof. E. B. Hart, of the Wisconsin College of Agriculture:

"It is necessary to supply salt to livestock for the reason that farm crops and mill feeds they eat are very low in the element *chlorine,* the particular element that common salt supplies very cheaply and in easily available form. The main use of salt is to make the hydrochloric acid found in the digestive juice of the stomach of all animals. This substance is absolutely essential if that organ is to properly perform its digestive action. Experiments have plainly demonstrated that the dairy cow, for example, cannot get along without receiving salt in quantity. Diminished milk flow and generally impaired physical condition soon follows if salt is not included in the ration she receives."

There are a number of practical ways of supplying salt. The commonest and simplest, perhaps, is to keep rock salt or block salt where each animal can help itself. This method serves better in pasture than in the barn, however. In winter salt may be sprinkled on coarse and unappetizing roughage to make stock "lick it up clean." Some farmers make it a practice to salt their clover hay as it is put into the mow. Others find that the prepared stock feeds they buy contain all the salt their animals need. A point to be remembered is that young stock need salt just as much as older stock. We know of many a dairyman who diligently salts his milk cows, but who supplies none whatever to his calves.

Iodine Prevents Goiter

Throughout the region of the Great Lakes, west through the Dakotas and even into the northern Mountain States we find that livestock is likely to suffer from goiter. This trouble may develop before birth and cause difficulty in breathing in the newborn offspring it may also develop later during the growing period. Goiter occurs in colts, calves and lambs as a more or less marked swelling of the thyroid gland of the throat. In newborn pigs it is indicated not so much by throat swelling as by absence of hair—the "hairless pigs" so common during the past few years. Again we give Prof. Hart's explanation and treatment based upon years of close study and extensive experiments:

"Though we do not yet know exactly what is the specific cause of goiter or hairlessness of pigs, we have found that it can be entirely prevented by supplying a small amount of extra iodine in the ration. We find that farm crops, unless they are grown close to the seashore, do not contain enough of this element, and perhaps this may explain the prevalence of the trouble in the North-Central States.

"To prevent hairlessness of pigs we recommend that the brood sows before and during the gestation period be given one-third of an ounce of potassium iodide in each 100 pounds of grain mixture. As a goiter preventive for all farm livestock, one-tenth pound of potassium or sodium iodide (use whichever one is the cheaper) for each 1,000 pounds of grain mixture would be sufficient. The very small amount of extra iodine in either of these forms that is required to prevent the trouble makes the cost quite small. Because of the results obtained by this treatment, we stand behind it and recommend the use of extra amounts of iodine for all livestock in regions where damage has resulted from goiter."

Poultry Need Summer Shade

Now is the right time to plan on summer shade of some sort for the poultry flock, for poultry confined in runs where there is no shade suffer severely during hot weather. This can easily be prevented if steps are taken to provide shade of some sort, either natural or artificial, and hens will thus be kept from falling off in egg production. Failure to provide shade soon manifests itself in poor condition of small chicks, resulting in severe setbacks or even worse. Ducks and geese are particularly liable to suffer from the ill effects of overheating. Little chicks, though they require a relatively high temperature while brooding, will be seriously affected if the heat becomes too high or if direct sunlight at midday is not kept off. Good shade protects from the sun and heat but still permits proper ventilation, a highly important point in profitable poultry raising.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)

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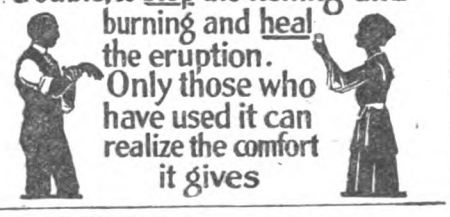


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Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

much they cough and choke. Some of the remedies are as follows: Dip the end of a small wing feather in turpentine, push it down the bird's throat, turn two or three times quickly, and pull it out. The worm may come with it, but it is so small that it is difficult to tell. Another is, to mix salt and water, or steep tobacco in water for ten minutes; pour a teaspoonful down the bird's throat; keep the head up, and the two holes at the base of the bill covered with the thumb and forefinger whilst you count five; release, and suddenly turn the bird upside down, holding by the feet. It will gasp, splutter, and usually eject the worm. But, really, I think it is much better to make a practice of putting the coops on clean ground, for trying to doctor little chicks is awfully difficult work.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

L. T. W.—Scaly leg does not affect the bird's health or egg production. It is caused by a tiny parasite which breeds in old dirty perches. Clean and paint the perches with sheep dip, naphtha or gasolene. Do the work early in the morning, and keep the birds out of the house until the roosts are dry, or they may get their feet blistered. Fill a two-quart pail with warm, soapy water, and hold the bird's feet and shanks in it for ten minutes at least, to soften the old, scaly skin. Then scrub with a soft brush and plenty of white soap. Wipe on a clean rag and whilst still warm and moist rub with carbolic vaseline or a mixture of flour of sulphur and lard.

F. H.—Please read answer to L. T. W., in this issue.

H. N.—Write to the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washinton, D. C., for bulletin on poultry house construction.

J. C.—I think you must have given your young ducks too much corn. Oats, bran and middlings, with a little animal meal, is a good mixture for growing ducks.

F. H.—Please read answer to L. T. W. in this issue.

A. H.—One service fertilizes the whole clutch of eggs. If the tom is a vigorous bird between the ages of fifteen months and five years, you can be quite sure of the hen bird's egg being fertile if they have been shut up in an enclosure for forty-eight hours.

G. E.—The breeding stock must be in a very poor condition, or the older chickens have infected the young ones. Chickenpox is a contagious disease, so you must clean and disinfect the houses, coops, etc.

E. M. B.—From your description of the old turkeys in the fall of the year, and the young ones last summer, there is little doubt that your stock has contracted the disease commonly known as blackhead. As your fowls can also become infected from the turkeys' droppings, you had better keep them widely separated. Clean up the whole premises, and give sour milk or whey from clabbered milk to drink. Set eggs from turkeys under common hens. Keep the brood coops on clean, fresh ground, far removed from other poultry, and you may succeed in raising some of them.

W. H.—The turkeys and hens have malignant roup. Make a saturated solution of permanganate of potassium, and for use dilute one teaspoonful of the solution with three of water; fill a small syringe, and spray the throat, nostrils and eyes night and morning. Keep the birds in small coops, far removed from other poultry. Remember, it will not be safe to use eggs from any of these birds for setting, no matter how perfect their recovery may seem. Clean and disinfect the poultry house, feed and water vessels, and all fixtures.

I. L. G.—The poultry house must be poorly ventilated and damp, or you have too many birds crowded into a small house. Take out the window sash and cover the space with unbleached muslin, to allow a free circulation of fresh air. Rub the feet and shanks with a mixture of turpentine and sweet oil. Read answer to W. H., and use the permanganate solution as recommended for eyes and throat.

E. B.—Please read answer to W. H. in this issue.

C. H.—The description, as given of the sick birds, suggests a light attack of roup. Instructions and dimensions for making the trap nests were given in one of the early spring numbers of COMFORT. Please look up your back numbers; I haven't them at hand.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

inside just as much as I do. All this laughing has to be done inside, and I have to keep my grins hidden; for if Bill found out that his harmless vanity amused me so, he would be tremendously offended. And when Billy is really offended, Isabel, even you couldn't love him. And speaking of photographs, of course you should send yours for Bill's album. You might have a snapshot taken eating fudge. This would be the sweetest sort of a pose!

Isabel, if you want my candid—or should I say "candied"?—opinion, I'll say that if such things *must* be (and they don't really have to happen), but if they must, I'd rather see a girl use powder than to see a boy chew tobacco. There might sometimes be an excuse for the first, but *never* for the second. But, on the other hand, I can, with an effort, contemplate a sixteen-year-old boy smoking a cigarette, when I would feel much worse to see rouge spoiling the natural freshness of a young girl. So there you are with my honest opinion. But for our Family, let's have just as little powder, paint and tobacco as possible. These are all inventions of man who was once "made upright," —and pretty poor inventions they are. Now fudge is much nicer—and much less harmful.

You must not mention Bill's gray whiskers, Isabel, if you want him to keep on liking you. The first thing you know he will be getting them dyed! So if you see a dignified-looking Goat with yellow whiskers, and slightly lame in the left foreleg, walking up to your door in Charlotte some day, you will know that Billy has accepted your invitation and has arrived to eat a pan or two of your divine home-made fudge.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for May

"Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these you have done it unto Me."

Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Every month brings to me letters which disregard this simple and necessary rule. Appeals unaccompanied by the references required will be destroyed.

Faye Smith, Greenfield, Mo. A little cripple girl of eight, cut off from school and play, asks for cards, picture books, or anything to "pass the time away." Mrs. Sophronia Watson, Boomer, N. C. Struggling to support herself and her two children of six and thirteen. Second-hand clothes will help—but second-hand dollars will help more. Isaac Price, Lenoir, N. C. Helpless from rheumatism since 1871. A sad and worthy case. Miss Roma Coleman, Cuthbert, R. R. 2, Ga., and Miss Perdie G. Holland, Wilsonville, Box 63, Ala. Both ask that COMFORT women readers will write them to help lonely, cheerless hours. John Jackson, Slocomb, R. R. 1, Ark. Although it is too late for John's birthday of March 10th, it is not too late to give this little crippled shut-in boy of nine a shower of postcards and cheering letters. This is very little he asks, but it means a lot to him. Laura Janes, Cambrio, O. Deformed and helpless. Clothes and a dime shower will be brighteners for this poor woman.

Here is another list of those with whom life has dealt hardly, and who must turn to others for the cheer they cannot gain themselves and for the support they cannot earn. Some ask so little—only messages of cheer. For others, clothes to cover them and money to buy food is the only possible answer or aid. Give as you can and as you must. You will walk happier in the spring sunshine after you have done your part to these who have but little of springtime in their lives.

Lovingly,

Uncle Lisha

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C.," a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

How to become a Member

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

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Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

Round Prairie Observes Mothers' Day

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

and sent them to Betty, the Buyer. It seemed a little insignificant thing to do, and yet——

About a month later Ephraim Blake hailed him as he drove past his house.

"I say," he said, "I thought you were the man who didn't believe in giving your wife these modern contraptions. It's all over town that you are planning on the purchase of a washing-machine for Maria. Jess Edwards said so, and Joe Stoddard, and Bill Brinckley, and half a dozen others. And since they found that you're going to make your wife's work easier they've all decided they can do as well by their women-folks. When you planning to get it? Somehow it occurred to me it would be sort of a nice thing to do for us all to keep mum about our plans to our wives and then all send together for our washing-machines—p'raps we could get a little off buying them wholesale as it were—and plan to have them delivered the day before this Mothers' Day we've heard so much about these last few years. Somehow it strikes me they'd make Monday more of a Mothers' Day than any pink-wearing Sunday ever was."

Andrew Josephs' tongue was seized with a sudden stroke of paralysis. He couldn't say a word: he hadn't a word to say! He saw Betty the Buyer's hand in the business only too well. On the strength of his continued interest in the subject of washing-machines, she had written all the neighbors whose names he had sent her that he, Andrew Josephs, was planning on the purchase of an electric washer! And now the dum fools had all gone and decided to buy electric washers for their wives, and—why, there was no way out of it—he'd just have to buy one for Maria! He couldn't lose his prestige among Round Prairie folks!

At last the tongue loosened. Andrew endeavored to speak unconcernedly.

"I think," he said, unconsciously bringing forward Betty the Buyer's arguments, "it's about time we thought a little about our women-folks. Machines, even good ones, wear out; why shouldn't our women?"

"Exactly!" replied his listener. "Somehow we have always seemed to think they would last forever. But what do you think about this Mothers' Day plan? Mothers' Day is just two weeks from tomorrow—just about time to arrange things."

"Mighty good idea! You arrange with the men down here and bring all their orders to me and I'll fix the entire order up." (Perhaps he thought to himself, I can get a better commission than that ten dollars for names on the sale of nearly a dozen washing-machines!)

* * * * * * *

Two weeks from the following Monday, Maria Josephs, dress changed, hair tidily arranged, sat rocking beside the table with its red and white, checker-board patterned cloth, reading the belated Sunday paper. Suddenly she dropped the sheet she was holding.

"Andrew," she said, with a suggestion of youthful laughter in her voice, "what night *is* this?"

"Why, Monday, of course," replied her husband. "Why?"

"Why? Why, because I never felt like this on a Monday before. I'm not one bit tired tonight, and I put through all our winter blankets and everything I could lay my hands on this morning."

She picked up the paper she had dropped.

"I think," she mused, "I'll have to write a second letter. You know, Andrew, several months ago when I was all played out doing the weekly washing, I wrote to this Betty person at Louden's Store and told her how much I wanted a washing-machine but that my husband wouldn't listen to me when I mentioned my desire to him. I asked her how I could get you to buy me one. And she never answered me. I always thought it funny, for Louden's "ad" always states that every letter is answered; but I suppose that was a question no woman in the world could answer helpfully. Somehow I feel as if I ought to write her and tell her that my husband bought me a washer as a surprise, all of his own accord."

Andrew Joseph's eyes grew big behind his paper as he heard his wife's confession. So that was how it all came about, was it? That was how Louden's Betty the Buyer got his name and certain facts about him! The credit, then, all went back to Maria. Well—he gazed through the smoke haze made by his pipe at the softly-outlined figure of his wife, looking tonight so care-free and youthful—he was glad she did it. In truth, he hadn't understood.

"Do as you please, Maria," he answered, the corners of his eyes wrinkling with merriment as he thought of the stack of orange-hued letters he had that morning consigned to the flames of the kitchen fire.

"A Little Culture"

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

to get me off with a light sentence, officer. We took the jewels from Mr. Blair's house party."

Eudora breathed a startled "My Gawd!" Mrs. Roach swooned in Jupiter's arms, while Pat ejaculated, "Very clever of you, Suzanne; very clever, indeed."

Finnegan looked about in amazement, but sensing that he had inadvertently stumbled upon bigger game than he expected, took his cue and said:

"Into ther waggin wid yez, one an' all, an' we'll be after straightenin' matters out at hidquarters wid th' lootenant."

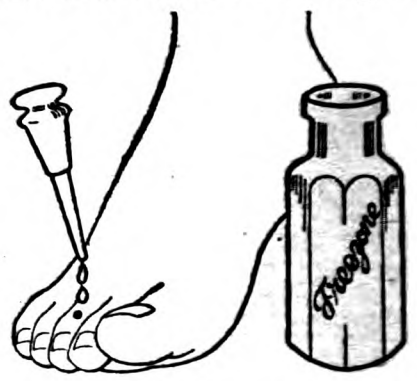
After Kilmansegg had signed his confession, Suzanne, Pat and Mammy departed in Pat's car.

"Ready to marry me now?" Pat asked, as Mammy dozed in the tonneau.

"Yes, I love usual people, they're so dependable," was Suzanne's rejoinder.

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Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

A. C., Norwood, La.—It is permitted nowadays that invitations to far more formal affairs than your boy and girl dance may be given by telephone. So use the friendly wire if you wish to save yourself time and stationery. Or you might write short and simple notes for which the following would suggest the form:

MY DEAR JACK:

I am planning to give a little dance at my house on blank evening, blank date, at blank o'clock. I would like so much to have you come. Will you let me know if you can?

Sincerely,

and finish up with your name and the date when you are sending your notes of invitation—which should be well in advance of the time you are to give your party. The advantage of telephoning your invitations is that by this method you know almost at once who can come and who cannot. (2) Fourteen is not too young for a girl to learn how to cook, or to acquire any other details of the fine art of homemaking. There is as much good manners in a well-baked pan of fluffy biscuits as there is in a new dance step.

SUBSCRIBER, Rison, Ark.—At the end of the meal is the time that cake and the great American pie make their appearance. A pie or layer cake can be placed on the table to be cut and served by the hostess. A pie is sometimes quite properly left in the pan in which it has been baked—particularly if it is some attractive cullinary attempt which would be easily injured. In such a case a napkin may be placed about the pan to cover it before serving. (2) In setting a table, knives and glassware are placed at the right, and forks and bread and butter plates upon the left. Where a maid is lacking to serve, convenience and common sense should govern your arrangement of any simple home dinner, more than any effort to conform with rules of etiquette as to table service and good form.

A. T., Bernie, Mo.—When the president of your club thanks you for having entertained the members at your home, why not say: "If you have all had the good time I've had in having you here, I am happy, you may be sure. Remember it has been just as much my good time as yours!" (2) No reply is needed when a clerk uses the customary phrases of thanking you for your purchase and asks you to "call again."

F. P., Blum, Texas.—To get a "lump in your throat" when reading or speaking in public is not a new or rare complaint. In fact, at sixteen, it is rather a natural one for which time is the best and generally sure remedy. You are probably unduly sensitive and a little too finely-nerved. Try to forget yourself as much as possible in what you are doing and cease to think that everyone has attention riveted upon you for purposes of criticism. They may be thinking that you are doing very well indeed. If you are reading or speaking, keep your mind on reading or speaking just as well as you can and let the rest take care of itself. Anything that aids you physically is apt to help your nervous timidity, but time and practice in meeting people and speaking before them is your only remedy.

BROWN EYES, North Carolina.—A bride does not wear a hat at her wedding, unless she is to be married in her going-away costume. You should not plan to wear a hat if your wedding gown is to be of white satin. If you are married in your traveling costume, your hat should be a small one which harmonizes in color with your selected plainly-tailored suit. (2) Whether you would remove your coat on the train, would depend entirely on the temperature. We advise you against traveling, even in summer, in any light-colored frock of thin material.

READER OF COMFORT, Virginia.—If your father cannot aid you with money, and you cannot yourself earn enough for your support, we do not see how you can plan to establish yourself in the city. In any event, no fifteen-year-old girl should leave a farm home and enter a big city with the idea of earning her living. Surely your father, or anyone else who knows of your plans, would advise you wisely against this. If you had old friends or relatives in the city, whose home you could enter and who could aid you to get work that might prove self-supporting, there might be some excuse for your wish to leave home. As it is, we think you should remain at home until you have, either through your own efforts or your father's labor, secured funds that would give you a safe and sure start in new and strange surroundings. And in the meantime you will be getting a few years older. We congratulate you on your pluck and ambition—but these must not outrun safety and common sense.

KENTUCKY BELLE, Center, Ky.—A man is always supposed to be capable of getting on his own coat without a girl's assistance. Do not offer to aid your caller in this way. (2) A girl of sixteen may have boys call upon her if her parents do not object, but at this age she is too young to "go" with any particular boy or to receive serious attentions from young men older than herself. Sixteen and younger are the ages only for school books and school boys—which reminds us that you write "permissable" when your spelling book would demand "permissible."

DIMPLES, Joplin, Mo.—There is nothing easier to start than gossip and probably Joplin is no exception to this rule. So, considering that you are really the head of your junior household, it might be well to avoid any censorious remarks by not inviting your escort into your home when you return at a rather late hour of the evening. (2) Yes; you may ask your caller to come again, if you think he is the kind that needs encouragement. Boys are often bashful creatures and need a kind word or two to help their timid hearts.

BUTTERCUP, South Carolina.—If the party in the room numbers no more than five or six, a new arrival would be expected to make the round of the guests—shaking hands with those known and being introduced to faces that were strange.

LONESOME, South Carolina.—Why do you say you "cannot think of anything to say" when you go anywhere? Certainly you should be able to join in the same topics of conversation as others of your friends. Listen to what they say; watch what they do; and then play the part of an interested imitator, at least. Don't think that others must care about your having "a grand or bad time." Pitch in and have a grand time yourself and make others have one, also. You are "lonesome" because you are self-conscious and self-centered. Take a hand in making other people happy and you will find yourself happy, too—and a lot less lonesome.

GRAYCE, Oklahoma.—You should thank a boy who has escorted you home, or extended any like courtesy. But we think it is he who should be grateful for the dance. (2) If a boy is walking on the street with one girl or with two, he would take his place nearest the curb—the principle being that he is thus in a position to guard against accidents of traffic, mud, etc. While this rule and other considerations would prevent a man walking between two girls, there is no objection to a girl taking her place between two escorts and thus being twice guarded and amused. We congratulate you on your delightful handwriting.

S. M. D., Lexington, Va.—The ideal average weight for a girl of eighteen who is five feet, five inches in height, would be 126 pounds. You do not give your age, which we only guess. If you are younger, this average would be about a pound lighter for each year; and if you are older, add at the same rate to the weight given. (2) As a general rule, brown is a color which would make a young girl, with pale complexion, look older than she really is. If you wear brown, choose the lighter shades, tending towards tans and fawn color. With your hair and eyes, you could becomingly wear all shades of blue, particularly the darker tints. Those newer henna colorings, the lighter ones, might be suitably worn, also. Avoid all greens, unless very dark shades of this color.

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70

Hair of Grey

By Margaret A. Bartlett

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WHEN a young woman—a woman really young in years—discovers that grey hairs are streaking her hair, no one can blame her if she resorts to artificial means to restore the hair's natural color. A young and youthful face was never meant to be framed with hair of grey. The greyness may be a result of some sickness, or merely the result of impoverished hair-cells resulting from one cause or another; but it is unnatural, and not to be desired.

But when a woman has reached middle age and passed it, when the greater part of life's battles have been fought and won—or—lost—when she has seen life in its varying colors and phases, then she is more unfortunate than otherwise if her hair persists in keeping its color. On her face has been chiseled a picture of the life she has led: character is revealed in every line: and the one proper setting for such a picture is a frame of silver.

"But grey hairs make one look so old," bemoaned a dear friend of mine, an active, keen-minded, yet gentle, motherly woman in her sixties, "and I don't want to look old!"

Her hair should have been grey—it had been years ago it first showed its streaks of silver—but she had never allowed it to turn. She had used bottle after bottle of hair restorer to keep it "youthful looking," and she salved her New England conscience by admitting frankly to all she knew that she colored her hair.

She thought it made her look younger, and she rejoiced in the fact that even though her friends knew she dyed her hair, still they didn't know how she would look were her hair as white as doubtless it would by now, without the bottle of dye, be.

But the dye, home applied, did not bring about a natural color. If by any chance a regular application was missed, the hair took on a dingy, streaked look that would have been unbecoming to the most beautiful woman of thirty. Besides, the dark frame did not harmonize with the picture beneath it. Generally the face had color, but it was not the youthful color of long ago. Neither was the skin smooth and of fine texture, and there were wrinkles, wrinkles placed there by love and sacrifice, worry and work, household cares and the responsibility of little children and growing young men and women, wrinkles that were as the printed word on a virgin sheet of paper. The dark hair accentuated those wrinkles till they seemed at times but hard lines; it withered still more the far from young skin and mocked at the trace of color in the cheeks.

Dear woman who didn't want to grow old! How little she realized how much she was contributing to the appearance of age in her face!

A winter without snow is a dismal, cheerless winter. The bare trees, the ugly fences, the brown earth are old and dreary and sad to look upon when the cold winter winds sweet over them. But let snow fall, and immediately the landscape forms a different picture. Everywhere one sees peace and calm, quietness and content. Every ugly line has become a soft dimple of beauty. No hardness remains; nothing but an infinite softness and gentleness.

Thus should snow fall in the winter of life. There may be a period between the glowing fall and the dead of winter that is hard to bear. There may be a stretching of pleading arms back to the days of youth and sunshine but the winter winds still will strike, and beauty only will be lost if no softening snows flutter down.

If you be no longer young, let your hair grow grey and fade to white with no regret. God intended it to be thus. White hair never made one old in spirit; it never dimmed the eye nor took the laugh out of the voice. A young heart may flourish in an aged body; a keen mind in a year-worn head. The color of the hair is not so significant as the spirit which flashes from the eyes. Yet the greyness or whiteness of maturity soften and beautify the face and turn ugly wrinkles into character lines of beauty. Unless your life has been a blank, give your hair a chance to aid in the delineation of character your no longer youthful face reveals.

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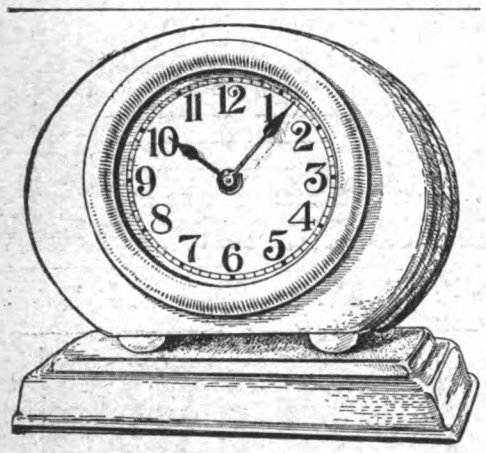
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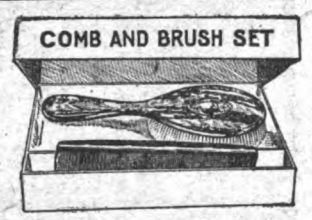
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2-Piece Toilet Set



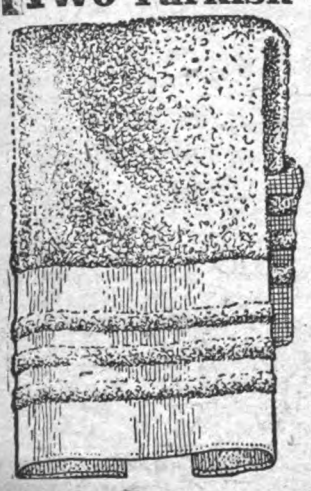
THIS is a good grade Toilet Set, consisting of comb and brush. The comb is seven inches long, with coarse and fine teeth, and comes in the new popular "Malachite" green finish. The brush is nine inches long, two and a half inches wide, with firm white bristles, and is finished in the same beautiful "Malachite" green, with a silverine shield on the back. We have given away thousands of these sets and it never fails to please.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Comb and Brush Set free and prepaid. **Reward No. 9982.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Two Turkish Towels

Good Size Soft And Fleecy



AFTER bathing there is nothing quite as fine as a good **rub down** with a **Turkish towel**, in fact it is the **best** towel for all purposes, whether for the bathroom, guestroom or everyday family use. They absorb the water much more readily than other towels and the **soft fleece-like surface** imparts to the body a delightful feeling of warmth and well-being. They are also fine for **baby's toilet** as they will not hurt the tender skin. The towels offered here are **15 inches wide and 32 inches long** which is a good convenient size for all-round family use, and are of good weight, well made and finished. We will make you a present of **two** of these towels upon the terms of the following offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you one pair (2) of these fine Turkish Towels free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 9912.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

What A Beautiful Life-Like Doll For Some Little Girl In Your Home!

Won't She Fairly Shout With Joy When She Finds This Big, Handsome, Sleeping Dolly Is All Her Own!

YES, we will send this big lifelike Doll to any little girl whose Papa, Mama, brother or sister will send in a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT. Not since before the war have we been able to offer such an expensive Doll. No city store will show a larger or handsomer Doll this season at anywhere near the price we paid for this one. We bought five thousand of them in one lot direct from the factory—that is how we secured them so cheaply. **And just think**—a club of only **six** subscriptions to COMFORT brings this beautiful Doll right to your door—yours to have and to own without one cent of expense. What a delightful surprise for some little tot in your home!



Nearly One Foot And A Half Tall

Look At Her Beautiful Dress And Real Stockings And Slippers

She Can Open And Close Her Eyes. She Has Imitation Teeth, Long Golden Hair And Wears A Pretty Dress With Real Stockings And Slippers.

NOW let us tell you more about this Doll. she stands **nearly a foot and a half tall.** The body, arms and legs are made by a new improved process which renders them practically **indestructible.** The head is **unbreakable** and head, arms and legs are movable. And if you could only see her hair. It is a light golden color, thick, long and luxuriant, **falling far below her waist.** Her eyes are as blue as the sky and she can open and shut them and go to sleep **like a real baby** whenever you want her to. Her rosebud lips are parted in a winsome smile showing her pretty white teeth in a truly lifelike manner.

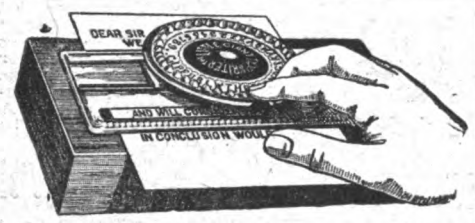
She is fully dressed from head to feet in the latest style with cute short sleeves, handsome figured lace trimmed waist and short pleated skirt and she wears real stockings and slippers with silveroid buckles. **You can undress and dress this Doll as often as you please and you can take off her stockings and slippers and put them on again just as you do your own.**

Fathers and Mothers—just look at this beautiful Doll as she stands smiling and waiting for someone to pick her up, hug her and kiss her and take her out to play. Don't you think **your** little girl would just love to have her for her very own? Of course she would—and you should take advantage of this offer **at once.** Remember we have but five thousand of these Dolls on hand and when they are gone this offer will be withdrawn.

FOR A CLUB OF ONLY SIX!

YOU can surely find six neighbors and friends who will be glad to subscribe to COMFORT at the present bargain rate of 50 cents a year. Send us their names and addresses and the money collected ($3.00 in all) and we will send you this big, beautiful Sleeping Doll, fully dressed and otherwise exactly as described above, packed in a strong box so that it cannot possibly get broken, free by parcel post prepaid. There will be no expense to you whatever. Your Mail Carrier will deliver the Doll right to your door without charge. This Doll is **Reward No. 7806 and please mention this number when ordering.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Little Giant Typewriter

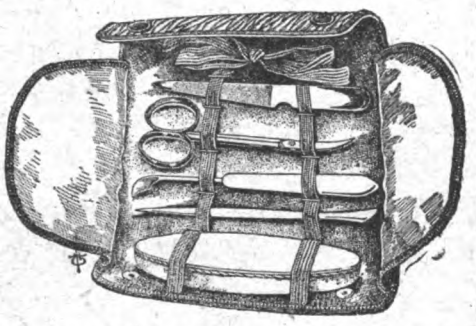
A REAL machine that writes very distinctly. Has every letter in the alphabet, all the numerals from 1 to 10 and punctuation marks. Uses any size letter paper up to 5 inches wide. For correspondence, making out invoices, statements, addressing envelopes, etc., this machine will do the work well. It is very easy to operate, in fact, a child can write on it after a little practice.

Given To You! For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Typewriter free and prepaid. **Reward No. 8853.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

French Ivory Manicure Set

In A Roll-Up Leather Case



Given For A Club Of Four!

A PRACTICAL and beautiful Set, containing everything necessary for the proper care of the nails. It consists of a 5-inch flexible polished steel nail file, a pair of 3½-inch polished steel curved nail scissors, a 4-inch cuticle knife with French Ivory handle, a 4-inch French Ivory nail stick, and a 4½-inch nail polisher or buffer with French Ivory Top. All these articles are neatly contained in a moire-lined, **genuine leather case,** measuring 5½ inches wide and 6 inches from end to end when opened. The case rolls up as shown in illustration, and fastens with two snap clasps. In this form it resembles a miniature pocketbook, and is just as convenient to carry, as it measures only 5½x2 inches and only 1 inch in thickness.



Although we offer this Manicure Set for an unusually small club, please understand that each and every piece is strictly high grade and regulation size. We know that every woman and girl who accepts this offer and earns one of these splendid Sets will be more than delighted with it. It is free on the terms of the following offer.

Given To You! For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this splendid French Ivory Manicure Set in a roll-up leather case free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8124.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Beautiful Silk Remnants

REMNANTS of real silk, in all shapes, sizes and colors. They are carefully trimmed and just what you need for making up quilts, tidies, pillow tops and all kinds of "crazy patchwork." We will send you a package containing more than **one hundred** of these beautiful **silk pieces and 5 skeins embroidery cotton in different bright colors,** also an **Instruction Book with eight full-page illustrations** showing how to ornament seams of crazy patchwork and other work where fancy stitches are used, also how to work the **Outline and Kensington Stitch, Arrasene and Chenille Embroidery, ribbon work, plush or tufted stitch, also directions for Kensington painting.** All this is yours free upon the terms of the following special offer:

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you one package of these Silk Remnants free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 5561.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Shaggy Teddy Bear

EVERY little boy and girl wants a Teddy Bear and here is an opportunity for every father or mother who reads COMFORT to get one without expense. "Teddy" is a plump, shaggy fellow, 10 inches tall, made of brown plush, carefully stitched and finished, and his head and legs are jointed in such a manner that you can place him in almost any position. He will stand up, sit down, stand on his head, walk on all fours, in fact he gets himself into all kinds of positions, so comical and lifelike that it makes the children scream with delight just to look at him. Teddy is so well made that he cannot easily become broken, and with ordinary care should last for years. We will send you Teddy free if you will accept the following special offer:

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Teddy Bear free and prepaid. **Reward No. 9992.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Writing And Drawing Outfit



Reward No. 9972

For Home And School

HERE is something that is needed in every home and by every schoolboy and schoolgirl—a big value-assortment of almost everything needed for writing and drawing. Our illustration is, of course, greatly reduced in size. The Case, which is made of fine leatherette, is 10½ inches long and 2½ inches wide. It is of the folding style, with a snap fastener, so that it can conveniently be carried in the pocket or in the children's lunch basket. Inside the Case there are **three high-grade pencils with erasers, one good quality penholder with pen, one twin pencil** (in reality two pencils in a combination holder), **one pencil sharpener, one large rubber eraser, one 10-inch ruler** and an **aluminum collapsible drinking cup with cover.**

This Outfit is manufactured by the American Lead Pencil Company, which is sufficient guarantee of its fine quality, and we know that it will please our readers, especially those who have children going to school, and of course it is just as handy in the home, because all the pencils, penholder, etc., are high grade and just what grown people like to use. If you will accept the following special offer we will send you one of these fine Outfits free.

Given To You! For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this complete Writing and Drawing Outfit, exactly as above described, free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9972.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Sugar, Creamer And Tray



MADE of "crushed" silver—the very latest idea. Sugar, Creamer and Tray are full standard size. The Tray is quadruple silver plated and both Sugar and Creamer are quadruple silver plated outside and gold lined inside. A very useful set and a beautiful ornament for the dining table or sideboard.

CLUB OFFER. We will send you this Crushed Silver Set free and prepaid for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. **Reward No. 7904.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

130 New Transfer Patterns FREE



All The Latest Stylish Designs For Milady's Dress, Lingerie And Accessories, Children's Garments, Household Linen And Fancy Work, Also Hoops, Stiletto, Embroidery Cotton And Instruction Book.

COMFORT needleworkers will welcome this splendid new transfer outfit consisting of five large sheets of patterns, five skeins embroidery cotton, different colors: hoops, bone stiletto and book on embroidery stitches. This grand pattern assortment, which easily surpasses anything we ever offered before, includes more than **one hundred thirty** new stylish motifs for all kinds of wearing apparel, table linen, towels, handkerchiefs and many beautiful articles of fancy work for home decoration. They may be used singly and in innumerable combinations. There are designs for corset covers, petticoats, collars, borders and sprays for dresses, lingerie, etc., borders for braid, towels, etc., anchors, repeat scallops in five different sizes, two sizes of fancy scallops, fleur-de-lis, French knots, child's dress, Dutch figures, scarf end for Bulgarian work, rose design for pillow, corners for table covers, centerpieces, lunch cloths, handkerchiefs, etc., etc., 17-inch butterfly centerpiece, doilies, one complete 2¾-inch Old English alphabet, one complete 1½-inch initial block alphabet, one complete ½-inch initial script alphabet, and various other designs—over **one hundred thirty** in all.

The patterns may be **instantly** transferred to any material by simply rubbing with bowl of a spoon or by pressing with a hot iron. They can be used at least six times with satisfactory results.

Remember—in **addition** to all these patterns, we also include free of charge, five skeins good embroidery cotton in different colors, hoops, bone stiletto and a book illustrating and describing all the principal embroidery stitches, making embroidery so simple that a child can do it.

We will make you a present of this big transfer outfit if you will accept the following offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this complete Transfer Outfit, exactly as described, free by mail postpaid. **Reward No. 9272.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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Comfort's Home Lawyer



Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from our eminent legal adviser on all questions of law except divorce matters.

Address Home Lawyer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

MRS. R. A. B., Missouri.—Under the laws of Texas, we are of the opinion that no partition can be had of the homestead during the lifetime of a surviving husband or wife, or so long as the survivor may elect to use or occupy the same as a homestead, or so long as the guardian of minor children may be permitted to occupy same by order of court, and we think this homestead right is protected to the surviving husband or widow and minor children against the testamentary provisions in the will of the deceased consort; we think that after the homestead rights of the surviving consort and minor children are terminated, homesteads descend as other real property.

MRS. G. R., Kentucky.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that 90 per cent. of the wages or salaries of persons earning $75 per month or less is exempt by law from levy under execution; we think that if you can substantiate the fact that the doctor who operated upon you was grossly negligent in making the diagnosis of your case, he would not be entitled to collect from you for his services.

MRS. D. O., New Jersey.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that it is necessary to record a deed to real estate in order to protect the owner thereof against the rights of subsequent purchaser of the land who purchases in good faith and without notice of the prior deed; we think, however, that if the holder of the first deed of the property you mention, entered into possession of the land and continued to hold such possession, this would constitute notice of ownership to the purchaser who holds the later deed of the property, but this state of facts would constitute a cloud upon the title and might necessitate a court action for the removal of the defect in the title.

MRS. A. C., Arkansas.—Under the laws of Kentucky, we are of the opinion that if your brother survived your grandfather, and if he became vested with a remainder interest in your grandfather's estate, his death before the death of the life tenant, would not defeat the claim of his legal representatives to their share in your grandfather's estate.

MRS. J. M., Wisconsin.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a mortgage may be foreclosed as soon as there is a default in the payment of either principal or interest.

J. M. C., Montana.—If the administrator of the estate you mention refuses to account to the persons entitled to an interest therein, after the period allowed for administration expires, we think it will be necessary to commence proceedings against him to compel him to do so.

L. P., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of either the husband or wife one-half of the common property goes to the survivor and the remainder to the child or children of the deceased; we think that under certain circumstances children's rights to a deceased parent's share in community property may be barred by the statute of limitations.

A. G., Oregon.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married woman, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving husband and one child as her only heirs at law and next of kin, her surviving husband would receive curtesy of a life estate in one-half of the real estate, and one-half of the personal estate absolutely, the balance of the estate going to the child.

MRS. M. W. K., Ohio.—If your debtor refuses or neglects to pay the interest on his mortgage debt to you, we think it will be necessary for you to foreclose the mortgage in order to enforce the payment of the same; we think you would be very foolish to allow your relationship to your debtor to interfere with your property rights.

MRS. A. S., Arkansas.—We think the holder of the note you mention can enforce the payment of the same from either the maker or endorser of such note.

S. P., Kansas.—We think the laws of your state prohibit marriages between first cousins, and that such a marriage in your state would subject the parties to punishment for such act; we do not think there is any Federal law prohibiting such a marriage, but, as above stated, the state law would govern; we do not think the laws of any state require the consent of the parents where both parties are over 21 years of age.

MRS. E. S., Montana.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if the maker of the note you mention does not pay same, the endorser can be held for such payment. (2) We think such a liability can be discharged by bankruptcy, provided the schedules are properly drawn. (3) We think a transfer of property, made for the purpose of avoiding the payment of a debt, could be set aside in the proper action brought for the purpose.

MRS. N. L., Louisiana.—We think it will be necessary for you to have an examination made of the records in order to determine whether the land owned by you was legally sold during your minority; we think such sale would be legal if made in a legal manner.

MRS. A. S., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the holder of a note can compel the endorser to pay same if the maker of such note defaults in the payment when the same becomes due; we think that after such payment by the endorser he is entitled to collect in turn from the maker of the note.

MRS. M. G. C., Virginia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child nor descendant living at the time of his death, his widow in addition to her homestead rights and certain small allowances, would be entitled to receive dower of a one-third interest for life in his real estate and one-half of the surplus, after payment of debts and expenses of the personal property, and in addition thereto she shall be entitled to all of the surplus remaining of the personal property as shall have been acquired by the intestate in virtue of his marriage to her if the same occurred prior to April 4, 1877.

A. L., Philippine Islands.—Under your laws, we are of the opinion that all property belonging to either husband or wife before marriage remains the personal property of the original owner. Property acquired during marriage and improvements on property acquired before marriage belong to the conjugal partnership and constitute the community property. The husband is the head of the community and administers the community property except when declared judicially absent, insane or suffering civil interdiction, or when separated. Before marriage a contract may be executed stipulating the conditions for the conjugal partnership with regard to future and present property. Gifts between spouses during marriage are void, except moderate gifts on occasions of birthdays, wedding anniversaries, etc. Parents are bound to give a dowry to their legitimate daughters of one-half of their legitimate portion and the dowry may be estimated or appraised or unestimated. The ownership of the estimated dowry passes to the husband, who upon dissolution of the marriage, must return its value. The husband is the administrator of the unestimated dowry, and upon dissolution of the marriage the same property constituting the dowry must be returned. The separate or personal property of the wife is administered by her unless she transfers the administration to her husband. The wife cannot alienate or mortgage her dowry or paraphernal property without the consent of her husband. Upon dissolution of the marriage an inventory is taken, and after deducting debts and charges, husband and wife share equally in the community property.

MRS. F. G., Missouri.—If your husband is disposing of your property, we think you should refuse to allow him to do so; we think if he forges your name to deeds or other instruments it may be necessary for you to have him punished for so doing.

MRS. C. H. G., West Virginia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child nor descendant, his surviving widow is entitled to receive all the personal estate, after payment of debts and expenses, and dower of a one-third interest for life in his real estate, the balance of the real estate going to his parents, brothers and sisters or their descendants, depending upon who is left.

MRS. J. G., Montana.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a husband cannot be compelled to support his wife if she abandons him, without just cause, but that he can be compelled to provide separate support for her in case the court finds his treatment of her was such as to necessitate her leaving him.

MRS. F. C. N., Montana.—We do not think the laws of your state provide for community ownership of the property acquired by onerous title after marriage; we think the husband can be compelled to support his wife unless she abandons him without just cause, and that in case she survives him he cannot bar her from her inheritance rights in his estate; we think in case the husband deserts his wife, without good cause, she can enforce her right to support from him against any property he may own.

MRS. J. T. B., Minnesota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving widow and children by two marriages, his widow, in addition to her homestead rights, if any, and certain small allowances from the personal estate, would receive one-third of both the personal and real estate, after the payment of debts and expenses, the balance of the estate going to the children of both marriages in equal shares.

MRS. B. L., Oregon.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that upon the death of a married man, leaving no child nor descendant, and leaving no will, his surviving widow would receive the entire estate after payment of debts and expenses.

G. W. L., Wisconsin.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the surviving husband cannot enforce his curtesy rights to the real estate of his deceased wife against her children by a former husband to whom such land has descended.

MRS. G. F., Missouri.—If the deed to the property you mention is drawn so that it creates a tenancy by the entirety to yourself and husband, we think the whole property upon the death of one becomes the sole property of the survivor; we think it will be necessary for your husband to leave a will if he desires you to receive his whole estate as even though you are probably entitled to receive all of the real estate if the title stands in both of your names as tenants by the entirety, you will only receive a child's part of the personal estate if he leaves no will, and leaves surviving descendants.

Luther Burbank's latest addition to the plant world is a new blackberry known as the 'thornless blackberry." The cane has no thorns and the fruit is larger and more delicious than the ordinary blackberry.—*Dearborn Independent.*

SURE QUICK DEATH FOR RATS AND MICE

Remarkable Triple Strength Virus Kills Every One Not a Poison

MARVELOUS FRENCH DISCOVERY

Rats are your enemies. They destroy your buildings, eat your grain, kill your poultry, start fires and spread disease in every community. You need no longer suffer these losses—You can now, in a week's time easily kill every rat, mouse or gopher with Rat Virus, the great French discovery. Our triple strength virus is the most powerful concentrated deadly virus known, the only sure, safe rodent destroyer.

Triple Strength Virus is absolutely safe to use anywhere—positively not a poison. No danger to chickens, horses, cattle, hogs or dogs. Harmless to children or grown persons. Affects only rodents.



Triple Strength Virus is prepared in a scientific laboratory and contains only Virus germs deadly to rodents. The bottle and corks are sterilized and sealed air-tight, so that all other germs are excluded. This is why Triple Strength is so deadly. It is tested on rats, mice and gophers before shipment—it cannot fail.

Rats Die Outside

Triple Strength Rat Virus is easy to use. Simple directions show how. A single rat eating the virus gets sick with a contagious plague disease that affects and kills all rats and mice in the immediate vicinity. Rats flee because they become infected with a plague that affects the heart, blood vessels, and lungs, destroying the blood corpuscles and causing suffocation. The rats rush outside where they get fresh air and water. When the diseased rats get ouside, they never get back for the disease is then so far gone it kills them. No odor, no dead rats to handle, no live rats to kill.

Special Introductory Offer

We want to prove to you our claim that Triple Strength Rat Virus is the most potent, most powerful—yet non-poisonous and absolutely safe—rat virus on the market. It is a TRIPLE STRENGTH Virus. Contains more living rat virus germs than any other rat killer made and will go one-third to one-half farther. To introduce this powerful Triple Strength Rat Virus, we will make every reader of this paper—for short time only—a special offer of a regular $2.50 bottle for only $1.00 postpaid. This $2.50 bottle Triple Strength Rat Virus is enough to clear a poultry house, home or yard of rats and mice. Should you have several buildings infested with rats, it will pay you to send $2.00 for our big $5.00 Jumbo Size bottle. This Jumbo size bottle contains three times the quantity of Triple Strength Virus as our regular $2.50 bottle sold for $1.00. Send order today sure.

Money Back Guarantee

Your money back if it fails. Take no chances this year with traps or rat poisons. Triple Strength Rat Virus will positively kill rats, mice and gophers and be absolutely safe and sure. Give it according to directions—if after 30 days' trial you find any rats or mice—we will refund your money without question.

If not convenient to send money today—just send your name and address, a postal will do—pay postman on arrival. Remember it costs you nothing if it does not do all we claim.

Agents Wanted in every community.

COLD SEAL LABORATORIES
3842 W. Lake, Dept. 141, Chicago, Ill.

Genuine



BAYER

Aspirin

WARNING! Say "Bayer" when you buy Aspirin.

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians over 22 years and proved safe by millions for

Headache	Colds	Rheumatism
Toothache	Neuralgia	Neuritis
Earache	Lumbago	Pain, Pain

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions.

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

VETERINARY INFORMATION



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lack the sender's full name and address, but we will prin only initials if so requested.

LUNG WORMS.—Can you give me a remedy for lung worms in calves? I had three die with them. They had diarrhea, complete loss of appetite, eyes sunk back in the head. They coughed slightly, and after death I found the lungs were clogged with white worms about two inches long. They died in a week after developing the above symptoms. J. E. R.

A.—There is no certain remedy for lung worms. The eggs are taken in on old grass, and on farms where the worms have caused trouble calves should be raised in pens and yards for the first 12 months of their lives and should be kept off pasture. The usual treatment consists in fumigating infested calves with burning sulphur or vaporized iodine, or in injecting a chloroform mixture directly into the windpipe. Consult the local veterinarian about that. Generous feeding is imperative.

LAME MULE.—My mule at times is lame in her left hind leg. When I first noticed the lameness she would walk on her toe for a few steps, and then would walk all right again. Now she steps ahead and does not let her foot go far enough back and rests it. She does all the work I require and does not show lameness when pulling. R. M. H.

A.—Ringbone around the hoofhead often causes such lameness. If an enlargement is found there clip off the hair and blister the part several times at intervals of two or three weeks with a mixture of two drams each of powdered cantharides and biniodide of mercury and three ounces of lard. Without an examination, however, we are unable to say for sure what is causing the lameness.

FOUNDER.—I have a twelve-year-old mare that has been foundered. Her front feet are soft and will not hold the shoe more than two weeks. She is a little lame at times. Her head is stiff where the head joins the neck. When grazing she puts one foot back and the other forward which seems to make her fore legs stiff. What can I do for her? G. A. T.

A.—Chronic founder causes a horse to thrust both fore feet well forward and go on his heels when starting to walk. We scarcely think that founder is present in the case described. To toughen the feet so that they will hold nails apply to the juncture of the horn and hair of the hoofs every other day a mixture of one part of oil of tar and two parts of oil of balsam of fir. They should then hold nails in about six weeks, after which apply the treatment twice a week.

DEATH OF DOG.—Will you tell me what caused the death of a dog affected as described? She was sick four days. The first sign of any sickness was when she began slobbering a few times a day. For three days she ate good and seemed all right except when she had these spells. They were more violent when she tried to get her jaws apart. The fourth day she was paralyzed and could neither eat nor drink. I went to a veterinarian and he said it was worms and prescribed areca nut. MRS. A. E. C.

A.—The symptoms are highly suggestive of the dumb form of rabies or madness from the bite of an affected dog. Death takes place inside of a week. The affected dog is often thought to have a bone in its throat. The voice changes to a half bark, half howl. The eyes have an unnatural look, one pupil being dilated and the other contracted besides being gummy with mucous. There is no remedy. Worms often cause fits and temporary unconsciousness. Areca nut is useful to kill worms. After starving a dog for 24 hours, give one dram of fluid extract of male-fern and 20 grains of powdered areca nut in a tablespoonful of simple syrup. Repeat the dose in four or five days. That is the dose for each 25 pounds of body weight of dog.

HEAVES.—My horse has heaves. Can you tell me what will help him? D. J. W.

A.—Feed wet oat straw and corn stover instead of hay and also allow oats, wheat bran and carrots. In summer let the horse live on grass. Wet the feed with lime-water. In each feed mix a teaspoonful of a mixture of equal quantities by weight of powdered stramonium leaves and chlorid of ammonia. Do not give any bulky feed at noon when the horse has to work hard and do not work him immediately after a meal.

CANCER OF EYE.—I have a steer that has a bad eye. Pus has formed in it for some time. The lid is inflamed and he appears to be blind. R. P.

A.—There can be little question that the steer is afflicted with cancer of the eye (fungus hematoids), and treatment will not now be likely to help. If cut out and cauterized when first noticed recovery may ensue. If the steer is otherwise well, eating normally and in good flesh, it may safely be slaughtered for meat. That cannot be done after the animal has become emaciated.

PARALYSIS.—I have a hog, eight months old, that suddenly lost all use of its hind legs. The hog had a large field in which to run and was fed on corn and table scraps. Is there any remedy? D. W. L.

A.—Such paralysis is generally brought on by constipation from lack of exercise and errors in diet. Such causes should be removed. A quarter of a pound of juniper berries boiled with mill feed and given in three equal doses in one day often proves remedial.

Base Ball Suit Given



BOYS! Here is your chance to get a real Base Ball Suit, consisting of cap, shirt, belt and pants, absolutely Free. Each piece is well made of good material on the same order as a regular Base Ball Suit, and great care is taken to see that they are made to fit. You will be the proudest boy in your neighborhood with such a suit as this. Just think of the fine times you can have playing ball in this real Base Ball Suit.

I will give you this suit free and also tell you how to get a good ball and glove, so you will have a complete outfit.

Send No Money! Just your name and address and I will tell you how you can get this dandy Ball Suit. Be the first in your neighborhood. Write today.

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The Japanese [everlasting] **Straw Flower NEVER FADES.** Will keep indefinitely after being cut. It is an ornament when growing and especially prized for all kinds of decoration. For vase in winter it cannot be best. To introduce our catalog of rare plants and seeds, we will send a package of the seeds, mixed colors, for **10c**

Will Grow Anywhere. With the above we will also **GIVE** another pkge. of Flower Seeds. [Our Own Selection].

Japan Seed House,
Box 541,
South Norwalk, Conn.

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taking orders for Jennings Guaranteed Hosiery. Written guarantee with each pair to wear and give satisfaction or new hose free.

Year Round Position—No Lay Offs

Regular customers and repeat orders make you steady income. Hose for men, women and children, all styles, colors and finest line silk hose, all guaranteed. Low priced. No experience necessary. Write for samples.

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YOU can make $15 to $60 weekly in your spare time writing show cards. No canvassing or soliciting. We instruct you by our new simple Directograph system, pay you cash each week and guarantee you steady work. Write for full particulars and free booklet.

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GENUINE ALL LEATHER
Reach or D. & M. High Grade Fielder's Glove and Professional Ball (full size) with Horsehide Cover. Guaranteed **ALL FREE** for selling 30 packages Bingo Perfumed Ironing Wax at 10c a package Easy to sell. Order today.

Bingo Co. Dept 127-A, Binghamton, N. Y.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address but we will print only initials if so requested.

I. E., Simpson, Va.—Every senator and congressman is permitted to appoint two cadets to the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, N. Y. There are also eighty-two appointments at large in the hands of the President. All of these appointments are usually made one year in advance of date of admission. Many senators and congressmen are in the habit of granting these designations to the Academy after a competitive examination. Appointment does not necessarily mean admission, as all successful candidates must pass a rather difficult examination—one which would be equal to a carefully completed high school course. Candidates may also be admitted upon presentation of a certificate showing their past satisfactory school work, but if they are unable to keep up with the classes at the Academy, they are promptly dropped. The required course at West Point is four years. Consult your local congressman for further information, or write to the Superintendent of the U. S. Military Academy, West Point, N. Y.

J. McG., Lennox, S. D.—It requires more than three boys to organize a troop of Boy Scouts. For all the information you wish, write to the National Headquarters, Boy Scouts of America, 200 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Mrs. F. F., Cheyenne, Wyo.—Practically all of the pearls that are often found when eating oysters have little or no value. You live in a fair-sized city; why not ask one of your local jewelers concerning this oyster trophy?

H. E. O., Ingram, Tex.—Write to the Bureau of Navigation, Washington, D. C., for information concerning becoming a wireless operator in the U. S. Navy. We know of no Radio School in Texas, although it is possible that such exists.

I. M., Biltmore, N. C.—The Panama Canal was opened for navigation on August 15, 1914. It is built across the Isthmus of Panama at its narrowest part but one. The canal has a length of 43.8 nautical miles from deep water in the Atlantic to deep water in the Pacific. The sea level portion of the canal extends from its commencement in Limon Bay to Gatun, a distance of 5.77 miles. At Gatun there are three pairs of locks leading to Gatun Lake, which is 85 feet above sea level. From the lake, the canal extends up the valley of the Chagres for 20.55 miles to Gamboa. It is at Gamboa that the famous Culebra Cut begins. This is about seven miles long and extends to Pedro Migue Lock and dam on the Pacific slope of the canal. Here one lock lowers the passing ship to Miraflores Lake, a small body of water about a mile in length and located 55 feet above sea level. At the south end of this lake are the Miraflores Locks which, in two steps, lowers the vessel to the level of the Pacific. The canal then follows a sea level channel of seven miles, past Balboa, and out into the Pacific Ocean. The minimum channel depth of the Panama Canal is 41 feet and in some places this depth is 80 feet. The Canal Zone is a strip of land which extends for five miles on each side of the canal, but does not include the cities of Panama or Colon, which belong to the Republic of Panama. The United States paid $10,000,000 for the Zone and also agreed to pay $250,000 annually to the Republic of Panama for so long as the Zone was occupied by this country. The cost of the Panama Canal to our government was about $375,000,000.

S. J., Janette, Pa.—We are sorry to shatter any hopes you may have, but we feel very certain that your violin which bears the name of Stradivarius is not a genuine work of that famous craftsman. Existing Strads are practically all known to experts, and some of the instruments are worth from $25,000 up. There is apparently a flourishing business in the making of fraudulent "old violins" which are given false inscriptions to deceive buyers.

Comfort Friend, Cloud Chief, Okla.—There are over eighteen million acres of vacant public lands in the State of Wyoming. This state is a famed sheep-raising section but, as in many others, the ranges are rapidly giving place to general agriculture. In a large part of Wyoming irrigation is needed to make the soil produce, and only in the eastern portion can crops be successfully grown without additional water supply. But there are numerous public and private irrigation projects in operation to furnish water to the thirsty acres, and where this is done fine crops of alfalfa, sugar beets, vegetables and small fruits are being grown. Over a million acres of the state are now irrigated, and systems of dry farming are also in use. Wyoming has a mean elevation of 6,300 feet, and the dry atmosphere and clear sunshine make a healthful climate. There are U. S. Land Offices in the state at Cheyenne, Douglas, Evanston, Lander and Newcastle. You can write to any of these, or all. (2) Colorado, to speak generally, is a state of abundant sunshine, dry atmosphere and light rainfall. Although much of the land in Colorado will always be better suited for grazing than for agricultural uses, yet the cultivated area of this great state increases each year. The eastern portion of the state—once an immense plain devoted entirely to the raising of cattle—is now being gradually developed into a splendid agricultural section. There are 8,251,297 acres of vacant public land in Colorado. There are ten U. S. Land Offices in the state to any one of which you might write. The most important of these offices would be those at Denver and Pueblo. (3) New Mexico has almost 15,000,000 acres of vacant public lands and the principal U. S. Land Offices in the state are at Santa Fe and Roswell. The state is largely arid and its general surface is high plateaus, traversed by mountain ranges. The valleys are mostly level and their soil fertile. The climate is the driest in the United States. Yet when sufficient water can be had, the soil shows wonderful fertility. There are now extensive irrigation projects on the Pecos, Rio Grande, and other large rivers. Much of New Mexico has sufficient rainfall to be classed as "dry farming" land. We think the southeastern portion of the state to be least desirable for homesteading purposes. In some parts of New Mexico today all the various grains and vegetables are produced, and during late years a considerable fruit-raising industry has been developed.

The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.)

lime-sulphur spray can be used at this time without danger of having a residue of poison remain on leaves. (4) Our experience has not brought us in touch with the general rotting of near-ripe tomatoes such as you describe, though we have known it to occur quite extensively in wet seasons on poorly drained land. We cannot think of any disease that would act in this way. Perhaps it is something that is common only to your locality. In this case we advise that you get in touch at once with your State Agricultural Experiment Station, giving full particulars.

Roses Refuse to Bloom.—Please tell me why everblooming roses don't bloom in this limestone region. I have everbloomer roses, including everbloomer rambler, also calla lily, and none of them ever blooms.
Mrs. A. G., Maxwelton, W. Va.

A.—Perhaps your roses refuse to bloom because of the excessive amounts of limestone in the soil. It would be well to make a separate bed for these roses. Get rich, loamy black soil from the woods, add well-rotted barnyard manure and good, clean sand, using one part of each, and compost them after thorough mixing. Dig out the new bed to a depth of 8 inches and fill in with the composted mixture. Transplant the roses to this bed. If the excess of lime in the soil has been the cause of their refusing to bloom, this trouble will be overcome in this way.



Five One-Year Old ROSE BUSHES

HERE is the offer you have been waiting for—our new 1922 offer of beautiful Rose bushes free to all COMFORT readers. This year we shall give you what we believe to be five of the **finest** varieties yet produced. They come from the most famous rose grower in the United States—an **expert** who has done nothing but cutivate roses all his life. Each bush is **one year old** and in a growing condition when delivered to you. No matter where you live, you will receive the bushes at the proper time to plant in your locality. We guarantee that they will reach you in perfect condition. If they do not, or if any of the bushes fail to grow, we will replace them for you **free of all cost.** Following is a brief description of each of the five different varieties. Please read carefully—and send in your order **today.**

For One Subscription You Get These Five Prize Beauties!

Alexander Hill Grey A magnificent giant yellow rose, standing head and shoulders above all others of its color, ranking with the American Beauty and the Killarneys in value and grandeur. The color is a deep golden yellow with the edge of the petal a little lighter.

Columbia A very large Rose, the open flower measuring six inches across. The color is a true pink, deepening as it opens to a glowing pink. The shades become more and more intenso until the full maturity of the flower is reached, and this color is enduring.

Lady Gay One of the most wonderful of all climbing roses, noted for its sweet and lasting fragranc) and immense clusters of double, light pink blossoms—as many as thirty to forty in a single cluster. It has none of the defects of the Rambler but remains free from disease in all climates.

Eugene E. Marlitt One of the finest garden roses, healthy, vigorous and free blooming. The flowers are large and very double and of a rich bright carmine with scarlet tones which do not fade in the hottest weather. It is very hardy, fragrant and keeps up a close succession of bloom.

Bessie Brown A splendid new rose introduced here from Europe and beautiful beyond comparison. It bears large, full, double blossoms on strong, erect stems, is very hardy and fragrant, blooming profusely all through the summer. The color is almost pure white, flushed with pink.

Our Free Offer For only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50c we will send you the above described five Rose Bushes, free by parcel post prepaid. They will be forwarded to you at the proper time for planting in your locality and we guarantee they will reach you in perfect condition. **Reward 8661.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine

Look Boys!



You Can Get This DANDY STEVENS RIFLE FREE!

If you want a **real** rifle—not a toy or the make-believe kind—then here's your chance to own a **Stevens Rifle,** and best of all **it won't cost you one cent of money.** Of course, you know what the "Stevens" Rifle is. It is acknowledged to be one of the very best makes in the world manufactured by the Stevens Firearms Co., of Massachusetts. The rifle we offer you here is their "Little Scout" model and is the take-down pattern—that is, by simply turning a screw you can remove the barrel from the stock which is a great help in cleaning the gun or packing it for travel. It shoots C. B. caps, .22 short, .22 long, or .22 long rifle rimfire cartridges, has an 18-inch round all-steel blued barrel, case hardened frame, blued steel butt plate, knife-edge front and open rear sights, polishd black walnut stock and weighs 2¾ pounds. This rifle **is absolutely safe** because it cannot be discharged until the cartridge is automatically locked in the chamber and there is positively no danger of back firing. For target practice and to take along on **hunting and camping trips** this is just the rifle that every red-blooded boy should have because with it you are always sure of bagging all the small game that comes your way such as rabbits, squirrels, hawks and all kinds of game birds. We want every boy who reads this offer to have one of these splendid rifles and we are going to make it **very easy** for you to get one without spending a cent for it. Here's our free offer. Just read it.

Given To You! For fifteen one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this Stevens Rifle free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 70115. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

She Is Looking For A Mother "Peggy" The New Summer Doll Do You Want Her?



PEGGY first saw the light of day in New York but she didn't like the big city with its noise and confusion and was mighty glad to come to Maine on a brief vacation before looking for a permanent home somewhere in the country.

She doesn't care where she lives so long as as it is in some cozy little town or on a nice, big farm, and provided she can find some little girl who will be a kind mother to her. She just loves the horses and cows and doggies and kitties and—yes, even the little "piggies" make her laugh until she can hardly stand up.

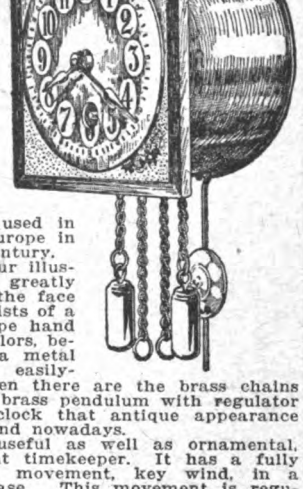
Peggy says that life on the farm is the only life for her, so we want to give her to some little girl who lives on a farm, where she can romp and play to her heart's content and be happy all day long. Please remember, however, that we have but a limited number of these Dolls on hand and if you want one your order should be sent in **at once.**

A New York manufacturer who wanted to keep his help busy during the dull season sold us these Dolls at about one-half the regular wholesale price, so we are enabled to give them away for almost nothing.

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you "Peggy" free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8621.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Antique Wall Clock Hand Colored Face



Reward No. 8194.

For A Club Of Four

If you like things unique, you will be charmed with this novelty clock which is very similar in design to those used in some parts of Europe in the Eighteenth Century.

As shown in our illustration, which is greatly reduced in size, the face of the clock consists of a beautiful landscape hand painted in four colors, beneath which is a metal dial with large, easily-read figures. Then there are the brass chains and weights and brass pendulum with regulator which give the clock that antique appearance so much in demand nowadays.

This clock is useful as well as ornamental, being an excellent timekeeper. It has a fully guaranteed brass movement, key wind, in a polished nickel case. This movement is regulated by the disk on the pendulum which is easily adjusted to make the clock run faster or slower as desired. A hanger attached to the back of the clock enables one to hang it on any desirable location on the wall.

We were so sure that our club raisers would be pleased with this clock we had a large quantity imported for us at a special low price. We are now giving them away free on the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For a club of four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this unique novelty clock exactly as illustrated and described **free** by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8194.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Sizes 38 To 46

All The Season's Popular Colors



Stylish Shirt Waist

We Have Purchased a Quantity of These New Model Waists Especially for the Benefit Of Our Woman Readers! Send For Yours Before They Are All Gone!

BY buying direct from the manufacturer we are able to offer our women folks a real **bargain** in these handsome and serviceable shirt waists. They are of absolutely fast colored madras shirting with a neat pocket of the same material, a white repp roll collar and elastic waist-band. The colors are unusually pleasing, consisting of blue, black, lavender and green stripes on white ground. Three large white pearl buttons add a last distinctive touch to this waist which really is pretty enough to wear anywhere. When ordering be sure to mention size and color desired. The sizes run from 38 to 46 inclusive.

Given To You! For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you one of these attractive shirt waists free by parcel post prepaid. **Please state size and color preferred. Reward No. 8184.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



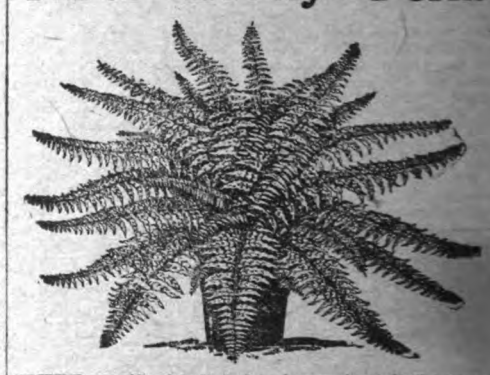
31-Piece Dinner Set

THIS splendid set of dishes is full size for family use and consists of **6 Plates, 6 Cups, 6 Saucers, 6 Cereal or Fruit Dishes, 6 Individual Butters** and large **Meat Platter** all handsomely decorated with clusters of **purple wood violets** surrounded with rich green foliage and bordered with **lovely tracings of gold.** Our illustration gives you no idea of the real beauty of these dishes. This is by far the handsomest, daintiest dinner set we have ever offered and we are positive that it will **more than please** every woman who secures one of them on the terms of our very liberal offer. No matter where you live **(if it is not outside the United States),** we will ship you this set by express direct from the pottery in Ohio. You are to pay the express charges but they will be but a fraction of what this set would cost you at retail.

Given To You! For a club of only ten one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome 31-piece Violet Decorated Dinner Set carefully packed to prevent breakage, charges collect. **Reward No. 76610.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Three Lovely Ferns



THEY are the largest, handsomest varieties ever grown for house culture—the **Roosevelt,** the **Boston** or "Fountain" fern, and the **Whitmani** or "Ostrich Plume" Fern. We guarantee these ferns to be strong, healthy and well rooted, and that they will reach you in perfect condition, ready to pot. If any of them fail to grow, we will cheerfully replace them free of charge. We are able to illustrate but one variety, **"The Roosevelt,"** but remember you get **all three ferns free on this offer.**

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you the above described collection of **three beautiful ferns** free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 8581.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Stylish Shirt

We Have Purchased a (manufacturer's) Model Waists Especially for Our Women Readers For Yours Before the Are All Gone

BY buying direct from the manufacturer we are able to offer our women readers these handsome and serviceable waists. They are of absolutely fast color percale with a neat pocket of the same color. White repp roll collar and cuffs. The colors are unusually pleasing, blue, black, lavender and green stripe on white ground. Three large white pearl buttons add that distinctive touch to this attractive waist. Pretty enough to wear anywhere, during the sizes run from 38 to 46 inches bust measure.

Given To You! For just a few accurately set 5yc each we will send you one of these attractive shirt waists free by parcel post. Please state size and color desired. No. 8184.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



1-Piece Dinner

THIS splendid set of dishes is just the thing for family use and consists of 6 Dinner Plates, 6 Cereal or Fruit Dishes, 6 Saucers, 6 Cereal or Fruit Dishes, 6 Cups and Saucers, 6 Cereal or Fruit Dishes, 6 Cups and Saucers, 6 Cereal or Fruit Dishes, 6 Cups and

Deformities of the Back



Greatly benefited or entirely cured by the Philo Burt Method.

The 45,000 cases we have treated in our experience of over 20 years are absolute proof of this statement.

So, no matter how serious your deformity, no matter what treatments you have tried, think of the thousands of sufferers this method has made happy. And, more—we will prove its value in your own case by allowing you to

Use the Philo Burt Appliance 30 Days at Our Risk.



Since you need not risk the loss of a cent, there is no reason why you should not accept our offer at once. The photographs here show how light, cool, elastic and easily adjustable the Philo Burt Appliance is—how different from the old torturous plaster, leather or steel jackets. To weakened or deformed spines it brings almost immediate relief even in the most serious cases. You owe it to yourself to investigate it thoroughly. The price is within reach of all.

Send for Free Book today and describe the nature and condition of your trouble as fully as possible so we can give you definite information.

PHILO BURT CO.
834-17 Odd Fellows Temple
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New Cords Slashed To $9.95

GUARANTEED 10,000-Miles

Big Factory Sale

Brand New—Strictly Firsts

These strong **High Grade Cords** made from **fresh stock** at 50 per cent saving. Absolutely Brand New—first, in original wrapper with manufacturer's name and serial number on every tire. **Guaranteed 10,000 Miles** and adjusted at the list price on a mileage basis. *(These prices include Tube Free.)*

Sizes	Price	Sizes	Price	Sizes	Price	Sizes	Price
30x3	$ 9.95	32x4	$16.90	32x4½	$23.50	36x4½	$26.15
30x3½	11.75	33x4	17.50	33x4½	24.10	33x5	26.75
32x3½	14.40	34x4	18.95	34x4½	25.00	35x5	28.00
31x4	15.65			35x4½	25.75		

Send No Money—just send your name and address, together with size and number of tires wanted. All tires shipped C.O.D. subject to examination. **Send Today.** We allow a special 5 per cent discount for full cash with order. *Shipments made same day order received.*

Webster Tire Corporation
110 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 16, Chicago, Ill.

It's Nerve Force from Nuxated Iron

that helps make STRONG, MAGNETIC, FORCEFUL MEN, who make their over-mastering presence felt the moment they enter a room.

NUXATED IRON contains the principal chemical constituent of active living nerve force in a form which most nearly resembles that in the brain and nerve cells of man. It also contains organic iron like the iron in your blood and like the iron in spinach, lentils and apples. Organic iron enriches the blood and plenty of rich red blood means more nerve force, so that Nuxated Iron not only feeds what might be termed artificial nerve force to the nerve cells, but it stimulates the blood to manufacture a greatly increased supply of new nerve force. If you are weak, nervous or run-down, get a bottle of Nuxated Iron today, and if within two weeks' time you do not feel that it has increased your nerve force and made you feel better and stronger in every way, your money will be refunded. Sold by all druggists.

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C. E. Brooks, Inventor

We Guarantee Your Comfort

with every Brooks' Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful. No obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions. **Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb.** No salves. No plasters. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Never on sale in stores. Don't be fooled by imitations. Look for trade mark signature of C. E. Brooks and his picture on every appliance. None other genuine. Full information and booklet free.

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The Bee Cell Supporter



A BOON TO WOMANKIND

Made from the purest, softest rubber. Six cups or faces render misplacement absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Send us $2.50 and we will mail you one postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Write for descriptive circular. It's FREE.

The Bee Cell Co., Dept. 168 White Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y

MONEY Made quickly by smart men. Artol Co., 115 Nassau St., N. Y.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINTED FROM PAGE 12.)

and all our blessings. If I have written something to cause comment, remember this:

"Not understood, we gather false impressions,
And hug them closer as the years go by,
Till often virtues seem to us transgressions,
And thus man rises, falls and lives and dies,
Not understood."

Just one thing more and I will close. There is no bitterness so hard to overcome as that which springs from unjust censure by our friends, no pain that cuts so deep as the keen shock of careless blame from lips of those whose very thoughts were dear to us. No hopelessness so desperate as finding those to whom we bared our souls, held no real faith, no true belief in us, their once beloved.

MRS. FLORA ESTES.

BROWNSVILLE, KY.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have read COMFORT ever since I have known how to read and have gained valuable help thereby. Especially do I enjoy the Sisters' Corner and Crumbs of COMFORT.

To Contented Wife, of North Carolina, I have taught school for four years and find that children who wait till they are seven to start school, learn much better than those who start at five and six. Last year while teaching I had a little girl eight years old. She had never been to school before and by the end of four months she had reached the fourth grade. I have also had children start school at the age of five and not complete the first grade during the whole term.

I live near the Mammoth and Onyx Caves. I am twenty-two years old, unmarried and would be glad to receive letters from any who care to write.

Best wishes to all. ELVA HAWKINS.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

To keep sheet corners from whipping out in the wind, stitch four or five rows diagonally across the hem.—MRS. FRED PAGE, Battle Ground, Ind.

When washing, add a little kerosene, a tablespoonful is enough, and see how much whiter the clothes will be.—MRS. GLADYS PRETTYWOOD, Warland, Mont.

When screws become loose, remove and make a wooden peg to fit the screw hole. Cover with glue and drive in to depth of hole and cut off smooth. Let glue harden, then put screw back and it will fit tightly. A hole a little smaller than the screw, made with a nail, will make it easier to put in.—PORSEY, Pattonsburg, Mo.

A tried cement for stove is made of equal parts of wood ashes and table salt reduced to a paste with cold water. Fill the cracked place with this paste when stove is cold and it will soon harden.

Camphor placed in trunks or drawers will prevent mice from doing injury.

Use sewing silk when basting velvet and when removed there will be no trace of the stitches. Cotton thread is not as satisfactory.

If you want gingham to hold its color, try this: To one gallon of water, add one pint of vinegar and one pint of salt. Soak cloth in this.—DELLE LILLY, Odd, W. Va.

When taking epsom salts, first take a swallow of buttermilk, then the salts, and another swallow of buttermilk. There is no disagreeable taste in the mouth then.

Put cardboard in shoes that have cheap inner soles. Replace as it wears out.

To cook an egg when you have no fire, put a little butter in a tin pie pan and break an egg in it. Hold this over lighted lamp and the egg will soon cook. —EVA, Hegira, Ky.

When sewing buttons on heavy clothing, lay a pin across the button and sew it over. This keeps the button from being so near the cloth and it stays on longer and buttons easier.

Use a fine crochet hook to pull thread through picots in making tatting.

When crocheting, keep a small safety pin handy and when you lay your work down catch in the stitch and snap together. This prevents raveling.—MRS. BEN F. FAGAN, Martin, Ga.

Requests

How to wash woolen flannel.

How to rid sweet peas of green lice.

Mrs. Amy E. Murphy, So. Portland, 10 Cottage St., Maine, would like reading matter.

Wanted: Address of Anne Ayers, maker of wigs. —MRS. CALLIE BURNHAM, Redwater, Box 57, Texas.

Mrs. Rudolph Jobs, Ariel, Washington, DuBoise Camp, has magazines to exchange. Write first.

The following wish back numbers of COMFORT. In every case, write before sending paper, as only one of each kind is desired.

Mrs. Jos. Raub, Bucksville, Pa. July, August and November, 1920.
Mrs. Evalin Smith, Vallejo, 715 Sonoma St., Cal., August, September and October, 1920.
Mrs. Alice Vanons, Mart, R. R. 6, Box 93, Texas. July and November, 1920.
Mrs. Lewis M. Puckett, Orient, R. R. 1, Ohio. January, 1920.
Mrs. Rose Sherwood, Corunna, R. R. 1, Ind., January, 1920.
Mrs. Thomas Lamb, Portvill, R. R. 1, New York. May, 1909.
Maggie Wison, Jackson, Box 269, Ky. Dec., 1919.
Edrie Kirby, Big Flat, Ark. Feb., 1918 and 1919.
Mrs. L. B. Williams, Alton, Fla., December, 1920, and January, 1921.
Mrs. Albert Hunter, Cranberry Creek, N. Y., February, 1921.
Mrs. A. L. Austin, Birmingham, 4920 Sixth Ave., North, Ala., October, 1920.
Miss Otel Christianson, Weyerhauser, R. R. 2, Box 42, Wisc., April, 1921.
Mrs. Elsie M. Wills, Arnett, W. Va., March, 1921.
Mrs. E. T. Crane, Orford, Ind., March, April, 1920.
Miss Cecil Williams, Franklin, Ga., April, May, 1921.
Mrs. Annie Neathamer, Rogue River, R. R. 1, Ore. August, 1920.
Tillie O. Beirne, Pleasant Valley, N. Y. Oct., 1919.

Remedies

SUMMER COMPLAINT.—Make a strong tea of cinnamon bark and give in tablespoon doses, in milk preferably.—MRS. MARIA J. KNOWLTON, Eureka, Cal.

RATTLESNAKE BITE.—Beat the yolk of an egg, add enough salt to make a poultice and apply this at fifteen-minute intervals for two hours. This is an old Indian remedy.—MRS. PHILIP S. LEATH, Gallatin, Tex.

BURNS.—Mix enough baking soda with vaseline to make a soft paste and apply to burn, being careful not to break the skin.—MRS. M. C. MCNABB, Terrell, Texas.

RATTLESNAKE BITE.—Tie a bandage tightly above and below the bite; if possible, make tiny incision or cut out a tiny piece of flesh at point of bite, and squeeze. Pulverize a good pinch of permanganate of potassium and apply. Two applications will draw poison from flesh of man or beast. Turpentine and soda are also good. Bind soda over bite and pour turpentine over soda. Repeat as soon as soda turns green.—MRS. GEORGIA BIERMAN, Dixon, Mont.

Sisters' Circle Pin



Free! EVERY COMFORT Sister should wear this beautiful Sisters' Circle Brooch Pin—the one and only official Sisters' "badge" of membership, uniting in one grand Circle of friendship and love the thousands of COMFORT Sisters living in all parts of the world. It is the size of a 25-cent piece, gold finished, and the front is inlaid with handsome cloisonne enamel in two colors—your choice of red or blue—with the words "COMFORT Sisters" deeply embossed, as shown in the illustration.

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IT'S EASY TO WIN

For every object is right there—plain as day. You cannot miss one; for none are hidden. Just glance at the picture and "P"—word objects will instantly begin to dance before your eyes.

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY

And the fifty answers that are nearest correct will be awarded the 50 PRIZES as shown below. So get out your pencil and write down the names of the things you see in this picture beginning with the letter "P," AND WIN FIRST PRIZE.

Greatest Opportunity Ever Offered Ladies EXCLUSIVELY

This is an exclusive ladies' Cash Prize Distribution to get them acquainted with our new "Wonder" Convertible Purse.

You need not buy a thing to win—just so you are a female; maid or matron, you may try for the prizes. And we want every lady, single and married, young and old, all to take part in this game of fun and profit.





50 PRIZES

Now on Deposit in The Wabash National Bank, St. Paul.

GIFTS	Class "A"	Class "B"
1st Prize	$1,000.00	$25.00
2nd Prize	500.00	15.00
3rd Prize	350.00	10.00
4th Prize	200.00	7.00
5th Prize	100.00	5.00
6th to 10th	20.00	4.00
11th to 15th	10.00	3.00
16th to 25th	7.50	2.00
26th to 50th	5.00	1.00

Class "A" Gifts—If you purchase a "Wonder" Convertible Purse at $5.00.

Class "B" Gifts if you do not purchase a "Wonder" Purse.

To Advertise New "Wonder" Convertible Purse

We want every woman and girl in America to know of the many advantages of our New "Wonder" Convertible Purse pictured here in its three different adjustments. Appeals to women of most refined taste. Can be changed to a Boston Bag and also to a Carry-all Shopping Bag. Comes in dark brown alligator finish, and is made only of highest grade Elkhide. Strong and durable. This new purse cannot be found elsewhere, for it is patented, and we ship direct from our factory. The Cash Prizes we are giving away are to help introduce our new Purse. That's why The Largest Prizes will be awarded to those who answer the puzzle and order a "Wonder" Purse, price $5.00. You'll say it's the most beautiful purse you've ever seen.

How To Win $1,000.00

You do not have to buy a "Wonder" Purse to win a prize. But if you do not purchase one and the judges decide your answer is the nearest correct, you will win only $25.00. However, as this advertising campaign is to introduce our new "Wonder" Convertible Purse in as many homes as possible, the following big Cash Prize offer is made:

If your answer is adjudged the nearest correct, and you have purchased a "Wonder" Purse, price $5.00, you will win the first prize of $1,000.00 CASH. (See Class "A" Gifts in Prize List Above.)

Address Answers to—

BRATTER PRODUCTS CO.
Dept. 20, ST. PAUL, MINN.

OBSERVE THESE RULES

1. Any woman or girl in the U. S. may submit an answer, except those who live in St. Paul and employees of this company or their relatives.
2. Whoever sends in the answer having the largest number of words which correctly name objects in the picture beginning with "P" will win first prize, and so on down the list of 50 prizes. In case of tie, the prize tied for will be awarded each tying contestant.
3. Use only English words. Those of the same spelling but different meaning or synonymous words will count only once. It is permissible to use either singular or plural, but not both. An object can be named only once, but any part of an object may also be named. Answers must not include hyphenated, obsolete, compound, foreign or words inapplicable to the picture—which if included will be counted as demerits. Webster's international dictionary will be the authority.
4. Write "P" words on one side of paper only, numbering each word 1, 2, 3, 4, etc. If the picture is not clearly printed in this paper, write us and we will gladly send you a larger and clearer picture. Be sure to write your full name and address at top of each sheet.
5. Three prominent St. Paul people have consented to act as judges: J. M. Clancy, Chairman of St. Paul City Council; Jennie T. Cobler, Public School Teacher, and P. M. Reagan, President, Wabash National Bank. Their decisions must be accepted as final and conclusive.
6. Your answer must be mailed and postmarked not later than June 3, 1922. The judges meet two weeks later to award the prizes. The names of the winners and the winning list of words will be published and mailed to persons who order a "Wonder" Purse.



The Family Doctor

The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be taken to your local doctor.

Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published

MISS J. H., Houlton, Maine.—Living on green vegetables, the avoidance of sweets and pastries of all kinds, keeping the bowels free at all times, and, with salads, adding a lot of olive oil, will in the main be the best diet and regimen for one liable to gallstones. Of course one must avoid so-called hard drinking water, and, if possible, drink only rain water or waters that are fairly soft.

MRS. J. W. H., Moquoh, Wisc.—You should avoid eating too heartily and keep your bowels free at all times. You have, no doubt, a nervous dyspepsia, and if you will take a five-grain pill of asafœtida after meals, you will get rid of the trouble mentioned.

MRS. J. E. C., Dozier, Ala.—Probably a neuritis of the leg. Have your mother take a five-grain tablet of salicylate of soda four times a day. Also steam the leg by applying hot cloths and using a hot iron.

MISS C. M. A., Higginsville, Mo.—A sty is usually due to the need of lenses. If you have a sty, apply a hot lotion of boric acid to the eye.

MISS H. M., Mt. Pleasant, Texas.—The only way to remove superfluous hair is by use of the electric needle. The lotions mentioned will not injure the face neither will they do the face any good or the condition mentioned.

MR. L. C. R., Elkins, West Va.—Nocturnal urination does not have any relation to kidney disease necessarily. Take a five-grain tablet of urotropin after meals and see if you are not benefited.

MRS. J. A., Flourmoy, Cal.—Have the uterine ulcerations cauterized and treated. For your nervousness take a five-grain tablet of asafœtida after meals.

MRS. H. D., Dogden, N. Dak.—If the breasts have no lumps or growths in them let them alone and they will come around all right. If, however, they have lumps in them, have them removed at once. Your husband can take five-grain pills of asafœtida after meals for his nervousness. You better have his urine examined and ascertain the true condition of his kidneys.

MRS. U. A. E., Greeley, Colo.—Simply a nervous condition. Take a five-grain tablet of asafœtida after meals and the nervous heart action will disappear.

MRS. A. D., Dufur, Oregon.—Mild epilepsy is the trouble. Keep the boy's bowels free at all times, have him avoid eating too much food at one time, and have him also take five-grain tablets of bromide of sodium after meals.

MRS. C. H., Waynesburg, Pa.—Have all of your children take a prolonged nap in the afternoon and eat a very simple supper at night. This prolonged nap will lead up to a less profound sleep at night and, no doubt, the children will wake up when they desire to urinate. You can reduce your flesh by living on one quart of skimmed milk on alternate days and, on the other days, avoiding sweets of all kinds as well as pastries. You must also take regular exercise in the open air daily.

MISS A. P., Bergland, Mich.—You may have an ulcer of the stomach; in that case you should live on peptonized milk only, drinking about a quart of the milk during the day. Keep your bowels open by using one or two cascara sagrada pills at night. Avoid sweets of all kinds.

MRS. E. S. SNOWBALL, Ark.—You may have a catarrhal condition of the bronchial tubes. Take a teaspoonful of the following mixture: Ammonium iodide, grains eight; Fowler's solution, thirty drops; syrup of tolu, one ounce and water to make two ounces. A teaspoonful after meals and at bedtime will no doubt cure your bronchitis, and clear up the mucous as well.

MRS. S. H., Rotan, Texas.—The "dark looks" or discoloration under the eyes is undoubtedly due to a run-down condition. Wean the baby and take, after meals, a tablespoonful of Basham's mixture well diluted.



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We Start You In Business, furnishing everything; men and women, $30 to $100 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories" home anywhere. Booklet free. W. Hillyer Ragsdale, Drawer 5, East Orange, N. J.

Agents—Write for big soap offer. Quick Seller, Big Money Maker. Ho-Ro-Co, 131 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

We Start You without a Dollar. Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes—Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 131 Olive, St. Louis.

Agents—Make a Dollar an Hour. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 452-B, Amsterdam, N.Y.

Sell Necessities. Everybody needs and buys the "Business Guide." Bryant cleared $800.00 in July. Send for sample. It's Free. Nichols Co., Dept. 6B, Naperville, Ill.

Large Shirt Manufacturer wants Agents to sell complete line of shirts direct to wearer. Exclusive patterns. Big values. Free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

Agents: $40 a week selling guaranteed hosiery for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. Write for sample outfit. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 119, Dayton, O.

Agents! 1922's Greatest Sensation. 11-piece toilet article set selling like blazes at $1.75 with $1.00 dressmaker's shears free to each customer. Line up with Davis for 1922. E. M. Davis Co., Dept. 505, Chicago.

$17.00 First Day—Selling Kleanrite New Washing Compound. Sample Free. Bestever Products Co., Dept. 235-1921 Irving Park, Chicago.

Agents—$100 Weekly; new invention for all automobiles; you're backed by reliable concern in business for over 5 years; products positively guaranteed; honesty, quality, service our motto; if you're sincere, write at once. Ovee Mfg. Co., Dept. 113 A, Louisville, Ky.

Startling Agents Proposition—$100 weekly selling Rolly's Washday Wonder, New Chemical Dirt Solvent, Harmless, Cleans without rubbing. Enormous profits. Repeat orders assured. Experience unnecessary. Territory going fast. Samples going fast. Samples free. Rolly Chemical Co., D1, Hastings, Nebraska.

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Agents $8 a day. Take orders for Blue Ribbon Cutlery Set. Stainless steel. Aluminum handle. Guaranteed. We deliver and collect. Pay you daily. Big demand. Easy to take orders. No capital needed. Write for sample outfit. Parker Mfg. Co., 317 Awl St., Dayton, Ohio.

Big Money and Fast Sales. Every owner buys Gold Initials for his auto. You charge $1.50; make $1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 64, East Orange, N. J.

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Make $25 to $50 Week representing Clows' Famous Philadelphia Hosiery, direct from mill—for men, women, children. Every pair guaranteed. Prices that win. Free book "How to Start" tells the story. George Clows Company, Desk 14, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Agents—Best seller; Jem Rubber Repair for tires and tubes; supersedes vulcanization at a saving of over 800 per cent.; put it on cold, it vulcanizes itself in two minutes, and is guaranteed to last the life of the tire or tube; sells to every auto owner and accessory dealer. For particulars how to make big money and free sample, address Amazon Rubber Co., Philadelphia, Pa., Dept. 508.

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$6-$18 a dozen decorating pillow tops at home; pleasant work; experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 104, LaGrange, Ind.

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Be an Expert Penman; Wonderful Device guides your hand; corrects your writing in few days. Complete Outline Free. Write C. J. Ozment, 53, St. Louis, Mo.

$35 Week. Learn while earning. Boysmen. Become Automobile Experts. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. D410, Rochester, N.Y.

Government needs Railway Mail Clerks, $133 to $192 month. Write for free specimen questions. Columbus Institute, A-2 Columbus, O.

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Men, women, over 17. Get Government Jobs. $92-$192 month. List positions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. D12, Rochester, N. Y.

Clerks for Government Positions, Railway Mail, Postoffice, Departmental, Field. Examination soon. Salary $130 month. Experience not required. Particulars sent free concerning positions, examinations. Write Columbia School of Civil Service, 464 Pope Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Wanted—Men, Women, age 17 to 65, for U. S. Govt. positions. Experience unnecessary. Information free. Chicago Civil Service College, Dept. K, Chicago, Ill.

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Seven Wheel Chairs in April

640 Is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The Wheel-Chair Club has made a fine showing the past month. The seven April wheel chairs go to Mrs. S. B. Gonning, R. F. D. 4, Bristol, Tenn., 155; Alvid Tedford, Greenwood, Ark., 82; Archie V. Matheson, R. 3, Box 24, Stony Point, N. C., 71; Herman Rodgers, Maxville, Ark., 71; Velma Irene Hough, Russ, Mo., 57; Clarence W. Tutherow, R. 2, Box



MRS. CATHERINE FRAISURE ENJOYS HER COMFORT WHEEL CHAIR.

51, Lincolnton, N. C., 56; Conley Joyner, R. 2, Box 90, Judsonia, Ark., 54. The figures following their respective names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends for them.

Mrs. S. B. Gonning, age 47, is so crippled by rheumatism that she can not stand and is almost helpless. She is a widow with five children, one of them a cripple. The family is supported by the eldest daughter, who teaches school, and a son too young to earn a man's wages. The wheel chair will be a blessing to Mrs. Gonning and a great help to her younger daughter in caring for her.

Alvid Tedford, age 12, is badly crippled by rheumatism and for the past eighteen months has been unable to walk. He lives with his grandparents.

Archie V. Matheson, age 43, is crippled by rheumatism so that he has not been able to walk for more than two years. For support he is dependent on his wife and such of his four children as are able to work.

Herman Rodgers, age 12, has been crippled from early childhood and is unable to walk.

Velma Irene Hough, age 6, has no use of her lower limbs. When about a year old and just learning to walk she was taken sick with a disease, the nature of which has not been determined. It left her legs permanently affected and they have never developed as they should. She is a bright child and the wheel chair will be a joy to her and a help to her mother in caring for her.

Clarence W. Tutherow, age 10, has been a cripple from birth and never able to walk, but has full use of his hands.

Conley Joyner, age 28, has suffered severely from rheumatism the past three years and is now so crippled that he can not walk and has little or no use of his left arm. He has a wife and two boys, two and four years of age respectively.

It is now the season when the shut-ins, like the rest of humanity, are most desirous for the fresh air and sunshine. Do your best this month to help provide them with wheel chairs to enable them to get out of doors and enjoy the springtime and summer.

Sincerely yours,
W. H. GANNETT,
Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 150 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 50 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled,

I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscriptions, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Has Been Enjoying Her Wheel Chair Over Three Years

Lulu, Florida,

Dear Mr. Gannett:

Here is a picture of myself enjoying my wheel chair as I have for over three years past, but only just now have got around to have this picture made to put in dear old COMFORT. The picture is not very good but I would like to see it in COMFORT. Again I wish to thank you and all others who helped me to get my wheel chair. Sincerely yours,

(Mrs.) Catherine Fraisure.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dollar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions or amount of cash sent.

Mrs. Earl Cochran, Mont., for Russell Cochran, 54 subs and $9.50 cash; Mrs. John C. Rogers, Ark., for Herman Rogers, 48 subs; Mrs. Conley Joyner, Ark., for Conley Joyner, 41; Mrs. John F. Smith, Tenn., for Mrs. S. B. Gonning, 31 subs and $11.00; Mrs. J. T. Thompson, Va., for Lela Moore, 27 subs; Mrs. Eva Cochran, Iowa, for Russell Cochran, 24 subs and $2.00; Mrs. C. E. Lester, Tenn., for Mrs. S. B. Gonning, 24 subs; Mrs. Herman Olsen, N. Dak., for Mrs. Ruth Williams, 21; Mrs. E. W. Tyrone, Miss., for G. L. Tyrone, 20; Mrs. T. J. Christopher, N. C., for A. V. Matheson, 20; Mr. A. V. Matheson, N. C., for own, 20; W. J. Allen, N.C., for A. V. Matheson, 20; James Henderson Martin, Texas, for J. H. Martin, 16; Mrs. Mattie Glover, Ark., for Monroe Franklin White, 13 subs and $3.00; Miss Pearl Neely, Ga., for Dwight Crow, 13 subs; Mrs. Ollie Joiner, Ark., for Conley Joiner, 13 subs; Mr. B. F. Oneal, Texas, for Mary Jane Oneal, 11; Annie Perry, Ala., for Harvey Perry, 11 subs and $3.75; Mrs. C. E. Babb, N. C., for Mrs. Lizzie Tomson, 10; Mrs. J. M. Waugh, N. C., for A. V. Matheson, 10; Mrs. Adell Sumner, Fla., for Mrs. M. J. Sumner, 10; Miss Belle Oliver, Tenn., for Mrs. S. B. Gonning, 9 subs and $3.00; Dwight Crow, Ala., for own, 8 subs; Mrs. W. M. Phillips, Tenn., for Mrs. S. B. Gonning, 6 subs and $2.50; Monroe Franklin White, Ark., for own, 6; Mrs. Herbert Goodwin, Pa., for general, 5; Mrs. C. H. Clifton, Mont., for general, 5; Mrs. W. T. Tobias, Texas, for Robert Nathan Choate, 5; Agnes V. Smith, Ohio, for general, 2 subs and $1.00; Mrs. Daisy Nichols, Ala., for Harvey Berry, 1 sub and $2.25; Mr. Joe Griffin, Ark., for Elvie Tedford, $9.00; Mrs. Roy Wilson, Ga., for general, $2.00; Mrs. H. Jensen, Calif., for general, $2.00; Mrs. John A. Johnson, Ill., for general, $2.00; Mrs. W. B. Day, Oregon, for general, $1.00; Charlie E. Jones, Iowa, for Russell Cochran, $1.00.

Backward Children

Backward children are not always, perhaps not often, backward because of either mental deficiency or slothfulness, says the U. S. Public Health Service. Many of them are backward solely because of such ordinary and easily remediable defects as adenoids, near-sightedness, or bad teeth.

A case in point was recently reported by the official representative of the Public Health Service in the eighth sanitary district of Vermont, in which the Service is cooperating in a rural health work project.

Medical inspection of one of the graded schools in October, 1919, showed that it had been thought necessary to instruct in a special room sixteen pupils who had seemed to be unable to keep up with their respective classes. Physical examination showed that each of the sixteen had some serious hampering physical defect (chiefly enlarged tonsils, adenoids, or defective hearing or eyesight) which rather than any mental handicap, was the probable cause of their inability.

Through the cooperation of the school directors, the facts were brought to the attention of the parents or guardians of the children and all were set right before the end of the year.

On re-examination of the pupils the next December (1920) it appeared that all the sixteen previously backward children had caught up with their proper grades and were keeping up in them with their classmates. A year later, in December, 1921, some of these sixteen children were among the mental and physical leaders in their grades.

Reasoned By Analogy

Johnny—"Pop, is a man born in Poland a Pole?"

His Father—"Yes, my son."

Johnny—"Well then, is a man born in Holland a Hole?"—*Truth.*

A Wife's Wit

"I've got an awfully witty wife," boasts Soloman Beach. "I get most of my good stuff from her, to tell you the truth. Sometimes, though, her wit is a bit too sharp for comfort. Now, the other evening I came home feeling sort of mean. I



had a corn that was raising thunder with me, and I wasn't in the best of humor. Well, I came limping up the walk, and my wife stood at the door, eying me suspiciously.

"What makes you walk so funny?" she said.

"Corn!" I snapped, grouchily.

"Oh," she said, turning away, "I thought maybe it was rye!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

She Heads the Lead

Judge.—"The policeman says you and your wife had some words."

Prisoner.—"We both had some, judge, but I didn't get a chance to use mine."—*Cotton Yarns.*



2-in. Post Brass Bed
Spring and Cotton Mattress

Send the coupon and only $1.00 today and we'll ship this complete, 3-piece brass bed outfit to your home on 30 days free trial. A beautiful, full-size brass bed, steel mesh, sagless spring, and all cotton mattress **at almost half price on this special factory sacrifice offer.** Nothing so magnificent in a home—nothing adds so much richness and splendor as a luxurious and elegant brass bed. Always clean and sanitary. Harmonizes with most any other furnishings. Get this outfit on approval on this sensational offer.

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But if you decide to keep the bed, start paying the small payments of only $3.00 a month until the full bargain price of only $34.95 has been paid. A full year to pay. We trust honest people anywhere in the U. S. **No extra charge for credit; no discount for cash. No C. O. D.**

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☐ 3-Piece Brass Bed Outfit No. B6919A. $34.95.

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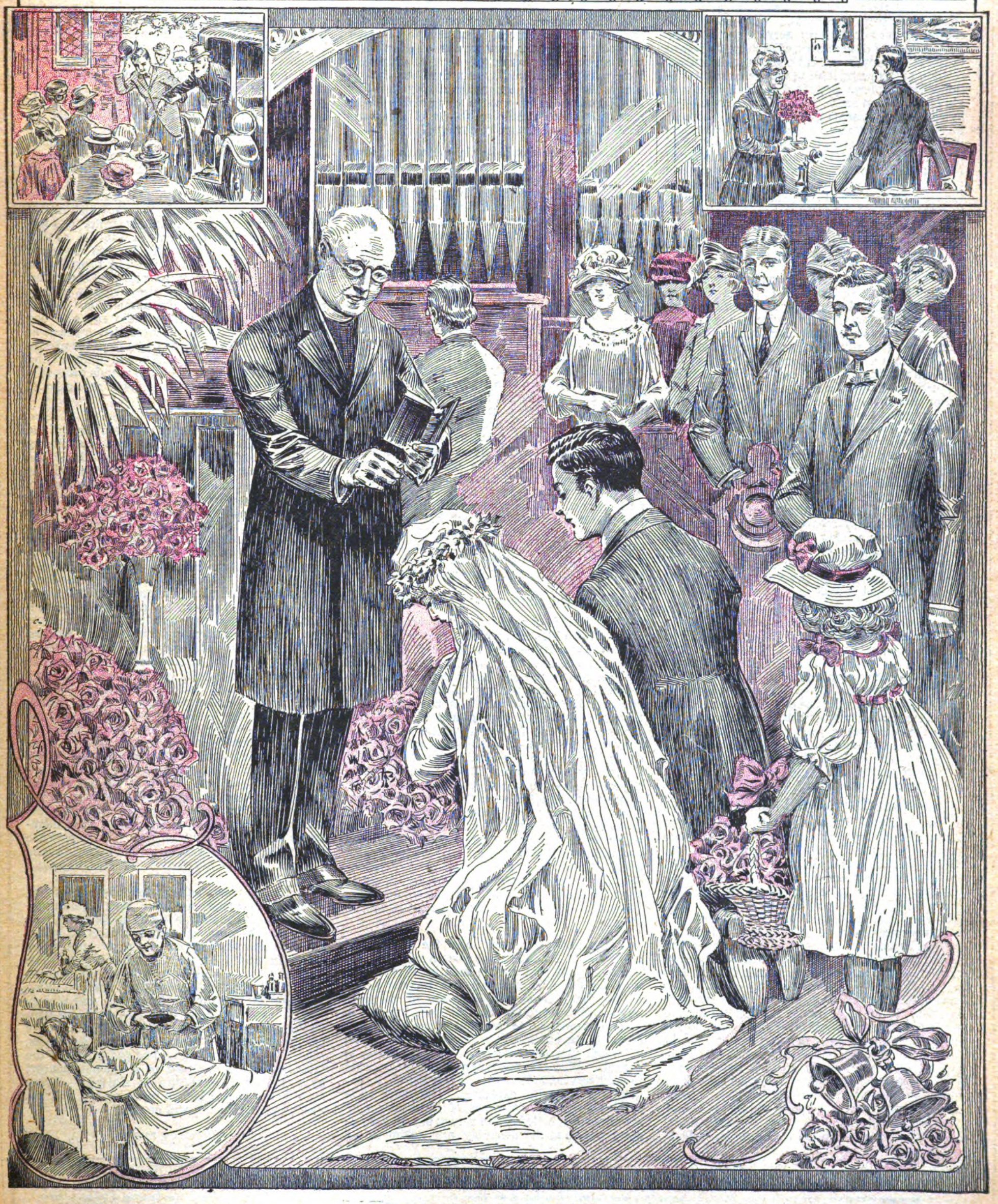
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COMFORT

The Key to Happiness and Success in over a Million and a Quarter Homes

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1922



See story, "Tried As By Fire," on page 3.

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Women Should Be Exempt from the Hardship and Indelicacy Necessarily Involved in Jury Service

IF the majority of thinking people in this country have failed to perceive that the protagonists for "equal rights" for both sexes are pushing their legislative efforts to pernicious extremes in some directions, notably in that of subjecting women to jury service, probably the public's lack of discernment, especially in regard to the latter movement, is because the discordant relation of the proposition to the eternal fitness of things has not been presented in the light of reason and common sense, but rather camouflaged by specious arguments and grandiloquent appeals to sentiment. Perhaps a few startling instances illustrative of the practical workings of the "mixed jury" system in States that have recently adopted this legal innovation may serve to draw attention to certain overlooked or unappreciated phases of the question and help to demonstrate the inherent impropriety of extending the duty of jury service to women on terms that are indiscriminate as to sex.

Woman Juror Says Jury Service Is Unfit for Women

Judge Marshall, while presiding over a session of the Court of Common Pleas at Trenton, New Jersey, last March, excused Mrs. Anna Cunningham from further jury service, at her request, after being informed that her experience as a member of two mixed juries (composed of both sexes) within a week had convinced her that women are not fitted for such duty. It is not an infrequent occurrence for a jury, if divided in opinion or slow in deciding a case, to be locked up in the jury room for all-night deliberation, all members being herded together within while a court officer stands guard outside the locked door. This happened to one of the juries on which Mrs. Cunningham served, and she afterwards declared that the strain of this all-night conclave with the male members brought her to the verge of nervous prostration, and that at the time she was interviewed she had not recovered from the effects. In confirmation of her views her husband said: "The present illness of Mrs. Cunningham is the first at all serious in 16 years. I attribute it solely to the mental and nervous strain to which she has been subjected."

Among the numerous reasons cited by Mrs. Cunningham for her reluctance further to participate in the administration of justice she specified her five children and husband. She added: "In a sense, I also consider that jury service is an assault upon the woman's natural modesty, refinement and reserve. Some cases which she is called upon to consider are of a nature so delicate that she shrinks from a frank discussion of the evidence, and yet a just verdict is impossible otherwise. I am speaking for the first time since I began service as a juror, and do so now only that other women may know what to expect if they accept the obligation."

Shocking Ordeal of Women Jurors

Mrs. Josephine Brown, one of seven women jurors who through two days and two nights were confined with the five male members of the jury while considering the case of an automobile thief, prefaced her account of their experience by remarking that "the *shocking* details are just coming to light." Beds were provided, but the women and men had to sleep in the same room. We briefly summarize her story: "The first night we just sat around on the edges of the beds and talked about the case until we were nearly dead, then crawled into bed but the women did not sleep much. Though one women talked all night the men didn't lose any sleep, judging from the snoring. Long before daylight we were up and dressed while the men were still snoring. The second night was a repetition of the first, except that the men turned in early, being worn out with arguments, and left the women to their own devices." This happened in Saint Paul, and the storm of indignation raised by the husbands of these women was intensified when Governor Preuse, of Minnesota, siding with them, declared: "Never would I allow Mrs. Preuse to go through such an ordeal."

Although it is deemed essential to the ends of justice that the members of a jury be kept together and safeguarded from possibility of outside influence from the time the trial closes with the judge's instructions until they render a verdict or are discharged because of being unable to agree, it is possible that our jury rooms might be fitted with conveniences to mitigate in some degree the inconveniences suffered by mixed juries. Nevertheless the main objections (so clearly stated by Mrs. Cunningham) to women being closeted with men to discuss indelicate details of a case are fundamental and cannot be obviated.

Jury service should be classed with military service, not as a privilege but a burdensome duty to be performed by those only who are fit. Not all male citizens are subject to jury service; those that are unfit are excluded; those engaged in professions or employments necessary to the public service or the well-being of the community, such as Federal and State officials, physicians, school teachers, clergymen and others whose duties are deemed more important than those of jurors, are exempt from jury service. The burden of motherhood and the supernal duties of "uncrowned queen" of the home imposed on woman by Divine Providence, and due regard for that natural modesty which is the shield of her purity, each and all demand that she be exempt from jury service. If must be that, to satisfy the demands of some adventurous women who crave the experience of serving on a mixed jury, the law is to be changed to make them eligible it should be with a proviso that no woman's name shall be listed for jury duty without her previous written consent. It is proverbial among lawyers and in the courts that women litigants have a distinct advantage over men litigants at the hands of a male jury, which they would lose if tried by a mixed or female jury. The lawyer who defended a woman recently tried for murder of her husband refused to allow any of the women jurors to sit in judgment of his client; she was tried and acquitted by a jury of men. The women should look into and take action on the mixed jury proposition.

Our New Radiophone Department

THROUGH our new department entitled "Radio Flashes", which begins in this issue, COMFORT is prepared to serve and instruct its readers in the most recently developed field of applied science, the construction, operation and use of the wireless telephone, otherwise known as the radiophone. It is but little more than five years since the original inventor succeeded in devising the first apparatus capable of reproducing sound at a distance without wire connection between the sending mechanism and the receiving instrument. It was a very crude, imperfect contrivance but it did the trick and, even though its effective radius was small compared with the great distances covered by the present-day radiophone, foreshadowed to the vision of imaginative experimenters wonderful possibilities many of which have already been achieved through a rapid progression of discoveries and improvements. And the end is not in sight, for scientists tell us that the wireless telephone is in its infancy in development as well as in age.

Until about a year ago the radiophone amounted to but little more than a scientific toy. But during the past twelve months its employment for practical purposes has become so extensive that it is now classed as one of the great public utilities, and the Federal Government has found it necessary to regulate its use in order to secure to the public the most beneficial service of which this new means of communication is capable. Why this regulation of use is essential to good service, indeed to any service all, by radiophone is easily explained. The voice of a speaker is carried to the ears of his audience by air vibrations, called sound waves; but if a number of people in the assembly are talking at the same time the sound waves of their several voices interfere so that none is heard distinctly. If each pair of conversationists should talk to each other through a separate speaking-tube, the sound waves being confined within the tubes, there would be no interference and each speaker would be heard distinctly by his respective listener at the other end of the tube even if at opposite ends of the hall. This illustrates the fundamental difference between telephoning by wireless and telephoning by wire. When you talk by wire it is like conversing through a speaking-tube, for the electric current which reproduces your voice through the receiver at the other end is confined to the wire, and only those who have phones on the line you are using can hear or break in on you. But when you talk by wireless telephone (radiophone), transmission is accomplished by means of electro-magnetic waves which travel (like sound waves, but infinitely faster and farther) in every direction through the air, so that any one or any number of persons anywhere within the immense area covered by these waves, if equipped with a wireless receiving apparatus, can listen in; consequently there cannot be any privacy in radiophone communication. Also if two or more persons within radio range of one another are sending out conversation or music at the same time the electro-magnetic transmission waves from the several senders will interfere and no one will be able to catch the sounds distinctly. Hence the necessity for Government regulation of radiophone sending.

There is no regulation or restriction of the use of radiophone receivers; anyone is at liberty to listen in and catch as much as he likes of the radio talk and music that are flying through the air, and there are no tolls to pay for the service. But all radiophone sending stations have to be licensed and can be operated only at such times and under such conditions as are prescribed to prevent interference with the Government service as well as with one another. By using different wave lengths for transmission a limited number of radiophone sending stations can operate in the same area at the same time without interference, and the owner of a receiver, by adjusting his instrument, can switch from one to another so as to listen in as he likes on any one of these senders. The Government distributes daily by radiophone a variety of useful information, and radiophone sending stations in most of the large cities every evening broadcast lectures, speeches, bedtime stories and vocal and instrumental music including concerts by famous orchestras, so that the owner of a receiving set, in any part of the country, and his family and guests can listen to a delightful entertainment any evening, as many thousands do. Many people in the cities are enjoying this privilege, but it is the folks in the small towns and villages and especially in the farm homes that derive the most benefit from the radiophone when and wherever they avail themselves of its wonderful service. The experience of a boy on a Kansas farm, as told in the *Kansas Farmer*, is a good illustration. He said, in part:

"We have been using a radiophone receiving set for about a year and have been regularly receiving market reports, concerts, news items, conversations between operators, reports of stolen automobiles, descriptions of men hunted by the police, and a number of other things. The stations which we can hear best are Pittsburgh, Detroit, Kansas City, Denver, and Madison, Wis. We also hear occasionally from Oak and Wahoo, Neb., Slater, Jefferson City and St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Great Bend and Kiowa, Kan. We get the correct time twice a day from Annapolis, Md. The other evening we had guests here at the farm and all of us listened to a splendid concert by a symphony orchestra in Chicago." Every farm home should have a receiving set, and ere long those that do not will be rare.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 5.)

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Tried As By Fire

By Lula Pauline Whinna

See front cover illustration.

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"EXTRY! Extry! All about Parson Armstrong." Quiet, conservative Plainsburg was astir with excitement. "Heard the news?—Read the Extra?—Foolhardy!—Risking too much!—A brave man, that Armstrong!—A genuine hero!—Wonder the Board of Health allowed it.—He's the preacher for me after this.—Say——" So the story passed from lip to lip.

It was prayer meeting night at the Plainsburg Memorial M. E. church. No sign was needed or blackboard notice to tell passers-by that something of unusual interest was transpiring within that old weather-stained building. It was a common saying among the people of the town that the Methodist church was as dead as a door nail and that, if it were not for the funerals and occasional weddings it might as well close its doors and put up a sign, "For Rent."

The old folks said, when questioned concerning the church's decline: "Our young people today want a stylish preacher and a fine choir and a new church building; they are not satisfied with the old church and the gospel plainly presented and they tell us we're behind the times and that to shout when you get happy is not refined, and so they go around the corner to the Presbyterian church or upon the hill to the new Episcopal church and *we* are left to bear the burden of a declining church alone."

The young people complained: "The older members of the church are not in sympathy with us. They seem to think that good music is sinful and a polished, well-dressed preacher a disgrace to the pulpit."

So for several years the fight had continued, till the audiences at the regular Sunday services consisted of the preacher, the sexton and fifty or less of the "old guard," while a prayer meeting congregation numbering a dozen was considered as worthy of special mention. No wonder that the strange sight of *crowds* hurrying toward the Methodist church had roused the quiet community from its long sleep of indifference.

From a vivacious group of young people gathered at the church door came the animated queries: "Have you seen him? Is he married? How old is he? Wonder if he's handsome? Some crowd, Bert——" Silence fell upon the eager chattering company as Brother Parson's old familiar "flivver" drew up at the curb. From it sprang the alert manly figure of the new minister, followed more slowly by the bent form of their old pastor. With a bright smile of greeting and a tip of the soft grey derby, the stranger passed into the church.

"Isn't he a stunner?" observed Bert Foster. "Let's go in and see if he can talk as well as look handsome." Bert Foster was the president of the "West Side Social Club," and as such wielded a powerful influence over the young people of that community. Following his example, a year back, the whole club had bidden farewell to the Methodist church and become "religious tramps," claiming no church as their own.

When the papers first announced the fact that the pastor of the Memorial M. E. church had been forced to retire because of a nervous breakdown (caused by preaching to empty benches, townspeople said) and that a young man *was* to take his place for the unexpired term, great was the excitement among the former adherents of that church. The club held a special meeting and decided to attend the new preacher's first service in a body, and they unanimously voted: "If he appears to be the right kind of a fellow we'll stand by him and help stir things up at the old church."

As the newly-appointed pastor, the Rev. Gordon Armstrong, passed up the church aisle to his place on the platform, he was conscious of the fact that every eye in that large gathering was focused upon him. He had been told by a not over-wise friend of the unpleasant relations existing between the old and young of the church and he realized that his position was to be no sinecure; nevertheless he was there as shepherd for *all* the flock and to be true to his trust he must side with neither faction.

As the first hymn was being sung, he had an opportunity of looking over his audience. Down near the main door he noticed a large company of young people and as he heard their full, rich voices swelling out in the old gospel hymn, he made a mental resolve that before many weeks rolled around he'd have a chorus choir that any church might envy. At the close of the service an informal reception was held in order that the new pastor might greet personally the members of his new flock. It seemed a strange working of Providence that as the people gathered around the chancel, Bert Foster and old Brother Simmington (better known as "Old Crusty") should have reached the minister's side together and that the preacher should have extended a hand in greeting to each simultaneously. There they stood, representatives of the two warring factions, united for once. Mr. Armstrong seemed to appreciate the situation for he laughingly whispered: "Let the Blue and the Gray salute."

Although fully cognizant of the fact that he was but filling out an unexpired term, Mr. Armstrong lost no time getting down to work. Brother Parsons, moving to a distant city, left the parsonage open for the new man, and Gordon at once established his mother there and kept "open house" for his parishioners. The swift passing weeks convinced the community that Gordon Armstrong was a round peg for a round hole; a man that any church might point to with pride as "Our Pastor!"

At his suggestion a large chorus choir of young people occupied special seats to the right of the pulpit every Sabbath, and already the fame of its music as luring strangers to the services. Mr. Armstrong was also responsible for the fact that at a special meeting held in the parsonage, the "West Side Social Club" unanimously agreed to change its name to "The Memorial Social Union," and their first "job" was to raise funds to equip a gymnasium which the preacher was anxious to open in the basement of the church.

A strong body and a great heart, combined with a saving sense of humor, made Gordon Armstrong a marked man in the old conservative town. Old and young became his friends and the town clergy of other denominations soon recognized that in the new Methodist incumbent they had found a real brother minister.

His pulpit work showed careful preparation. As one of his ardent admirers confided to a skeptical neighbor: "As a preacher he can't be beat. His gospel messages are full of tenderness and help; simple enough for you and me to understand and yet full of thought profound enough for the most learned professor." Even old Brother Dinsmore, who had fought him bitterly at first because he thought he was too stylish a preacher and too partial to the young folks, paid a formal call upon the district superintendent in the hope of being able to persuade that dignitary to use all his influence with the bishop to have "the young man" returned to them for another year at least.

Aside from his preaching, he had won favor for himself by his pastoral visits. His sick and aged seemed to be his special care, and the life of many a weary "shut-in" had been made the brighter by his cheery smile.

Taking it all in all, Gordon Armstrong, as he sat in his study just six weeks before the opening of "Conference," might well have said to himself, truthfully: "Old fellow, you've made a 'hit,' sure enough! I congratulate you!" But instead of that he sat musing by his study fire, a look of anxiety and almost pain upon his face. A light knock at the closed door roused him from his reverie. "Come in," and almost before the words were spoken a light touch fell on his arm, and looking up he saw his mother bending over him. Pride mingled with anxiety was in her voice and manner as she held over his head a large bunch of crimson American Beauties and laughingly whispered: "Gordon, guess who sent them."

To her surprise there was no light response from her son, and looking at him more closely she noticed the look of pain and worry on his face. "Why, Gordon, my boy, what's the matter? Has anything gone wrong? Tell me about it." "Well, mother," he replied gravely, "read this," and he handed her an opened letter which was lying on his desk. "I've tried so hard to win that family and I've failed. I really believe Elsa and Myra would attend our church if Mrs. Livingstone were not so bitter. I can't understand why she insists upon making me suffer for the sins of my predecessor, and I believe he was innocent of the charges she makes against him. Well, I don't think that I'll send her her "letter" tonight. I'll make one more attempt to win her. I'll call there tomorrow." By the way, mother, you must be a little more careful about your visits to the sick now. Dr. Smythe called up this afternoon and told me that the little Anderson boy I called to see over on the East Side last week has the smallpox, and the doctor further said that he was afraid that we were going to have a regular epidemic of it in town. They've turned that old frame building out on Forest Hill into an emergency hospital and they've taken little Harry there. Now, mother, to change the subject suddenly, for I don't want to make you blue, what about the flowers? *Who did send them?* 'Fessup! Tell me, you know I'm no good at guessing. No, I'm not blushing—I'm too old for that—but really I'm quite curious to find out who sends those beautiful flowers here every Saturday evening. It's strange, too, how you or Ellen always mislay the accompanying card. Did you lose it, *this* time?"

With a strange smile on her face, Mrs. Armstrong handed him the flowers *and* two tiny cards —"Mrs. John Steacy"—"Miss Steacy"—and then quietly left the room. A frown gathered on the young man's face as he read the names on the bits of fashionable cardboard. Mildred Steacy was his thorn in the flesh. Wealthy, talented, beautiful; what more could any sensible man ask? In the parlance of her social world, she was a "great catch," but to Gordon Armstrong her triple attractions appealed not at all. They had met for the first time at a reception given in his honor by Prof. Errickson, the president of his board of trustees. It seemed to be a case of love at first sight on her part and cool indifference on his. A few moments' conversation with her had convinced him that the beautiful casket contained but a sham jewel. A society girl, petted and spoiled; her sudden interest in religious matters caused much wonder and speculation. To the surprise of everyone, the fastidious Mildred became a weekly visitor to the poor and needy of the town.

Clad in a perfect-fitting tailor-made gown, with her basket of jellies, and flowers from her home conservatory, she made a beautiful picture of Lady Bountiful as, seated in her electric sedan or yellow roadster, she would whirl up to the parsonage *to consult with the dear pastor* about the needy sick.

At first he had accepted her proffered help gladly, for her flowers and her bright presence were both very welcome in the homes of the sick, but after a time he began to realize that people were talking. After that he sent to her home each week a list of the sick where her help would be appreciated, and then, strange to say, her interest in the work began to lessen, till, one day, there came to him a tiny perfumed note:

"MY DEAR MR. ARMSTRONG:
"Owing to a press of social duties I shall be compelled to give up my regular work among the sick. My roadster, however, is at your disposal whenever you care to use it. Come and see us.
"Cordially yours,
"MILDRED STEACY."

In response to her invitation he had called several times only to be strengthened in his first opinion that, beautiful and talented though she was, there were lacking in her the essential characteristics of a true "home maker." The family did not belong to the Memorial church so he felt free to act as his head and heart both dictated in the matter.

Almost a month had elapsed since his last call at "The Poplars" and he had about decided not to call again when an invitation arrived for his mother and himself to attend a "Rose Fete" to be given by Mr. and Mrs. John Steacy for their daughter Mildred. After much urging on the part of his mother (who would gladly have welcomed Mildred to her heart and home as Gordon's wife) he had accepted the invitation.

Never had Mildred looked more beautiful—bewitchingly beautiful—than that night as she stood by her mother's side, welcoming the guests. Dressed in shimmering white, a wreath of crimson buds on her queenly head, a single American Beauty nestling in the lace of her bosom, she made a picture of rare loveliness. Even Gordon Armstrong fell a victim to her charms as she bade him welcome to her "Garden of Roses."

The great reception hall and parlors had been transformed so as to represent a rose garden. The color scheme, crimson and green, was carried out to perfection; even the electric lights shone out from the hearts of large crimson roses. Hidden by a lattice of climbing roses, at one end of the reception hall an orchestra discoursed sweet, dreamy music. This, combined with the weird effect of the rose-shaded lights, made one feel as if a magic wand had transplanted them into a bit of fairyland.

As souvenirs of the occasion, Mildred gave to each guest, as they bade her good night, a tiny crimson rosebud. What sudden impulse caused Gordon Armstrong to whisper, "May I have this one?" touching lightly the full-blown flower which Mildred had worn all the evening, he never knew but he regretted his action almost before the words had left his lips; and when, later, alone in his study, he took the flower from the lapel of his coat, he said to himself reprovingly: "Gordon Armstrong, you've done wrong. It isn't fair to the girl. Stop!"

The following Saturday evening while busy running over his sermons for the next day, the maid handed in a bunch of exquisite American Beauty roses. In response to his inquiry concerning the donor, Ellen replied that the card was torn off. His mother, on being questioned, seemed no better informed concerning the matter, and so the flowers were placed in a vase on his desk. After this had happened three or four consecutive Saturday evenings he became annoyed and suspicious, and insisted that his mother could, if she would, tell him who was sending the flowers, and he told her very positively that if they came again without a card, he would not receive them.

It did not come as a great surprise to Gordon as he read the names of the parties who were responsible for the weekly gift—from the very first he had suspected that Mildred Steacy was back of the gift.

A look of sadness chased from his face the frown of displeasure as he gathered together the beautiful blossoms and joined his mother in the drawing-room.

"Mother," he said very gently but positively, "this must stop! I will not receive them again. If they continue to come you must write Mrs. Steacy a note of thanks for *your* flowers. You meant it for kindness but you did wrong in concealing from me the names of the senders. I fear you have put me in a false position with Miss Steacy. I regret it very greatly."

"Oh, Gordon," cried his mother, "I did it for your good. I was afraid you wouldn't receive the flowers if once you saw the cards and so I destroyed them—but I'm so sorry I've displeased you. Forgive me and I'll do my best to straighten out the tangle."

"Well, never mind, my little diplomatic mother, we won't worry over the matter. Let's go over to the church and see how the choir rehearsal under the new leader is progressing."

The week which followed was a busy one for there was much to be done before "Conference," especially so as he wanted to leave the charge, in the matter of records, in first-class condition for fear he might not be returned as its pastor.

Every day he planned to call at the Livingstones in reference to Mrs. Livingstone's letter, but every day something happened to prevent him from doing as he had intended.

Friday afternoon Dr. Smythe met him on the street and asked him if he had heard of the illness of Elsa and Myra Livingstone. On replying that he had not, the doctor said, "I was sent for Wednesday night to see Myra, and yesterday when I called I found Elsa sick. The symptoms point to a very severe attack of grip. I hope it will not prove to be anything more serious. No one is allowed to see them so there is no use of you calling there. I'm on my way there now."

That same evening as Mr. Armstrong and his mother were at dinner the phone bell rang. In answer to his "Helloa," Gordon was shocked to hear Dr. Smythe say: "Have just sent Myra and Elsa Livingstone to the Emergency hospital suffering with smallpox. It's a terrible thing. The poor mother is almost frantic. She is under quarantine so none of her friends can go to her. I very much fear that Elsa will die."

Gordon was so overcome that he could scarcely tell the dreadful news to his mother. "It seems too sad to be true that those two girls should be stricken down in all their beauty by that most loathsome of all diseases."

"Oh," cried Mrs. Armstrong, "how I wish I could go to that poor mother tonight. She must be almost crazy."

On the following Sunday the chief topic of conversation was the smallpox epidemic and the sad condition of the Livingstone girls. Dr. Smythe said: "The report concerning the girls which I received from the hospital this morning was very discouraging. Both girls are in a serious condition but for Elsa they have little hope of recovery."

The picture painted in such dark colors was too pitiful to contemplate. "Necessarily deserted by family and friends—suffering and perhaps dying without anyone to say a word of comfort or cheer—dark, indeed is their hour of trial; but how can I help them?" mused Mr. Armstrong sadly.

The passing of the days only served to increase the horror of the situation——"Elsa is dying," phoned Dr. Smythe.

Thursday night the Memorial church was packed to the doors with an enthusiastic crowd of Christian Endeavorers. It was a great union meeting of all the societies of the town. On the platform were the pastors and C. E. officials from the various churches. The main address of the evening by the Rev. Gordon Armstrong was ended and the beautiful consecration hymn, "I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go, Dear Lord," had just been announced.

"It may not be on the mountain's height,
Or over the stormy sea:
It may not be at the battle's front
My Lord may have need of me.
But, if by a still small voice He calls
To paths that I do not know,
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine,
I'll go where You want me to go."

Earnestly and with great feeling Mr. Armstrong read the lines. "Let us not sing this hymn carelessly, but rather let us realize what the words mean. If the test were made tonight I wonder how many of us would prove true? It's easy to *sing,* 'I'll go where You want me to go,' but it may be a *'trial as by fire'* for us to *go.* Now let us all sing and mean what we sing."

Led by the Memorial Chorus the familiar words rang out heartily.

As the second verse was being sung, an usher stepped to the platform and told Mr. Armstrong that he was wanted on the phone. When, a few moments later, he returned to the church he was pale but composed. A few whispered words to his mother and to one of the ministers and he again left the church, taking his mother with him.

As the door closed behind them the singing ceased and the minister to whom Mr. Armstrong had spoken rose and in a voice trembling with emotion said: "To the pastor of this church has come the 'testing time' of which he spoke only a few moments ago and he has proved himself true blue. You all know that the Misses Livingstone of our town are lying at the Emergency hospital, suffering with smallpox. When Brother Armstrong left us a few moments ago he received a phone message from the hospital physician saying that both girls were in a critical condition and that they were pleading for a minister in order that they might receive spiritual comfort and be baptized. *He has gone to those dying girls.* Let us pray."

As Gordon Armstrong led his mother into the parsonage, a full realization of what he was about to do swept over him. "It is not a brave man who does not fear danger but rather should we call him brave who, fully realizing the danger, still goes forth to fulfill his duty." So with Gordon Armstrong—he was no less a hero because he realized the danger of the step he was about to take. Very quietly he bade his mother "good by." It was not a time for talking but for doing and there was no hesitancy in his step as he started for the hospital.

As the door closed upon her boy, Mrs. Armstrong's composure deserted her. For his sake she had kept the tears back while he remained with her but as she sat there by his study fire, alone, no one could wonder that the mother heart was sad. Bravely she fought against her fears as she sat in the quiet, waiting for some message from the hospital. "His duty was to go; mine is to wait," she said to herself.

Reaching the hospital, Gordon found Dr. Benson anxiously waiting for him in the tiny office. "Mr. Armstrong," he said, "I'm mighty glad you've come. The case of these Livingstone girls is one of the saddest I've ever handled. The older one, Miss Elsa, is dying, and both girls realize it. I suppose I really should not have phoned for you but when they pleaded so hard for a minister I could not refuse to at least try to grant their request. I confess I was very doubtful of your coming, but Miss Myra insisted, 'I know Mr. Armstrong will come,' and she evidently knew her man. I'm glad you're here."

"Well, doctor," replied Mr. Armstrong, "I wouldn't have had much respect for myself if I had refused to answer a call as urgent as this. I'm here to give what help and comfort I can to those poor girls. Will I be allowed to return home tonight or must I remain here in quarantine? I'd like to phone some word of certainty to my mother for she will be very anxious; then I'm in your hands, ready to act as you may direct."

"Personally, I don't think that you'll be in any danger of carrying the disease," was the doctor's reply, "for you'll be thoroughly disinfected before leaving here so you may go home,—but—in obedience to orders from the Board of Health, I must insist that you go into quarantine in your own home for a couple of weeks. If at the end of that time no trouble develops, and I think none will, the authorities will be willing for you to resume your regular work. We have to take every precaution for the good of all."

"I understand perfectly," said Mr. Armstrong. "I'll phone my mother to prepare the third floor of the parsonage for me and up there I'll be completely isolated. If the unexpected should happen, I'll——"

"Don't have such a thought in your mind," broke in Dr. Benson, hurriedly. "Come with me."

When a few minutes later the preacher emerged from the dressing-room, he was attired in a loose white robe reaching to his feet, with a white muslin cap completely covering his head. But the change of attire had not altered the great tender heart nor dimmed the luster of the kindly beaming eye. Full of sympathy and eager to help, he entered the ward.

There in a screened off corner of the long whitewashed room, upon two cots, side by side, lay the disease-marked forms of the girls he had last seen in church so full of health and strength. There was no sign of beauty in those swollen, discolored faces. Instinctively Gordon Armstrong closed his eyes to shut out the harrowing sight. When at last he found courage to approach the nearest cot, he found the eyes of Myra Livingstone fastened upon him with such a look of unutterable sadness that all fear and horror fled from him and only a great desire to help and comfort took possession of him.

Some scenes are too sacred for pen of writer to touch upon or brush of artist to portray. Only the Recording Angel could write down the record of that midnight visit but ere the morning broke the Joy Bells of Heaven were ringing with the news that two more hearts had made their peace with God. Oh, how tenderly had the message of love been given to the stricken girls. Truly, divine help and inspiration were given to the preacher in his "hour of testing."

Before leaving, Mr. Armstrong, at Myra's request, administered to both girls the rite of Christian baptism. It needed no physician's voice to tell him that Elsa was nearing the end of the journey, and when he said "good by" he realized that ere the sun would set on another day she would be in the land where sickness and suffering are unknown and where "farewell" is never spoken.

Myra's few words at parting and the look of peace on the face of her dying sister more than repaid him for the risk he had taken.

As Mr. Armstrong turned from the screened-in beds, the nurse whispered to him: "Won't you speak just a word to the rest of the patients? When it was rumored that a minister was coming to see the Misses Livingstone, every patient in the ward became interested."

"How many patients have you now?" queried Mr. Armstrong.

"Fifteen," replied the nurse. "Nine in this ward, and six, including one little boy, in the men's. We expect another doctor and a head nurse from the city tomorrow. Fortunately, most of the cases have been light ones and the authorities think that the epidemic is under control. Still, they're not taking any chances."

Looking at the little uniformed figure by his side, Gordon said huskily: "You're a brave little woman to stand by this job. Of course I'll speak to the rest of your patients."

From bed to bed they went, minister and nurse, giving comfort, for body and soul, as best they might, to each sufferer.

As they entered the men's ward they were greeted by an enthusiastic cry from the bed by the far window: "There he is! I knew he'd come!"

Approaching the bed, Mr. Armstrong said: "Helloa, Harry! How did you know me in these funny clothes? And why aren't you asleep?"

"I——"

"Oh," broke in the nurse quietly, "Harry's been begging to see you ever since he was brought here and when I heard Dr. Benson say that you were coming to see the Misses Livingstone, I peeped in here and, finding Harry awake, I told him the good news. He evidently has shared his secret with the other patients, for, see, all eyes are turned this way."

"It was the strangest audience I ever faced," said Mr. Armstrong afterwards, "but the Lord surely put words in my mouth. I only spoke a few moments but I tried to make it a message of comfort and good cheer."

After taking every precaution possible, Mr. Armstrong bade Dr. Benson good by and hurried through the deserted streets back to the parsonage. As his key turned in the lock, his mother was there to greet him.

"No, no, mother," he cried, "don't come near me! Let me go upstairs at once. Remember I'm under quarantine and——"

"All right," bravely acquiesced his mother, "so am *I*, and we'll face the future together. Ellen is away because of her mother's death and I've written giving her a two weeks' vacation and we'll just keep house alone until the quarantine is lifted. The phone will bring us all we need and, Gordon——"

"Mother! Mother!" broke in her son, "I can't allow you to take this risk. You——"

Gently but positively he was silenced as she led him to the foot of the stairs.

"Go and get some sleep, you're worn out. In the morning we can plan for the days ahead. No, not another word," she insisted.

Like a tired child Gordon climbed the stairs, obedient to his mother's command.

With mother wisdom, Mrs. Armstrong did not follow but going to the kitchen she prepared a tempting tray of crisp toast, hot milk and fruit. Reaching his room, she persuaded him to eat the lunch she put before him, and then sitting down on the side of the bed she "mothered" him until he fell asleep.

The strain upon his emotional nature had been great and he slept the sleep of complete exhaustion.

He was roused by the ringing of his study telephone. It was, as he feared, a message from the hospital.

"Miss Elsa died a half hour after you left, Mr. Armstrong. Her mother has requested that you conduct the simple services at the grave. A carriage will call for you at two."

Sad, indeed, was the burial! Only the undertaker and the old family physician, Dr. Smythe, representing the stricken mother, stood with uncovered heads as the flower-covered casket was lowered into its last resting place. Gordon Armstrong's voice trembled with emotion as he spoke the old familiar words, "dust to dust."

By the following Sabbath the town was wild with excitement over the action of the Memorial pastor. Some censured him—some lauded him to the skies. By some his action was

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8.)

Stella Rosevelt

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



Not the least attractive was the light and airy, though costly, phaeton of "Mr. Rosevelt's ward."



"You can be gratified, for there she stands now."



With an angry gleam in his eyes, he led Star from the room.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A terrible storm at sea and from a steamer running between Liverpool and New York is Stella Rosevelt Gladstone, an orphan, on her way to distant relatives in New York. She is befriended by Jacob Rosevelt, who is startled when he learns her mother called her "Star," her grandmother giving her the name. A fire breaks out and the boats are rapidly filled. Stella refuses to go unless room is made for Mr. Rosevelt, who the next day suffers from an ill turn and is carefully nursed by her. The sixth day they are rescued. Mr. Rosevelt is told of the care Stella gave him during his illness and while thanking her a young man approaches and Mr. Rosevelt introduces Archibald Sherbrooke, whose home is in Derbyshire where Star's father preached. Star's shawl becomes loosened and not finding the pin, Mr. Sherbrooke draws one, an exquisitely carved stone, from his necktie, and Stella pins the shawl and then tells the story of the wreck and her endeavor to save Mr. Rosevelt's life. Arriving in New York, Mr. Sherbrooke places a card in her hand with his address upon it. Stella, remembering the pin, passes it to him. He begs her to keep it as a souvenir. Wishing she had something to give, he will accept a lock of her hair. Stella is met by Mrs. Blunt, Mrs. Richards' housekeeper, who hurries her away. Stella receives a cool reception from her aunt, who had written she would befriend and educate Stella until able to care for herself, and learns she is to be degraded to the level of a common servant. She asks her aunt if her father, from what she wrote him, had any idea she was to come into the family as a servant. Mrs. Richards does not relent, and Stella appeals to Mr. Richards, giving him the letter written by her father to Mrs. Richards and her reply. Stella has one hundred pounds. Could she not use it and then teach, relieving his wife of all responsibility? Mrs. Richards is surprised at Stella's suggestion and Mr. Richards makes arrangements for her to attend a select school, she giving a part of each day to household work. Stella wins, at commencement, a part in the class exercises and surprises Mr. Richards by her instrumental music, essay and promotion to the senior class. Josephine, admiring the cameo worn by Stella suggests she give it to her, as her wardrobe does not correspond with it. Going to Stella's room and finding the cameo, Josephine takes it and discovers the initials "A. S." Stella misses the cameo and is suspicious who has it. In the meanwhile Mr. Richards receives a letter from Mrs. Richards' Uncle Jacob. He has lost all, is penniless and will accept the home that was offered him when rich. Mrs. Richards refuses to receive him, the house is full, and Mr. Richards is left troubled. Upon his arrival he is taken to the Lodge to sleep, Mr. Rosevelt meets Star who offers her room to him and does all she can to brighten his life. Mrs. Richards receives him coldly, and Josephine ignores her uncle. Mrs. Richards and Josephine go to Long Branch where they meet Lord Carroll, of Carrolton, Derbyshire, England, who appears pleased with Josephine and requests permission of her mother to call. Noticing a ring Josephine wears and examining it he sees the initials "A. S." Josephine claims it is given by a relative. Lord Carrol cannot understand it. The next day he leaves for New York. Stella, hurrying to take a train for home, and in danger, is stopped by Archibald Sherbrooke and the acquaintance renewed. Stella tells him that she and Mr. Rosevelt are in the same home. Mr. Rosevelt goes to New York with Stella to call upon Mr. Sherbrooke in his studio and arranges a pleasure trip for them to Coney Island for the following day. When they return from it Stella is the promised wife of Archibald Sherbrooke. Lord Carrol, of Carrolton, thought to be Josephine's betrothed, is expected. Stella sees in him her promised husband, Archibald Sherbrooke. She passes a sleepless night. Walking to the lodge, she meets Archibald, and he cannot understand why he finds her there. Believing he is acting a part, for he wins her love as Archibald Sherbrooke, he appears as Lord Carrol of Carrolton, the expected husband of her cousin, and refusing his explanation she bids him go back to Josephine and ask her for the cameo he gave her. Archibald seeks Mr. Richards' confidence and explains his position, his meeting Star on the steamer, his interest in her and later her promised husband, his ignorance that she is an inmate of this house, his meeting Stella and her refusal to listen to him. Mrs. Richards, overhearing his story and determined that her plans shall not fail, seeks Stella in the lodge, where she has gone for sympathy from Mr. Rosevelt. She upbraids Stella for conducting herself in a shameless manner, misconstruing Lord Carrol's attentions and accusing him with unfaithfulness. Stella is crushed with shame and humiliation, and the next morning Mr. Rosevelt and Stella go to New York where they make their home. Lord Carrol leaves a note for Josephine requesting her to send the cameo to his address that he may return it to the owner should he be so happy as to find her. Stella graduates with honor from the Normal College and Mr. Appleton introduces her as the author of "Chatsworth's Pride." She meets Grace Meredith and her brother Ralph who requests the pleasure, with his sister, of calling upon her. Reaching home, Mr. Rosevelt tells to Stella the story of his life, his love for and engagement to be married to Stella's grandmother, and then his love for her for her kindness to him. She goes to her room and opens the sealed package given to her by her father.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHAT NEXT?

STAR Gladstone's eighteenth birthday dawned as bright and charming as it was possible for a morning to be. At eight o'clock she and Mr. Rosevelt sat down to their breakfast, and a merry meal they made of it, for both appeared in the best of spirits, in spite of the sad and exciting events of the previous evening upon which they had conversed.

About nine a handsome carriage drove to their humble abode, and the driver rang and asked for the "gentleman and lady who were going for a drive in the park."

Star looked surprised as she peered from the window and saw a pair of sleek, coal-black horses, with their silver-mounted harnesses, and the shining, velvet-lined coach.

"Uncle Jacob, did you order that carriage to come for us?" she asked.

"Yes, my dear," he said, with an expression of satisfaction, as he, too, looked out and saw the team. "It is not often that I ride, as you well know, but when I do, I like to go in style. One ride a year in 'shipshape' would satisfy me, where a half dozen in some broken-down hack wouldn't give me a bit of pleasure. Now, put on your hat, and tuck some roses in your belt, as you did yesterday, for this is to be a gala day, and I want you as fine as possible."

Star laughed and tripped away to obey, coming back after a few moments with such a bright and happy face that Mr. Rosevelt thought she had never looked so lovely before.

All the morning they drove, four long, delightful hours—hours that were always a pleasant memory afterward to both of them; and many who saw the nicely dressed old gentleman, with the fair, bright, golden-haired girl beside him in their elegant carriage, thought what a green old age must be his, with so much to make life pleasant.

About one o'clock they turned toward the city once more, and Star said, with a sigh of pleasure:

"Uncle Jacob, I believe there never was such a perfect day before, and I'm sure I never enjoyed a birthday more. You were very kind to plan this pleasure for me."

The old gentleman's eyes twinkled. Her delight, her bright, animated face were such a joy to him.

"If I only had been rich as I used to be, I should so like to have made you some nice present today—a watch, for instance," he said.

"You gave me something last night which I value far better—your confidence," Star said, softly. "I should like a watch," she added, after a moment, "and I mean to have one some time. When I have earned it, you shall go and select it for me, if you will. But what have you done with your own, Uncle Jacob? You had a very nice one when I first met you, and I remember seeing it on you after the wreck."

"Watches and I have not had much in common during the last two years," he answered, evasively; and she thought perhaps he had been obliged to sell it since he became poor.

All at once the carriage stopped in a quiet street uptown, which, Star noticed, was lined on both sides with elegant brownstone dwellings.

"What are we stopping here for?" she asked.

"A good woman whom I used to know lives here, and I thought, as we were in gala attire today, I would like to stop and make a call, and—introduce my Star to her," Mr. Rosevelt said, preparing to alight.

He helped Star out, and together they went up the marble steps.

Mr. Rosevelt rang the bell, and then took a card from one of his pockets, and, with an arch smile, said:

"It almost seems as if we were really fine people, doesn't it, dressed in our best, riding about in our carriage, and sending our cards in at a brownstone house?"

"Yes, indeed; and it would be such fun if we could keep it up for a while," Star said, gayly.

Mr. Rosevelt laughed.

"Would you like to be a fine lady, Star?" he asked.

"I don't know," she answered, thoughtfully. "I believe I should like to try it for a little while, just to see how it would seem."

There was not time for any more conversation, for the door was at this moment opened by a neat-looking servant.

She appeared to recognize Mr. Rosevelt, for she greeted him with a smile, and then her eyes wandered inquiringly to Star's lovely face.

She invited them to enter, and conducted them into a handsome drawing-room on the right of the hall, when, taking Mr. Rosevelt's card, she retired, leaving them alone.

"What a lovely room!" Star breathed, as her eyes roved about the apartment.

Mr. Rosevelt merely nodded his head in reply, while he watched the door with evident impatience.

It was soon slowly opened, and a familiar face appeared in the aperture—a face all beaming with smiles of pleasure and good nature.

"Mrs. Blunt!" cried Star, in astonishment; and springing toward the woman, she grasped both her hands warmly.

"Yes, Miss Star," the woman returned, half laughing, half crying; "I am Mrs. Blunt, or I'm much mistaken, as I sometimes imagine I may be when I get to thinking about everything, and how strange it has all turned out. How well you're looking, miss, and it does my old eyes a wonderful sight of good to see your bright face again."

Star thought her language somewhat ambiguous; but everything seemed rather ambiguous just then.

"Do you live here?" she questioned.

"Yes, I live here; or——"

"Have you been in New York long? and why haven't we seen you before? and what are you laughing at?"

The young girl's astonishment seemed to increase, for the woman appeared strangely, and was shaking with suppressed laughter.

"I'm laughing because I'm so glad to see you. I've been in New York a month, and haven't been to see you because the last time I saw Mr. Rosevelt he told me he was going to bring you to see me soon; so I've been content to wait," Mrs. Blunt explained.

Star wondered if the present occupant of that elegant place allowed her housekeeper to entertain her friends in the drawing-room; if so, it was surely a new departure, and not exactly in accordance with Mrs. Richards' ideas of the treatment of servants.

"Take off your hat, dearie," Mrs. Blunt continued, "for I have a nice little lunch waiting for you."

"A lunch?" repeated Star, in amazement, and with a puzzled look at Mr. Rosevelt, who was regarding her attentively.

"Yes; I had orders to get up the nicest lunch I could for my old friends, and I'm much mistaken if I haven't done it," the woman replied, with an air of satisfaction.

"You must have a very kind mistress," the fair girl said, as she drew off her gloves and removed her hat.

"I have, the best in the world," the queer creature returned with a chuckle. "But come, I'll show you the way to the dining-room."

Mr. Rosevelt arose, and drawing Star's hand within his arm, followed her to a room on the opposite side of, and farther down, the hall.

As she opened the door, Star saw a charming dining-room, furnished in costly woods of different colors, its floor inlaid in an artistic and lovely pattern.

In the center stood a table, covered with a heavy white damask cloth, and spread with a glittering array of silver and cut glass, and where also a most tempting repast was awaiting them.

Mr. Rosevelt led his wondering companion to one side of the table, and, looking down upon her with the fondest look in the world, said, in a voice which was not quite steady:

"Star, my dear, my pure-hearted, faithful little friend, I here formally install you as mistress of your own table and of your own home. This is to be your seat henceforth—mine opposite; and, my darling—for such you have become to me—I trust you will be as happy as an old man's love, gratitude and wealth can make you."

Star had grown suddenly pale while he spoke, and regarded him with a puzzled expression.

"I do not understand," she said, clasping both her small hands around his arm and leaning heavily upon him.

"I will tell you," he answered, tenderly. "When you met me on board that ill-fated steamer I was a very rich man. When it was wrecked, and I had discovered that you were the grandchild of the only woman whom I ever loved, and also what a kind, tender little heart you had, I formed a sudden resolution. I had always, as I told you last night, been flattered and cajoled by my relatives, who knew I was rich, and I resolved that I would test their sincerity. If they stood it, I would divide my fortune into three portions, one of which should be yours, the others theirs. If they did not, it should all be yours, if you proved the true, noble character which I believed you to be. That was one reason why I was so keenly disappointed to find you gone when I went to bid you farewell on the steamer; but I meant to search for you all the time. And so I pretended to be the poor old man whom you remember coming to Ellen Richards' that night. You know the result. No one was true to me or kind to me but my Star. Yet I had become so suspicious of everybody, that I resolved to study even you thoroughly before I committed myself; and so I concluded to wait until you had completed your education before telling you of my actual position in life. It was very hard, though, when you were in such trouble that last night in Yonkers, when you told me your secret about writing your book, and offered to share your little all with me 'because I was not happy there,' and I was sorely tempted to tell you all, surround you at once with everything to make life beautiful, and place you in a position far above the daughter of the woman who had treated you so shamefully. On second thought, however, I deemed it best to wait until your education should be completed, for then you would be more free to enjoy the good things of life."

"Then you have not been poor at all?" faltered Star, as he paused for a moment.

"No; I have had abundance. I own this house, and have for years. I own a block on Broadway, and—well, little one, there is enough to enable you and me to do pretty much as we like for the remainder of our lives," he answered, with a fond smile.

"Then I cannot take care of you. I thought I was going to make you so comfortable, and that, with teaching and the income from my book, we could have such nice times together," Star said, wistfully, and hardly able, even yet, to comprehend the change in her circumstances.

Mr. Rosevelt patted her softly on the shoulder, though a tear sprang to his eyes at her words.

"No, dear," he returned; "you cannot take care of me in that way. I am going to take care of you; but you can still make me comfortable. We can still have nice times together, and I shall be very proud to introduce the young authoress of 'Chatsworth's Pride' as my ward and future heiress.

"Bless you, child!" he continued, his fine face glowing with happiness; "don't you suppose it is going to be a comfort to me to try to make you happy and give you everything you wish, after all your constancy, patience and self-denial for me?"

He forced her gently into her chair, and going around to the opposite side of the table, began to wait upon her in the most chivalrous manner.

"Ah! this is what I call comfort, dear," he said, in a satisfied tone, after Mrs. Blunt had withdrawn to see that the strawberries and cream were properly served; "this is what I have been dreaming about for a whole year; and now, after we have appeased our hunger, we will go over the house, and see if everything suits you. What are you looking at the clock for? Your school days are over, Miss Gladstone."

Star laughed somewhat nervously, and flushed.

"I was looking to see how many hours would elapse before the clock would strike twelve, and wondering if it would dissolve the spell that is on me."

"No fear of that, Starling. The hours, days and months, and years, I trust, will roll by and bring you only joy and pleasure, with no rude awakening. You shall have music and painting to your heart's content. You shall have a pair of ponies and a phaeton of the most approved style; and, in fact, little girl, it will take you a good while to find the bottom of my purse. But how do you like your tea-service? I chose it myself, and had it marked expressly for you."

"It is perfectly lovely," Star replied, as her eyes roved admiringly over the beautiful and costly equipage, upon each piece of which there gleamed a star in delicate frost-work.

"I'm glad you like it. And now, my dear, suppose you open that small box by your plate."

Star gave him a wondering look—indeed, all her looks had been wondering ones during the last hour—and opened a small white box, which had until now lain unnoticed beside her plate.

She found inside a morocco case, and springing back the lid of this, an elegant little watch and chatelaine were exposed to her delighted eyes.

"Uncle Jacob! I cannot tell whether I am awake or dreaming," she cried, a rosy flush spreading over her whole face. "It is the dearest little watch in the world. And is this star on the case made of diamonds?"

"Yes; diamonds are none too good for my star."

"And you had this waiting for me, even when we were talking about my having a watch while we were driving?"

"Yes; I was only sounding you a little to see if you would like a watch best or something else. Now, if you are through, put it in your belt and come with me," he said, rising from the table.

She followed his example, and together they passed from the beautiful dining-room out into the hall, and thence to another room on the front of the house, which was fitted up as half library, half music room.

In it there stood a new Steinway piano, with a richly carved case and pearl keys. The handsome bookcases, each surmounted by books of popular authors, were filled with choice volumes, while the other furniture, upholstered in olive and crimson, was most luxurious.

From here they went upstairs, and over the drawing-room found a most charming suite of rooms, furnished throughout in blue and white.

"Allow me to introduce you to the heiress of Jacob Rosevelt, the millionaire," said the old gentleman, taking her hand and bowing before the fair apparition in a full-length mirror. "How do you like her?"

"I can't tell just yet, she is such a new creature; but," with a roguish look up into his eyes, "I'm very fond of the millionaire."

"Thank you, Miss Gladstone; your favor is most highly appreciated," he returned, laughing. "But come, you must see my bachelor den;" and he led her across the hall to a room over the dining-room, and here she found every comfort, if something less of elegance.

Opposite her sitting-room there was a great chamber, furnished in crimson and gold, while up another flight were the servants' rooms. Mrs. Blunt's rooms were on the lower floor, where she could conveniently overlook her assistants at all hours.

"It is like a story," Star said, when they had been the rounds and came back to the library; "and now what are we to do next, Uncle Jacob?"

Her plans had all been for work, and now that she found there was to be no more toil or care for her—nothing but pleasure and what her own sweet will dictated, she hardly knew whether or how to take up the thread of her life again; therefore the query:

"What are we to do next, Uncle Jacob?"

CHAPTER XXV.

STAR'S DELIGHT.

"What are we going to do next?" Mr. Rosevelt repeated. "Why, enjoy it all, to be sure. I have waited a good while for this good time, and now I am going to make the most of it. First, Miss Gladstone must attend to that very important item, Miss Gladstone's wardrobe, which must be suitable for her position; and, Star, I shall be quite particular upon that point; let it be both rich and elegant. Then, as the hot weather comes on, there will be a trip to Newport and the White Mountains, or some other place equally pleasant, and after that—well, something else, I suppose," he concluded, with a smile.

Star heaved a sigh of delight.

It was nice, after all, to be surrounded by all this beauty and elegance, and to have everything heart could wish.

The next fortnight was a busy one with dressmakers, milliners and seamstresses; for Mr. Rosevelt said he wished to go to Newport by the middle or last of July, if possible.

Star's wardrobe and pretty things were all ready at last, and Mr. Rosevelt, who had taken a strange interest in it, for a bachelor, was perfectly satisfied.

He had made her elegant presents in the way of jewelry and laces, until she felt almost overwhelmed.

"Diamonds!" she had exclaimed, her face flushing all over with delight, when, the day before they were to leave, he came into her sitting-room and laid a case in her lap, telling her to open it. He had already purchased her several other sets, but this was the crowning gift of all.

"Oh, Uncle Jacob," she faltered, "I am afraid you are spending too much money for me."

"Don't you like them?" he questioned, although her glowing face should have told him all he wished to know.

"Like them? They are perfectly lovely; and I do particularly love diamonds."

"Then don't trouble your pretty head about the money. You know I have been denied all my life the pleasure of spending it for either wife or child, and now that I have found some one who appreciates and is worthy of it, let me get all the comfort I can in this way. You forget," he

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7.)



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

ANYTHING pertaining to the home is always of interest and in the several letters that follow are many entirely new ideas, and clever ones, too. Mrs. Peal's description of a burlap porch set is particularly good and there is yet time to make it before summer. Ideas such as these are better suited to the average family—and pocketbook—than something made of more expensive material, and are usually more durable. Tell us how you made "something of nothing."—Ed.

LITTLE ROCK, 1419 West 13th St., ARK.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Mother and I think dear old COMFORT the grandest little paper published and always look forward to its coming. The sisters are giving ideas on making something out of nothing, as I call it, so I'll try my hand. Most all of you have burlap bags. I am making a handsome porch cover set of them. I cut each bag open and take the side that has no printing on it, and cut it to fit my swing, settee or chair. You can scallop the edges if you like or bind with tape of any desired color. I hand paint mine, a basket of flowers in the center of each piece with gay colors. If you can't paint, use carbon or transfer paper and stamp any design you have, and color. If the bag is too short for your swing or settee, make two cushions and lace together in the center with shoestrings. You will be surprised at the lovely set you will have. I am making some pillow tops now. Then something else: I take old straw cuff protectors, cut them down one side and bind with tape. Lace the two together with flat shoestrings and paint or work some design on them with colored threads. They make pretty flower pot holders. You can use as many holders as is necessary to cover your pots. The flat string makes it look better. I have lots of one hundred pound sugar bags (we are in the grocery business) and I make sleeping pillow cases of them, putting on some kind of a border. I make short curtains for the kitchen of them also, with a bright colored border. Two bags make one pair of curtains and they launder beautifully. For long curtains for my bedroom I use four bags to a pair. The bags are put together with tatting, rickrack braid, insertion or any kind of heavy lace. I painted a parrot on each curtain and an owl and the moon in the center of the little drop at the top, then outlined around each design with a black yarn thread in long stitch. Then I made a bedspread to match, out of unbleached sheeting instead of the bags. I made this long enough to turn back over the pillows at the head with a border of pink at top and bottom and a parrot in the center. I have received many compliments on the set. I have made little tea aprons of bags, with different objects on them in patchwork, such as teapot, cream pitcher, or cup and saucer.

I hope these little suggestions will be helpful to someone, and I wish the sisters would give us some ideas on entertaining clubs. I think we are all anxious for new ideas along that line. I belong to an Art and Needle Club but we just exchange ideas on the work, have music and when we get tired of working we sometimes have a few games of five hundred or bridge and then the hostess serves a little lunch and that's about all we do.

I would be very glad to hear from any who care to write. With all good wishes for dear old COMFORT and its readers,

Sincerely yours, MRS. ESTHER TAYLOR PEAL.

MELBOURNE, MO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Will you let a red head from the Show Me state in this glorious morning? I haven't a thing to write about that would really admit me but then—Columbus took a chance. I know this is Saturday and I should be at work but I get tired and want to get out into the sunshine and romp and sing. A regular tomboy, I hear some of the very sedate saying, but I am considered a good housekeeper at that. I'm trying to think of what I know that would help others but my store of knowledge is very slim. Wait a minute! Sacks!! I know we've discussed sacks and more sacks and their uses but here is one kind of a sack that I use that I've never seen discussed. The gunny sack. We moved into a large house, double doors and no drapes and not furniture enough to fill it, so old red head got to thinking. Very little money to help me think so took gunny sacks and made drapes for my double doors. I wanted my room done in green so I purchased several packages of dye and after washing the sacks I colored them green. You can make fringe on the bottoms by drawing the threads and tying the loose ends in the usual way. I had an old couch that was covered with red plush and I made a couch cover for that of green sacks, fringed all around, then a scarf of the same for my library table. I needed some small rugs so made them of double thicknesses of sacks, stitched or quilted together, and sides bound with a harmonizing color. Make a short fringe on the ends. These rugs can be made much prettier by embroidering a design in carpet warp on them. Then I needed something to fill up the great empty corners and the couch. I colored three sacks green, a lighter green than the other, brown and red, and made six cushions, round, square and oblong. After draping my windows with an inexpensive piece of cretonne, to match the other drapes, my room didn't look half bad; in fact, I had many compliments on it.

I know you are wondering where I got so many sacks. Sh, if I ever tell it aloud the storekeepers will hear, then good by to Red and her sacks. I buy potatoes in one-half bushel quantities and ask the groceryman to put my groceries in a sack—"so they'll be easier to carry."

How many of you ever had a real embarrassing situation jump up to confront you? I'll tell you one that happened to me. On one of our trips from the West here and we had a three hour wait in St. Paul and as the weather was extremely warm I got thirsty. Daddy kept baby while I started to the fountain but I did not get there, for I was embarrassed to find my way. The cause? My skirts dropped all in a heap. Picture me if you can! What did I do? I don't really know, but after years, it seemed, I found my way to the ladies' dressing-room with my garments in my arms. Needless to say I left a roaring crowd behind me.

Mrs. Wilkinson, there's a heap more I would like to say and ask about but this is every bit of stationery in the house. So with good wishes to all I'll leave.

RED.

Red.—A red-haired person can always be depended upon to meet every emergency and to think of something interesting. An account of our most embarrassing moments should prove amusing as well as helpful, for one never knows what will happen next and it is well to be prepared. We can learn from each other and have a laugh at the same time. I'm trying to think of the most embarrassing thing that ever happened to me. Everyone send in their experience and we'll have them published along with the most thrilling and most exciting things that have happened to the readers. I already have a number on hand for publication.—Ed.

ALLEGAN, MICH.

DEAR COMFORT RELATIVES:

It's been a year since I called last time so thought I'd poke around once more and see if the latch-string is still out. Not long ago I received a letter from a Montana sister asking when the store was going to materialize, that I mentioned in my last letter. I have no idea when but it is drawing nearer each day and when it does and you come to town you will find V. E. at the front door with a big grin, waiting to give you a glad welcome to the Ellis store. You can sit around the heater, toast your toes and talk politics to your heart's content, just as long as you do not get up any roof raising argument on politics or religion. I am very good natured and stand for most anything in reason.

I have just had a new (Corona) typewriter so will have to have a typist. The first to apply lands the job. Salary no object. But laying all joking aside, my mail order and magazine agency is growing year by year and I feel sure that some day, with God's help, I will see my dream materialize in that I'll be self-supporting and can then say good by to the County House. I've been here eleven years and have no kicks. Have a splendid man and his wife for keepers, there couldn't be better. In all the time I've been here I've never had a cross word from them or any of the hired help and I can't see but what I'm as happy as folks who can walk and work. I don't care if I am nearly helpless. I've got my brain left and I'll never give up beaten until I get crippled in my head or so sick I can't do anything. I am determined to make good in life and when I do I'll consider that I've accomplished more, by God's help, than many a man who has never seen a sick day.

I notice that many of the COMFORT writers ask for suggestions as to how they can make money and many have written and asked me that question. To ask me that is about like asking a bald-headed barber for a tonic to grow hair on a bald head, for I've never made enough money to worry about. But here is something that may be of help to someone. Last summer I read of a woman in a Western city who made aprons and left them at a big department store to be sold. They went so fast the manager had her make more and soon she was hiring help and supplying other stores and her sales branched out to other cities and states until in a few years she had a big force of women working for her. I hope this will be a good starter for some one.

I've written several letters to COMFORT but have never asked the readers to write me but I will this time. For 44 years I've had a birthday between May and July and expect it will come the same time this year so if you will write me a birthday letter or card I'll thank you very much. Don't send me anything but cards and letters for I haven't room for other things.

I will close with best wishes to COMFORT and its readers.

From your brother and cousin.

VERNE ELLIS.

COMFORT Sisters: While you are about it, can't you manage to include an order, even a small one, or a subscription, when you send our Brother Verne a birthday letter? I seldom make a request like this, but I know how deserving he is of any assistance. He doesn't want charity, but just a chance to help himself. Write for his circulars if you want to know about him.—Ed.

IN all recipes calling for baking powder, insure successful results by using Royal Baking Powder (absolutely pure).

It is conceded by domestic science teachers and baking experts the world over to be "the most healthful and dependable baking powder made." Royal contains no alum.

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

THERE comes a time in the spring and early summer when the winter supply of vegetables is sadly diminished and only the humble potato remains to tide us over until the summer crop is ready for consumption. This isn't as serious as would appear for there are so many ways of preparing potatoes, a few of which are given below, that they do not become monotonous. Try these and see how you like them.—Ed.

BAKED HAM AND POTATOES.—Slice six or eight medium-sized potatoes into baking dish, sprinkle with a little pepper and add enough hot water to very nearly cover. Over top of potatoes place one and one-half pounds of ham, cover and cook three-quarters of an hour, turning ham when necessary.

POTATO SURPRISE.—To two cups of cold mashed potatoes, add one egg, salt and pepper to taste, and form into small, flat cakes. On each cake put a teaspoon of cold meat, chopped fine, fold potato mixture over this and form into balls. Dip in eggs and crumbs and fry in deep, hot fat.

POTATO SOUFLE.—Mix four cups of hot mashed potatoes with one tablespoon melted butter, two tablespoons hot milk, one teaspoon salt, one-eighth teaspoon pepper, one-quarter teaspoon paprika and the beaten yolks of two eggs. Fold in the stiffly-beaten whites of two eggs, put into buttered baking dish and cook until mixture puffs and is of brown color.—MRS. L. E. H., Manchester, N. H.

CREAMED POTATOES.—Heat one cup of milk, add one tablespoon of butter and thicken with one tablespoon of flour. Add pepper and salt to taste and two cups of cold boiled potatoes, cut into cubes.

POTATOES AU GRATIN.—In a buttered baking dish put alternate layers of sliced cooked potatoes and grated cheese, a thick layer of potatoes and a thin layer of cheese. Dot the potatoes with bits of butter and add salt and pepper before covering with cheese. Repeat until dish is nearly filled. Add enough hot milk to nearly cover the potatoes and cover top layer with cracker-crumbs mixed with melted butter. Let bake until crumbs are browned and cheese is melted. —MRS. E. M. G., York Beach, Maine.

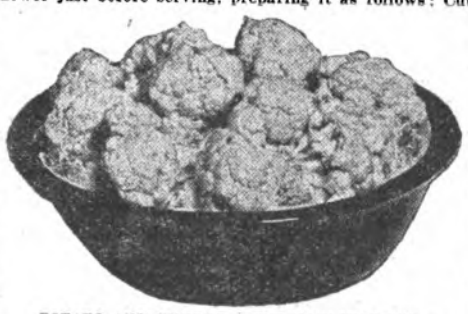
PARTY CAKES.—Cream one-half cup of butter and one cup of sugar; add the well-beaten yolks of three eggs, one-half cup of milk and two cups of flour sifted with two teaspoons of baking powder. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth and fold in. Flavor. Cook in well-buttered gem pans in a moderate oven. Cover with boiled frosting or whipped cream and serve on individual paper doilies, as shown in illustration.



PARTY CAKES.

BOILED FROSTING.—Boil one cup of sugar with one cup of water until it threads. Have ready the white of an egg well beaten and pour over it the boiling syrup, beating steadily. While beating, add a pinch of cream of tartar and a teaspoon of vanilla. Beat until firm.—Mrs. Johnson, Hadley, Mass.

POTATO AND CHEESE WITH CAULIFLOWER.—Three cups of raw potato sliced thin, four tablespoons of butter, four tablespoons of grated cheese, one tablespoon of scraped onion, two teaspoons of salt, and one-half teaspoon of white pepper. Arrange in deep baking dish, using alternate layers of potato, cheese, butter and seasoning. Cover tightly and bake in moderate oven about one and one-half hours. Top with boiled cauliflower just before serving, preparing it as follows: Cut away all the geeen leaves and stalk, but not close enough for the cauliflower to break apart. Also trim off any discoloration from the top. Tie in a piece of old white muslin, plunge into boiling salted water and cook until tender which will require about twenty minutes. Serve potato and cauliflower with white sauce.



POTATO AND CHEESE WITH CAULIFLOWER.

NUT BREAD.—Five cups of sifted flour, five rounded teaspoons of baking powder, one cup of sugar, two cups of milk, two cups of chopped nuts and one teaspoon salt. Sift a quantity of flour and measure out five cupfuls, add the baking powder and sift again. Now put in the sugar and add the milk, a cupful at a time, stirring briskly. Last of all add the nuts. This quantity will make two loaves. Put in ordinary bread pans and set in warm place for two hours just as you would wheat bread. Bake one hour in slow oven. —E. MCCLAIN, Corinth, Miss.

TWO WAYS OF FRYING POTATOES.—Boil in jackets, drain, and set in mouth of oven to dry. Peel, cut in halves lengthways, then each half into fourths. Drop into deep fat and brown. The potato should be fried soon after it is boiled if dry and light when done.

Another way is cook the potatoes raw. Cut the same as above, soak one hour in cold water, drain, and dry in a towel. Put into a shallow biscuit pan, and coat with salad oil, being sure not to use too much. There should be none in the bottom of pan. A good way is to stir continually with a spoon, adding the oil very gradually. Bake in a hot oven until brown, sprinkle with salt, and serve at once.



TWO WAYS OF FRYING POTATOES.

NUT BARS.—One cup of sugar, two eggs, beaten until light, one cup of walnuts, chopped fine, one heaping teaspoon of baking powder sifted in one cup of flour. Put in baking pan and bake in moderate oven.

STRAWBERRY SHERBET.—One pint and a half of juice, one pint of sugar, one pint and a half of water, the juice of two lemons. Boil water and sugar together for twenty minutes. Add lemon and strawberry juice. Strain and freeze.

ECONOMY FRUIT CAKE.—One package of raisins and three cups of water. Let boil ten minutes. In separate bowl mix one cup of lard or butter, one and one-half cup of sugar, one teaspoon cinnamon, one-half teaspoon each all other spices, two teaspoons of soda and the water the raisins were boiled in; then add the raisins and flour enough to make a stiff batter. Bake in slow oven. Frost with powdered sugar and let stand two or three days before cutting. — LILLIE JENSEN, Holden, Utah.

HANNAH'S HERMITS. — One and one-half cup granulated sugar, one cup butter or lard, three eggs, one cup chopped raisins, one-half teaspoon nutmeg, one teaspoon cinnamon, and one teaspoon soda in a little hot water. Flour enough to make a stiff batter. Roll thin. Bake in a quick oven until a golden brown. Very delicious but tastes better when a few days old. —FRENCHY, Prentice, Wisc.

ROLLED OAT COOKIES.—Two cups rolled oats, two cups flour, well sifted, one cup brown sugar, one cup of milk, one cup seedless raisins, three-quarters cup butter or lard, melted, one-half cup nut meats, chopped, two eggs, well beaten, three-quarters teaspoon soda, one teaspoon cinnamon, one-half teaspoon salt. Mix thoroughly and drop mixture from teaspoon two inches apart. Bake in very slow oven.—MRS. W. C. FITZGERALD, Redlands, Calif.

APPLE NUT PIE.—Pare and core ten apples, place them in baking pan. Make a sauce of two cups of sugar, two tablespoons flour, cinnamon and nutmeg to taste. Pour boiling water over this until mixture is as thick as starch then pour over apples and bake until tender. Have pie crusts baked, fill with apple mixture and sprinkle with chopped nuts. Serve with plain cream or whipped cream.—MRS. W. WALKER, Lane, Illinois.

MOCK MINCE PIES.—Seven crackers rolled fine, one cup sugar, one and two-thirds cup molasses, one-half cup butter, two-thirds cup cold water, two-thirds cup vinegar, raisins, cloves, cinnamon.

CRACKERS.—(Requested). Sift two cups of flour, three teaspoons baking powder and one-half teaspoon salt together. Add one cup of milk and four teaspoons melted butter, one egg, beaten separately and enough flour to make dough stiff enough to roll. Roll very thin. Cut in shape, prick with fork and bake in hot oven. After browned slightly let them remain in oven two minutes to crisp. These are fine for lunches and sandwiches.—EULA LEATHERS, Buchanan, Georgia.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

As so many of the sisters are interested in how each one fixes up her home, I am going to tell you how I have planned to fix my kitchen. I am a poor man's wife and we have to make every penny count. The woodwork in my kitchen is painted a light green. I am going to paper the walls with green oilcloth paper and as my floor oilcloth is worn in spots I am going to turn that upside down and give it two coats of paint, then varnish it. My windows will have white sash curtains with crocheted lace at the top in a pointed filet pattern, with a ring on each point to run the rod through. The curtains will be of flour sacks bleached and with a deep hem at the bottom. The top edge is turned down, gathered and then sewed to the lace. Two curtains will be needed for each window. With white oilcloth on my kitchen tables, which are painted white, my kitchen will be quite attractive.

COMFORT is a comfort to me in many ways and in the future it will be more so for I am under the doctor's care for tuberculosis. He said plenty of rest so if you sisters want to help me with that rest, just write me long, cheery letters.

I am going to send a little poem which I hope Mrs. Wilkinson will print even if she hasn't room for my letter.

Love to all. MRS. EARNEST G. POOL.

Mrs. Pool.—The poem you sent is good and will be published for the benefit of COMFORT fathers. Your kitchen must be a delightfully dainty place and I'm sure heaps of letters will find their way to it.—Ed.

MCLEANSVILLE, N. C.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a COMFORT reader for a long time but, like others, did not write because I was afraid of the waste-basket. But when I read Mrs. Long's letter asking advice on how to cure her boys of fighting I could not remain quiet any longer.

When your boys fight help them out by getting three good switches, give a switch to each of them and keep one yourself. Tell them you don't like to have them fight but as long as they like it you will let them whip each other. If they don't, make them by using your switch on them. This has proven successful in many cases.

I am twenty-one years old, have black hair, blue eyes and a fair complexion. I have been mraried three years and live on a farm.

MRS. J. P. BROWNING.

CALIFORNIA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I must enter this happy circle for a few words to Lena of Dallas, Texas. Her case and mine were so similar, but I cannot give her any encouragement in regard to a man like that ever changing, as it seems to be a mental weakness when a man so much older than the girl he marries, gets such ideas in his head. At least, that was my experience. I kept things hid from my neighbors for more than twenty years, raised a large family, and every time I wanted to go see a neighbor I had to ask permission. If I stayed home he was jealous and if I went to church or anywhere else it was just the same. He was nice before people but when they were gone! He got worse as the years went by and if my boys had company there was always something I did or I didn't do that was wrong. I lived in purgatory as you might say, but thank God he had no cause to treat me as he did. But there is no enjoyment in life spent with such a man. I still have him but he got so bad, more like an insane man in his conduct, we had to do the only thing we could see would cure him, send him to an asylum for a time. Since then the fear of being put back again has made him stop much of his foolishness, as a man like that thinks he owns a woman's body and soul. The whole family lived in fear and misery until the older children were able to stand up for me. But could I have foreseen that he never would change I wouldn't have wasted my life on him. And yet the experience, though dear, has taught me many things. Why should one live in torment and raise a family of nine children, yet they all love and honor Mother and that is worth all that it cost to raise them. In such a case the children do not get their rights and privileges. To give him his due, he provided to the best of his ability, bought us clothes and food, didn't spend any money for gambling or drink, but for every good thing I got in that line I paid double in agony and suffering.

Lena, look over your husband's family, were his parents and relatives the same? If so you may know it is his mind and nothing you can do or say will cure him of his illusions as he is a hopeless case and like me you may spend thirty or more years living literally a life of hell. MOTHER OF NINE.

ATHENS, WISC.

DEAR SISTERS:

I have often wanted to enter your corner but the other letters were always so much more interesting than any of mine could have been that I refrained.

I was a teacher before I married, therefore just can't help answering "Contented Wife's" question about teaching a four-year-old child the alphabet. Teach the *sounds* of the letters but not the names. Don't think I'm preaching but a child that knows c-a-t-s by their names can say them a thousand times without ever getting the idea that they stand for "cat," whereas if she knows the sounds by pronounciation she gets the word cat. By knowing the sounds the child can, when she goes to school, learn to pronounce by herself and what child doesn't love to find out things for herself. The present day school system tends to eliminate that which the child will have no future use for so if you wish to teach your child something for future use in school, do not teach her the letters of the alphabet. Teachers usually teach the written and printed form at the same time and the short sounds of the vowels. A good thing would be to find out from the teacher in your school district what method they use for beginners. I have had many

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

Editorial

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

Time to Reduce the Heavy War Tax on Magazine Circulation

HASTILY tacked onto the War Revenue Bill of 1917 was a provision imposing a fifty per cent. increase in the letter postage rate and a much larger increase in the postage rate on second-class mail matter (magazines and newspapers). It was an emergency measure passed in a hurry to meet the strain of the National Treasury under stress of war conditions without sufficient time or opportunity for hearings or proper consideration of the rights and interests of the persons affected. Objections to the clauses relating to second-class postage rates were overcome by promising an investigation and revision of the latter at an early date. This promise was never kept. Shortly after the armistice letter postage was reduced to the normal rate in force before the war, but the second-class postage rates still remain at their highest war peak which was attained by four successive annual raises, the first having become effective in July, 1918, and the last in July, 1921, whereby the total of the increases, still in force, range from fifty per cent. in the first zone to 900 per cent. in the eighth zone, and constitute an excessively burdensome and unjust tax on magazine circulation.

The present Congress has reduced most of the war taxes and has abolished a number of them, including some of the luxury taxes. Why should not this heavy tax on magazine circulation be reduced? The newspaper and magazine publishers are asking Congress to reduce this oppressive tax by repealing the last two increases (those which became effective respectively in 1920 and 1921) in the second-class postage rates. If this requested reduction should be granted the rates would still be very high, and would yield the Government 175 per cent. more revenue than the pre-war rates. It is to the interest of subscribers as well as publishers to have the proposed reduction made. If you believe the present zone rates of second-class postage are too high and should be reduced, as proposed, write your Congressman and Senators and ask them to vote for the proposed reduction.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

Love Will Find the Way

by Wenona Gilman



There were embraces and tears between mother and daughter.



"I wonder what will have occured before we sleep again to-night?"



She felt a thrill pass to the very center of her heart.

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CHAPTER XXXII. (CONTINUED.)

"A MAN whom he had intended to fleece came to the house. We were then at Paris in quarters on the Rue Rivoli. I knew before the man came what Paul's intentions were and would have saved him if I had dared, but I did not. I was more afraid of Paul than I would have been of the most savage beast. He intended to have money by fair means or foul; but I don't believe he ever intended to do the awful deed that he did. He cheated the victim as he had planned, but the man discovered him. There was a frightful quarrel. I heard loud words. Overcoming my fright, I ran into the room—just in time to see my husband drive a dagger straight into the man's heart.

"I can't tell you what occurred after that. I was like a mad thing. I knew nothing whatever until I found myself aboard a steamer bound for America."

Mrs. King paused again. She lifted her hand and wiped the moisture from her brow, which the recollection of that time had brought there. Her lips were pale and trembling.

"You had better leave the rest for another time," Underwood said kindly; but she shook her head and smiled again.

"No; let me go on!" she exclaimed. "At first I believed myself alone, and my reason came back; but I soon discovered that Paul Reade was on the same steamer, and I still in his power. At first it seemed impossible that I could ever be his wife again, but the old fear came over me. He bid me do whatever he wished, and I was afraid to refuse. But only God knows what my life was like.

"The wife of a murderer! Compelled to occupy his room, to eat at his table, to feel the touch of his blood-stained hands! And there was no mistake. With my own eyes I had seen the deed done, and I was compelled to be his partner in crime, by speaking of it to no one. I scarcely dared open my lips, lest the awful words fall from my tongue unawares. I feared to sleep, lest in my dreams I should proclaim him to the world as a murderer.

"I remained in my cabin during the greater part of the entire voyage to America, and the relief was intense when I found myself on native soil once more. I had not the courage to return to New Orleans, and with the little money that was left we secured a small cottage on the Harlem River. Then Janet Reade, Paul's mother, came to live with us. Ah, what a comfort she was to me! How often she stood between me and the wrath of my husband! And how she loved my little one, whom she believed to be her son's own child! I must have seemed crazy to her at times, for my grief had made me almost mad, and I dared not tell that gentle, loving woman the truth of her son's guilt and sin.

"But the worst had not come yet. One day Paul's mother had gone out into the country, taking baby Marian with her to see some old relative or friend, I have half-forgotten now. That was sixteen years ago, remember. Paul came in. He was intoxicated. He wanted some paper from his desk upstairs, and I went to get it for him. In order to remain out of his presence as long as possible, I pretended not to find what he wanted, and I searched among the letters, reading in an absent-minded way things that had no interest whatever for me.

"I read on and on; one letter I had read through and begun again, without knowing one word that it contained, when a passage caught my attention. I looked at the date. It was written just one week before the death of my husband. The letter was from a celebrated chemist. Paul had pretended to be interested in that line, and, as I read, a hideous thought came into my mind. The letter was detailing the effect of a certain poison which could be administered without its presence being suspected by any one who was not familiar with its workings and who suspected its presence.

"The details of the apparent effect were exact with those attending the death of Horace Morehead. There was nothing wanting. At the conclusion of the letter, the chemist said: 'I enclose a portion of the powder, which you can try upon any animal that you desire, but take care to keep it out of the way of careless persons, as there is no more dangerous drug known.'

"And then it all came before me with frightful distinctness. Paul Reade wanted my husband's money, and he had taken this terrible means to gain it. He had made a fool of Horace Morehead's senseless wife, and then killed the husband in order that he might marry her, and so gain possession of the money.

"I am convinced that in that moment I went entirely mad. I neither cared what became of me nor thought of the future of my child. I rushed into his presence and charged him with the crime that he had committed.

"He sat there with a leer in his drunken eyes, and as I accused, he acknowledged. He laughed as he told me how he had persuaded my husband to drink the fatal concoction he had prepared for him. He looked into my eyes and winked as he exclaimed:

"'You see, pretty one, it was not alone the old duffer's money that I wanted, but his wife as well; for I really was in love with you, my darling, little as you may believe it now. I loved you—next best to play—and if you had continued to shell out the money, there would never have been any trouble between us; for I really believe I am fool enough to love you now.'

"I don't remember anything after that. The time is as completely dark to me as if my life had ended. I don't know what happened after that, nor how long it was. The days and nights were an absolute blank, until one day I awakened to find myself in a room, alone. I tried to get up, but I was too weak. I wondered for a time what had happened to me, and then very slowly memory returned. I lay there trying to think it all a troubled dream of delirium, but it came too plainly and with too great force. I knew that it had happened."

"A man came in shortly afterward and gave me water. I tried to ask him questions, but he only smiled and shook his head. There was neither mirth nor compassion in the smile, but only vacancy, and I afterward learned that he was deaf and dumb.

"I was sufficiently well to sit up before Paul Reade came to see me. I had discovered that I was out in the country. In what portion, I did not know. I never saw a traveler. I don't know how the meager food was obtained that supplied the attendant and me. I sat by the window all day, and sometimes far into the night, but never a human face did I see, never a human voice did I hear. I tried by every means to make my escape, but I was as completely a prisoner as if an inmate of the Tombs.

"And then Paul Reade came. I demanded my liberty, but he refused it unless I should swear, by all that a woman held most sacred, that I would never reveal, in whole or part, either of the crimes that he had committed. I would not yield. At first he came often to see me, and then his visits became less and less frequent. More than once I am sure he came for the purpose of ending it all, and adding another to the crimes that stained his soul; but he had not the courage. He thought that the close confinement would kill me, and it very likely would have done so had it not been that the attendant used to take me for a walk about the lawn. He never left me to myself, but held my arm while I walked, still it was that to which I owe my life. But Paul Reade never knew that, and marveled at my health.

"I can't even attempt to tell you what that life was to me. I used to sit by the window and talk to the glass and the trees outside, lest I forget how to talk, and become as the animals are. And then I would grow afraid that I should grow mad under it all, and stop; but the fear of forgetting would come upon me again, and I would begin once more. Only once did I try to laugh, and the sound frightened me so that I never did it again. I knew that that would drive me mad.

"And then Paul Reade's visits became six months apart, and finally a year. I used then sometimes to see the man who stayed there harness up an old wagon and drive away. By the shortness of time that he was gone, I knew that he did not have far to go to the town, though I had no means of determining how far. He brought me clothing occasionally, and on those visits we had something a little different to eat for a day or two. He could cook well enough, but he seemed to know nothing beyond that.

"Well, one day he went into town, I suppose; but before going, he entered my room to see that all was well. It was rather later than he usually started, and because of that he brought my candle into the room before leaving. There was a single match lying upon the little tin plate beneath the candlestick. Instantly a thought leaped into my head. I scarcely dared breathe, lest I attract his attention to me, and he should read it in my face. It was the first time in all those years that any opportunity of escape had been open to me.

"I listened desperately until I heard him close the outer door. I saw him drive down the lawn, and then instantly I set to work. First I broke the glass from the windows. They were tightly barred, but plenty of air could circulate in the room. Then I took a blanket from the bed, and with the water in the tin pitcher that was in the room I saturated it, taking care to waste none of it. I was going to make a desperate venture that meant either death or liberty.

"When I had wet the blanket thoroughly I lighted the candle, and then, taking it in my hand, I went to the door and deliberately applied the flame to the woodwork. It was old and dry. Almost instantly a little tongue of fire crept up the door; and, setting the candle down where it would be safe, I watched the door burn until I saw that the fire would soon get beyond my control; then, taking the wet blanket, I smothered it out. When I had succeeded in doing it I wet the blanket again, and once more applied the candle to the door. In like manner I put out the fire again, and at the expiration of an hour I had burned a place in the door sufficiently large for me to creep through. It is true, my hands were badly burned, and my face was blackened and burned also; but I thought little of that. I was too much excited to even know that it was so.

"Think of it! For all those years I had not seen a human face except that of the deaf and dumb man; for all that time I had not heard a human voice except that of Paul Reade; I had not touched a human hand; I had not felt the influence of human sympathy, and now all that and more was promised me. Is it wonderful that I forgot my pain?

"I put the candle where I could get it in the event of wanting it again, and crept through the hole that I had burned. It let me into an outer room that was kitchen, bedroom and sitting-room for the man who had been my sole companion for so long. Scarcely able to control my emotions, I tried the door of that room. It was not locked. I threw it open. I felt the cool air upon my scorched face.

"I was free!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE SHADOW ON HER LIFE.

There was little more to tell after that.

The terror of finding herself so absolutely alone, without a friend in all the world, was small by comparison with all the trials through which she had passed, and received small comment. She told how she had wandered about during all the long hours of the night, frightened at each sound, in the terrible fear of recapture, and of how on the following day she had met Mrs. Presbury, directed, as she believed herself, by the hand of God.

Of how she had told the good woman the story of her life, and of the shelter that had been offered her until such time as she could find that friendship which by right belonged to her. She explained how she was forming her plans to strike at Paul Reade, in order that she might rescue her child, but that she feared to do it until the plans were sure of their effect, lest she should find herself once again in the prison from which she had so recently made her escape.

There were embraces and tears between mother and daughter, for neither had the smallest doubt of the identity of the other. But under all her happiness at the escape of her mother and the knowledge of her parentage, Marian did not forget Underwood.

She turned to him, and with the tears still standing thickly in her eyes, she took his hand with a grateful smile.

"I owe it all to you!" she exclaimed. "You have been the best, the stanchest, the most disinterested of friends. You have saved us both. What do I not owe you?"

"You owe me the privilege of being your friend still," answered Underwood, with a characteristic smile. "There are a great many things to be done, and you owe me the privilege of doing them for you. I rather think that both of you are in too much of a hysterical state to know just what is best for you at this time, and I want you to promise that you will allow me to arrange everything."

"That is like your kindness," answered Marian. "You know that it is just what I would have desired, though dared not ask. Only God can reward you for it all."

"And He will, be sure of that," exclaimed the elder woman.

"And now," cried Marian, "let us go to good Doctor Judson and tell him that his surmise was true; let us tell him that—that man was not my father."

The call upon Doctor Judson was made, and radiant with that happiness of which she never could be deprived, Marian returned to Wildhurst with the others for the night.

Contrary to his expectations, Underwood remained over in order that he might drive Marian and her mother to town the following morning, and it was not until he and Marian were separating for the night that June Beckwith's name was mentioned.

"I saw June today," he said to her, as he held her hand in his to say good night. "It was to speak to you of him that I came today."

She colored, and for the first time a little shadow crossed her brow.

"Not until tomorrow!" she exclaimed pleadingly. "I am so happy tonight that I don't want to think of—him!"

"And can't you find room in your heart to pity those who are not happy? He knows the truth—all the truth—little one, except that you are not Paul Reade's child, and his whole soul is in revolt because he cannot come to you. He loves you as he has always loved you, Marian, and he has begged me to arrange a meeting between you and him. He has begged me to assure you that he will make no attempt to see you again after that. He bade me tell you that he will keep his word to Miss Gordon, as he felt you would have him do; but he says that he must see you at once. You will not deny him that, Marian?"

There were tears in her eyes, and her lip quivered pitifully.

"Don't ask it," she whispered. Tell him to forgive me. Tell him that there is no one to blame but only the hideous circumstances that have surrounded us both. Tell him that I shall pray to God every night of my life to send him happiness, but I cannot see him. I have not the strength."

"Marian! Child!" exclaimed Underwood earnestly. "Think! How much has been given you today? Everything that you have asked of God! Think of June! The fault is not his. He is the most innocent victim of all. He loves you, and he is going out of the sunshine into the eternal shadow in order that he may keep his pledged word. You will believe me, and I believe that I know whereof I speak, when I tell you that June is not to blame. His engagement to Anne Gordon is not because he wished to hurt you. It was not done in a spirit of pique. It was the result of most unfortunate circumstances. I don't think you have the right to refuse to see him; but, even if you have, in pity, don't do it!"

There was a little pause between them. Her very soul was trembling with delight at the thought of meeting again the man whom she loved more than all the world, and yet loyalty to her friends made her think that it was wrong. Feeling that she could not decide for herself, she lifted her eyes at last, and answered in a low tone:

"You have been my good friend in all things. I owe all my happiness now to you, and you shall guide me in this as well. You wish me to see him?"

"I do, for June's sake."

"Then I will do it."

"That is right. At least, he deserves as much as that. You need not fear him, child. In all the world there is not a man more honorable than June Beckwith. I would trust him to the death, and beyond it."

"I do not fear him."

She said it simply, with her eyes upon his, and, leaning forward, Underwood touched her hair with his lips. She seemed an angel in her purity to him, and her sex was purified and glorified to him because of her.

"Good night," he said gently. "And God bless you!"

She did not turn away at once, but lifted his hand and kissed it.

"You are so good," she said brokenly. "If it were only possible that I could give her to you in exchange for what you have done for me, it seems to me that I would eternally thank God on my knees."

He smiled sadly.

"You cannot give me a heart, little one," he answered softly. "It is very late. Let us go now. You will need strength tomorrow to say—good by to June. Ah! little one, how can you do it when you shrink so from the word?"

"I shall find the courage—for his sake. Good night!"

She turned and left him then. At the head of the stairs she found her mother waiting. How strange it seemed to her as she put her arms about the slender waist and pronounced the word, and yet there was an infinite tenderness in it.

Mrs. Reade led her to her room where they were to pass the night together, and as the light fell upon Marian's face, she saw the tears on her cheeks, and, drawing the girl to her, kissed her.

"What has your good friend said to make my darling unhappy tonight?" she asked, seating herself and drawing the girl down beside her.

But Marian slipped to her knees, and for the first time since babyhood buried her head in her mother's lap, and for a few moments wept there in silence. Then when she could control her emotion sufficiently, she raised her head and dried her eyes.

"Are you sleepy?" she asked, with a little shadowy smile.

"No. I have slept for too many years to want to sleep now."

"Then will you listen to the story of *my* life?"

For answer, the mother drew her daughter closer and kissed her tenderly.

With those dears arms about her, Marian told it all—the story of June, of her grandmother's secret, of the robbery, and the last scene that had completed the dramatic climax.

It was late in the night when it was all finished; then, clasped closely in each other's arms, they went to bed and to sleep.

The shadow was still upon Marian's life, but mellowed by her recent good fortunes, until it seemed to her like a softened halo that had fallen about her. She asked God's blessing upon the lover whom she was to see the following day for the last time, and then slept more from exhaustion than anything else.

They were all up at an early hour the next day. Even Mr. and Mrs. Presbury seemed to absorb something of their excitement. There was little breakfast eaten, and it was with a feeling of greatest relief that they heard the carriage announced that was to take them back to town, for Mrs. Reade was to return with them.

Underwood took Marian's hand as she was about to leave the room, and in a low tone said to her:

"So much has been crowded into the last few days that I am as nervous as a woman. Somehow I have a premonition that this is to be one of the most eventful of all. I wonder what will have occurred before we sleep tonight?"

She turned a trifle pale before replying, then answered solemnly:

"We can only trust it all to God. I dare not think."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

JUNE'S ANGUISH.

It was not to Anne Gordon's home that Marian went on her return to the city. Much as she loved her old friend, she felt that she could not be quite free there, not as she had felt in the olden time, for there was June Beckwith still standing between them like the specter that would not be laid.

She could not go to see her old friend, with love for that friend's fiance so cruelly alive in her heart; but at least her friend could come to her, and after having reluctantly told the situation to Underwood, he decided that he would take her to his own home and place both her and her mother under the care of his housekeeper.

"There could be no exceptions taken to an arrangement like that," he said; and they agreed.

It was, therefore, to his own residence that they were driven, and when they were in the room to which the housekeeper had shown them, Marian asked for pen and paper, and hastily wrote the following note:

"MY NEVER-FAILING FRIEND: Mr. Underwood has told me of all your kindnesses to my grandmother. It is but another evidence to me of what an angel you are. I cannot express my gratitude. That is beyond words. But will you not come to me here, at Mr. Underwood's house, and bring my grandmother with you? I have that to tell you

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

A HEALTH DIET FOR THE SUMMER MONTHS

By Violet Marsh



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HOW to keep well during the heat of summer presents no less a problem than that of resisting the cold of winter. The fundamental requirement of each is a properly nourished body, and as warm weather approaches the diet must be rearranged to meet nature's own changes in the system. In summer the body loses a large amount of moisture through perspiration, which must be put back through the drinking of much water, and the eating of fruits, vegetables, milk, and other foods composed largely of water. One of the direct causes of constipation is lack of moisture in the body, brought about by not drinking sufficient water, and further aggravated by the use of cathartics which operate through drawing the water from the tissues.

In formulating a health program for the servantless women on the farms, who are mothers as well as housewives, it must be considered that the home duties keep them more closely tied during the summer months, for added to the routine housework is the canning, more milk to handle, more farm help, visitors, and the endless amount of cooking which it all entails.

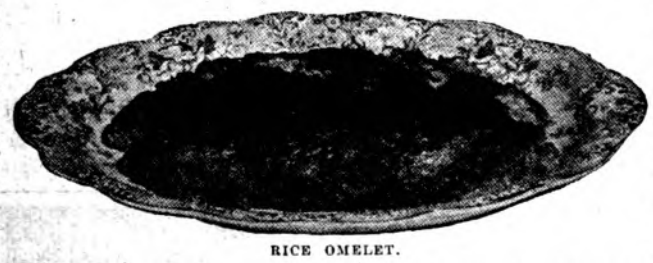


PEANUT BRITTLE.

It is a conceded fact that hot weather slows down the digestion processes, and because of this the woman who works continually indoors, and on whose well-being depends that of her family, must so organize her cooking program that mental and physical rush will be eliminated, for thereby more will be accomplished and nervous indigestion avoided. With children as well as adults, loss of appetite in hot weather is usually the first warning that something is wrong with the digestion, and if right here the diet were attended to, many an attack of bowel disturbance would be avoided.

Generally speaking, the summer diet should consist of milk, cheese, eggs, fruit, vegetables, red meat not more than twice a week, lamb, fowl and fish each once a week, cereals and bread. Fats are necessary, which are best taken in the form of olive oil in salads, good butter and whole milk. Many find that sweet cream causes intestinal indigestion. Rich pies and puddings are harmful in summer. Eat all the raw vegetable salads possible, such as lettuce, tomato, celery and cabbage.

"Early to bed and early to rise" is absolutely essential to the summer program. Providing all are in good health, there should be no stragglers at the breakfast table, but all should eat together at one hour consistent with the various duties. This morning meal should be appetizing and nourishing, for the success of the day, health and good temper are greatly influenced by getting the right start. At this point the housewife is entitled to, and should take, a recess, a short time in which to relax out of doors before starting the dishwashing of the morning meal.



RICE OMELET.

Food Combinations for Summer

The heavy meal of the day is better taken at noon, which allows of a simple supper at night. A good, old-fashioned bowl of bread and milk is an excellent restorative at the end of a hard day's work. Most children like it, and it makes a good emergency supper when it is late or too hot for a fire. When milk is abundantly taken, meat should not be eaten at the same meal. Milk contains fat, casein, albumen, sugar and minerals, either suspended or in solution, and the tendency to think of milk as a beverage rather than as an important food comes partly, no doubt, from the fact that it is a liquid.

CHOWDERS are a very acceptable means of serving milk. Made in the proportion of two cups of milk, one cup of finely-cut raw potato, one sliced onion, seasoned with butter, pepper and salt, and slightly thickened with finely-rolled cracker-crumbs, a nutritive and palatable dish is obtained. One cup of sweet corn may be added just long enough before serving to again bring the chowder to a boil. Add sufficient milk to give the right amount of liquid. Milk gravies may be made in various combinations, and when thickened with flour and enriched with butter may be served with potatoes or other vegetables, or poured over toast. Hard-boiled eggs cut fine or grated cheese may be added.

SOUR CREAM whipped, sweetened and flavored with nutmeg makes a delicious sauce for boiled rice, sponge cake or to eat with sweet berries. As sour cream turns to butter very quickly, care must be taken not to beat it too long.

COTTAGE CHEESE.—In families where milk is abundant, cottage cheese should be made an important food, especially in summer. It is very simply made by putting the clabber into a large shallow pan, and into it stirring boiling water. Set the pan into another larger one containing boiling water. Stir occasionally and when quite warm test by rubbing a little in the hand. The curd should never reach the stage of forming into a mass, but must be only thickened to a creamy consistency. Dish carefully into a thin muslin bag and hang two hours to drip. Remove from bag and work in salt and a little heavy cream.

The second way to make cream cheese is simply to put the clabber into a bag and hang it in the sun to drip and "make." This process makes an excellent cheese, which can be digested by very weak stomachs. Flavor as above.

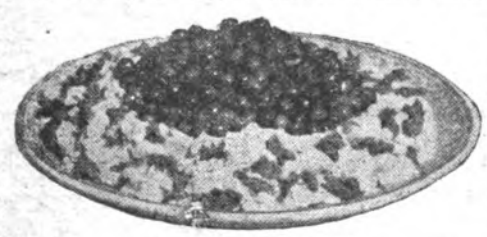
Cheese being a concentrated food, many find it more or less constipating, so that it becomes necessary to eat plenty of fruit and vegetables to obtain the proper food balance. If the family does not at first take kindly to these home-made cheeses, a taste for them may be acquired through combinations, of which there are many. All the fruit salads are improved by adding cottage cheese. By plentifully spreading the cheese between thin slices of bread to be eaten with a dish of lightly sweetened berries or other fruit a delicious supper is prepared that can be served out-of-doors and much work saved. Cream cheese beaten up with jam and thickly spread over a thin shortcake is an appetizing combination.

MACARONI constitutes an excellent food that is enjoyed by most people. First cooked in boiling salted water, but not too long, then baked either in a cream or tomato sauce, combined with cheese, makes a well-balanced meal when served with plenty of string beans or green peas. Cooked in this way macaroni may be warmed over without injuring the flavor. Good bread and well-cooked cereals can always be on hand with which to make the foundation of many a hot weather meal. Quick breads that require a hot oven should be baked in the early morning.

Miscellaneous Recipes

RICE OMELET.—Boil rice in plenty of salted water so that the kernels will be separate. Drain. Beat three egg yolks until very creamy, add three dessertspoons of cold water, two cups of cold rice, one scant tablespoon of sugar, season with pepper and salt. Stir until well blended, then add the egg whites beaten stiff. Pour into a buttered frying-pan that is not too hot. Work around the edges with a knife and when the omelet begins to get firm, place the pan in a moderate oven and finish cooking. Butter generously, fold once and turn onto a platter. Top with slices of jelly.

PEAS WITH POTATO PUFF. Beat one-half cup of hot milk into two cups of freshly-mashed potato until very light. Add two well-beaten eggs, one cup of cooked ham cut into small pieces, and one-half teaspoon of salt. Beat again, spread in a thick ring on a serving dish and place in a hot oven until well puffed. Heap with peas and serve at once.



PEAS WITH POTATO PUFF.

POTATO SALAD.—Mince one onion, a few sprigs of parsley and as much again tender celery, stir, sprinkle with salt and pepper, press down with a plate and let the mixture stand one hour. Boil with the jackets on five medium-size potatoes. Cool without peeling, then dice and mix with the onion and celery. Over the whole pour a little good salad oil and sprinkle with lemon juice. Toss, spread on a bed of lettuce leaves and serve.

MACARONI.—A good quality of macaroni is always of a yellowish color. Boiled macaroni increases about four times in size. Boil in a large amount of water with one level teaspoon of salt to every quart. Add macaroni to water when it is boiling rapidly. The time of cooking varies somewhat, but when a piece cuts easily pressed against the side of kettle it is done. Drain through a colander and plunge at once into cold water, then drain. This prevents the macaroni becoming sticky. To bake macaroni, prepare as follows: Make a white sauce from butter, flour and milk. Put the macaroni into a baking dish in layers, each layer being spread with the sauce and a sprinkling of grated dairy cheese. When the dish is full, sprinkle with fine bread-crumbs, dot with butter, lightly sprinkle with grated nutmeg and bake in a moderately hot oven until the crumbs are brown (see illustration in picture at top of page).

MEXICAN HAM.—Cut a slice of ham one inch thick, and rub into it one tablespoon of brown sugar mixed wih half a teaspoon of mustard. Lay in the bottom of a baking dish that can be covered. Pare and slice thin enough potatoes to cover the ham to a depth of three inches, sprinkle with pepper and add strips of fat ham unless there is a good rim of fat around the edges of slice. Cover with fresh milk and bake two hours in a moderate oven.

KOUMISS.—One cake of compressed yeast dissolved in one cup of lukewarm water. Add to this two level teaspoons of brown sugar and three cups of fresh milk. Shake all together and fill bottles or glass jars about two-thirds full and seal. A good strong top is necessary as the pressure of fermentation is very great. Keep in a warm place, shaking several minutes every three hours. When this is done, securely wrap the jars in a towel. The koumiss is "made" when it separates in the jars. Keep two or more days before using.

JUNKET.—Crush one junket tablet and stir it into two cups of lukewarm milk. Add one-fourth cup of sugar, one-eighth teaspoon of salt, a few grains of nutmeg or cinnamon and pour into one large or several small dishes to harden in a warm place, then remove to cooler place.

STRAWBERRY SHERBET.—Hull one quart of strawberries, cover with one and one-fourth cup of sugar, let stand one hour, then crush and squeeze through a double thickness of cheese-cloth. There should be about two cups of juice. Add to this one cup of water, and one dessert-spoon of lemon juice. Freeze in the usual way, remove dasher, and stir in the stiffly-beaten white of one egg. Pack in salt and ice and let it stand two hours.

RICE CAKES WITH STRAWBERRY SAUCE.—Beat one cup of well-cooked rice until smooth. When cool add one tablespoon of melted butter, two well-beaten eggs and three-fourths cup of sweet milk. Add one cup of sifted flour sifted again with three teaspoons of baking powder and one-half teaspoon of salt. Beat hard and cook on a hot griddle. Make the sauce as follows: Cream one-third cup of butter, slowly add one cup of powdered sugar, then the white of one egg beaten stiff, and one cup of mashed strawberries. Beat well together and serve.

PEANUT BRITTLE.—Boil two cups of brown sugar, one cup of corn syrup and one cup of water until a little tested in cold water will become brittle. Add butter the size of a walnut and half a pound of peanuts roasted and shelled, and pour at once into a thin sheet to cool.

STRAWBERRY PRESERVE.—Wash berries and thoroughly drain. Take an equal weight of granulated sugar. Hull the berries, putting all the soft and bruised ones in a separate dish. Mash these, add a little water, and cook them ten minutes, or until the juice is drawn out. Strain. By measure there should be three times as much sugar as juice, which amount can be made up by the addition of water. Boil juice and sugar ten minutes, or until it is thick. Into the boiling syrup drop a few whole strawberries at a time and cook slowly until clear. Skim out and put into a sterilized jar. When the fruit is all cooked, unless the juice is thick, boil it a little longer and pour it over the preserve. Seal.

STRAWBERRY AND PINEAPPLE MARMALADE.—Shred the pineapple; hull and wash the berries. Use equal parts, and to each quart use three cups of sugar. Cook all together very slowly about one hour, or until thick.

Stella Rosevelt

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

continued, with a smile, "that there are two years' income to be disposed of in some way, and I am only making up lost time. I like to go about the world, and I like to go in style, as I told you once before, and so my heiress must help me keep up appearances."

"Are you sure you are doing just right, Uncle Jacob, in giving me all your money?" Star asked, hesitatingly, after a few minutes of thoughtful silence, while she watched the sunlight play among her new treasures.

"To whom should I give it, I should like to know?" he questioned, bluntly.

"But I have no legal claim upon you, and you have relatives. I'm afraid it will make trouble——"

"No, it won't; I've taken care of that, I can assure you," he interrupted. "My will is made, signed and sealed, and in the hands of one of the best lawyers in the city. You are to have the whole of my fortune, excepting what the law demands for blood. I've given a dollar to each of them, just to clear myself and keep them from breaking my will; and they'll never get another red cent," he concluded, with more asperity than she had ever seen him betray before.

"I'm afraid you are piling a mountain upon my small shoulders," Star said, with a little laugh.

"It is a mountain which I shall take care won't crush you; and, besides, I hope to help you bear it for a good many years to come, if my health keeps on improving as it has done during the last few months; and then, I reckon, it will not be very difficult to find some one else who would be willing to take a share of the burden," Mr. Rosevelt concluded, shyly.

Star flushed, and then her face grew sad.

She knew that he meant she would find suitors for her hand; but she could not forget her first love, and she knew that she should never meet another who would win the place in her heart which she had given to Archibald Sherbrooke, unworthy as she believed him to be of it.

That evening Miss Meredith and her brother called.

"How fortunate that you came tonight," Star said to the young lady during their conversation. "You would have missed us if you had waited longer, for tomorrow we go to Newport for a few weeks."

"Do you? That is delightful, for we have our rooms engaged there, also, for next week, and intend to remain a month," Miss Meredith returned, with evident pleasure, while Mr. Ralph Meredith, who was conversing with Mr. Rosevelt, but with one ear open toward the young ladies, felt a sudden heartthrob at the intelligence.

"Newport is very gay this summer, I am told," Miss Meredith continued. "'Everybody,' so to speak, is there, and it is one of the most charming places in the world to visit. Have you ever been there, Miss Gladstone?"

"No," Star answered. "I have been so busy with my studies ever since I came to this country, that I have not been anywhere."

"Since you came to this country!" Grace Meredith repeated. "Are you not an American?"

"No; I am an English girl, and it will be two years in November since I left merrie England."

"Are you some lady of high degree, come here to get your education? I am almost inclined to think so," laughed her friend, bending an admiring glance upon Star's beautiful face.

"No, indeed. Don't go to weaving any romances about me," she answered, flushing slightly, "for I am only plain Star Gladstone."

"But 'plain Star Gladstone' belongs to a very good family, nevertheless," interrupted Mr. Rosevelt, who had overheard the latter part of their conversation, and would not allow Star to depreciate herself.

"Miss Gladstone is the loveliest girl I have ever met, and you wouldn't let me get a word in edgewise with her, Grace," Ralph Meredith said, in a grieved tone, after they left the house.

"Are you 'star' struck so soon, brother mine? You'll have opportunities enough to 'get your words in' widthways during the next few weeks, and you can comfort yourself for your disappointment to night with the thought that I was paving the way to glory for you," laughed his sister.

"Were you not surprised to learn that she is English?" she asked, thoughtfully.

"Yes, rather; for I have been told that English girls are not very pretty; but she is wonderfully beautiful."

"What will you wager that she does not turn out to be some lady of high degree?"

"Pshaw! Grace, you are always imagining some unlikely story or other. You should not read so many novels. Don't put her entirely beyond our reach, if you please. It is quite enough for the present to know that she is Mr. Rosevelt's heiress and the author of that charming little book, without being some princess in disguise," returned the young man, somewhat impatiently.

"I think I shall like Miss Meredith," Star said, musingly, to Mr. Rosevelt, when their visitors were gone.

"She appears to be a very agreeable young lady. I should like you to form some pleasant friendship," the old gentleman returned; then, with a keen glance, he asked: "How are you pleased with her brother?"

"He is quite entertaining."

"Very fine-looking young man; don't you think so?"

"Is he?—yes—rather," was the absent reply; for speaking of England had sent Star's thoughts across the ocean again, where she saw in imagination a noble, patrician face, with dark, fathomless eyes, and curling chestnut hair; for Archibald Sherbrooke—she could never think of him in any other character—was her ideal of all that was manly and grand.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?"

Newport was teeming with all that was gay, beautiful and attractive during this particular season of which we write.

Never had so much wealth and luxury been represented there, or so many elegant equipages seen driving through the streets or along the smooth, sweeping beach.

Not the least attractive among these equipages was the light and airy, though costly, phaeton of "Mr. Rosevelt's ward," with its embroidered lap robes, its luxurious velvet-cushioned seats, its plump, sleek and spirited gray ponies in their gold-mounted harnesses.

Star had created quite a sensation when she arrived at the hotel where they had taken rooms; and the tall, distinguished old gentleman, with such silvery hair and beard, and who appeared so devoted to her, was scarcely less a target for all eyes. But when it began to be whispered that Miss Gladstone was not only the heiress of Jacob Rosevelt, the millionaire, but also the authoress of that bright little book which for a year had created such a sensation in New York circles, the excitement increased, and everybody was on the *qui vive* to obtain an introduction.

When, on the second evening after her arrival, she came into the great parlors of the hotel—for there was to be a grand hop or assembly there that night—leaning on Mr. Rosevelt's arm, and looking "so divinely fair" in her shimmering robe of cream-colored silk and mistlike tulle, garnished with velvet-leaved, golden-hearted pansies, her shining hair coiled like a crown about her small head, with a cluster of pansies nestling lovingly among its glossy plaits, every eye was attracted by her loveliness, and everybody—of the masculine gender, at least—was ready to "rave over" her, "swear by" her, and "fight for" her if need be.

She was whisked away to the ballroom, and the evening sped like a vision of delight.

She had been taught to dance at home, notwithstanding the fact that her father was a clergyman, for in all English homes dancing is considered a necessary accomplishment, because it imparts ease and grace to the manners of the young.

Mr. Rosevelt followed, for he enjoyed looking upon the merry dancers, and taking up his station near a window, and by a stand of flowers where he was partially shielded from observation, he watched his pet with a fond smile upon his lips, proud of her beauty, proud of her intelligence and of the admiration she was attracting.

While standing here, a group of half a dozen ladies and gentlemen gathered near him, and he overheard a conversation which amused him, and caused at the same time something of a feeling of triumph to pervade his heart.

"Have you seen the new arrivals?" asked a gentleman of one of his companions.

"No; what new arrivals do you refer to? There are many every day."

"An old codger from New York—rich as a king, they say—and his ward, who bids fair to be the beauty of the season."

"Indeed!" returned the lady, assuming a piqued tone. "How dare you make such an assertion, and in the presence of three acknowledged beauties, too?"

"I beg pardon if I have offended," the gentleman rougishly replied; "but—I have had Washingtonian instructions regarding the principle of truth."

The young lady tapped him playfully upon the arm with her fan, while she remarked, significantly:

"How glad I am that you have told me of it!" whereupon the whole party joined in a laugh at the "truthful" gentleman's expense.

"But about this fair charmer," the lady pursued; "who is she, and what is the name of this 'old codger' who is 'rich as a king'?"

"The lady's name is Miss Gladstone, and she is not only beautiful, charming and rich, but is also the author of 'Chatsworth's Pride,' which you have doubtless read."

"Oh! a bluestocking!" cried the gay girl, with well-affected horror; and just here another voice chimed in—a voice which made Mr. Rosevelt start and listen more intently:

"Miss Gladstone! How strange I never heard the author's name before! There was only a simple star upon the title-page where the author's name should have been. Mamma!" in a startled tone, as if a strange idea had suddenly come into the speaker's mind, "it cannot possibly be Stella Gladstone, can it?"

"Certainly not," returned Mrs. Richards—for both she and Josephine were among the group referred to, having come from a neighboring hotel to attend the hop. "Such a thing cannot be possible; she could not write a book."

The woman spoke contemptuously, and yet the utterance of that name produced an uneasy sensation in her mind.

"What is the gentleman's name? Whose ward did you say she is?" she asked, a moment later, thinking that would throw some light on the subject.

"I declare I have forgotten," the gentleman returned; "it's a high-sounding name, though, and he is an aristocratic-looking old fellow, too. By the way, Miss Richards," he continued, turning to the young lady, "I am willing to wager a handsome fan against a new pair of gloves that Miss Gladstone's phaeton and pair of ponies will be the envy of every lady in Newport, for a more trappy turn-out I've never seen in my life."

"Then she drives her own ponies, does she? Well, I must say you have aroused my curiosity to the highest notch, and I'd like to see this paragon of perfection, Mr. Pendleton," Josephine said, a feeling of jealousy springing up in her heart at hearing another's praises sounded so profusely.

"You can be gratified, for there she stands now," replied Mr. Pendleton, drawing her attention to the spot where Star stood surrounded by an admiring crowd.

Her back was turned toward them, and they could not judge of her beauty; but they saw a tall, willowy figure in trailing robes of exceeding richness, a stately head crowned with golden hair, and there was a familiarity something about the fair stranger which made both mother and daughter look more closely, while their eyes were filled with anxious foreboding.

"She is elegantly dressed, I must confess," Josephine said, putting up her glass to get a better view of the "belle of the evening;" "and, mamma," she added, in a lower tone, "is it my imagination, or is there something really familiar in that figure? Can it be Stella?"

"Impossible! What could have put such a foolish notion into your head? Where in the world could she get money enough to flourish in such style?" Mrs. Richards retorted, impatiently.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

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Money in Bee Stings

By Sam E. Conner

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PRODUCING honey is not the only way in which bee keeping may be made profitable, as Mrs. S. H. Stockman of East Auburn, Maine, has proved. Rarely does she have more than two colonies of bees, yet her returns each year from them is greater than when she sold the honey from forty or fifty colonies; you see, instead of selling honey she now sells the stings.

This Maine woman has kept bees for more than forty years. Up to a quarter of a century



MRS. S. H. STOCKMAN IN VEIL AND GLOVES HANDLING HER BEES.

ago her interest in bees, as a business venture, was confined to their honey-producing abilities. In this she was successful, the annual output being about a ton of honey. The largest single year's production which Mrs. Stockman ever recorded was twenty-two hundred and fifty pounds. Twenty-five years ago she became interested in the other side of the bee industry; that of selling their stings. She very quickly found that there was more money and less work in stings than in honey. Since that time she has devoted her energies to stings.

Mrs. Stockman's customers are the large manufacturing druggists of the country and they buy an average of fifty thousand bee stings from her each year. They would take more, but Mrs. Stockman does all the work herself and this is all she can handle. The fact that the demand is greater than the supply shows this to be one field of endeavor for the woman upon the farm which has not been overcrowded.

From the bee stings the purest formic acid is secured. Each sting contains a small drop of the acid, which is in much demand for the treatment of certain diseases.

The equipment for this business of producing bee stings is not elaborate. Having the colony or two of bees which are necessary, all else needed is a bench by a window, a powerful reading glass, pair of fine-pointed tweezers, a small dish filled with sugar of milk and a can full of soapsuds. With this simple outfit one is ready to draw the stings from thousands of busy bees.

Having secured from one of her bee colonies a sufficient number of bees for the time she proposes to work, Mrs. Stockman goes to her bench. The room is darkened by drawing the shades of all windows except the one at which she labors. This done, the box in which the bee stock has been collected is opened, given a slight shake and out come the bees. The light from the unshaded window attracts them and they cluster on the glass or screen. With her left hand Mrs. Stockman reaches forth and picks up a bee. Why don't they sting her? Easiest thing in the world to answer: She takes them by the head and not by the sting part of their anatomy. This, so she says, is very simple after you learn the trick. Having captured the bee, she holds it under the glass, which magnifies it several times, and draws the sting with the tweezers. Immediately the sting is dropped into the sugar of milk, which forms a coating of it and prevents souring. The bee is dropped into the soapsuds, which kills it, as once the sting has been removed a bee is of no further use in the world.

These stings are shipped in glass bottles holding five hundred and are sent by parcel post, so that Mrs. Stockman does not have to leave her own dooryard in carrying on the business.

During the quarter of a century which she has been engaged in this business, Mrs. Stockman has drawn more than a million bee stings. Her largest day's work was when she took fifteen hundred stings. The best record which she ever established was on September 17, 1918, when in three hours she deprived a thousand bees of their stings.

While she is frequently stung, the wounds have never been serious, and this occurs much less frequently than would be supposed. The only time, says Mrs. Stockman, when the bees sting her is when she grows careless and does not pay attention to the work; when she gets to thinking of other matters connected with the farm and unthinkingly picks a bee up by the wrong end. "It is my fault, always," says she, "and not because of the bees being ugly."

Tried As By Fire

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

considered foolhardy but the great majority of the better thinking people looked upon him as a hero.

The newspapers had spread the word broadcast and the parsonage was flooded with letters and telegrams, all containing words of praise and sympathy for the man who was brave enough to face the possibilities of illness and perhaps death in a most horrible form, in order to carry comfort and cheer to two stricken girls.

To Gordon Armstrong, alone in his study, the ringing of the church bells brought a feeling of sadness.

"How I wish I could be in my pulpit," he thought, "but as much as my people love me there would be a general stampede if I so much as appeared at the church door."

On his library shelves were a number of medical books. Unwisely he delved into article after article on smallpox until his whole mind was obsessed with the idea that he was sickening with the dread disease. Wednesday evening his courage almost failed him as he crept into bed with aching back, throbbing head and taut nerves.

For what seemed hours he lay awake, thinking—thinking—thinking. Life seemed so bright—the future so promising—and then there came before him a picture of Myra Livingstone as he had seen her last in health—and then the picture changed and Myra's eyes looked at him from an unfamiliar pain-distorted face.

Was he dreaming or did he once again hear her voice—faint but sweet—as she thanked him for his visit to her sister and herself.

At last his tense muscles relaxed and he fell into a sweet sleep. When he awoke, refreshed, the sun was brightly shining and the memory of the night before was like a bad dream. Realizing that medical books were poor companions for days of "waiting and watching," he determined to set his mind on sermonizing.

Strangely enough, his mind seemed to focus on the text, "Go forward" (Ex. 14:15). Those who heard him deliver the sermon his first Sabbath out of quarantine, united in saying that it was the strongest message he had ever delivered from the pulpit of the Memorial church.

Anxious, weary days as well as bright happy ones must pass in the making of the year, and when the Sabbath before "Conference" broke, bright and clear, Gordon Armstrong was in perfect accord with the day. For him the dark, trying days of exile were at an end and once more he was at liberty to preach to his dear people.

Long before the time for service the crowd began to pour into the Memorial church. As Mr. Armstrong entered, the pent-up emotions of the great audience found expression in "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow." There was not a dry eye in the company; men and women and children sobbed aloud.

Reaching the pulpit, Mr. Armstrong tried to speak but could not; then, suddenly, completely overwhelmed by this expression of love on the part of his people, he bowed his head on the old Bible and wept like a little child.

At the close of the service old and young pressed forward to take him by the hand. A hush fell over the company as through the crowd came a tall, black-robed figure, shaken with emotion. It was Mrs. Livingstone.

In a voice scarcely audible she said: "Mr. Armstrong, can you ever forgive me for my bitter opposition to you? You've touched my heart very deeply by your kindness to me and mine. You risked your life to"—her voice broke—"how can I ever show my gratitude?"

It was the closing session of the annual M. E. Conference. All interest was centering upon the reading of the appointments. Much to the annoyance of the Memorial Committee, two city churches were insisting upon having the Rev. Gordon Armstrong appointed as their pastor. The district superintendent would promise nothing as Mr. Armstrong had only been appointed to Plainsburg to fill an unexpired term of another man.

As the bishop stepped to the front of the platform with the fateful paper in his hand, a silence that could be felt fell upon the vast audience. The future of more than two hundred men and churches was hanging in the balance.

"Who will be our pastor?"—"Where am I going?"

As "Memorial Church—Gordon Armstrong" was announced a quickly-suppressed hand-clapping from the Plainsburg delegates testified to their delight over the appointment. Their beloved pastor-friend would be with them for at least another year.

The next five years were busy happy ones for Gordon Armstrong. His coveted degree from the university had been won and a beautiful new church edifice had taken the place of the old weather-stained structure where he had preached his initial sermon.

In the recess at the back of the pulpit was a magnificent pipe organ, a gift from Mrs. Livingstone in memory of her dead daughter, Elsa.

When Mrs. Livingstone first spoke about installing the organ she expressed the wish that it might be put in as an expression of her gratitude to Mr. Armstrong, but the matter coming to the notice of the preacher he called to see her and insisted that he would appreciate her gift doubly if the organ were made a memorial for Elsa, and when the church was dedicated the "Memorial Organ" was presented by the pastor in a few well-chosen words. His reference to the dead girl was touching in the extreme.

Many changes had taken place in the membership of the church. Several of the "Old Guard" had been mustered out and many new faces were seen at the Sunday services. The pastor, now "Dr." Armstrong, preached every Sabbath to audiences that taxed the seating capacity even of the new structure.

At the Livingstone home on Euclid Boulevard, Dr. Armstrong had become a welcome visitor. Just a month before "Conference," the town papers had published in the society column the announcement: "Mrs. Livingstone announces the engagement of her daughter, Myra, to Rev. Gordon Armstrong, Ph. D., pastor of the Memorial M. E. church. The marriage will take place in the near future."

At the parsonage the ladies were busy superintending the laying of new rugs and the placing of newly-purchased furniture. Dr. Armstrong watched the work of renovating with peculiar interest for the home was being prepared for the reception of his bride.

Glorious with sunshine was their wedding day. The Memorial church was crowded to the doors a full hour before the time set for the ceremony.

The strains of the old familiar wedding march hushed the hum of voices and focused all eyes upon the opening door at the rear of the church.

Attired in a simple suit of tailored grey and leaning upon the arm of the man she loved, Myra Livingstone passed up the long aisle to the altar. It was a simple service but an impressive one.

As the officiating bishop pronounced them "husband and wife" and they knelt for the final prayer, the organ, Elsa's Memorial, sounded forth, softly, almost caressingly, the opening bars of the beautiful wedding hymn, "Oh, Heart of Love," and from the choir loft behind the pulpit was wafted down in sweetest melody:

"Oh, Heart of Love, Thou Lord of Life and King,
This day of plighted troth, by hand and ring
Crown Thou, we pray, with Thine own hallowing,
Dear Heart of Love.
Oh, Heart of Love! In this their golden hour
On these, made one in Thee, Thy blessings pour,
The three-fold benedictions of Thy dower,
Dear Heart of Love."

Five years ago that day Elsa had passed out from her suffering into rest. Myra and Gordon in the midst of their happiness had not forgotten. As they knelt for the final prayer, almost unconsciously Gordon's clasp on the hand resting so confidently in his tightened as he thanked God that Myra, his *wife*, had been spared to crown his life with joy and happiness.

At "The Elms," the home of the bride, a simple wedding breakfast was served for the members of the two families only.

The wedding gifts were numerous and costly but nothing received more attention than a small, exquisitely framed painting. Its very oddity was its charm—a full-blown crimson rose half concealed by a bit of rare old lace. No card was attached and when Gordon saw it first he turned to his mother and teasingly queried: "Who lost the card *this* time?"

Then turning to Myra, who was standing near the gift table, he took her hand and placing it in that of his mother he whispered tenderly: "Mother, *this* is *our* Rose—a genuine American Beauty—love her as you love your boy."

At an early hour in the afternoon the young couple left for their trip which was to end at "Conference."

"Tried as by Fire" and proving true—faithful in the performance of duty, however hard—with such a record behind him, Gordon Armstrong entered into his new life full of well-deserved joy and gladness.

All nature seemed to rejoice with them as, amid the waving of handkerchiefs and showered by rice, they said "good by" to the dear home friends.

The old sexton of the church had asked as a special favor that he be notified at what hour Brother Armstrong and his bride would leave the town, and so as the train pulled out of the station the chiming of the church bells fell upon their ears, and as Myra, through a veil of happy tears, looked at her husband she softly whispered: "Old bells,

"'Ring out the Old,
Ring in the New,
Ring, Happy Bells, across the years.'"

The Child at the Family Table

By Mary B. Tyrrell

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EVEN a very small child may be taught patience, courtesy and self-restraint at the family table, and if he is a nuisance at mealtimes when he is three or four years old, we may safely conclude that the effort to teach him good table manners a few months earlier was lacking.

If the children are fed at the family table some special consideration must be given to the menu. There are some vegetables of special food value for the children, because of their mineral content, carrots or spinach, for example, which in some households do not appear on the table because the older members of the family do not care for them. The grownups will gain in health if they put forth an effort to eat these things with seeming relish, and in so doing will help to train the children to a wider range of diet.

Rich desserts must be cut from the children's diet, and no doubt the grownups, too, would be better off if fruits were substituted for pastries; but it is not necessary to keep the family menus restricted to such foods as are suited to the children, which is one of the chief reasons for the separate meals for the little folks.

Children can soon be taught that there are some things that are for the grownups especially. "Meat is for Daddy's supper, not for 'Gene's," said a small boy cheerfully, at the dinner table. The child is less likely to ask for helpings from the family diet, if the special food he should have is served to him attractively, on his own pretty dishes, and if he is made to feel that he has the privilege of "treats." The little lad who must not eat radishes is quite willing to "trade" the forbidden food for an extra helping of his favorite rhubarb.

The nursery table seldom has the oversight that prevents bad table manners, and if there are several children to eat together, each one may acquire some disgusting trick and impart it to the others.

The patience and firmness needed to correct the outcroppings of the first bad manners is seldom exercised at a separate table (out of sight, out of mind), and it is far more difficult to teach the children to eat properly if the presence of their elders is lacking.

In the matter of table conversation, the idea that "children should be seen and not heard" is a relic of the dark ages. All the educational effort of today is to draw out the child's powers of self-expression, and if he is taught to do this in his school, and forbidden to do it at home, the first step has been taken to alienate him, as too often happens, from the family life, and lead him to feel more freedom and happiness away from his parents than when with them.

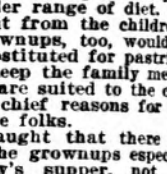
The child may sit at the table and talk at the table without being over-boisterous or obstreperous. Surely it is no less rude for the parents to repress their child for their own selfish convenience than it is for him to interrupt them to make his opinions known.

Mutual courtesy, which the child must learn from his parents, will settle the question as to how much the child should be allowed to talk at the table, but the policy of repression, too often followed, makes for a self-consciousness, sometimes an unpleasantness of disposition, that may persist for years and do much to mar the life all through youth and even in the years beyond.

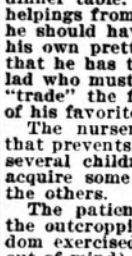
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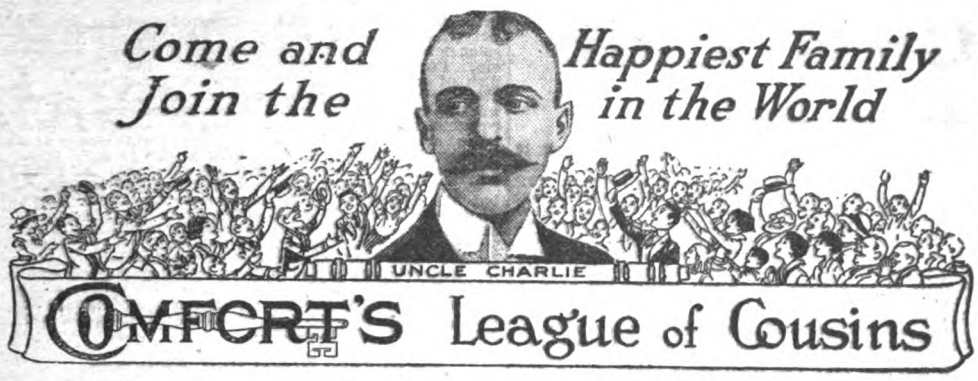


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CONDUCTED BY UNCLE LISHA

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 55 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.
ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

JUNE is June! There is no other month like the prime of the year. All the promise of Spring is now finding fulfilment, and even when I cannot get to where woods are, I know that the foliage is reaching toward the flush, its green fresh and undimmed by dust and drouth that may come with the later heat.

Billy, who has the advantage of being able to enjoy Nature both externally and internally, is thoroughly happy these days and is out-of-doors more than ever. Meanwhile the dust gathers over his set of Macaulay, and neglected letters, which he has failed to absorb, threaten to overflow the room where I work. Perhaps it is being out in the park and streets so much that has caused Billy to become even more of an observer and critic than his naturally censorious temperament demands. Or perhaps it is but the stimulus of being fed with the pros and cons of young folks' ways which Cousin Gus Trick and Cousin Jack Wilcox have diffused through the letters of our League—but, whatever it may be, the fact stands that Billy has lately taken to making stinging remarks concerning the "flippers" and "flappers" he has met during his sidewalk strolls and his lawn-luncheons in Prospect Park.

"Uncle Lisha," said he, seriously, as he came in yesterday; "I must say I think something is radically wrong with young people nowadays. The boys don't want to work any harder than is necessary to puff a cigarette and carry around a pair of polka-dotted shoes, and the style of dressing with girls seems to have reached the limit—to say nothing of the way they try to decorate their faces. It really makes me discouraged to watch 'em, Uncle. What's to blame? —the war, the movies, or who or what?" And Bill stared gloomily and questioningly at me, gritting his teeth ominously as he regarded the mountain range of letters in front of my desk.

"Billy," I answered, "for the sake of June, do not begin one of your reform-rampaging arguments. It is too lovely a day to dispense awful prophecies, and besides see how busy I am! Now please to get to work on some of these letters and do not fret so much about the wildness of present-day youngsters you have been seeing on Fulton Street, Broadway and Flatbush Avenue. Time will take care of 'em and teach 'em sense—even if their mothers and fathers do not."

"But, Uncle Lisha," pleaded Billy, looking at me reproachfully; "you never say a word about it. Why, if you had seen some of the things that I have!" And here Billy paused, and rolled his eyes until his bushy, fuzzy eyebrows made such strange undulations that I had to hold up a letter before my face to hide my grins.

But Billy was not to be fooled.

"That's right, Uncle Lisha," he exclaimed wrathfully. "Go ahead and laugh!" You laugh at everything. I tell you this is a serious matter. Why, the papers and magazines are full of the way young folks are dressing and carrying-on these days. If you don't notice it, others do."

"Bill," I replied, aroused at last; "never fear but what I notice just as much as you do—and read more, too. But I may think differently about what I read and notice. You or anyone else would have a hard time making me believe that young people today are all headed for the bow-wows, and have so much more of evil in hearts, dress and manners than in past history. Youth is always youth, Thank Heaven!—and age is always age. You are not so old, Bill; but you are ancient enough to be "agin" young folks most of the while, and not with 'em or part of 'em. Youth expresses itself in different ways in our time than in the past, but from the same effervescent instincts and with no worse motives. We may have the "toddle" and not the waltz or two-step; joy rides instead of buggy excursions. Boys may be safety-razored and not whiskered, and our girls bobbed-haired and not long-curled—but they are the same boys and girls as ever. Careless of age or what age may think, they go their ways; looking always with eager inexperienced eyes toward a future that is theirs and not a past that is Experience's. To change these things you have got to change Youth itself, Billy, and I don't think even you will want to try that!

"But you are right, Bill, in saying the world of print is filled today with more or less unkind criticism of youth—with the innocent "flapper" getting the hardest digs from those who are quite certain nothing so dreadful and silly in young girlhood was ever seen before. But the reason that most of these criticisms fail of wisdom, sympathy and justness is that the makers of them err in not looking backward to their own early days. And this is just where bewildered parents often err, too. There are foolish parents as well as foolish boys and girls, and the mistakes of fathers and mothers, well-meant though they be, are sometimes as serious in their effects as the sins and follies of over-exuberant youth. There are parents, for instance, who bring too little authority to bear, and others who exert too much; and they end by losing their children's love and the right to guide them because they have failed to find youth's viewpoint. And they have to do this, for youth can never find nor assume the point of view of an older generation. They are forever separate. The leading of youth wisely and with love is a difficult task. It can only be handled by "looking backward" and gaining in this way an adjustment to the minds and hearts of those who are starting the adventure of life. If we do not, or cannot accomplish this backward looking, we have no chance of dealing sympathetically, of judging clearly, of criticising justly. Youth will brush our advice and criticism carelessly aside and go flipping and flapping on in glad and foolish way.

"I sincerely believe, Billy, you old grumbler, that the jeremiads of you and others concerning present-day young people are more than exaggerated in prophecy and lamentation. The "flapper" existed in ancient Thebes and Alexandria and has been with us in varied and often lovely form through the later centuries. Let her still preen her young wings in happy, foolish fashion and wear her feathers as she will. It is a way of youth which is as old as the earth. Why not turn rather to some of the cheerful signs of the young generation? The young men of the past, for instance, dressed even more flightily and smoked and drank more than our boys of today. Booze has received a death blow and is dying with horrible groanings, and tobacco's smoky grip will be loosened somewhat before long, too. For all narcotics must go, banned by the spread of knowledge and by our weakened race's instinct toward self-preservation. Those who attack the manner of dress of our modern girls forget that with all its defects it is really more healthful and sensible than in the past. Look at old fashion books, Bill, and find this out. The worst fault is in tottering-heeled shoes, but the growing use of rubber-soled sport footwear is the saving grace here.

"Streaks of red and black have no place on the clean faces of young girls, Billy, and I'm with you there as far as you want to go in your kicking. These efforts at adornment fail of all purpose. They are barbaric and ugly. The natural functioning of the skin is injured and the youthful texture ruined forever. Here is where mothers must come in and take a strong hand when other advice fails.

"I'm for our youth today, Bill, and I'm for them strong. They are the last-comers and the world belongs to them. I believe they will make a better place of it than it can be made by you continuing doleful grumbling on June days."

I looked hard at Billy, but I don't believe he heard a word of the last part of my almost-lecture. He was reading a six-page, green note-papered letter from a girl in Colorado—and he was grinning broadly as he turned the closely-written sheets. All his worries of "flippers" and "flappers" were forgotten. Billy does not always remember, but I do, that there would not be so many grins in life for all of us, so much of singing, so much of beauty, if it were not for the youth of this old world.

And now for the letters:

MADISON, MAINE.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

I have attempted to write to the Cousins' Corner many times and have torn up the letter each time. It is seldom I see one from Maine and I wonder why? Surely there are scores of Maine cousins who can write interesting letters!

How many of the cousins are school teachers? I have been teaching for two years in a rural school, two miles from home. Here, in the rural schools, there are three ten week terms a year. My first two terms this year I taught without a vacation between and the third term will begin in time to close about the middle of June. You may smile, if you like, but please don't laugh, when I tell you that I have only seven pupils! Even though the number is small, I have the following grades: first, second, third, fifth and seventh. In the golden days last autumn, the children and I enjoyed being out of doors what time we could, gathering nuts and bright-colored leaves 'neath the trees on the hillsides. We ate our lunches and had our physical exercises outside, too. When the snow came, we went sliding down those same hills. One night when I got home, after riding in a blizzard, there were icicles on my glasses! There are several squirrel families living close by. These little animals are unusually tame, often tripping up to the window sills and staying for hours at a time. We place pieces of crackers or cookies on a fence post and it is fun to watch one of the little fellows steal up cautiously at first, finally more bravely and seize it. How happy and carefree they are!

I am five feet, three inches tall; weigh 117 pounds, have dark brown hair, brown eyes, and am twenty-two years old.

Now, Uncle Lisha, if you will print this missive of mine, I will send you a huge piece of chocolate cake with thick white frosting, and a bowl heaping full of my delicious mousse—any flavor you may prefer. I hope this is an inducement!

Sincerely, your niece, BROWNIE.

I don't know, Brownie, why there should be less letters from Maine than from—well, say Missouri, for instance; unless it is that the cousins like to send their Family messages on long trips rather than to make pleasant neighborly calls. Yet the news you send makes me think the reason may be Mainely because the Pine Tree State's population is dwindling so. For what has become of all the boys and girls in Somerset County when seven pupils have to make up five grades in your school. This is a sad state of affairs and needs a remedy. Brownie, I think as good a teacher as you must be deserves a larger school and I am going to make you an offer. There are no less, according to Billy's count, than seven thousand, four hundred and thirty-nine boys and girls living within two blocks of where Bill eats his bran muffins and I write these words. Now if you will send parcel postage, Brownie, and tell me just how many you want, why I'll have these mailed up to fill your empty desks. Please give sizes, or otherwise I will send assorted specimens, carefully packed. Any nationalities you wish can be furnished, even Siamese, Roumanian and Czecho-Slovakian. I have all kinds of stock in all sizes. These boys and girls are of good quality and would just love to get away from sidewalks and subways and be up rambling around the woods and feeding the Somerset County squirrels with Uneeda biscuit and molasses cookies. So send on your order, Brownie, and I will have Billy get some pasteboard boxes and cord and help in the packing. That school of yours shall not remain empty while Brooklyn holds the proud title of the City of Baby Carriages.

I want to tell you, Brownie, how much I liked to hear that you were taking your lucky seven out with you and letting them play and learn at the same time in Mother Nature's old, old classroom. That old fellow who said there were "sermons in stones and books in the running brooks" knew what he was talking about and where the best lessons could be learned. If I were a boy again, Brownie, I should much prefer to go to school in Madison, Maine, than in Brooklyn, N. Y.

About that mouse you are going to send me, I say, thanks, very much, Brownie. Any little wood or field mouse will do and I think chestnut or acorn flavor would be nice. I like the little spotted variety best. Don't bother to send a whole bowl full; three or four will be enough. Meat is not so high here now. I would not send the chocolate cake in the same package, Brownie, as every mouse I ever knew had a good appetite and there might be nothing but a crumb or two of white frosting left for Bill and me. Thanks again, Brownie, and when the animals and the cake arrive, I'll reciprocate at once by sending just as many boys and girls for your school as you tell me you want—only be sure and enclose postage and give size, shape and color when you order.

LIVINGSTON, TENNESSEE.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

I am a little boy nine years old. I love to read the cousins' letters and your answers. I like to read the trapping stories and about Cubby Bear. I have read several stories about Washington, Lincoln, Franklin and other great men.

I think I have the boy beat who wrote about his dog having treed a copperhead. I have a bulldog pup I can send to the field after the cows and hogs and he will bring them out. He bit the cow's tail off once. His name is Wheeler.

Will some of the cousins send me postcards? But I can't promise to answer all.

Mamma has taken COMFORT a long time. If my letter is printed I will be very glad and will write again.

Your loving nephew, CECIL HOLT.

That's one advantage in having great men, Cecil; and one way in which their spirit and deeds can live in the lives of others: we can read stories about them and get little brain-boosts and backbone stiffeners for ourselves from memories of what these men did and thought. Mind that when you get to be a great man, Cecil, that you do and say and write the things that other boys will be glad to hear about some day and be made better by hearing. There are all kinds of "great men," Cecil, dear boy, and sometimes the world and history uses the words without much discrimination. (This last is a big word which I should not have written, but it is too late now!) Yet it is the safest bet that among these great ones of the centuries, those are the greatest that a child would love best to know about, and whom you, Cecil, would love best if you could sit on their knees today. For, shucks! what is the use of any "great man" that children and dogs would not love at first sight? Now the least in the world, I'm sure—as Wheeler will agree also.

And speaking of dogs, Cecil; I thought you were going to tell us in your letter that Wheeler had treed a cow or hog, and so was the beatingest dog in Tennessee and superior to any little pup who had only made a copperhead run up a limb. And now it turns out that your bulldog only bit a cow's tail off! Why, I don't think that is much of a trick; a corncutter could do quite as much and make a much cleaner job of it. And I'll bet your dad didn't think it was any easy trick at all. Cecil, you must make your pet pup nip the cows' heels and let them have their tails left on to fight Tennessee flies with. You tell Wheeler I said this and that he must mind!

MERCED, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

A new cousin wishes to shake hands with Uncle and his family of cousins. There, that is accomplished, leaving my arm rather exhausted from the hearty greetings. I hope everyone is well and happy.

I live in a small town near the foothills of the wonderful Sierra Nevada Mountains. Ninety miles distant, in the heart of those mountains, is the Yosemite Valley, "The Land of Snows," where people from many countries journey to see and marvel in the beauties which Mother Nature has bestowed upon this famous resort. Here we find ancient redwoods, magnificent waterfalls, lakes, bubbling brooks scrambling over moss covered rocks, the invigorating, pine-scented atmosphere and mysterious forest covered ravines. I am a devoted lover of the outdoors, and my biggest desire is to live on a farm in the wilds, which, I admit, is a "wild" wish. Did I hear a cousin say she needed any hired help?

Were you ever rolled by a "breaker"? I was rolled twice in one day at Santa Cruz, a seaside resort where many of Merced's good people spend their summers. It is a terrible sensation to feel oneself turned upside down and flung about until one's head is all dizzy. And I lost a perfectly new bathing cap, too.

I enjoy the cousins' descriptions of themselves, so as there may be others who also do, I will briefly tell you how plain I am. My eyes are dark blue, hair brown, complexion fair; I am 5 ft. 3 in. short, weigh 125 lbs., and the most important of all is, I became a voter the day before April fool's day.

I like happy people and my motto is to scatter as much sunshine as I possibly can.

Our county has two daily newspapers, and I work for one of them. If any of the cousins have some poetry they wish to publish, send it along. Or, Uncle, you might write an editorial about "Disarmament" or the "High Cost of Living."

I would like very much to hear from cousins who live on large ranches or in the mountains.

Well, folks, I fear this is too long, so will close, trusting that Billy is taking his siesta when this is opened.

Sincerely your niece, SHIRLEY MAE SMITH.

If you like the pleasant job of scattering sunshine, Shirley, you live in a good part of the country to pursue your happy task. Certainly it is generally accepted as a fact that California has plenty of the bright commodity to spare. However, it will take quite a lot to go all around our Big Family—not that many of our number need it, I'm sure, but still we are all of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)



Ask the Way

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A new-day method is bringing millions whiter, cleaner, safer teeth.

It is used by your friends, your neighbors. It is advised by dentists, urged by modern authorities. Glistening teeth seen everywhere now show the benefits it brings.

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Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. The ordinary tooth paste does not effectively combat it. It is also the basis of tartar.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look cloudy or discolored. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

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Saving Our Skins

EVIDENTLY the generations back of us attached real importance to complexions, for there has come down to us an expression which we hear used constantly—"saving her skin." If a man has passed through some trying financial difficulties and comes out on the right side, his neighbors say: "Well, he saved his skin this time." If a woman is in a tight social place, but manages to get out of the predicament without loss of prestige, we all say: "Well, she saved her skin, after all."

But that is not the kind of saving I am going to talk about to my girls this month; I just wanted you to notice that enough importance was attached to skins in days gone by for a very picturesque expression to become a part of our ordinary conversation. And, pointing to a moral, I wanted you to attach as much importance to your skin as our ancestresses did to theirs.



A SWEATER CAPE IS EASY TO SLIP ON FOR PROTECTION.

This is the season of the year when it is easy to do real damage to a skin, for the sun above us is pouring down his blistering rays, strong enough to burn a skin to its serious damage; and if one is near the water, the beach sands are hot and reflect the glare of the sun, and the water left on the skin blisters in the heat and light. So there you are! And it certainly behooves us to take a few precautions.

And let me say that precautions are much better for your skin than all the cures and treatments in the world. One can mend a broken arm, but it is better not to break it; and one can soothe and heal a burned skin, but it is better not to blister it.

If you go in bathing or swimming, do not sit in the hot sand after, exposed to the sun. Have a big parasol to spread over you; a sweater cape to throw around you as you come out of the water—even a bathrobe will do, anything that will cover your wet skin from the sun. Then under the parasol or big umbrella, pat your skin dry. If you are wise you will carry a bag for little accessories when you go bathing, and one of them will be a bottle of a soothing hand or face lotion, which you can rub into the skin and which will be absorbed at once by the heat.

But bathing is not the only way in which one exposes the skin—picnicking, berrying, playing tennis, working in the garden; all these are skin-destroying tasks or pastimes, unless the face is protected from the sun's rays. So get a big hat—the bigger the better—one of the big farmer's hats is fine for berrying, gardening, etc. Line it with some pretty color, put a big soft fold of the material around the crown, and strings if you choose or use a hatpin, whichever you prefer; then never sit outdoors without it.

For "dress-up" occasions, where you do not want to wear anything of this kind, carry a parasol. They are really very attractive accessories, forming a lovely background for a face, besides affording the protection needed.

And then, of course, don't forget the cold-cream jar—your best friend in summer. Rub plenty cold cream into the skin before going outdoors, letting the skin absorb it, then dust on powder, and gently pat it with cotton. Neck as well as face needs this treatment, while the hands should have a good hand lotion rubbed in, after washing, always.

Answers to Questions

ANNE.—I judge you need a good internal cleansing. Impurities of the body need to be carried off so that they will not try to come out through the pores. The first thing you should do is to drink lots of water every day; then you must be very careful of your food, not eating foods which are hard to digest, but rather those which help elimination—which means, of course, the throwing out of the body of any impurities. Eat prunes every day—soak them over night, after washing, then cook them in the water in which they have been soaked, over a slow flame for an hour or more, until they are very soft. Eat a good big dish of these every morning for breakfast. Don't drink coffee, tea or eat fried foods. Pork and veal are hard to digest, so avoid them. Bacon is all right, because it is easily digested. If you are inclined to constipation, cut out potatoes and white bread for awhile, and eat instead green vegetables and fruits, and lean well-cooked meat—roasted or broiled. Having done these things, you have taken the first step toward giving your body proper materials for cleansing it internally; don't forget the water, eight or ten glasses a day, between meals. Never drink when you have food in your mouth, because that prevents you from giving it the proper chewing, and while the water softens it all right, it needs softening by the saliva in your mouth which contains elements which aid digestion. I think it might be a good idea for you to take a good dose of castor oil, or a thorough enema before starting on this carefully arranged diet, so that you may start out right. Then, of course, you need a good body bath every day; be careful not to rub the sore pimples on your face, but bathe them gently with hot soapy water and a soft cloth, and rinse them with the aid of another soft cloth dipped in clear warm water. Apply a little cold cream to your dry warm skin and gently rub it in, being careful not to break or irritate the pimples. Washing just your face will not be enough; your whole body should have a thorough washing in hot soapy water and a thorough rinsing in clear water every day. Use a little cool water last of all. If you will do as I suggest, and eat only the foods which are good for you, with prunes every day, spinach as often as you can get it—or other "greens," such as lamb's quarters, dandelions, etc.—berries, melons, etc., your face, I am sure, will begin to clear up very soon.

EMMA JANE.—First, I must say what I have said many times before; that the health of the hair depends upon the health of the body, and that hair to grow must be given nourishment through a well-nourished body. So look to diet, exercise, and all the things which build you up as a whole. Then for special treatment for the hair which will not grow thick, massage the scalp every night and morning. This promotes the circulation, feeds the scalp, and makes the hair healthy, provided the body has the elements of health to pass on to it. To massage the scalp, let the hair down, slip the fingers of your left hand flattened under the hair on the left side of the head, pressed firmly against the scalp, while your right hand is used in the same way at the right side of the scalp. Now without raising the fingers, move the scalp back and forth on the skull. If the scalp is tight and does not want to move, that indicates at once that here the trouble lies, for the blood cannot circulate properly nor the hair receive proper nourishment with a tight scalp. Move the fingers to another spot on the scalp, after a thorough massage of the first spot, and continue until the whole scalp has been gone over in this fashion and is glowing with healthy warmth. Remember not to let the fingers rub back and forth but to press them firmly and move the scalp, not the fingers. Of course the fingers go along with the scalp but they do not rub back and forth against the hair itself. Don't sleep with the hair done up. Let it down at night, brush it very gently indeed, air it thoroughly, then sleep with it either hanging loose or very loosely braided. In the meantime, eat properly and enough, drink lots of water, look after the body as a whole. About the almond bleach, it is not injurious to any skin—quite the contrary. No skin stays "bleached" if it is exposed to the sun or to any other condition which can affect it. The way to keep your skin white and fair, is to protect it. About rolling the eyes, I should drop that exercise if I were you. It won't make your eyes bright. Good health is the only thing that will do that satisfactorily, so make up your mind to eat sensible nourishing things, to exercise, bathe daily, get plenty of fresh air, enough sleep, drink lots of water and see that the eliminative processes of the body are kept as they should be. Feet cannot be reduced in size, but they can be made firm of flesh by exercise. So practice feet exercises and leg exercises. People do not lay so much stress on small feet as they used to; indeed it is quite fashionable to have good-sized feet. You see, girls of this day are more athletic than our grandmothers were, and naturally have and need larger feet. A six shoe is quite an ordinary thing now, where women used to crowd their feet into fours and fives. Here is a good foot exercise:

Exercise for the Feet

Standing with heels together and toes slightly apart, hands on hip, chin up, back straight, rise slowly on the tips of your toes without bending back or knees. Maintain position on tips of toes for a moment, then slowly let heels sink to floor again. Repeat ten or fifteen times.

Another Exercise for Feet

Taking same position, rise on tiptoes, then keeping back perfectly straight, bend the knees, and sink to a squatting position without letting the heels of the feet touch the floor. Rise again, sink again, and repeat for fifteen times.

OKLAHOMA.—Bowlegs have been straightened by an operation. In fact, very recently quite a noted actress had her legs straightened in this way. This means surgeons, hospitals, nurses,—and, alas! bills! And most of us cannot afford it. I do not know whether you can improve the bowed condition by exercise; it would depend, largely, on how bowed the legs were. Will it comfort you at all to know that of the legs one sees on the city boulevards these days—and one has a good chance to examine them—a large number are far from straight? One of the prettiest girls I know has legs that are very decidedly bowed. She wears her dresses just a tiny bit longer than the other girls, but she goes in bathing in an ordinary bathing suit, and I can't see that anybody pays any attention to it. She thinks about it a good deal herself, but nobody else gives it a moment's thought. Here is an exercise you might practice:

Special Leg Exercise

Standing with legs about eight or ten inches apart, back straight, hands on hips, bend each foot on its side, inward. Back to flat-footed position; then on side again. Practice rapidly and bend the feet as far forward as possible, each time. You might practice the tiptoe exercise given "Emma Jane," but with the feet about eight inches apart, and as you rise to the tiptoes bend the legs inward.

BUTTERFLY.—You should not wash your hair every week unless it is exceptionally oily. Once in two weeks is often enough, and with hair which is not oily once in three weeks will often be all that is necessary. Too frequent washing removes the natural oil from the hair, on which it depends for health and growth. You say you wash your face in hot soapy water at night and rinse in cold water; and have blackheads. You would have, if you use only cold water for rinsing, because cold water cannot wash away soap and your pores would be clogged with the soap you had used. Do not rub soap on the skin, but only use it in the water. Then rinse in very warm water many times, then in tepid water, and finally in cool water. Use tepid water on the face in the morning. Pressing out the blackheads, as a constant habit, rather tends to keep the pores enlarged. If you press out the contents of a pore, always touch it at once with alcohol or peroxide. I am sorry it is against the rules of this department to express an opinion on proprietary remedies; for what is good for one skin may be injurious to another; and also it is impossible to know the ingredients of all such remedies. A good face bleach is the almond meal face bleach recommended by me in February COMFORT. But no bleach should be used constantly. If the face is tanned, use a simple harmless bleach, such as the almond meal preparation, once; then take care of the skin.

M. E. K.—The way to reduce your stomach is, first of all, not to take much food at a time. Stomachs become enlarged and "fallen" from ill-treatment, and I suggest that you be careful to eat moderate meals, and not to drink with your meals. Do not take more than half a glass of liquid at one drink, and let that be between meals. Drink plenty of liquid, but in these small amounts. When you lie down, lie on your right side. You are over weight, showing that you need to reduce. Cut out potatoes, rice, white bread, macaroni, gravies, fat meat, for the time being. Eat fruits, green vegetables and lean meat, chewing every mouthful until it is liquid, and being careful to eat very moderately and especially not to drink with your meals. You ought to lose about forty pounds, at least thirty. Cut out sweets altogether, no pies or cakes. Eat for breakfast, two soft-boiled eggs—three and one-half or four minutes, no longer, and taken out of the shell as soon as the time is up; a dish of berries or melon without sugar, or a dish of prunes cooked without sugar. The eggs will give you the nourishment needed. For dinner eat a piece of broiled steak, of roast beef or lamb or mutton, chicken (roasted or broiled, but not fried), fish but no pork or veal; no potato, but spinach or asparagus, or string beans or carrots, squash, etc. For dessert, fresh fruit again. For supper, a dish of tomatoes, some cold meat, a baked apple. A stomach will be large if it is over-filled with either solid fruit or liquid, and if it has become enlarged by constant over-filling, then one has to be very careful indeed as to the amount put in it at any one time. You speak of shortness of breath; if this is only from an over-full stomach, you will get over that in time. Exercise will help to reduce your waist and abdomen, but the important thing is to eat less at a time. Shortness of breath often comes from heart trouble, and in that case of course exercise is injurious. Better be sure about this; though you sound as if all the trouble came from having formed the habit of a too-full stomach and probably from drinking a good deal at meals. Your weight would make this seem to be the case. A good exercise for reducing abdomen and waist, not to be practiced, of course, if there is any heart trouble, is as follows:

To Reduce Waist and Abdomen

Lying on back, raise right leg at right angles with the body, without bending the knee. Let leg return to level, but very slowly indeed. Repeat with left leg, then with both, fifteen times each.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.



SAVING HER SKIN WITH A BEACH PARASOL.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

arguments on what to teach the child at home and could talk forever on the subject but will stop.

I was raised with a family of boys, therefore know well many boys so can say this to girls: no decent boy likes the girl who makes herself conspicuous by being either extreme, prudish or vampish. Follow a sensible medium if you would be respected—you are no better than the crowd you are with.

This letter is already long and I haven't said a word about many things of which I wanted to talk.

I am just a little wife, twenty-two years old. Was brought up on a farm, can milk cows, drive horses, was a teacher, make my own clothes and sew for others, do all kinds of housework, drive a car and help my husband make cheese. I have always tried to learn to do one new thing each year and for this coming year I have set my goal on a cheesemaker's license.

I enjoy the Sisters' Corner very much and receive much help through its columns. HAPPY.

MT. PLEASANT, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

In answer to Kentucky Lassie's question of whether there is such a thing as love at first sight, I will say that there is. My husband and I loved at first sight and were married in three weeks from the time we first met and there isn't a happier family anywhere than we are, with our three children, eight, four and two years of age. Of course all cases may not turn out as happily as ours has. MRS. O. A. C.

INDIANA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of this cheery Corner for a good many years but have hesitated about writing for I felt that other letters were of more importance than mine but I read Black-Eyed Susan's letter this morning and I can keep still no longer. In regard to remarriage I say never, for I am writing from my own experience.

My first husband was the best man ever. We never had a cross word in all our married life. I never asked for anything but what I got it and whenever I wanted to go any place I went. He was taken, leaving me with two baby boys. I found it a hard task to earn their living and my own so after a period of five years I married again, a nice, respectable man of reasonable means. Our life was perfectly happy for two years at which time a baby girl came to our home and then trouble began. My husband won't have one of my boys in the home at all and the other boy never sees any pleasure, or I either, since the baby came. Baby plays all over the house, makes all the noise she wants to but there is trouble if my boy doesn't sit down and act like an old man when he is in the house. Nothing is ever wanted for baby but what she gets it but my boy never gets anything without there being a fuss made first, not even a pencil or tablet and he has never had a suit of clothes in his life. The boy is anxious to learn to work but he never does anything right and generally receives a kick or a whipping. Husband is a great church member, is very liberal with money to pay the preacher but forgets his religion as soon as he gets home. I scarcely ever go to church for I haven't clothes fit to wear as I haven't had a Sunday dress since I was last married. I never go anywhere only to see my other boy and that's only about twice a year and husband has to go along. The car fare is about two dollars and he will be cross for a week afterwards and will fret about the money he had to pay out for us. I do everything I can to please him but he is never satisfied. I know some of you are wondering why I stay with him but I can't leave my baby and I can't earn a living for so many. It isn't often that a second marriage is a success so I say to Black-Eyed Susan that as long as she can make a living she had better stay single. I only wish I could make my choice again. TROUBLED.

EAST LAKE, 8017 Hillman Ave., ALA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

This is my first attempt to get into the corner and I will tell Mrs. Long how I cured my children (Henry, five, and Annie Laura, three), from fighting. When they begin fussing and fighting I just take a rag or piece of cloth and wrap it around their hands and pin the cloth to their sleeves to keep it from coming off. It has worked wonderfully. Another thing to stop a quarrel or fuss is to put a small piece of adhesive plaster over their mouths. I hope this will help yours as it has mine.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)



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Stella Rosevelt

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

"But if she is really the author of the book—it has been very popular, you know——"

"Nonsense!" interrupted her mother. "I tell you such a thing could not be possible."

Nevertheless, Mrs. Richards was closely watching the object of their conversation, and her heart was beating with a painful throb, for the young girl did strangely resemble that poor orphan whom she had so despised and ill-treated, and who had fled from her tyranny.

But her uneasiness increased, for just now she observed a tall, white-haired gentleman moving toward the girl, and upon reaching her side, he bent down and spoke a few words in her ear.

His back also was toward them, but the matron's face was dark with trouble; she grew white with the sudden fear which possessed her, and she moved forward to get a better view of the couple.

At that instant Star turned and lifted her bright face to reply to Mr. Rosevelt, who had left his position by the stand of flowers when she ceased dancing and approached her, her eyes shining, her cheeks glowing, and her coral lips wreathed with bright smiles, and both Josephine and Mrs. Richards recognized her instantly.

A low cry of surprise and dismay broke from Josephine Richards' lips.

"It is—it surely is Stella Gladstone," she said; "and that man talking to her is certainly Uncle Jacob Rosevelt! What can it all mean?"

"Rosevelt! Yes, that is the name," said Mr. Pendleton, who had caught it, and who had first called their attention to Star. "'Jacob Rosevelt, the millionaire,' I heard him called this afternoon, but I forget names so easily."

"Jacob Rosevelt, the millionaire!" repeated Mrs. Richards, with white lips and astonished eyes, while a tumult of emotions raged within her heart.

"Yes; he must be very rich, for they have every appearance of it, and Miss Gladstone's turnout, which was sent on before them, is a marvel of luxury and elegance. But—do you know them?" Mr. Pendleton asked, regarding her curiously.

Mrs. Richards' thoughts worked very rapidly.

If this was really Jacob Rosevelt, and she could not doubt the evidence of her own eyes, he must by some stroke of luck have recovered a portion, if not the whole, of his fortune since leaving her house; and in this case he became at once an entirely different person from the feeble, poverty-stricken individual who had come to her a little more than a year ago to sue for food and shelter.

Therefore, she had a new *role* to play, and she would begin at once by claiming him as a relative before these friends of hers.

"It would be very strange if I did not know him, for he is my father's brother," she said, calling to her lips her blandest smiles; "but I am sure I had no idea that he was here in Newport. Come, Josephine, we must go and speak to him;" and she drew the astonished girl away before they could question them any further, and she wished to collect her own scattered senses a little before encountering those two whom she had so deeply injured.

"What can it mean, mamma?" Josephine repeated, with a blank look, for she had no longer any doubt about the identity of the strangers.

"I don't know, but I am going to find out," she answered, resolutely.

"Then you are convinced that it is Stella?"

"Yes, it is that girl fast enough; there can be no mistake about it; and what a sensation she is making! She seems to checkmate us at every move."

"Where can they have been hiding all this time?" Josephine asked.

"How do you suppose I know?" retorted her mother, sharply. "I am more interested to know where all the money comes from to enable them to cut such a swell. Why, the dress she has on must have cost a cool three hundred, to say nothing about her other expensive fixings; and then you heard what Pendleton said about her carriage and ponies."

"Well, he said she was the author of 'Chatsworth's Pride,' and if that is so, it must have brought her a good deal."

"Pooh! you don't suppose one book is going to enable her to live and dress like a young empress, do you?" returned Mrs. Richards, scornfully. "No; Uncle Jacob has recovered his fortune, or else——"

"Or else what?"

"He has played it upon us."

"Played what upon us?"

"Why, poverty, you goose!"

"Mamma! that would be too dreadful. I never thought of such a thing," Josephine said, feeling almost faint.

"Nor I, until this moment; but I can account for their appearance here tonight in no other way. If he has done this thing, and that girl gets all his money, it will be a bitter pill to swallow, I can tell you."

"But she could inherit nothing; she is no blood relation."

"But he could make a will."

"And we could break it."

"Not a bit of it; your Uncle Jacob is keen enough to look out for that, I assure you. But come this way; they are passing out into the hall, and I am going to sift this matter at once."

She drew her daughter from the upper door of the parlor, just as Star and Mr. Rosevelt passed out at the lower one, intending to waylay them and demand an explanation of their presence.

CHAPTER XXVII.

DEFEATED.

When they were within a few feet of the upper door, Mrs. Richards stepped toward them and stood directly in their path.

The hall was nearly empty, almost everybody being in the parlors or the dancing-hall, so there was no one by just at that moment to witness what transpired.

"What does this mean?" Mrs. Richards demanded, in a low but authoritative tone. "Stella Gladstone, how is it that I find you here? Uncle Jacob, where have you been all this time, and what strange freak of fortune brings you here in this unaccountable fashion?"

Mr. Rosevelt started slightly on beholding his niece standing in that excited attitude directly in his path; while Star grew pale at first, for she had always stood somewhat in fear of the arrogant woman while she was an inmate of her house. But remembering that everything was entirely different now, she quickly recovered herself.

"Tell me what this means?" Mrs. Richards repeated, looking from one to the other, noting Star's delicate beauty with a pang of bitter jealousy, her self-possession and grace; Mr. Rosevelt's improved appearance, his rich apparel, and, more than all, the air of pride and fondness which pervaded every look and attention which he bestowed upon his companion.

"Well, Niece Ellen," Mr. Rosevelt returned, in a quiet tone, while he met her eye with a cold, steady glance that made her very uncomfortable, "it appears that you are considerably excited over this unexpected meeting. Suppose we retire to yonder anteroom, where we can converse unobserved."

He turned and led the way, with Star upon his arm, to a small room upon the opposite side of the hall; they entered, and he shut the door, for he did not care that any one should overhear what passed between them, nor did he intend that Ellen Richards should do or say anything which should make them objects of remark.

"Now, Ellen, what is it that I am to account to you for?" he asked, in the same quiet tone which he had before used.

She colored angrily, but she was determined to get at the bottom of the matter.

"I have heard strange rumors tonight," she remarked. "I am told that Stella has become an authoress—that she is very popular, as well as her book, and I want to know what it means. A year ago you were both dependents upon my bounty; now I find you sailing about, like a couple of meteors, among the other shining lights of society. I want an explanation of the cause of this change."

"Certainly, Ellen; since you desire it, I will explain with pleasure. We left your house last October, as you doubtless well remember, and took up our abode in New York City. Star entered the Normal College at once, and by assiduous application to her studies, succeeded in completing the course, and graduated in June, since when we have been trying to get all the enjoyment out of life that we could. You have heard rightly, Ellen; she did write that popular little book, 'Chatsworth's Pride,' and it is a source of pride to me that I have the honor of introducing in society its popular author as my ward and heiress——"

"Your heiress!" Mrs. Richards cried, growing pale.

"Yes; Miss Gladstone is named as such in my will, which is now in the hands of my lawyer," the old gentleman replied, quietly.

His niece looked from one to the other in blank dismay. She had feared she should hear something of the kind, but it was none the less a shock to her when it came.

"Your heiress—heiress to what?" she demanded, sharply.

"To the whole of my fortune, madam."

"Your fortune!" she sneered, but her voice was hoarse from passion and baffled hopes. "A year ago it was—beggary!"

Mr. Rosevelt smiled serenly.

"Apparently, yes," he answered. "But I was then, what I am now—a millionaire. The mistake of your lifetime was made then, Ellen; for if you had cordially received the feeble old man who came to your house in such a forlorn condition; if you had given him kindness and sympathy, such as you were wont to do when he was rich and prosperous; if you had shown him something of love and tenderness, instead of coldness and contempt, making him feel that he was a burden and an intruder, you would have had the bulk of my fortune, for your brother had already forfeited his share. I thought that my final return to this country would give me a good opportunity to test your and Henry's sincerity, and I resolved to do so. I went to him as a poor man; I was received coldly, and made as uncomfortable as it was possible for any one to be made. Then I said to myself, 'Ellen's womanly heart will prompt her to be kind to me, if not for my own sake, for her father's,' and so I came to you also in the guise of poverty."

"It was mean—it was dishonorable to take advantage of me in that way," Mrs. Richards said, with white, quivering lips.

"Not at all. I wanted to know you as you were, not what you pretended to be. I do not need to tell you the result of my plan; we all know it but too well. No one gave me a word of sympathy or kindness save this dear girl"—he laid his hand tenderly on Star's shoulder—"who did her utmost to make the old man forget as far as was possible his bitter disappointment, and who had already earned his love and gratitude by saving his life, almost at the sacrifice of her own, during that terrible voyage across the Atlantic. She has been like a sunbeam to me from the first; and when I saw how unkind you all were to her, also—how you were betraying your trust and breaking your promise to her dying father—I resolved that she should become my especial care for the future.

"I do not need to recall to your memory the last night that we spent in your house in Yonkers. It must be as fresh to you as it is to me. You taunted us both with our poverty and dependence. You drove her to desperation by your unjust accusations and your heartless language. She could not endure that kind of a life any longer, and she knew that I also was anything but happy; so she came to me, told me the secret of her success as an author, and of the income which her book bade fair to bring her, and begged of me to go with her to share her substance, asking in return only the comfort of congenial companionship and the protection which my presence would give her. I was sorely tempted, as I have told her, to confess the part I had been playing, and proclaim her my heiress on the spot. But I thought, considering all things, it would be better to wait until she was through with school, while I wanted to study her a little more closely before committing my all to her. She has stood the test most nobly. She has been the light of our home. She has labored early and late to minister to my comfort and happiness, and now she is going to reap her reward. Everything that I can do for her to make her life bright, I shall do while I live, and when I am gone, she will have the fortune which, under different circumstances, would have been mostly yours."

Mrs. Richards was pallid with anger, mortification and bitter disappointment when Mr. Rosevelt concluded.

"Well, miss, you have played your cards very cleverly, haven't you?" she finally found breath to ejaculate, and turning with blazing eyes upon the fair girl who, all unwittingly, had usurped her place in her uncle's affection and will.

Mr. Rosevelt's face grew stern.

"She certainly has, Ellen," he said, before Star could speak, even had she wished to do so, "especially as she could not, by any means, have known that there was anything worth winning by her acts of devotion and self-denial. And now let me tell you, that true kindness and sympathy will always win, where arrogance and pride will only gain contempt, and lead to disappointment and regret."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

First Aid to the Neighbors

By Frances L. Garside

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WHEN in the final reckoning of success measure is taken of results finer than material gains, it will surprise many to see the quiet little neighborhood activity step ahead of the large factory in the city.

"I give employment," the factory might say with vehement belching of smoke, "to two thousand able-bodied men."

The quiet little neighborhood activity might turn away without a word. Employment to some twenty or thirty or forty women seems so insignificant.

But—— in the final reckoning this little first



MRS. CAROLYN A. TEFFT.

aid to women who need small sums with which to supply the small needs of those who do not ask much, is the greater thing. The able-bodied men are able to march to other fields for employment should the factory close; the little neighborhood activity furnishes employment to women who are too old to take positions in industrial life—too encumbered with cares of family and household to walk beyond the front gate to earn money, and who are not trained in the ways of the world.

Almost without exception these opportunities to earn money and remain at home while doing it, picking up the task in the lull between dinner and supper, are furnished through the energy of some other woman. She discovers, originates, invents. Being by heredity a home body, she begins to make the thing she has discovered, originated or invented, right in her home. Because she is a home body, loving and depending on her neighbors for many things, she turns to them for assistance in her venture.

There is Mrs. Carolyn A. Tefft, of Belvidere, Ill. She was a milliner, and being unable to find the exact flowers she wanted one day, she made them. They still lacked the quality she sought, and she supplied it with paint and brush. It was a bunch of sweet peas. It should have been a laurel wreath for that is what Mrs. Tefft's neighbors think she should be wearing now. A friend saw the flowers and asked her to make her a spray; she began to make all the flowers that trimmed her bonnet. Then, naturally, because the flowers were so unusual and so artistic, she ceased the making of the bonnets.

That bunch of sweet peas is now trailing in sweet profusion from Maine to California. In the beginning it furnished work for one assistant. More orders came until, today, less than seven years since the first sweet peas blossomed under her hands, she gives employment to fifty women who gather in her home to do the work, and scores more who do it in their homes.

One variety of flowers in the beginning; now 350 varieties. Solely for hats when she made the first flowers, she now makes them for every sort of decoration from party gowns to lamp shades. Some idea of the extent to which the business has grown (which means how many of the neighbor women are employed) may be gathered from this item: Mrs. Tefft uses over ten thousand yards of ribbon a month, and recently her products have been shipped to New Zealand, Australia and Shanghai to fill orders from those distant lands.

Women come to her for all day; for half day, or do piece work at home. "I think," said Mrs. Tefft," the thing which makes me happiest in the work is that I am able to give employment to so many who are crippled or invalid shut-ins—and such beautiful things to work with! They tell me the beautiful colors and fabrics make them forget their pain. It would not be so helpful to them if their hands were employed on ticking or ugly cardboards. I have been urged to turn my business over to a factory in a large city. There are two reasons why I refuse. The first is that employment would be taken out of the hands of so many of my neighbors, and the second is that the flowers would look machine-made."

There live in Ligonier, Ind., two sisters, Ona and Rosalie Wilkinson. They make quilts, and some half hundred women gather in their workroom every day, and laugh and chatter and sing as they bend over their quilting frames. All are from the neighborhood. To many, as in the industry of making flowers, there would be no way of earning money if this little neighborhood activity ended.

There are scores of women doing these things. "Ours is such a little industry," they say deprecatingly. "I think the owners of the large businesses would laugh at our output, for it is small compared with what the factories turn out."

But—in the final reckoning it may be found that the smaller business was the greater success. Those who furnish employment to women, employment which brings money they could not otherwise earn because of the encumbering duties of family and home; those who do this are achieving something greater than they know.

And usually, bless them, it is women. A man invents, discovers or originates, and the large city beckons, and he moves away. Sometimes he doesn't wait for it to beckon. But the woman, being more loving than ambitious, stays.

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Summer Diseases of Babies

DURING the months of June, July and August we shall take, as subjects for our talks, the diseases that babies suffer with during the hot summer months, hoping that we may be able to offer some suggestions that will be helpful in their care and treatment, and prevent them from serious illness.

SIMPLE DIARRHEA.—Under this head we shall discuss a mild form of diarrhea to which babies are very subject, in which the condition appears to be one of mere functional disorder, and very little, if any, congestion of intestinal mucous membrane. The causes of simple diarrhea are unfavorable hygienic conditions, badly ventilated, damp dwellings, contracted or crowded quarters, unhealthy state of mother if nursing baby, use of artificial food at a too early age, especially if improper food, teething, and very hot weather. The most important of these causes is improper food, with exclusion of proper amount of milk. The habit of aflowing babies to eat food from the table prepared for older members of the family is a dangerous one, and a fruitful cause of stomach and intestinal complaints. There is not much doubt but what most babies have too many sweets, especially candy. Diarrhea may follow as a consequence of an attack of indigestion, and may occur in babies previously healthy, and continue for weeks. The symptoms of simple diarrhea are discomfort, disturbance of temper and comfort of baby, restlessness, peevishness and disposition to cry; the baby sleeps less than usual, often starts and moans during sleep, more marked during night, as is the case of any ailment of babies. The baby may seem perfectly well during the day, with the exception of slight paleness and weakness, appetite diminished, baby will not eat as often or as much as usual.

The stools are thinner and more copious and the odor becomes acrid and offensive. In severe cases the stools are more fluid, watery, and may be of a deep green color, intermixed with portions of mucous; also you may note undigested curds mixed with mucous on napkins. The number of stools may vary from two to ten during twenty-four hours. The abdomen is seldom distended or painful to touch, the general appearance of baby is paler and thinner, eyes somewhat hollow.

The duration of the disorder is short, a few days or a week, and terminates in complete recovery to health, without having exposed the life of the baby; but if the cause is not removed, if the baby has a delicate constitution, or the treatment not proper, this simple diarrhea may run into entero-colitis and the dangers of the latter disease.

The treatment of simple diarrhea, first, consists in attention to diet, exercise and the state of the gums. We mention state of gums, as often you may get disturbed digestion and diarrhea from a tooth or teeth trying to come through; gums are swollen and red. The relief is the lancing of swollen gums under antiseptic precautions. This often seems brutal in young babies, but it is not, as nature forces the tooth through the gums and you simply help out by cutting down on the tooth coming.

In severe cases, gums badly swollen, baby feverish, digestion upset, it is good judgment to make circular incision over tooth, uncovering it and allowing it to bleed freely, and the relief is most satisfactory to all concerned.

In regard to diet, if baby is nursing, we must take into careful consideration the health, diet and temper of mother, all of which circumstances more or less affect her milk. If we consider the mother's milk is good and is only disturbed in its healthy properties by some transient cause, it should be allowed to nurse, but not quite as much as usual.

If we decide the mother's milk is unhealthy, the baby should be weaned at once. Its diet should consist of milk or cream weakened with water, unless it has been clearly shown by previous experiences that these articles of diet do not agree with baby. If baby cannot take milk and this is proven by patient trial, it is best to try rice water with a little cream in it, or thin gruel.

If baby is six or eight months old it is well to let it have a chicken bone or a juicy piece of beefsteak to suck, or carefully prepared chicken or mutton water or broth. It is best to continue ordinary outdoor exercise unless cold or damp; in fact, in good weather, exposure to air is more important in simple diarrhea than in health. The only precaution is to not allow baby to weaken or tire itself, particularly in warm weather, as this seems to aggravate the complaint. Baby should be given a teaspoonful of castor oil to remove any intestinal contents, especially is this important if the stools are green.

Bismuth subnitrate, in doses of one to five grains according to age, is the most valuable astringent we have to check bowel movements, and should be given from three to six times a day, depending on frequency of movements.

For baby six months old, if discharges are frequent and painful, should give bismuth subnitrate, two grains every two or three hours, to which you may add two drops of paregoric. Subject for next month's talk: *Summer Diseases of Babies,—Continued.*

Questions and Answers

ENLARGED THYROID GLAND.—I have a daughter, thirty-four months old, who has an enlarged thyroid gland on the right side of neck that does not seem to be relieved by anything we can do for it. What is the cause, and what can I do for it?

MRS. G. W. N., Bagley, Minn.

A.—There are several kinds of enlarged thyroid glands, and the exact causes have not been definitely settled. Would suggest that you put your daughter on Syrup of Hydriodic Acid (Gardner's) in one-half teaspoonful doses, well diluted in water, three times a day, after meals. Locally, should apply Iodex spread on cloth like a poultice, covering the whole gland. This treatment if followed out faithfully for several weeks gives most gratifying results.

CRYING BABY.—What can I do for my three-months-old baby who cries, kicks and grunts all the time she is awake? Her hands and feet are cold most of the time, and I have to give her something for her bowels. She sleeps very well during daytime.

MRS. B. P., Itmann, W. Va.

A.—You do not state whether you are nursing the baby or not, but there is not much doubt that she cries from indigestion. If you are nursing her, get your own bowels and digestion in normal condition, avoid foods that seem to cause gas, take after each meal two teaspoonfuls of Elix Lactated Pepsin. Give baby milk of magnesia in teaspoonful doses often enough to keep her bowels regular. A baby does not cry all the time unless there is some cause for it, and as indigestion is the most common cause, correcting this will relieve crying.

HEMORRHOIDS.—Please tell me what to do for hemorrhoids that have troubled me badly since baby was born seven months ago. The bleeding is profuse, and the pain so severe at times that I can hardly endure it.

MRS. O. W. T., Spratt, Ala.

A.—Keep bowels freely open with tablespoonful doses of Nujol; after each bowel movement insert an Iodex suppository, which you can get at most drug stores. For a while, until relieved, you should sit in a sitz bath, hot as possible for twenty minutes. You can arrange this bath in large wash-bowl, the hot water relieving the congestion of pelvic organs.

CONSTIPATED BABY.—My three-months-old baby has lumpy stools, although of a good color. What causes this, and what causes baby to cramp when bowels move? (b) How does a baby act when liver is not right?

MRS. G. G., Louisburg, Ky.

A.—The bowels not being open enough would cause the lumpy movements, also cramps. (b) Vomiting, later on jaundice, are symptoms of liver troubles.

ENLARGED SPLEEN.—For a year I have had an enlarged spleen and attacks of malaria. My baby, eighteen months old, also has enlarged spleen and throat trouble. Please advise us what to do.

MRS. J. L. B., Cato, Ark.

A.—Would suggest that you and the baby go to some competent physician for an examination and treatment. While it would seem that you both needed quinine, it does not seem advisable to suggest treatment, with so little information.

URIC ACID POISONING.—Can you tell me how to avoid serious trouble from uric acid poisoning at confinement? My history is as follows: Have had female trouble ever since I was tweive years old; have had pain in back of head and neck most of the time. Eight years ago when my baby was born, I had a serious attack of uræmia and was unconscious thirty-six hours; had a slight attack two years ago.

MRS. J. B., Partridge, Kans.

A.—You should have the urine examined often, and be sure that the bowels and kidneys are performing their proper function. Should drink lots of water between meals, and have milk and buttermilk make important part of your diet. The danger signals that you will note are dizzy headaches, swelling of feet or any part of body.

WEANING BABY.—I am going to wean my thirteen-months-old baby and am writing for advice as to what to rub on breasts at that time. What shall I feed baby?

MRS. H. H., Oconto, Wisc.

A.—Bind the breasts snugly to chest with bandage or adhesive plaster, the object being to prevent the milk coming into breasts; drink very little liquids, using the breast-pump if breasts get painful. Baby's diet should be mostly milk, oatmeal gruels, stale wheat bread toasted, graham crackers, baked potato and soft-boiled occasionally.

FLANNEL BANDS.—Are the little knit bands, that tie on the side or those that lap through as good as flannel bands?

———, Pickford, Mich.

A.—I think flannel bands are preferable.

ECZEMA.—My seven-months-old baby has one tooth, also has eczema all over her body. The stools are greenish and jelly like, not relieved by castor oil. Does the teething or the eczema cause the green stools, and are they dangerous? Please suggest remedy for eczema.

MRS. L. M., Whitby, W. Va.

A.—The teething probably causes the green stools, but there must be a hyperacidity of all secretions. Give baby lime-water in food, three tablespoonfuls a day. Give teaspoonful doses of milk of magnesia often enough to keep bowels regular. There are a great many kinds of eczema, but should sponge off parts affected with Dakins' solution, then apply a little sulphur ointment. If the sulphur ointment does not seem to agree, apply a little oxide of zinc ointment.

ANEMIA AND MALNUTRITION.—My five-year-old baby daughter does not seem well; no appetite, pale, thin, blotches come out on tongue occasionally, seems nervous, sleeps with eyes partly open, has vomiting spells quite often, and complains of her stomach hurting her. She swallowed a penny when about two years old. Would this cause the trouble?

MRS. F. M. M., Salt Lake City, Utah.

A.—Do not think the penny would cause any annoyance, but the X-ray examination would eliminate it from consideration. This seems to be a case of anemia and malnutrition, and would suggest an outdoor life as much as possible, careful, nutritious diet, milk, broths, soft-boiled eggs. Should give her Neoferrum, or Peptomangan (Gude's), in teaspoonful doses, three times a day, after meals.

RICKETS, RUPTURE.—My baby sweats on head and body if room is warm. Does this indicate rickets? (b) How can I tell if baby is ruptured?

MRS. J. C. R., Haigler, Nebr.

A.—No, this does not indicate rickets. (b) If baby is ruptured you will notice a protrusion or bunch at navel or on either side lower down, especially if baby coughs or cries.

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINTED FROM PAGE 10.)

I am the mother of three healthy babies, five, three and one and one-half years old. Elmer is the baby, and I have my hands full, as I do all my sewing and housework and part of the washing, and I have time to crochet.

Mrs. Moxley, I'll tell you another way to break babies from sucking their fingers. Take a piece of cardboard, cut hole in center and put arm through it, fastening it at the elbow. Cardboard should be large enough so the arm cannot be bent to get the fingers to the mouth.

I would like to hear from some of the sisters.

OWEETER NIXON.

MILTON, OREGON.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

That's what most of you are. One sister gave me a most uncomfortable feeling a few months ago when she wrote that she refused to shake hands with the farmer's wife who helped her husband with the outside work. I had my hand extended for a good old-fashioned greeting and she passed me right up because I do a little work outdoors. I've never broken down my health by doing heavy work but I pile brush when my husband is clearing timber, and I have shocked an acre and a half of hay a few times, but my main job this spring is driving the tractor while my husband plows or levels. When I have to spend most of my days outside he is always ready and willing to help me with the meals. That way we save the expense of a hired man and I get exercise.



BETTY MAY RUHBERG.

I have two boys going to school and a little girl 'most three. I am sending her picture taken just before Christmas. Her birthday was May 16. Her name is Betty May and she has dark eyes and eyebrows and light hair, a rare combination.

Now a word concerning the topography and products of this section of the United States. I live in a narrow valley among the foothills of the Blue Mountains in northeastern Oregon. The south fork of the Walla Walla runs down our valley and abounds in trout and salmon in season. It is said that our river has as much drop in six miles as the Mississippi River has from St. Louis to the Gulf of Mexico. Regarding the products, we raise the biggest apples than can be grown. Most people in the Middle States and in the East and even in California, have no conception of what first-grade Oregon or Washington apples look like. We also raise fine large prunes, not to mention pears, peaches and every kind of berry. The foothills are covered with wheat and lots of the bottom land is in alfalfa.

When I visit folks I like to go and spend the day so this accounts for a lengthy letter.

Good by, MARY E. RUHBERG.

ALLEN, MISS.

DEAR MRS. W. AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for only a short time but in that short time I have learned enough to know that Pearl Vesey knew what she was saying when she stated that the COMFORT sisters had "golden hearts." Isn't it wonderful that so many people, scattered all over the United States, can have such a sisterly spirit?

I live on a farm and have two little girls and one baby boy. There was never one who liked farm life better than I, and it keeps me busy. I do all my work. In canning season I can everything possible from my garden, as well as making and caring for the garden, besides my sewing, housecleaning and washing.

Just now I am making a bedroom set, consisting of spread, bolster cover, table runner, scarf for the mantelpiece, chair back cover and window curtains. Also a dining-room set consisting of serving table cover, dining table cover and curtains for inside of closet door. These are made of flour sacks. This is how I do it. I pull threads in order to cut straight and hem all edges with tiny hem on fingers, in running stitches of No. 100 thread. Fagot these together with No. 10 crochet thread or fine thread doubled. Fagoting is like thornstitching (brier stitching) but instead of working on top of goods, catch the edge of each hem. This makes a dainty insertion. After putting together enough sacks to form the article wanted I fagot on a colored border on which applique two red cherries, made of red gingham, two small green leaves and stems made of green thread. In the center of each dining-room piece I appliqued three red apples, two green leaves of gingham and stems of green. It takes a long time to save enough sacks and if any of you feel so disposed I'd like to have you send me a sack. This is the way I remove the letters from the sacks: Roll in good lye soap, put in enough cold water to cover and pour boiling water over them. Cover pail and let soak and steam. Rub, boil and then rinse well.

Your devoted sister, MRS. W. E. WEEKS.

AUBURN, CALIF.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND ALL OF COMFORT SISTERS:

May I come in if I promise not to stay very long? I am a brunette, blue eyed, five feet, six inches tall and weigh 152 pounds. (What can I do to reduce?) I am plump but not fat, but muscular. Have brown, wavy hair and am nineteen years old. I am enclosing a picture of myself and would like to see it in COMFORT.

At first, like all young girls, I read only the stories, recipes and Uncle Charlie's letters, but later I learned that the subjects discussed in the Sisters' Corner were helpful and very interesting.

I will tell you what I did to make my room look new. The bed, table, dresser and footstool were of a maple color. I decided to make the room lighter in color so I scraped off the old varnish and then used sandpaper to make the surface smooth. Then I applied two coats of ivory enamel. It took heaps of pains and patience but it certainly is worth while. There are three French windows and a French door in my room, with the glass marked off in eight panes each, and two other doors, one leading to the other bedroom and the other leading to the front porch, with the upper half of glass. I made "half" curtains for all the windows out of a cream-colored crepe material, and placed them on rods. I crocheted a piece for the outside (glass) door. There is a built in box along two sides of my room which contains shelves for sewing materials, etc. I pasted some flowered wall paper on these and the appearance was much improved. The large wardrobe, desk chair and desk were not varnished. I thought they looked better in the natural maple color. I placed a square mirror in the center of a table and now it resembles an expensive dressing set. I will appreciate letters from the cousins and sisters.

With best wishes to all, MISS EVA M. FERRY.

Sorry, Eva, but a snapshot doesn't reproduce well, so I've pasted your picture in the upper right-hand corner of my COMFORT Sisters' Album, on page 94. You don't mind if I keep it, do you? —Ed.

BATESVILLE, 143 S. Park Ave., IND.

GREETINGS TO OUR DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND THE GREAT COMFORT SISTERHOOD:

I have been waiting for someone to tell us about their COMFORT Kodak Album, as no one seems to own one I will tell you about mine—and then the rest of you will want one also. I am fortunate enough to have COMFORT pen friends in a number of different states, and they, like myself, find great pleasure in taking pictures and we have exchanged "shots" until now not even Henry Ford could afford to purchase my collection. It contains views from far-away Oregon, interesting New York, some fine Western ranch views, not mentioning all the good-looking and smiling faces of the COMFORT folks themselves.

I'm glad we have a COMFORT Sisters' Corner pin. To be sure we will see Mrs. Wilkinson safely through since she went ahead and launched a pin for us.

Have you begun to think about spring housecleaning? It's time for it. Albert A. Rand offers some seasonable advice to us. He says, "Perhaps it's quite a long time since some of our homes have had a thorough cleaning and now that the spring season is here, it is well that we remove some of the rubbish and make room for bright new goods. There's worry, for instance. Isn't there a little of that knocking around your house somewhere, getting under foot and tripping you up every once in a while, just often enough to keep you from being perfectly happy? Then that's one thing that ought to be slated for the ash can right away. A good soap that will remove the stain of worry is Sunshine Soap. It does the work neatly and quickly. Then perhaps there are some of the last year's mistakes and failures lying around, ready to bob up into your face and taunt you the minute you begin to think of something. 'Ha! so you're going after that thing again, are you?' they'll sneer. 'Remember you tried that last year and it didn't work. You can't do anything along that line again. No use to try.' Yes, last year's failures and the memory of them certainly belong with the garbage. If any traces of them refuse to come off readily you'll find that liberal applications of the 'spirit of success' will banish them completely. There's another clutterer of some of your houses that is going to be harder to clean out perhaps than many of the others, yet it certainly needs to go, for it has no part in the well-kept house. That's the sting of those thoughtless words that somebody let fall and the hard feeling they caused. Maybe the one who uttered them didn't mean them and maybe she did, but whether or no, you can't feel right until their memory has been eradicated. And if you want a good eradicator, try the balm of forgiveness, applied freely. It will remove every stain if you apply it full strength. It costs a great deal, sometimes, but it's worth all it costs."

Right along with these thoughts we might also remember:

"Nothing gained by worrying,
By hurrying, by scurrying,
With fretting and with flurrying
The temper's often lost;
And in pursuit of some small prize,
We rush ahead and are not wise,
And find the unwonted exercise
A fearful price has cost."

It's time to go to work and stop visiting so
Good by and good wishes,
MISS EDNA STOCKINGER.

Thanks, Miss Edna, for the snapshot of your cheerful self. It is pasted securely into my COMFORT album.—Ed.

BARGERSVILLE, IND.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I like to read the Sisters' Corner and have taken COMFORT for years and expect to take it as long as I live.

Texas Blue Bonnet, you certainly have my sympathy over losing your fern. It was too bad your first or second letters were not printed so you could have shown your doubting Thomas friends that COMFORT is a real honest-to-goodness paper all the way through. I just want to say right here if there is anyone who doubts about the people getting wheel chairs, that I know for a fact that COMFORT does give wheel chairs as I helped get subscriptions for a little crippled cousin of ours, and he received a fine wheel chair.

Lena, I wish I knew some way to help you in your trouble, but all I can say is to go to the One who is ever ready to help us in our trouble. I am a firm believer in prayer and if you will put your trust in the Heavenly Father and ask him each day to give you strength and wisdom to show you how to overcome this fault of your husband, that He will do it. Try to steal away somewhere alone when you are tired and discouraged, and tell God about it. I like that old song, "What a Friend We Have in Jesus." I shall remember you in my prayers.

I will give you a pen picture of myself. Am five feet, two inches tall, weigh about 150, brown hair, brown eyes and neither a fright nor a beauty. Age between thirty-five and forty. Have been married seventeen years to one of the best of men. We are still all in all to each other.

Love to all. MRS. CECIL BROWN.

ARKANSAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND CONTRIBUTORS TO THE CORNER:

Sitting here in deep meditation, after reading the many splendid letters of the corner, I feel that the efforts of Mrs. Wilkinson and the sisters, through the medium of COMFORT, are directly instrumental in bringing about better conditions in our homes, by helping to clear up clouded domestic skies by the cheery, helpful letters that fill the Sisters' Corner. Hats off and Godspeed to you in the great work you are doing. My enthusiasm for an ideal home has arisen to the point that I'm begging Mrs. Wilkinson to grant me admittance for a few minutes so that I might be helpful to some by calling attention to one of my home environments which, if remedied, would make my life more pleasant. As it is I cannot say this.

To begin with, I am musically inclined, having taught music, like good literature and try to cultivate the art of entertaining. On the other hand, my husband, an accomplished musician, seems to abhor the idea of our even trying to play together; as a result, although being supplied with several instruments, our home is almost destitute of music which is disappointing to me, as I find the experience and accomplishments I had attained, are gradually slipping away from me. If I say, "John, get your violin (or cornet) and let's run over the music I received today," the reply is, "Oh, that junk is not fit to listen to," or, "I don't feel like playing." I hope there are no similar cases, and while we do not clash at all, I feel that we are failures in this particular thing.

In conclusion, I think everyone should try to be considerate and congenial toward each other, along the lines that help to make the home a more cheerful and delightful place in which to live.

A LUMBER JACK.

THOMASVILLE, R. R. 3, NO. CAR.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for many years and like the Sisters' Corner. I've wanted to write for a long time, but, like many others, lacked confidence.



EVELYN GWENDOLINE CLODFELTER.

I have been an orphan ever since an infant. Married young and we have had many misfortunes, but prayers made every cloud wear a rainbow. Let us all pray more.

I am the mother of two children, a boy three years old and the baby, Evelyn Gwendoline, whose picture I am sending. She is eighteen months old but large for that age.

I never had the privileges when I was a girl that the girls of today have. Some have too much freedom. I think mothers should be more strict.

I have enjoyed this little visit and now I must go. God bless you all.

CHEERFULNESS.

Cheerfulness.—A daughter like Baby Evelyn would make the most unfortunate person in the world cheerful. She has beautiful eyes, as well as the dearest little nose and mouth and ever so many dimples.—Ed.

CICERO, ILL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Will you allow a lonely soul to come into your wonderful circle? I have been reading COMFORT for years but have never dared to intrude. But having read a letter by "A Marine's Wife," I felt I must take a chance. I am thirty years old, brunette, five feet, three inches tall and weigh 150 pounds. Am married ten years and heartbroken over the fact that God has denied me the greatest gift of Life. In my lonesomeness I have turned to adoring and crooning over the babies of my friends and relatives and am very happy when the little youngsters say, "I like Auntie Vosie," (Rose.) Another of my hobbies is in doing all I can for our disabled boys. I am a member of the world-wide known Women's Relief Corps and am proud of the work that is done by the different corps over the entire country. My heart

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

Love Will Find the Way

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

which will electrify you both. There is nothing but good—all good. I ought to be the happiest girl in the world, and should be, but for the shadow that must ever rest upon my dear grandmother's life. I wish you would tell her, for me, that nothing under heaven could ever change my love for her. Under all circumstances, she is my more than mother, who must be first in my heart forever.

"Ever gratefully and lovingly yours,

"MARIAN."

She despatched a messenger with it; then, with her hand clasped in that of her mother, she sat down to await the return of Mr. Underwood.

It was not long. They had barely begun to consider what their action had best be toward Paul Reade, influenced, as it must be, by their affection for his unhappy mother, when a servant came to request that Marian should join Mr. Underwood in the drawing-room.

She left her mother and went down at once, but in the hall Underwood met her.

"June is waiting for you in the library, little one. Will you go in at once?"

Every particle of blood forsook her cheeks. She lifted her eyes to his, and swift tears filled them. A violent trembling seized her; but after a moment of such deep emotion she shook it off, and answered bravely, if a trifle tremulously:

"Yes; I will see him at once."

He bent forward and kissed her lightly on the brow.

"God give you strength!" he whispered.

He led her to the library, and softly opened the door. He closed it behind her just as gently, and with something of the feeling that oppresses one when a wife is left alone for the last time with her lifeless husband, he walked noiselessly away.

And Marian was alone with June.

She stood there with downcast eyes, never lifting them, and yet feeling his presence there, and he stood grasping the high back of a chair, steeling every nerve against his own inclinations, lest he rush toward her and clasp her to his aching bosom.

He was trembling from head to foot. A terrible rush of emotion swept over him, and he dared not speak until he had again obtained the mastery.

And then, when his heart was again subservient to his will, he crossed the floor and stood before her. She had not heard his footsteps, and yet she felt the near approach. She feared to lift her eyes. She dared not attempt to speak lest her voice fail her.

And then she felt the close clasp of his fingers—June's fingers—upon her own! She felt a thrill pass to the very center of her heart! And then his voice—June's dear voice—spoke to her. The words were ordinary enough, and the voice stiff and dull, but she knew the effort it cost him.

"Marian," he said indescribably, "there is much for which I must ask your forgiveness. How shall I do it?"

Dull as the first sentence was, softly as the second was spoken, the agony of heart was in them both. She caught the fingers that held hers swiftly, and lifted her eyes to his.

"Oh, June," she cried, "can't you understand that there can never be any talk of forgiveness between you and me? The past is dead and buried beyond resurrection, but at least there can be no bitterness in either heart against the other. You have come for an eternal farewell. Let us speak it as quickly as possible."

The tone was strained and choked. She had withdrawn her hand, as if she could bear contact with him no longer, and he passed his hand across his brow wearily, clearing it of the cold moisture that had gathered there.

He did not even hear the close of her speech, apparently, for without taking note of it, he said, miserably:

"And there are things of which *you* need forgiveness, Marian. Could you not have trusted me a little more, dear? Could you not have understood that nothing could have come between you and me? Did you think that your father's faults or sin or crimes would have weighed a jot against your love? Oh, Marian, why did you not trust me?"

"Don't!" she whispered, putting up her hand as if to defend herself from a blow; "don't! It is eternally too late now! You must not forget—her!"

"I do not—I do not; but at least it can do no harm for us to understand each other now. We know already, and God knows! No more harm can be done than has been already. It can not injure your purity nor my honor for me to tell you that no wrong he could have committed, no matter how great, would have broken my heart from yours. You were my betrothed wife, Marian. Think, dear; my betrothed wife! Was there so little of your confidence, then, due to me? Could you not come to me in the affliction that lay upon your soul? Did you not dare trust the man who loved you with the secret that shadowed your life?"

"But you don't understand it all. Go back, June; think of that night at the opera. Don't you remember? Don't you recall your own words about—insanity?"

"Insanity?"

"Yes. Don't you remember?"

"I do; but what had that to do with you?"

"You don't know what my birthday-present was on the day that followed, do you? You had given me your love, and that was the most precious thing that earth or heaven held. I went home, scarcely able to bear my happiness, only to be told that my mother was that thing which you most despised on earth—a lunatic! I had never suspected it, and the hardest part to bear was the knowledge that you would despise me. I could not tell you, June—I could not!"

"Your mother?"

"Yes, dear. Now you understand; you see how impossible it would have been for me to face the disgust that would have crossed your brow; you see how impossible it would have been for me to hear the words from your lips: 'I love you, but we must part.' Oh, June, don't blame, but pity, me!"

"And do you think I would have spoken them? Do you think I *could* have spoken them? I can hear the cruelty of those foolish words now as I uttered them in that box. But some one there said, 'Love is lord of all.' It is true, Marian; madness had not threatened the woman I loved. Oh, if you had but told me! I would have taken you and shielded you and held you in my arms, so that harm could not have touched you. And it was *that*, after all, that divided us! It was my own brutal words, my own cursed folly, that recoiled upon my own head! Darling, could you not see that my love was so great that mountains of shame and humiliation and sorrow would have been as nothing for it to overcome? Oh, Marian, Marian, this is more than I can bear!"

He turned away, and a heavy groan left his white lips; but she caught his arm quickly.

"Good by!" she cried hoarsely. "I am going now. We should not have risked it. I can bear my own suffering, but not the sight of yours. It is eternal, June—it must be! God bless you forever and forever!"

Her voice was choked with tears, her face white with anguish.

He turned to her to say farewell, as she had bidden him; but the sight was too much for him, as it would have been for any man who loved as he did. He caught her in his arms; he forgot Anne Gordon, he forgot his honor, he forgot everything.

"I can't say it!" he groaned, with his lips upon hers, her body pressed closely against his breast. I can't say it. I love you so that my lips will not form the words you have commanded. You are more than life, more than soul, more than heaven to me. Oh! my darling, my darling, did you not know that if you but trusted, love could find the way through any calamity?"

"Love *has* found the way!"

"The sweet voice came to them from the conservatory, laden with the breath of flowers, tender as the thrill of a harp-string in heaven. They looked up. It was Anne Gordon.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

and sympathies are all with "Our Boys" and I am never happier than when I am planning some new way of raising money for relief work. Each of the 38 members feels just as I do and now that the new staff of officers has been initiated we shall endeavor to make this a promising year. My only regret is that so many people have forgotten all the promises made to our boys when they left for "over there," and it hurts me to see so many of our lads walking the streets, looking for work. I congratulate our Hoosier sister, from Mishawakee, Indiana, on her work for the boys. I have also enjoyed Aunt Sally Lou's letter, but want to say how much easier it is to get acquainted with your neighbors in the country than in a big city. I was born in Chicago and lived there for twenty years, and with the exception of my immediate neighbors I was a stranger in a strange land. At the age of twenty I married and went to live on a little farm in Michigan. I became acquainted with all my neighbors in all adjoining towns for miles around. We had our Saturday night barn dances, our Sunday prayer meetings, and twice a month our Ladies' Aid Society met at the different homes. I certainly enjoyed the five years of my farm life and now I'm back in the city again, for Cicero is only a little sub-division of Chicago, and I'm as lonesome as can be. I would like to hear from any sister who would care to write.

Wishing good old COMFORT and dear Mrs. Wilkinson success,

A LONELY SISTER.

PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I do so much enjoy the sisters' letters, they are so real and helpful in many ways.

I want to ask their opinion on a subject that I haven't seen discussed before.

What do you think of our American girls marrying foreigners?

Also another question; just whom should we designate as foreigners, those born in America of foreign parents or those born in foreign countries and becoming naturalized, or neither?

This intermarriage among the working people and middle classes is becoming more and more frequent.

WILD ROSE.

OAKDALE, TENNESSEE.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Will you allow one to enter from the Cumberland Mountains of Tennessee? Oakdale is located in Morgan County, on the banks of the Big Emory River. Mountains rise almost perpendicular on every side, and the Cincinnati Southern Railroad enters the town from north and south through tunnels.

The name of our bungalow is "Brookcroft," and signifies "hid away." A little, winding stream almost encircles the bungalow, and only a few feet away, and is a constant reminder of the perpetuity of life. A rustic footbridge is built across this stream, connecting the yards with a spring of pure water. Overlooking the footbridge are two graceful hemlock trees, and as I look upon them in all their majesty, I am reminded of the lines by Joyce Kilmer, which read:



WILLIAM ANGEL BURTON.

"A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts its leafy arms to pray."

Away from the rocky borders of the creek are the forest covered hills; intermingled with the tall trees are to be found the beautiful rhododendron and mountain laurel. When the summer storms pass over I have admired the lofty and serene temper of the mountains. They seem to extract from the assaults of the storms new beauty, and to nurture the lofty fountains that the vales below may be latterly blessed. I think Nature would teach us many noble lessons if we would open our minds to same.

As you climb the hills about our home the tinkling of cowbells can be heard for miles around. Cattle roam at large in the Cumberlands of Tennessee, and bells are strapped around their necks. Merchants carry cowbells in stock for the benefit of their customers. There are different sizes and tones to the bells. It is a babel of confusion to the stranger, but not so to the owner of a cow. When he wants to locate his cow he gets out on the mountain-side and listens for his bell. In the evening it is a beautiful sight to see a large herd of cattle making their way down the mountain-side to the homes of their owners.

So I am content to remain "hid away" in our little home here in the mountains. I helped to win the war by acting as county chairman of the woman's division of the Morgan County Liberty Loan Committee throughout all the drives that were made, and also acting as secretary to my husband who was the Federal food administrator for the county. It was a privilege to serve in this way, but I now have no ambitions whatever to hold political office in any capacity. I am satisfied to remain in my home, do my own housekeeping, and to take care of my precious little baby boy, William Angel Burton. His middle name was my maiden name. He is the only child now in our home. His little brother, J. D. Jr., died at the age of about three years, with less than twenty-four hours' illness. This happened a little over a year ago. And so our home has not been without its shadows.

The American Red Cross through its bureau of pictures made a moving picture of "Brookcroft Bungalow" and the surrounding country in a reel, entitled, "My Brother's Keeper," and if any of the readers have chanced to see this film of motion pictures you will recall the rustic footbridge and Scotch collie dog. This collie and little J. D. Jr., used to play together on this bridge. But now the little boy is gone forever. But there is hardly a day passes but what I think of the lines by Eugene Field:

"Pitty-pat and tippy-toe,
All day long they come and go."

I enclose the picture of William Angel Burton, age about ten months, when his picture was made.

Yours cordially, MRS. J. D. BURTON.

HOLTON, IND.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I am a born Hoosier and live near a small town of about 250 inhabitants. We have a six-room cottage with forest trees for shade. Am a great lover of flowers but this year will have none as sickness caused me to lose all my dahlias, canna and gladiolus bulbs and I could save no seeds for the same reason. Seeds aren't expensive but husband had but little work last winter (he is a carpenter by trade) and trying to pay for our home. I will have to look at the empty flower beds and think "It might have been."

I do not like town or city life but love the big outdoors. I like to have a garden, chickens, a cow and bees. I pity the poor city children and how much they miss in life. Even those who are fortunate enough to hear the high-class music don't know what sweet music is unless they have been in the country and heard the birds singing, cattle lowing, horses neighing to each other, the bark of the faithful dog as he runs by his beloved master's side, chirping of crickets, frogs croaking and afar off the faint bleating of little lambs and the tinkle of cowbells, even the locust as he sings out his prediction of a hot day. Can any such sweet music be wrought by man? Daily surrounded by such music and the beautiful colors of nature, how can one grow tired of the country as the color scheme and music changes with the rolling around of the seasons? The city is a continual rumble of cars and the same bleak walls the year around.

Mrs. M. T. Haynes, if you will visit us you may stay until you satisfy yourself that husband and I do not quarrel; no praise to me though, as it takes two to quarrel and he will not. My husband once made the remark: "If I had to quarrel with a woman to live with her I'd leave first," and I today am a better woman by thinking deeply of that remark. Sisters, we are all human but we women are too apt to nag. Our husbands work hard, often denying themselves pleasures for their wives and families. Of course the women work hard as a rule too, sometimes when they are hardly able to be going. I think the sister who leaves her supper dishes in order to be with hubby won't have it said that her husband went to other places evenings because she denied him her company. My experience, when we first went to housekeeping I thought everything simply had to be done up in apple-pie order and as we were not overblessed with this world's goods I did work for others. I was often too tired to even carry on pleasant conversation with my husband, and the conversation I led was business and financial worries each evening. So one night he said, "Now dear, I work hard all day which I realize you do too; when evening comes let's rest physically and mentally and let financial matters alone. Then at the end of every two weeks we will go over the books together." And from that day I have tried to be a true pal to him. We have a boy twelve years old, and a baby girl four months old. I sometimes thing hubby and I are as full of mischief and play as our boy. I believe, as Mrs. J. M. Comer, in teaching children to leave things alone. We could go anywhere with our boy when he was smaller and he wasn't handling and meddling with everything as I have seen many children do, often spoiling pictures, book bindings, etc., by fingering them, climbing into chairs to reach things. We taught our boy he might look but did not have to handle things. Neither do I think ghost stories should be told to or before children. We do not burn a lamp at night so our boy isn't afraid of darkness. I know a man past middle age who confesses he is and always was afraid after dark. When asked if when a child ghost stories were told to him his reply was, "Yes," and when he entered a dark room older ones would say, "Be careful or the 'booger man' will get you." So you see through parents' thoughtlessness his whole life was spoiled to a certain extent.

I think we should try to find good in others instead of repeating things we hear. I often think of a story I once heard of an old lady who was noted for always saying good of those she spoke of. One woman said, "I bet she would say something good about the devil." The others thought surely not of him, so they went to the old lady's house and during their stay spoke of the old fellow. "Well," the old lady said, "he is persevering."

A sister mentioned having a postal card shower on her wedding anniversary. My fourteenth wedding anniversary was May 19th and on June 29th I will be thirty-four years young. A card shower will be greatly appreciated.

With best wishes, sisters, MRS. M. H. MEVIUS.

A Prayer

"Oh, let me live the fullness of each day. Let me be grateful for the happiness it brings. Help me endure its sorrows.

"Let me awake each morning with a song in my heart and grant my voice the strength to give it music.

"Teach me to be cheerful and patient. Help me be silent when I feel wrathful or resentful. Show me the value of a kindly word, the warmth of a smile.

"Keep watch over my heart lest any thought of malice enter there and guard my words that I may not speak ill of others. Help me each time I see another's fault to acknowledge one to my own account. Make me just and let me keep faith with humanity that I may live in peace and pleasure with my associates.

"Teach me my duty and help me that I may not shrink from any sorrow or suffering I may endure in its performance, knowing how worth while is a clear conscience.

"Keep my thoughts and my lips pure and my spirit undefiled.

"Grant that I may ever be satisfied in my own little world, content in the wonder and simplicity of an all-wise plan."

CRANDALL, S. DAK.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

To answer Lena I will say that I certainly do believe in love at first sight. Nearly seven years ago I married a man I loved the very first day I met him and he has not failed me in any way. He was a widower with two children and I a widow with one child and we are all happy in our home, though it is not the finest in the world by any means. There is a companionship between us all; we play with our children as though we were children once more.

To cure those small boys of fighting, try putting them in a small room together and telling them to fight it out and that they are to stay there until they can behave or until they are in good humor again.

As to economy, I believe it is my second name, anyway it begins with E. I have learned to use flour sacks even for table-cloths and they can be made very pretty by crocheting and placing it between the sacks, with an edging to match around them. They are easily laundered.

Use stockings for underskirts; cut open the stockings, sew together and hem or crochet around the bottom. I make most of our underclothing of flour sacks.

I am exactly five feet tall, very dark brown hair, blue eyes and have a great propensity to tease.

Happy wife and mother,

MRS. HENRY J. BOUDREAU.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)



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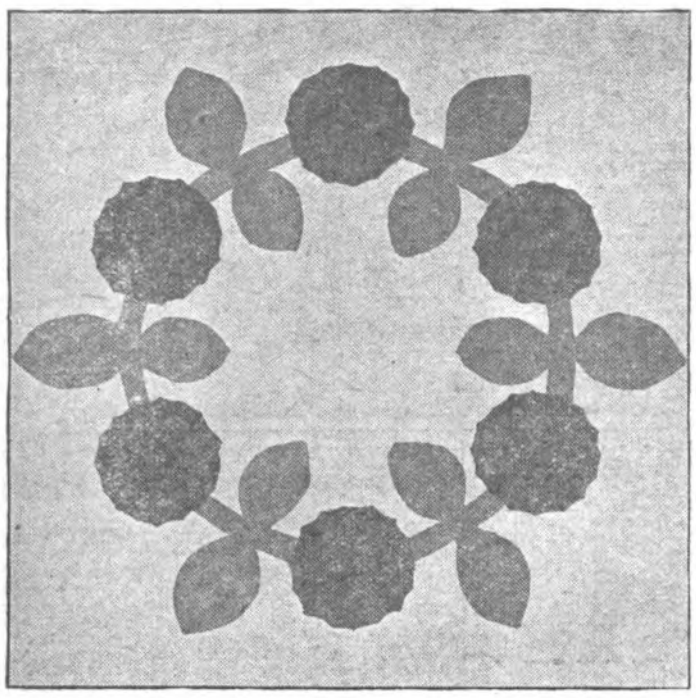
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Caps for the Baby Tots



Wreath of Roses. An original design by Mrs. Margaret Turney, Md. The six roses, with slightly scalloped edges, are of red, leaves and circle of green, appliqued on bleached muslin.

Infant's Cap in Clover Leaf Crochet

THIS dainty little model which is designed for spring and summer wear, is made of cream-colored silkatine. Work is begun in the center of the crown with a ch 5, join in ring, ch 3.

1st round—29 tr c in ring, sl st to top ch 3, ch 5.

2nd round—1 sl st in 2nd tr c, ch 5, 1 sl st in 4th tr c, repeat around, making in all 15 chains, join last one by sl st to 1st st of 1st ch, sl st to center of this ch.



INFANT'S CAP IN CLOVER LEAF CROCHET.

3rd round—Ch 5, 1 s c under ch in last round, repeat around, same as in last round and join in same manner.

4th round—Same as 3rd round.

5th round—7 d c under each ch 5, join by sl st.

6th round—7 s c on 7 d c, * ch 15, join last 5 sts in ring, ch 5, 1 s c in ring, ch 5, 1 s c in ring, ch 5, 1 s c in ring. Under 1st ch 5 work 1 s c, 2 d c, 2 tr c, ch 1, 2 tr c, 2 d c, 1 s c, repeat the same under other 2 chs 5, joining the center of 3rd group to 1st of 7 s c, 15 s c over ch 10 back to center wheel, 7 s c on 7 d c, repeat from * 13 more times, making 14 clover leaves in all. Break thread.

7th round—Join thread to center ch 1 of last clover leaf, ch 4, join to center ch 1 of 1st group of doubles of next leaf, ch 5, 6 or 7 according to how one works, and join to center ch 1 of center or 2nd group of leaf. This chain should be just long enough to make the center of the cap about as large as a saucer. Join to 1st ch, ch 3.

8th round—3 d c under ch 4, 9 d c under next ch, 4 d c under next ch 4, repeat all around joining to 1st ch 3, ch 5.

9th round—1 tr c on 2nd d c, ch 2, sk 1, 1 tr c, repeat around, join to ch 5, ch 3.

10th round—2 d c in sp, 1 d c on 1 tr c, repeat around, join, sl st along over spaces to the space over 2nd clover leaf.

11th round—1 clover leaf, then over last row sl st over 2 sps, 1 clover leaf, 13 more leaves, the 3rd group of the last one being just over space above the 2nd leaf from the center of the back of the cap. This leaves space over 4 leaves for the back of the neck. Sl st to center, join and break thread.

12th round — Beginning on the side (right) of the cap shown in illustration make 1 sl st in center of 1st group of 1st clover, ch 6 or 7, 1 sl st in center of 2nd group of same clover, ch 3, join to next leaf, repeat working as in 7th round, after sl st in center of last clover leaf, turn, ch 1.

13th round—Same as 8th round.

14th round—Same as 9th round.

15th round—Same as 10th round.

16th round—15 clover leaves.

17th round—Chain completely around the cap.

18th round—Work as in 7th round.

19th round—Spaces all around.

20th round—Scalloped edge all around as follows: Ch 5, sk 1 sp, 1 s c in next sp, ch 5, sk 1 sp, 1 s c, repeat around, join sl st to center first ch, scallop 9 tr c under next ch, 1 s c under 3rd ch. Repeat, join and break thread.

Square Centerpiece in Spiderweb Effect

BY HELEN P. METZGER.

Crocheted of No. 50 cotton with No. 11 steel hook this lace will be about three inches in width, and the finished centerpiece 14 inches in size.

Chain of 51 stitches.

1st row—S c in first st of ch, * ch 6, sk 4, tr c in next, ch 6, sk 4, 3 s c in next three sts. Repeat from *, ending with s c in last st of ch.

2nd row—Ch 10, * 1 s c over 6 ch, 1 s c in tr c, 1 s c over next 6 ch, ch 5, tr c in middle of 3 s c, ch 5, repeat from *, ending with tr c in last s c.

3rd row—Ch 10, * 3 s c in 3 s c, ch 6, tr c in tr c, ch 6 and repeat from * ending with tr c in 5th st of 10th ch.

4th row—* Ch 5, tr c in middle of 3 s c, ch 5, s c over ch 6, s c in tr c, s c over ch 6, repeat from *, ending with a s c in 5th st of 10th ch.

Repeat these four rows of directions twice, making two rows of blocks or webs. When beginning the third row, sl st over one web, making the third row to consist of only four webs. When finishing this row, ch 10 as a foundation for the added web. Turn, s c in first stitch of this ch, ch 6, sk 4, a tr c in next ch 6, sk 4, s c in corner of last web made. Repeat directions from first row.

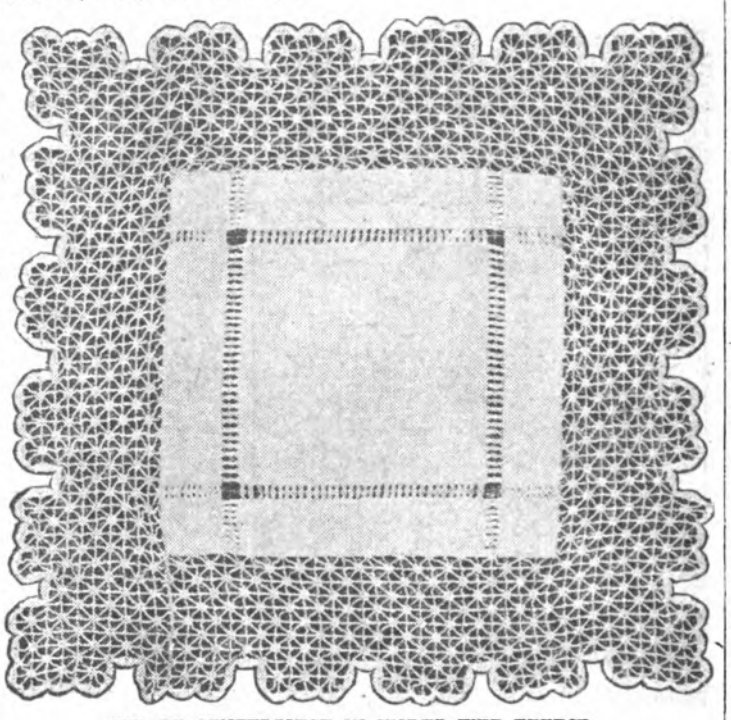
The 4th, 5th and 6th rows consist of five webs each. The 7th row consists of four webs, the 8th, 9th and 10th rows of five webs, the 11th of four webs, the 12th, 13th and 14th of five webs each, the 15th of four webs, the 16th and 17th of five webs each.

When beginning the 18th row, work over three webs, then break thread. This makes corner scallop. Skip one web and attach thread to corner of next web. Work over this last web (repeating the four rows of directions), then turn and work alongside over five webs. Make six scallops along each side (including the two corner scallops). Join with needle and thread.

Edging

Join thread to corner. In first space make 2 s c, 2 d c, 2 tr c. In second space, 2 tr c, 2 d c, 2 s c. This makes a tiny scallop over each web. Repeat around.

Sew lace to a square of linen of suitable size. This lace may also be used for yokes, runners, scarf ends, etc. The interested worker will discover many pleasing variations of the pattern.



SQUARE CENTERPIECE IN SPIDER-WEB EFFECT.

Baby Bonnet in Filet Crochet

Not Illustrated.

This beautiful little bonnet in filet crochet is of rose design, with a star crown.

Use No. 40 mercerized crochet cotton and No. 12 steel hook.

Work is begun in the center of the crown with a chain of 6 stitches, join in ring.

1st row—Ch 3, 19 d c in ring, join.

2nd row—3 d c, ch 2, sk 1, repeat, joining last ch 2 to top of ch 2 which represents first d c.

3rd row—5 d c over 3 d c (2 in first and last sts and one in between), ch 2, repeat, join.

4th, 5th, 6th and 7th rows—2 d c in first d c and last, with 1 in each st between, ch 2, repeat around, join. In 7th row there will be 13 d c in each section.

8th and 9th rows—Same as 4th row, with ch 3 between sections.

10th, 11th and 12th rows—Same as 4th row, with ch 4 between sections.

13th row—Sl st in second d c, ch 3, 20 d c in d c, * (ch 3 d c under ch 4) twice, ch 3, 21 d c over 23 d c, skipping first and last, repeat, join last ch 3 to top of chain 3 representing first double.

14th row—Make 19 d c over 21 d c, beginning same as in last row, ch 3, double under next ch, repeat 3 times, ch 3, repeat around, join.

15th to 22nd row—Same as 14th row, decreasing the number of doubles in each section of star by 2 in each row and increasing the sps between by 1. The 22nd row will have 3 doubles over 5 doubles and 12 sps between.

23rd row—Sl st to second double, ch 6, * (d c under next ch, ch 3), repeat 12 times, d c in last of 3 doubles, ch 3, repeat from * around and join to 3rd of ch 6.

24th row—Ch 3, 3 d c in each sp all around, join. This row completes the crown.

25th row—Ch 5, sk 2, a double in next, * ch 2, sk 2, 1 d c, repeat from * until there are 57 sps, turn, leaving sp between 2 points or sections for the back of the neck.

26th row—57 sps, turn.

27th row—13 sps, 10 d c, 29 sps, 7 d c, 10 sps, turn.

28th row—3 sps, 13 d c (1 sp, 4 d c), repeat twice, 1 sp, 10 d c, 3 sps, 7 d c, 12 sps, 22 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 4 sps, 7 d c, 8 sps, turn.

29th row—5 sps, 10 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 5 sps, 4 d c, 6 sps, 4 d c, 9 sps, 10 d c, 1 sp (10 d c, 2 sps), repeat twice, 7 d c, 7 sps, turn.

30th row—5 sps, 7 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 5 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 8 sps, 4 d c, 4 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 4 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 4 sps, turn.

31st row—4 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 4 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 5 sps, 4 d c, 7 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 5 sps, 4 d c, 4 sps, 10 d c, 4 sps, turn.

32nd row—4 sps, 7 d c, 6 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps, 10 d c, 1 sp, 16 d c, 7 sps, 4 d c, 4 sps, 7 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps, 10 d c, 1 sp, 16 d c, 4 sps, turn.

33rd row—3 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 1 sp, 13 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 9 sps, 4 d c, 6 sps, 1 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 1 sp, 13 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 8 sps, turn.

34th row—5 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 5 sps, 7 d c, 4 sps, 10 d c, 9 sps, 7 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 3 sps, 7 d c, 3 sps, turn.

35th row—4 sps, 10 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 7 sps, 4 d c, 5 sps, 19 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps, 22 d c, 4 sps, turn.

36th row—4 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 3 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 5 sps, 4 d c, 7 sps, 7 d c, 5 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 4 sps, turn.

37th row—7 sps, 7 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 4 sps, 19 d c, 4 sps, 4 d c, 8 sps (7 d c, 2 sps), repeat twice, 13 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 3 sps, turn.

38th row—3 sps, 19 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 10 sps, 10 d c, 3 sps, 7 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 6 sps, 7 d c, 3 sps, turn.

39th row—3 sps, 10 d c, 4 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps, 13 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 5 sps, 4 d c, 10 sps, 4 d c, 5 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 4 sps, turn.

40th row—4 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 5 sps, 4 d c, 9 sps, 4 d c, 6 sps (7 d c, 1 sp), repeat twice, 10 d c, 4 sps, 7 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 4 sps, turn.

41st row—6 sps, 7 d c, 2 sps, 10 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 7 sps, 10 d c, 5 sps, 4 d c, 6 sps, 10 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 5 sps, turn.

42nd row—8 sps, 7 d c, 4 sps, 10 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 2 sps, 10 d c, 10 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 2 sps, 10 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 5 sps, turn.

43rd row—9 sps, 7 d c, 4 sps, 10 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 14 sps, 7 d c, 3 sps, 10 d c, 13 sps, turn.

44th row—38 sps, 4 d c, 7 sps, 4 d c, 10 sps, turn.

45th, 46th, 47th and 48th rows—57 sps.

For the Edge

In the corner space of front make a shell of 2 d c (ch 5, 2 d c), repeat twice, ch 5, sk 1 sp, fasten with a single s c in double, * ch 5, sk 2 sps, sh in next, ch 5, sk 2 sps, fasten in d c, repeat from * to corner, sk 1 sp before corner sp, sh in that sp, and repeat the edge around back of neck.

Any pretty border may be used instead of this, or a picot edge may be added to this pattern.

If the turnback is not desired the 46th, 47th and 48th rows of spaces may be omitted. Any attractive filet insertion can be used for the front of the bonnet.

Cap in Puff-Stitch Crochet

Materials. White mercerized crochet cotton No. 30 and No. 12 steel hook. A cap, made by these directions will fit a year-old baby.

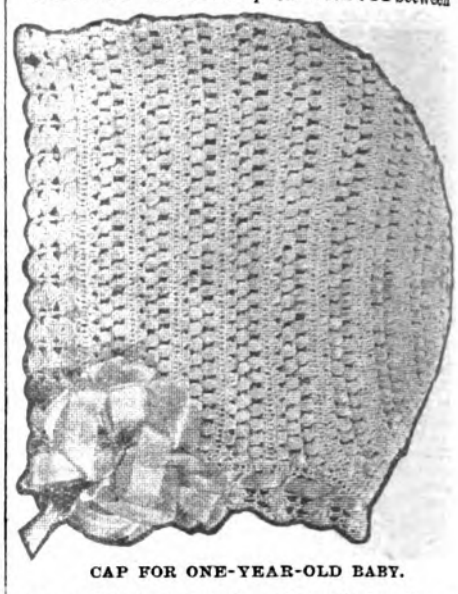
Work is begun as is usual in the center of the crown by a ch 7, join to form ring.

2nd round—11 d c in ring, join, ch 2.

3rd round—23 d c on double, working through both loops of each stitch, join, ch 2.

4th round—5 d c in first double, turn, draw loop through first d c, making a slip st which draws 5 d c together into a puff. Ch 3, turn, sk 2 d c and working on the right side make another puff in the 3rd double, repeat around making 10 puffs in all, join, ch 3.

5th round—Make two puffs with ch 2 between



CAP FOR ONE-YEAR-OLD BABY.

each puff in last round, or 19 puffs in all, join, ch 2.

6th round—4 d c between each puff, join, ch 2.

7th round—1 d c in each d c, working through both loops of each st, join, ch 2.

8th round—1 puff, ch 3, sk 2, 1 puff, repeat around, join, ch 2 or 3 as seems best not to have work drawing.

9th round—2 puffs between each two first puffs, 1 puff between next two puffs, repeat, join, ch 2.

10th round—3 d c between each puff in last round, join, ch 2.

11th round—1 d c in each d c, join, ch 2.

12th round—1 puff, ch 2, sk 2 d c, 1 puff, repeat, join, ch 2.

13th round—1 puff between each puff, ch 3, repeat, join, ch 2.

14th round—3 d c between each puff, repeat, join, ch 2.

15th round—1 d c on each d c, join, ch 2.

16th round—Same as 12th round.

17th round—Same as 13th round.

18th and 19th rounds—Same as 14th and 15th rounds.

20th and 21st rounds—Same as 12th and 13th rounds.

22nd and 23rd rounds—Same as 14th and 15th rounds.

24th round—Same as 12th round, making 67 puffs, then finish balance of round by working 1 d c on each d c, join to first puff, sl st over puff and ch 1 st on ch beyond second puff, ch 2.

25th round—One is now on first row of front, 1 puff between 2nd and 3rd puffs in last round, ch 2, 1 puff, repeat, ch 3, turn.

26th round—3 d c between each puff, ch 3, turn.

27th round—1 d c on each d c, ch 3, turn.

Continue working in this manner, finishing the front with two rows of puffs, two rows of doubles, repeat these four rows three times more. After completing 43 rows of doubles, slip around neck of cap to beginning of this row, then ch 3, 1 sh of 7 trebles in first d c, 1 d c on 3rd d c, 1 sh on 5th d c, repeat, two more rows of shells on shells, break thread.

Across the neck of cap work one row of spaces for running ribbon of 1 d c, ch 3, 1 d c, repeat two rows of shells the same as finish the front.

Finish the front and neck with ribbon and add full rosettes to the sides.

MRS. LIZZIE FREEMAN.

Loop Edging

This is pretty for either huck or Turkish towels if made of heavy thread. It is made in the length and sewed to the edge after completing.

Ch 9, turn.

1st row—1 d c in 4th st, ch 2, sk 2, 2 d c, ch 3.

2nd and 3rd rows—Same as 1st row. End of 3rd row, ch 9, fasten in top of double of 1st row, turn.

4th row—15 s c under ch 9, ch 2, ending as usual.

Next 3 rows same as 1st row.

7th row—End as in 3rd row, turn.

8th row—8 s c, ch 9, fasten to top of loop end



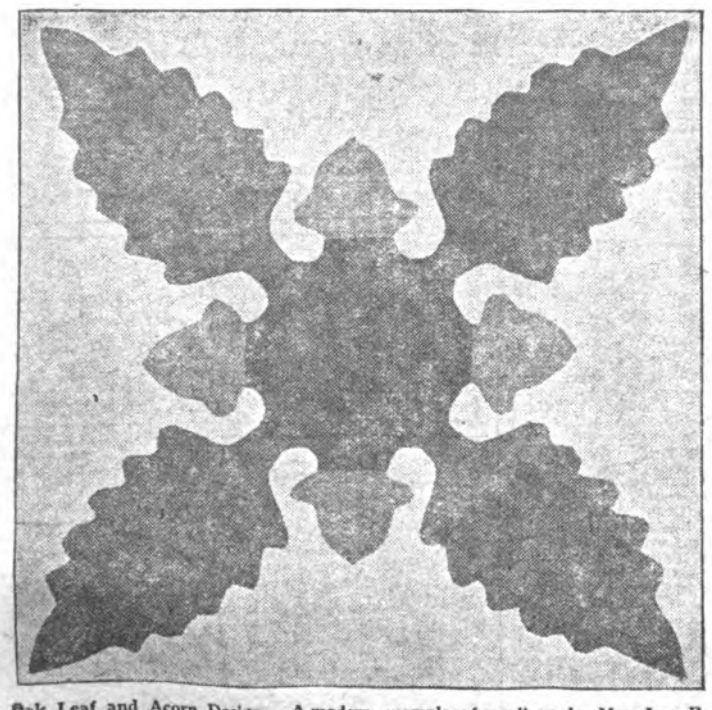
LOOP EDGING.

of 3rd row, turn, 7 s c under ch, 1 picot of ch 3, 7 s c, 8 s c under ch 9, end as usual. Now repeat pattern.

Between 2nd and 3rd loops ch 7, turn, 1 s c, 2 d c, 1 p, 2 d c, 1 p, 2 d c, 1 p, 2 d c, 1 s c under ch, finish loop.

Repeat pattern from 1st row.

Cross-stitch patterns can be worked on any square mesh material very easily if the weave is coarse enough, otherwise to copy a design cross stitch canvas is necessary. When this is not obtainable, however, mosquito netting put through a stiff starch, ironed and then pulled until the meshes are straight and true, may be substituted.



Oak Leaf and Acorn Design. A modern example of applique by Mrs. Inez B. Geiger, Cal. The center is of red, acorns of brown, and leaves green. Background of unbleached muslin.

Rose & Ivy Filet Crochet

Chair Back in Ivy Leaf Design

BY MISS EASTLAND.

The chair back as illustrated measures about eighteen by twenty inches not including a piece of linen nine inches deep and the width of the front.

The ivy leaves in the center strip of filet are a little larger than those in the side strips.

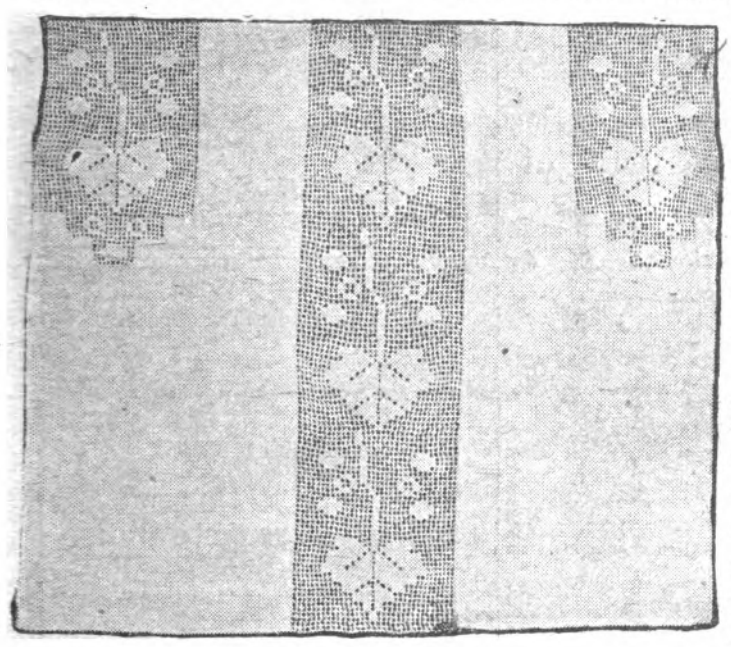
The edges of the linen are hemmed and the insertion buttonholed in.

Materials. No. 30 white mercerized crochet cotton, No. 12 steel crochet hook.

Directions for Making Ivy Leaf No. 1

Ch 105 stitches, turn.

1st row—1 d c in 9th st from hook. * ch 2, sk 2, 1 d c in next *, repeat from * to * 31 times, ch 5, turn.



CROCHET IN IVY LEAF DESIGN.

2nd row—33 sps, ch 5, turn.
3rd row—20 sps, 1 blk, 12 sps.
4th and 5th rows—Same as 3rd row.
6th row—13 sps, 1 blk, 19 sps, ch 5, turn.
7th row—6 sps, 2 blks, 11 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 2 blks, 6 sps, ch 5, turn.
8th row—5 sps, 4 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 10 sps, 4 blks, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.
9th row—Same as 8th row.
10th row—Same as 7th row.
11th row—Same as 6th row.
12th row—9 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, 2 blks, 9 sps, ch 5, turn.
13th row—8 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, ch 5, turn.
14th row—8 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, ch 5, turn.
15th row—9 sps, 2 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, 9 sps, ch 5, turn.
16th row—16 sps, 1 blk, 16 sps, ch 5, turn.
17th row—6 sps, 2 blks, 8 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, 2 blks, 6 sps, ch 5, turn.
18th row—5 sps, 4 blks, 7 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 4 blks, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.
19th row—Same as 18th row.
20th row—Same as 17th row.
21st row—16 sps, 1 d c, 16 sps, ch 5, turn.
22nd row—Same as 21st row.
23rd row—Same as 21st row.
24th row—Same as 21st row.
25th row—9 sps, 4 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 4 blks, 9 sps, ch 5, turn.
26th row—9 sps, 5 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 5 blks, 9 sps, ch 5, turn.
27th row—10 sps, 5 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 5 blks, 10 sps, ch 5, turn.
28th row—8 sps, 6 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 6 blks, 8 sps, ch 5, turn.
29th row—8 sps, 5 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 8 sps, ch 5, turn.
30th row—8 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 8 sps, ch 5, turn.
31st row—7 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 7 sps, ch 5, turn.
32nd row—7 sps, 9 blks, 1 sp, 9 blks, 7 sps, ch 5, turn.
33rd row—9 sps, 7 blks, 1 sp, 7 blks, 9 sps, ch 5, turn.
34th row—9 sps, 6 blks, 3 sps, 6 blks, 9 sps, ch 5, turn.
35th row—11 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 11 sps, ch 5, turn.
36th row—11 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 11 sps, ch 5, turn.
37th row—13 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 13 sps, ch 5, turn.
38th row—Same as 37th row.
39th row—15 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 15 sps, ch 5, turn.
40th row—Same as 39th row.
41st row—16 sps, 1 blk, 16 sps, ch 5, turn.
42nd row—Same as 41st row.

The top side pieces are finished as follows:

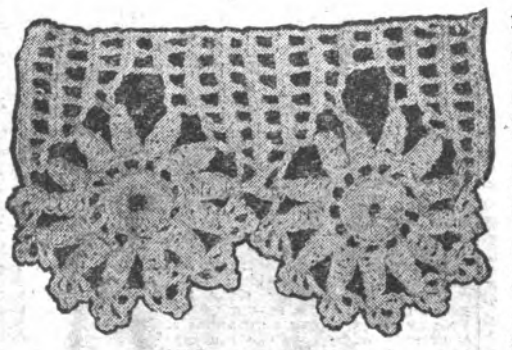
One row of 21 sps, ch 5, turn.
2nd row—5 sps, 2 blks, 7 sps, 2 blks, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.
3rd row—4 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.
4th row—Same as 3rd row.
5th row—Same as 2nd row.
6th row—21 sps, sl st over 6 sts, ch 5.
7th row—9 sps, ch 3, turn.
8th row—3 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.
9th row—2 sps, 5 blks, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.
10th row—Same as last row.
11th row—Same as 8th row.
12th row—9 sps, ch 5, turn.

For Towel Ends

Daisy Lace for Bath Towel.—For this, white is used for the daisy medallions and any color preferred, or to match the towel to be trimmed for balance of the pattern.

Medallion

Ch 8, join in ring, ch 2.
1st round—25 d c in ring, join, ch 5.
2nd round—1 d c in 3 st, ch 2, sk 1 d c, 1 d c in 5th, repeat, making 13 sps in all, join to first ch, ch 7.
3rd round—1 s c, 6 d c on ch 7, fasten to 2nd double, repeat.
With color ch 16, turn.
2nd row—16 singles on ch, ch 3. Join to petal of daisy.
3rd row—Ch 2, 1 d c on 3rd single, 7 more spaces.
4th row—3 s c in each of 6 sps, ch 3, join to next petal.
5th row—Ch 2, 1 d c, 3 more spaces.
6th row—3 s c over 4 sps, ch 3, join to petal.
7th row—4 sps.
8th row—3 s c over 2 sps, ch 5.
9th row—2 sps.
10th row—3 s c over 2 sps, ch 5, join to next petal.



DAISY LACE FOR BATH TOWELS.

11th row—Ch 5, 1 d c on ch, ch 2, 1 d c, 2 more sps.
12th row—3 s c over 4 sps, ch 5, join to petal, ch 5.
13th row—6 sps.
14th row—S c over 6 sps, ch 5, join to petal, ch 5.
15 row—8 sps.
16th row—Singles over sps, ch 3.
17th row—Join to petal of 2nd daisy, 8 sps.
18th row—Singles over 6 sps, ch 3, join to petal.
19th row—Same as 5th row.
Repeat pattern, leaving free petals on each daisy.

Edge

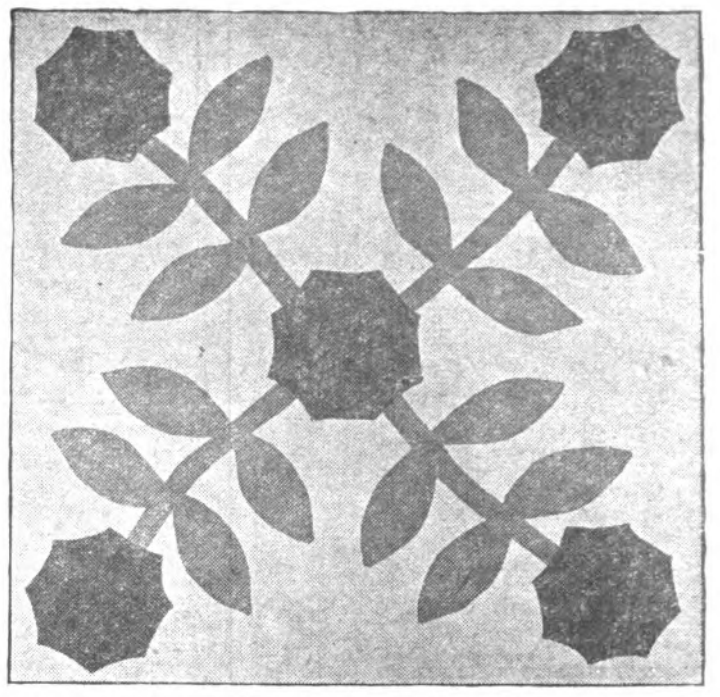
After finishing last row with singles over 8 spaces, ch 3, shell of 1 d c, ch 1, 1 d c, ch 1, 1 d c, ch 1, 1 d c in end of first free petal, repeat shell on each petal. Work singles in spaces in end of two rows between daisies, ch 3, repeat shells around each daisy.

Rose Filet Insertion

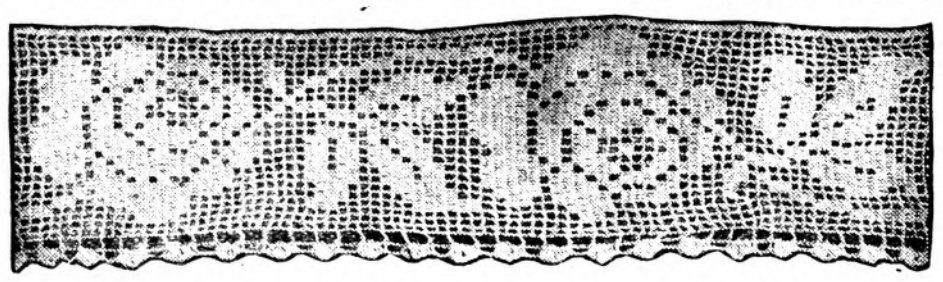
This beautiful pattern can be used in ways too numerous to mention, and be made with either coarse or white crochet cotton, whichever suits one's purpose best.

Begin with ch 75 sts.
1st row.—23 sps, finishing with 2 d c, ch 3.
2nd row.—1 d c on d c, 19 sps, 1 blk (4 d c), 3 sps, ch 5, turn.
3rd row.—3 sps, 1 blk, 19 sps, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.
4th row.—Same as 2nd row.
5th row.—3 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 4 blks, 10 sps, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.
6th row.—5 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 6 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.
7th row.—4 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 12 blks, 4 sps, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.
8th row.—3 sps, 13 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.
9th row.—5 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 12 blks, 3 sps, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.
10th row.—4 sps, 5 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, ch 5, turn.
11th row.—5 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 7 sps, 2 d c, ch 5, turn.
12th row.—4 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 6 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.
13th row.—4 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 4 sps, 5 blks, 3 sps, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.
14th row.—2 sps, 5 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.
15th row.—2 sps, 7 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 2 sps, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.
16th row.—3 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 4 blks, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.
17th row.—2 sps, 10 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 5 sps, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.
18th row.—4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 4 blks, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.
19th row.—3 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 2 d c, ch 5, turn.
20th row.—4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 d c, ch 5, turn.
21st row.—5 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 d c, ch 5, turn.
22nd row.—5 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp 1 blk, 1 sp, 4 blks, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.
23rd row.—6 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.
24th row.—7 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 8 sps, ch 5, turn.
25th row.—8 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 8 sps, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.
26th row.—10 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 9 sps, ch 3, turn.
27th row.—13 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.
28th row.—4 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 14 sps, ch 5, turn.
29th row.—15 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.
30th row.—6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 14 sps, ch 5, turn.
31st row.—3 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 5 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.
32nd row.—5 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 10 blks, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.
33rd row.—3 sps, 5 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.
34th row.—4 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 7 blks, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.
35th row.—6 sps, 4 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.
36th row.—3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 12 sps, ch 5, turn.
37th row.—8 sps, 5 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.
38th row.—3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 4 blks, 6 sps, ch 5, turn.
39th row.—5 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.
40th row.—2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.
41st row.—3 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.
42nd row.—2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 5 blks, 3 sps, 7 blks, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.
43rd row.—3 sps, 5 blks, 6 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.
44th row.—2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 2 blks, 10 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.
45th row.—3 sps, 1 blk, 11 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.
46th row.—2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 12 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.
47th row.—20 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.
48th row.—2 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 4 blks, 11 sps, ch 5, turn. This row is the same as the 5th row, only in reverse order, or one copies the rose and leaf turning them the other way.
49th row.—6 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 6 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.
50th row.—Same as 7th row. Repeat pattern as shown.

A simple scallop is added to one side if one desires to use the pattern as an edging.



Maryland Beauty Rose. Copied from an old quilt block of this pattern by Mrs. Margaret Turney, Md. The center and four corner roses of red, leaves and stem of green, appliqued on unbleached muslin.



A BEAUTIFUL ROSE FILET WHICH MAY BE USED IN MANY WAYS.

New Bead Chains

At present the desire seems to be to make chains a part of the color scheme of one's costume. For this reason bead chains of any color can easily be procured. Some of the most interesting new ones are made of a combination of beads finished with a silk tassel.

These are about 30 inches long. When the chain is put around the neck the tassel hangs in the front, forming a deep V line of the beads.

A very pretty combination of color which can be finished with a tassel of the shade preferred can be made by stringing three deep blue beads, three deep green, then a yellow, a nile green, a yellow, three brown, a gold, a crimson, a gold, three dark blue again and so on until the length is complete.

A blue, brown, green or gold tassel about four inches long will harmonize with this combination.

Belfast Curtain Edging

Of ecru or white No. 40 crochet cotton begin with ch 8, 3 d c in first 3 sts, making 1 blk, ch 5, turn, 1 blk in space formed by first ch, ch 5, turn, 1 blk in space, 9 d c, extra in same space to form a scallop, fasten to first block, turn, 1 s c on each of 9 d c, ch 5, 1 blk in space.



CURTAIN EDGING.

Make 3 rows of alternate blks and sps and repeat scallop.

Mending Woolen Skirts

Soft woolen material tears easily, especially when there are nails, etc., to catch in skirts; and yet it is hard to mend them inconspicuously. One dressmaker, who has done mending in her poorer days, recommends drawing the torn edges together with silk thread and then placing underneath a piece of the fabric the size of the tear, like a patch. Hold this temporarily in place with court-plaster and mending tissue, and then darn with the tiniest of stitches across the torn edges, catching this lightly to the patch underneath, pressing with an iron slightly warmed.



Basket of Tulips. An original design by Mrs. Phil Prinz, Texas. The basket is of brown outlined on edges with darker brown. The tulips are of orange, pink, blue and yellow, the leaves of green, each outlined with the same shade of green.

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The Fundamental Principles of the Radiophone

THE radio telephone or Radiophone, as it is commonly called, is an outgrowth of the wireless telegraph.

It is necessary in order to give the uninitiated an idea of the fundamental principles of the radio telephone, first to consider the principles of the radio telegraph. There have been extensive improvements in the radio telegraph during the past few years, and it is due to these improvements that we are now able to listen each night to the musical and other entertainments being held many miles away without the aid of connecting wires.

The original radio telegraph consisted of a spark coil, a gap for the spark to jump across, a key to start and stop the spark, and an aerial to convey the electrical energy into the air. Although this crude arrangement is now obsolete, it is necessary to know something of the spark gap set in order to understand the complex systems employed at the large broadcasting stations at the present time.

Nearly everyone has at some time watched a pebble dropped into a pool of still water, and seen the little ripples as they start in a small circle and expand into larger and larger circles as they get further away from the point where the pebble struck the water. The pebble caused a disturbance in the water and set the little waves in motion, and as they traveled in all directions, it was of course necessary for them to expand. Did you ever notice that these little waves, as they traveled along and their circles widened, became fainter and finally you were unable to see them at all? You will understand, if you have not already observed, that the larger the stone we throw into the water, the larger the wave will be and the further it will travel. Still another fact which governs the size and distance of a wave is the force with which the stone is thrown.

The wave that results from throwing a stone into the water very well illustrates the principles that govern the movement of a radio wave produced by a disturbance of the ether. Instead of a stone, we use an electrical discharge and in order to make a bigger wave that will travel a long distance, we store up a large amount of electricity and let it loose in a mass. Ordinarily electricity will not flow through an air space, but requires a conductor. In storing up the electrical energy, we have such a large amount of electricity which is under a high pressure, that it readily jumps across the small air gap when let loose. This air gap or "spark gap" as it has been named, is connected on one side to the aerial and on the other side to the ground. During the time the spark is jumping across the gap, a disturbance is created in the ether surrounding the aerial. This disturbance is very similar to the disturbance created in the water by the stone and the waves which the former creates in the ether are also very similar to the waves in the water. The waves in the ether are of course electrical in character and are known as electro-magnetic waves. These waves travel at a speed of one hundred eighty-six thousand miles per second which is the speed of light. As in the case of the waves caused by throwing the pebble into the pool, the distance the radio waves travel depends upon the size of the electrical charge by which they are produced. Like the water waves, the electro-magnetic waves become smaller (of less amplitude) after the first impulse of the discharge, therefore we have a wave which diminishes or, as expressed in Radio terms, it damps. As long as we keep the key depressed, a wave train will be sent out which is shaped like Figure 1 below.

The new system of Radio transmission, which is now in use in nearly all trans-oceanic and trans-continental stations, is known as the "continuous wave" or "C W" system. The difference which is of the most interest to us is in the shape of the wave sent out. As its name implies, the wave is continuous and does not diminish nor "damp." In consequence of the latter characteristic this system also bears the name of "Undamped Radio" transmission but it and the C W are one and the same. Below we have the Dampened wave (Fig. 1) in comparison with the Undampened wave (Fig. 2).

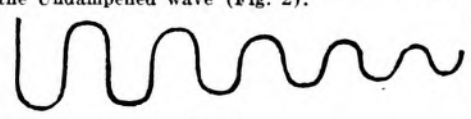


Fig 1



Fig 2

There are many methods of obtaining these undamped waves, but at the present time the Audion tube is coming into very common use, especially for the low-powered sets. The large stations which work long distances employ the Arc transmitter and also a specially designed generator. The large ocean liners nearly all employ the Audion or vacuum tubes. Any of these may be used to transmit wireless telephone as well as wireless telegraph; however, the tube transmitter is by far the most efficient, and is now in general use.

The method of transmitting speech and music by means of the Audion tubes will be fully explained in a later article. In the July issue we shall take up the principles of the radiophone receiver.

Questions relating to the radiophone, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Radio Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, free, in the columns of this department.

Questions and Answers

Q.—I have an antenna in my attic. It is well insulated, also have a good ground. Is it possible that this draws lightning and liable to set the roof on fire?
J. W., Mich.

A.—Have no fear of it. There will be no more danger that the lightning will strike your aerial than there is that it will strike the gas pipe. A properly grounded aerial is a protection against lightning as it acts as a lightning rod.

Q.—How far will a mineral detector receive music?
F. L. D., Tex.

A.—A mineral detector is not reliable for music over long distances. We would say about five miles.

Q.—Is it necessary to have an outside antenna to receive the music? R. T. L., Ill.

A.—It is not necessary to have the aerial outside, a wire may be stretched in the attic or a loop may be used if you are only a short distance from the broadcasting station.

Q.—Is it possible to light the filament of Audions with the house lighting current if a step-down transformer is used? D. I. R., Tenn.

A.—Yes, but a disagreeable hum will probably be heard, and it is more satisfactory to use the storage battery.

Q.—Is it possible to light the filaments of the Audion tubes with dry batteries? O. C. E., Mo.

A.—It is possible but very unsatisfactory as the dry cells will last only a few minutes. Storage batteries are necessary for efficient work.

Q.—Will the music be broadcasted all summer?
F. G., Okla.

A.—Yes, so far as can be learned now there will be programs during the coming summer.

Q.—How long should a receiving antenna be to receive the radiophone concerts? S. T. N., Wisc.

A.—A single wire 100 feet long is a very good aerial for radiophone receiving stations.

Q.—Is a gas pipe good for a ground for a radio set? L. S., Ga.

A.—Yes, it will serve very well, but you should have another ground for lightning protection.

Q.—Where can I obtain complete plans for making a wireless telephone receiver? A. F. H., Ind.

A.—There are several companies making such plans. You will receive a leaflet in a few days from one of the radio supply companies.

Q.—Do any radio companies sell crystal receiving sets for radio phone concerts? E. K., N. H.

A.—Yes. If you are near a broadcasting station you will be able to purchase a good crystal set from any dealer.

Q.—What telephone headsets are considered good?
D. P. L., Ohio.

A.—There are many good headsets on the market. You will receive descriptive circular and price list in a few days from one of the reliable makers.

Q.—What are some of the best radio books to read in order to get a working knowledge of radio?
R. T. U., Ky.

A.—We are mailing you a list of some of the latest and best books on radio and of the radio dealers who advertise in this and other magazines and who will be able to furnish you with any of these books.

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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

us willing to be California Sunkist at any time. I mean any time except July and August, Shirley. During those months I would rather have you scatter a little of the Yosemite Valley snow.

Shirley, every time I read letters like yours which take a hand in describing all of California's grandeur and glories, I commence to ponder why Fate has been unkind enough to keep me away from the Pacific Coast. And then, the next day, perhaps, I meet somebody who violently knocks everything Californian and I am again reconciled to my lot as a Brooklynite. Apparently California is a State that you either love much or don't like at all—no middle ground is possible. I have found that Billy is inclined to always regard California with favor because the last census showed how large was the State's Goat population.

As you are a newspaper worker, Shirley, and also a sunshine distributor, I fancy that your job must be on the Merced County "Sun" and not on your rival, the "Star." It stands to reason that one could not scatter sunlight from a Star. You are risking a great deal, Shirley, when you offer to publish our Family's poetry output. You do not know how many followers of the Muse are among the cousins. I assure you in advance that you will have to issue several Special Poetry Editions to care for the selections of odes, sonnets and lyrics which will musically flood the office of the Sun. Do send me a copy of the first Poetry Number of your paper, Shirley. If I do not read it, Billy will be sure to be able to put it to good use. As to my contributing, you can just bet all your Merced County sunshine that I could write an editorial on the High Cost of Living that would be right from the heart—and pocketbook. But I have to work so hard to keep up with the ascensions and flights of this aforesaid Cost that I have no time left to throw in any selections for your Sunny Journal. I have just paid a dollar for one dozen of what purport to be Albermarle Pippins, but I'm sure any Virginia Cousin would disdain to recognize the juiceless fruit as the product of Old Dominion orchards. But my dollar was a good juicy one, I assure you.

I hope you didn't get fooled in the election results when you cast your first vote so close to April Fool's Day, Shirley. If the time ever comes when you run for mayor of Merced, I hope it will be on the Sunshine Party's ticket and that the election will be held *Mac* 1st.

PAYETTE, IDAHO.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

I will write you once more as I did before, but I hope Billy don't get this letter again.

I live with my father and mother. I also have two brothers and a sister. My sister has been married for three years. My father owns a small ranch of 800 acres. On 500 acres of this land we raise wheat and barley. The rest of the land is pasture. Our ranch is twenty-five miles from Payette and fourteen miles from Emmett. We have thirty-five head of cattle and horses and about 125 Leghorn chickens.

This country is rather hilly and in the winter I have a pair of skis to travel down hill on and, believe me, I travel some!

I have one brother older than myself and one younger, and in the season we have all kinds of fun hunting and trapping wild animals. Some winters the snow gets so deep we can run coyotes down and don't have to bother with traps. In the spring, summer and fall we are too busy for much fun, only in the evening we can join some of our friends and go swimming.

Well, I expect you would like to know what I look like: I am five feet, eight inches high and weigh 135 pounds. I have dark hair and dark complexion, and am eighteen years old.

I would like to hear from some of the cousins and I will try to answer all of their letters and tell them something more of the country.

Your new nephew, LEO DOUGHERTY.

Leo, if your ranch is a small one, what do you call a big one out in Idaho? Your dad must own a good-sized slice of Payette County. Do you know, Leo, that this ranch home of yours is bigger than the city ranch that Billy roams over so much these summer days? I mean Prospect Park. This municipal pasture for the use of two-legged and four-legged city animals and Fords only covers 536 acres—just about as much as you plant to wheat and barley each year! When I told all this to Billy and gave him the statistics in the case—for statistics are as dear as clover to Bill—he blinked his eyes enviously and said: "Gosh, Uncle Lisha, but these Western guys certainly have the life! Think of you and me, Uncle, cooped up here and buying our wheatena and pearl barley in pasteboard boxes! We ought to do a little prospecting some day, Uncle Lisha, out along the Snake River where Cousin Leo has his ranch. You love apples, so, Uncle, and I see there's a little town called Apple Valley right near where Leo goes skiing about and chasing wild Leghorns and coyotes. And I know I should like to work at harvesting barley—when it's right in the milk. Yum, yum!"

"I'll bet you'd harvest it all right, Bill," I replied; "but I guess you and I'll have to hang around Brooklyn a while longer. Until railroad tickets get cheaper, Bill, we'll have to keep on harvesting our wheat and barley from a grocer's five-foot shelf and not from Cousin Leo's 500 acres."

And although Billy was disappointed, he resigned himself to a little second-hand traveling by studying the map of Idaho and langorously murmuring to himself such magic names as Fruitland, Homedale and Garden Valley. I think your letter has made an Idaho fan out of Billy, Leo, and that he prefers your state now to Missouri—which has been his first choice up to now. Every time Bill goes to Prospect Park for the next few weeks, he'll be estimating to himself how the whole place would look if it were waving with wheat and barley.

KASSON, WEST VIRGINIA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

After receiving the March COMFORT and reading the mysterious letter that got Bill's goat and had him worrying overtime, I decided to try and solve it for the benefit of your beloved and valuable animal. In less than an hour I believed I turned the trick, as follows: In the alphabet this mysterious cousin used to spell his name and address, he used always the letter just before the one he should have taken ordinarily. Thus, B became A, C was B, D turned into C, etc., all down the line. According to this solution his name and address of Cfoojf Hjmcfsutpo, Njmops, Op Ehlpub, becomes easily readable as Bennie Gilbertson, Milnor, No. Dakota. If this is not correct, for the sake of Billy's peace of mind try and make him believe it is until you hear again from the guy who wrote the letter.

I have not written to Bennie—or should I say Cfoojf?—as I have not cotton seed to send him—no cotton being grown so far North as where I live.

With all good luck to you and your whiskered co-worker, I remain,

As ever, ALVA W. HOVATTER.

Thanks a lot, Alva, you wise bird, for bringing your brail cells into operation on Cousin Cfoojf's letter and solving the cryptic difficulty for the Family. Of course you are right, and it seems very simple now that we know the secret of Cousin Bennie's new alphabet. But do you suppose Billy was pleased and grateful to read your solution when I showed it to him triumphantly? Not the least in the world! That obstinate Goat only sniffed in a superior manner and would believe nothing of the sort. "You cannot convince me, Uncle Lisha," said he," regarding me with an aggravating air of concentrated wisdom, "that any simple disarrangement of the alphabet would account of Cousin—— here Billy sneezed violently three times, "mysterious name and address. My own opinion is very different, and although my researches are not yet completed, I have good grounds already for believing that Cousin—(more sneezes) is a member of the Doukhobor colony of Russians in Canada and that he has written to us from some such settlement in the north. This certainly seems much more reasonable than this childish solution of Cousin Alva's letter." And Billy sniffed again; triumphantly.

So there you are, Alva! When Billy won't he won't, and what's the use? We'll just have to let him worry and continue his "researches." You know the old proverb: "A Goat convinced against his Bill is of the same opinion still." That saying was just written about my co-worker, I believe. Billy never changes his mind; he hangs on to it.

Alva, if Bill decides that Cousin Bennie Gilbertson is a Doukhobor, why, as far as Billy is concerned, a Doukhobor he'll remain until he dies—and it may even end up by Bill's insisting that Bennie move north from Milnor, North Dakota into British Columbia.

SKELTON, R. R. 2, Spencer Lake, WASH.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

I wish to introduce myself as a new niece and cousin. As I am from the state of Washington, I am a very clever clamdigger. This makes my second letter; Billy must have eaten my first one. If he did, I hope he had excruciating pains from indigestion. But I believe if you don't succeed at first, fire again!

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)

DISTRIBUTORS Wanted
Big Money For FORD OWNERS



Steer your Ford with one hand at thirty miles an hour over rough roads. Shoot through sand, mud, gravel, in and out of ruts and over car tracks. Your front wheels CAN'T turn and ditch you. Your Ford will stick to the middle of the road like a Packard or a Cadillac if it is equipped with

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Less Than ½ Price

28x3	$6.40	34x4	$9.95
30x3	6.75	32x4½	10.10
30x3½	6.95	34x4½	10.95
32x3½	7.25	35x4½	11.25
31x4	8.25	36x4½	11.75
32x4	8.95	35x5	12.10
33x4	9.25	37x5	12.25

Write Today No money now—just your name and number of tires wanted. Pay on arrival. Examine and judge for yourself. If not satisfied return at our expense and your money immediately refunded. Be sure to state size and whether clincher or straight side. Don't delay—send now. Immediate shipment.

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SAVE 60% ON STANDARD TIRES



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Cut your tire bill. **BUY STANDARD** make Tires such as Goodyear, Goodrich, Firestone and other adjusted tires at 40c on the dollar. They are in first class condition and may readily be guaranteed for **6,000 Miles.** These are NOT double tread or reconstructed tires.

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30x3½	5.65	1.40	34x4½	9.00	2.50
32x3½	6.20	1.50	35x4½	9.15	2.60
31x4	7.00	1.60	36x4½	9.35	2.70
32x4	7.40	1.85	35x5	9.65	2.80
33x4	7.70	2.15	37x5	9.85	2.90

ALL TUBES GUARANTEED FOR ONE YEAR. Pay on arrival. Examine before you pay and if not satisfied return at our expense. 5 per cent discount allowed when cash accompanies order. Specify whether straight side or clincher wanted. Order at once. Immediate shipment.

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To introduce the best automobile tires in the world. Made under our new and exclusive Internal Hydraulic Expansion Process that eliminates **Blow-Out—Stone-Bruise—Rim-Cut** and enables us to sell our tires under a

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30 Days' Free Trial Select from 44 Styles, colors and sizes, famous Ranger bicycles. Delivered free on approval, express prepaid, at Factory Prices. You can easily Save $10 to $25.



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Questions relating to gasolene engines and automobiles, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Auto Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, free, in the columns of this department. Full name and address is required, but initials only will be printed. That we may intelligently diagnose your trouble please state the year in which your car was made.

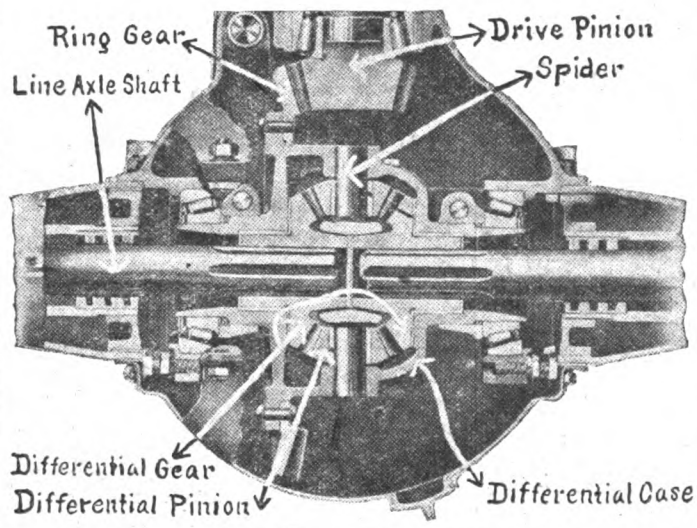
The Differential

HAVING received several inquiries of late regarding the action of the differential, I have decided to treat the matter in a brief article rather than to answer each inquiry separately. I do not wonder at people not understanding the principle as it is difficult to grasp from a writing. If any of the people who do not understand the principle will only inspect the cut-away models displayed at all auto shows, the matter will be made clear in a very few seconds. Seeing the assembly in operation is much different than reading an article and trying to figure out the operation from a few drawings most of which are Greek to the layman. In the rear axle case are two live axles which are joined together at the center by a differential. Each live axle shaft has a bevel gear on its inner end. The bevel gears are placed face to face (See cut).

Now note that these two bevel gears are connected by several smaller bevel gears. Some manufacturers use three and some four of these small gears which are called differential pinions. These differential gears are carried on one spider which in turn fits into the differential case and is driven with it. Fastened to the outside of the differential case is a large ring gear which in turn meshes with the driving pinion.

To get back to the principle of operation it will be noted that when the differential case revolves the differential pinions must revolve with it. When each rear wheel has the same traction as when running along on a straight road, the differential pinions apply the power or drive evenly to both larger bevel gears or differential gears as they should be rightfully termed.

However, consider a condition of turning a corner where the outside wheel must travel a greater distance than the inner wheel then it will



CUT-AWAY MODEL SHOWING PARTS OF DIFFERENTIAL GEAR.

be appreciated that both wheels do not have an equal driving power. This is accomplished by the differential pinions revolving on their axes.

Some of the inquiries indicate that a few of the readers have gained the idea that the pinions jump out of the mesh with the differential gears. The pinions are never out of mesh with the differential gears regardless whether the car is on a straightaway or turning a corner. The compensating action is done by the pinions revolving on their axes. That is how it is possible to jack a wheel free from the ground and have it spin while the other wheel remains stationary. In this case the pinions would revolve around the stationary differential gear and apply the drive to the jacked-up wheel.

Answers to Correspondents

MAGNETISM OF GENERATOR POLE PIECES.—Does the battery furnish current to magnetize the pole pieces of a generator? Will a generator generate current when it is not connected with the battery?

MRS. I. C., Delhi, Okla.

A.—You have opened up a subject upon which it is possible to go to great length. You will do well to purchase a book on electricity. There are several on the market. Regarding the battery furnishing current to magnetize the pole pieces of the generator, this condition can be brought about although it does not exist for ordinary operation. When the generator is at rest a cut-out, which is nothing more or less than a switch automatically operated, breaks the circuit and prevents the battery discharging back through the generator. However, should it be desired to energize the pole pieces it can be done by pressing the points of the cut-out together, which, as you will understand, completes the circuit and causes the current to flow from the battery to the generator.

Answering your second question regarding a generator producing current when the battery is disconnected, allow me to state that it will, and in all probability produce too much. Usually when the battery is removed it is recommended to render the generator nonproductive by removing a fuse, connecting a short-circuiting clip or by some other means. The danger lies in the generator producing too much current and burning up. It is a fact that when a current is caused to circulate around an iron core, the bore becomes magnetized. The core becomes more strongly magnetized as the strength of the current circulated increases. In this manner it is possible to produce powerful electromagnets, yet the instant that the current is stopped almost all of the magnetism disappears. You will note that I state "almost all." Now the point on which you seem to be in doubt is that the pole pieces do not lose all of their magnetism. There is just a little left which is known as residual magnetism. By the arrangement of the fields it is possible to build up this left-over magnetism, gradually increasing until enough is produced to charge the battery, etc. You will get the theory of how the generator builds up from books that incorporate diagrams, etc., much better than I could give you here in so limited space.

DIFFICULTY WITH STARTER.—My 1917 model Chevrolet does not start on self-starter. I have to turn the motor over with crank. What is the cause of the trouble? Also I would like to know how to mix acids for soldering copper and brass.

J. F. Jr., Girard, Kans.

A.—In all probability your starting trouble is due to a rundown storage battery. The drain on the battery for turning over the motor is so great that there is no current left for ignition. When you use the hand crank there is, of course, plenty current for ignition and you experience no difficulty in starting. Have the battery examined.

Muriatic acid cut with zinc is suitable for the soldering of copper and brass. Pour the acid into a cup or glass and drop in several strips of zinc.

CARBURETOR NEEDS ADJUSTMENT.—My 1918 model Ford misses when running 20 miles an hour or better, also when pulling in low speed with gas lever half an inch down, and when motor is running idle; but if pulling up a hill or through mud it will hit on all cylinders with gas lever down. Sometimes it runs at high speed without missing. Does it injure differential to jack up one rear wheel and use it for stationary work?

J. C., Kirksville, Mo.

A.—The description you have given would seem to indicate that your difficulty is due to an improperly adjusted carburetor. Try a trifle richer mixture. I would also suggest that you remove the timer cover and thoroughly clean the timer. If these suggestions do not help, turn the motor over slowly and feel the compression. It might be that one or more of the valves are leaking and need regrinding. There is also the likelihood of a leaky gasket which allows air to be suctioned slowly into the motor. This condition would cause a miss on idle or running slowly. I have assumed that you have determined that the spark-plugs are in good condition and the magneto strong.

Regarding the harnessing of one rear wheel for the operation of a machine, etc., there are several of these attachments on the market and a great many in use. I dislike very much to give an opinion on this matter but will state that it is very "hard" on the differential.

MISSES FIRE AND DIES DOWN.—My 1918 model Ford at times runs well for a while and then it will miss fire. I have to speed up when cold or it will die.

I have installed new carburetor, new valves and have had valves ground; have put in new rings and new vibrator points and cleaned out lead line. Seems at times as if it were losing compression, and at other times as if it might be weak mixture. What would you suggest? Also please give best method of installing new crank-shaft bearings. Can I scrape them satisfactorily myself? W. S. C., Wayne, Okla.

A.—After noting the steps you have already taken in an effort to improve operation it is my opinion that the carburetor needs adjusting a trifle richer. A lean mixture will cause motor to die when cold, also popping back through the carburetor. Regarding your belief that the motor lacks compression at times, you should be able to determine this by turning the motor over slowly with the hand crank. Are your gaskets drawn up tightly so there are no air leaks? Inspect the timer. Clean it if necessary or if it is worn out put another one on. To install new crank shaft, remove motor and take off lower half of case. You should be able to scrape in new shaft. Magnet charging article was run in recent issue.

COMPUTING HORSE POWER OF MOTORS.—I notice with regard to many motors particularly those of tractors, that the horse power is given as 10-20 or the like, and that those of automobiles as stated as 24 horse power or some other definite figure. Kindly explain the methods by which these ratings of horse power are computed.

A. O., Clifton, Tex.

A.—In computing the tax which an owner must pay on his automobile, the State must know the motor horse power. In order to arrive at a basis that will be fair to all concerned, the States have adopted the N. A. C. C. formula. This formula allows for a piston travel of 1,000 feet per minute and is as follows: Square of the cylinder bore in inches multiplied by the number of cylinders, the product of which is divided by the constant 2.5. A manufacturer may produce a motor having six cylinders and a bore of 3 3-16 inches. The State would tax the owner of this motor for 24 horse power. If you will figure by the N. A. C. C. formula you will find that the horse power is 24.3 but the States usually drop any fraction of a horse power and the tax would be on 24 horse power. Your difficulty probably is due to the fact that the state places a tax on 24 horse power and yet the manufacturer may be advertising this same motor at 50 to 55 horse power. The manufacturer arrives at his rating by subjecting the motor to tests. Due to design and construction this motor may develop very high horse power and when the manufacturer states 50 to 55 horse power he is giving you the horse power which the motor will actually develop. However, as stated before, in an effort to be fair to all, the N. A. C. C. formula has been adopted and thereby you have the explanation for the variance in horse power ratings.

HOW VACUUM FUEL LIFT WORKS.—Please explain fully the operation of a vacuum fuel feed lift on a gasolene engine. W. C. H., Colquit, Ga.

A.—The vacuum system consists of a main storage tank usually suspended at the rear of the chassis, a small tank under the motor hood into which gasolene is transferred from the main tank from where it flows to the carburetor by gravity. The small vacuum tank is divided into an upper and lower chamber. The upper chamber connects with the intake manifold and is also piped to the main storage tank in the rear of the car. The lower chamber of the tank is connected by pipe to the carburetor. As you possibly know, the intake strokes of the pistons in the cylinders create suction or vacuum. These suction strokes are made use of for the lifting of the gasolene out of the main storage tank into the small vacuum tank. The action is as follows: the intake strokes in the motor create a vacuum in the upper chamber of the vacuum tank which draws gasolene out of the storage tank. As the gasolene flows into the upper chamber it raises a float valve until it reaches a height that shuts off the vacuum or suction from the motor and also opens a valve which places the chamber at atmospheric pressure. The atmospheric pressure allows the gasolene to flow from the upper into the lower chamber of the tank. The draining of the gasolene out of the upper tank causes the float valve to lower, shut off the atmospheric pressure and open the vacuum valve. The process of filling the upper chamber goes on as above explained and the operation of filling and emptying the upper chamber is automatic and continuous. The lower chamber of the tank is always at atmospheric pressure and the gasolene in this chamber is free to flow to the carburetor by gravity as required.

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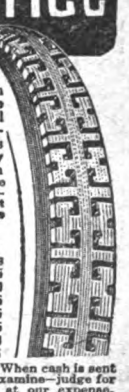
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31 x 4	10.65	16.90	35 x 4½	14.95	24.90
32 x 4	11.85	19.75	36 x 4½	15.45	25.45
33 x 4	12.45	20.90	33 x 5	15.65	25.95
34 x 4	13.25	21.95	35 x 5	15.90	26.45
36 x 4	14.95	25.95	37 x 5	16.45	26.95

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30x3½	5.75	1.45	34x4½	9.15	2.65
32x3½	6.45	1.60	35x4½	9.25	2.75
31x4	7.45	1.75	36x4½	9.50	2.95
32x4	7.50	2.10	35x5	9.75	3.10
33x4	7.85	2.25	37x5	9.95	3.25

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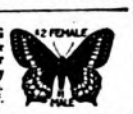


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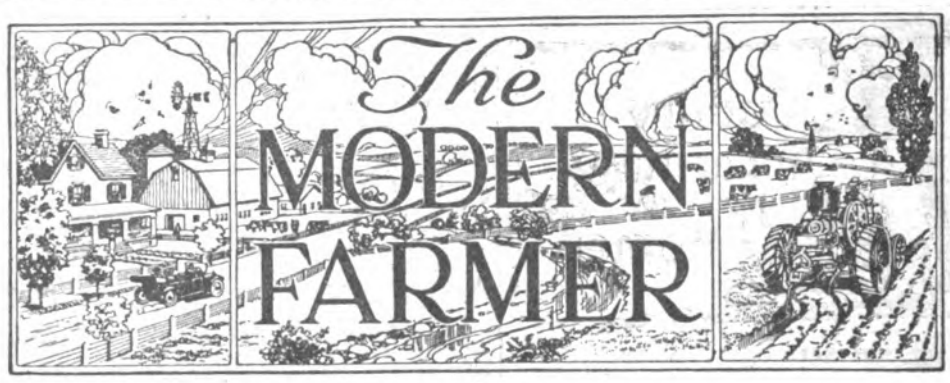
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Gardening in June

JUNE for all of us is the ideal play month of the year, "for then if ever come perfect days," with birds innumerable singing overhead among the boughs richly bedecked in their new spring grandeur of vivid green. But there are so many things to be done about the farm and in the garden that little time remains for play—unless, like many of us, you consider your garden work as *play* and enjoy every minute spent there with hoe or cultivator or sprinkling can.

Only a very little planting remains to be done in June. Plant sweet corn and bush beans twice during the month, and if the "kiddies" like popcorn (we have yet to find little ones that don't) plant it now, using tested seed of some well-known variety. Plant beets for winter use, and set out pumpkins and squash either in beds of their own or in the corn hills. Don't forget to plant a row of Essex rape for the poultry, and while you are at it set some extra cabbages to be hung in the henhouse in winter. Perhaps there is an old, wornout strawberry bed; if so, plow it up and plant the cabbage there. And while you have the spade handy, why not fix up a flower bed or two? A few rapid-growing annuals around the kitchen door and beside the front porch will gladden up the whole place—and brighten up the face of the "missus." Thre are any number of flowers to choose from: zinnias, marigolds, asters, verbenas, nasturtiums, cosmos and portulaca. Even dahlias may still be set out, but remember to set the tubers on their *sides* with the eyes *up*.

Controlling Garden Pests

With the possible exception of weeding and hoeing, the fight against insect pests of every imaginable kind and description in the garden is perhaps the most important June job. Unless the fight is waged vigorously and consistently the pests will be sure to "get in their work" and the garden will plainly show the evidence of neglect. If the gardener is ever on the lookout for pests, and immediately carries out a few simple control measures before they get "out of hand," their ravages can be well controlled. It is time and money wasted, for instance, to apply Paris green to potato vines after the leaves have been eaten off by potato beetles.

Spray materials of some sort will control the vast majority of insect pests. First determine what the pest is, then spray with the insecticide intended especially for it. This sounds simple—and it is, for the experienced gardener. But for the beginner there is much to learn by close observation, for some insects are "suckers" that cannot be poisoned, and some are "eaters" that can be poisoned. For the suckers, therefore, a contact insecticide that kills by coming in contact with tender skin must be used.

If insects eat the foliage of growing plants, they may be controlled by using poisons such as arsenate of lead, Paris green or hellebore. The last named poison is especially useful in controlling the pests that cause such havoc upon the foliage of roses. On the other hand, for sucking insects that live on the juices of plants, ordinary poisons are useless. To kill them use nicotine sulphate or kerosene emulsion. Among insects of this class are several kinds and colors of plant lice or aphis. Look for them on the under sides of tender leaves and toward the ends of new shoots where they form dense masses or clusters that are easily discovered.

Dodder Is Serious Pest

If early steps are taken to control dodder, a parasitic plant infecting clover and alfalfa, this pest may be prevented from doing serious damage, but if permitted to spread and develop unmolested its eradication becomes a difficult matter.

During the first season of infestation, dodder usually occurs in small, scattered areas or patches in the clover or alfalfa field. As is the case with all noxious weeds, dodder should be prevented from maturing seed. This is best accomplished by mowing with a scythe all patches noticed in the field, then piling the cut plants in the spot where they grew, allowing them to dry. When thoroughly dry, burn them carefully, turning over occasionally to see that burning is complete. In this way not only the plants and immature seed but ripened seed which may have fallen upon the ground, is completely destroyed.

If infestation is so general that patch treatment cannot be depended upon, it will be necessary to cut clover or alfalfa early, before seed has had time to form. When this is done it is well to graze the stubble closely, sheep being best for this purpose. Many farmers make it a practice to plow under early in the growing season all fields in which dodder has become well established, then plant to crops other legumes for several seasons.

Preventing introduction on the farm is an easier matter than eradicating dodder once it has gained a firm foothold. It is generally introduced in impure or dirty clover or alfalfa seed, where it may be seen with a hand lens as dull-coated, roughened, minutely-pitted seeds varying considerably in size. Perhaps the easiest point of identification is that dodder has two or three flattened surfaces, whereas clover seed is usually smooth, rounded and shiny.

When animals are allowed to graze where dodder grows, they should not have access to fields not infested, since they are likely to spread the weed by means of stems clinging to their bodies. On land which has become badly infested, and where seeds are known to be present in the soil, it is best to practice a five-year rotation, using corn, potatoes, and small grains such as wheat, oats, barley or rye until all seed in the soil has germinated and died for lack of its clover or alfalfa hosts. Other crops such as some of the grasses or hay crops may be used in the rotation, but sugar beets, onions, flax, and to a lesser extent certain other crops, are subject to dodder infestation so should be avoided.

Sudan Grass Becoming Popular

Introduced into the United States only ten years ago from North Africa, Sudan grass is rapidly gaining general and well-earned popularity as a catch crop which can be planted when other hay crops have failed. For this purpose it is rapidly replacing millet because it produces good yields of hay of high quality even under conditions of low rainfall, has a rather short growing season, and is able to thrive on a wide range of soil types. It is not suited to poorly drained, cold land, but on good soil yields heavily. In California under irrigation, it has made yields of more than nine tons of field cured hay per acre, where alfalfa made only a fraction over eight tons. On an average the yields run about equal to alfalfa, but the total yield is made in three cuttings under irrigated conditions as compared to five cuttings for alfalfa. Even in the dry regions of the Southwest, grown without irrigation, Sudan grass makes from one to three tons to the acre.

Although Sudan grass is adapted by nature to use as a hay crop, it is also used with success as a soiling and pasture crop. Its use as a soiling crop is limited by the fact that it is easily made into hay and fed as such with very little waste, and also because corn and sorghum both outyield it and are grown generally throughout the same regions.

In semi-arid districts highest yields are made when the grass is sown in rows that permit cultivation, but the advantage in yield is offset by the increased labor necessary. For ordinary farm purposes drilling in or broadcasting gives satisfactory results, a common grain drill handling well-cleaned seed without trouble. Grown in this manner the hay is finer stemmed and matures more evenly than if grown in rows.

Sudan grass is about equal in feeding value to timothy hay. In localities where soybeans or cowpeas do well these legumes may be grown along with the grass, such a mixture producing hay of higher feeding value than the grass alone because of the increased protein content of the legumes.

In regions where both Sudan grass and any of the common varieties of sorghums are grown, the former hybridizes freely with the latter. It is therefore necessary that they be grown far enough apart to prevent crossing, otherwise the result will be a mongrel crop that is neither Sudan grass nor sorghum, and that lacks the desirable qualities of either.

Soybean Silage and Hay

Six out of seven State experiment stations reporting on the feeding of soybean and corn silage combined, as compared to corn silage alone, consider the combination silage either superior to the corn silage or state that the former requires less grain as a supplement. When soybeans and corn are grown separately, then mixed as they go into the silo, it has been found that when the two are combined in the proportion of two loads of corn for each load of soybeans best results are obtained.

Soybean hay contains about 10 per cent. more digestible protein than alfalfa hay, but in other respects they are similar in composition. Feeding trials with soybean hay show it to be about equal in all respects to alfalfa and superior to red clover for milk production when fed to dairy cows. In certain other respects soybeans have an advantage over alfalfa, however. In the first place, alfalfa is mainly grown for hay, though to a lesser extent as green feed for sheep and hogs, while soybeans can be fed as hay, silage, ground beans, meal or fed whole. Moreover, soybeans are adapted to soil conditions not suited to alfalfa, and a crop planted in the spring is harvested the same season, while alfalfa does not yield a crop until the second and subsequent seasons. Soybeans therefore have several points in their favor that recommend them highly for more general farm use.

Most Hawks and Owls are Helpful

"Don't kill hawks and owls indiscriminately," says a report of the U. S. Biological Survey. Only a very few are thieves, though the common but mistaken idea is to the contrary. A very large majority of both hawks and owls are beneficial to the farmer, living mainly upon insects and small rodents. In a sense it is a case of the twenty-four hour day, the hawks taking the day shift and the owls working at night.

Examinations made of the stomachs of hundreds of hawks and owls proved conclusively that both are valuable aids to the farmer in the war against injurious insects and other vermin. One Swainson's hawk was found to have 100 grasshoppers in its stomach, this number representing a single meal. Near a barn owl's nest 3,000 skulls were found, 97 per cent. of which consisted of field mice, house mice, common rats and wood mice. And still the barn owl is shot on sight by most farmers! In another case almost a bushel of the remains of pocket gophers was found near a barn owl's nest, showing how active these birds are in destroying these pests. Keep these facts in mind next time a hawk or owl is seen hovering around the farmyard. Perhaps it is intent on the mice and rats that abound in the straw stack or granary, and really has no serious intention of raiding the poultry yard, after all. Don't shoot until you are sure of the culprit.

Get Rid of the Roosters

A recent bulletin issued by the Missouri Experiment Station points out the large annual loss from bad eggs, and explains that even one rooster left at large on the farm during the summer months may cause most of the eggs from a large flock to be fertilized—and fertile eggs simply cannot remain sweet and wholesome for food purposes during hot weather. Even one or two days of summer temperature will result in sufficient development to give eggs a decidedly strong taste, and a week of heat will often make them totally unfit for food.

There is small excuse for keeping old roosters on the farm during the summer, and no excuse whatever for allowing them to run at large with the hens to eat feed that might better be fed to laying hens or growing chickens. When especially valuable males are kept for breeding purposes, see that they are not allowed to run with the flock. A small coop or pen will suffice for this purpose provided there is ample shade, room for exercise, and a liberal allowance of feed and water. Handled in this way, they will be better breeders in the early spring when again allowed with the flock.

Separate young cockerels from the farm flock as soon as they begin to crow, in this way preventing them from annoying the hens, and assuring rapid growth and satisfactory development. On farms where colony houses are in use a satisfactory method of handling is to move all the young cockerels to the cornfield in early fall. Here they will be far enough away from other fowls to prevent annoyance, and the satisfactory rate of growth will amply reward the precaution.

Salt for Cattle on Pasture

Most farmers know that cattle on pasture need and use more salt than during the period of the year when they are being fed in the barn. An extensive experiment recently completed by the Kansas State Agricultural College brings out some interesting facts along this line.

It was found that cattle in pasture consumed on an average about 2.83 pounds of salt per head in July; 1.80 pounds in August; 1.17 pounds in September; and 1.20 pounds in October. In every instance late June or early July were the periods of greatest salt consumption, followed by a steady decrease until October when fall rains brought on a stimulation of grass growth accompanied by a demand for more salt.

Owing to waste and weathering about twice the amount of salt actually consumed by stock must be supplied if their needs are to be adequately met. Cattle showed a preference for granulated rock salt and blocks of evaporated rock salt to the harder blocks produced under pressure.

Lambs Need Sunshine

"Give young lambs plenty of exercise, plenty of sunshine, and plenty of good feed, and they will grow rapidly and be healthy, strong and thrifty," states a report of the Iowa State College. To get good big lambs, keep them growing rapidly and allow them all the milk they can get from the ewes. To stimulate milk flow of ewes, feed them a ration high in protein and provide ample pasture. Avoid old, bare-bitten pastures where intestinal parasites are sure to be found. Lambs will begin to eat when they are two to three weeks old. Encourage them to do so by placing a creep within their reach. The creep will exclude the ewes but will allow the lambs free access to good clover or alfalfa hay and a grain mixture consisting of two pounds of wheat bran, one pound of ground oats, one pound of finely-ground cornmeal and one-half pound of oilmeal.

What Is the Best Fertilizer?

Clover and cows are the best fertilizers, according to Griffith Richards, of the Wisconsin Experiment Station. A cow will return 80 per cent. of her feed to the soil even when all her milk is sold off the farm. Clover will do even better, for it takes nitrogen from the air and makes it into easily available plant food. Commercial fertilizers have their place, especially in regions where little livestock is kept and where clover does not thrive, but even at a greatly reduced price they will never take the place now occupied by clover and good barnyard manure in building up soil fertility, according to Mr. Richards. Commercial fertilizers should be used not as a "cure-all" but simply as an addition to legumes and manure, for best and cheapest results.

Lanterns as Moth Traps

Lanterns have been successfully used in sugar-beet fields of Colorado and Idaho for the purpose of trapping the moths of the beet webworm. In one instance reported, after three lanterns had been allowed to burn for a single night, 422 dead moths were found the following morning. Large lanterns made to burn crude oil, and equipped with a pan into which the moths fall, are now coming into use. Is it not possible that this same plan might well be employed by readers whose orchards or gardens have suffered from the depredations of any number of the worm pests that are but the larvæ of night flying moths?

Hens Need Much Water

Many farmers and even some poultrymen fail to recognize the importance of providing the farm flock with an ample supply of fresh water at all times. Unless hens are given all the milk they care for, water should always be within their reach, and even when milk is fed water should also be available. It is well to keep in mind the fact that a dozen eggs contain about a *pint of water*—and that hens cannot lay "dried eggs." Another point that should be observed as regards water for poultry is that laying hens should have fresh water to drink just as soon as they come off the roosts in the early morning, and again the last thing before going to roost at night. If water is not supplied at these two times, the best of feeding may fail to produce satisfactory results.

A Creep for Young Pigs

Creeps that exclude the sows but that permit young pigs to reach a supply of tempting feed are a valuable aid in hog raising and should be more generally used by hog raisers, according to recent statement issued by the Iowa Agricultural College. A bulletin called "Handy Swine Equipment," giving specifications and costs of materials, will be mailed free to readers upon request.

By allowing little pigs to eat by themselves they soon learn to eat grains, thus relieving the demand made for food upon the sows. Pigs that learn to eat early, and that are supplied a grain mixture, succulence, and good pasture, make faster gains, better growth, are healthier and stronger, and can be fitted for market earlier and more cheaply. Moreover, those that learn to eat young are not subject to a setback at weaning time, a common occurrence if they are forced to depend for food entirely upon the sow.

By means of simple gateways in the pens a passageway that will admit the smaller pigs but will keep out the sows can be constructed simply and cheaply. Creep gates can be placed in all pen fences that can be closed or left open at will for only a small expense. Another plan commonly used is to construct a movable crib with slats spaced widely enough to allow little pigs to go between them, but too close for larger pigs to gain entrance. Inside the crib troughs or self-feeders containing grain mixtures are placed and kept filled for the exclusive use of the small pigs.

Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from the eminent specialists and experts of our Agricultural Staff on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying.

Address Modern Farmer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Questions and Answers

YELLOW SWEET CLOVER.—I have heard that yellow sweet clover is better than the white variety, but I have never seen it grown to make sure for myself. Is this true? How is it grown? Will it grow here? Is it better than red clover? J. M. C., Minn.

A.—There is no question but that yellow sweet clover will thrive in your part of Minnesota just as well as white sweet clover, provided, of course, that the land is inoculated. The white variety is generally regarded as superior to the yellow, as it makes a larger crop, stands up straighter and seems to get started earlier in the season. Either the white or the yellow will yield somewhat more than medium red clover, but it is doubtful whether the hay is of equal value, since curing is more difficult. Both varieties are inclined to grow heavy and woody in the stalk and the leaves shatter off easily in curing unless handled with the greatest of care. For these reasons it would hardly be advisable for you to grow it instead of red clover if that crop does well in your locality.

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all lice and mites leave them. The tablets also act as a tonic conditioner. The health of the fowls quickly improves, they grow faster and the egg yield frequently is doubled. Little chicks that drink freely of the water never will be bothered by mites or lice.

The method is especially recommended for raisers of purebred stock, as there is no risk of soiling the plumage. The tablets are warranted to impart no flavor or odor to the eggs and meat. This remarkable conditioner, egg tonic and lice remedy costs only a trifle and is sold under an absolute guarantee. The tablets are scientifically prepared, perfectly safe, and dissolve readily in water.

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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

A New Breed Specially for Our Northern States

A NEW breed, or even a new variety of an old established breed, is always of interest to poultry growers, for we all live in hope of having something better than we now have, though when one thinks of the immense strides which have been made in poultry breeding during the last twenty years, it seems as if we ought to be satisfied. But human nature is so covetous that the more we have the more we want. Twenty years ago, specially good hens laid 150 eggs a year; ten years ago a 200-egg hen was looked upon as a wonder. Today, the 300-egg hen is no longer a rarity. In fact, during 1919 and 1920, trap-nest records prove that one poultry plant had twenty-four hens who laid 300 eggs in 365 consecutive days, and the following year the same plant had thirty-two hens that passed the 300 egg mark. Three of them were in the official egg contest of Weston, Washington, held at Puyallup, all of which proves that we have really got reason to hope that the phenomenal has become the average. Every new breed or variety of breed for the last decade has been created with special regard for the development of egg production as much or more than for beauty, so we all look with interest and expectation to a new breed, hoping that it will prove to be a practical realization of our insatiable desire for more eggs. The latest creation certainly will go far toward improving the productiveness of flocks in the Northwest and Canada, for which part of the country they have been especially developed by Mr. F. M. Wilfrid, poultry expert at the agricultural school at La Trappe, P. Q., Canada, who has for years been under the impression that Canada and the cold Northern States should have a breed of hens that could withstand the severe winters, and after fifteen years of painstaking, patient perseverance his chanticleer was admitted to the Standard of Perfection by the A. P. A. convention held at Seattle, last August.

The Chantecler was added to the American class, as it originated in Canada and is of the same general type as other American breeds. Its friends, however, believe that it combines in an unusual degree the practical qualities that are sought in all general-purpose fowls, such as large size, excellent table qualities, productiveness, etc. One special advantage which fowls of this variety are believed to possess is the extra small size of comb and wattles which make these appendages practically frost proof—a truly important advantage in the severe climate of Canada, and desirable throughout the northern part of the United States generally.

In speaking of his work, Mr. Wilfrid says: "Knowing by experience how the combs of our birds were the cause of such severe losses during winter, I was determined to reduce the comb to the minimum and the wattles in proportion. As for plumage, I consider white the best color to adopt. Furthermore, I wanted to produce a general-purpose bird, a good winter layer, and at the same time, a bird capable of putting on flesh when consigned to the fattening pen. To me, such a bird was far more advantageous than our smaller breeds possessing only the laying capacity, or our large breeds which to a great extent are only useful for fattening."

The first steps in the development of the Chantecler were taken in 1908, and since that time Mr. Wilfrid has faithfully pursued his ideal and appears to have brought it to a high degree of perfection, even as far back as 1918, for before introducing the Chantecler to the public, provisory rules were enacted, amongst which was the obligation of a general show to which all breeders had to bring all the birds they had raised in order to make a judicious and severe selection. The show was held in Montreal in January, 1918, and turned to a percentage of 82 per cent. of typical birds.

Then came the idea of a regular association. Over fifty members were immediately inscribed, and in March, 1918, the association had doubled in number. The association accounts now over three hundred members.

The titulars of the association are the following:

Honorary President: Hon. J. Ed Caron, Minister of Agriculture, Quebec.

Honorary Vice President: Rev. Bro. Liguori, Chief of the Poultry Service, Quebec.

Active President: A. A. Lapointe, Esq., President of the Montreal Poultry Association.

Vice President, Alb Heroux, Esq., B. S. A., Professor, Agricultural Institute of Oka.

Directors: Raoul Dumaine, Assistant Poultry Husbandman at Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa; Dr. Sylvio Lafortune, President Quebec Provincial Poultry Association, Point Gatineau, Quebec; C. Toupin, Inspector of Cheese Factories, Quebec, St. Isadore, Laprairie; L. A. Lapointe, M. P., St. Jacques, Montreal; J. L. Bonneville, St. Remee, Que.

Secretary Treasurer: Gust Toupin, B. S. A., Agricultural Institute of Oka.

Assistant Secretary Treasurer: Gregoire Matte, B. S. A., La Trappe, Que.

Technical Adviser: Rev. Bro. Wilfrid, of the Institute, and originator of the Chantecler.

With such men as this endorsing the new breed there can be no doubt about its practical value.

In the initial matings two crosses were used. In one a Dark Cornish male was employed to get general conformation, vigor, and small comb and wattles. With this male was mated a White Leghorn, thus to secure productiveness. A second mating consisted of a Rhode Island cock and a White Wyandotte. It will be noted that the hens in both cases were white, this selection being based on Wilfrid's belief that the female gives the color and the male the shape. The first mating gave a bird of a grayish color with feathers very short, closely set to the body, and slender shape, while the "head showed neither comb nor wattles." In the Rhode Island Red and Wyandotte cross, white predominated, with a splashing of gray and black. Among these birds appeared a bird which was almost a typical Columbian Wyandotte. The next year all the whitest pullets of the Cornish Leghorn cross were mated with this Columbian Wyandotte male, from which cross birds in a variety of colors were secured, some of them resembling Leghorns or Rhode Island Reds in character, but in most the Cornish type predominated.

With reference to subsequent matings, Mr. Wilfrid says: "Perseverance being the mother of success, I continued my undertaking, each year making a judicious selection of my birds, retaining only those of desired form and good laying records. After following this course for three years, I began to find a remarkable change in my flock; the color was almost uniform, the laying capacity had increased considerably, the comb and wattles were disappearing, and the birds had proved to be very vigorous and active.

"Taking advantage of the good results of 1913, I decided to make two different flocks. With one of these flocks I practiced inbreeding to a certain extent, whilst I introduced new blood into the other, in the shape of a fine Wyandotte cock, from which I obtained a fine lot of graceful birds. In 1916 my flock was so uniform, the egg yield so remarkable, that I considered I had almost struck my mark."

By 1916 the breed was considered fairly well developed, except that the desired size had so far not been secured. In that year, however, a pullet turned up that at the age of seven months weighed seven and three-quarters pounds, and proved to be an excellent winter layer, producing 91 eggs in the four months of November, December, January and February. This pullet was mated with a White Plymouth Rock cock and all the best cockerels were used on the older strain, adding to it the desired character of greater size, also better productiveness.

Mr. Wilfrid concludes his account of the development of the breed with this statement: "In short, the 'Chantecler,' embracing as she does the five best breeds of poultry in this country and bearing all their aptitudes, though exceling them in activity and hardiness, the direct results of having been bred in her own country, can now make her way in the rank and file, and prove her superiority in the poultry world."

The Standard for the Chantecler, as fixed by Mr. Wilfrid and the Canadian Chantecler Breeders' Association, is as follows:

GENERAL CHARACTERS.

MALE.

Head—Short, large skull, indicating a strong constitution.
Beak—Stout, slightly curved.
Eyes—Medium size, almost round, with a bright expression.
Comb—Cushion shaped, rather small, set firm on the fore part of the head; the front and rear square and not with any point; even surface, smooth, and not covered with small, round points.
Wattles and Ear-Lobes—Rather small, of a smooth texture. Ear-lobes oval shape, wattle almost round.
Neck—Medium length, slightly arched, becoming smaller near the head; hackle abounding, flowing well over shoulders, with no apparent break of cape.
Wings—Well folded, the points of flights well covered with saddle feathers.
Back—Long, broad in its entire length; slightly curving at bottom of tail. Saddle feathers abundant.
Tail—Of medium length, carried at an angle of 45 degrees above the horizontal. Sickles of medium length, slightly extending beyond the main tail feathers which can be seen through.
Breast—Large, deep, well rounded, prominent.
Fluff—Short and full.
Body—Long, large. (Feathers closely set to body.)
Legs and Toes—Thighs of medium length, large, well covered with soft feathers. Toes straight, four in number for each leg.

HEN.

Head—Short, small, with large skull, same as rooster.
Beak—Stout, strong, slightly curved.
Eyes—Medium size, almost round.
Comb—Cushion shaped, very small, smooth and not covered with small, rounded points, square at front and rear.
Wattles and Ear-Lobes—Very small, scarcely perceptible.
Neck—Medium length, arched, becoming smaller near the head.
Wings—Well folded and of medium length.
Back—Long, broad at shoulders, slightly sloping near the saddle and slightly curving near the tail.
Tail—Medium length, carried at an angle of 45 degrees above the horizontal.
Breast—Large, full, well rounded, prominent.
Body—Long, large. (Feathers closely set to body.)
Fluff—Short and full.
Legs and Toes—Thighs of medium length, well covered with soft feathers, shanks of medium length, far and well set apart. Toes, straight, of medium length.

COLOR IN BOTH SEXES.

Beak—Yellow.
Eyes—Reddish bay.
Comb, Face, Wattles and Ear-Lobes—Bright red.
Plumage—Snow white.
Shanks—Yellow.

DISQUALIFICATIONS.

Specimens having any of the following defects are subject to disqualification:

White in ear-lobes; one or more feathers foreign to the breed; comb that is not cushion shaped; legs any other color than yellow; one or more feathers or unmistakable indication of feathers on shanks and toes; wry tail and any other deformity inherent to other breeds.

STANDARD WEIGHTS.

Cock	9	pounds
Cockerel	8	pounds
Hen	7	pounds
Pullet	6½	pounds

The Month's Work in Your Own Flock

This is the time of year when yarded fowls need the very best of care, for they must have, as nearly as possible, all they would naturally seek if running at large. This includes, besides the grain we feed by formula, green food, meat, a scratching place and dusting spot, and grit and water. Of all these, I consider green food the most necessary, and the one thing to be impressed upon the mind, because it is the one thing too often forgotten. The ideal yarding of fowls is what is known as double yarding—a house in the middle and a yard on each side. These yards can be sown with rye or oats, and alternated so that the fowls will have a constant green run as long as the rye or oats will grow, which is until frost. Failing the double-yard system, green food may be supplied by lawn clippings, whole cabbage, mangel wurzels, turnips, or any vegetable.

Meat can be fed in a variety of ways. Turning up the ground of the yards with a cultivator, or by shallow plowing, will bring the worms and bugs within reach, or sheeps' heads cut open and fed raw can be thrown in, and this is an ideal meat feed. Ground beef scraps softened may be mixed in mash—and last, and probably the best, cut green bone.

Yarded fowls need exercise. It must not be understood that because they are confined they do not get exercise, or as much as if let run at large. The yards should be at least one hundred and fifty feet long, if they are the width of the average coop, which is ten to twelve feet. Some breeds are decidedly more active by nature than others; for instance, the Leghorns as compared with the Cochins or Brahmas. This does not affect the health of the fowls particularly. A Leghorn is no healthier because of her activity than a Cochin is. It is simply the difference in their natures, but because of this excess of activity of one breed over another, the one must have more room than the other. The Leghorn stands the confinement of a small coop ten by twelve feet in winter, provided she can be kept actively hunting for her food; but the same bird would mope and become out of condition if confined too long in an exhibition coop in a showroom. On the other hand, a Cochin, being of a lazier nature, forages slowly, and wanders slowly over her yard, takes things easy in the winter coop, and stands the confinement of the winter coop excellently.

The foraging nature of any breed can be killed by excessive feeding. Even birds with free range, if overfed at special meal hours, will take but limited exercise, exactly as those treated the same way and yarded. Exercise is induced by short feeding. In other words, no laying strain should be fed all they can eat except at night. Hunger induces exercise, whether a fowl be let run or yarded. Therefore, fowls fed short and induced to hunt for more, will lay eggs, while those overfed, in the morning specially, will sit around moping in the sun, and convert the food into flesh instead of eggs.

Another advantage of yarding fowls is the certainty of finding all the eggs laid every day, and then being able to guarantee them as strictly fresh. This is a point of great importance, and constitutes the difference between eggs produced by an up-to-date breeder with yarded fowls and those sold by the "honest farmer" who collects them every day, and cannot swear that they were laid today—not two weeks ago.

It is strange that few people except the real poultry farmers realize that July is one of the most important months of the year. The desire to have eggs in zero weather invariably compels good attention to hens during the winter. Baby chicks arouse interest in the spring, but as the weather gets warmer, eggs are plentiful, and the pretty, fluffy babies have developed into long, lanky creatures, who seem nothing but a nuisance specially ordained to destroy the garden, so the poor things are shut up in small quarters and woefully neglected. During the fall and winter I am repeatdly asked how to make pullets and hens lay, but I can rarely suggest a remedy, because nine times out of ten it is the result of blunders made the preceding summer.

If poultry is to be kept profitable, the old and young stock must have been kept apart, because it is impossible to feed correctly when they are all together. Young birds need plenty of nutritious food to push them along quickly, and laying hens must be put on special rations to bring about early moulting, which is the foundation of a good winter supply of eggs.

Moulting

About July 5th commence to cut down the feed gradually, until at the end of two weeks forty hens are having a pint of oats and a pint of wheat mixed, night and morning. Scatter it amongst cut straw or some litter, so they will have to scratch for every grain. The first of August commence to increase the rations, and keep it up for a week, so that by the fifteenth they are getting two quarts of mash in the morning, a quart of meat scraps and a pint of cracked corn at noon, and wheat and oats or barley at night. Give them just about what they will eat up clean in fifteen minutes. The morning mash should be composed of two parts ground feed (corn and oats), one part white middlings and one part oilmeal, mixed with scalding milk or water. The semi-starvation followed by the heavy feed forces the moulting season and allows plenty of time to feather out and get into condition before October, when their rations should be made up of the essentials for egg production, which are clover, hay, bran, wheat, corn and animal food.

You see, it takes about three months for hens

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

Set Your Own Egg Prices!

You yourself can govern next winter's egg prices now.

How? Simply by storing eggs away in RUTLAND *Egg Preserver* while egg prices are reasonable. In winter you'll have all the eggs you want at those reasonable prices.

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Rutland Fire Clay Co., Rutland, Vt.



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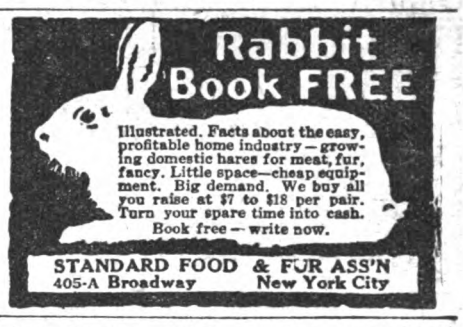
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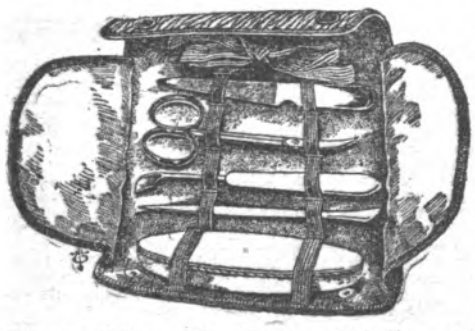
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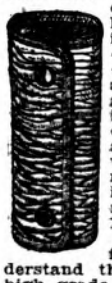
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Conducted by Cousin Marion

In writing this department always sign your true name and give your address; if not, your letter will receive no attention. Name will not be published.

IT was suggested a few months ago that we exchange our pet faults with each other and tell how we overcame them. I told you a few of mine at the time (only I haven't overcome them yet) and then sat back patiently and waited for letters. When I had about concluded that all my girls were without fault, a letter came from a dear little girl in Alabama (who said she had the best Daddy on earth), admitting that one of her faults was a form of bashfulness, that of meeting people one day and speaking to them and the next day going right by them without speaking. This is a small fault but one that causes many hurts and misunderstandings, so now she meets everyone she knows with a smile and pleasant word. She has made herself do this.

Two other girls frankly admitted that they were jealous and two-faced. That's being honest. If these faults have been overcome by any of the others it would be a kindness to tell us how you did it. Whose next?

IN LOVE, Montana.—Just because you feel "so queer" is no sign that you are in love. It might be indigestion. I feel that way after eating mince pie. However, there seems to be no reason why someone shouldn't fall in love with you, so don't worry. Worry is fatal to beauty and blondes fade early. As to the man in question, the one you met St. Patrick's Day, in case you have not forgotten about him by this time—if he wants to know you better he will, and to "draw his attention," as you suggest, might make him regard you less favorably. Just be natural and if it doesn't "take," console yourself with the thought that there are plenty of eligible men in Montana. I've heard so, anyway, and have often thought seriously of going out there. But I'll stay home and give you my chance.

SUNSHINE, Indiana.—When he apologized and you accepted his apology the matter should have been automatically settled, and your former friendliness resumed. You aren't showing a generous spirit when you refuse to speak to him. Why not tell him you are sorry you said such unkind things to him? Then you could start in all over again and be the best of friends?

BROKEN-HEARTED BILLY, Montana.—You had better forget all about him and let the other girl have him, though she never did anything to me. You wouldn't want a husband that would leave you every time another woman asked him, would you? He's a weak cup of tea.

LONESOME MOLLIE, Tennessee.—How do you get that way, Mollie? "So lonely.....life miserable without a charming husband." In the first place, no girl of twenty-two, in your circumstances, should be lonely, and, secondly, all husbands are not charming, at least, to their own wives, and a husbandless life needn't necessarily be a wasted life. If you are going to normal school simply in hopes of meeting your "loving man" there, you won't be much of a success as a teacher. I have the greatest respect for teachers, old maid teachers if you will, for their influence has been of the greatest worth to boys and girls under their care. That's one way of "disposing" of your life, as you say, though it sounds suicidal. I'm not scolding for I admire you for your desire for a home and children of your own and, of course, a husband. Perhaps it would be better to continue your school work and let the search for a husband wait a few years. In the meantime he may find you. Men have always been explorers and dislike to be found—or found out—and prefer to do their finding themselves. We are taking most of their privileges from them so let's leave them that one.

LILLIE, N. C.—If he loves you too much to give you up then he should love you enough to ask you to marry him and give up all other girls for you. He appears selfish. (2) No one ever told me I was pretty, but if anyone did and I felt embarrassed (only I'd be tickled pink over it) I'd pass lightly over my compliment and tell the complimentee (I wonder if Noah ever thought of that word?) that her eyes, hair, teeth, ankles or finger-nails were much nicer than mine. (3) Sometimes moles are assets, calling attention by contrast to the skin which should be always well cared for. Ask Katherine Booth about moles and don't do anything to them yourself. That's dangerous.

LONELY WIDOW, Tennessee.—Two years is quite enough to wear mourning and at your age you'd naturally be expected to mingle with young people and to remarry.

V. B., South Dakota.—Go to school by all means, and if your sweetheart is as good as you say he is, he will be willing to wait for you. Don't you think that he would be a jealous husband?—and a jealous husband is a terrible thing—as bad as a jealous wife.

OKLAHOMA BROWNIE, Okla.—Of the two I should think the older man would be the one to marry, certainly not the younger one. But it would be much better to wait until you were so sure of yourself you wouldn't need to ask the advice of another person, though I'm always glad to help if I can.

ANXIOUS, Ark.—No, don't take any chances. You don't know what he might dream next time.

T. N., Texas.—Why not try teaching for a year or two? Then if you still feel that you care for him, marry him and be happy. Ordinarily I wouldn't advise living with in-laws, on either side, but you might be able to work it out satisfactorily. It's better not to as a general rule.

DAISY, La.—Go to high school and then take a business course, or prepare for something else. You can make up your studies, I'm sure.

BOBBY, Montana.—It looks as if you'd have to decide on either one or the other or lose both of them. Don't be selfish.

BETSY, Indiana.—I should say he was fresh, very fresh. Don't write to the firm that employs him to find out what kind of a man he is. I've already told you, and, anyway, don't write.

E. G. B., Colorado.—When a red-haired girl says she wants a certain fellow I suppose she will have him, and if your own relatives can't make you mind I don't see how I can. I still think they know best, though.

HOPELESS CHILD, Tennessee.—It was dear of you to say you wouldn't mind being an old maid if you could be like me. I thank you even if I don't deserve it. At seventeen you don't need to worry about being an old maid. If you can't find a husband within the next thirteen years I'll find one for you. Do you prefer a blond or a brunette husband, or a lean or a fat one? But it won't be necessary for me to go husband hunting for you. You don't want to "get" a sweetheart. If you show that attitude you'll frighten the boys away. Just be a jolly, good-natured girl—yourself, in fact, and don't try to imitate your sisters even if they are successful in geting beaux. Of course it never does any harm to flatter the dear men, carefully, though, carefully, and let them talk to you about themselves. They like it.

DELLA, N. C.—Get all the education you possibly can, but if you have a good opportunity to marry you might as well do it, provided you care enough for him and he can give you a good home. You are so alone in the world that I advise this.

EMMA, N. Y.—I believe a cape such as you mention would be too old for you as I notice they are worn more by old ladies.

R. N., N. Dak.—It isn't bad luck to accept jewelry from men, but it is extremely bad taste and that's much worse.

BLUE EYES, Pa.—Are you sure your parents would object if your sweetheart called on you in your home? He may be all right but I'd have heaps more respect for him if he, at least, attempted to see you there instead of subjecting you to gossip by meeting you on the street. You won't always have your father and mother, and in future years it will make you feel much better to realize that you shared your wedding day with them. They've always been pretty decent about sharing things with you, haven't they? Think this over before running away to be married. It isn't fair to them and you will hurt them very much if you do it. This applies to every girl who has such a crazy idea in her head.

BOBBY, Maine.—As far as I know, a girl can begin her hope chest any time she wants to. If I were a very young girl I'd start my h.c. with dish-towels, sheets, pillow-cases, table-cloths, etc.,—things that don't go out of style, for styles in embroidery change as do styles in everything else.

'By. COUSIN MARION.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

BISMARK, N. D.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a reader of dear old COMFORT for a good many years and a subscriber for twenty-two years.

When I read a Hoosier sister's letter I thought I would write and tell her how I cured my two boys of fighting. We came to North Dakota many years ago and took up a homestead. As my husband was away at work most of the time, the children and I were alone and the older boys would fight nearly all the time. One day they were fighting and as I went out to part them I saw a pan of water on the table. They didn't see me until I threw the water over them. That ended that fight. I watched after that and every time they fought they got a pail of water thrown on them. As it was in the summer and the weather was warm it didn't hurt them and it broke them from fighting near the house anyway.

Do the country sisters know that at butchering time if they will grind the lard up before rendering it they will get a third more lard than to just cut it up in the old way?

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

To remove the odor of onions from the hands, moisten and rub with dry mustard. Wash in cold water.

After blankets have been washed and thoroughly dried, and while still on the line, beat with carpet beater and they will become light and soft.

The white of an egg is a good substitute for mucilage.

If greasy foods catch fire in pan or in broiling oven, throw salt onto blaze.

For dark corners of pantry or closet, paint the hooks white and save time when hanging things up. —MRS. L. E. H., Manchester, N. H.

Children's undergarments may be made to stay in place if a piece of elastic is sewed across the bottom of the leg, like a legging, and the child's foot slipped through it. Do not have elastic too tight.

Put tarnished silver in pan and cover with sour milk. Let remain until bright. Wash in soapy water and polish.

A few grains of rice in saltcellar will prevent salt from lumping in damp weather.

Before fastening a meat chopper to table, place a piece of sandpaper under both clamps with rough side next to table. This prevents slipping.

Cream that is too thin for whipping purposes may be used if the unbeaten white of an egg is added before beginning to whip.

Cool pies in a warm room. If cooled too quickly they become soggy.—R. L. D., Boston, Mass.

If worms bother your cabbage, sprinkle them with a solution of borax and water, one tablespoon of borax to one-half gallon of warm water.—MRS. CECIL COOK, Ethridg, Tenn.

To remove grass stains, use ordinary black cooking molasses, rubbed well into the fabric, whether it be cotton, linen or wool, it will remove the stain. Let stay on a few minutes then wash by usual process. It will not injure delicate materials, or color.

Window plants should be sprinkled with cold tea, which keeps the soil free from worms.—MRS. GEO. B. HARLAN, Beaver City, Nebr.

Take ripe, not over ripe, firm tomatoes and put them into a strong brine, as you would cucumbers for pickles. When wanted for use, take out and soak over night.—M. S., Blue, W. Va.

To clean dried apples, use scissors or a sharp knife to remove pieces of core. It is easier to do this before the apples are soaked.—MRS. S. STALEY, Sask., Canada.

To remove the letters from flour sacks, dampen them with kerosene and let stand over night. Wash in strong suds, boil and hang in sun.—MRS. H. D. OSBORNE, News Ferry, Va.

Requests

Wanted: Names and addresses of firms using old carpets and transforming them into woven rugs. —MRS. LUCILLE TRUE, Craig, Colo.

March, 1921, issue of COMFORT.—MISS EMILY LEWIS, Ager, Calif.

Copy of COMFORT containing crocheted pattern of Wild Rose yoke, that has mitered corners. Think it was May, 1915. Have the yoke commenced but cannot finish it without the pattern and full instructions. —MRS. O. B. MERRILL, Waukau, P. O. Box 62, Wisc.

Pattern of Acorn and Oak Leaf knitted lace.—MRS. CARRIE LA DAM, Thistle, Utah.

Mrs. Jennie Jones, Gas City, Ind., would like the Nov. and Dec., 1920, copies of COMFORT, also Jan., 1922. Write first.

Mrs. Pearl Graham, Poplar Bluff, 322 Front St., Mo., wants February, 1920, COMFORT.

How to remove iodine and other stains from ivory.

To hear from someone living where cactus, particularly the thorny top cactus, grows.—TOBITHA VARNER, Mannington, W. Va.

To hear from anyone who crossed the Plains in 1866 in Captain Burns' train and went on boat from The Dalls to Portland, Oregon, in company with the Clark family.—MRS. ISABEL CLARK JENKS, Lewiston, R. R. 1, Box 87, Idaho.

Will some reader who has a copy of Uncle Charlie's Story Book or Book of Poems which they will sell, exchange or loan, please write me. Prefer to hear from someone living in Tennessee or nearby states.—MRS. N. E. SHULTS, Athens, R. R. 3, Tenn.

Remedies

Drink a glass of warm water with a half teaspoon of salt dissolved in it, every morning before breakfast. It is a splendid tonic.—MRS. D. O. EDWARDS, Glendale, Arizona.

PILES.—Take one teaspoon of glycerine three times a day, before meals. It helped me in two weeks' time. —F. H., Arago, Minn.

HEAD LICE.—Two or three applications of sassafras oil will destroy both lice and eggs. I find this is better than kerosene as that is likely to blister and causes more shampooing.—MRS. J. W. H., Black Oak, Arkansas.

RHEUMATISM.—I was a cripple from the age of twelve until I was fifteen, from rheumatism. Now I am well and never feel it. This is what cured me: Oil of Eucalyptus, take three drops first night, five next and seven the third. Skip three nights, repeat again, etc., until relief is gained. Also rub on affected places. This is also good for colds, rub on chest, throat and head or use in atomizer.—FLORENCE HAL, Keene, N. Y.

Sisters' Circle Pin Free!



EVERY COMFORT Sister should wear this beautiful Sisters' Circle Brooch Pin—the one and only official Sisters' "badge" of membership, uniting in one grand Circle of friendship and love the thousands of COMFORT Sisters living in all parts of the world. It is the size of a 25-cent piece, gold finished, and the front is inlaid with handsome cloisonne enamel in two colors—your choice of red or blue—with the words "COMFORT Sisters" deeply embossed, as shown in the illustration.

If you are a COMFORT Sister, send us only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50c and we will send you a Sisters' Circle Pin free and prepaid. Or, if you prefer, you may send 50c to pay for a one-year renewal (not your own), and we will send you the Pin free. Be sure to mention color wanted. Reward No. 8671.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



FREE TRIAL Genuine $100 Oliver Typewriters now $55. Brand new, latest model. Direct to you. And we ship you an Oliver for free trial. No payment down. Keep it or return it. If you want to own it, pay us only $4 per month.

Write today for full particulars of our free trial offer. Also for free catalog. Then get the Oliver for free trial. Send a postcard today for all information. Canadian Price $79. The OLIVER Typewriter Company, 1006 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago.

After July 1st, price will be $65

Poems Requested

The following poems have been requested by readers of COMFORT and sent for publication.

A Woman's Heart

(Requested.)

A woman's heart is a savings bank
Where the love you deposit lies,
Gathering interest day by day
From the sunshine of the skies.
There isn't a safer place, my lad,
To bury the treasure you'd keep
Than down in its beautiful vaults of dream
Where the tenderest blossoms sleep.
A woman's heart is the place to hide
Whatever you'd treasure best;
For she'll give it back as the years go by
In a love that's more than rest.

A woman's heart is a storage vault,
Where nothing breaks in to steal,
Except the honor you fail to pay
And the love you forget to feel.
A love you have placed there once remains,
And you may forget, but she
Will give it back, if you want it so,
And smile as she hands the key.
Smile, but never forget, my lad,
That a smile is the saddest thing
When it's over the ashes of something dead
And the heart is a broken wing!

A woman's heart is a fortress strong,
Where your foes may never come,
With prancing steeds and gleaming sword
And the rat-tat of the drum.
For that which you treasure she will defend,
And loud as the guns may roll,
She'll stand in the breach to the very end—
And then she will fight with her soul.
A woman's heart—I would rather trust
My all unto that, I know,
For love in the keeping of such a place
Will grow as the blossoms grow.

Sent in by Mrs. K. M. Crock, Cuyahoga Falls, 51 So. 3rd St., Ohio.

Self-Command

To go thru' life, beseeching odds of none,
To look forever upwards towards the sun,
But not be dazzled by its brilliant glare,
To hold your own, no matter when nor where;
To feel you know, and know you understand,
These are a few essentials of command.

To judge not, till you know whereof you speak,
For crude opinion stamps a man as weak;
To give aid to your friends who are in need,
Not only by good counsel but by deed;
To hold yourself when wrathful,—well in hand,
All these are attributes of self-command.

To know full well beginning from the first
That you're not one whit better than the worst,
But still remember—when you're put to test,
You are as good as any of the best.
To be kind—yet compelling—to withstand
The pitfalls and temptations. *"That's Command,"*

By Clara Miehm, in "Telling Tales," May, 1921.
Reprinted in *Detroit News*, May 31, 1921.

God Bless You!

I seek in tender rhyme, my dear,
My heart's true wish to send you,
That you may know, or far or near,
My loving thoughts attend you.

I cannot find a truer word,
Nor fonder to caress you,
Nor song nor poem I have heard
Is sweeter than "God bless you."

"God bless you," so I've wished you all
Of brightness life possesses;
For can there be any joy for all
Be thine unless God blesses?

"God bless you," so I breathe a charm
Lest grief's dark night oppress you;
Then, how can sorrow bring you harm,
If 'tis God's way to bless you?

And so not "all thy days be fair,
And shadows touch thee never,"
But this alone—God bless thee, dear;
So thou art safe forever.

—*Julia Aldrich Bake.*

Life's Mirror

BY MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you.

Give love and love to your life will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

Give truth and your gift will be paid in kind,
And honor will honor meet;
And a smile that is sweet will surely find
A smile that is just as sweet.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what we are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

Sent in by Miss Sadie Printz, Luray, Va.

What Sort of a Father Are You?

"What sort of a father are you to your boy?
Do you know if your standing is good?
Do you ever take stock of yourself and check up
Your accounts with your boy as you should?

"Do you ever reflect on your conduct with him?
Are you all that a father should be?
Do you send him away when you are eager to read?
Or let him climb up on your knee?

"Have you time to bestow on the boy when he comes
With his questions, to tell him the truth?
Or do you neglect him and leave him alone
To work out the problems of youth?

"What memories of you will he have
In the years that are certain to come?
Will he look back on youth as a season of joy,
Or an age that was woefully glum?

"Come, father, reflect, does he know you today,
And do you know him now as you should?
Is gold so important to you that you leave
It to chance that your boy will be good?

"Take stock of yourself and consider the lad;
Your time and your thoughts are his due.
How would you answer your God should He ask,
'What sort of a father are you?'"

Sent in By Mrs. Earnest G. Pool, Newark, Ill.

Science Discovers Greatest Lice Killer

Changes Old Methods. No Dusting or Spraying. Birds Delouse Themselves. Gives Lasting Relief.

A recent discovery promises to revolutionize all the methods accepted up to now for keeping poultry free from lice and mites. This wonderful lice killer keeps the birds always lice free without the poultry raiser doing any work. It is the simplest, easiest, surest and best method ever discovered.



Hick's Lice Kill, which is the name of this sensational lice killer, is added to the drinking water. The medicine taken into the system of the bird comes out through the pores and every louse or mite dies or leaves the body. It does not injure the hatchability or flavor of the eggs or meat; is harmless to chicks and does not affect the plumage. A few days treatment at the start and then a little in the drinking water each month.

A Trial Costs You Nothing

So confident is Mr. Hick that Hick's Lice Kill will kill every louse or mite, that he is making a special guaranteed offer of two regular full sized, double strength, $1.00 bottles and a regular $1.00 package of Hick's Egg-Lay Tablets all for $1.00. Use one bottle yourself and sell the other at one dollar, thus getting your own free. Send $1.00 today (currency, money order, check, etc.) to Chas. M. Hick & Co., Dept. 1175, 1018 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. If you prefer, send no money, just your name and address, and pay postman $1.00 and postage on delivery. If after two weeks trial you are not absolutely satisfied, write Mr. Hick and your money will be refunded.

Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

to get rid of their old feathers and put on a new coat, and if the process is not forced in some way, they will not commence before August, which would make it October before they finished. Of course that would be time enough if it happened to be a warm, late fall, but if cold weather sets in, as it often does in November, hens would not lay before spring, as moulting leaves them in a more or less debilitated condition.

Lots of people make the mistake of selling off hens as soon as they cease laying at this season, which means that they are usually parting with the birds that would make the real winter layers. Hens that lay through the summer and do not cease until the fall will be idle and unprofitable in the winter. It is the general disregard of the moulting period which causes so many failures in the winter supply of eggs. The rule should be to sell off all the hens that have been laying steadily through the summer and commenced to shed feathers in September. Growing feathers is a trying ordeal, and the consequence is that when the hen begins to moult she ceases to lay, for she cannot produce eggs and feathers at the same time.

Feathers are composed largely of nitrogen and mineral matter. That is why the food at moulting time has to be so very nutritious. To feed nothing but corn at such time is simply waste, as the hen cannot produce new feathers from such a diet. If she is on free range she would have a much better chance of gathering the necessary material, but even then, if the feathering process is delayed too long, the hen becomes exhausted, and is susceptible to cold and all sorts of diseases. This is the real reason why roup and swelled head are so prevalent in the fall.

Young birds hatched out in April or thereabouts usually commence to lay in November, because they have not been subject to the drain upon the constitution caused by moulting. But chickens that have been hatched in February or early March are very liable to moult in the late fall, just when they should be commencing to lay. For this reason it is just as well to market all the first hatched chickens, and hold over those hatched late in March or through April, to increase the laying flock.

Cull all your young stock down closely. Don't keep a lot of young cockerels to eat up the profits. Even pullets which are at all backward should be marketed, for they won't develop after cold weather sets in, and it does not pay to keep them for summer layers. Most of the failures made in the poultry business are due to people not having the courage to clean out unproductive birds. Just calculate how many quarts of feed ten growing birds will eat in seven months, and I think you will be convinced that it is unfair to expect the flock to support them and still show a profit. The trouble is that people don't realize that young stock stand still as soon as cold weather starts, remaining almost stationary until spring. Another evil of keeping undeveloped stock is that they occupy house room and crowd the older birds.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

A. H. R.—The very quality which is of most value will have been destroyed by the long soaking in waterglass. Inbreeding is always detrimental to size and vigor, but if your old birds are entirely unrelated, one season of mating the young together will not do very much damage. Why don't you start another flock from entirely different blood lines? Buy some eggs from a distant farm, then next year you can make up pairs and trios for sale.

R. B.—This looks terribly like cholera, which is a contagious disease. Clean and disinfect the house and all food and water dishes. Remove all the scratching material from the house and burn. Plow or spade the yards or ground where the birds are in the habit of congregating. Keep a watch on the flock, and as soon as a bird shows slight signs of being out of condition quarantine it in a small coop, far away from the rest of the flock. Generally cholera is shown by great thirst, profuse greenish droppings, and extreme weakness, and can be distinguished from the diarrhea which develops with roup or indigestion by the fact that the victims either show marked improvement or die within forty-eight hours. The best remedy is carbolic acid. Add twenty drops to a gill of water, and use water to mix up a mash with ground grain which has been slightly browned in the oven, and if the bird will not eat, manage to push about a tablespoonful down its throat twice a day. Give no water to drink, or if you do, add ten drops of carbolic acid to each gill, being careful that it is well mixed before being given to the bird.

C. M. P.—If the incubator has ventilators, open them, and air the eggs a little longer every day when you turn them. As there is an excess of moisture in the machine, you certainly must not sprinkle the eggs. We never heard of gas being used to heat an incubator. Of course electricity is used in many machines now. Personally, I think you had better not try the experiment without consulting the maker of the incubator.

M. H.—You would gain nothing by such a course except spoiling the good birds. Fall chicks are profitable if you are near a large city to market them as winter broilers, but it is no use hatching chickens that you are going to keep for egg production after May.



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

An introduction is the usual beginning of acquaintanceship and social exchange. Questions coming to this department concerning introductions are many, and a few general rules should prove helpful. The first simple thing to remember in making introductions is that the form is one whose practical purpose is that of making the names of two persons known to each other. Therefore introductions should never be made hastily or stumblingly, and the names of both persons should be distinctly pronounced. Remembering this, these fundamental rules follow:

1—A man is *introduced to* a woman, except in certain cases, as when some well-known man might be a guest of honor.

2—A young man is *introduced to* one older than himself.

3—A young woman is *introduced to* an older or better-known woman.

The observance of these general rules means that in making the introduction the name of the person to whom precedence is given should be spoken first. That is, a formal introduction according to our first rule might be: "Mrs. Dash, may I introduce Mr. Blank?" Or the word "present" may be substituted for "introduce."

There are various matters of circumstance, tact and common sense which, as in all questions of courtesy, affect the manner and form in which introductions are made. Some of these questions will be taken up in this space next month.

TEXAS GIRL.—A simple and suitable luncheon for a girl to order at any restaurant or hotel would be a soup, a salad of some sort—chicken, shrimp, etc.—ice cream or pastry and a cup of tea or coffee. A hot dish of meat or fish may be substituted for the salad if preferred. In some of your local eating places which you say do not even boast menus, you would, we think, have to govern your choice by first finding out what the establishment can furnish, and ordering accordingly. If necessary, a lunch can be reduced to a chicken sandwich, a cup of tea and ice cream and cake when the resources of the eating place's management are limited. As a general rule it is better to order too little than too much—not only for the sake of pleasing your escort's pocketbook, but also to satisfy the male tradition which demands that a girl's appetite should be a dainty one and not established on the ham and eggs, corn beef and cabbage foundation.

M. G., Campbellsville, Ky.—Your parents may suitably ask this young man to stay overnight at your home, if it is inconvenient or impossible for him to return the same evening. (2) As long as a girl rests unengaged, she may have just as many boy friends as she finds pleasant to have follow in her train. Of course, as you say, you "cannot have all of them." This sad fact may "make them mad," but how about the other girls? We should think they would be madder yet.

E. H., Tallahassee, Ala.—After you first "burst-up" and now new difficulty with this boy, you should return his ring to him if you have definitely decided that you will not marry him. You do not say if his being "drunk" is a first occurrence or has been repeated before. You will know best whether you believe it safe to continue your engagement and marry him. Why not put him on probation for a while? In such a case, although you may doubt it, the opinions of your parents and older persons concerning this boy's essential character are worthwhile taking. Why not have told us his age—and yours?

C. S. Y., Grand Rapids, Mich.—Surely you may give this young lady who has been your dancing instructor a gift at the end of the season in sign of your appreciation. Gloves, handkerchiefs, or a pair of shoe buckles would all be appropriate for the occasion.

LONESOME PINE, South Dakota.—When a boy calls for a girl in his car, he may enter the house if he likes, or else wait in the car if he is sure the girl is ready and will be with him in a few minutes. Circumstances might alter the particular case, but as a general rule it would be most natural and courteous for him to enter the house and greet any of the family who might be present. (2) A boy, unless he were a sure and sanguine visitor, does not buy an engagement ring before he has asked the one girl he wants to wear it to marry him. Asking is not always winning or having, and it is the usual method to make sure of the girl first, and to buy the ring afterward. Still we have known young men to have a ring ready in their pockets when they asked the important question—said ring having been a leftover from some affair where the course of true love did not run smoothly.

W. M., Dunbar, Pa.—You are right in not asking this young girl to disobey her parents' wishes and thus encouraging any willingness she may have to meet you unknown to them. Nothing good or happy is apt to come from underhand meetings or lovemaking. We think you are justified in thinking the girl cares something for you by her being ready to evade her parents' objections, but we cannot say that this willingness on her part makes her any more worth your admiration. Let both of you act straightforwardly, as you seem inclined to do, for there is time enough, at eighteen, for objections to melt or change.

I. P., Lena, Wisc.—A girl of sixteen should not be at a dance where it is necessary that she should be asked to dance by a man she does not know. Your partners at any dance should be those boys you know and those who may be presented to you by your boy and girl friends. (2) A girl should be chary of beginning a correspondence. Whether you would answer a letter received from a boy you had "only seen once" would depend upon what sort of a boy the writer was and what kind of a letter he had written to you.

M. S., Millboro, N. C.—Your letter does not quite make clear if it is you or these boys who are "opposed to hugging." We are giving you the benefit of the doubt and imagine that it is you who are the objector. The stopping of the annoyance should be simple: tell this too-affectionate youth that you do not intend to let him play the bear, and that if he does not cease the practice you will select another escort for your Sunday afternoon strolls home from church. And let him see you mean what you say.

M. G., South Dakota.—A girl is not introduced *to* a boy; he is presented to her. Yes; it would be perfectly correct for you to ask your girl friend to introduce this boy to you. (2) There would be nothing improper in your leaving the dance floor with your partner during a dance, but you should not make this absence long enough to cause comment among your friends.

J. F.—From the description of the feathers of the birds, I think the hens must be infested with what is known as the depleting mite, which feeds on the quills of the feathers. Clean and disinfect the houses, perches and nests, thoroughly disinfect and then whitewash. Add one ounce of crude carbolic acid to two ounces of powdered glue to every pail of whitewash. Make rather thicker than usual, and be sure that you get plenty of it into all the cracks and crevices. I can't quite understand what is the matter with the pullet. Do you use very much vinegar and oil on your table? What about dishwater? Have you a drain which carries it off? What about water on wash day? It often happens that that is thrown out on the surface of the ground, where it forms in little pools, where the hens can drink it, and if any amount of washing powder has been used for very soiled things, it is very apt to cause crop troubles and inflammation of the intestines. Act on these suggestions and try to discover what has caused the trouble, then remove it.

Do You Want $200 a Week?

The Amazing Story of Carl Rowe Who Rose from an Income of $50 a Week to $1000 a Month

My name is Rowe—Carl Rowe. I live in a small city in New York State.

I am going to tell you an amazing story about myself. It may seem too strange to believe, but you can easily verify everything I have to say.

Two years ago I was a baker. I was struggling along, trying to make the money in my pay envelope meet the increasing expenses of our family. There was no prospect for the future.



Today, just two years later, I am a successful business man. I have plenty of money for all the things we need and want. Last month I made $876 during my spare time, and was able to put $200 a week in my savings account. I am going to tell you how it happened.

Please remember that two years ago I had no surplus cash. I was in the same fix as nine out of ten other men. Expenses were constantly mounting and my salary, although it had increased, could not keep pace with the cost of living. My wife had to do without things that I knew she ought to have. We wanted an automobile, but we couldn't afford it. We wanted to buy our own home, but we couldn't afford that.

It made me desperate to think of what might happen if I became sick or lost my job. I worried about it, and so did my wife. We were living from hand to mouth, and we didn't know what calamity and hardships might be lurking just around the corner.

And yet—today—I own our nine-room house. I have an automobile. I have money for books, the theatre, or any other pleasures that I may want. I have the cash today to educate my son and send him through college.

Here is how it happened. One day in glancing through a magazine I read an advertisement. The advertisment said that any man could make from a hundred to three hundred dollars a month during his spare time.

I didn't believe it. I knew that I had worked hard eight hours a day for $50 a week, and I figured that no man could make that much during a couple of hours a day spare time.

But as I read that ad I found that it pointed to men who had made that much and more. In the last paragraph the advertiser offered to send a book without cost. I still doubted. But I thought it was worth a two-cent stamp, so I tore out the coupon and put it in my pocket and next day on my way home from work I mailed it.

When I look back to that day and realise how close I came to passing up that ad, it sends cold chills down my spine. If the book had cost me a thousand dollars instead of a two-cent stamp, it would still have been cheap. All that I have today—an automobile, my home, an established business, a contented family—all these are due to the things I learned by reading that little eight-page booklet.

There is no secret to my success. I have succeeded beyond any dream I may have had three years ago, and I consider myself an average man. I believe that I would be criminally selfish if I did not tell other people how I made my success.

All the work I have done has been pleasant and easy, and withal, amazingly simple. I am the representative in this territory for a raincoat manufacturer. The booklet that I read was one issued by that company. It tells any man or woman just what it told me. It offers to anyone the same opportunity that was offered to me. It will give to anyone the same success that it has brought to me.

The Comer Manufacturing Company is one of the largest manufacturers of high-grade raincoats on the market; but they do not sell through stores. They sell their coats through local representatives. The local representative does not have to buy a stock—he does not have to invest any money. All he does is to take orders for Comer raincoats and he gets his profit the same day the order is taken. Fully half my customers come to my house to give me their orders.

My business is growing bigger every month. I don't know how great it will grow, but there are very few business men in this city whose net profit is greater than mine, and I can see only unlimited opportunity in the future.

* * * * *

If you are interested in increasing your income from $100 to $1000 a month and can devote all your time or only an hour or so a day to this same proposition in your territory, write the Comer Manufacturing Company at Dayton, Ohio. Simply sign the attached coupon and they will send you the eight-page booklet referred to by Mr. Rowe and full details of their remarkable proposition.

Big Profits for Women

The Comer Manufacturing Company has an unusual opportunity open to women that will enable them to make at least $2.00 an hour in their spare time. Maggie McCoy of Georgia makes from $275 to $350 a month as a Gomer Representative. Mrs. J. W. McCrary made $253 in less than two months' easy spare time work. Mrs. Goldie Nielsen earned a profit of $23 in her first three hours' work. Mrs. Jennie O'Ross made almost $50 in 5 days' spare time.

Any woman who fills out the coupon below will learn how to make her spare time pay big cash profits.

Cut Out and Mail

The Comer Mfg. Co.,
Dept. J-146, Dayton, Ohio.

Gentlemen: Please send me without obligation on my part, copy of your booklet and full details of your proposition.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Wrist Watch



Reward No. 75210

For Men And Boys

For A Club Of Only Ten

THE Wrist Watch is no longer considered effeminate or a "fad." Men and boys in all walks of life now wear them. The millions of American soldiers who went to France—from general down to dough-boy—wore them. It is a practical, common-sense method of carrying a watch.

The watch shown here is the "Leonard"—designed especially for farmers, lumbermen surveyors, miners, campers, hunters, fishermen, etc. It is 6 size, fitted with high-grade American movement, stem wind and pendant set in strong, dust-proof, silver-nickel case with a thick, heavy crystal that cannot easily be broken.

The strap is made of goat skin, of good width, very tough yet pliable and easy on the wrist. It fastens with a nickel-plated buckle which does not come in contact with the skin. This strap may be adjusted to fit the wrist of a small boy or a full-grown man.

This also makes a splendid wrist watch for the women and girls on the farm. It is just what they need when engaged in outdoor work and to wear on motoring trips and on all occasions where it would not be advisable to wear a more expensive watch.

Remember—this watch is fully guaranteed to keep good time. If it fails to do so or proves defective in any way within one year we will either repair or exchange it free of charge. It is yours free on the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For ten one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this fine Wrist Watch exactly as described free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 75210.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

"Peggy" The New Summer Doll

She Is Looking For A Mother



Do You Want Her?

PEGGY first saw the light of day in New York but she didn't like the big city with its noise and confusion and was mighty glad to come to Maine on a brief vacation before looking for a permanent home somewhere in the country.

She doesn't care where she lives so long as as it is in some cozy little town or on a nice, big farm, and provided she can find some little girl who will be a kind mother to her. She just loves the horses and cows and doggies and kitties and—yes, even the little "piggies" make her laugh until she can hardly stand up.

Peggy says that life on the farm is the only life for her, so we want to give her to some little girl who lives on a farm, where she can romp and play to her heart's content and be happy all day long. Please remember, however, that we have but a limited number of these Dolls on hand and if you want one your order should be sent in **at once.**

A New York manufacturer who wanted to keep his help busy during the dull season sold us these Dolls at about one-half the regular wholesale price, so we are enabled to give them away for almost nothing.

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you "Peggy" free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8621.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

New Thin Model The Leonard "Earl" Watch



Reward No. 7557

For A Club Of Seven

AFTER searching the market for a reliable, up-to-date timepiece for our men and boy readers, we selected the Leonard "Earl" because we believe it is the best watch in the world for the money. The case is composition nickel-silver which wears as well as solid silver, a 12 size, open face, thin model with antique bow and flat crown. The movement is guaranteed American made, stem wind, pull-out pendant set, with pure white dial and plain, easily-read Arabic numerals.

As shown in our illustration, the "Earl" has the classy appearance of a $25.00 watch and after testing it we find it to be an excellent timekeeper. We therefore feel no hesitancy in recommending the "Earl" to any man or boy who wants a watch that is not only a good timekeeper but a "good-looker"—a watch that you can show your friends and carry anywhere with pride and satisfaction. It is yours free if you will accept the following special offer.

Given To You! For seven one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Leonard "Earl" watch free by parcel post prepaid. With it you will also receive a factory guarantee allowing you to exchange it for a new watch if it does not prove entirely satisfactory. **Reward No. 7557.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Antique Wall Clock



Hand Colored Face

Reward No. 8194.

For A Club Of Four

If you like things unique, you will be charmed with this novelty clock which is very similar in design to those used in some parts of Europe in the Eighteenth Century.

As shown in our illustration, which is greatly reduced in size, the face of the clock consists of a beautiful landscape hand painted in four colors, beneath which is a metal dial with large, easily-read figures. Then there are the brass chains and weights and brass pendulum with regulator which give the clock that antique appearance so much in demand nowadays.

This clock is useful as well as ornamental being an excellent timekeeper. It has a fully guaranteed brass movement, key wind, in a polished nickel case. This movement is regulated by the disk on the pendulum which is easily adjusted to make the clock run faster or slower as desired. A hanger attached to the back of the clock enables one to hang it on any desirable location on the wall.

We were so sure that our club raisers would be pleased with this clock we had a large quantity imported for us at a special low price. We are now giving them away free on the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For a club of four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this unique novelty clock exactly as illustrated and described free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8194.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Beaded Coin Purse



Reward No. 8224

For A Club Of Four

The New 1922 Purse

ONE of the leading styles this season is this handsome beaded purse with black crocheted top which closes with a draw-string made of black twist. It is about seven inches deep and five inches wide when lying flat. The beads are sewed directly to the strong poplin lining and their flashing, iridescent colors are a delight to the eye. Blue is the predominating color of the beads while around the top and bottom there are three rows of gold, green and amber beads. The finishing touch is given with a three-inch tassel of blue and black beads.

A leading New York concern showed us this purse and it pleased us so well that we decided to include it among COMFORT'S club rewards. You can have one of these stylish and handsome beaded purses if you will accept the following special offer.

Given To You! For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this beaded purse free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8224.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

3-Piece Scissor Set



In A Leatherette Pocket Case

Reward No. 9093

For A Club Of Three

THIS useful 3-piece Scissor Set is just what every woman needs. It consists of a pair of 6-inch scissors, a pair of 5-inch scissors and a pair of 4-inch scissors, made of the best steel, highly tempered and handsomely nickel plated. They are ground to a keen cutting edge that will last a long time without resharpening. The complete assortment comes in an attractive leatherette case which fastens with a ball-and-socket device. This case makes it very convenient to carry all three pieces in the pocket or in a shopping or traveling bag. This is one of the most useful rewards we have ever offered and we expect a great demand for it among COMFORT'S lady and girl readers who have a lot of sewing and dressmaking to do. It is yours free if you will accept the following special offer.

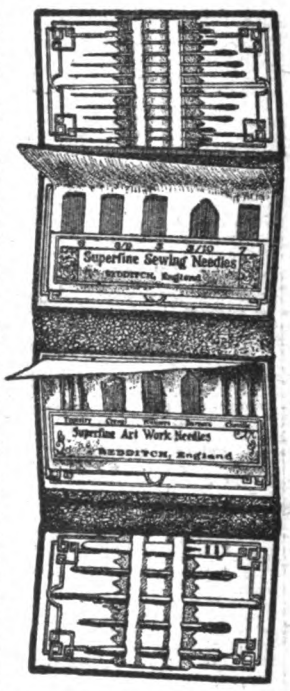
Given To You! For a club of three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this 3-Piece Scissor Set in a fine leatherette case free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9093.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Needleworkers' Companion

142 Needles For Every Possible Need. Arranged In A Handsome Leatherette Case

EVERY woman wants this big-value needle assortment—a needle for every need—142 needles in all, in a handy case of leatherette. The assortment contains 75 gold-eyed sewing needles, 15 silk and cotton darners, 15 milliner's needles, 15 embroidery needles, 3 rug or tapestry needles, 3 chenille needles, 1 steel stiletto, 1 steel tape or ribbon, 2 steel crochet needles, 1 steel bodkin or tape, 1 punch-work needle, 2 medium yarn darners, 2 medium and 2 fine cotton darners, 2 medium and 2 fine wool darners—142 useful needles in all, enough to last for several years.



The case is handsomely bound with leatherette, is 5x14 inches in size when open and 3x5 inches closed. All the needles are made of the finest steel, with eyes perfectly beveled and gaged, and are far ahead of ordinary needles usually sold in stores. We will make you a present of this fine Needle Case if you will accept the following special offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this Needle Case exactly as described free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 1132.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

This Beautiful Crystal Necklace



Topaz Amethyst Emerald Sapphire

For A Club Of Only Two!

RIGHT from New York, the center of fashion, comes this new, stylish necklace and we were indeed fortunate in obtaining a good supply of them. We only wish we could show it in its **actual colors** because mere words fail to do it justice. It is thirty inches long, composed of brilliant crystal cut beads, alternating with seed beads, with transparent long oval and round bead ornamentations and tassel. It comes in four different colors—Topaz, Amethyst, Emerald and Sapphire.

City people of course have no difficulty in obtaining the newest styles in necklaces. But COMFORT'S women and girl readers live in the country, far from the up-to-date stores—and that's why we make this offer. This is your opportunity to secure a necklace as handsome and stylish as any that will be seen anywhere this season. And best of all, it will not cost you one cent if you will accept the following special offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this beautiful crystal bead necklace free by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to mention color wanted. **Reward No. 1142.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Two Stylish Bags



Take Your Choice For A Club Of Four

HAND bags are more popular than ever this season so we take pleasure in offering our lady and girl readers either of the two handsome styles shown herewith.

The Bag illustrated above **(Reward No. 8204)** is the newest "Kodak" shape, 6½x4¼ inches in size, made of genuine leather, pin seal finish, in a beautiful shade of brown. It has two large side pockets, a smaller pocket which holds a dainty mirror and a middle coin pocket with metal frame and clasp. It is handsomely lined, has a 14-inch leather handle and closes with a polished nickel ball and socket fastener.

The Bag illustrated below **(Reward No. 8214)** is 6¼x4¾ inches in size, made of genuine leather, sea lion finish, color black. This Bag, also, has two large side pockets, a mirror pocket with mirror, and a middle pocket which fastens together for the protection of money and valuables. It is nicely lined, closes with a nickel fastener and has a 13-inch leather handle.



You can have your choice of either of these two stylish Hand-Bags upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you either Bag free by parcel post prepaid. **Be sure to mention reward number of Bag wanted.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Sizes 38 To 46 All The Season's Popular Colors



Stylish Shirt Waist

We Have Purchased a Quantity of These New Model Waists Especially for the Benefit Of Our Woman Readers! Send For Yours Before They Are All Gone!

BY buying direct from the manufacturer we are able to offer our women folks a real **bargain** in these handsome and serviceable shirt waists. They are of absolutely fast colored madras shirting with a neat pocket of the same material, a white repp roll collar and elastic waist-band. The colors are unusually pleasing, consisting of blue, black, lavender and green stripes on white ground. Three large white pearl buttons add a last distinctive touch to this waist which really is pretty enough to wear anywhere. When ordering be sure to mention size and color desired. The sizes run from 38 to 46 inclusive.

Given To You! For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you one of these attractive shirt waists free by parcel post prepaid. **Please state size and color preferred. Reward No. 8184.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



5 Rose Bushes

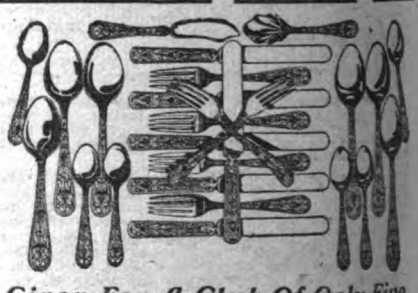
THIS year we are giving our readers **five** splendid varieties of Hardy Ever-blooming Roses. They are the **"Alexander Hill Gray,"** a deep golden yellow, **"Columbia,"** a beautiful deep pink, **"Lady Gray,"** a light pink rambler, **"Eugene E. Marlitt,"** a magnificent bright red giant, and **"Bessie Brown,"** a white and pink beauty. Each bush is **one year old** and in a **growing condition** when delivered to you.

No matter where you live, our grower will send the bushes at the proper time to plant in your locality. You will receive them packed in damp moss, by prepaid parcel post, and we **guarantee** that they will reach you in perfect condition. If, for any reason, they do not, or if any of the bushes fail to grow or otherwise prove unsatisfactory, we will replace them for you **free of all cost.** We will give you these **five** beautiful rose bushes upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you the above described five rose bushes free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8661.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

26-Piece Table Set



Given For A Club Of Only Five

WE have made many offers of table-ware, but this is the first time we have been able to offer **a complete set of 26 Pieces** in return for so small a club. And please don't think that because we are giving this set on such liberal terms that it is plated on a brass base and consequently will change color and have that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. On the contrary, it has a **white metal base;** therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will not show signs of wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration, there are 26 pieces in this set—**6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, Sugar Shell and Butter Knife.** Each piece is **full regulation size** for family use, the handles are handsomely **embossed** and the blades of the knives and the bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and **bright polished.** It is only because we buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a reward for so few subscriptions. It is by far **the greatest value** we have offered and **we guarantee every set sent out for a period of five years.** We will send this 26-Piece Table Set exactly as illustrated and described to any address upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For a club of five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this 26-Piece Table Set free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 7625.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from our eminent legal adviser on all questions of law except divorce matters.

Address Home Lawyer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

V. F. L., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the community property (that is such as is purchased or acquired by onerous title during marriage) all goes to the surviving husband or wife upon the death of either, leaving no child nor descendant; we think the separate real estate of the decedent is subject to another disposition in case the decedent leaves no will.

E. W. N., So. Dakota.—If your brother refuses to account to you for your share of the proceeds of the property he has leased to the agent of your father's estate, we think it will be necessary for you to bring an action against him to compel him to do so; we do not think he has any legal right to cut the timber for his own use without paying you for your share of the same.

Miss E. P., Pennsylvania.—We do not think that marriages between first cousins are prohibited by the laws of Alabama, California, Colorado, Delaware, Kentucky, Maine, Massachusetts, Nebraska, New Mexico, New York, North Carolina, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Texas, Virginia and Washington.

Mrs. S. R. McC., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child nor descendant, one-half of the real estate and all of the personal estate, after the payment of debts and expenses, would go to the surviving widow.

Mrs. T. Q., Washington.—We are of the opinion that the woman you mention has a legal right to convey her property to one of her children to the exclusion of her other children if she so desires, provided she possesses the proper mental capacity, and provided no undue influence is exercised upon her in connection therewith; we think, however, the courts are apt to closely scrutinize deeds of this nature in case an action is brought to set same aside.

I. J., Idaho.—Under the laws of Utah, we are of the opinion that if the property you mention all stood in your father's name it would have been necessary for your mother to have survived him to have acquired a vested right therein, and that upon her death before him you acquired no inheritance rights in the property except such as you may have from your father's estate, in case you are not disinherited by his will.

M. W., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the dower of the wife and the curtesy of the husband in the real estate of each other cannot be affected by a will unless the provisions of the will in that respect are accepted by the non-rejection of the provisions of the will within a specified time after the probate thereof in a certain formal way.

J. F. K., Idaho.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child nor descendant, his surviving widow, in addition to certain allowance, would receive one-half of the estate, the remaining one-half going to his father and mother equally; if no parent, the whole estate would go to the surviving widow.

Mrs. W. A., Maine.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child nor descendant, his widow, in addition to some small allowances, would receive one-half of his estate, the balance going to his kindred, depending upon who is left; if no kindred, the whole estate would go to his surviving widow.

M. E. M., Louisiana.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the share of your infant child in the father's estate, upon the death of such infant would go one-half to you and one-half to the brothers and sisters of the father, or their descendants in equal shares.

Mrs. C. E. N., Connecticut.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if the executor or trustee of the estate of your ancestor refuses to account for his proceedings in the estate, after the expiration of the time allowed for administering such estate, you can compel him to do so in the proper proceedings brought for that purpose in the court from which he procured his appointment.

J. C. H., Oregon.—We think that if you have a proper reason for having your name legally changed, you should present your petition to the Supreme Court of your state; we think it will be necessary for you to employ a lawyer to draw and present this petition for you.

Mrs. L. M., New Jersey.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married woman, leaving no child nor descendant her surviving husband, after payment of debts and expenses, would receive all the balance of the personal estate; he would also receive his curtesy of a life estate in the real estate if there had been any child born alive to the marriage, if none such, he would be limited to a one-third interest in the real estate, except in cases where decedent left no children, brothers, sisters nor parents.

Mrs. M. V. P., Maryland.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of an unmarried man, leaving no child nor descendant, and leaving no will, his parents would receive his estate, subject to payment of his debts, and the expenses of administration. (2) We think the property you mention can only be sold subject to the mortgage lien thereon, provided such mortgage is properly recorded, and is a valid lien thereon.

W. G., Florida.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married woman, leaving no will, her estate, after payment of debts and expenses, would go to her husband and children, the descendants of any deceased child taking their parent's share. (2) We think that children may be disinherited by will.

Mrs. H. R., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the verbal contract between the landlord you mention and his tenant became abrogated as soon as the same was reduced to a written contract, and that upon the signing and delivery of the written contract both parties thereto became bound thereby.

Mrs. T. W. M., Wisconsin.—We think if your father died leaving no will, an administrator should be appointed to administer the personal property of the estate, if he left any such property; we think that the deed of all the parties in interest would convey the real estate, without administration, in case all the debts and expenses of the estate have been paid.

Mrs. A. R., South Dakota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the mortgage you mention will bear interest until paid regardless of whether it is overdue or not, unless, of course, no interest is paid, nor any other evidence of indebtedness given for the period limited by the statute of limitations.

A. W., Missouri.—We think that in the event of a contest of the will you mention it would be difficult for the man who drew it to establish same, if he was a beneficiary thereunder, and the testator was an illiterate, unless he can produce other testimony to show that the illiterate testator desired to leave him the bequest as specified in the will.

Mrs. R. H., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if the deed you mention created a tenancy by the entirety in the husband and wife, the whole property, upon the death of one, became the sole property of the survivor, but that if the property belonged to the husband alone, and came to him by onerous title, upon his death without a will, his widow would receive a one-third interest for life therein, and that in addition thereto she would receive certain small allowance from the personal estate and one-half of the balance of the personalty up to a value of $400, and one-third of the balance of the estate going to his child or children and their descendants; we do not think his widow's child by a former marriage would have any interest in his estate, unless some provision was made for him by will.

Mrs. M. S., Alabama.—Under the laws of Tennessee, we are of the opinion that the property which came to you from your mother's estate, during your minority should have been administered by a general guardian appointed for that purpose, and that if such general guardian has refused to account to you it will be necessary for you to bring a proceeding against him to compel him to do so.

Mrs. W. C. G., Washington.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if there is no agreement to the contrary, the purchaser of the personal property you mention can be compelled to pay for same when he receives such property.

Mrs. J. A. H., Georgia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, after payment of debts and expenses, his widow would be entitled to receive a child's part in both the real and personal estate, unless the shares exceed five, in which case the widow takes one-fifth; should she, however, elect to take dower of a one-third interest for life in the real estate, she would be barred from her child's part in the real estate as she is not entitled to receive both dower and a child's share in such property.

E. F. C., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the father you mention has a legal right to appoint his son executor of his will, and to limit the shares of his children from his estate as he may see fit, provided he possesses testamentary capacity, and provided no undue influence is exercised upon him, and provided the will is legally drawn and executed, and expresses his true intent.

Mrs. N. W., Wisconsin.—We do not think your neighbor has any legal right to build his house in such manner as to run his rain water upon your property.

Miss H. B., Texas.—We think that if it is impossible to partition the land of the estate you mention among the heirs entitled to share therein, it will be necessary to have the property sold and the money proceeds of the sale divided among the heirs in their proper proportion; we think any party having a vested fee interest in this land can bring an action for this purpose.

Mrs. M. B., Louisiana.—We think the young man whose parents had their name legally changed during his infancy should continue to use his parent's name as so changed.



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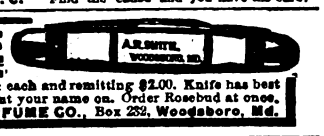
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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Stella Rosevelt

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

"Uncle Jacob, you cannot mean what you have said. Surely you will not discard those of your own blood, your kin, for the offspring of a stranger!" Mrs. Richards said, appealingly.

Mr. Rosevelt looked down at Star with a tender, tremulous smile.

"The offspring of a stranger!" he repeated, softly; then added: "Ellen, there is a stronger bond uniting this dear child to me than ever bound me to either of my brother's children."

"What do you mean?" cried his niece, in a startled tone. "Surely, at your age, you do not contemplate——"

Mr. Rosevelt stopped her with a motion of his hand before she could complete her sentence.

"No; you are wide of the mark; although I am not surprised that a designing woman like yourself should jump at such an absurd conclusion. But, lest you should wound her by your foolish insinuations, I will tell you that Star is the granddaughter of the only woman whom I ever loved; and, therefore, you perceive that I had additional cause to be displeased with you on account of your unkindness to her."

"Really, Mr. Rosevelt, you have more of sentiment in your composition than I gave you credit for. There was a love passage, then, in the old bachelor's life!" sneered Mrs. Richards, while an angry flush mounted to her brow.

Then, with more bitterness than she had yet betrayed, she continued, with a look at Star:

"I can congratulate Miss Gladstone upon being more successful in wheedling you out of your fortune than she was in her maneuvers to become Lady Carrol."

This was a cruel thrust, and wholly unexpected on the part of either Mr. Rosevelt or Star.

A shiver of agony ran through every nerve of her body at this rough probing of the still unhealed wound, and a painful crimson shot over her beautiful face.

But it quickly subsided, leaving only the bright spots on her cheeks.

She arose from the chair where Mr. Rosevelt had placed her, drew herself up proudly, her eyes gleaming as bright as the diamonds in her ears, and, entirely ignoring the coarse woman's malicious thrust, she looked up at her companion, and said, in her clearest, sweetest tones:

"Uncle Jacob, I believe we were going out to see the illumination."

"True, child, true," he said, taking her white-gloved hand and laying it upon his arm, while he cast a dark look upon his niece for her cowardly attack. "Come, we will go at once;" and with a formal inclination to Mrs. Richards and her daughter, but with an angry gleam in his eyes, he led Star from the room, shutting the door, with no gentle sound, after them.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Pied Piper of New York

By Frances L. Garside

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THE great big clock of the seasons has no restraining, or encouraging, influence on the children of New York. The hand that points to the months means nothing to them, for never does it mark a limit for their outdoor activities. They play out in winter the same as in summer; the snow does not frighten them; there are protecting corners and doorways when it rains; perambulators line the walks, each containing a child, in as great number in January as in June; one may not tell from the sound floating up from the pavement of children's laughter, squeals, screams and shrieks, if it is mid-summer or mid-winter.

If the New York mother were asked why, she might reply it is because the fresh air is better for the child, but there is a reason older in influencing her than this: landlords made life unpleasant for tenants whose children danced and romped in the house long before Fresh Air became a national movement; the tenant below who was quick to call up and complain that her ceilings were coming down had a voice more powerful than that of the advocates of the great outdoors; the cramped quarters in which New Yorkers live was another influence. In an apartment so small that the family clock has been traded for a wrist watch there is no room for the activities of a child.

Some mothers turn their children over to an over-worked Providence; others, on camp chairs, sit outside all day; and others with a faith that is seldom justified, rely on a nurse girl; in more families the oldest girl-child of the mature age of six becomes the guardian for those who are younger. The "Little Mothers" of New York are one of its greatest tragedies.

They find much to amuse them, these children of the streets. A hurdy-gurdy comes along. During the war these hurdy-gurdies played but two tunes, the sextette from "Lucia," and "America." In these days of alleged peace one still hears the sextette, but not always "America." More often, incongruous as it may seem, for the man who owns and grinds this perambulating opera house is an Italian, one hears "Nearer, My God, to Thee," an air to which the feet of the New York child dance as lightly as to any other, for they do dance, these children, singly, by twos, in a circle, whenever a hurdy-gurdy starts up.

More rarely there is the carousal (pronounced kar-o-sall) by those who furnish pennies for a ride; a miniature merry-go-round in a wagon drawn by a very low-spirited horse. The driver grinds a crank at the back, the merry-go-round turns, and somewhere from the bowels of the wagon there issues a continuation of squeaks, sounding more like a protest than a tune.

But these attractions pale before the Pied Piper, though he assumes no pleasing guise to tempt the children to follow him. Unlike the Pied Piper of Hamelin, he hasn't lips where smiles went out and in, and sharp blue eyes, each like a pin; he has no smiles on his lips; his eyes are fierce with anger, and sometimes swollen and black, or covered with blood, the result of a blow. He is a law breaker, and at his heels there trails a procession of children as eager, as content only to be following though they know not where, as those who trotted down the streets of Hamelin Town entranced by the strains of a pipe that promised flowers of fairer hue, sparrows brighter than peacocks, honey bees that had lost their stings, and horses born with eagles' wings.

They follow, block after block; games forgotten, responsibilities not left behind for the little mothers wheel their charges in perambulators, straining every muscle to keep up, or they drag those on feet by the hand; they dodge in between street cars and automobiles; they heed neither danger nor time nor distance; they are not as noisy as when at play, for curiosity has taken possession of their souls. Some fortunate ones have seen the beginning. They are great personages on this occasion; others arrived on the scene with the policeman; but, early or late, it is a great occasion. It is typical of life in a great city, the pet boast of its confirmed inhabitants being that in New York "there is always something going on."

The procession stops, perhaps, at a police box. The boy, or girl, is proud, indeed, who is so close on the officer's heels he, or she, hears what he says; it is almost as great joy as being close enough to the law-breaker to touch his garment, to get a close-up view of the blood on his face and clothes, and, oh, what more could life hold than this? Occasionally, the officer has two men by the arms, and has to blow his whistle for help! The promises made by the original man with his entrancing pipe are bucolic—one might almost say "Sissy"—in comparison.

The patrol wagon arrives; some of the procession have run like mad down the street to meet it, drowning its shrill bells with screams of "Here she comes, officer!" "Here she comes!" "I saw her first!" Others, with rare foresight, do not wait to see the man dragged into it; they run ahead many blocks, perhaps half a mile away, that they may get front places at the entrance to the police station, and be the proud bearers of news to other children that there's a cop coming with a load. The New York Paul Revere has not failed; as large a crowd awaits the patrol wagon as it left behind it, increased by the crowd that comes straggling along the street, no child in it a whit discouraged, disinterested or tired. The enthusiasm doesn't wane until the Pied Piper has disappeared into the station and the wagon has been driven away.

One may see such a procession any day in any section of the city. "Oh, see," says a visiting friend, pointing to a group of children coming down the streets, "It must be a Sunday school procession. Let's wait and see it. I think these Sunday school processions are wonderful for stimulating interest. Do you suppose we could tag along and be present at the exercises?"

She turned faint when they came close enough for her to see the man at the head; so covered with blood, which was still pouring from a wound on his forehead, that one could not tell if he were black or white, but close on his heels a hundred children trotted eagerly, children ranging in age from the baby in its perambulator to the child of ten.

One wonders, on seeing them, on hearing their eager voices, if they, too, some day, like the children who tripped and skipped with shouting and laughter through the door in the mountain-side which shut tight after them—if they, too, will become "a tribe of alien people."

Missing Relatives and Friends

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT reopens the "Missing Relatives' and Friends' column.

To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will secure only one new yearly subscriber to COMFORT at 50c. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column by securing only one new subscription at 50c. If a longer notice is required send one 50c subscription for each additional seven words.

Information of Charles Burkshire St. Clair, missing since February, 1913, will be appreciated by his daughter, Flora E. St. Clair, Alum Creek, W. Va.

Will someone help me to find my brothers, Jim B., Noah and Ben Gibson, sons of Archie Gibson, who was killed in the lead mines at Granby, Mo., 44 or 46 years ago? Mrs. Mary Drennan, Nocoma, R. R. 5, Tex.

Mrs. Sarah Wolfenbarger, Hotchkiss, Colo., wants to know the whereabouts of her son, J. L. Wolfenbarger, ex-soldier from Camp Boyd, El Paso, Texas.

Mrs. J. H. Link, Newport, Va., would appreciate any information of her son, Oliver A. Link, last heard of at Windsor, Canada.

Want to know the whereabouts of Carl Moeller, age 21, weight 140, 5 ft., 6 in. tall, gray eyes, fair complexion, neat, nice appearing. Paul Moeller, Maquoketa, Iowa.

S. F. Hargrave would like to hear from his Aunt Julia Hollingsworth, also Manervia King. S. F. Hargrave, Lawton, R. R. Box 83, Okla.

Very anxious to learn the whereabouts of her two sons, Russell and Chas. Fowler. Mrs. M. M. Fowler, Denison, 726 W. Johnson St., Texas.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of my son, S. D. Webster, please write Mrs. Sarah L. Webster. On his return will be rewarded. Address, Stillwater, Tenn.

Will anyone knowing the whereabouts of any of Dick or Aslee Calhoun's children please write to Mrs. Aaron J. Cox, Gilbertsville, R. R. 1, Ky.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Lester Hawkins, my brother, or mother, Mrs. A. J. Hawkins, please notify Laverne Hawkins, Routel, Lake, Mich.

Abe Woodyard, Proctorville, Ohio, would like to hear from his sister, maiden name, Susie Woodyard but her name is now Mrs. Susie Wilson or William. Last heard was in Oklahoma.

Anyone knowing whereabouts of relatives of James Satterwhite, age about 45, of Gross, Idaho, please notify Mrs. Etta Walker, Ola, Idaho.

Mrs. Wm. Hoffman, South Haven, R. R. 2, Box 9, Minn., would like to find the whereabouts of her father, Thomas Lenc, age 52 years, last heard of in Washington five years ago.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Mrs. Knute Larsen (maiden name, Sophie Flamer), also Anna Mathilda Flamer, write Mrs. Odin Berg, Goodwell, Okla.

Whereabouts daughter, Bessie, Mrs. G. W. White, married in Covington, Ky., 1911. Traveling; her Aunt Anner. Eld. H. J. Tyles, Adolphus, Ky.

Mrs. S. A. Childers, Dover, Fla., would appreciate information of Fitzhugh Lee Childers, last heard of, Camp Mead, 56th Inf., Boston, Mass. Mrs. S. A. Childers, Dover, Fla.

Wanted: To hear from Bud Frazier. Write E. M. Clift, Quinton, R. R. 1, Okla.

Left home five years ago, Clifford Nussman, 20, medium height, blue eyes, light hair, scar in middle forehead. Notify Martha Nussman, Plymouth, Ill.

Will some kind readers send me list of "Wilcox" names in their town. I desire the address of all "Wilcoxs" to help me trace the "Wilcox" family tree and to write "late" history of the Wilcox genealogy. All kindness appreciated. Address, John Jay Vincent Wilcox, Quissett Postoffice, Cape Cod, Falmouth, Mass.



The Family Doctor

The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be taken to your local doctor.

Address, The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Mrs. L. G. W., Yeddo, Ind.—If the bunions are of long standing and cannot be relieved by shoes made to order to relieve the pressure, operation is the only remedy.

Mrs. W. H. P., Newark, Ohio.—Symptoms of high blood pressure are dizziness or vertigo, headache and a full bounding pulse. High blood pressure may be only imaginary and the only way to find out whether or not you have high blood pressure is to have your local doctor ascertain the facts by using a high blood-pressure apparatus. The causes are various. Excessive indulgence in foods, especially starchy foods, is the most common cause. The remedy follows: a lower and simple diet, use of cathartics to keep the bowels free at all times, and taking ten drops of a saturated solution of iodide of potassium, well diluted, after meals for a long time, or until the system is saturated with the remedy.

Mrs. J. E. B., Logan, Ohio.—As so many times indicated in COMFORT, the one best cathartic for chronic constipation is some form of cascara sagrada. Take one or two pills of this drug at night, eat freely of fruit, and, with your meals, take a tablespoonful of American Oil.

Mr. L. B. C., Rudsville, N. C.—"Bashfulness" is a neurosis—a habit. Just mix in with people and in a while you will overcome your diffidence.

Miss E. M. G., Westlake, Idaho.—High blood pressure is due to faulty eating; especially foods that contain carbo-hydrates in excess. High blood pressure is not common in young people. Bright's disease is the one cause of high blood pressure in the young. Avoid sweets of all kinds and live upon green vegetables, milk and other simple and easily-digested food.

Mrs. E. D., Selkirk, Kansas.—Operation is the only cure for the hemorrhoidal condition mentioned, especially as your husband is passing so much blood.

Mrs. G. C. W., Royse City, Texas.—Your son has adenoids, without doubt. Have him operated on at once. You should consult some good oculist and have your eyes treated also. Probably you need correcting lenses. The growth mentioned may be caused by eye-strain.

Mrs. H. H. L., New Germany, Minn.—Probably your liver is at fault. Take at night one compound cathartic pill, avoid sweets of all kinds, and exercise in the open as much as possible.

Mrs. J. F. H., Toledo, Ohio.—Maybe your mother needs eyeglasses. If she is bilious, have her take one compound cathartic pill at night, for three nights. Of course she must avoid sweets of all kinds.

Miss C. B., Greenville, S. C.—Better live on milk and eggs and take, after meals, a tablespoonful of Maltine and Cod-liver Oil. You probably need easily-digested food and those foods that will not cause the formation of gas in the intestines. Your heart action is probably secondary.

Miss L. D. W., Goessel, Kans.—Massage the small breast with cocoa-butter daily. A slight stimulation of this nature will develop the breast if persisted in for some time.

Miss E. L., Napa, Calif.—Take one or two cascara sagrada pills at night for the constipation. For the bladder trouble, take a five-grain tablet of urotropin after meals, and drink plenty of water.

Mrs. G. A., Melba, Idaho.—Operation is the only thing to suggest for actual relief from bleeding piles. Your husband can apply locally any compound gall ointment which is official.

Mr. O. B., Beaver Dam, Ky.—Better give the child some cod liver oil and aid or prevent what seems to be a form of rickets, and await the result.

Miss D. M., Lecontes, Pa.—Massage the bust gently with cocoa-butter. You can also take two-grain capsules of corpus luteum morning and night. The offensive odor of perspiration will be overcome by bathing with a solution of sodium salicylate—about a tablespoonful of the drug to a quart of water. For the loss and discoloration of hair apply a two per cent. lotion of resorcin dissolved in equal parts of alcohol and rose-water. Apply the lotion at night after shampooing the hair. Do not apply any "hair restorer" at any time.

Mrs. W. R. W., Cisco, Texas.—"Hot flashes" due to change of life are best treated by use of two-grain capsules of ovarian substance taken morning and night for several weeks.

Mrs. J. Q., Washington, D. C.—Apply hot mustard fomentations over the enlarged liver at night, and take one or two compound cathartic pills at night to keep the bowels moving. You can also take a tablespoonful of American oil with your meals.

Mrs. I. F. W., Jefferson, Mo.—Closure of the tear duct causes the excessive flow of tears over the eyelid. Have the tear-duct opened, or dilated.

Mr. D. E. S., Ponca City, Okla.—Better consult your local doctor and he will show you how he gives the treatment for an enlarged prostate. Take, after meals, a compound bicarbonate of soda tablet for the stomach condition mentioned. The prostate gland is massaged through the rectum.

Mr. J. M. C., Tucker Hill, Va.—If you have "sugar in the blood" and urine you must avoid sweets of all kinds; take ten-grain tablets of bicarbonate of soda after meals; drink plenty of water, and live mostly on green vegetables and meats.



SELF-FILLING Fountain Pen

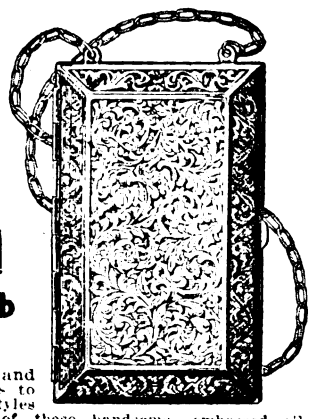
For A Club Of Three

HERE is a fountain pen that we can positively guarantee. Perhaps you have had some experience with fountain pens which never would write well and continually leaked ink all over your fingers. If so you will certainly appreciate this opportunity to secure a fountain pen that has none of these defects. Our illustration is of course greatly reduced in size. The pen offered you here is 6½ inches long, made entirely of hard rubber, finely finished, and the pen point is genuine 14-K gold. The feeding device is perfect, permitting a uniform flow of ink and **it will not leak.** Also please notice that this is a **self-filling** pen. You can fill this fountain pen **in less than 10 seconds** by pressing down the spring on the side, then placing the pen point in a bottle of ink, after which you release the spring and the pen is instantly filled with ink to its full capacity. If given proper care this pen should last anybody for years. If you will accept the following special offer we will send you one of these self-filling fountain pens with a positive guarantee that if it fails to prove satisfactory in any way you may return it to us and we will replace it with a new pen **free of charge.**

Club Offer. For a club of **only** three one-year **subscriptions** to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed **self-filling** fountain pen free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8873.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Latest Vanity Case



Reward No. 1152

For A Club Of Two

EVERY woman and girl who likes to keep up with the styles should have one of these handsome, embossed silver finish Vanity Cases. It is the very latest design, having a thin model case like that of a thin model watch, is very light, weighing a little over two ounces, and of good size—3¾ inches long and 2½ inches wide. The chain is twelve inches long. Inside the case is a fine little mirror and two dainty powder puffs. This new Vanity Case is one of the prettiest designs we have yet seen so we have purchased a quantity of them to give away among COMFORT readers. We will send you one free if you will accept the following special offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this Vanity Case free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 1152.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

What A Beautiful Life-Like Doll For Some Little Girl In Your Home!

Won't She Fairly Shout With Joy When She Finds This Big, Handsome, Sleeping Dolly Is All Her Own!

YES, we will send this big lifelike Doll to any little girl whose Papa, Mama, brother or sister will send in a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT. Not since before the war have we been able to offer such an expensive Doll. No city store will show a larger or handsomer Doll this season at anywhere near the price we paid for this one. We bought five thousand of them in one lot direct from the factory—that is how we secured them so cheaply. **And just think**—a club of only **six** subscriptions to COMFORT brings this beautiful Doll right to your door—yours to have and to own without one cent of expense. What a delightful surprise for some little tot in your home!



Nearly One Foot And A Half Tall

Look At Her Beautiful Dress And Real Stockings And Slippers

She Can Open And Close Her Eyes. She Has Imitation Teeth, Long Golden Hair And Wears A Pretty Dress With Real Stockings And Slippers.

NOW let us tell you more about this Doll, she stands **nearly a foot and a half tall.** The body, arms and legs are made by a new improved process which renders them practically **indestructible.** The head is **unbreakable** and head, arms and legs are movable. And if you could only see her hair. It is a light golden color, thick, long and luxuriant, **falling far below her waist.** Her eyes are as blue as the sky and she can open and shut them and go to sleep **like a real baby** whenever you want her to. Her rosebud lips are parted in a winsome smile showing her pretty white teeth in a truly lifelike manner.

She is fully dressed from head to feet in the latest style with cute short sleeves, handsome figured lace trimmed waist and short pleated skirt and she wears real stockings and slippers with silveroid buckles. **You can undress and dress this Doll as often as you please and you can take off her stockings and slippers and put them on again just as you do your own.**

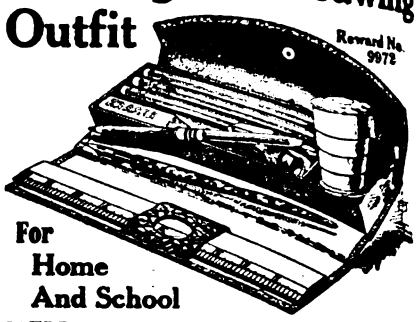
Fathers and Mothers—just look at this beautiful Doll as she stands smiling and waiting for someone to pick her up, hug her and kiss her and take her out to play. Don't you think **your** little girl would just love to have her for her very own? Of course she would—and you should take advantage of this offer **at once.** Remember we have but five thousand of these Dolls on hand and when they are gone this offer will be withdrawn.

FOR A CLUB OF ONLY SIX!

YOU can surely find **six** neighbors and friends who will be glad to subscribe to COMFORT at the present bargain rate of 50 cents a year. Send us their names and addresses and the money collected ($3.00 in all) and we will send you this big, beautiful Sleeping Doll, fully dressed and otherwise exactly as described above, packed in a strong box so that it cannot possibly get broken, free by parcel post prepaid. There will be no expense to you whatever. Your Mail Carrier will deliver the Doll right to your door without charge. This Doll is **Reward No. 7806 and please mention this number when ordering.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Writing And Drawing Outfit



Reward No. 9972

For Home And School

HERE is something that is needed in every home and by every schoolboy and schoolgirl—a big value-assortment of almost everything needed for writing and drawing. Our illustration is, of course, greatly reduced in size. The Case, which is made of fine leatherette, is 10½ inches long and 2½ inches wide. It is of the folding style, with a snap fastener, so that it can conveniently be carried in the pocket or in the children's lunch basket. Inside the Case there are **three high-grade pencils with erasers, one good quality penholder with pen, one twin pencil** (in reality two pencils in a combination holder), **one pencil sharpener, one large rubber eraser, one 10-inch ruler** and an **aluminum collapsible drinking cup with cover.**

This Outfit is manufactured by the American Lead Pencil Company, which is sufficient guarantee of its fine quality, and we know that it will please our readers, especially those who have children going to school, and of course it is just as handy in the home, because all the pencils, penholder, etc., are high grade and just what grown people like to use. If you will accept the following special offer we will send you one of these fine Outfits free.

Given To You! For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this complete Writing and Drawing Outfit, exactly as above described, **free** by parcel post **prepaid. Reward No. [illegible]**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, [illegible]

54 Inch Rope Of Pearls



Full Opera Length

THE [illegible] every [illegible] and girl [illegible] possess [illegible] necklace of [illegible] ing, iridescent pearls. There's a wonderful fascination about them—a beauty that appeals to every feminine heart.

Now your dream can come true—for we are giving away this handsome, full opera length rope of Parisian pearls. It is 54 inches long, all the pearls are of uniform size—¼ inch in diameter—of perfect finish and luster, far handsomer than the ordinary imitation pearl necklace sold at a high price. It can easily be wound twice around the neck, making the double rope as shown in our illustration.

By rare good luck we secured first choice of these necklaces from a large importer and at a price that enables us to give them for an unusually small club. Please read the following offer and learn how you can get a beautiful 54-inch rope of pearls free of all cost.

Given To You! For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this handsome opera length Pearl Necklace free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9882.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Ivory Boudoir Clock



Reward No. 7638

For A Club Of Eight

FOR sleeping-room, living-room or desk this white ivory clock is not only a beautiful ornament but a reliable timekeeper. It is 3½ inches high, with a 3¾-inch base and pure white dial with large, easily-read figures. It is fitted with an American movement, fully guaranteed. The design is one of the latest styles that are now being showin in all the leading jewelry stores of the big cities.

We guarantee you will be pleased with this clock as well as surprised to learn that we can give such a splendid value in return for so few subscriptions. Buying in large quantities direct from the factory enables us to do it. We will give you this clock, exactly as described, free upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For eight one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this beautiful, white ivory clock free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 7638.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Ladies' Wrist Watch

With Silk Ribbon Bracelet



For A Club of Only Ten

WE have long searched the market for a suitable wrist watch for our girl readers and at last we have found it.

The above illustration really fails to do the watch justice. We know you will instantly fall in love with it. It is the popular **octagon** shape, only 5-16 of an inch thick and one inch in diameter. It has a high-grade jeweled Swiss movement and will keep accurate time. The dial is pure white with Arabic numerals. The bracelet is made of the finest black silk ribbon with a genuine rolled-gold catch and slide.

If you want a dainty, up-to-date wrist watch that you will be proud to wear and to show your friends, here is your opportunity to secure one absolutely free. You can easily secure the small club mentioned below and as soon as you have done so this beautiful wrist watch is yours without one cent of cost.

Given To You! For a club of only ten one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this fine wrist watch with ribbon bracelet exactly as described above, absolutely free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 75110.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

38-Piece Fishing Outfit



BOYS—no need for you to wait until you have money to buy that fishing outfit you want—we will give you this dandy Outfit **absolutely free.** It contains everything you see in the above illustration—**in all 38 different pieces.**

There are **Two Dandy Fish Lines,** one of them on a fine **Wood Winder** equipped with **Hook and Sinker** all ready for business, and the other is a **Special Braided Line.** Then there are **25 Assorted Fish Hooks, of all sizes** for all kinds of fishing, **6 High-Grade Snelled Hooks, 1 Adjustable Cork Floater** or **"Bobber",** and **1 Ringed Sinker**—38 pieces in all. When you get this splendid Outfit you will have all the fishing tackle you need with exception of fish pole to do all kinds of fishing with, as the lines, assorted hooks in different sizes, etc. are adapted for **brook, river, lake or pond fishing.** And remember that we **guarantee** everything in this Outfit to be good quality.

We will send you this splendid Fishing Outfit, if you will accept the following offer:

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this 38-Piece Fishing Outfit, packed in a good strong box, **free** by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 9422.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



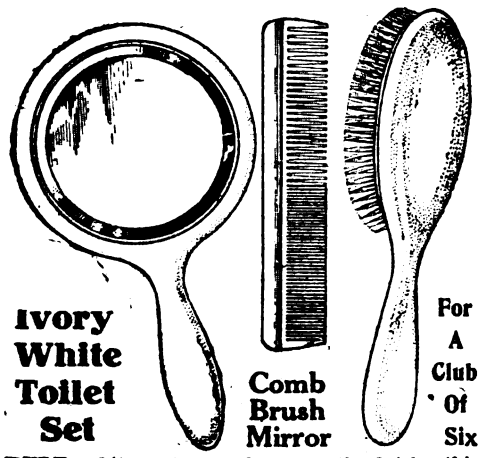
31-Piece Dinner S[illegible]

THIS splendid set of dishes is full size for family use and consists of **6 Plates, 6 Cups, 6 Saucers, 6 Cereal or Fruit Dishes, 6 Individual Butters** and large **Meat Platter** all handsomely decorated with clusters of **purple** [illegible] surrounded with rich green foliage and [illegible] with **lovely tracings of gold.** Our illustration gives you no idea of the real beauty of the dishes. This is by **far the handsomest** [illegible] dinner set we have ever offered and we are positive that it will **more than please** every woman who secures one of them on the terms of our very liberal offer. No matter where you live (**if it is not outside the United States**), we will ship you this set by express direct from the pottery in Ohio. You are to pay the express charges but they will be but a **fraction** of what this set would **cost you at retail.**

Given To You! For a club of only ten one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome 31-piece Violet Decorated Dinner Set carefully packed to prevent breakage, charges collect. **Reward No. 76618.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Ivory White Toilet Set



Comb Brush Mirror

For A Club Of Six

PURE white, with a fine smooth finish, this handsome Comb, Brush and Mirror Set equals in appearance the finest French Ivory. The Comb is 7½ inches long, very light and dainty, with both coarse and fine teeth. The Brush is 10 inches long and 2½ inches wide, with medium-length, finest, stiff bristles. The Mirror, which measures 10x5½ inches, is made of heavy, flawless, beveled French glass, 4½ inches in diameter.

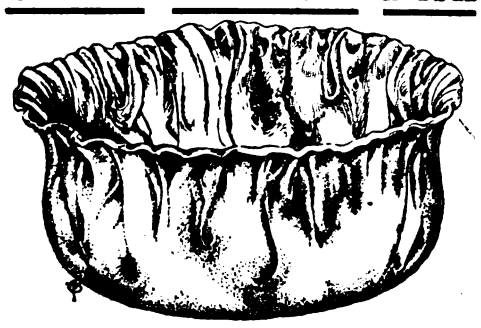
No lady could wish for a finer Toilet Set than this one. It has the air of refinement found in the highest grade Ivory Sets, it is just as durable and can be cleaned as often as desired without injury to its smooth ivory white finish.

We will give you, free, this fine Ivory White Comb, Brush and Mirror Set in a fitted box upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this Comb, Brush and Mirror Set in a fitted box, free, by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 7796.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Silver Bonbon Dish



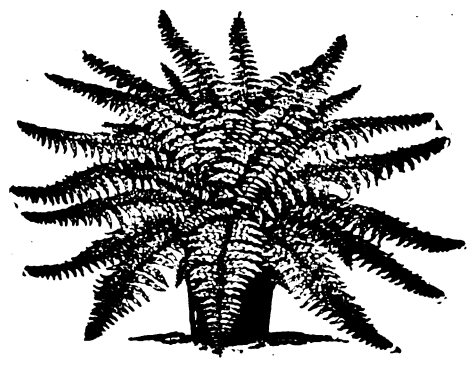
THIS beautiful dish can be used for a variety of purposes—for candy, nuts, salted peanuts, popcorn, etc. It is much larger than it appears in the above illustration, measuring over five inches in width and two inches deep. It is heavily silver plated outside and gold lined. Needless to say, it makes a handsome ornament for the sideboard and will last a lifetime.

We will send you this handsome Silver Bonbon Dish free upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this Silver Plated, Gold Lined Bonbon Dish free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9942.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Three Lovely Ferns



THEY are the largest, handsomest varieties ever grown for house culture—the **Roosevelt,** the **Boston** or "Fountain" fern, and the **Whitmani** or "Ostrich Plume" Fern. We guarantee these ferns to be strong, healthy and well rooted, and that they will reach you in perfect condition, ready to pot. If any of them fail to grow, we will cheerfully replace them free of charge. We are able to illustrate but one variety, **"The Roosevelt,"** but remember you get **all three ferns free on this offer.**

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you the above described collection of **three beautiful ferns free** by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 8581.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



For a Club of Four

BEADWORK is all the rage again. And here is a wonderful yet simple **Bead Loom** with which any woman or girl can take up this fascinating work at home and easily make the handsomest bags, chains, necklaces, purses, bracelets, belts, collars and cuffs, dress trimmings, shirtwaist sets, slippers, watch cases, fob chains, card cases, pocketbooks,—in fact there is no limit to the number and variety of exquisitely colored bead work articles that can be woven on this Loom.

Anybody can use the **"Kanibas" Bead Loom**—it is very easy to understand as everything is fully explained in the instruction book sent with the outfit.

Everything you need to work with is included **free** with the Loom, so you can begin making the articles at once.

In the outfit you will receive one **"Kanibas" Bead Loom**, five packages of **beads** in assorted colors of black, white, blue, green, pink, etc., one dozen **special bead needles** (very long and slender with an unusually long eye), one spool of specially prepared **waxed bead thread**, and a **44-page instruction book** containing more than seventy-five photographs and designs of popular bead work, together with easy, detailed instructions on just what color of beads to use and how to work them.

This book shows how to make different styles of bags, chains, necklaces, purses, belts, collars and cuffs, shirtwaist sets, slippers, watch cases, fob chains, card cases, pocketbooks, dress trimmings, any letter in the alphabet, any numeral, etc., etc.,—giving full directions for all designs. The popular secret order emblems can be worked with great effect in beads for fob chains, bracelets, card cases, etc., and this book illustrates designs for Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Knights of Columbus, Elks, Royal Arcanum, also Christian Endeavor, Epworth League and others.

Any woman or girl will be delighted with this practical Loom Outfit because she can make so many pretty things not only for her own use but to give away as presents and to sell. While the beads themselves cost but little, the finished work brings a high price so that there are big profits in the business, if one desires to sell the articles after they are made.

Special Club Offer. For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you the "Kanibas" Bead Loom and Outfit free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 8234.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

18-Inch Center — 12-Inch Doily

Both Stamped On Good Material

THEY are stamped on the best linen-finished cotton cloth all ready for embroidering. The simple yet elegant designs may be easily worked, using solid embroidery, French knots or eyelets for the basket, solid embroidery or satin stitch for the sprays and flowers and buttonhole stitch for the scalloped borders. Remember, we give you BOTH Centerpiece and Doily on this offer.

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you this 18-inch Centerpiece and 12-inch Doily free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8361.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Send Only Three Subscriptions For This Cut Glass Sugar and Creamer—Or Two Subscriptions For The Pickle Dish Or Spoon Tray!

WE want to ask our women readers—did you ever see or hear of a more remarkable offer?

Just think of the small number of subscriptions required to earn any one or all of these beautiful cut glass pieces.

And it is real cut glass—of good weight and thickness—clear, brilliant, crystal glass, exquisitely hand cut in a new and beautiful design. Each piece is full size with the same handsome floral pattern that twines completely around the outside in graceful curves, while on the bottom of each piece is a heavily cut, many-pointed star. The rim of both sugar and creamer is deeply notched.

Do you wonder how we can make this offer? A certain factory, realizing that we shall probably use thousands of these sets, has made us an unusually low price. That's the whole story. And the result is we can give you your choice of this rich genuine cut glass absolutely free in return for the easiest half hour's work you ever did.

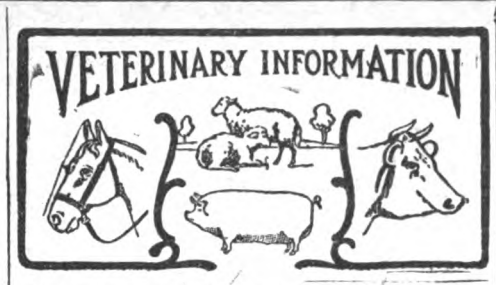
We Prepay Charges And Positively Guarantee Safe Delivery

Any or all of these pieces can be safely mailed by parcel post. We pay all postage and guarantee safe delivery to your home. If by chance a piece should become broken (something that rarely happens) we will replace it **free of charge.**

We know that every woman that receives one or more of these rich cut glass pieces will be amazed and delighted with the bargain she has obtained. It is easily the greatest value in a premium that we have ever been able to offer. We will give you your choice of the Sugar and Creamer, or the Pickle Dish, or the Spoon Tray absolutely free on the terms of the following special

Club Offers. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you the Sugar and Creamer by prepaid insured parcel post. **(Reward No. 8883).** Or for two one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you your choice of **either** the Pickle Dish **(Reward No. 9402),** or the Spoon Tray **(Reward No. 9412).** Or we will send you the complete set of all four pieces free and prepaid for a club of seven one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each. **(Reward No. 7457).**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lack the sender's full name and address, but we will prin only initials if so requested.

Blood in Milk

IT is quite common for the first milk of a new-calved heifer to contain blood. It may come in small quantities at the end of the milking operation, or clear blood may come instead of milk. In other cases one finds clots of blood in the milk after it has stood for some time. Profuse bleeding affects all of the teats. The small amounts of blood usually come from one teat or quarter, but several may be affected. The cause of profuse bleeding in a heifer with her first calf is such great distention or congestion of the udder with blood that tiny blood vessels rupture and discharge their contents into the little chambers in which milk is secreted. Great congestion usually indicates that the heifer is to be a big yielder of milk, but great care must be taken lest it turn into true mammitis or garget. To prevent undue congestion and the likelihood of blood in the milk at calving time feed a light laxative ration, keep the bowels active and make the heifer take active outdoor exercise every day.

The bleeding when profuse may be stopped by giving the heifer or cow one dram of dried sulphate of iron and three of salt in her feed once daily, and twice daily if not quickly effective. Also bathe the udder three times a day with equal quantities of cold water and cider vinegar, provided the animal is kept in a box-stall and well blanketed against cold and drafts. After each bathing rub in some warm melted, unsalted lard or sweet oil to protect the udder against chilling. When clots of blood are found in the cream separator or setting utensils the milk from each quarter of the udder of each cow has to be carefully examined at milking time or by setting a separate sample from each cow and each of her quarters. In that way the guilty cow and quarter to blame may be detected and the animal isolated for treatment. Growths in the teats are the usual cause of such bleeding and may be removed if close to the opening of the teat, but if high up it is better to let a calf suck or to dry off the milk secretion. Removal is managed by scraping downwards with a little sharp-edged, cone-shaped instrument made for the purpose. Chronic garget may also cause blood in milk and such milk is unfit for any use so that the cow, being in an incurable condition, should be sold as a "canner cow" to the dealer.

MAMMARY TUMOR.—I have a cow that has a cake in one of her teats, extending all the way up her udder. It appeared after she freshened four months ago and was about the size of a small marble. She gives but little milk from that teat. Can it be cured and is the milk fit to use from the other three? MRS. J. M.

A.—One attack of mammitis (garget) or more has caused formation of a tumor which is incurable. It would be best to dry off the remaining milk in that quarter. As tuberculosis is a possible cause of such a condition, the milk should not be used unless the cow has been tested with tuberculin and proved to be free of the disease.

HOGS THAT EAT CHICKENS.—Is there anything to cure a hog from eating chickens? S. G.

A.—Partially blindfold the chicken-eating hog by hanging the back part of a boot from just above the heel by hog rings from the bases of the ears so that it will cover the eyes but not prevent the animal from seeing its feed. Make it a practice to feed the chickens grain away from the hog lot at the same time the hogs are being fed.

FOUNDER.—I have a horse about 12 years old. When I started working him early last winter he seemed limber but last February he went stiff in his front legs and has hardly been able to walk. Veterinarians told me that he had been chest foundered years ago. P. L.

A.—There is no such disease as "chest founder." Founder or laminitis affects the feet only. The affected horse thrusts his fore feet forward and correspondingly advances his hind ones when starting to walk and goes on his heels. Clip the hair from the hoof-heads of both fore feet and then blister them one at a time with a mixture of two drams each of biniodide of mercury and powdered cantharides and three ounces of lard. Repeat the blister at intervals of two or three weeks until he can go fairly sound. Have him shod with flat, thin-heeled bar shoes put on over dressings of lanolin (sheep's wool fat), oakum and thick leather pads.

FITS.—What was wrong with my heifer calf one year old? I saw her turning around and around. I decided she had pink eye and paid no attention to her. A week later she acted the same, growing worse. She began bawling and getting her breath and frothing at the mouth. She lived about an hour. Is it contagious? MRS. G. C. S.

A.—The fit or convulsion described was in all probability caused by eating moldy corn or corn fodder or other damaged feed. That causes botulism, for which an antitoxin is available as a preventive and remedy. Your veterinarian can learn all about that from a bulletin on the subject published by the Illinois Agricultural Experimnt Station, at Urbana, Ill. The *bacillus botulinus* in the damaged feed causes the disease. Hemorrhagic septicemia causes similar symptoms and is also preventable by vaccination with a fair degree of success. Avoid feeding corn or fodder that is moldy or spoiled in any way.



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CANCER OF EYE.—I have a mare that has a growth in her right eye. It started one year ago, just a red lump on the eyeball, and is slowly growing larger. It waters some and the eyesight is not gone. The left eye is weak. What can I do? R. L. R.

A.—The growth is cancerous and known as fungus hematoidis. When cut out it tends to return worse than ever and implicate the bones of the orbit. The latter condition is termed osteo-sarcoma. If you can employ a graduate veterinarian he should remove the growth and possibly the eye. Menwhile, dust the part twice daily with a mixture equal quantities of finely powdered iodoform, calomel and boric acid.

LAME CALF.—I have a six-months-old calf that seems weak in its hips. If you run up to it or it goes to playing, its legs give way and it falls down. Please advise me what to do. E. T.

A.—The calf appears to have rickets from malnutrition. Give it a dose of castor oil and then feed it well on milk, oats, bran and oilmeal and green stuff or clover or alfalfa hay. Let it run out daily. Mix an ounce of lime-water in each pint of milk or sweet skim-milk fed daily.

ABSCESS: FITS.—I have a mare, eight years old, with foal. She had distemper very bad. Her head was stuffed but she had no discharge. A lump formed in her breast as large as a person's head and is hard. I have done all I could. (2) I have a cat that takes fits, jerks, quivers and mews.

A.—If possible have a qualified veterinarian examine this mare as glanders-farcy possibly is present and it is contagious, incurable and also communicable and fatal to man. It is even more likely, however, that the mare had distemper (strangles) in an irregular form and that an abscess is forming at the part mentioned. Clip off the hair and apply tincture of iodine to the lump every other day. If it softens, open it for liberation of pus. (2) Worms no doubt cause the cat to have fits. Starve the animal for 24 hours and then give one to three grains of santonin, according to age and size, and in two or three hours a dose of castor oil containing five drops of turpentine, if the cat is large. Repeat the treatment in 10 days.

SITFAST.—Will you tell me what to do for a saddle horse that has a lump on its back caused by the saddle? It is hard in the center and very sore, making the horse jerk with pain when it is touched. Please give the name of the disease and a remedy for it in the next issue of COMFORT. C. C. M.

A.—A patch or core of horny skin is present in the center of the sore and constitutes what is called a "sitfast." Cut out the core and then treat as a common wound by wetting two or three times daily with a lotion compound of one ounce of acetate of lead, six drams of sulphate of zinc and one pint of soft water. Label the bottle "poison" and shake it well before use. Do not remove the scab formed by the lotion.

COUGHING CALF.—I have a calf three and one-half months old that coughs as though she had a cold, coughing more in the morning than during the day. Otherwise she seems all right. B. C.

A.—If the calf has been on old grass, lung worms probably cause the cough. If so, a veterinarian should be employed to inject a chloroform mixture into the windpipe, or some good may result from having the calf inhale the fumes from iodine crystals placed on a hot brick in a loose-meshed gunny sack into which the head is held for a few seconds several times daily. Care must be taken not to choke the calf. The cough due to lung worms is croupy and a discharge comes from the nose or mouth and is found, on microscopic examination, to contain eggs or worms. A sucking calf often coughs on account of ulcers in its mouth or throat. These should be scraped clean, swabbed with tincture of iodine and then twice daily with a two per cent. solution of permanganate of potash until healed.

LAMENESS.—I have a mare that is lame in the hips. She is in good condition but cannot trot. She has been this way 16 months. What can be done for her? T. R. G.

A.—We suspect that swamp-fever or pernicious anemia is the cause of the lameness, and that disease is incurable. To find out what is wrong you should, however, take the mare to a qualified veterinarian as a personal examination is necessary for the determination of the seat and cause of mysterious lameness and the prescribing of appropriate treatment. Without making an examination we are unable to assign the exact cause of the trouble.

BONE SPAVIN.—I have a young horse, three years old, that has a bone spavin. Is there a cure for it? MRS. M. D.

A.—The spavin cannot be removed but the lameness can be relieved or remedied by having the hock joint and spavin line-fired and blistered by a veterinarian. Then tie the horse up short in a narrow stall so that he will be unable to lie down. He will soon learn to sleep in the standing position, or may be supported with veterinary slings. Have a qualified veterinarian do the firing. The operation is more likely to succeed in an adult horse than in a growing colt, so may have to be repeated later in the case in question.

MAMMITIS.—My cow gives lumpy milk from one of her teats and one side of her udder is hard when I am through milking her. Is there any cure? MRS. A. A. W.

A.—The affected quarter is incurably diseased with mammitis, commonly called garget or caked bag. It would be best to let a calf nurse or to dry off the milk secretion in the sound quarters and then fit the cow for the butcher. Meanwhile isolate the cow, strip the diseased quarter dry every two hours and destroy the milk. Once daily rub into that quarter a mixture of equal quantities of carbolized oil, camphorated oil and compound soap liniment.

RHEUMATISM.—My mule is crippled in right fore leg and can hardly get her head down to eat and drink, and when down can hardly raise it up. She seems to be falling away in right shoulder. G. S.

A.—The symptoms suggest rheumatism but that is a comparatively rare disease in a mule or a horse. Without making an examination we cannot be sure just what is wrong. If you cannot have a qualified veterinarian examine the animal and prescribe appropriate treatment, try the effect of two drams of salol or salicylate of soda given twice daily in the food.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not relating to the special departments elsewhere in the paper, will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address but we will print only initials if so requested.

MRS. W. H., Lehi, Utah.—The "city of salt," to which your inquiry refers, is the famous big salt mine at Wieliczka, Austria. This mine was opened in 1608 and is yet the greatest salt mine in the world. It is almost a thousand feet in depth and extends 300 feet below sea level. There are some twenty-five miles of railroad in the mine, and these tracks center at a great central station which is carved entirely out of salt. In prosperous monarchial times in Austria, many regal fetes have been held in the mine—these taking place in an enormous ballroom where the glittering salt crystals made a marvelous appearance in the glow of lights. There are some 1200 men ordinarily employed in these immense salt mines, laboring to fill a part of the world's need for this important mineral.

R. M., Coldwater, Mich.—The home of Luther Burbank, popularly known as "the plant wizard," is at Santa Rosa, California, where you may address him.

ELLA A., Minnesota.—If you want to know just how many copies of your song this firm would publish for the sum you mention, it is they you should ask and not this department. We would be entirely in ignorance of your correspondence with them or of the terms of such contract as they offer you. Necessarily no company will write music, and furnish paper, composition and printing without being paid some sum for so doing. As an unknown song writer, it is you who must take the risk of publishing your efforts, and you cannot expect any business firm to deal with you on any other basis. Other COMFORT readers, take notice.

E. B. C., Independence, W. Va.—The National Headquarters of the Girl Scouts, Inc., are at 189 Lexington Avenue, New York City. Write to them for such particulars as you may require. The Camp Fire Girls have their headquarters at 31 East 17th Street, New York City. Upon request the Secretary of the organization will give you all the information you wish concerning forming a branch post.

D. A. V., Pritchardville, S. C.—The present method by which the date of Easter is determined was not arrived at without some difficulty and controversy. In the second century there was a lively dispute between the Eastern and Western churches. The Eastern church had been celebrating the festival on the 14th day of the first Jewish month and regarded the date as that of the Jewish Passover. The Western church celebrated on the Sunday after the 14th day and considered the date as commemorating the resurrection of Jesus. In 325 A. D., the Council of Nicæa gave a decision in favor of the Western church. But this only settled one part of the difficulty. At the adoption of the Gregorian Calendar in 1582, it was necessary to decide if the date was to remain fixed or movable. It was finally ruled to adhere to a determination by a sort of ecclesiastical moon and not an astronomical one. By this ruling, Easter is always the first Sunday after the Paschal full moon—that is, the full moon which happens upon or next after March 21. If this full moon falls upon a Sunday, Easter Day becomes the Sunday after. By this arrangement Easter can never occur earlier than the 22d of March or later than the 25th of April. In our present century the latest Easter will fall upon the 25th of April in the year 1943.

A. B. J., Bellevue, Idaho.—We would be unable to grant space here to the details of Federal laws relating to homesteads and grazing lands. Send your inquiry to the Secretary of the Interior, Washington, D. C., or address the Register of the U. S. Land Office, Boise, Idaho.

M. W., Paden, Miss.—The various wedding anniversaries are regarded as follows: First, Cotton; Second, Paper; Third, Leather; Fifth, Wooden; Seventh, Woolen; Tenth, Tin; Twelfth, Silk and fine linen; Fifteenth, Crystal; Twentieth, China; Twenty-fifth, Silver; Thirtieth, Pearl; Fortieth, Ruby; Fiftieth, Golden, Seventy-fifth, Diamond.

MRS. H. H. P., Odem, Tex.—The following solution is one recommended to remove hair from beef and other large hides. Slack twenty pounds of lime in eight gallons of water until thoroughly dissolved. In another vessel dissolve ten ounces of sulphate of iron in two gallons of water. Mix the two solutions thoroughly together and add twenty-five more gallons of water. Let hides remain in this solution from one to sixteen days—length of time depending upon the freshness and strength of the solution. Then remove, scrape off all remaining hair and rinse hide thoroughly in clear water.

Crooked Spines STRAIGHTENED



Cure Yourself or Your Child at Home, Without Pain or Inconvenience, of any Spinal Deformity with the Wonderful PHILO BURT METHOD.

No matter how old you are, or how long you have suffered, or what kind of spinal deformity you have, there is benefit and a possible cure for you. The Philo Burt Appliance is as firm as steel and yet flexible and very comfortable to wear. It gives an even, perfect support to the weakened or deformed spine. It is as easy to take off or put on as a coat, causes no inconvenience, and does not chafe or irritate. No one can notice you wearing it.

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The Appliance is made to fit each individual case. It weighs ounces where other supports weigh pounds. The price is within the reach of all. Hundreds of doctors recommend it.



We GUARANTEE Satisfaction and LET YOU USE IT 30 DAYS.

If you or your child are suffering from spinal trouble of any nature, write me at once for our new book with full information and references. Describe case fully so we can advice you intelligently. The Philo Burt Method consisting of a scientific appliance and a course of especial exercises, has produced wonder benefit or cure in over 45,000 cases.

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is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it." Over one hundred thousand sold. Write for booklet and testimonials.

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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

I live beside an exquisite lake where the tourists are plentiful during the fishing season. Also it is a wonderful place to go swimming in the summer time.

I am going to embroider a sofa pillow representing "C. L. O. C." I have enlarged my League button on a large sheet of drawing paper and drawn a white dove carrying the button in its beak—this to represent peace.

I would like to hear from all the cousins and I guarantee satisfaction, or money refunded. Ahem!

I will now inform you how I look: I am five feet, two inches tall, weigh 135 pounds. I have chestnut brown hair, and dark playful eyes which are very snappy when my warlike nature is aroused—otherwise I am kind and gentle.

Well, I think it is high time I came up for air, and I will cease, Uncle, with the expectation of hearing in answer from you and the cousins. Give my kind regards to Billy. With love and best wishes to you and the cousins, I am

Your niece, PHOEBE L. BELLAMY.

Phoebe, you seem to be a very cheerful little clamdigger—dwelling along the shores of Spencer Lake where exquisite clams and inquisitive tourists are so plentiful. I have often taken a hand at digging clams, Phoebe, and I can swing a clam hook in an amateurish manner, but I have never fished for tourists. This must be great sport. Do you use bait or a fly? I have heard somewhere that a railroad folder, well illustrated, works successfully, particularly when used on a good line. I'm glad you have so many tourists during the open season, Phoebe, and I hope you get your share of the catch. The slim blond kind of tourist is plentiful and is said to offer good sport, but the dark, sleek-headed species is the most gamey. Be sure you have a landing net handy, Phoebe, when you go out after this last sort. They must be well hooked and played with a steady hand.

I think your sofa-pillow idea is a good one, Phoebe Bell, and you will be setting many of the cousins to work, I'll bet, after they have read your plan of operation. I like your design of peace. A sofa pillow is always a peaceful thing to have around. About half a dozen of 'em well arranged on a soft couch or hammock in a quiet shady spot makes almost the peacefulest thing I know. Bill has a League pillow, too, Phoebe, only his is a piece one. It is stuffed with the pieces of letters he has failed to utilize in his usual toothsome manner.

I shall think of you as swimming around in Spencer Lake and coming up for air, now and then, and snapping your dark, playful eyes. You are a lucky Phoebe bird—or should I say Phoebe-fish?

Bill returns your kind message and says he prefers his clams steamed—and served in the proportion of two quarts of melted butter to each peck of clams.

RANDOLPH, TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

This is my first time to write, and therefore I have to stay a long time to tell you all I know. Now I am in the eighth grade and will graduate in two more years. I walk one mile to school.

Well, I will describe myself: I am five feet, four inches tall, weigh 110 pounds, and am fourteen years old. I live on a farm of 81 acres. We have three mules, two mares, a Ford car, three cats and a black dog. As I like everybody always to know my pets' names, here they are: First, the mules are Kit, Toby and Gin. The mares are May and Dais. The cats are Yellowery, Spotetdy and Greyery, and last of all my dog's name is West. Now if you can beat those for names you are a pretty good namer.

As I have not told you what we raise, here goes: We raise cotton, about enough corn to do us, and a little garden. Oh, I haven't told you about what kind of land we've got. It is black, and as sticky as you want it to be when it is muddy.

Sometimes I go hunting on Saturdays with old West. There are lots of rabbits down here. I would like to hear from any of the cousins who live on a ranch—or anywhere else.

There are only four in our family—my mother father, one brother and I. We have the best player piano in our county and an Edison phonograph. So if you ever get lonesome, any of you, come down and I will make you happy with music.

Your friend, FRANK MCCOY PATTON.

Frank, I'm glad to have you come way up from Texas to tell us all you know and give the list of your Randolph Farm Menagerie. You furnish the names of all the animals except that of your Ford. Surely you have christened this playful little animal, Frank—particularly some day when it has got stuck in the black, sticky mud of your roads. I have heard lots of people, on like occasions, give their kind, patient Fords names mostly made of up blanks, dashes, stars and a few sparks of fire, but I hope you treat your most useful of farm friends better than this and give it a gentler name. That is certainly a striking and descriptive manner you have hit upon to call your cats, Frank. According to this charming system, my Billy might be appropriately named Whiskery, Cussedy or Chewery. Which do you think best? Yet I'm afraid he would be the same old Bill, even if I changed his handle.

You must have good sport on your holiday hunts with old West, Frank. But how about when he starts a rabbit and it scampers east? Does your dog just have to let it travel and he keep on going West? This might be awkward and result in reducing your bag. If you want West to be able to range in all directions, I advise you to change his name to Compass.

If I get lonesome for music, Frank, old boy, I'll remember your kind offer of a free concert. Just now I can hear no less than six phonographs and three player pianos, as well as two handorgans—their harmonies floating in through my open window. So I'm not a bit music-lonesome yet, thank you. And Billy is thinking of buying a saxaphone, anyway.

BRIGHTON, R. R. 2, COLORADO.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND EVERY READER:

Say! Haven't we got a dandy leader? And Billy the Goat is sure a joke to this great paper of ours, that comes just at the right hours when we seem to need it most, to it I say, let's give a toast!

I guess you wonder who in thunder is giving you all this bunk, and all this junk. Well, I'm five feet, three; fourteen years old I be. My complexion is fair. Light brown is my hair.

I thought I read that somebody in this paper said that America has no pretty girls, and that everything is artificial, even curls. Bah! he ought to come out here in the west, and stay a month as my guest. I bet I could change his mind and many a pretty girl for him find.

I live on a farm of eighty acres. We always raise pickles and tomatoes. So, Uncle, if you like to work a hoe, just come out here and never skip a row.

I would like to hear from cousins far or near. I will answer all, so now will end my call.

From your niece, EBBA LARSON.

Say, Ebba, every word you wrote was read twice over by Billy the Goat, and when he had scanned it a second time, said he: 'Why, Uncle, this letter's in rhyme! Shall I hand it over to you to read—or make it a part of my daily feed?"

And looking I saw that Billy was right—for he can tell the "potes" at sight; and much of "pottery" and many a "pome" has found in Billy a last long home. And everything that resembles verse, Bill christens "piffle"—or something worse!

Yet, Ebba, although you had given cause to land your missive in Billy's jaws, I gave it refuge, because you tried within your letter the rhymes to hide. And as Billy and many a critic knows, there's much of "pottery" that's really prose!

CARRIZOZO, NEW MEXICO.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

Good morning! Yes, it is I, Teddy Carmichael. I came this morning to see if you are as handy at helping a fellow out of trouble as you are at helping him into it! All right, then; come on: I want you to tell the COMFORT readers for me (those that wrote me) that the hame is busted, the gear is stripped and the bearings are burned out. Ha, ha! You tell 'em, Uncle, that the hame broke long ago. To date I have received two thousand, three hundred letters, and a big batch of postcards from COMFORT cousins—and they are still coming. I only go to town twice a week, and last Saturday when I went to the post-office there were seven hundred and forty letters there for me. I know this may sound like a yarn, but I assure you it's the truth. Oh, yes; I understand now about "fools rushing in where angels fear to tread"—but when I wrote that I would answer all that wrote me, I did not realize what I was doing. In fact, I didn't think anything about it much at all. And, Uncle Lisha, here is where you come in. You knew just what you were letting me in for, and if I have to answer all these letters I think you ought to have to help do it. Yes, and I can just see that pesky Goat grinning all over his head. Of course, he, too, knew what I was jumping into. Oh, well; maybe I will get even with Billy yet.

Now, boys and girls and everybody who has written me—I want to thank each and all of you for the good, cheerful and interesting letters you sent. And I want you all to know that I am more disappointed at not being able to answer each one of your letters than you can be in not getting a letter from me. But I am sure you all can see that it is more than one man's job to answer all those letters. Many of those that wrote sent stamps, and many sent snapshots. To all those I am going to do my level best to answer. To the girls, I will say that I am an American. Many thought I was a Mexican. I am not married—and another thing, I most emphatically do not agree with Cousin Jack Wilcox in his opinion of our girls.

And to the many boys that wrote about work out here, I have to say that times are very dull and that there is no work for those men that are here now. I am very sorry to disappoint anyone, but it is best to tell the truth.

Well, Uncle, please rush this by that pesky Goat—so the cousins may know that I am not willfully neglecting to answer their letters.

Your sincere nephew, THEO CARMICHAEL.

P. S. Uncle, I never knew there were so many Juliets in the world.

Well, Teddy, old scout, here is the delayed and sad news of your hame-busted, gear-stripped condition for the cousins to read. And if ever a Goat chuckled so that his whiskers just rippled with mirth, it was Billy when he perused your letter Even I had to grin, although I felt it was my duty to nurse an air of sympathy for your fate. Of course Bill and I knew what you were stirring up and what sort of an avalanche of note paper was on its way to bury your happy valley and Box 146, Carrizozo, New Mexico. I can imagine the flood of paper blowing up and down the canyons, swirling in eddies and sweeping up toward the peak of the Jicarillas. And perhaps not a Goat in sight! Teddy, no six-foot, curly-headed Romeo can go around advertising his lonely condition without arousing sympathetic interest in the hearts and pens of various Juliets. You have discovered this fact with a vengeance—and at the price of much busted harness! You went rushing in all right, Teddy, with your letter in January COMFORT, and if the trace chains didn't hold, you have only those curls to blame. You'll sure have to cut 'em off now, or the Carrizozo postmaster will be demanding more box rent of you, and more salary of Washington. Curls are dangerous things, Teddy, and a bald-headed Romeo will be certain to have less of appeal and correspondence. So get out your safety-razor, Ted, before the seven hundred letters a week increase to seven thousand!

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for June

"Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these you have done it unto Me."

Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Every month brings to me letters which disregard this simple and necessary rule. Appeals unaccompanied by the references required will be destroyed.

Doc Willoughby, Scottsville, Ky. Here is a boy who has never walked a step in his life. He asks for cheery letters and post-cards to help pass shut-in hours. Lawrence M. Bird, Dalton, R. R. 6, Ga. This appeal is from a man who for thirty years has been a helpless paralytic as the result of a spinal injury in childhood. Well recommended. All his aid must come from others. Don't disappoint him. Princie Greene, Yuma, N. C. A girl of twenty-one who has been blind from birth. Give her a dime shower. Mrs. Zade Bailey, Allensprings, Ky. An old lady of 71 who would be grateful for letters and post-cards to make her shut-in days more bearable. Mrs. M. R. Culver, Roxbury, R. R. Box 36, Vt. Asks for letters, quilt pieces, or anything that would "please an old lady." It should be easy to give happiness to this poor soul. Luther Eslinger, Cosby, Tenn., sends thanks to all who have written him so many cheerful letters and sent him periodicals and other aid.

June is a month of love and gladness if ever there was one. Think of being housed up for not only one June but for many such glorious months. Remembering this, give such cheer and financial aid as you can that may bring a little of the shut-out June gladness to the June shut-ins listed this month. Open your hearts. Cousins, in the same way the roses are opening theirs this first month of summer.

Lovingly,

Uncle Lisha

Win $1000

SOLVE 4TH of JULY PUZZLE



Can You Find More Than 10 Objects in This 4th of July of Picture Beginning With "C"?

SOLVE PUZZLE! TWO $1,000 PRIZES GIFT FOR EVERYONE

YOU'LL have barrels of fun finding the objects in this 4th of July Picture which begin with "C," like Clown, Child, etc. You may win one of the $1,000 free prizes to be given away. Send in your solution as soon as possible.

This puzzle game with free prizes is one way of advertising the famous Henber Silver and Gold Pencils. We do not ask you to purchase a Pencil. However, extra prizes are offered if you will assist us in introducing one or two Henber pencils in your community. This is optional.

$3,000 IN FREE PRIZES

Gifts	Class "A"	Class "B"	Class "C"
1st	$1,000.00	$300.00	$25.00
2nd	1,000.00	300.00	25.00
3rd	500.00	100.00	10.00
4th	200.00	75.00	7.00
5th	100.00	30.00	5.00
6th to 10th	25.00	15.00	4.00
11th to 15th	10.00	7.50	3.00
16th to 25th	7.50	5.00	2.00
26th to 50th	5.00	3.00	1.00

Class "A"—Gift if you buy 2 Pencils $5
Class "B"—Gift if you buy 1 Pencil $3
Class "C"—Gift if you buy no Pencil

Prize Gifts on Deposit at Republic State Bank, Minneapolis

HOW TO WIN $1,000

If your solution is awarded first or second prize and you have ordered two of our $3.50 Sterling Silver Pencils (special price two for $5) you would win under Class A, $1,000 or the Buick; if you had ordered one $3.50 Pencil (special price $3) you would win under Class B, $300; if you had ordered no Pencils you would win under Class C, $25. There are fifty prizes in all—TWO $1,000 PRIZES.

EXTRA!
Chinese Good Luck Ring Free to Everyone

Everyone sending in a puzzle solution will receive free and prepaid a Chinese Good Luck Ring, which it is said will bring good fortune to the wearer. There are persons in almost every walk of life who claim they have had good luck since they started wearing one of these rings. This ring will fit any finger.



What Others Have Done You Can Do!

Mr. M. Gould, Blackfoot, Idaho, won $1,000 in our last Advertising campaign, Mrs. R. C. Steele, Kimball, Nebr., also won $1,000 not long ago. Who knows you may be the next "lucky winner." It doesn't cost anything to try. Send in your solution today.

ADVERTISING FOR HENBER PENCIL

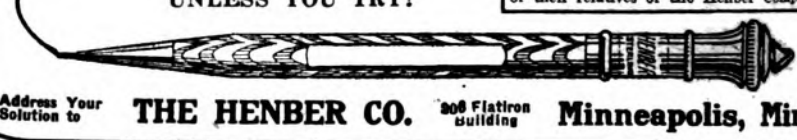
We want every man, woman and child to become acquainted with the Henber Silver and Gold Pencils, the most useful of all writing appliances. You will like the Henber Pencil, it is fully guaranteed. Henber Pencils make most suitable gifts for every occasion.

Lady's or Gent's Style The illustration below shows only one of our style of pencils, the Lady's Sterling Silver (regular $3.50 now $3 or two for $5, Lady's or Gent's.) The gentleman's size is similar except the barrel is longer and comes with a safety clip. The barrel is beautifully chase engraved. The Henber has many distinctive features, repelling lead device; safety clasp; non-clogging mechanism; lightness of pencil, etc.

YOU CANNOT WIN UNLESS YOU TRY!

RULES

1. Whoever sends in the largest number of words which correctly name the objects shown in the picture starting with "C" will be awarded first prize, and so on down the list of 50 free prizes. One point will be allowed for each correct word, and one point deducted for each incorrect word. In case of ties for any prize offered, the full amount of each prize tied for will be awarded to each tying contestant. The list winning the first prize will be published at the close of the contest. Enlarged copy of picture will be furnished on request.
2. Use only words found in Webster's International Dictionary. Your solution must not include hyphenated, obsolete, compound of foreign words.
3. It is permissible to name either singular or plural, but both cannot be used. Synonyms and words of same spelling but different meaning will count only one, but any part of an object can be named.
4. All solutions mailed and postmarked July 3, 1922 will be accepted. Contestants may "Qualify" under class "A" or "B" up to midnight July 15, 1922.
5. Write words on one side of paper only, numbering each 1, 2, 3, 4, etc.
6. Three prominent people of Minneapolis have consented to act as Judges, H. J. Zachman, Cashier Republic State Bank; G. E. Carlson, Pres. Minn. State Printing Co.; Mrs. Nan Smith, Teacher. Their decision must be accepted as final and conclusive.
7. Anyone living outside of Minneapolis may compete for the free Prizes except employees or their relatives of the Henber Company.



Address Your Solution to **THE HENBER CO.** 806 Flatiron Building **Minneapolis, Minn.**

The Bee Cell Supporter



A BOON TO WOMANKIND

Made from the purest, softest rubber. Six cups or faces render misplacement absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Send us $2.50 and we will mail you one postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Write for descriptive circular. It's FREE.

The Bee Cell Co., Dept. 168 White Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, but after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

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Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.



The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities



Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.

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s—Steady income, large manufac- loaps, Perfumes, Toilet Articles and d Products, etc., wishes representa- ch locality. Manufacturer direct to r. Big profits. Honest goods. Whole ime. Cash or Credit. Send at once ulars. American Products Co., 5818 Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

rt You In Business, furnishing g; men and women, $30 to $100 perating our "New System Candy " home anywhere. Booklet free. W. agsdale, Drawer 5, East Orange, N. J.

s—Write for big soap offer. Quick ig Money Maker. Ho-Ro-Co, 131 ., St. Louis, Mo.

rt You without a Dollar. Soaps, Ex- rfumes—ToiletGoods. Experience un- . Carnation Co., 131 Olive, St. Louis.

s—Make a Dollar an Hour. Sell a patent patch for instantly mending all utensils. Sample package free. ffg. Co., Dept. 452-B, Amsterdam, N.Y.

ecessities. Everybody needs and "Business Guide." Bryant cleared July. Send for sample. It's Free. o., Dept. 6B, Naperville, Ill.

Shirt Manufacturer wants Agents nplete line of shirts direct to wearer. patterns. Big values. Free samples. Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

: $60 a week selling guaranteed r men, women and children. Must months or replace free. All styles s, including finest line of silk hose. lure makes over $2000 a year. Mrs. averages $60 a month working . Geo. Noble made $35 in one day. sample outfit. Thomas Mfg. Co., Dayton, Ohio.

! 1922's Greatest Sensation. oilet article set selling like blazes at $1.00 dressmaker's shears free to tomer. Line up with Davis for M. Davis Co., Dept. 505, Chicago.

—$100 Weekly; new invention omobiles; you're backed by reliable a business for over 5 years; products guaranteed; honesty, quality, ser- motto; if you're sincere, write at ree Mfg. Co., Dept. 113 A, Louis-

ng Agents Proposition — $100 lling Rolly's Washday Wonder, New Dirt Solvent, Harmless, Cleans with- ng. Enormous profits. Repeat orders Experience unnecessary. Territory . Samples free. Rolly Chemical Co., ngs, Nebraska.

: Wireless Umbrella. I am paying r, taking orders for this newest in- Send for 5-part outfit. "Six Inch emonstrator free. Parker Mfg. Co., t., Dayton, Ohio.

oney and Fast Sales. Every owner l Initials for his auto. You charge te $1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write ulars and free samples. American n Co., Dept. 64, East Orange, N. J.

ody uses Extracts. Sell Duo Double Extracts. Complete line necessities. ay. Duo Co., Dept. E 41, Attica, N. Y.

Easy Money For Yourself. Mor- ust Gone Soap removes iron rust, and medicine stains from clothing, 25 cts by mail. Morrison Mfg. Co., on Ave., Scranton, Pa.

initmend For Tires And Tubes repair: surpasses vulcanizing, saves ry auto and accessory dealer buys. mazing. Shaw made $21 first day. Hart week. Particulars and free sample. ial Rubber Co., Dept. 96, Philadel-

—Just Out. Flexible Rubber But- n't Break. Every woman buys. 100% ady Business. Samples Free. Clintox 418 Jackson, Milwaukee, Wisc.

omis Knit Guaranteed Hosiery om Mill to Consumer. Begin now up a business on your own time. our proposition. Dept. N, Nomis Knit- , 34 So. 17th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

uce Whiz, delicious beverage, and, Big Repeater, Hundred other s. Fine Profit. Write at once for sample. Newton & Co., 63 Main rk, New York.

AGENTS WANTED

Be successful Agent! Free sample outfit —worth $2.25. "Quality" beauty preparations. Make big money. Extensive line. Established 50 years. Lynas Co., 200 Logansport, Ind.

Agents — New Invention. Harper's Ten-Use brush set and fibre broom. It sweeps, washes and dries upstairs windows, scrubs and mops floors and does 5 other things. Big profits; easy seller. Free trial offer. Harper Brush Works, Dept. A, Fairfield, Iowa

Wonderful Seller. 96c profit every dollar sales. Deliver on spot. License unnecessary. Sample Free. Mission Bead Factory C, 2421 Smith St., Detroit, Mich.

A Business Of Your Own — Make sparkling glass name plates, numbers, checker- boards, medallions, signs; big illustrated book. Free. E. Palmer, 504, Wooster, O.

Agents—Best seller; Jem Rubber Repair for tires and tubes; supersedes vulcanization at a saving of over 800 per cent.; put it on cold, it vulcanizes itself in two minutes, and is guaranteed to last the life of the tire or tube; sells to every auto owner and acces- sory dealer. For particulars how to make big money and free sample, address Amazon Rub- ber Co., Philadelphia, Pa., Dept. 508.

Agents. Sell rich looking 36x68 imported Rugs, $1 each; Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 days, profit $57; you can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid, $1.39. E. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

Sells like hot cakes. New ironing wax pad and asbestos iron rest. Clamps board. Perfumes clothes. Working outfit 10c. Yankee Manu- facturers, 380 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Agents Sell Neverfail Iron Rust And Stain Remover. Huge profits. Big line. Sample. Write today. Sanford Beal Co. Inc., Newark, N. Y. Dept. D.

Men or Women — Enormous Profits selling Duo Guaranteed Products. Easy Sales at every house. All or spare time. Big repeat- ers, Write Quick. DuoCo., Dept. Y41, Attica, N.Y.

Your chance to make big money silvering mirrors, auto reflectors, metalplating. Outfit furn. Write for particulars. International Laboratories, Dept. D6. 311 Fifth Av., New York.

We pay $8 a day taking orders for Inside Tyres. Guaranteed to prevent punctures and blowouts. Double tire mileage. Any tire. Tremendous demand. Low priced. Write quick for agency. American Accessories Co., B220, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Boys, Girls, Earn $1 an hour selling New Popular Music. We trust you. Weasner Music Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Make $12.00 and more every day selling 9-Piece Toilet Article set which costs you 60c. Drug store value $3.75. You sell for $1.50. Get lined up for Spring rush. Harvard Labora- tories, Dept. C, 336 W 63rd St., Chicago, Ill.

Men's Shirts. Easy to sell. Big demand everywhere. Make $15.00 daily. Undersell stores. Complete line. Free Samples to workers. Chicago Shirt Co., 9 So. Clinton, Factory 202, Chicago.

300% Profit. Easy seller. Kleanrite, washes Clothes Without Rubbing. Samples Free. Bestever Prod. Co., 1943-C, Irving Park, Chicago.

MICHIGAN FARMS FOR SALE

For Sale—Small Farm Bargain; five big, sunny acres; good for chickens, fruit or a summer home; located near Dyers Lake, Michigan; price only $180.00; terms $5.00 cash, $3.00 monthly; might throw in my tent and fishing outfit. Write Frank Cleveland, Owner, 3956 North Robey St., Chicago, Ills.

FARM WANTED

Wanted To hear from owner of good farm for sale. State cash price, full descrip- tion. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

FARM LANDS

Productive Lands. Crop Payment or easy terms—along the Northern Pacific Ry., in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. Free literature. Say what state interests you. H. W. Byerly, 14 Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

MISCELLANEOUS

Remnant Store, 1510 Vine St., Cincinnati, O. Greatest Dry Goods Bargains on Earth. Agents and Storekeepers supplied.

Don't buy a Bicycle Motor Attachment until you get our catalogue and prices. Shaw Mfg. Co., Dept. 3, Galesburg, Kansas.

Wanted, Men to get members for the Owls. Position permanent. Commission. Good re- muneration. The Owls, South Bend, Indiana.

Don't Lose Valuable Keys. Send 50c for ring and check stamped with name and ad- dress. Agents wanted. Seaton-Henderson Co., Brickeys, Ark.

Switches made from combings. The new way. Write me. Mrs. E. Vandervoort, Davenport, Iowa.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

$6-$18 a dozen decorating pillow tops at home; pleasant work; experience unneces- sary; particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 104, LaGrange, Ind.

At Once; 5 bright, capable ladies to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. $40 to $75 a week. R. R. fare paid. Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 82, Omaha, Nebr.

Women—Get Government positions. $90 month. List free. Write immediately. Frank- lin Institute, Dept. E9, Rochester, N. Y.

Women—Girls. Learn Dress Designing. $35 week. Learn while earning. Sample. Franklin Institute, Dept. E 501, Rochester, N.Y.

Be Expert Milliners. $125 month. Earn while learning. Sample lessons free. Write Frank- linJnstitute, Dept. E-800, Rochester, N.Y.

$3 An Hour, spare time, selling "Sim- plex Ironing Board Covers". Something new. Sells every home. W. J. Lynch, Springfield, Ill.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Photoplay Ideas Wanted By 48 Com- panies. $25-$500 paid. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Producers League, 311, St. Louis.

SALESMEN WANTED

Only One Policy A Day Means $130 Per month profit; same on renewals. Policy pays $5,000 Death; $25 weekly benefit for in- jury or sickness. Premium $10 yearly. Full or spare time. Easy seller. Write quick for territory. Underwriters, Dept. F32, Newark, N.J.

OLD MONEY WANTED

$2 to $500 Each paid for hundreds of Old & Odd coins. Send 10cts. for Ill'st Coin Value Book, 4x6. You may have valuable coins. Get Posted. We pay cash. Clarke Coin Co., Ave 20, Le Roy, N. Y.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

$35.00 Profit Nightly. Small capital starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used, endorsed by Govt. institutions. Cat. free. Atlas Moving Picture, 471 Morton Bldg., Chicago.

FARMS FOR SALE

$700 Gets 240-Acre Farm With Horses, Poultry; 13 cows and calves, tools; on improved road; 10-room house overlooking lake, garage. Only $3850 with $700 down. Page 21 Free Catalog. Strout Farm Agency, 150 B.G. Nassau St., New York City.

Want to hear from owner having farm for sale; give particulars and lowest price. John J. Black, Comfort St., Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin.

MICH. FARM LANDS FOR SALE

Good Farm Lands. Near thriving city in Mich. 20, 40, 80 acre tracts. $15 to $35 per acre. Easy terms. Write for free booklet. Swigart Land Co., C-1246 First National Bank Bldg., Chicago.

SHOE REPAIRING

Making New Shoes of Your Old Ones. Startling free booklet explains how to get your old shoes rebuilt at a fraction of present repair prices. How to get a Lifetime Shoe Repair Bond Free and defeat high prices for- ever. Just address Desk 42, Thomas Janney Company, Victory Bldg., Philadelphia.

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Patents—Write for free Guide Book, and Evidence of Conception Blank. Send model or sketch and description for free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest References. Prompt Service. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 641 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Inventors—Desiring to secure patent should write for our book, "How To Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for opinion of its patentable nature. Randolph & Co., Dept. 112, Washington, D. C.

Patents Secured. Submit sketch or mod- el of your invention for examination. Write for Record of Invention blank and valuable book, Free. J. L. Jackson & Co., 230 Ouray Building, Washington, D. C.

Patents—Send for free book. Contains val- uable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for Free Opinion of its pa- tentable nature. Prompt service. (Twenty years' experience). Talbert & Talbert, 402 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Patents Promptly procured. Moderate Fees. Best References. Send Sketch or Model. George P. Kimmel, Master of Patent Law, 27-I, Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.

MALE HELP WANTED

All men, women, boys, girls, over 18, will- ing to accept Government Positions, $133, write immediately, Ozment, 104, St. Louis.

$5—$10 Hourly during spare or full time laying Stamco Marbilized Flooring. No ex- perience necessary. Indestructible, noiseless, waterproof. Most substantial and ornamental interior flooring for homes, public buildings, etc. All colors, easily prepared and applied. One job brings many. Enormous profit. Field unlimited. Formula, complete instructions and sure selling plan: $3. Stamco Products, 2412 B Ogden Ave., Chicago.

Be a Railway Traffic Inspector! $110 to $250 monthly, expenses paid after 3 months' spare-time study. Splendid opportunities. Position guaranteed or money refunded. Write for Free Booklet G-5. Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

Firemen, Brakemen, Baggagemen, Sleeping car, train porters (colored). $140- $200. Experience unnecessary. 828 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

Be an Expert Penman; Wonderful De- vice guides your hand; corrects your writing in few days. Complete Outline Free. Write C. J. Ozment, 53, St. Louis, Mo.

Firemen, Brakemen, for railroads near- est their homes—everywhere, beginners $150, later $250 monthly. (Which position). Rail- way Association, Desk M-17, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Government needs Railway Mail Clerks, $133 to $192 month. Write for free specimen questions. Columbus Institute, A-2 Columbus, O.

Be Auto experts. Hundreds vacancies. $45 week. Learn while earning. Write Frank- lin Institute, Dept. E 410, Rochester, N. Y.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Ladies—Earn Money Crocheting, Tat- ting, making aprons and caps. Material fur- nished. Patterns and plans 35c. Send remit- tance now. Returned if desired. Kenwood Pat- tern Co., 6238 So. Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Increase your family income knitting socks at home. The way to independence. The Home Profit Knitter is the world's most pro- ductive and reliable home knitting machine. Be first in your town. We pay you $1.75 for every dozen pairs and furnish all worsted. Enormous demand. Free instruction any- where. Immediate application necessary. Home Profit Hosiery Co. 202 State Street, Rochester, New York.

HELP WANTED

U. S. Government Jobs. Men-Women. $92 to $190 month. List positions open—free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. E12, Rochester, N. Y.

Men, Women, over 18, for U. S. Govt. positions. No experience needed. Write to- day for free list of positions. Chicago Civil Service College, Dept. K, Chicago, Ill.

Stop Daily Grind. Start Silvering Mir- rors, Auto headlights, tableware, etc. Plans free. Clarence Sprinkle, Dept. 99, Marion, Ind.

CALLING CARDS

Your Name ornamental or plain on 12 cards 25c. 3 Doz. 50c. Sample for stamp. W. L. Knight, Brooklyn, Maryland.

PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES

Wanted—Men and women ambitious to make money writing Stories and Movie Plays. Send for wonderful Free Book that tells how. Address Authors' Press, Dept. 31, Auburn, N.Y.

PHOTO FINISHING

Special Trial Offer. Your next Kodak film developed 5c. Prints 2c each. Moser & Son, 2122 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, O.

Better Pictures—Your kodak film devel- oped 4c—prints 4c each. Remember—Satis- faction or money back. Cameron Photo Co., C-3418 Burch Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Kodak Finishing. Not the cheap way, but the most reliable. Our Quality Work insures best prints from every negative. Get particulars and List of Prizes. Send us your orders. Moen Photo Service, 15-A, LaCrosse, Wisconsin.

Films Developed 5c roll—prints 3c each. Not ordinary kind—special studio finished. Reliable Studio, Sta. D, Cincinnati, O.

Trial Offer—20 cents for developing any film or six negatives any size, including six prints. Other charges proportionate. 24-hour service. Splendid work. $20,000 plant. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 228 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

Kodak Prints: 3c, postcards 5c, develop- ment 5 c. "Quality and service." Altine Photo Co., Dept. A, 1982 Kinney, Cincinnati, O.

PHOTOPLAYS

Ambitious Writers send today for Free copy, America's leading magazine for writers of photoplays, stories, poems, songs. Instruc- tive, helpful. Writer's Digest, 609 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

MAIL ORDER BUSINESS

I Made $25,000 with small Mail Order Bus- iness. Sample article & plan 25c. Free Booklet. Tells How For Stamp. AC Scott, Cohoes, N. Y.

STAMPING NAMES

Stamp Names on key checks. Make $19 per 100. Send 25c for sample and inst. Either Sex. C. Keytag Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

STORY WRITERS WANTED

Authors:—Stories, poems, photo plays etc. are wanted for publication. Submit Mss. Literary Bureau, C4, Hannibal, Mo.

HELP—MALE & FEMALE

Earn $25 Weekly, writing for news- papers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Press Syndicate, 451, St. Louis, Mo.

Government Positions Are Fine: $1400, $1600, $1800 at start, up to $2300 and $2600. Exams everywhere. Write Today for full in- formation. Patterson Civil Service School, Box K, Rochester, N. Y.

Men, Women, 18, over, wanting Gov- ernment Positions. Hundreds appointments made every year. Good salary. Experience unnecessary. Write for free particulars. Columbia School Civil Service, 464 Pope Bldg., Washington, D. C.

INVENTIONS

Inventions Wanted. Cash or royalty for ideas. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 91, St. Louis, Mo.

HOME WEAVING

Looms—Only $9.90—Big Money in Weaving Rugs, Carpets, portieres, etc., at home; from rags and waste material. Weavers are rushed with orders. Send for free loom book, it tells all about the weaving business and our wonderful $9.90 and other low-priced, easily-operated looms. Union Loom Works, 272 Factory St., Boonville, N. Y.

POULTRY

Day Old Chicks, for sale. Thousands per week. Strong, better hatched, utility and pure Bred, circular Free. Old Honesty Hatchery, Dept. C, New Washington, O.

Baby Chicks: 8c up. 1,000,000 for 1922. 12 Best breeds. Purebred. Greatest layers. Cata- log free. Booth Hatchery, Clinton, Mo.

Wheel Chairs in May

COMFORT'S Total to Date

ree May wheel chairs go to aster, R. R. 1, Scammon, Kan- Russell Cochran, Box 881, . Mont., 150; Vertice Borders, leflin, Ala., 52. The figures fol-



OVERCASH ENJOYING HER COMFORT WHEEL CHAIR.

heir respective names indicate ber of subscriptions sent in by by their friends for them. Laster, age 9, received a severe his spine last July by falling from a large tree. As a result of this injury he is a cripple and since the accident has been unable to walk.

Russell Cochran, age 5, has been an invalid from birth and never able to walk. He has about the same use of his legs as a five-months-old baby. The doctors differ in opinion as to the cause of his trouble; some say it is due to pressure on the brain while others claim that the brain has nothing to do with his condition. The physician who is treating him now thinks he may get better in time.

Vertice Borders, age 15, has been a cripple all his life and never able to walk. The cause of his deplorable condition is unknown. The COMFORT wheel chair that I am sending this unfortunate boy will be a source of joy to him and a help to his folks in caring for him.

All three recipients of our May wheel chairs happen to be children. To be crippled at any age is bad enough, but for such an affliction to befall one in early youth and deprive the victim of all the joys of active childhood seems especially cruel and pitiable.

You have helped to provide the means whereby these three young shut-ins will be enabled to get out and enjoy the spring air and sunshine, but remember that on our waiting list are many other shut-ins, including all ages, who are in need of COMFORT wheel chairs. Be liberal in helping them this present month.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT,

Publisher of COMFORT.

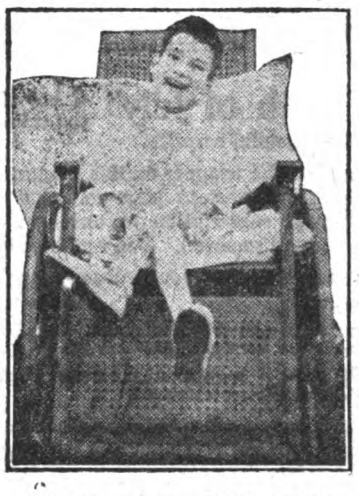
P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 150 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 50 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscriptions, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Little Boy Growing up in His COMFORT Wheel Chair

Summerfield, N. C.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

I enclose a picture of my little boy Herbert Everett Walker in his COMFORT wheel chair which you were kind enough to send him five years ago. Since then I



HERBERT EVERETT WALKER IN HIS COMFORT WHEEL CHAIR.

have tried so many times to get a good picture of him in the chair and this is the first good one that I have succeeded in getting. I hope you will print it in COMFORT so that all may see how he enjoys it. I wish on this occasion again to thank you and all the friends who helped him to get his chair.

Sincerely yours,

(Mrs.) S. W. Walker.

Enjoying Her Comfort Wheel Chair

Thomasville, N. C.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

I am sending you the enclosed picture of myself enjoying my COMFORT wheel chair, and I wish to thank you and everyone who was so kind as to help me to get it. You see by the potted fern in the picture that I also enjoy house plants. Again thanking you and every- one, I am

Yours truly,

Emma Teat Overcash.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more sub- scriptions, or a dollar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions or amount of cash sent.

Miss Ethel Pilkington, Lavon Spriggs, Ralph Longstaff, Fredia Rink, Chester Gaston, Francis Fern, Emaline Laster, Edith Allen, Wreatha Slaughter, Law- rence O'Malley, Russell Long, Oscar Sharp, Anna Marie Harrigan, Claris Laster, Josephine Carpino and Mr. E. Allen, Kas., for Ernest Laster, 150 subs; Mrs. Mattie Glover, Ark., for Monroe White, 22; Mrs. Conley Joyner, Ark., for Conley Joyner, 21; Mrs. W. P. Derington, Texas, for Beatrice Alston, 17; Mrs. John C. Rogers, Ark., for Herman Rogers, 14; Mrs. Josiah Cochran, Iowa, for Russell Cochran, 14; Mrs. Lester Dickerson, Mo., for Mrs. M. A. Hazen, 10; Mrs. Hough Hugh, Mo., for Velma Irene Hough, 8; Mr. J. H. Martin, Texas, for J. H. Mar- tin, 7; Mrs. Ollie Joyner, Ark., for Con- ley Joyner, 6; Mrs. Adell Sumner, Fla., for Mrs. Mary J. Sumner, 6; Miss Addie Owen, Mo., for Mrs. M. A. Hazel, 6; Mrs. Will Tutherow, N. C., for Clarence Tutherow, 6; Mrs. W. A. McCandlers, Texas, for Beatrice Alston, 6; C. A. Cole, Texas, for own, 5; Ollie Arp, Ark., for Mrs. Fannie Selph, 5; Lee Crown, Ala., for Dwight Crow, 5; Miss Jewel Watson, Texas, for Ira Norton, 5; Chas. D. Muir, Calif., for general, $2.50; Mrs. J. E. Mathews, N. C., for general, $1.00.

Goat Meat Sells as Lamb or Mutton

Goat meat is seldom found on the mar- ket as such, yet the average number of goats slaughtered each year from 1916 to 1920, inclusive, was 141,487. It is probable that most of this meat reaches the con- sumer as mutton, which it resembles closely, as there are few cities that re- quire it to be marketed under its own name. In cities and towns adjacent to the range country, however, Angora wethers are freely marketed as such and the meat is consumed without discrim- ination by the buyer. When received in large numbers these wethers usually sell at about 60 per cent. of the price paid for sheep wethers.

The reduced price of goat meat is doubtless attractive to the consumer, whether he knows what he is getting or thinks he is buying mutton. According to Farmers' Bulletin 1203, "The Angora Goat," recently issued by the United States Department of Agriculture, goat meat is usually superior to mutton that can be bought at the same price. Some consumers say that they are able to dis- tinguish it from lamb and mutton by a characteristic sweetness.

Why, Indeed?

Johnny—"I wonder what we're here for."

Little Sister—"To help others."

Johnny—"Then, what are the others here for?"—*Argonaut.*

How Could They?

He—"Are all J. Millionaire Crawford's daughters married?"

She—"Yes—all five of them."

He—"Married some English syndicate, I suppose?"—*Harlem Life.*

Cubby Bear and the Chickens

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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CUBBY Bear, taking a pleasant stroll one bright June morning, came upon Robbie Reddie, his sweet-voiced robin friend, who greeted him joyously.

"Come with me to the pasture, Cubby Bear," he said, "and see what I have found hidden under some raspberry bushes!"

It was a nest which Robbie showed Cubby, and in the nest beautiful, large white eggs.

"Oh! what a lot of them!" said Cubby, and counted—"twelve! Whose eggs are they?"

"Mrs. Hen's. She has 'stolen' her nest up here, instead of using the one they made for her in the poultry-house."

"Qua-awk—cut-cut-cut—qu-a-awk!"

Cubby looked up at the sound, and there was Mrs. Hen, a little way off, dancing about in a rage, with all her feathers rumpled.

"You better go away, out of sight, Cubby Bear," advised Robbie Reddie, "while I talk to her. She is afraid of you."

Robbie Reddie soothed the angry, frightened Mrs. Hen, telling her that Cubby Bear would never harm her or her eggs, and soon he called Cubby to come and be introduced.

"It would be better if I had stayed at home!" lamented Mrs. Hen. "I am afraid to leave my eggs here while I go for food and water."

Cubby and Robbie offered to watch the eggs for her a while every day. She gladly agreed, and every morning they went to the nest beneath the raspberry bushes, never once forgetting.

One morning, as Cubby Bear and Robbie Reddie approached the hidden nest, they heard a gentle clucking. They found Mrs. Hen stirring uneasily, her feathers fluffed out, her small eyes glowing with eagerness.

"I do not need you this morning," she told them. "My chickens are hatching, and I cannot leave them. Listen!"

They heard a faint little "Peep, peep!"

"One already is out—a fine, strong chick," said Mrs. Hen proudly, "and others are breaking their shells. Leave me, please! By tomorrow afternoon they will all be hatched, and then you may come and see them."

At noon the next day Robbie Reddie came to Mamma Bruin's house, quite trembling with excitement, and calling,

"Cubby Bear! oh, come quick! Run to the pasture! Don't stop to ask questions—I will tell you as we go!"

Cubby started, running, and Robbie Reddie flew at his side.

"Mrs. Hen left her nest for some worms to feed her babies," Robbie began.

"Oh, oh!" interrupted Cubby; "have you seen them? Why didn't you wait for me?"

"No, I have not seen them. I was telling Mrs. Hen to hurry back to her nest, for I could see the farmer's boy coming up over the pasture hill, and with him Rover Dog. Well, who should be waiting for Mrs. Hen, hiding behind a big rock, but Foxy Reynard! I had not seen him. He made a dash for her——"

"Oh, oh! did he catch her?"

"Yes. I was glad she was not near her nest, for I did not want Foxy to catch her little new chickens."

"Did Mrs. Hen get away?"

"She made the most awful squaking! Of course the boy and Rover Dog heard the noise, and came running to help her. Foxy dropped Mrs. Hen and ran off into the forest."

Cubby Bear stopped running, and stood still, panting, for he was out of breath from hurrying.

"Well, but if Mrs. Hen is safe, and Foxy gone, why need we run so fast? What is there to be done about it now?"

"Why, this," explained Robbie Reddie. "After a long chase, all over the pasture, the boy and Rover Dog caught poor Mrs. Hen, and the boy carried her off to the barn, though I must say she pecked at his hands bravely. But, don't you see, the baby chicks have no one to take care of them?"

Cubby began to run again.

"If Foxy should come back and find them—oh, fly ahead, Robbie Reddie, and see if they are safe! I will be there as soon as I can."

They found the baby chickens safe, but "peeping" hungrily.

"Oh, such cunning little dears!" cried Cubby.

There were twelve of them, fluffy little balls of down, two black and ten yellow.

Robbie Reddie was amazed at sight of them.

"Why, why!" he exclaimed. "I never expected them to be so pretty! I have seen baby robins, and they are bare little creatures, with no feathers. Of course grown-up robins are much nicer than grown-up hens—hens cannot sing at all, and are no good at flying—but I must confess that, as babies, the chicks are far handsomer than little robins."

Cubby bent over the tiny things in rapture, touching them gently.



CUBBY, RACKY AND ROBBIE TOOK THE CHICKS FOR A WALK THROUGH THE PLEASANT FOREST.

"Poor things!" said Robbie Reddie. "You and I could bring food for them, but they need their mother to keep them warm and care for them."

"I know!" decided Cubby. "I will take them home with me, and keep them. You may help, too!"

"But how will you get them home?" asked the robin.

"You stay and watch them, while I hurry back and borrow the Bunny Babies' cart!"

The twelve little chicks were safely moved to Mamma Bruin's house, and for the next three weeks Cubby could hardly think of anything but his little pets. All day he watched and fed and tended them. His friends complained that he would never share their games.

One day he was playing with the chickens in the house.

"Oh, take them out!" Mamma Bruin told him. "I can hardly move for fear of walking on them."

"It is a hot day," said Cubby anxiously; "I would not want them to get a sunstroke!" But he took them out, as he was told, keeping them in the shade.

"I know what I can do," he said to Robbie Reddie. "I will get Racky Coon to help me make them some little hats, to keep the sun off their heads."

Robbie flew away to find Racky Coon, who kindly came, willing to help.

"We will get some white birch-bark," said Racky. "That will make some pretty hats!"

Bunny Rabbit took care of the chickens for the afternoon.

Cubby and Racky, with Robbie Reddie's help, got together a good supply of smooth birch-bark, and searched until they found some pretty gray lichens with bright red dots, to be used for trimming.

Twelve dainty little round hats were fashioned from the birch-bark, to fit the twelve downy little heads, each one with a wreath of the red-dotted lichen.

Then Cubby and Racky tried them on the chickens, while Robbie Reddie stood watching.

The new hats were becoming, but disappointing; for every time a chicken moved his head, off fell a hat.

"They must have straps under their chins, to hold them on," said Cubby, as he picked up the tenth hat that fell. "You know Billy Bluejay wears a black cap-strap."

They pulled off thin little soft strips of the white birch-bark to make the chin-straps, and added a further touch of beauty to the hats by making streamers to hang down behind.

Cubby stood lost in admiration, watching his little flock, when at last the hats were securely fastened on.

Cubby, Racky and Robbie took the chicks for a walk through the Pleasant Forest, and proudly showed them to everyone they met.

"Too bad Mrs. Hen doesn't know they are safe," remarked Bunny Rabbit. "If I had been carried away from my Baby Bunnies, I could never rest or be happy not knowing what had become of them!"

Cubby and Robbie Reddie looked at each other. Why had they never thought of this before? Poor Mrs. Hen!

"I'll go straight to the farm," said Robbie Reddie, "and if I can see Mrs. Hen I'll tell her her babies are all safe and happy."

When he came back from the farm Robbie Reddie said:

"Poor thing! she was in one corner of the poultry-yard, all humped up, looking sad and lonely. She was glad to hear about her children, but of course she wants them herself."

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" sighed Cubby Bear. He knew he ought to give the chickens back to their mother, but how could he—the little things he loved so much?

"You must go back to Mrs. Hen," he said to Robbie Reddie after thinking for a few moments, "and tell her to be in the poultry-yard after dark tonight, if she wants a beautiful surprise."

Cubby gave the chicks their supper and put them to bed early, then, after dark, woke them.

His eyes dim with tears, he brushed their little fluffy coats and fastened on, for the last time, the twelve little birch-bark hats.

When they reached the poultry-yard Mrs. Hen was watching for them. Shinyblack Crow, who had gone with them, took one chick at a time in his strong bill, and flying over the high fence, restored them to their mother.

Cubby wept on the way home, but Shinyblack Crow said:

"Cheer up, Cubby Bear! the chickens would not be so cunning much longer. Soon they would lose their soft down, and be long-legged creatures with bare skin showing through ragged, growing feathers. And you know very well Mamma Bruin would not want a dozen hens filling her house. They will be better off in the poultry-house, for they will not be able to look out for themselves in winter, like us, who live in the forest."

Next morning Shinyblack Crow came to Cubby, saying:

"I have been to the farm. Oh, it was the funniest sight—I have been laughing ever since! There was Mrs. Hen, proudly leading her chicks around the yard, when the farmer came out. He just stood and stared at them with his mouth open. Then he called to Mrs. Farmer and the children, and when they came out, there were more staring eyes and open mouths.

"Well, it *was* a most surprising sight for them—twelve three-weeks-old chickens appearing there just over night, where there had been no chickens before; and *all of them wearing hats!* Do not worry about your chick-a-bids, Cubby Bear. They'll be better taken care of than any fowls the farmer ever had before, I can promise you!"

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JULY COMFORT

Special Features for July

"An Independence Day Adventure" A woman-hater seeking solitary enjoyment of the 4th in the country has an embarrassing encounter with an independent lady.

"How to Overcome Sleeplessness" Sleeplessness due to overworked body or brain tends to become a troublesome habit, but can be overcome without resort to drugs.

"Knowledge and Cents" The woman who is an adept at canning and preserving has a fine field of opportunity for turning her skill into dollars as shown by the record of Mrs. Rawlins's financial success in home canning.

"Summer Foods that Need Little Heat" The housewife's health and comfort in hot weather depend much on selecting summer foods that require little heat for cooking.

"Woman in Business" A successful business woman's advice as to qualities and training that a woman needs for a business career.

"Cubby Bear's Fourth of July" Cubby Bear and his friends enjoyed the celebration, but the big firecracker that he found gave him a painful surprise.

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June, 1922.

Crumbs of Comfort

Let your face shine.
Form the habit of joy.
He has most who desires least.
A clean mind lives a clean life.
Patience is ballast for the soul.
Be courteous for your own sake.
Keep your heart for other hearts.
People of any age are not all alike.
Bring peace into your house of life,
Content yourself with simple things.
Face your disappointments with a smile.
You will never arrive if you do not start.
Great talk is not a sign of great knowledge.
Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
Hold to a noble vision of loyal and living service.
Friendship demands understanding and unselfishness.
Those who dwell everywhere are not anywhere at home.
An ounce of kindness is worth a pound of cleverness.
It is the face that is lifted which feels the shining of the sun.
Mental depression is often the result of wrong methods of living.
A friend of the world is a tower of strength needing no buttress.
It is a folly to live in God's world without any right relation to God.
True greatness lies in the consciousness of an honest purpose in life.
The value of dreaming depends upon the food on which dreams are fed.
The most expensive things in the world are the things we do not need.
Every child is entitled to as many happy, care-free hours as possible.
It is what we feel for others, not what we feel in ourselves that matters.
The fundamental cry of the human soul is for sympathy and companionship.
Placing a wrong value upon things is the simple root of most unhappiness.
Workers have no time to cultivate pains and grievances as if they were flowers.
Too many material comforts: too many habits of luxury, can undermine character.
If those who are industrious all imitated the idlers, the world would soon starve.
Let your soul grow in an atmosphere of friendliness, of helpfulness, of culture.
Necessary and useful work teaches us to value time and labor at a proper price.
Face the Light of the World, and the dark shadow of self and sin will fall behind you.
To study with advantage in any art means the reading of some certain books many times.
Happiness is contagious and we should never fear to be exposed to the germ of joyousness.
A man's greatest wealth must always be in himself and not rest in any holdings of material riches.

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COMFORT

The Key to Happiness and Success in over a Million and a Quarter Homes
Published at Augusta Maine

JULY
1922



See story, "An Independence Day Adventure," on page 3.

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COMFORT EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

Systematic Movement to Correct Physical Defects and Improve the Health of Farm Children

FOR many years the welfare and health of the children in our large cities and especially of those in the crowded tenement sections have been receiving an ever increasing share of public attention and bounty with the result that they now are being solicitously cared for at school and at home by health officers, school boards, teachers of hygiene, district nurses and agents of social service and other charitable associations The children and their parents are given health instruction; school lunches are served free or at a nominal price; playgrounds and recreation parks are maintained at public expense; fresh air and vacation funds provide picnics, a day's outing in the country, at the seashore, the lakeside or on the water, and even vacations of a week or more on farms. All this is, of course, as it should be, for the benefit of city children who manifestly need such help.

But how about the country children? The care of their health and welfare until very recently has been entirely, and for the most part still is left to the discretion and resources of their parents, apparently on the assumption that, because of the healthfulness of their living conditions, Nature can be relied on to do the rest. How falacious this assumption is, even as applied to progressive and well-to-do rural communities, was lately brought to light in a convincing manner by the report of a physical examination of all the school children in a Kansas county which in enlightenment and prosperity fairly represents that State and probably exceeds the average for the Nation. It appears by this test that, although the farm children average considerably better than city children in health and physical development, the percentage of undernourished, diseased and physically defective among the former is surprisingly large; so large as to demand public attention and remedial action The disclosure came about in the manner and with the results which are briefly summarized as follows:

One of the local Red Cross chapters in Kansas with its left-over war funds established a public nursing station, and the nurse in charge, accompanied and assisted by a doctor and a dentist, examined every child in 123 country and town schools and sent the parents reports of the condition and hygienic needs of their offspring. Charles Moreau Harger, in a recent article in *The Outlook* (New York), thus epitomizes the result of this health survey: "The examiners made records of 3,632 children, and they found that 2,317 were defective—over 63 per cent. Of the defectives 836 were underweight, with other defects, and 1,237 were suffering from malnutrition. That is, one-third of the children of this community were undernourished. When the larger towns were eliminated, one with many Mexican children, the percentage of malnutrition showed a decrease, but the rural districts alone had over one-fifth of their children thus affected. Only 878 children (24 per cent.) were normal and without physical defect."

At the outset the examiners encountered opposition and resentful criticism by the country people for meddlesomeness in needlessly, as was generally believed, extending the investigation to include children reared on the farms amid sunshine, fresh air and green fields, and provided with an abundance of food—natural conditions ideal for child life; but these same people for the most part had the good sense and candor to change their opinion when informed of the actual facts relative to the health of their children. Of this Mr. Harger writes:

"The survey startled the county, and things began to happen. One result was an indignant protest from some parents who declared that they would see their own physician about it—which was exactly what the nurse wanted. She had the figures to show that this was badly needed, for there were reported 216 cases (7 per cent.) of defective vision; 23 cases (1 per cent.) of defective hearing; 125 cases (4 per cent.) of adenoids; 819 cases (28 per cent.) of defective tonsils; 1,071 cases (37 per cent.) of defective teeth. What could be better than that the home physician and dentist should get busy? * * * *

"That it paid was demonstrated when the latest re-examination was made and it was found that these defects had been corrected; eyes, 99; adenoids, 109; tonsils, 215; teeth, 440. More care has been given to the children of the county in the past year than ever [before] in its history—which was precisely the object of the movement."

Although efforts varying in effectiveness for the physical betterment of children are being made in other rural communities, the survey in the Kansas instance, which we have cited, was so thorough and systematic, and so largely productive of beneficial results that the lesson which it teaches is of inestimable importance in two respects: first, because the exact data which it furnishes show the necessity for a general and systematic movement to improve the health and remedy the physical defects of children throughout the country, even in the best rural sections, and, second, because it demonstrates what can be accomplished by such an undertaking and just how to go about it. It is to be hoped, also, that it will be given nation-wide publicity and thereby serve as a means of promoting the cause of rural child welfare which is beginning to attract public attention.

The root of the trouble with the health of farm children is the unconscious neglect by the parents of those small ailments and defects in their offspring which escape notice or are thought to be of a trivial nature but in the course of time, if not remedied, grow to be serious and permanent infirmities. These parents are not blamable for their lack of medical knowledge. The remedy consists in authoritatively bringing the children's defects to the attention of their parents of whom a large majority undoubtedly would, as in the Kansas county, take prompt action to have them corrected. For the most part the problem resolves itself into the simple matter of periodical examinations of the children and advice to the parents; but in addition to this clinics should be maintained at public expense for the free treatment of defective children whose parents are unable to pay for the required medical or surgical service.

Let Our Independence Day Resolve Be to Clean Up America

DOUBTLESS the coming Fourth of July will be celebrated generally as a gala-day featured with festivities so long customary as to have lost much of their original significance and ceased to be profoundly impressive; and even where the program includes an oration the latter probably will consist of the usual spread-eagle harangue, designed to flatter our national vanity and tickle the ears of a pleasure-seeking throng, rather than a rational discourse on the present-day calls of patriotism. There is need that a larger element of seriousness be infused into our observance of Independence Day, and it behooves patriotic citizens on the coming anniversary, instead of boasting our greatness and triumphs, rather to take note of the civic virtues that made us a great people, and to search out and examine our national weaknesses and faults that menace our present and cloud our future.

The Fourth-of-July orators delight in gloryfying the well-known prowess of our soldiers and the victories of our army and navy in battle with foreign foes, which within reasonable bounds is a fitting tribute to the valor of our troops and properly gratifying to our pride. But their eloquence would be of greater service by going a step further and pointing out the more dangerous enemies in our midst whose insidious activities disturb the peace, harrass the community, jeopardize life and property and are subversive of law and good government. It is against these internal forces of destruction that the people should be warned and urged to do their utmost to combat them. A wave of crime has spread over the land and is rampant in all our large cities to the extent that murders and robberies are of almost daily occurrence by day as well as by night in the principal business streets. In several cities the terror of this outbreak of lawlessness has reached almost panic proportions; the detective and police forces have been largely augmented, and the authorities with the active support of citizen law and order organizations have inaugurated drastic measures for the suppression of crime and the detection and punishment of the perpetrators.

At the present writing (June first) Chicago is the storm center and has been through the past month during which, in addition to the alarming frequency of hold-ups, burglaries and other crimes of violence already obtaining, the murders, assaults, riots, incendiary fires and blowing up of buildings perpetrated in connection with the strike of the building trades unions caused an actual reign of terror of such magnitude that the Chief of Police, a Chicago judge and the Chicago *Tribune* call it "war by an organized group of criminals against law and order." It is asserted by the law officers and the Citizens' Committee that these crimes were incited by the leaders of the strike, 150 of whom were arrested therefor in one day's raid, among them the presidents of three labor unions who are indicted for murder.

As proof that this terrible deluge of crime was instigated by the strike leaders for the purpose of gaining their ends by frightfulness the Chief of Police cites the significant fact that immediately following their arrest robberies, burglaries and other crimes dropped to a figure that the Police Department could successfully cope with But he emphatically declared that "The war in which the Chicago Police Department is engaged today is not a war upon organized labor It is a war upon hired assassins, paid vandals and unscrupulous blackmailers." And he explains that "For several years past a gang of professional thugs have gradually gained executive control of a number of Chicago labor unions. Through intimidation and violence they have worked their way into the inner councils of certain unions until they have become absolute dictators of the terms on which a man may work, for whom he may work, when and where. This grip is so tight that by systematic blackmail of workers and their employers alike they have accumulated large sums of money, which they have used in bribery and corruption on a scale so enormous that they have been almost immune from successful prosecution."

Because of the intolerable corruption and tyranny of these union labor bosses, building operations were nearing a standstill in Chicago. At this juncture the labor unions and the employers by mutual agreement submitted all their differences as to wages and working conditions to former Judge K. M. Landis. He rendered a decision which was approved by the public and accepted by the employers and by a majority of the workers, but was objected to by these union bosses because it deprived them of their precious opportunity for graft, and therefore they ordered a strike, and attempted to carry it through by intimidating both workers and employers. As the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger* comments: "The labor unions need to clean house if they do not wish to be destroyed by a small minority of traitors in their ranks." Not only the labor unions but the entire nation needs to clean house; and this is a job in which the people as well as their law-makers, judges and other public officials must take a hand. The prevailing tendency of the past quarter of a century to make it easy for criminals must be reversed. Public opinion should be led to demand more stringent laws and severer penalties, less leniency by judges in sentencing and fewer pardons.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

COMFORT, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY W. H. GANNETT, PUB., INC., AT AUGUSTA, MAINE.

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An Independence Day Adventure

By Joseph F. Novak

See front cover illustration.

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A DISTANCE--MUFFLED boom roused Vale Chatsworth from sleep. Stirring lazily, he reached under his pillow for his watch and glanced at the time. It was five-thirty.

"Early enough," he yawned, "but then, better to get well out of the city before the youngsters start their Fourth of July celebrating."

Then suddenly galvanized into life, he sprang up, stripped and jumped beneath his shower, after which he clad himself in summer flannels, crush hat and threw a linen duster over his arm.

Then he stole cautiously from his room and to the garage.

But his sister was waiting for him. Clad in an extravagant silk kimono, her hair tastefully arranged, she sat beneath a giant elm tree which towered over the garage.

She regarded him with a stern, disapproving look.

"I've caught you, you see! So you really meant all you said last night! Where is your gallantry? Where is your consideration for me?"

"Now, Tessie, what's the use of starting all over? I purposely tried to get out early so that we wouldn't have another row over the matter. You must excuse me to Virginia Tremont. Tell her I'm in jail for speeding, and then I can avoid her the whole time she is here, for I positively refuse to play escort to her. If she were a pretty, silky, feminine sort of a girl who'd faint into my arms at the sight of a mouse and then regard me as a hero, possibly I wouldn't mind, but from her letters in which she tells of her escapades, she's too independent a person to suit me."

"But she is beautiful, and sweet and spirituelle and all that, Vale. I've told you that, many times."

"Too independent," returned Chatsworth. "Remember the time she was robbed when in New York and instead of telegraphing home for money, she went to work as a stenographer! And, again, the time she went out West with several shop girls, unchaperoned, and lived like them—and—well, you know her style. That's too independent for me. Should I marry her, as you've indicated you'd like to have me do, she might coolly leave my house and set out to earn her own living if I didn't toe the mark."

"Would you have us slaves to you?" demanded his sister. "This is a free and independent country—we even set aside a day to celebrate our independence—and if you want to be free, isn't it only natural that women should want to be, also?"

"Oh, don't argue that stuff—I'm sick of women's rights. Men and women will never agree on the subject, of course, because a woman cannot understand a man's feelings in that respect. I'm satisfied that you have all the liberty except such liberty that tends to loosen the marriage tie. A man doesn't feel right if he can't feel that he is the sole breadwinner of the family, and while it is all right for a woman to know that she can make her own living, the longer she keeps it to herself, the better. When she takes away from a man the feeling that she is not dependent upon him, he loses that feeling of protection and compassion for her helplessness which are his two strongest emotions—next to love. Virginia Tremont do sn't need a man's protection and consequently needs no gallantry from me. Now, I'm through preaching and I'm going," and with the words, Vale smiled an impudent smile to take away the really serious import he meant his words should have, tossed the motor luncheon set (which he had given orders to the servants to have ready for him) into the machine and with a roar of the engine, he tangoed backward down the drive and bounced into the street and was off.

He smiled, a little bitterly, as he recalled his words. His sister was expecting Miss Virginia Tremont, a college friend, who was to pay her an extended visit. Virginia was something of a tease, adept with her pen and had written many satirical things regarding the *species male* in the college journal. She probably didn't mean them, being just a young woman, but Chatsworth, being a fellow near thirty and a practicing lawyer, blamed her for these satirical writings—having seen a great deal of unhappiness resulting from too flippant regard for the sanctity of marriage.

Worst of all, however (and this his sister Tessie did not know), he had seen, inadvertently, this mischievous line in a letter which Virginia had written:

"You say that you will insist that your brother, Vale, constitute himself our escort and bodyguard. My dear, don't let these lords of creation think we need their attentions and escort. We can have splendid times just by ourselves."

This was really the cause of his grouchiness, and never having seen a picture of Virginia he decided she must look like a hatchet-faced suffragette.

He wasn't supposed to see this letter, but as Tessie always passed him Virginia's letters to read, he got into the habit of reading them without invitation.

The machine swung through the quiet city streets in the fresh, sweet morning. The cloudless night before had emboldened the householders to decorate their lawns and fling their flags to the breeze, so these flapped with soothing washes, bunting fluttered and Japanese lanterns shimmied on their wires. Occasionally a deep boom came from the distance, now and then the rattle of a discharging revolver, and once or twice he swerved from the path of a cannon-cracker.

"Glad I'll soon be out of this!" he exclaimed once, as one of these giant crackers exploded somewhat too near him.

His ruffled feelings were beginning to subside, and by the time he had reached the open country, his pulse was normal. There were but few cars for most motorists had gone out of the city the night before.

He had no particular objective, except to get away from the house. Being a lover of nature and inclined to celibacy, it was his delight to take the machine and some lunch and start off, turning into byways to find natural thickets which revealed the joys of discovering developing nature—the ripening red raspberries or dwarf blueberries or perhaps the blooming meadow-sweet—for these were now due.

Such a prospect now rose before him. It was a little clearing with a limpid pool in the center of it. At its farther edge lay a tangled thicket that suggested bird life. He made for it, seeking a place to turn off the road. This necessitated rounding a jog, but as he did so, he nearly collided with a powerful touring car that blocked the road.

"For the love of Pete! What a place to park!" he exclaimed as he jammed on his emergency brake.

Not being able to pass the car, he got out to investigate. No one was about, but presently a girl appeared from a thicket, dragging a branch.

She was clad in what might have been the latest thing in a motor costume, but to Vale's eyes it seemed more like a riding habit, for it consisted of a coat the skirts of which came to her knees, and the rest—well, to his eyes she was wearing trousers.

These breeches came in for his disapproval—until he caught sight of her face. Then he realized that she was gloriously beautiful, her tawny, fluffy hair framing a face that had a most tantalizing and piquant expression.

How pretty she looked until—until—oh, those breeches!

They brought back all his disapproval of independent women.

"Will you move your car, please?" he begged, bluntly.

"I can't," she returned.

"In trouble, are you?"

"Yes."

"Alone?"

"Yes."

Then he noted the license plate on the machine was that of another state.

"Another fool woman making a tour by herself," he murmured, with a grin, but she caught it, evidently—her face, at any rate, showed it. "What's the matter? Got enough water? Gas? Oil? Jammed on your emergency brake? Most women's troubles in driving are due to silly little causes like that."

"I'm not asking for your advice," she said haughtily, "and if, unfortunately, I've gotten stalled, it may be a warning to you. Look," and she waved toward the road.

Then he first noted what the trouble was—the road just beyond the jog was the most hacked-up piece it had ever been his misfortune to meet. How the girl had gotten as far as she had was a mystery, but at any event the machine had finally lost out in the struggle and had given up the ghost for it was lying flat upon its axles, its rear wheels in a hopeless bog.

"Didn't you know better than to come over such a road?" he demanded.

"I got lost," she wailed, "and besides you were going to make it."

"Oh, no, I wasn't," he replied loftily, "I wouldn't have attempted it. You women drivers make me tired. You use no judgment."

"Oh, you're one of those men who evidently have no respect for women," she retorted.

"And you, I suppose," he said grimly, though a smile lurked at the corners of his mouth, "are a suffragette."

"Not at all," she replied, turning away.

"Do you want me to help you?"

"I'm not asking you," she returned, without looking at him.

"I see you're not. You're too independent. You got into the mess—I suppose you prefer to work your way out of it. Lords of creation, like myself, are not necessary to women of your type."

At that, she quickly turned and glanced up at him, but his remark evidently was a mere abstract one. She quickly cast down her eyes.

"Well," he said at length, "since you don't need my services, or are too proud to ask for them, I'll offer them anyhow. I'm the old-fashioned sort who believes in helping beauty in distress."

"Do you talk like this to all girls you chance to meet?" she asked.

"Oh, no. This is the first experience of this sort I've ever had in my life," he replied, as he raised the hood of the machine. Then he got into the car and started it. The only result was a tremendous pull on the part of the machine and beautiful swishes of mud flew into the air.

"Well, I'll get you out," he said decidedly, "but it will take some time." As a matter of fact, it would have been the simplest plan to have turned his machine around, gone to the nearest farmhouse (though there was none in sight) and gotten a team and a few men and the job would have been done shortly. But, somehow, there was something quite piquant about the young woman, he liked her retorts, and as he had the whole day before him, he was satisfied to wile the time thus away.

He threw off his duster, took off his collar and tie and rolled up his sleeves. Then he slipped into his coveralls and went to work.

Any motorist who has tried to get his machine out of a mudhole can sympathize with Vale Chatsworth in the job he had undertaken—and the machine was no flivver, either. It was mighty heavy.

Think of the tricks you have tried—of the amazing devices you've picked up by the wayside to help you turn the trick, and you can imagine what Chatsworth's job was.

So he labored on while the sun rose higher and higher until it stood at the zenith.

"You are wasting your time," the girl said regretfully. "What could I have done without you?"

"Don't mind my time; I've the whole day to myself. In fact, I've run away from home, for I don't want to meet a certain person."

"A young lady?"

"Of course."

"Has she a pretty name? A name as pretty as mine?

"What is your name?" he queried.

"It's Imogen."

He made a face at that. That name, Imogen, always conjured up a particularly nasty little girl he had known at school.

"You don't like the name, do you?" she queried.

"No, I don't," he said flatly.

"You talk to girls just as you would to men, don't you?" she continued.

"Sure," he returned. "Gee, I'm getting hungry."

"I'm sorry I haven't anything to give you," she said, "but I didn't expect to be on the road at this time and am not prepared to serve."

"Well, there's a motor luncheon set in my machine and I believe there's enough for two. Suppose you unpack it and serve, that is, if you care to slave for a mere male creature," and a droll smile came to his lips.

"You are a woman-hater, aren't you?" she chided. "I believe you have a shattered romance."

"No, I haven't. And I only hate the women who pretend or really believe they don't need men."

At that, she tossed her head a bit and went to prepare the luncheon. Seeing this, Vale went to the pool and there cleaned up a bit and when he returned, Imogen had the luncheon prepared and passed a plate, very prettily arranged, to him. There was something very womanly in the way she did it, and Vale was beginning to feel a bit ashamed of his boorishness, for many of his really insulting remarks had a target in her, and now, with those odious breeches hidden (for she was seated), there was nothing about her that suggested the suffragette.

"This is a most peculiar Fourth of July, isn't it? No firecrackers nor anything——"

"Do you still play with them?"

"I do have a celebration for the kids of the neighborhood——"

"I thought so!" she interrupted him, "'for the kids of the neighborhood'! Confess it is only to satisfy your own boyish craving for playing with fire."

"I'm afraid I'm playing with fire now," he said gravely.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, and then she had but little to say for a while.

Luncheon was finished in silence, then Vale went back to his job.

"You're wasting the whole day," she said, after he had spent another half hour on the work in hand. "You sure you don't mind?"

"Oh, sure," he replied, and then somehow he found himself telling why he wanted to avoid Virginia Tremont, and much of what he had told his sister, Tessie.

"Do you really think she is that sort of a girl?" Imogen asked.

"I really do."

"Why?"

"Because it was a confession. That girl wrote my sister saying that I needn't bother to escort them about—they could have much nicer times by themselves."

"So your vanity was wounded?"

"A man always wants to feel that the woman he loves thinks him a hero and her best protector."

"You don't believe a woman ought to be independent of man in that respect?"

"No! Never!"

Thus chatting, the work was finally done and the machine brought upon terra firma. But it was a sight.

"I'll wash it for you," Vale volunteered, and Imogen agreed to it.

Considering his limited means for this, the job was wonderful, though when he was finished the afternoon was well spent.

"You may go now," he said. But as he spoke, he was aware of a little pang. Somehow the bright afternoon took on a somber tinge, somehow the birds seemed to have stopped singing and the katydids seemed to *chirr* mournfully. It seemed as if something beautiful had stepped into his life, only to step out again.

"I don't know what I should have done without you. But as it is late and I suppose you will return to the city—may I not follow you?"

"By all means! Let us drive abreast as long as we may!"

It was blue twilight when the city's outskirts hove into sight, and the traffic was becoming fearfully jammed. They reached the city. In crossing a street, Vale got across, but the traffic policeman held up the girl. Vale did not observe this for the moment, and when he looked about—she had disappeared in the jam of cars.

He pulled to the curb and watched the machines. But all those moving in a forward direction did not reveal the girl.

He had lost her!

Now he realized how dark it was—suppose she shouldn't find her way to her friends? She was but a bit of a girl, and her independence, after all, was more of a showy than a real nature. Witness the sweet way in which she asked if she could follow him into town. And her gratitude was so sincere.

If he could but follow three directions at once! Possibly she might have parked somewhere after he had lost her, hoping he would look for her. So he drove forward a mile or two, thinking perhaps she might have gotten ahead of him. Then he returned and turned to the left and followed that street for a few miles and returned. Then he tried turning to the right. No success.

The traffic cop now noticed him.

"What'che lose—your nut?" he bawled out.

Why hadn't he had sense enough to ask whom she was going to visit!

Well, the only thing was to go home, for it was dark now.

All about the city, wonderful fireworks started to go up. He passed an amusement park—within its confines the great rockets were soaring, the bombs bursting, making day of night.

But he didn't notice these glories. The girl was lost to him—and he should have taken better care of her. But why? Because, forsooth, he had fallen in love with her, and miserably he acknowledged it to himself.

He reached home, called to Sam to come and take the car and then went upstairs.

Stella, the maid, met him when he came down.

"Tessie ordered me to prepare a supper for you, Mr. Vale," she said. "And will you please to go out upon the porch when you've finished—Miss Tremont has arrived and there are other visitors."

"Thanks," he said, and sat down to his lonely supper, but not to eat. For having met and lost the most wonderful little girl in the world, it would be intolerable to listen to a suffragette's claptrap.

He must meet her, however, there was no help for it, and he might just as well be as boorish as possible, thus ending any sociability once and for all, so he stepped out upon the porch, fancifully draped with bunting and flags and softly lit with glowing lanterns.

He looked first for a stranger, though he bowed to all present.

In the porch swing, a sweet, silky bit of femininity swung.

"Virginia, let me present my brother, Vale."

The little figure sat up and into the light.

"Delighted to meet you, Mr. Chatsworth."

"Imogen!"

"If you like that better," she smiled roguishly as, almost unconsciously, she slipped over to a corner of the swing, making room for him to sit down. (Which he did, and it was perfectly proper since there was nowhere else to sit except upon the steps, or the railing of the window-seat—oh, no, there wasn't any place else to sit, truly there wasn't!)

"Why did you give me the slip?" he asked accusingly.

"Because I knew you hated me and you told Tessie to tell me you were in jail for speeding. She followed your instructions, not expecting you home tonight, I suppose."

"I was very much worried and looked for you until I had to give up."

"But you know how independent I am. You knew I didn't need you."

"Possibly, but I found out that I need you," he dared to whisper.

"You two are very chummy for having met just this moment," complained little Johnny Tolliver who thought he had made a hit—until Vale came.

"We met—*al fresco*—this morning and are but continuing our acquaintance," said Vale smoothly.

Sam came to the porch.

"Mass'a Vale," he began, "de chillum done want to know ef you's gwine er shoot off dem firewo'ks?"

"You do it, Sam," Vale said. "We'll watch."

With the words, he rose, and turned the porch swing to face the lawn. The gathered guests turned their chairs likewise, but the high canvas-back of the swing effectually hid Vale and Virginia from the others.

They watched the display which Sam set off on the lawn.

"I like fireworks," Virginia said dreamily. "They remind me to remember what sacrifices our forefathers made for us—to think of the independence they won for us."

"You are so independent," he complained.

"Outwardly, yes."

"But inwardly?"

"I believe as you do, Mr. Chatsworth. I want to be dependent upon a man for love, protection and his compassion for my helplessness—provided he shows himself worthy of that trust."

"Under those conditions you would surrender that independence?"

"Yes."

"How splendid of you to say that. I could—good gracious! Your gown is on fire!" and he put his arms about her and smothered the tiny spark from a rocket that had fallen on her sleeve.

She looked at him archly.

"Was that an embrace?"

He pointed to the little black dot the spark had made, then said:

"I won't tell you what I considered it, but you can judge for yourself when I tell you that just as soon as I can show you that I'm going to try to be worthy of you, I'm going to propose to you!"

Love Will Find the Way

By Wenona Gilman

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CHAPTER XXXV.

HER PERFECT HAPPINESS.

THERE was no white-faced misery expressed in the noble, high-bred countenance. It was calm—almost peaceful. It might have been the countenance of Joan of Arc when she felt the flame upon her body which had not power to reach her soul.

It was not that Anne Gordon did not suffer, but that even this blight, tremendous as it was, had not power to reach into and wither the perfect purity and honor of her untarnished soul.

She did not covet that which God had given to another. She sorrowed, but that was all.

She had come at the first call of her friend, and having been shown into the drawing-room to wait, had become weary, and wandered into the conservatory that adjoined both that and the library, to see some rare plant that had attracted her attention through the open arch. She had seen them first, and then had heard their words.

She realized it all, even in those first moments. His heart had never spoken to her through his eyes as she saw it speaking to Marian. His voice had never thrilled with love for her as she heard it thrill as he spoke the name of her old-time and well-loved friend. She saw the gleam of love in his eyes; she heard it in his voice; but even had she not, she could not have failed to see the wild depth of passion in his caress—a caress which not even honor itself had power to strangle.

And then she remembered that he had never kissed her. She remembered that he had never held her in his arms; that he had never called her by the tender names that now fell with such warmth and tenderness from his lips.

A little shiver of humiliation passed over her, that she had let him see her unreciprocal love, but she was too high of soul to allow such a feeling to linger long. She put it from her and stepped forward, not with a haughty pride, not with scorn and contempt for the man who had deceived her, and for the woman who had proven false to their friendship, but with a calm dignity that contained only tenderness and self-renunciation, as she spoke the words:

"Love *has* found the way!"

She stood there for just a moment after. She saw them fall apart and stand before her as if convicted of a crime, and then, like a tender sunbeam that slips across the floor, she approached them.

She put out both her hands and clasped a hand of each, then lifting herself on tiptoe, she touched June's lips with her own; then stooping, she kissed Marian with like gentleness and affection.

"How little either of you know of trust!" she said, with loving reproach. "You are my two dearest friends on earth, and yet you have cared for me so little that neither of you have really let me see your hearts? Was that generous? Was it even just? Dearest, why did you not tell me?"

She slipped her arm about Marian's waist, and, drawing the girl to her bosom, rested her cheek upon the fair forehead. She felt the tears gush from Marian's eyes, as, in a choked voice, she whispered:

"Forgive me—oh, forgive me!"

Nothing more. She could compel her lips to frame no other sentence, but June came to her relief.

"It is only I whom you have to forgive, Anne," he said humbly. "She is not in fault. I know the dishonor of my action, and I have only this to plead, that——"

But she put up her hand and stopped him, not as if he had hurt her, not as if her self-love and dignity were wounded, but as the tender friend who will not give pain.

"You have nothing to plead, June," she said softly. "You love her. Is it not enough? Do you think that I would have stood between you for one little minute? Forgive me, dear, when I tell you my love was not great enough for that. Why, dear, we have known each other for so many, many years, that I rather think that it was only that I felt a sort of claim on you. I never loved you as—as she loves you, old friend. It would break her heart to give you up, while with me—it only pricks my vanity ever so slightly. Dear June, can you think me so small of soul that anything could make me covet your happiness? Take her, as a gift from me, June! Is it not a sweet one? I love her, and I love you, as my dear brother and sister. Will you not both make me happy by letting me see you in each other's arms again, knowing that you are there with my full and free consent—knowing that you stand together for all eternity, under the light of my blessing?"

To June she seemed halo-crowned as he looked at her. He had always loved her, always admired her above all women save the one that held the life of his soul in her hand; but in that moment he reverenced her above all others.

He knelt before her, and, taking the hem of her dress in his hand, he touched it with his lips.

"I am too filled with guilt and shame to touch you in your white-souled purity!" he said, with a little sob, that fell strangely from his lips. "It would be presumption on my part to ask your forgiveness again, to even say how grieved I am. I could no more be worthy of you than I could of a saint in heaven."

"June!"

There was positive pain in the tone, and Anne Gordon shrank back from him for a moment, but only for a moment; then she leaned forward and took his hand, as if she would assist him to rise.

"June, you make me ashamed!" she said, scarcely above a whisper. "I have done nothing to deserve all this. Get up, dear. There is nothing to pardon—nothing to forgive! You have not sinned. You have done no wrong. As I look back over our little past with each other, I can see that the fault was mine alone. I recall the hour in which I became your promised wife, and I see now what it all meant. It was not love for me that moved you, June; it was love for another. I misunderstood, that was all, and you had not the courage to tell me. Well, perhaps I should not have had the courage myself had our positions been reversed. There is no harm done, June, but I shall not believe that you think so until I see you take this dear girl in your arms and receive my blessing!"

He hesitated but a moment, then he put out his arms, and, with a miserable sob, Marian crept into them.

Anne Gordon took their clasped hands in hers, and, holding them firmly, she raised her eyes to heaven.

"God bless you both!" she said earnestly, "and bring you a long and happy life together!"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8.)

Stella Rosevelt

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



"Miss Gladstone, may I trouble you to vacate our chairs?"



"Can you hold him just an instant longer?—Will you dare hold him while I shoot him?"



He caught her frantically to his heart just as she was falling to the ground.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A terrible storm at sea and from a steamer running between Liverpool and New York is Stella Rosevelt Gladstone, an orphan, on her way to distant relatives in New York. She is befriended by Jacob Rosevelt, who learns her grandmother gave her the name of Star. A fire breaks out and the boats are rapidly filled. Stella refuses to go unless room is made for Mr. Rosevelt, who the next day suffers from an ill turn and is carefully nursed by her. The sixth day they are rescued. Mr. Rosevelt is told of the care Stella gave him during his illness and while thanking her a young man approaches and Mr. Rosevelt introduces Archibald Sherbrooke, whose home is in Derbyshire where Star's father preached. Star's shawl becomes loosened and Mr. Sherbrooke draws an exquisitely carved stone from his necktie and Stella pins the shawl. Stella is met by Mrs. Blunt, Mrs. Richards' housekeeper, who hurries her away. Stella receives a cool reception from her aunt and learns she is to be degraded to the leval of a common servant. Stella appeals to Mr. Richards, giving him the letter written by her father to Mrs. Richards and her reply. Stella has one hundred pounds. Could she not use it and then teach, relieving his wife of all responsibility? Mr. Richards makes arrangements for her to attend a select school, she giving a part of each day to household work. Stella wins, at commencement, a part in the class exercises and promotion to the senior class. Josephine, admiring the cameo worn by Stella, takes it and discovers the initials "A. S." Stella misses the cameo and is suspicious who has it. In the meanwhile Mr. Richards receives a letter from Mrs. Richards' Uncle Jacob. He has lost all, and will accept the home that was offered him when rich. Upon his arrival he is taken to the Lodge to sleep. Mr. Rosevelt meets Star who offers her room to him and does all she can to brighten his life. Mrs. Richards receives him coldly, and Josephine ignores her uncle. Mrs. Richards and Josephine go to Long Branch, where they meet Lord Carrol, of Carrolton, Derbyshire, England. Noticing a ring Josephine wears and examining it he sees the initials "A. S." Josephine claims it is given by a relative. Lord Carrol cannot understand it. The next day he leaves for New York. Stella, hurrying to take a train for home, and in danger, is stopped by Archibald Sherbrooke and the acquaintance renewed. Stella tells him that she and Mr. Rosevelt are in the same home. Mr. Rosevelt goes to New York with Stella to call upon Mr. Sherbrooke in his studio and arranges a pleasure trip for them to Coney Island for the following day. When they return from it Stella is the promised wife of Archibald Sherbrooke. Lord Carrol, of Carrolton, thought to be Josephine's betrothed, is expected. Stella sees in him her promised husband, Archibald Sherbrooke. She passes a sleepless night. Walking to the lodge, she meets Archibald, and he cannot understand why he finds her there. Believing he is acting a part, for he wins her love as Archibald Sherbrooke, he appears as Lord Carrol of Carrolton, the expected husband of her cousin, and refusing his explanation she bids him go back to Josephine and ask her for the cameo he gave her. Archibald seeks Mr. Richards' confidence and explains his position, his meeting Star on the steamer, his interest in her and later her promised husband, his ignorance that she is an inmate of this house, his meeting Stella and her refusal to listen to him. Mrs. Richards, overhearing his story and determined that her plans shall not fail, seeks Stella in the lodge, where she has gone for sympathy from Mr. Rosevelt. She upbraids Stella for conducting herself in a shameless manner, misconstruing Lord Carrol's attentions and accusing him with unfaithfulness. Stella is crushed with shame and humiliation, and the next morning Mr. Rosevelt and Stella go to New York where they make their home. Lord Carrol leaves a note for Josephine requesting her to send the cameo to his address. Stella graduates with honor from the Normal College and Mr. Appleton introduces her as the author of "Chatsworth's Pride." She meets Grace Meredith and her brother Ralph who requests the pleasure, with his sister, of calling upon her. Reaching home, Mr. Rosevelt tells to Stella the story of his life, his love for and engagement to be married to Stella's grandmother, and then his love for her for her kindness to him. The next day is her eighteenth birthday and to celebrate Mr. Rosevelt invites her for a ride and calling at a beautiful house she is met by Mrs. Blunt who has a nice lunch for them, after which they go through the house and Mr. Rosevelt admits she is to be his heiress. Going to Newport, they meet Mrs. Richards and Josephine, who are stunned when they learn of his immense wealth and intention to leave all to Stella.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

RESCUED FROM A HORRIBLE FATE.

IF Mrs. Richards had conducted herself according to her own inclination, she would have left Newport at once. But she was unwilling that Mr. Rosevelt or Star should think that she had run away from them, or that she was heartbroken over the disclosures which her uncle had made to her.

Besides, Newport was full of wealthy and fashionable people, and among them several eligible young gentlemen, whose acquaintance, for Josephine's sake, she was desirous of cultivating; and surely she was not going to sacrifice all these advantages, and leave the field clear for Star to win even greater victories.

No; she would stay, and she resolved she would make things just as uncomfortable for the young girl as possible, while Josephine should be made to shine with all the splendor of which their means, and Mr. Richards' credit, were capable.

But all the proud woman's efforts were of no avail, for our fair heroine had created a sensation which threatened to turn the heads and lead captive hearts of every unmarried man, at least, in Newport.

A week passed quickly by, and then Grace Meredith and her brother arrived at the watering place, and immediately attached themselves to Mr. Rosevelt and Star by mutual consent; and many envious looks were bestowed upon the dark, handsome stranger, who appeared to assume the right of acting as escort to the two beautiful girls upon every occasion.

But Star, whenever she appeared in company, laughed, chatted and danced with all that was possible of her admirers, dispensing her smiles and favors with an impartiality that was exasperating not only to her victims—if such they could be called who were each anxious to win the prize—but also to the many forlorn damsels who were all sighing for the attentions she was receiving and the honors she was usurping.

One day, about a week after the arrival of the Merediths, an excursion was arranged to visit a point on Narragansett Bay, and it was to be a picnic after the good old-fashioned style of carrying each his own basket and sharing with his neighbor.

A boat had been chartered to take the party down the bay in the morning and return at night by moonlight.

Ralph Meredith and two or three of his friends were the originators of the affair, and the invitations were very select, and limited to one hundred.

As it happened, Mrs. Richards and Josephine, with quite a number of others from their hotel, were included in this party.

Josephine Richards had arrayed herself in a very elaborate costume for the occasion, determined that Star, who she knew was to be one of the company, should not outshine her.

It fitted her like a glove, and was vastly becoming; she never had looked more brilliant in her life, but she was too fussy for a picnic, and looked as if she were decked out for a fashionable reception rather than for a day in the woods.

In direct contrast to all this "fuss and feathers" was Star, in a simple suit of white lawn, a belt of blue, of her eyes' own hue, girding her slender waist; a dainty, broad-brimmed hat, set in a jaunty way upon her golden head, and a little cluster of blue-fringed gentians nestling beneath her beautifully rounded chin.

The very simplicity of her attire made her conspicuous, and fashionable maidens, who had groaned in spirit over what they should wear and how they should wear it, glared at her with envious eyes.

Ralph Meredith had arranged a cozy little nook on the boat for Star and his sister, by taking some camp chairs along and cushioning them with handsome rugs, with a couple of hassocks for their feet, while a sail had been adjusted as an awning to screen them from the hot sun.

But when, after they were well on their way, he conducted them thither, he found to his chagrin that this snug corner, upon which he had spent so much care, had been appropriated by Mrs. Richards and her brilliant daughter, who were holding a little court by themselves.

They moved away to another portion of the boat, but when, an hour later, they saw the interlopers promenading the deck, they quietly slipped into the vacated seats, and settled themselves for the remainder of the sail.

Here they were soon chatting in the most sociable manner, and were right in the midst of a most interesting discussion when a cold voice broke out upon them, saying:

"Miss Gladstone, may I trouble you to vacate our chairs?"

Star started and flushed. Too well she knew those incisive tones.

But she quickly recovered herself, however, and looking up at Mrs. Richards, for it was she who had spoken, said:

"Your chairs? Are they yours?"

"Certainly; you have already seen us occupying them, I believe," the woman responded, haughtily.

Star's face began to dimple with amusement, for she knew well enough that this demand was only made to annoy her and make her unpleasantly conspicuous, and she was determined to turn the tables to their own mortification; for they could not fail to learn when they landed to whom the chairs and other comforts belonged.

She made a motion to Grace, who, she saw, was bristling with indignation, to keep silent; then she arose, bowing with graceful politeness to Mrs. Richards and her daughter, though her eyes were gleaming with suppressed laughter.

"I beg pardon if I have been occupying what does not rightfully belong to me, and I cheerfully resign my chair to your prior claim."

Josephine flushed, for she saw that it was all Star could do to restrain her merriment, though what should have caused it she could not understand; while she looked so pretty and was so ladylike, it made her angry.

"I'm sure," she began, hotly, and raising her voice so that others could hear her, "I don't see what you're so amused over, Stella Gladstone; and it seems to me that you're putting on altogether too many airs for a girl who used to perform the services of a chambermaid in our house."

For a moment Star stood as if dumfounded; then she lifted her bright head a trifle, as if in conscious superiority, gave Miss Richards a cool stare of surprise, and turned away without a word.

Not so Miss Meredith, however.

She kept her seat with the utmost composure, watching this little scene with both interest and amusement until Josephine so tauntingly insulted her friend.

Then she, too, arose, drawing her tall form to its fullest height.

"I cannot understand," she said, in a voice of scorn, "why you should so maliciously insult Miss Gladstone; but allow me to say for your enlightenment, that these chairs, rugs and so forth, belong to my brother, Mr. Ralph Meredith, and he arranged them here especially for Miss Gladstone's and my comfort. However, I will emulate her example, and resign my right to ladies who have proved themselves so superior in point of refinement and politeness."

Having uttered this cutting sarcasm, Miss Meredith bowed mockingly and walked away to rejoin her friend, leaving those haughty and overbearing women about as chagrined and crestfallen as it is possible for two people to feel.

The gay company reached their destination after a delightful sail of two hours.

It was a lovely grove upon the shore of the bay, which people were in the habit of frequenting for picnics of this sort, and the party wandered about in groups for another two hours, exploring the beauties and attractions about them.

Mr. Rosevelt and Star, Miss Meredith and her brother, with two or three others, wandered away by themselves, and finally sat down beneath a wide-spreading tree for a quiet chat.

While they sat there, Star got up quietly and slipped out of sight, some spirit of restlessness possessing her to get away for a ramble still farther into the far-reaching woods.

She had walked some distance, when she heard voices, and soon saw a gentleman and a lad, both with guns over their shoulders, approaching her, and looking heated and anxious.

They saluted her courteously, and then the gentleman said, abruptly:

"Have you seen anything of a small, white Spitz dog, miss? It is a pretty little creature, wearing a silver collar around his neck, and tiny blue bows tied in his ears."

"No," Star answered; "I have seen no dog today."

"We are in search of it because we are afraid it has run mad," the stranger continued, peering about with a troubled countenance. "It has not been well for several days, and this morning showed unmistakable signs of hydrophobia. It escaped confinement from the cottage, a mile or so from here, and ran toward these woods about an hour ago."

They passed on, and Star thought it would be best for her to go back to her friends, and therefore turned to retrace her steps.

She had only accomplished about half of the distance, when she heard a clear laugh ring out from among the shrubbery on the right of the path.

Thinking it must be some of her party, she stepped forward to warn them of their danger. She parted the branches with her hands and looked through.

What was her horror to see Josephine Richards sitting at the foot of a tree, her hat tossed upon the ground beside her, and holding in her lap the little mad dog against which she had just been warned.

Miss Richards evidently had just coaxed the little pet into her lap, and was playing with it without a suspicion of the terrible danger that she was in, while just for that moment it showed no signs of the madness which possessed it.

Star's face was as white as her spotless dress as she took in the dreadful situation; then she stepped quickly forward and said, in clear but authoritative tones:

"Miss Richards, put that dog down as quietly as you can, and come away with me instantly, for I have just been told that it is mad."

Scarcely were the words uttered, when the little creature snapped at the hand raised to caress it, and, with a scream of fright, Josephine sprang to her feet and turned to fly.

But the act aroused all the fury of the maddened animal, and he seized hold of her skirts, biting and tearing them in the most furious manner, foaming at the mouth, and howling frightfully in its sudden paroxysm of frenzy.

"Save me! save me!" Josephine screamed, and flying toward Star for protection.

There was not a thought of personal danger in the fair young girl's heart—not a thought of enmity, or of malice or evil; all her mind was concentrated upon one thing—how best to save her companion from this terrible danger and from a horrible death.

"Stand still!" she commanded, in steady, almost stern tones. "Let him bite at your clothes all he chooses, but do not allow him to get at your feet; if you run, he will seize them and bite right through your boot. Have you courage to stand where you are for a moment? I will go behind him and slip the end of my parasol through his collar and pin him to the ground; then you can go and call help for me."

She spoke calmly but rapidly, and Josephine saw at once how much wisdom there was in her plan.

"Yes, yes; I will do anything," she said, hysterically; "but be quick, for I cannot bear this much longer; I shall faint dead away."

"If you faint," Star returned, in an awful voice, "you are lost! Be still just a moment longer, and I will save you if I can."

Watching her opportunity, she stole softly behind the struggling animal, and, by a dexterous movement, slipped the end of her parasol, which was quite a stout one, into his collar, and then, with all her strength, drove it into the ground and held it there, though the creature struggled furiously to release himself.

Her face had not an atom of color in it, but her lips did not falter as she said to the horror-stricken girl watching her:

"Go quickly and call help for me. I cannot hold him long."

Josephine did not need a second bidding, but went shrieking back to the company.

She had not been gone two minutes when the bushes behind Star parted again, and the same gentleman who had met and warned her of this danger sprang toward her, with his gun cocked and aimed at the dog.

His face was almost as colorless as her own.

"Can you hold him just an instant longer?—will you dare hold him while I shoot him? I will not harm you in the least," he questioned, in rapid tones.

"Yes, I will hold him," she said, resolutely. "If I let him loose now, he will surely bite somebody."

There was an instant of silence, then a quick, sharp report rang through the woods, and the little danger fiend lay bleeding and dead at her feet.

All peril was past.

Star had saved an enemy from a horrible fate—she had done a heroic deed; but the tension on her own nerves gave way when it was over. She swayed, tottered and would have fallen to the ground, but another figure sprang through the bushes to her side to save her, and her fainting form was received into the strong arms of Ralph Meredith.

CHAPTER XXIX.

JOSEPHINE'S INGRATITUDE.

Confusion reigned during the next half hour among the company who had hitherto been so gay. Josephine Richards had rushed into their midst, startling everybody out of their senses by shrieking out:

"Go to Miss Gladstone! A mad dog! a mad dog!"

It was all that she could say, for she immediately after sank down helpless in a violent fit of hysterics, while the women, with white faces, huddled together in fear and trembling, and the men, with horrified eyes and quaking hearts, ran hither and thither in search of Star.

Then there had come that quick, sharp report, directing them to the spot, and telling them that all danger to them was past. But the terrible question arose:

"Was Miss Gladstone safe?"

Ralph Meredith, his feet winged with love and fear, was, as we have seen, first upon the scene of the tragedy, and caught her frantically to his heart just as she was falling to the ground.

"Is she bitten?" he cried, in a voice of agony, and with ashen lips, to the stranger, who stood, gun in hand, over the dead dog.

"No; she has not even a scratch; she has merely fainted from fright," he answered; and throwing down his gun, he took a long pocket flask filled with brandy from his hunting pouch, and approached the unconscious girl.

He knelt upon the ground beside her and poured a few drops between her lips, though his hands trembled violently from the terrible excitement and anxiety under which he had been laboring.

"Go for some water," he said to his son, who, having heard the report of his father's fowling-piece, now appeared upon the scene.

He darted away like a fawn, and was back in less than three minutes with a pitcherful, which he had seized from the camp, while a frightened crowd followed at his heels.

But it was a long time before Star revived. The shock to her nervous system had been a terrible one, and nature seemed loath to resume her sway after it. But at the end of half an hour her chest began to heave, and a slight tinge of color returned to her lips.

Ralph Meredith, who hung over her in an agony of suspense and fear, would let no one touch her or come near her, save his sister and Mr. Rosevelt; and he found that it required all the strength of his will to keep him from betraying to the gaping crowd the passionate love he entertained for the senseless girl.

Finally, to everybody's relief, those white lids were unclosed, those beautiful eyes looked up, and a long, shuddering sigh shook her whole frame.

"What has happened?" she questioned, with a vacant look.

"You are faint, dear. Drink this and you will be better," Grace Meredith said, gently, while she held a silver cup to her lips.

She swallowed the stimulus mechanically, and then began to shiver, as if from the cold.

"I remember," she murmured, all the color fading from her face again, and they feared another season of unconsciousness would follow.

"Is he dead?" she asked, a moment after, beginning to rally once more.

"Yes; he was killed instantly," Ralph Meredith returned.

"And Josephine—Miss Richards—is she safe?"

Everybody looked surprised at this query, for no one had had any idea that that young lady had been in any danger until now.

"Yes; Miss Richards is safe," Mr. Rosevelt answered; but a frown contracted his brow as he began to understand that Star had sacrificed her own safety and endangered her own life to save that of an ungrateful girl.

No one had been able to gather from Josephine's excited and incoherent account anything save that a mad dog had attacked Miss Gladstone in the woods. She said not a word of how the noble girl had come to her rescue, warned her of her danger, and then put into execution a hazardous plan to secure her safety.

There was not an ounce of gratitude in her heart toward Star for having done this heroic deed—no softening, no sense of sorrow or repentance for her own unkindness in the past, or for the insult which she had only that day offered her; there was only a sense of triumph that she herself was safe, no matter how or at whose risk.

When Star found that Josephine had kept the facts of the encounter with the mad dog to herself, simply stating that Miss Gladstone had been attacked by it, she also appeared very reluctant to converse about it, and as the subject seemed to excite her, no one felt disposed to press her with questions.

Upon reaching the boat they improvised a couch for Star on deck, and by resting quietly during the two hours' sail, she seemed almost like herself when the vessel touched the pier at Newport.

A carriage was here procured, and she was driven, with Mr. Rosevelt, Miss Meredith and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7.)



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

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Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THE travel letters of Mrs. Marsh are so well liked, to judge by numerous letters and cards asking for more of them, that it is gratifying to be able to print another, this time of a trip to the seashore, and such an interesting account that reading it is next best to being there in person. It is kind of Mrs. Marsh to give us this pleasure for she is a busy woman. Perhaps *you* have taken a trip that another would like to take but cannot. Don't you think an interesting description of everything you saw and did would be enjoyed by that person? I do, so we'll hope for more and more travel letters.—Ed.

The Earth Turned Sideways

By Mrs. James Marsh.

One day this old earth took a mighty breath, and in doing so completely disarranged the successive folds of its covering so badly that it just had to break somewhere, and it was in this "Somewhere," with its folds all protruding through the surface of the shore, making a long line of reefs with ragged, razor-like tops, with the softer material in between worn away by the waves, leaving masses of calcium, glistening and sparkling, that we made our objective point in search of shells, seaweed and other specimens.

An hour's ride from Los Angeles, Calif., to San Pedro; a small bus ride to Point Firmin, and a pleasant half hour's hike along the cliffs, brought us to White's Point, a rocky prominence, along an indented coast-line to the "Reefs."

It is in these Reefs that myriads of all kinds of sea life are to be found that are never heard of in or around sandy beaches.

Abalone Point, so called because of the large amount of abolones who take advantage of it for a breeding ground, is about the most formidable place to get to, or to get around all along the beach, and as we approached it we were greeted by a fine herd of 10 seals, whose coarse barking called our attention as they sunned themselves on the rocks in a lagoon formed by the reefs. Their big appealing eyes and sensitiveness to sound as we called and whistled to them made them "sit up and take notice" of our efforts to be chums, for they tossed their heads around as if to say, "Come again."

Here is a pure blue-black shellfish. What makes it adopt a splash of orange at the entrance to its mouth, in the shell? It cannot be seen unless you remove the fish.

The beautiful pearly interior of the abalone, only by its death can be seen. The outside is dark and very uninviting.

When the Maker fashioned the seaweed he summoned all the colors together to vie with each other to beautify the delicate sea lace and damask—fair blues and reds tipped with white; pinks tinged with reds and other combinations along their fronds that wave in graceful ringlets with each wavelet.

As you sit and ponder you may read in the strata an open book as it lies open before you. The lesson has no end.

The tall cliffs are formed of the debris of a passed world and age, and many shells are seen protruding from them, high up and down to sea level.

The house hunting problem seems to be as vital a problem in fish land as with us, for few shells are tenantless, being occupied by their original owners or a tenant who has taken a lease of it; the despised hermit crab.

It was indeed a "Song Day" we spent that day, for four young men gave us several pieces (quartette) in the train as we went and the seals gave us a chorus of barks and groans, but sweetest of all was a girl's voice, some four summers, who sang clearly and sweetly as we came home on the car from the station: "Jesus loves me, this I know."

If one will read, what a mine of information; what a divergence in rocks and stones; what sermons.

It was hard work breaking away from it all, though our backs were breaking, for what a fascination to watch the sea-urchins turning around in their self-made rocky prisons; the sea-anemones, of all colors, closing up their long green tentacles as we fed them with crushed shells, some, like the urchins, covered in small stones to hide themselves.

What glories of color, and what a number of ideas there are to watch and find out from each how it lives and moves for its food.

"A couple of kids once more," we did not realize what we were doing until it came to departing time and we prepared to carry off the spoils of the sea. There was nothing left but to "grin and bear it," because nothing could be thrown out, besides. Many a "Sister" who did not live near the sea or was shut-in and less fortunate than I, would be glad when she opened the parcel and saw the beautiful shells.

One mile brought us to our street car that took us to the train and soon we were home.

Did we rest? The victims had to be boiled to preserve their houses, the seaweed had to be washed and set out to dry and the specimens, of which we found we had 78 varieties of shells, had to be put out of harm's way until we could arrange for our cabinet.

Two weary bodies laid down to rest that night; no swan song was necessary to rock them to sleep.

Your sincere COMFORT sister,
MRS. JAMES C. MARSH.
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Comfort Sisters' Recipes

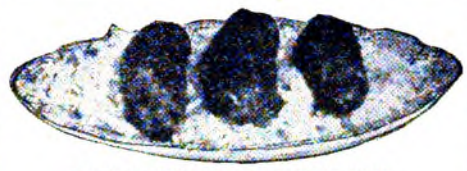
SALADS furnish a use for leftovers and are more healthful during hot weather than heavier foods. They need not be lacking in nutrition, and after the men folks of the family become accustomed to them—sometimes this requires tact—they will like an occasional salad supper quite as well as a supper that rquires hours of cooking and work in a hot kitchen. Try it and see. —Ed.

RADISH SALAD.—Peel and slice enough radishes to make one cupful when sliced. Add one tablespoon of sliced olives and mix well. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves with French dressing. Decorate with radishes cut to represent a rose.

VEGETABLE SALAD.—On crisp lettuce leaves put a layer of Bermuda onions, thinly sliced, a layer of cucumbers and on top a layer of tomatoes. Serve with French dressing.

LOBSTER SALAD.—Remove meat from one large lobster. Mix thoroughly with dressing made as follows: Beat one egg, one-quarter teaspoon mustard, one-quarter teaspoon salt and one-eighth teaspoon pepper together, add one tablespoon vinegar and one tablespoon of butter, put on stove and let thicken.—MRS. J. O., Portland, Maine.

MOCK SAUSAGE WITH SAVORY RICE.—Soak one cup of dried lima beans over night in cold water, drain, cover with fresh cold water and cook until soft. Put through a potato ricer, discarding the skins that will not press through. Or, use fresh or canned baby lima beans. Add one-half cup of dried and rolled bread-crumbs, three tablespoons of butter, salt and pepper, one-half teaspoon of ground sage, one teaspoon of scraped onion, one beaten egg, and just milk enough to hold the mixture together. Shape to resemble sausages, roll in beaten egg, then in bread-crumbs and fry in deep fat. Serve on a bed of rice prepared as follows: Wash one-half cup of rice, and slowly drop into



MOCK SAUSAGE WITH SAVORY RICE.

two quarts of boiling water to which one-half teaspoon of salt has been added. Boil rapidly half an hour, taking care it does not stick by occasionally lifting it with a fork. Do not stir. Turn into a sieve, drain, cover with a cloth and rest over a kettle of hot water for twenty minutes. While the rice is steaming, cook two tablespoons of fat with one small onion sliced very fine and one teaspoon of curry-powder. When the onion is brown, add one-half cup of thick stewed tomato, cook five minutes and pour over the hot rice which has been spread on a platter. Arrange the "sausages" on the rice.

MEAT SALAD.—Put through a meat chopper one cup of meat, cooked and cut into small pieces, one cooked beet, one cooked potato, one tablespoon parsley and one slice of onion. Season to taste and form into balls. Serve on lettuce leaves with French dressing.

SALMON SALAD.—Separate the salmon into flakes, using either canned or fresh salmon. Place on lettuce leaves and surround with cold green peas that have been mixed with French dressing.

POTATO SALAD.—Dice cold potatoes, add one small onion, chopped fine, one sweet pepper, salt and pepper to taste and a few drops of vinegar. Mix and put on lettuce leaves. Serve with salad dressing.

CINNAMON ROLLS.—Melt one-half cup of shortening in two cups of hot milk. Equal parts of lard and butter is the best. When lukewarm, add one even teaspoon of salt, one-half yeast-cake dissolved in half a cup of lukewarm water, and one beaten egg. Add flour to handle, and set to rise covered closely and in a warm place away from drafts. When the dough has risen to about twice its bulk, cut down and knead until smooth. Roll fairly thin, spread with melted butter, and add a light sprinkling of cinnamon and sugar mixed. Make into a long roll, the same as jelly roll, Cut in half-inch slices from one end of the roll, place in baking tin so they will not touch, and set to rise until light. Bake in a hot oven.

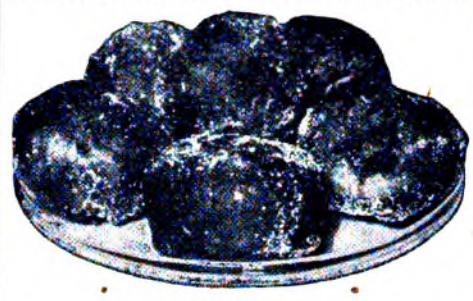


CINNAMON ROLLS.

SWEET POTATO SALAD.—Boil three large sweet potatoes, cut in small squares, add two stalks of celery, cut in small pieces, and season with salt and pepper. Cut up three or four small sweet pickles and half-a-dozen olives and add to potatoes, with teaspoon of onion juice. Serve with French dressing.—M. E. W., Augusta, Maine.

FRENCH DRESSING.—One-half teaspoon salt, one-quarter teaspoon pepper, two tablespoons vinegar and four tablespoons olive oil. Mix and stir until well blended, or pour into bottle and shake well.

FRIED MUFFINS.—Mix together three cups of sifted flour, two tablespoons of sugar, two rounding teaspoons of baking powder, and one teaspoon of salt, then sift



FRIED MUFFINS.

again. Beat two eggs until light and creamy, add one cup of milk, and then the dry mixture. Beat hard. Drop by spoonfuls into deep hot fat and fry to a golden brown, turning several times during the cooking. Roll in sugar and serve warm. A spoonful of jelly, dry applesauce or mincemeat may be folded into each spoonful of batter as it is dropped into the hot fat. Delicious served with coffee.

BOILED DRESSING.—One teaspoon mustard, one-half tablespoon salt, few grains cayenne pepper, one-quarter teaspoon paprika, one and one-half tablespoons sugar, one-half tablespoon flour, one and one-half tablespoons melted butter, three-quarters cup of milk, yolks of two eggs and one-quarter cup of vinegar. Mix dry ingredients well together, add yolks of eggs, beaten, butter, milk and vinegar. Cook in double boiler until mixture is thick.—O. G. L., Maine.

SNOW PUDDING.—One pint boiling water, three good-sized tablespoons of corn-starch, beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, moisten the corn-starch in a little water, then stir it into the boiling water while still boiling, add one tablespoon of sugar, a pinch of salt and the beaten whites of the three eggs, let boil a few minutes then pour into a teacup to cool. For sauce make a common custard of the yolks of the three eggs and a scant pint of milk, sweeten and flavor to taste. When ready to serve, turn out the little puddings from the cups into individual glass dishes and pour over each one the golden-colored sauce.—MRS. M. O. MACKINTOSH, Canton, Ill.

POTATO CROQUETTES.—Pare potatoes, nearly cover with boiling salted water and cook until they can be pierced with a fork. Drain, and shake dry on a hot cover. Mash. To each pint add one tablespoon of butter, one tablespoon of milk, the beaten yolk of one egg and pepper and salt to taste. Beat hard, and if the mixture seems a little stiff, add a very little milk.



POTATO CROQUETTES.

When cool enough to handle, shape by first rolling a little of the potato into round ball, and then with the hand flat, into a roll. Roll in finely-rolled cracker-crumbs, then in lightly-beaten egg to which a little water has been added, and then in crumbs again. Fry in deep fat. Do not put in too many at a time as it will cool the fat and cause the crust to soak fat and break off.

CHOCOLATE RICE PUDDING.—Put four cups of milk in double boiler and when scalded add one-half cup of rice, five tablespoons sugar, one tablespoon butter, three tablespoons grated chocolate and one-third teaspoon salt. Cook for two hours or more. Just before taking from stove, add one teaspoon of vanilla. Serve hot with whipped cream.—MRS. H. D. OSBORNE, News Ferry, Virginia.

BANANA MOUSSE.—Press four peeled bananas through potato ricer and squeeze over pulp juice of half a lemon. Mix with three-quarters of a pint of chilled cream, whipped stiff, and sweeten with half a cup of powdered sugar. Turn into mould with a watertight cover and bury in ice and rock salt for three hours before serving.—MARIETTA COLLINS, Thorsby, Ala.

BANANA SNOW.—Peel and slice six ripe bananas and mash to fine pulp. Add juice of lemon, whites of two eggs and whip mixture as you would cream. Add two tablespoons of sugar and whip until sugar is dissolved. Serve with berries or diced pineapple scattered over top.—MRS. WALTER CAMPBELL, Greensburg, Indiana.

BAKED BEEF HASH.—Chop one cup of cooked beef and add to one cup of hot milk. To this add one cup of cooked rice, two tablespoons of butter and salt and pepper to taste. Remove from fire, let cool a little and add one well-beaten egg. Bake fifteen minutes in hot oven.

Sada.—You have opened the way for letters that will be of help to the majority of mothers for most of us have wondered how we could keep our youngsters amused on rainy days.—Ed.

PITTSFIELD, ILL.

MY DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORTABLE SISTERS:

Some time ago I tried to enter your circle but failed to use the right pass word. I promised myself I would not try again but when I saw in the February issue the question, "What is economy?" by one of the sisters, I just couldn't keep still for there is not a word in the English language that I am better acquainted with than "Economy." It is one of my earliest recollections and should have been my middle name, and having practiced its precepts for twenty-four years of married life I feel competent to speak.

One can be economical and not miserly, can save and yet not "skimp," can enjoy comforts and not waste—there it seems to be in a nutshell, but sometimes hard to crack. Many of us have our pet economies. One of mine is my bedding and table furnishings. I watch for the white goods sales at home and in mail-order catalogues and buy one new sheet and one pair of pillow cases every year. You do not notice the small amount at the time and by this method always have sheets for the emergency. We use Indian Head napkins and table-cloths for every-day use, thus saving the good damask. I buy a square of the 54-inch Indian Head for the cloth and enough more for napkins, eighteen inches wide. Some I simply hem on the machine and am now doing a table-cloth in Delft blue crochet edge with Dutch gingham in two tone blue gingham applique, the napkins are made to match and will be good enough for any company.

Another method of saving in both labor and material is covering the ends of quilts and blankets with slips of cheese-cloth, about fourteen inches deep; these can be easily slipped off and washed, thus saving the hard work of washing an entire quilt or blanket. So much for beds and table economy.

Most of our face cloths are made from towels which became worn in the middle. By cutting out the worn part, two face cloths can be made. Sometimes I finish these by crocheting an edge but more often by blanket stitch. Old underwear, two thickness, make good face cloths, finish in same manner as others. The holders used about the kitchen are made from two thickness of men's clothing, finished as above described.

I came across an old recipe for chapped hands which does not call for a lot of expensive drugs. Take one-half cup of rolled oats and pour one cup of boiled rain water (after cooling) on the oats and then add one ounce of glycerine and it is ready to use. The oats when rubbed into the flesh leave a fine powder which covers up a multitude of sins and holds the glycerine.

I save all paraffin bread paper and find many uses for it. It is fine to rub the stove with while it is still warm and leaves a clean polish. It can be used in cake pans and to wrap up lunches, also to rub iron on when ironing.

One of the sisters asked whether it was wiser to buy cheap material for wearing apparel and wear it out or buy good quality and work it over from time to time. My two small daughters say, "Oh, buy the cheap so we won't have to wear it the rest of our lives," so the question is still a question for I try both methods. I disguise old familiar dresses with dyes and sometimes feel well repaid.

This season of the year in a country town, finds the cook of the family at her wit's ends to furnish a balanced diet with so little from which to choose. Tin can and paper bag cookery does not appeal to me, but we are compelled to resort to the tin cans. The farmer's wife has fresh pork, chickens, eggs and vegetables in the cellar, the city dweller has the shipped in fresh vegetables and fruits—now won't someone come to the rescue of the small town inhabitant and suggest a menu that we can follow.

We have a neighborhood club of twenty-four members. I wish some of the sisters would help me with suggestions as to entertainments, contests, etc. Will gladly exchange ideas with anyone interested. We have tried many things but want something new. Would be pleased to find a photographer's wife among you.

Thanking you all for many helpful hints on various subjects,

Sincerely, MRS. EVA SHINN.

SO. ROYALTON, R. R. 1, BOX 2J, VT.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I like the COMFORT Sisters' pin and shall get one. I would like to see this letter printed so I would feel that I was a "COMFORT Sister."

We live on a small farm, two and one-half miles from town. Have a son, three years old.

I like to crochet, sew, embroider and do patchwork. I am starting my Christmas gifts as I make most of them. I think it would be nice to exchange Christmas ideas with each other.

I am five feet, four inches tall, weigh 115 pounds and have medium brown hair and grey eyes.

MRS. NELSON GAGE.

Mrs. Gage.—You should have started the ball a-rolling by telling us what you are to make for Christmas gifts and how you make them. I am saving a few letters along that line for publication next month maybe. Shall be glad to get more letters to be published with those already received.—Ed.

COLTEWAH, TENN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

First, I want to thank you for forwarding all those letters to me. Second, to ask your forgiveness for all the trouble my thoughtlessness caused. I never dreamed of such a thing. When the envelope came this morning I thought, "What's this? I haven't ordered anything from COMFORT." When opened I found forty letters and all wanting to know about the Woman's Exchange I spoke about in my other letter. Now I can appreciate more the work you are doing, but if I were you I would not print the letters from those (like myself) who, for no reason whatever, ask you not to print their name and address. Then you would have no letters to forward.

Now for a favor. Will you print this for the benefit of those who did not send stamps and who only wanted the address of the Woman's Exchange. As I get time I shall answer all who sent stamps.

Sisters, the Exchange I wrote about is in Chattanooga and is only one small room. I'm afraid if you all sent work there, the women near would not have any room, so why not try your nearest city? Surely there must be such a place in all large cities. I don't believe they receive work by mail, at the Exchange I spoke of in Chattanooga. When we pay our membership fee we are given a card with our number on it. This number, with our name, is written in a ledger with the amount and price of all work and a strict account of the work sold is kept. We put the price on our work and give them 20 per cent. for selling it, so we have to charge quite high. They sell all kinds of fancy work and homemade candies, cakes, bread, etc., also serve lunches. I do not belong to it now as I get orders for all the work I have time to do.

You who want to make money, why not try raising poultry or livestock of some kind? There is always a demand for chickens and fresh eggs.

Since I wrote you, another baby has come to our home. On the 19th of February a sweet, little, red-haired, blue-eyed girl, Margaret Mae, arrived. Now we have three. Ruby Bell, four, J. L., Jr., two, and the baby, so you see I don't have much time for tatting, but I still find time to play with the babies. It wouldn't be home without them.

We lived in Chattanooga until last spring. Then my husband's place of work shut down so we came out here. I like the country better. This is just a small town. My husband enlisted in the army at the beginning of the war and was stationed at Fort Oglethorpe two years. W lived there in a government house and he stayed at home. I should like to hear from any of my friends who lived there then.

Mrs. Pettitt, I enjoy the letters but I would rather see a baby's picture in COMFORT than have a letter in its place, for I love all babies.

Pearl Vesey, where are you and how is your COMFORT garden this year?

Sisters, what do you think of our pin? I think it is what we need and am sending for mine.

With best wishes to all,

MRS. J. L. CANNON (ROSEBUD).

Mrs. Cannon.—When it comes to deciding between two equally good letters, the one with name and address is always given preference unless there seems a good reason for withholding it, such as baring of secrets, gossip or unpleasant comments, etc. Every nom de plume means that I'll have to forward from one to fifty letters to that person. I'm glad to do this in all cases that are really necessary but please sign your name and address whenever possible. Thank you.—Ed.

LOS ANGELES, 343 West 58th St., CALIF.

MY DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

How often I have said, "I believe I will write to COMFORT tomorrow," and tomorrow never came so I've decided to write today. It has been several years since my last letter appeared in COMFORT and I wonder if you would believe, that during those years I have corresponded with not less than two dozen of the sisters regularly and many more at intervals. I received hundreds of letters and answered every one because they were mostly from the sick who wanted to know about the climate of Arizona, for that is where I lived until recently. I want to thank you, Mrs. W., for printing my letter for through COMFORT I found one friend who is as dear as a sister and that means a lot to me for my only sister died. You are a dear to be so patient and impartial and yours is a splendid work. Thousands are made happy because of this department. I could tell you of many whom I know but it would take too much space. I'm sure all who read the sisters' letters receive help. Many dozens of times in my life I have been benefited by COMFORT in general and by Sisters' Corner in particular. I feel so sorry for the unhappy sisters but, do you know, I feel that this life is a school and that each experience is a lesson. It would not be best for us if all were happy experiences. I am a great believer in God and that He knows best and that He allows these things, not because he sanctions them but because the Prince of this World is Darkness and Sin and will be so till the Prince of Peace comes. I realize that some Christian Science sister or brother would like to bump me. Who cares! All of my corners have been bumped off long ago. Now changing the subject will some one tell me how men are to hold their wives' affection? It's a question I have never seen discussed in these columns or elsewhere. I've read a lot about wifey keeping herself dressed attractively lest hubby "tire" of her. Who thinks hubby should wear a collar and tie, keep himself well shaven and wear a coat around the house lest wifey "tire" of him? Now honest, isn't a man altogether unlovely when in dishabille? As for my hubby, he lounges about in this unlovely manner often—on my *very* best sofa pillows too! yes'm! I haven't a thing too good to use. I believe in cleanliness and comfort. Clean bungalow aprons or Perky Peggys if you like. Morning caps are not taboo with me but I like them to match or harmonize with the morning dress. I do this for the sake of decency and not to "hold" my husband. I never try to look as neat when mopping and scouring—by the way, hubby helps me—as I do when serving meals. Neither of us try to look handsome while doing this sort of work. If love isn't more than skin deep it is not the kind that will stand the wear and tear of matrimony and who wants to hold such shallow love? Men should be handsome, women should be lovely when possible—but neatness about one's dirty work is sufficient. Most of all I study comfort about the home. "It takes a lot of living in a house to make it Home," sisters. Don't keep treasures hidden. Fess up. How many of you have them? Get them out and use them and enjoy them.

Our house burned a few years ago. We did not save a thing. I did not covet, even the things that belonged to my mother before her death. I had used and enjoyed everything I had and after all the smoke had cleared away I said, "I'm glad Pollyanna wise and otherwise." I'm glad I enjoyed them as long as I did. Most of all I was glad that my false teeth were at the dentist's. Honest. Now you are wondering if I'm ancient? Ever hear of any one having teeth extracted early in life? My health is better since I had the old ones out. That and the dry, pure air of Arizona

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

A Modern Maud Muller

By Alma Henderson

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"Maud Muller on a summer's day,
Raked the meadows, sweet with hay.
Beneath her torn hat glowed a wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health."

GREAT black clouds rolled up out of the west, and distant muttering of thunder threatened ominously.

The young man guiding a massive roadster recklessly along the uneven country road glanced apprehensively over his shoulder, then back at his companion, with a distraught smile.

"I think we'll be able to make Miami before the storm hits," he assured, confidently.

The imperious young beauty at his side executed an obviously much-practiced shrug ere replying querulously:

"I should hope so! It's your own fault if we don't. You ought to have started for home sooner!"

The young man compressed his lips and stared straight ahead. He had long since ceased trying to analyze the inconsistencies of Miss Leona Renfro.

Upon the present occasion, they had tarried at the lake when the other picnickers departed, at the young lady's own request. And only after numerous suggestions from him that he feared a storm was brewing would she consider leaving the place.

"Oh, well, 'Consistency, thou art a jewel,'" he mused, with a cynical smile.

The girl noted her companion's stern mouth and unbending attitude, and was at no loss for the reason thereof. Usually, when affairs had reached this stage, she would relent and graciously extend a fig branch—figuratively, at least.

But just now, Leona Renfro was altogether too angry and disappointed to reason sanely. She had taken a great amount of pains with her toilette upon this particular occasion, wearing one of her prettiest, filmiest summer frocks and garden hats, instead of a regulation sports costume, as the other girls had worn. And this, because she realized how entrancingly the fresh, apple-green hue set off her shimmering gold hair and alabaster complexion!

For two months past she had been futilely expecting a proposal of marriage from the young man now seated at her side. Undoubtedly, he had given her some reason for this supposition. And with a fixed purpose of forcing the issue, she had suggested remaining after the others' departure.

But her little ruse had fallen flat. The man had cannily surmised that he was being angled for, and with the perverseness of all his sex, had grown wary.

Meantime, her companion was also earnestly cogitating. He could not realize how things had come to such a pass. He had invited Miss Renfro to accompany him to this picnic with the specific intention of asking her to become his wife, and he could not understand, in the least, why he had hesitated to offer himself when her actions had so openly informed him that he would not sue in vain.

Leona Renfro was undoubtedly the most sought-after girl in the smart set of which they were both members. She was an only child of wealthy, influential parents, a stunning dresser—almost too ultra-modern to suit his more quiet taste, though he had to admit that she always presented a most striking appearance. But hang it all, he could not be quite certain that he loved her!

He was jostled from his reverie, as one of the wheels dropped into a rut, by a terrific report. Miss Renfro breathed a disappointed sigh, while her companion hastily brought the roadster to a standstill.

"Blow-out," he explained, laconically, as he stepped from the car. "It won't take but a few minutes to remedy it."

He took a hurried survey of their surroundings. In the west, the clouds continued to marshal their forces, and although they were not approaching with a great deal of speed, they moved with the surety of a nemesis.

A little to the rear of the stalled car an old, weatherbeaten farmhouse nestled back from the highway, in a grove of magnificent elms. Just at hand, upon a sloping hillside, was an apple orchard. Even as he gazed, a slender youth in overalls and hickory hat, carrying a pitchfork in one hand, and holding a straining dog in leash by a chain, with the other, came crashing through the orchard, lightly vaulted the old-time zigzag rail fence, and approached the disabled car.

As the figure drew nearer, the young man muttered: "Gee whiz!" while Miss Renfro murmured: "The idea!" acidly.

Beneath the newcomer's jagged-edged hat brim, masses of brown ringlets framed the exquisite, flower-like face of the girl! And a clear, girlish voice exulted: "Oh, I'm so glad you're a man! I was scared to death for fear you might prove to be a woman!"

The man whistled softly, while Miss Renfro reiterated: "The idea!" Her voice by this time being so near frozen it very nearly refused to articulate. Gazing curiously at the girl, the man questioned, dryly: "What's the idea?"

"Why, you see," she explained, eagerly, "we're short a hand in the hayfield. There's a storm coming up, and we've just got to get that hay loaded and into the barn before it begins to rain. We were getting along dandy—Bill Stevens, daddy and I—until daddy fell and sprained his ankle. After that, just we two couldn't make much headway, so I told Bill I'd waylay the first man that passed and get him to help us.

"I knew there would be one any minute, but I couldn't waste time standing idly about, so I planted a nail in a board and placed it in that rut. I knew you couldn't get around that rut," she finished, with an air of triumph.

"What?" Miss Renfro fairly shrieked, while the man's eyes darkened, wrathfully.

"And you placed that nail there, deliberately?" he demanded, indignantly.

"Of course," she admitted, impatiently, as though amazed that anyone could appear so dense. "What else was there to do?"

The man laughed, scornfully. "Very pretty," he acknowledged, coldly, "and of course you expected that to make a hit with the luckless victim? It's really deplorable that I can't see my way clear to coming to the aid of beauty in distress! But you see my first thought must be for Miss Renfro. It's necessary that I get her safely home before this storm overtakes us. Sorry," and the man turned, unconcernedly to reach for an extra tire.

"Stop!" the girl's voice cut in, crisp, commanding. "Possibly, Wolf may have something to do about that."

The man turned, in surprise. He had been so engrossed with the girl, herself, that he had paid scant attention to her four-footed companion.

Now, he noted that the dog was large and gaunt, of a greyish color, and its fierce, red eyes were not at all prepossessing. The snarling brute's powerful jaws were open, revealing sharp, wolfish fangs. Consternation was depicted in the man's eyes as he turned to the girl.

She faced him, defiantly, the pretty eyes hard and determined, and the red lips compressed. She reminded him of a rebellious child, and he was wise enough to realize that she had worked herself into such a strait that she would act with the reckless abandon of a child if he refused to do as she requested.

"Very well," he agreed, grimly, "if nothing else will do, I'll give it a try. I warn you, however, I know as much about haying as the man in the moon. I suppose Miss Renfro will be at liberty to go to the house, Miss——?"

"Helen Clare Fane," supplied the girl, graciously. "Yes, indeed, I want the young lady to make herself at home. There's a comfortable rocker on the sun porch, with several late magazines."

"*I see myself!*" declined that greatly outraged young lady, with stinging hauteur.

"Oh, but I say, Leona, don't be contrary. You know I shall feel worried about you if I have to leave you out here in the car," the man expostulated. "Beside," after a hurried survey of the threatening sky, "from the look of that cloud, I am afraid we are in for a severe electrical storm."

"Oh, don't bother about me," exclaimed the girl, pettishly. "Anyway, what do you care? All you think about is your own comfort!" She had the grace to flush, under his steady look, and to relieve herself of her discomfiture, cast a spiteful glance at the slight, overall-clad figure, as she continued: "Beside, that dilapidated shack doesn't appear very inviting!"

The man found himself blushing for his companion, as he glanced apologetically toward the quiet figure. The girl, however, didn't appear in the least embarrassed.

"It isn't much for looks," she admitted, with a light laugh, "but it will appeal to you more strongly after the storm breaks. Come, Mister Man, we must get to work."

"Brazen creature!" pronounced Miss Renfro, sotto voce.

"In a minute," he replied, coolly. "I'd better drive this car over under the lee of that hill," suiting the action to the words by climbing into the car and pressing the starter. Having gained the desired position, he put up the storm curtains, and then declared himself ready to "play the game."

As the two were traversing the orchard, Helen Clare glanced up at the tall young man beside her and murmured contritely: "I'm sorry I had to act in such an unconventional manner, but it was really and truly necessary. I——"

"Don't apologize, I beg of you," he interrupted, in a mocking tone. The girl's color rose high.

"Of course, you think I'm silly and bold and unlady-like?" she questioned, in a tone that obviously pleaded for contradiction. The man remained exasperatingly silent. Helen Clare's quick temper flared up.

"I don't give a continental what you think! So there!"

When they came into view of the hayfield, the girl turned to her companion again, and with painful hesitation said: "You are a gentleman, I know, so I am going to ask a favor of you."

The man glanced down at her, with a provoking smile. "Why request? 'Tis yours to command," he teased. "If I refuse, there is always Wolf to enforce your orders!" The girl bit her red lip, but refused to be again angered.

"I want you to promise you'll not tell Bill I forced you to stay," she urged, anxiously. "Just pretend that you were quite willing, won't you? You see, Bill might tell daddy, and I'd sure enough catch it."

The man laughed until he came near strangling, in his excess of mirth. Then, partially sobering, as he gazed into the girl's chagrined eyes, and murmured, ironically: "Please forgive me. Certainly, I'll endeavor to conduct myself in such a manner that he'll think my one, cherished, lifelong dream has at last been realized. I assure you that the very last thing I contemplated was confiding in *Bill!* But aren't you afraid Miss Renfro may not prove quite so considerate?" The girl tossed her head, unconcernedly.

"As to that," she said, "I'm sure Miss Renfro wouldn't belittle herself by talking upon terms of intimacy with common farm folks!"

The man's eyes glowed, in appreciation of the girl's discernment.

When they came to where Bill Stevens was loading hay, Helen Clare merely said: "Bill, this gentleman has kindly consented to help us. And Bill mumbled: "All right, ma'am." The man gave him one keen look and promptly lost interest. For Bill was just a typical farm hand of uncertain age and colorless exterior.

Then Helen Clare questioned, in a cautious aside: "Can you drive a team, Mister Man?"

"What are you going to do?" he retorted, suspiciously.

"Oh, I'll stack on the wagon, and Bill can pitch," she confided, in an off-hand manner.

"I'll be darned if you do! Give me that fork. Drive the horses, yourself," he exclaimed, masterfully.

Helen Clare meekly obeyed. Then, securing Wolf to the limb of an apple tree, at the edge of the orchard, she returned to her companions. The man courteously assisted her upon the hayrack, and himself followed with the pitchfork.

Meantime, the storm was almost upon them, and the two men toiled tirelessly. The city man, unused to manual labor, found perspiration starting out from every pore, and grimly wondered how Miss Renfro would receive his wilted collar and soiled linen!

They had just started in on the last windrow when Helen Clare gave vent to a cry of dismay. The man turned, in consternation. "What is it?" he ejaculated.

"See," wailed Helen Clare, in great agitation, pointing toward the orchard. "Wolf has broken loose. He has deserted me!" The man looked, barely in sufficient time to see a white and gray ball of fuzz, pursued by a great, gaunt streak of a dog, disappear into a blackberry thicket.

"Why, he's just after a rabbit—what harm?" he questioned, in a puzzled manner. The girl turned quickly.

"Who's going to guard you?" she queried. The man laughed, shortly.

"What makes you think I'll bear watching?" he countered. Before the girl could reply, there came a dazzling, zigzag flash of lightning, with the resultant deafening crash of thunder. The horses plunged and cowered. The man turned to Helen Clare.

"Get Miss Renfro and take her to the house," he ordered. The girl obediently departed. A moment more, and she returned.

"Miss Renfro has already sought shelter in the house," she explained.

"Go right back yourself," he commanded, sternly. But Helen Clare refused. "I'll stay until we have finished," she insisted.

It had grown almost dark by this time. The lightning flashes became more frequent, more vivid; the crashes louder, more terrifying. But the three worked on, tirelessly, undismayed.

Just as Bill pitched the last fork of hay upon the load and threw the fork after it, came a blinding flash, followed by a violent crash and splintering of wood. The man and the girl crouched together on top of the hay, while the horses were thrown back upon their haunches. Poor Bill fairly spun around and around, like a whirligig.

When they came to themselves they gasped in horror. Merely a few yards distant, in the adjoining pasture, a monster cottonwood stood shattered. One whole side had been stripped of bark and limbs.



"Stop!" the girl's voice cut in. "Possibly Wolf may have something to do about that."

Bill leaped forward, and grabbing the now plunging horses by the bits, began staggering toward the barn. Leaving the loaded hayrack in the driveway which ran through the center of the ramshackle old barn, they hurried to the house. It started to rain just as they reached the enclosure surrounding the house, and five mintues after gaining the shelter of the abode, the barn was not discernible through the dense sheets of driving rain.

They entered through the dining-room, and the man gazed about him, curiously. Everything was neat and clean, but showed a painful lack of affluence. An elderly man, with a wholesome affable countenance, was reclining on a couch near the window, and Helen Clare advanced toward him, saying: "Daddy, this Mister ——?" she looked inquiringly at the man.

"Steele——"

"Glad to see you, Mister Steele," the old gentleman cut in, abruptly, extending his hand. The younger man grasped the outstretched hand, shaking it warmly.

"Mister Steele helped us save our hay, daddy," the girl explained, softly.

"We are certainly indebted to you, sir," Mr. Fane acknowledged, with deep feeling.

"It was nothing muttered the thoroughly penitent young man. Then a clear, stinging, feminine voice interrupted: "If you're not too busy, Steele, would you mind telling me how soon we will be able to get away from this horrid place?"

Miss Renfro stood in the doorway leading into a small, stuffy living-room, a colorful bit of loveliness in her filmy green draperies, and "crowning glory" of gold hair. And the man, who had an artistic mind, thought how she resembled a beautiful painting in a dingy setting. But there was no warmth in the dark eyes that looked into hers.

"I beg your pardon, Leona, but I did not notice you standing there. We'll start just as soon as the brunt of the storm has passed."

Helen Clare had slipped away to the kitchen, and Miss Renfro now returned to the living-room, expecting the man to follow her. But the man did not follow. Turning to his host, with a great show of innocence, he remarked: "I'd like to wash up a bit."

"Certainly," was the prompt rejoinder, "go right out in the kitchen. Helen Clare will see to your wants." The man did not wait to be urged.

As he stepped into the bare little kitchen, the girl glanced over her shoulder from the table where she was working. She had slipped on a prim, checked little bungalow apron which covered her boyish apparel, and had it not been for the riotous curls would have presented quite a Quakerish appearance.

"Yes," the man thought, "she was decidedly pretty." He could imagine how altogether charming she would look in one of those delicate, filmy creations that Agnes Renfro always affected.

Helen Clare gave him a quick, frank smile. "You wished something?"

"If you please. Where can I find water and soap?"

"Over there." She pointed a floury finger (she was making biscuit) to where a tin basin and water pail were setting on a bench.

After the man had performed his ablutions, Helen Clare brought the teakettle over and filled it from the bucket. When she started to raise the kettle from the bench, the man took it from her hand. He set it hastily upon the stove, making a wry face, and blowing upon his open palm.

"Oh, what have you done?" she cried anxiously.

"I guess I blistered my hand, handling that pitchfork," he confessed, shamefacedly.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," and she hastened to a cupboard and was back in an instant, with salve and bandages.

"It's nothing," he reassured, lightly.

"Oh, but it is," she insisted. With quick dexterity and gentleness she proceeded to bind up the wounded member. Toward the last she grew self-conscious. Her own hands were browned, and the finger-tips roughened with work. The man's hands were much whiter, and his nails far better cared for than her own. With quick shame she placed both hands behind her. The man smiled.

"'Beautiful hands are those that do deeds that are noble, kind and true,'" he quoted softly. Then he went to Miss Renfro.

Helen Clare soon had the meal prepared, and on the table,, and was graciously inviting her guests out into the dining-room.

"I thank you—no," declined Miss Renfro, icily. Helen Clare flushed, unhappily, while the man stared at his companion, aghast.

"Oh, but I say, Leona, you'll wound Miss Fane's feelings," he remonstrated, strenuously.

"Indeed? And why should I consider her feelings, pray?" she murmured, sarcastically. It was now the man's turn to look confused.

"Come, Leona," he urged, diplomatically, "you are really in need of food. You are all worn out." She gave him a chilly little smile. "No," she refused, positively.

"Then you'll pardon me," he muttered, crossly. "I'm hungry as a bear!"

The man assisted Mr. Fane to the table, Bill was called in, and they were soon making merry over as dainty an impromptu repast as a hungry man could possibly wish for.

There were flaky, golden-brown biscuits, creamed potatoes, home-smoked ham, tomatoes and cucumbers from the garden, jellies and pickled peaches; real "honest-to-goodness" butter, and great goblets of rich, sweet milk. And the man had never come as near letting his appetite get the better of him in all his well-trained life.

But the meal passed all too quickly, and the man could think of no further excuse for prolonging his stay, so, informing Miss Renfro that he was going down to put on a tire, and would return for her, he stepped outdoors.

The storm had passed on to the northeast, though distant sound of cannonading was still borne faintly to his ear. The sky was leaden and overcast. There would be no moon.

The door behind him hastily opened and closed, emitting Helen Clare. "Wait, Mister Man," she said in a guarded whisper, "here's a lantern. Beside, I wanted to tell you something." He turned quickly. She came close to his side, her face barely discernible in the semi-gloom.

"I want you to know that I wouldn't have acted in such a hoydenish manner his afternoon," she hurried on, "if it hadn't been so urgent. You see, there is a buyer coming to pay us for that hay in the morning. And a mortgage falls due on our farm tomorrow. Can't you see? It was the last day, and we would have lost our home if we had lost our hay—that's all," she finished, desperately.

"But surely, no man would be heartless enough to foreclose, under the circumstances," he said.

"Oh, but wouldn't they?" she exclaimed, indignantly. "Why, daddy says that all lawyers are heartless. They have to be, in their profession."

"Who holds the mortgage?" he asked, quickly.

"Mr. Hartwell, an Eastern millionaire. John Amos did act as his agent in Miami, but he was recalled a couple of months ago, for some reason, and a lawyer by the name of Bennett was sent to take his place."

"Oh, well," the man laughed, light-heartedly, "you won't need to fear him any more. We 'made hay while the sun shone!'"

The following afternoon, Helen Clare, looking very dainty and sweet in a simple muslin frock and white leghorn hat, was decorously driving old Dobbin along the country road toward Miami. "Maybe"—she thought, with a little thrill—"maybe she would get a glimpse of Mr. Man on the streets of Miami. Of course, the beautiful, haughty young lady in the lovely green frock was probably his fiancee. But then—— Oh, well, there was no harm in just *looking* at him!"

Arrived in town, she sought out the Berkeley building, in which the lawyer's office was located, and informed the office boy that she wished to see Mr. Bennett upon a matter of importance.

The lawyer was stooping over some papers on his desk when she entered, and it was several moments before he turned and faced her. As he did so, the girl uttered a startled cry.

"Mr. Steele!" she gasped.

"Steele Bennett," he smiled.

Their business negotiations were soon and favorably transacted, and the young lawyer was gallantly escorting his fair visitor to the door.

"I am very sorry, Miss Fane," he was saying, in his most professionally lawyer-like manner, "that your father holds such an erroneous impression concerning lawyers in general. Now, I would like an opportunity of proving to him that one lawyer, in particular, is trying to be 'on the square.' If"—boldly angling for an invitation—"if you could just see your way clear to asking me out to Sunday night dinner?"

Steele Bennett had been considered a very brilliant lawyer, in Eastern circles, with the reputation of winning very nearly every case he pitted his wits against.

And with such a man back of him, it's quite likely he won his point in this instance.

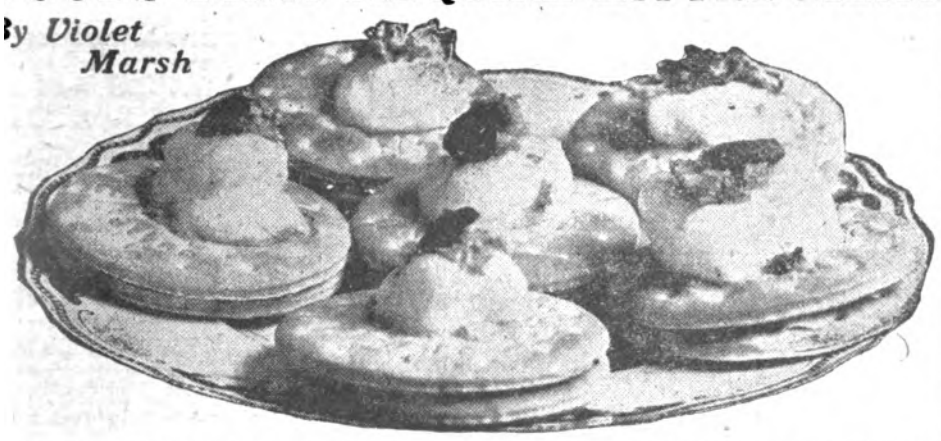
Farmer Jones was on his way home from town when he thought he had forgotten something. Twice on the way he stopped and looked over the packages in the wagon and searched his pocketbook, but decided he had everything with him.

When he reached home his daughter came running out, and with a surprised look on her face said: "Why, father, where's mother?"—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Truth isn't always a thing of beauty, but it isn't the truth's fault.

FOODS THAT REQUIRE LITTLE HEAT

By Violet Marsh



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THERE is no other single article of food that is so frequently placed on the table or takes so prominent a place in the average diet as bread. For this reason the bread supply should never be allowed to get low in hot weather, r, properly balanced with butter, milk, fruits, getables both leafy and fleshy, eggs or cheese, licious meals may be prepared with little or no e. The addition of a few nuts, raisins or dates res variety and makes the everyday loaf someing a little out of the usual. Raisin brownead sliced thin, buttered and then generously read with cream cheese, makes a sandwich fit r a king.

Another food, highly valuable in summer, is e banana. Many people seem content to eat nanas as soon as they have turned yellow, not alizing they should be of a golden hue and beme specked with shades of brown before they e fully ripe, or have developed their highest atent of nourishment. An underripe banana difficult of gestion beuse it conins an excess starch, but ich will turn soluble sugar d become distible if alved to fully en. Being h in fats, oteid carbodrates and neral salts, banana is a lued food in Tropical climates to which is native, and not only en raw but oked in a vaty of ways. that your ocer does not cut back into the end of the nanas when you buy them, for if this wonderwrapping which nature has provided is once oken, the contents will quickly spoil, and if derripe will never reach a state of perfection. ays of cooking bananas are given in this article.

oling Drinks that the Men in the Fields Will Like

A vote of thanks is coming to anyone who l take to the out-of-door workers a can of cool, reshing drink, which if lightly nourishing will all the more appreciated. Practically all such erages can be prepared in the cool of the ly morning and put on the cellar bottom or the ice-box until needed. A few hours in ich to "age" improves them.

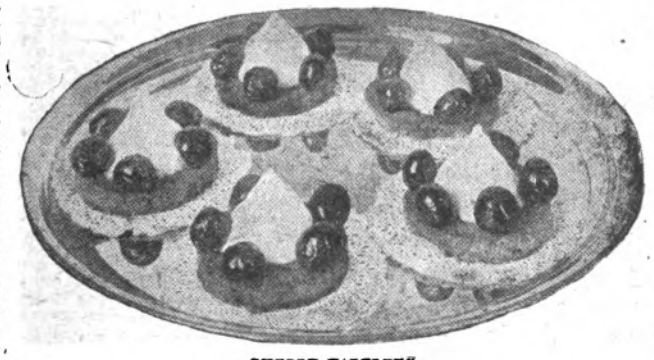
As sugar must be added to most beverages, the t results are obtained by using it in the form a syrup. It is also the most economical. Boil parts sugar to one of water for five minutes er it begins boil, then ur into ss jars for ure use.

s lemonade always ap ceptable ak in hot ather, it is l to pre- e in adce so that may be ckly made m lemon ip in case h lemons not at hand. Boil for five minutes two cups a half of sugar with two cups of water, n add the grated rind of two lemons and the e of twelve. Stir thoroughly, fill small glass s, partly seal and cook five minutes in hotter bath. Seal.

FRUIT VINEGARS make delicious thirst quenchthat are prepared with a small amount of or. Crush eight quarts of any kind of juicy ries, cherries or sweet plums and put them in a stone jar. Stir in three pints of good cider egar and let it remain undisturbed three days a cool cellar. Strain, and to each pint of e add a pint of sugar. Heat in the open tle only long enough to dissolve the sugar, n pour into glass jars and cook five minutes er the water begins to boil. Seal. Dilute to e when served.

Water sweetened with good molasses and flaed with ground ginger is an old-time drink he hay-fields. A refreshing drink that "stays" stomach as well, is made as follows: Put e heaping tablespoons of rolled oats into e pints of cold water and slowly cook one r. Strain ough a fine e. Stir one nding tableon of ground, ger with two s of brown ar and simfive minutes one quart of ling water. en cold pour the syrup n the ginger ch will have led in the tom. Add strained meal water the ginger up, also a ch of salt the juice of lemons. A it vinegar r be substied for the ons. Stir all ether and dilute with water to taste. Serve cold.

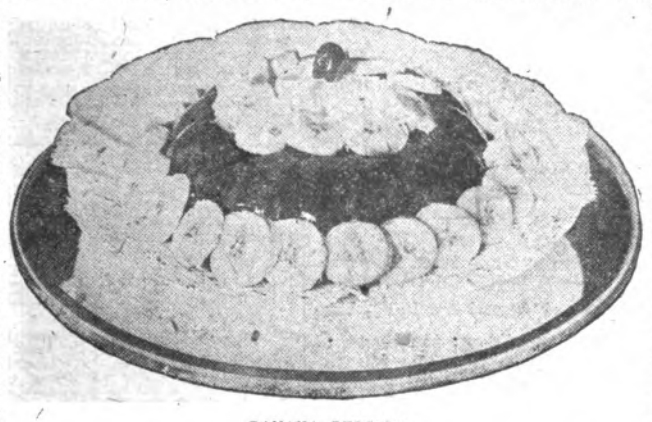
Another nourishing drink is made by breaking eggs into a quart preserving jar with one and alf cup of lemon syrup and one level teaspoon grated nutmeg. Put on the rubber and jar r and shake well. Add three quarts of water, nough to make the desired amount.



CHERRY TARTLETS.



SPANISH STEAK.



BANANA PUDDING.

BUTTERMILK LEMONADE is made by adding to each quart of buttermilk about eight tablespoons of lemon juice and four of sugar. Whey from cheese making also makes a valuable drink. Use about six tablespoons of sugar and the juice of two lemons to the quart. Flavor with a little nutmeg or cinnamon.

Preparing Tomatoes for Winter Use

CANNED WHOLE TOMATOES.—Wipe and cut up some tomatoes and boil twenty minutes. Remove them from the fire and run through a strainer. Return the strained liquid to the fire. Have selected some small well-ripened tomatoes that will go into the mouth of the jar, dip into boiling water, remove the skins and drop the whole tomatoes into the jar. Add one level teaspoon of salt to each quart, and pour in the strained tomato while boiling, until all the spaces are filled. Put on rubbers and tops and partly seal. Place in the boiler or sterilizer on the false bottom. The water should be hot, coming nearly to the shoulders of the jars. After the water commences to boil hard, cook the tomatoes thirty minutes. Remove from boiler and finish seal. The strained tomato juice may be used for soup, and as the whole tomatoes will keep their shape, they may be used for breading, salads or baking.

TOMATO CATSUP.—One peck of red, ripe tomatoes, cut up and cooked in a preserving kettle until thoroughly done. Mash through a fine sieve. Add eight level tablespoons of salt and one level tablespoon of cayenne pepper. Into a small flannel bag put two level tablespoons of black pepper, six level tablespoons of mustard, one level tablespoon of cinnamon, one tablespoon of unground celery seed, one level tablespoon of unground allspice and one level tablespoon of cloves. Boil very rapidly until the catsup begins to thicken, and add one quart of vinegar and continue boiling until a teaspoon placed in a saucer will not give off any water. Remove the bag of spice, put the catsup into jars or bottles boiling hot, and seal or cork. When bottled, it is well, after corking, to dip the corked end of bottle into hot paraffin.

CHILI SAUCE.—Scald and peel twenty-four ripe tomatoes and chop up with two red bullnose peppers, two green bullnose peppers and two large onions. Put into an enameled preserving kettle and add four cups of vinegar, two cups of brown sugar, two level tablespoons of salt, two level teaspoons each of whole allspice, whole cloves, cinnamon, ground ginger, and ground nutmeg. Boil rapidly until the sauce begins to thicken which will take about one hour. Stir frequently to prevent scorching. Put into wide-mouthed bottles, cork and dip ends of bottles in melted paraffin.

PRESERVED TOMATOES.—Use either the yellow or red, pear or cherry varieties. Other kinds may be used, but these bear abundantly and make a much more attractive preserve. Peel, by first dipping in boiling water, but only a few at a time. Remove the skins carefully so not to break the tomatoes. Weigh them and put into a preserving kettle with as many pounds of sugar as you have of tomatoes. Prepare green ginger root by carefully scraping off all the skin and shaving it into small bits. Add one level teaspoon of these ginger shavings for each two pounds of tomatoes. Let the contents of the kettle come to a boil and then cook ten minutes. Remove the tomatoes from the syrup and spread them upon platters to cool, which will keep them from coming to pieces. When cool, return them to the boiling syrup and gently boil until they are the desired thickness. Put into jars while hot, adding a thick slice of lemon to each jar before sealing.

TOMATO SWEET PICKLE.—Cut four quarts of full-grown green tomatoes into thin slices, sprinkle with one-half cup of table salt and let stand over night. Drain thoroughly through a colander, then add one cup of sliced onion, one quart of shredded tender cabbage, three cups of thinly-sliced green peppers (do not use seeds), two teaspoons of ground ginger, four teaspoons of ground cinnamon, two teaspoons of ground cloves, two teaspoons of ground mustard and two cups of brown sugar. Measure spices in even teaspoons. Add one quart of good vinegar, quickly bring to a boil, stirring frequently, then set back and slowly cook until the cabbage is tender. Too long cooking will injure the flavor.

STRAINED TOMATO.—An excellent way to use small odd lots of very ripe tomatoes is to cut up without peeling and cook rapidly one-half hour, stirring frequently. Strain through a fine sieve, return to fire, bring to a hard boil, and put into jars that have stood in boiling water ten minutes and seal. It is then ready for use when needed for soups, macaroni, sauces or scallops.

A Home-Made Yeast that Will Keep in Summer

A liquid potato yeast can be made which will keep well in any cellar if it is prepared and renewed according to the following directions:

To make four loaves of bread, pare about four medium-sized potatoes, cut them into small pieces and cook them until tender in three-fourths pint of boiling water, then mash them in the water in which they were cooked and add three cups of cold water, four and one-half tablespoons of sugar, six teaspoons of salt, and when the mixture has cooled to lukewarm, add one pint of liquid yeast. Let this mixture stand in a warm place over night, then stir well and pour off one pint and put into a warm place for a few hours, then into a cool place and keep it for use as a "starter" the next time bread is made.

Where there is no liquid yeast for the "starter," proceed as above, using three yeast-cakes softened in two cups of lukewarm water instead of the pint of liquid yeast.

General Recipes

FILLED AND FROSTED CRACKERS.—For a quick warm-weather dessert, thin crackers can be made very delicious in a number of ways. Spread lightly with cheese and oven-toasted is one way, and if a little sweet is desired, add a bit of jelly to the cheese before it is toasted. *(See illustrated heading.)*

Beaten white of one egg, to which one tablespoon of sugar has been gradually beaten in, one tablespoon of chopped nuts and a little vanilla then added is a delicious combination. Spread on the crackers and toast in a slow oven.

Filled crackers are also delicious but a little more work. Beat the white of one egg until stiff, gradually add three-fourths cup of sugar, then one tablespoon of boiling water and one-fourth teaspoon of vanilla. Add more sugar if necessary. The filling is varied by adding melted chocolate, orange juice instead of hot water, chopped raisins or dates. Spread between or on top of crisp crackers. No cooking.

SPANISH STEAK.—Take a slice of steak two inches thick, the round preferable. Cut off the fat, cover the bottom of the baking dish with it, and lay in the steak. Cover with a layer of carrot, and on top a layer of thinly-sliced potato, sprinkled with flour. Use a light sprinkling of salt to each layer. Dot with butter, cover with milk, and bake in a moderate oven two hours. Pepper and sliced celery may be added if desired. Cover closely while cooking.

CHERRY TARTLETS.—Cut rings of cake one inch thick, slightly scoop out the centers and fill even with stoned and mashed sweet cherries. On each ring place an orange mould, and garnish with stoned cherries. To make the mould, bring to a boil one cup of orange juice and one cup of water. Thicken with three tablespoons of cornstarch wet with a little cold water. Add gradually and cook three minutes after it begins to boil. Add a pinch of salt and sugar to taste. Cook one minute and slowly pour over three egg whites beaten to a foam, constantly beating. Pour into individual moulds.

BANANA PUDDING.—Soak two tablespoons of granulated gelatine in one and one-half cup of strong cold coffee. Add half a cup of sugar and heat until the gelatine is dissolved, stirring constantly. Strain and set to cool, and add one pint of heavy cream, whipped, and one teaspoon of vanilla before the gelatine begins to stiffen. Beat well. Mould. Garnish with bananas cut into rings.

BANANA WITH MARSHMALLOW SAUCE.—Peel, scrape off any loose fiber, and slice well-ripened bananas crosswise. Place in a serving dish. Make a sauce by boiling together for six minutes one cup of sugar and half a cup of water, then beat in one-half pound of cut-up marshmallows. Pour the sauce over the bananas while hot then set away to cool before serving.

BANANA PIE.—Make a custard by scalding one cup of milk, and stirring in one-half cup of sugar thoroughly mixed with two tablespoons of cornstarch. Cook eight minutes, stirring frequently. Beat one-half cup of sugar with the yolks of three eggs, and pour into this the cooked mixture. Stir well, then return to fire and cook two minutes, stirring continually. Set away to cool. Line a deep pie plate with pastry and bake. When cool, fill with sliced bananas and the custard, in alternate layers, squeezing a little lemon juice over each layer of banana. Beat the three egg whites very stiff, and gradually beat in three tablespoons of granulated sugar. Spread over the pie. Garnish with sweet strawberries or cherries.

BANANA CAKE FILLING.—Two ripe bananas mashed through a potato ricer, and mixed with one tablespoon of orange marmalade, one tablespoon of lemon juice and two tablespoons of sugar. Beat well together and spread between layers of cake. Preserved plums or strawberries may be used in place of the orange marmalade.

BANANA SALAD.—Disc ripe bananas, and place in lettuce leaves to form individual portions. Serve with dressing made by bringing to a boil one-fourth cup of pineapple juice, one-fourth cup of orange juice, and one-half lemon. Have all prepared one-fourth cup of sugar and one tablespoon of flour mixed and then wet with three tablespoons of cold water, and into it stir one well-beaten egg. Very gradually add this mixture to the hot fruit juice, and stir until it is thickened and cooked. Set away to cool. When ready to use, fold in one-half cup of whipped cream.

BAKED BANANAS.—The banana may be wiped and baked whole until the steam and heat open the skin. Care must be taken that the banana is intact when cooked this way. Remove from the skin, butter and eat as a vegetable.

Another way is to peel the bananas, scrape, and cut once lengthwise. Sprinkle with sugar (brown is preferable), dot with butter, add a little juice and bake in a fairly hot oven.

CANNED CHERRIES.—The cherries may be pitted or not according to taste. If the stones remain the product will have more of the cherry-bitter flavor, and will require a little more sugar. Fill the jars with cherries, and then with a heavy syrup. Place jars in a hot-water bath and, after the water begins to boil, cook twenty minutes.

CHERRY SYRUP.—Select only ripe and juicy cherries. Use an equal weight of fruit and sugar. Pack into jars in alternating layers until all the fruit and sugar is used. Partly seal and put into hot-water bath with water nearly to the neck of the jars. Boil half an hour, remove jars, pour hot contents into cheese-cloth bags and drain. Return syrup to jars, put them into the hot bath and cook for five minutes after the water boils. Seal. Syrups from any juicy fruits or berries may be prepared in the same way.

CHERRY PIE.—Line a deep pie plate with thinly-rolled pastry that is not too rich. Stone two or more cups of ripe cherries and fill the plate. Mix two tablespoons of flour with one cup of sugar and one-fourth teaspoon of salt, and pour it over the cherries. Dot with butter, wet the edges and cover with pastry. Bake forty-five minutes.

Mike and Pat were visiting a zoo, when they paused before a cage containing a kangaroo. Pat stopped, stared and then nudged Mike.

"Hey, Mike, phwat sort ov animal is thot?"

"That," said Mike, "is a kangaroo."

"A kangaroo is it? Mind the length ov its neck. A kargaroo is it?"

"That's it," answered Mike, "they're natives of Australia——"

"Phwat's thot yer sayin'!" cried the startled Pat, "natives ov Australia! Lord save us, me sister married wan ov thim!"

Stella Rosevelt

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

her brother to her hotel.

Grace insisted upon remaining through the night with her.

"You are not fit to be left alone, and—I want to stay," she pleaded, as Star hesitated about accepting her offer.

So the two young girls passed the night together, and Star, growing confidential, and feeling that some explanation regarding Josephine's insulting remarks that morning was due her friend, told her much concerning her life, and how it had happened that she was at one time an inmate of Mrs. Richards' family; also relating the events that had transpired since she and Mr. Rosevelt left them, and how she had rescued Josephine from the mad dog.

Star was really ill from nervous prostration the next day, and obliged to keep her room; but Miss Meredith regaled curious ears with the whole story of Josephine Richards' danger and Star's courageous defence of her, and all Newport did indeed "ring" even as she had hoped.

Enough could not be said in admiration of the brave girl, while scorn and contempt were freely expressed for the recipients of so much heroism for refusing to acknowledge their indebtedness, and awarding her the commendation she deserved.

Mr. Rosevelt was even more unnerved, when he learned the truth, than he had been the previous day.

He came to her room, wan and haggard, after talking with Miss Meredith, and sank, weak and trembling, into a chair at her side.

"My child," he said, brokenly, as he took both her hands and looked them carefully over with tear-laden eyes, "are you sure you did not get a scratch anywhere?"

"Quite sure, Uncle Jacob," Star replied, reassuringly.

"But you were in terrible danger. Suppose you had not succeeded in pinning him down, and he had turned upon you?" he said, with a shudder.

"I did not think of that," Star answered; "but if I had known that he would turn upon me, I believe I should have tried to save Josephine just the same. Somebody was in danger of being bitten even if she escaped unharmed, and I felt that I must strain every nerve and not allow him to get among the company. The dog was a tiny little thing," she went on, flushing and becoming excited as she seemed to live over again that dreadful experience; "but, oh, Uncle Jacob, he was terribly strong. I thought once that I should have to let him go I could not have held him one minute longer."

"We must not talk about it any more; it excites you," Mr. Roosevelt said, soothingly; "but the world would have been very dark for me if anything had happened to you; and—I am bitter enough to feel that Josephine Richards' safety is dearly bought, even at the sacrifice of nothing more than your nerves and strength," he concluded, in a stern tone.

Star reached out one white hand and laid it gently upon his, saying, with grave sweetness, while she wiped away her tears:

"Uncle Jacob, let us not judge too harshly nor be unforgiving. 'Charity,' you know, 'suffereth long and is kind, and never faileth.' Surely you would not have had me run away like a coward, and leave her sitting there playing with that mad creature, knowing that she was in such fearful danger?"

"N-o," he admitted, reluctantly.

"Just think," Star went on; "she had him in her lap, and I did not speak one instant too soon, for hardly had I told her that he was mad, when he snapped at her. No; I am glad that I did what was right, and Josephine Richards' life was every bit as precious to me yesterday as that of any one else, and I should have done just the same had she been an enemy a hundred-fold more than she is. She has endeavored to injure me, I know, in every possible way, and, in all the ordinary walks of life, I should let her alone. Her spite and ill-will, however bitter, cannot do me any real harm, although they may annoy me exceedingly, and doubtless will, in the end, rebound upon herself; but I am glad that I did not falter yesterday. I did what I could with the kindest of motives; and if she does not feel that she owes me anything, it cannot alter the fact that I did my duty."

CHAPTER XXX.

"I LOVE HIM STILL."

The first of the week following the events just related, Mrs. Richards and her daughter were suddenly "recalled to Brooklyn."

Newport had become, as Miss Meredith had prophesied, "too hot for them."

They were gone almost before any one knew that they contemplated going; and, it must be confessed, that it was a great relief to both Star and Mr. Rosevelt when they learned of their flitting, and knew they would be obliged to meet them no more.

Star had recovered her usual health and strength, but she had suffered such a shock that she could not meet or see a dog without a feeling of fear and an almost overpowering weakness, and she never entirely outgrew this feeling during her life.

She had seemed unusually thoughtful, too, since the event. Most people, noticing it, thought it but natural, considering the fearful danger she had been in, but Star had a very different reason for it.

The moment she had returned to consciousness and found herself in Ralph Meredith's arms, seen his agonized looks, heard his tones of fear, realized the passionate, though trembling, clasp in which she was held, the terrible throbbings of his heart as she lay against it, and noted the quiver of his pale lips as he hung over her and begged her to assure him that she was unharmed, she knew that he was no longer what she had hitherto regarded him—merely a kind and congenial friend.

Those signs she had interpreted in a way to make her feel very grave and deeply troubled.

She felt that he regarded her with feelings which she knew it would be impossible for her ever to return, and she feared he was cherishing hopes which, if not "nipped in the bud," might ruin his whole life.

His every look and act since that day had told her as plainly as words could have done that he loved her, and she was constantly trying to think of some way to make him discover how hopeless his passion was without bringing matters to a crisis.

One evening they all went for a walk in the park, where they spent an hour listening to the music and strolling about.

As they were returning, Ralph succeeded in securing Star as a companion; perchance his sister knew his design in so doing, and aided him by asking Mr. Rosevelt for his arm and making herself as agreeable as she could to him.

"Come this way," Ralph whispered, leading the fair girl down a path at right angles to the one they had been traversing; "we shall all meet at the gate;" and Star could find no reasonable excuse to offer, although her heart beat ominously at the request.

"Miss Gladstone," he said, abruptly, after a rather awkward silence, "I am obliged to return to New York tomorrow."

"Are you?" Star asked in surprise. "Is it not a sudden departure?"

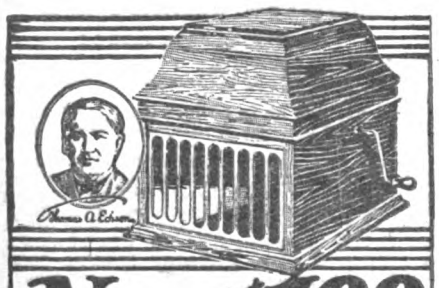
"Rather. I had hoped to remain a week longer."

"Surely your sister does not accompany you? I should miss her sorely; I should regret to lose her more than I can tell you."

The young man's face fell. He had not been included in her regret. But he rallied, and said, lightly:

"My sister is highly favored, Miss Gladstone;

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)



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Women in Business

By Frances L. Garside

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THE Guaranty Trust Company of New York employs hundreds of women and for a number of years Miss Eugenia Wallace was engaged to hire them. In this way she learned to read character and as practice made her proficient it developed in time that she never, in her placing of employes, tried to make a round peg fit a square hole.

She became such an authority that she was given the position of vocational adviser and head of the Employment Department of the Central Y. W. C. A. Here she comes in contact with



MISS EUGENIA WALLACE, EMPLOYMENT EXPERT.

hundreds of women every month, some making good, many attaining a proficiency that is amazing, and others making a failure. It is her opinion that women are in business pursuits to stay, and that it is up to them to grow so proficient that their employers will give them the recognition they deserve.

Training, of course, is necessary. "This statement," says Miss Wallace, "should carry no discouragement to the girl or woman who has, by social position, or lack of means, been denied training. I do not mean training in a college or a business school. Both are good; but there comes a training by application and using good common sense.

"The college woman and the woman who has lived entirely within the walls of her home, start out together. The former has the advantage, though not entirely because of her valuable 'book learning,' but because of the knowledge of how to mingle with others, to conduct affairs with them, and still to retain her own personality.

"The woman accustomed to the detail of a neighborhood and home carries that bit of provincialism to the office with her. In the past if she were ill-treated, or snubbed, or her rights in any way imposed upon, she thereafter didn't 'speak' to the offender. In business life, if she wishes to be a success, she must continue to speak, and she shows a broad vision if she speaks more pleasantly than before. I do not mean that she must become a doormat in business, as I hear the home-bodies charging; I mean that she must rise above all personal differences, all petty tricks and slaps, and go on smiling no matter what happens. She never knows in business how soon a liability may become an asset. In other words, she must put away all personal sensitiveness and cultivate the feeling of impersonality.

"There are many difficulties to be faced in the development of the modern business woman. They arise both from her own conception of the work before her and from the attitude of her employer. She is really a pioneer, and she must expect that she will have to break down some barriers in the minds of the business men. They exist because in some cases the work of women has demanded criticism, and in other cases because the business man has been more or less skeptical about the actual existence of feminine abilities.

"Women," continued Miss Wallace with a sigh, "are either inclined to be overcome with a deep feeling of fear, or they are too positive and assured about the points which they do not fully understand. To the first class belong those women who think the heavens will fall if they attempt anything new.

"Why, they keep on addressing envelopes all their lives because they are afraid that if they undertook more responsible duties they might make a mistake. Then to the other class belong those who are over-confident of their abilities. They are the greatest menace to the entire-woman-in-business movements, and they need to find a balance in experience. They are a nuisance and the men are the first to discover the fact.

"As long as women are confined to the clerical labors of a business they are endlessly confronted with some such argument as this: 'Your department costs a great deal but brings in nothing. We cannot afford to add to the expense.' This is always the cry in a non-productive position, and it demonstrates the fact that women must reach out toward positions which are more lucrative because they bring more business in to the firm. Here, again, is where the woman who is mentally and physically upset by the slightest change on her routine in her home, finds it a handicap to branch out in something new in business. She is of the class that is apt to continue addressing envelopes. She hasn't initiative.

The women lack originality in business. They are too prone to follow the track that is already laid down. They are too afraid to branch out in any new direction, taking certain chances, with the possibility of proving that they are right, and of increasing their value because they have discovered something new.

"The woman over forty who is coming into business for the first time is the great problem to employment agencies. She is prone to say: 'I could take an executive position, I know. I was head of our neighborhood Red Cross and we did wonderful work,' etc., etc. She doesn't realize that to be an executive in business she must know someting about that business.

"When the women in this class are prepared to start in at a beginner's wage, and when they prepare in themselves an open-minded point of view, they can be placed somewhere in social work where there are real opportunities for advancement. However, there is often a long trail of education to be accomplished before they can even conceive the situation before them, and there are so few places where they can acquire the education without actual hard knocks."

Love Will Find the Way

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

Then she stepped back, with picturesque grace, and laughed lightly.

"Upon my word, one would think that this was a funeral! I never saw two such lugubrious countenances!" she exclaimed. "I am going out for a few moments now, and I command you both to be in the greatest possible spirits on my return, under penalty of—well, of my most severe displeasure. No, you are not going with me, Marian. I have something to which I must attend first. I won't submit to the indignity of having either of you think that I am heartbroken; and that I *shall* be, if I do not find you radiantly happy on my return. Half an hour, remember, is all that I shall allow you, and I shall expect to find you both here upon my return."

She went out and left them. The smile had faded from her lips before the door was reached; but her face was hidden from them and they did not know. A sudden blindness came over her as she reached the outer door, and she would have fallen but that he who was ever ready when he was needed was at hand—Frederick Underwood.

He, and he alone, understood. He slipped his arm about her waist and led her into a deserted room, placing her with the tenderness of a woman, upon a chair; then he returned and closed the door.

June had drawn Marian more closely to him. She was sobbing, and there were tears upon her cheeks, but he kissed them all away.

"Sweetheart," he whispered, "this is not the time to weep. Surely we have wept enough. Is my love so little to you, darling?"

"It is more than life, June," she answered, "and for that reason I can guess something of what this has cost her. Oh, June! what do I not owe her?"

"It is something of which we cannot speak, my darling," he answered simply. "We can only accept the situation as it stands. Let us thank God that the barrier to our union has been removed, and accept the blessing that He has sent in gratitude, and not with comment. Oh, love, I can think of nothing save that you are mine!"

She kissed him of her own will.

"And you love me so well that you can forget everything for my sake? You can overlook the prejudice of years? You can forget that my mother——"

"Hush, sweet! I can forget everything, save that I love you. I love you! My love will save you from every blight that could fall upon your life. Marian, my wife!"

"Dearest heart," she whispered, "how happy I am to tell you that it was all a hideous fraud that was put upon me! How happy I am to tell you that my parentage is equal to your own! How glad I am to have you know that, so far from being insane, my mother has had sufficient to drive a thousand women mad, and yet retains her perfect reason! Oh, June, June! listen while I tell of all the happiness that has come to me within these few days! God has sent me all—all, and more than I could ever have asked; and He has crowned it with your love, my darling. I have nothing left to ask; my happiness is absolute!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

UNDERWOOD'S NOBLENESS.

Very slowly, half-hesitatingly, as if he scarcely knew whether to speak or remain silent, Underwood approached Anne Gordon. He stood beside her for a moment and looked down upon her; then he leaned his elbow upon the mantelshelf, as if for a better curb on his emotions, before he allowed himself to speak to her.

She glanced up, and a weary, weak sort of a smile played upon her white features that seemed to madden him; but he did not lose his self-control.

"You know?" he asked gently.

"Yes," she answered. "I have concealed my weakness from—them, but to you, at least, I can be—natural. How much one appreciates a true, disinterested friendship, under circumstances like these."

Underwood winced. There was a little uncomfortable silence; then, with suspicious deliberation, he drew up a chair and sat down beside her, taking the end of a ribbon on her gown in his hand and pulling at it nervously.

She had leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes; but she felt his presence, and after a little time she put out her cold fingers and touched his hand.

"It is only for a little while," she said, almost feebly. "I shall be myself again in a moment, and you will bear it, will you not?"

His warm hand closed over hers with inspiring strength.

"Forever, if you will," he answered dully. "You must not think that because I am a man I cannot indulge your weakness. I know what it is; for I, too, have suffered."

"You?"

She opened her eyes and looked at him, forgetful of herself, as usual.

"Yes. I have loved—hopelessly. I have loved an angel. She is without flaw or blemish, and as far above me as the stars are. My grief is not loud in its lamentation, because I have grown up with the thought of her indifference. There has never been a time when there was the slightest hope for me. I have even ceased to ask for love; but oh! Anne, if she would but let me be her friend; if she would but allow me to see her heart, and prove that the devotion, of which we have read of past ages, is not dead, but still lives in pure souls, I should be so content.

"I could not accept that friendship without her knowledge of my presumption, because I should always feel that I was not honest; but after knowing, if she would but trust me, if she would but give me her confidence, and let me help bear her burdens, I would be the most loyal friend, the most unselfish, the most uncomplaining. Dear, do you think that she will send me from her? Do you think she will forbid me her presence eternally? Do you think that, because I have dared to love her, she will banish me forever?"

He did not lift his eyes, because he knew that she was looking at him. He could feel her astonishment in the trembling of the hand he held. He knew that she understood him by the unbroken silence that followed his words. And then she drew her hand from him, and he was startled by the sound of a little sob.

He aroused himself almost violently, and a swift flush burned in his cheeks. He slipped to his knees beside her, and, putting both hands about her waist, he dropped his head in her lap.

"Can you find no forgiveness—no pity for me?" he asked. "Does your own suffering suggest no compassion for mine?"

She did not reply at once, but he felt her tender hand on his hair, and then her fingers touched his cheek.

"How can I thank you?" she whispered. "You talk of forgiveness, and yet you have given me that for which my hungry heart was yearning—companionship."

He lifted his head and caught her hand, kissing it passionately.

"Thank you, a thousand times; ten thousand times!" he whispered. "I may speak this time, may I not? I swear to you that after that I will remain silent until you take the seal from my lips. I swear to you that no word of love shall be spoken, until you come to me of your own accord, and tell me that at last my devotion has met with its reward, and if that time never comes, that I shall not complain, but be grateful to the end of my life that you have given me all you had to give—your friendship.

"But you will let me tell you this time, will you not? You will let me speak those words which I thought would remain forever unspoken by my lips—that I love you! You will let me tell you of my undying devotion? Oh, Anne, darling, *darling*, my whole life, and heart, and soul are yours. I love you so that I feel myself capable of asking you nothing in return, but only your toleration, to be allowed to be near you. Don't let me offend you, dear, but command me to be silent, and I shall obey."

There was a depth of passion in his words, a wealth of devotion that touched her to the soul. She recalled the words that had been spoken to her by June Beckwith, and mentally compared that scene with this. She realized in the depths of her soul that June Beckwith was not comparable to this man; that Underwood's was the greater nature, that Underwood's was the stronger manhood, that Underwood was capable of a self-sacrifice of which Junius Beckwith would never have dreamed; and yet, with the perversity of womanhood, she loved June Beckwith, and she did not love this man whose strength and generosity appealed to all that was noblest and best within her.

And yet she was proud of his love. It seemed to take from her heart all the sting of that other humiliation, and it was with the deepest gratitude that she leaned forward and placed her cheek against Underwood's brow for just a moment.

"Will you think me very weak when I thank you for your words?" she asked. "Will you cease to care for a woman so light of soul when I tell you that no consolation you could have offered me would have equalled this? Oh, it is so sweet to an aching heart to know that it is not alone in its sorrow! You cannot expect me to regret your love, even for your sake, when it is like balm to my heart. Walt," as she saw him about to speak; "you must not misunderstand me. I would be worse than cruel were I to say that there is any love in my heart to give you in return. There is not. I loved—him. I don't know when I grew to love him, nor why; but the fact remains the same, and my soul is too sore to even understand it all yet. I would not allow them to suspect it, for fear of spoiling one ray of their happiness together; for I speak the truth when I tell you that I would not rob them of it if I could. But—there has come—a second love into a bruised life, Fred."

He drew her to him and kissed her reverently, not passionately.

"Thank you for those words!" he said, with bowed head, scarcely above a whisper. "Jacob did not serve more faithfully for Rachel than shall I for you. And why not? Is not the promised reward infinite?"

"And if that time ever comes, should you be content to be the second?"

"More than content. I know your noble nature too well to think that you would insult the magnitude of my love by offering it less than that which you have already known. I trust you implicitly, Anne."

* * * * * * *

Who was it that warned Paul Reade of his danger?

No one ever knew. When they went to look for him he was gone, without leaving trace of any kind behind. He had not even told the servants of his intended departure from home; he had not taken any clothes, and everything of the household was left exactly as it had been; but the disappearance was as complete as if he had been wiped from the face of the earth.

Neither Marian nor her mother regretted the fact, for there was *his* mother to be considered, she from whom Marion had known nothing but tenderness and love during all the years of her lonely young life.

And both Marian and her mother repay that love amply. Nothing is ever said in Janet Reade's presence whereby the sin of her son can be brought to her mind. In her old days she sees nothing but love and happiness about her; and if her own life is shadowed by the knowledge of what her son cost both those unselfish women, she endeavors to conceal it and share in their contentment.

June would not listen to a postponement of their marriage, but less than a month after Marian was restored to him she became his wife.

Anne Gordon was present at the wedding. Her serene countenance told no tales; it bore no expression save the unruffled sweetness of the saint she was.

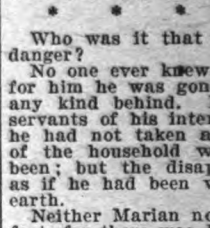
But that sweet friendship that had been so much to both her and Marian, in the dear old days when they had been so much to each other, was never quite restored. There was a certain constraint when they were together, an avoidance of the subject of the past, a hesitation in manner that each knew the other felt.

June Beckwith was still standing between them, as he did to the last day of their lives, even after Anne Gordon had pledged her troth to him whom she had tried and not found wanting.

And yet there is perfect peace, perfect contentment at last; for love has found the way.

THE END.

AGENTS: $8 a Day



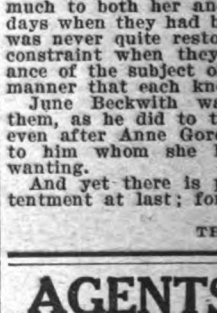
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CONDUCTED BY UNCLE LISHA

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 55 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome. ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

IT will be 146 years ago the Fourth of this month of July since Uncle Sam commenced national housekeeping for himself and declared he was going to collect his own taxes in the future and see that they were expended in the way he himself wanted. Uncle Sam was young in those days, and though he had the best of causes—which he most pungently outlined—for seeking to go his own way, yet his action was one that rather naturally develops in all young and newly-settled outgrowths of a parent state. The new community or colony having passed beyond the days of coddling and governmental leading strings, begins to take longer strides, wants spending money of its own, sniffs the air of freedom, and ends by desiring complete freedom of action and national will. Without doubt, even if a high-headed, high-handed and distant government had not raised the temper of our forefathers from exasperation to the white heat of an indignation that required freedom as its only answer—yet even without these aggravating and hastening causes, separation from Great Britain would have come in one way or another, I believe, before many years had passed over growing Uncle Sam and his young and active head.

For Declarations of Independence spring easily to the lips and from the pens of young colonies in the same manner and from the same causes that a desire for freedom of action comes to many young people who believe themselves suffering injustices of parental control and who, in even milder-governed homes, begin to feel a wish to think and act for themselves. Yet youth must watch that its declarations of independence are as well founded as was the famous one of Uncle Sam's historic making. Among the letters I receive every month, I read many where boys and girls complain of home conditions and of the, to them, annoying regulations of parental control. There are some of these letters which show where restrictions of youthful liberty and pursuit of happiness have passed all proper measure, but in others that are sent me I find a much poorer case is made. I can read between the lines and see that the freedom desired is not that which will be put to the best of use by the young rebel.

For when we crave independence of action we should first ask ourselves to what use we mean to put our new liberty, or whether we are only to gain freedom which will allow us to throw aside responsibility and obedience in ways to injure our own lives.

Revolt and independence are not good in themselves; that is only good which can happily result from these reactions of freedom. When a boy or a girl turns away from home and the natural authority of household and blood ties, the task of proving the necessity of that action must rest on the maker. Even the best of excuses is not sufficient; it is the results that come after which must count and register the value of the decision of separation. When free of the real or fancied galling direction of parents, when away from just or unjust direction and control—then it is only through self-control, self-direction and self-discipline on the part of rebelling youth that justification can come. For we gain nothing in turning away from authority if we have nothing better ourselves to offer and are unable to show any self-growth as the result of our freedom-seeking.

There are instances—and I read many such unhappy, bitter and earnest letters—where a boy or girl is thoroughly justified in dissolving home ties. But when the declaration of independence is made, let the human document be justified by action; let liberty be shown to have been necessary for the winning; let youth step forth to a course that shows successful and righteous achievement. For even our own great nation must have failed if civil and moral principles had been abandoned by its founders; and so, too, no individual can find "life, liberty and pursuit of happiness" if the freedom earned is not used to set heart and soul free through the greatest independence of all—the learning to love and work and sacrifice together for the common good. This is the independence that will set the world liberated from poverty and disease, from the crimes of industrial selfishness and the dangers of national rivalries and ambitions.

"Youth must be served," but there is also a service that youth must render, a debt that must be paid when boys and girls of this generation step out in their newly-won independence to a world which is truly theirs because they are the last comers. The debt and service they owe is to make this world of theirs what the next generation must find it—a fairer and better living place for their children that are to be.

In our striving, we cannot go far wrong today if we work in the spirit in which the men of 146 years ago worked and planned. They sought no freedom for selfish ends of time and place. Instead they had a vision before them of what this liberated country might and could become, and they labored valiantly and sincerely to make their dream come true. As a result of the foundation these men laid, we Americans are able to enjoy the greatest amount of governmental independence, perhaps, of any of the world's nations. This condition has worked to make us personally independent; we are a nation of individualists, and often selfish ones as individualists must mostly be. Involved in our own schemes and self-seeking, our hope goes no further than our plans and pocketbooks, and we can care but little for our country because we are turned so closely to our own good. We forget to build for the coming generation so long as our own roof is tight. We read unheedingly the warning that "where there is no vision the people perish."

So we need, I say, to guard that our freedom be not freedom only to exercise thinly-disguised selfishness. Let us make our declaration of independence one that declares us free of every evil thing, and of the sins that so easily beset us. Let all of us, young and old, work together in the full liberty of loving service to make our country what it was founded to be this almost century and a half ago—the freest and happiest part of this twirling globe of God.

And now for the letters.

APPLE RIVER, ILLINOIS.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

Hello, there, Uncle! Gosh, I'm glad to meet you and the rest of the cousins. We've been taking COMFORT for about thirteen years and I like it. I'm sending Billy a picture of myself to let him look at while you print my letter—and don't let him laugh himself to death over it. If you can read these crow tracks, Uncle, you're a good one. Well, guess I'll describe myself before I forget: I'm five feet, five inches tall and weigh a hundred and twenty-two pounds. I'm a blondish brunette and have a light complexion with about eight little freckles on my nose. And say, Uncle, I wish you could taste some of my half-baked cake. Of course I can do better now, so I'm inviting you and Augustus Trick out to dinner. And I'm going to decorate my table with powder puffs. Won't that be fine? But, anyway, Augustus is right about some of the girls powdering too much. In my town some of the girls are that way; they powder so much that you can walk behind them and follow their trail as it falls off. But I haven't much time to powder. Instead of that I mud-ball with the boys at school. And you would think I had never seen water for a year. I had to wash today. I started at half-past six and was done at ten o'clock. I've a little more to say: there aren't many girls that are as bad as Augustus thinks they are. There are a few bad boys, too. They smoke cigars, buy hooch, get drunk and disobey their parents. But I don't mean all boys, because there's lots of good ones. That includes you, too, Uncle. You're a boy, too—only grown big. Well, give my best wishes to the cousins and Billy, and keep some for yourself, Uncle dear. And tell the boys and girls to write to me.

Bye-bye, MARY ELLA HEMILLER.

P. S. If this letter isn't long enough, Uncle, I'll write one as long as the Bible the next time.

It's always well to have one's freckles carefully counted, Mary Ella, and I'm glad you have your freckle census completed and results audited. I thought I counted nine in the charming photograph you sent me, but perhaps one of 'em was a horse-fly. I think eight to a nose is a good ration, although some substantial noses can stand twelve without bending. I knew a girl once who used to spend forty minutes of each day trying to count her freckles and the poor thing could never get the thing straight or come out the same at the end of each day's count. It was hard for her, because she was cross-eyed and would sometimes forget which side of her face she had counted last. She tried all sorts of schemes, blocking her countenance off into squares with red ink, and other clever plans, and finally she bought an adding machine, but this was money thrown away for it would only register up to three million. So she threw the blame thing in the creek, gave up counting, and bought a powder puff five inches in diameter. This was before the days of Augustus. I mean Cousin Gus, of course, and not the Roman emperor—for no girl who had read the proclamations coming from Muncy, Pa., would ever turn to a powder puff, not even if her freckle census ran into twelve figures.

Mary Ella, you must not get so much mud on you that it takes you from half-past six to ten of a summer morning to get washed up. You may be getting so much of Apple River loam on your nose that your eight freckles will be obscured and you cannot count them correctly.

If your cakes are only half baked, Mary E., your ideas are not. They are light and digestible. I think you are considerable of a cheerful philosopher. At any rate, you are willing to accept boys and girls as you find 'em—and you can find plenty of good in 'em. I can, too, Mary Ella.

YAKIMA, WASHINGTON.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for many years and seeing the Cousins' letters about the West, I thought I would write one. I wac born in Oregon before the railroad came. My parents crossed the plains with an ox team. I went to a little schoolhouse built of logs. Our seats were split logs with three pegs in for legs. We sat on the smooth side. Our heat came from an old chimney built of rocks and mud. We had three months of school each year; the rest of the year we boys played ball and other games. There were very few stoves, and we happened not to have any in our house. We had a rock chimney and a "dutch oven,"—in other words, a three-legged skillet with a lid which my mother covered over with hot coals from the fire to cook our bread. I was very much afraid of the Indians and I finally learned to talk their language. Now they are very civilized and harmless. I am acquainted with the Indians that made the visit to see President Harding a few months ago.

I came to the Yakima Valley in Washington from the Willamette Valley in Oregon forty years ago. Everything had to be hauled from the Dalles, Oregon, with freight wagons for a hundred miles. This country then was wild sagebrush, rocks, rattlesnakes, and the Indians wore blankets and long hair. Today they go with their hair shingled and as well dressed as the whites. At present the Yakima Valley has become one of the best fruit districts in the U. S. As I have never been out of Oregon and Washington, I would like to see a level country, so I am thinking of seeing the U. S. first and taking a trip East.

Well, this is the first letter I have ever written to COMFORT, and if it is fit to print, do so, but do not print my name and address.

Your nephew, DAVE OF WASHINGTON.

It is good once in a while to have a voice tell of past years, Dave, and remind us, as you do, of what has been the astounding growth of our great Western empire during the past half century. With his axe and other tools, his pioneer energy and his habits of toil learned in subduing lands left behind him, the white man moved Westward with the vanishing sun as a leader. And, like enchantment, towns and church spires rose and homes grew where the Indian for so long had freely hunted and roamed.

Pushed backward, aside and underground, the Indian was forced to give way to the men of this new race, bringing the magic of steady industry and adding the power of steam and steel to their native strength. With the coming of the railroad, the "iron horse," the spread of the white man's magic was immensely widened and hastened. The days of the pony-riding, buffalo-hunting, eagle-feathered and blanket-wearing Indian were no more. So race has succeeded race on the fretted surface of old earth and sometimes the records of such ancient changing and passings are hard to read. As we do not know for certain the color and habits of those men who lived, fought and died in North America thousands of years ago, so we cannot tell of what race and color may be the men who far centuries in the future may build strange hearthfires above some of our buried cities. The remembering of such things as these helps us to better adjust the outlook and incidents of our own transitory lives to the thousands and ten thousands of years in which Time works when dealing with this and other planets. Probably there was a Date Growers' Association in Assyria thirty or forty centuries ago, and it is hard to reckon what may be the fate or standing of Yakima apples in the year 4000, for instance. But let us hope prices will be good for the men who sell them then!

When you make your trip East, Dave, Drop in to see me and bring along a big Skookum apple in your pocket to feed to Billy as you and I talk a little Indian together. I learned mine from a cigar store warrior twenty years ago. I will say, "Ooogly, oogly wah! Un skun skise," when I see you, Dave. This is Sioux for—but why tell you? You know just as well as I do. I was interested to hear of those civilized Indians that have their hair shingled, David. These must be part of the tribe of "wooden Indians" about whom I have often read.

AUBURNDALE, R. R. 1, BOX 39, FLA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

I am a little girl ten years old. I have read COMFORT about a year or longer and I like it fine. I live in the country and like it out here. I go to school in the country and am in the fourth grade. I like my teacher fine. Mother said that my letter would be throwed in the waste-basket.

Your loving niece, SUSIE KNOWLES.

Mothers are rather remarkable creatures, Susie, as you have probably noticed, and they have a mysterious way of being always right. It is a very nice thing that they are that way, for when they have boys and girls to manage there are so many things they have to be right about. However, here is one instance where a mother was wrong, Susie. Your letter was not "throwed" in the waste-basket, or even thrown where Billy's nose might find it. But as it is your mother, and I'm sure she is the best sort of a one, I will not count this mistake against her. Probably it is the first she has made in the ten years you have known her. And you must not let this first mistake make you doubt her, Susie, for I think it is very much of a certainty that she will not be wrong again during the next ten years of your acquaintance.

MUNCY, R. R. 6, PA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Hello, everybody! Aw, now you girls needn't frown so just because I am back once more. Gee, can't you give a fellow a smile once in a while?

Well, a year has rolled around since I wrote my first letter to the League of Cousins and by way of properly celebrating the event I'm here again. Yet by the frowns I see I guess some of you wish I'd stayed another year. But I've got a mind all my own, and so here I am.

First of all, let me thank Billy for his excellent thinking qualities. He sure handed me a compliment in answer to my last letter. But I was also handed something else. Oh, so you'd like to know what? Well, to be exacting and precise, I was handed two powder puffs and something over 1700 letters and a few score postcards. But I value Billy's gift far more than the rest of the bunch, for it goes to show that even goats are possessed of intelligence.

Now for a brief word on the ever new subject—Girls and their powder puffs. As Ruth acted as spokesgirl for the girl population, I will say something first about her letter. I will try to be fair in my criticism. I want to ask, first of all, Who said I was prejudiced against girls? Of course a few hundred of them think I am a womanhater, but who dares to say it is a fact? Does it necessarily prove that just because I said I could have just as good a time with boys as with girls, that I hate the girls? Rather, doesn't it show a little of the proper boy spirit? I'd call a boy a "sissy" if he were otherwise. Could it not be possible for me to also enjoy the company of girls? Think it over.

Now for the welfare question: It is true that companions must be selected with care, for one miss leads to many. Bad companionship is the cause of the downfall of thousands of boys and girls. And I agree with you, Ruth, in saying home conditions contribute a lot toward the future of all boys and girls. Too strict home methods are worse than those that aren't so strict. Young folks that are literally "caged" in their homes, with few privileges, are bound to be more or less wild when they escape the surveillance of parents.

One girl confessed to me that her mother taught her to smoke cigarettes. Being one of high society, it was style to smoke. Now if style demands that girls should smoke, I think style should be abolished.

The same applies to the use of cosmetics. It is the fashion to use them. In our big cities we cannot go to any gathering and find many who do not use the stuff. And what is more find it literally daubed on. And so thick it can be scraped off. Fashion and style are a curse to mankind. If we must cover up the true complexion God gave us, why not wear a mask? For the way some women persist in using cosmetics it is a mask. For we cannot see their real complexion. I have no wish to be unreasonable, and I do not mind the use of a little powder; but as for rouge, I despise it. I cannot help but think that if girls would get a little more sleep and fresh air, their complexions would not require the aid of so much make-up to make them attractive. And what is more, its use actually ruins the complexion. Those who use it for a long time look faded without its use. Isn't that sufficient proof?

A certain girl with whom I corresponded for a short time became peeved at my plain talk concerning the latest dances and mode of dress. She said that I was "no gentleman" to say such things. Then she went on to say that she never associated with any but "perfect gentlemen," and further on she informed me that every man or boy she was ever with had tried to act "fresh." Now here's the point: I was no gentleman for talking plain, but her associates were perfect gentlemen even if

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)



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Conducted by Katherine Booth

Beauty from the Inside Out

LOVELY flowers have their roots way out of sight and on what those roots get in the way of nourishment and drink depends all the beauty and even the life of the flowers.

Lovely ladies are much like flowers. They may have an outward seeming that is beautiful to behold but it will not remain so unless the roots of that beauty are given the care and attention they need.

Beauty has its birth inside the body and finds its way to the surface only if we are careful to make the way easy for it. You can't grow a flower from the blossom down to the root, but only by starting out of sight way down in the soil.



THE ATTRACTIVE GIRL LOOKS AFTER HER HEALTH.

Take this lesson to heart and realize that beauty must come from within. It has two sources—physical and spiritual. Clear skins, clear eyes, freedom from pimples, blackheads, sallow skin, a body that is not too thin and not too fat—all these are physical and depend upon the attention you are paying to that little inside of yours. Beautiful curves to the mouth, a lovely expression in the eyes, a soft voice, gracious movements of the body, while in part physical must also depend upon the spiritual—that is, upon what you feel and think and *are*. Your spiritual self finds expression through eyes, mouth, voice, movement. Be sure the disclosure is something of which you may be proud.

Now about the physical. Of course it goes without saying that proper food has much to do with beauty. A body that is not properly nourished is anæmic, thin, sallow or perhaps, on the other hand, fat, sluggish, pimply. I have told you so much about foods that I do not need to enumerate again the good and the bad. But I must emphasize the fact that the digestive and eliminative organs must not be allowed to become sluggish else the best food in the world may do you little good and your system may become clogged with waste products. You must give those organs enough fluid, of course, to help the elimination, but you must also give the body enough exercise so that each organ is stimulated to action. Outdoor exercise and air should form a part of every day—very active exercise, if possible, but at any rate a walk of some length. This should be supplemented by indoor exercise designed to stimulate all the eliminative organs.

Deep-breathing exercises for not less than five minutes should begin the day, taken by an open window and with no constricting clothing.

Follow these with abdominal exercises, after drinking a glass of water. The familiar exercise to be taken lying flat on the bed, arms at side, and consisting of raising one leg at right angles with the body without bending the knee, then lowering it as slowly as you possibly can also without bending the knee, is perhaps the best. Practice this ten or fifteen times with one leg, then with the other, then with both, bringing the legs as nearly to right angles with the body as your unaccustomed muscles permit. Persist in this practice until you can make the perfect right angle, even though it may take you many weeks, and *then* persist in it for good health's sake.

At night before retiring, see that you have taken a glass of water at least an hour before, then practice the bending exercise, standing with heels together, toes slightly out, hands raised above head. Without bending the elbows or knees, throw arms out and down in an attempt to touch the floor with the finger-tips. Practice ten or fifteen times.

Of course take a complete body bath daily. The skin sheds tiny scales throughout the day, and these clog the pores. Sponge the surface of the body at night, if you do not take a tub bath, and rub it dry, the friction speeding up the circulation and thus performing good deeds for the skin. In the morning again, either take a tub bath or a complete sponge. I prefer a tub bath at night, warm and luxurious, just before going to bed, and a sponge somewhat cool in the morning to make one feel brisk and energetic.

Pimples are an indication of something wrong with the digestive and eliminative functions. Be sure your bodily habits are right, then correct your food, cutting out rich or over-sweet foods, and fats as well.

Blackheads are merely an impolite way of saying that your face isn't clean! Truly! All you need is soap and water regularly, over the whole body. Better use a camel's-hair complexion brush to cleanse your face every night. Don't wield it too vigorously, and do not rub soap on it or the face. Merely dip the brush in soapy water before applying it. Then rinse the face thoroughly after. And don't use a more bristly brush than camel's hair or you will injure your skin.

You can't be beautiful unless you are so from the inside out, remember, so start *now* at the roots!

Answers to Questions

ANXIOUS.—I am sorry it is against the rules of this department to answer questions by mail. You see, so many people can be reached by an answer in COMFORT, and only one by a letter; and we want to help the greater number. Then, of course, the service of this department is intended for the regular readers of COMFORT. Why don't you send in half a dollar for a year's subscription and thus become a member of the Pretty Girl's Club? Or one dollar will pay for the magazine for three years! In the meantime I am going to answer your questions and hope you may see this issue of our friendy magazine. Cold cream certainly does not injure the skin; it is good for it. But the face must be perfectly clean before it is applied. At night give the facial skin a thorough but gentle scrubbing with a camel's-hair complexion brush or a soft washcloth dipped in soapy water which is quite warm. Do not rub soap on the skin, of course. Rinse the face many times, and dry. Then dipping the tips of the fingers in the cold cream apply to the face and rub in gently until it is all absorbed. Wipe over the surface of the skin gently with a pad of cotton batting afterward. In the morning bathe the face with tepid water. You say your skin is rough; you may have been using soap directly on the face; or perhaps you haven't been quite careful to keep it perfectly clean. You say your skin looks like "buttermilk dried." I am inclined to think you have been overgenerous with the amount of cold cream you have applied, then have not rubbed it all in nor wiped off the surface after, and have not washed the face thoroughly in the morning. But let me say something else; at your age you really do not need cold cream! Better let the skin entirely alone, only being careful to bathe the entire body daily, to cleanse the skin before going to bed, to drink lots of water that impurities may be carried from the body, to eat three times a day but not between meals, to choose your foods carefully, and to *exercise*. That means outdoor exercise, of course, though you may supplement it with indoor exercise, as well. Walk, and go berrying, and swim if there is opportunity, play tennis,—do whatever is possible where you live. Outdoor air is always possible, however, and the exercise of walking or climbing hills is open to everybody. You say you want to increase your weight. Exercise—which by making organs function properly adds weight to thin people and takes weight from fat people—and proper food, and careful daily body bathing will make you gain. The foods which will add flesh are potatoes, rice, butter, white bread (not hot), butter, milk, cream, cereals. Eat lots of green vegetables and fresh fruits. Don't eat fried foods, nor foods cooked in much grease. A good breakfast is a huge bowl of cooked cereal with cream or milk, and very little sugar. A couple of slices of toasted bread with butter, a glass of milk, a dish of stewed prunes or apple sauce, or a baked apple or a dish of berries, a slice of melon, sliced peaches—something in the way of fruit. A good dinner consists of fish or lamb or mutton chops or roast beef or beefsteak (broiled), or roast or fricasseed chicken; a baked potato, white bread and butter, some stewed carrots or string beans or asparagus or peas or spinach or other greens, etc. And for dessert again, some of the fruits, or a corn-starch blanc mange with cream, baked custard, ice cream, rice pudding, etc. Pork (except bacon), veal and all fried foods are hard to digest; pies and cakes and rich preserves are also; though a piece of cake occasionally will not hurt you. Food between meals is bad for you because it overworks your stomach, though a growing girl could have a glass of milk between breakfast and dinner and one between dinner and supper. A good supper would be a glass of milk or a bowl of milk toast, a soft-boiled egg, and some dessert. Creamed codfish makes a good supper dish; tomato toast (tomatoes heated with salt and a little butter, and poured over slices of buttered toast), soup, scrambled eggs, cold meat, creamed potatoes—any or all of these are good supper dishes. About rouge and powder, if I were you I should not use these until some years later. They are not necessary, they are bad for the skin of a young girl and, perhaps worst of all, they are unfashionable for the young girl. And who wants to be out of the fashion? The best families and the most fashionable young girls do not include rouge or powder among the permissible things. If you want color in your cheeks, it is obtainable at your age by proper outdoor exercise and plenty of good food. It will do no harm after bathing to apply a little talcum powder with a soft pad of cotton—just dusting the face with it; but beyond that I should let my skin alone. You will be a much more beautiful young woman if you do.

NEW YORK, R. F. D.—Of course the best way to remove moles is by electrolysis, administered by a skilled operator. Moles tampered with by the amateur sometimes develop into more serious conditions; while at the best there is often a slight scar left which is less desirable than the mole itself. With these cautions, which please bear in mind, I may say that a method of removing moles which is sometimes recommended consists in moistening salicylic acid with alcohol or glycerine and applying to the mole, tying a cloth over the application to keep it on the mole for half an hour. The acid eats away the morbid tissue and when the spot heals up it is less in size. Three applications are said to remove the mole, usually. My own advice is not to apply anything. If you can have your mole removed by electrolysis, well and good, but otherwise I should let well enough alone.

A. H. D.—To remove hair from the armpits, add four ounces of water to one ounce of sulphate of barium. Wet corn-starch with this solution and make with it a spreadable paste. Apply to the hairy spots. Leave on only until dry or the skin will be burned and irritated. Scrape off the paste with the blunt edge of a silver knife or of a bone paper cutter, and the hair will come with it. Bathe and rub in a little cold cream.

GOLDIE,.—Coffee three times a day! My dear, no wonder your complexion is out of order. Cut yourself down at once to one cup of coffee a day, be sure that you drink it as soon as it comes to a boil, or, rather, that it is poured off the grounds as soon as it comes to a boil. Drink your coffee in the morning or at noon, but never at night. Coffee is as disastrous taken in excessive quantities as some of the drugs which we call injurious. Accustomed to so much coffee, you will feel all "let down," when you cut your allowance, but after a week this feeling should wear away. Do not drink with your meals, that is while there is food in your mouth, as this is bad for your digestion. The red blotches of which you speak are of course from indigestion, or rather the derangement of your digestive apparatus. Drink a glass of water half an hour before each meal, and other glasses of water between meals, so that you get about eight glasses of water daily. In regard to the freckle lotion, if you will exactly follow directions in applying, it will not scar. If you refer to the one consisting of two ounces of lactic acid to one of glycerine and one-half ounce of rose-water, you can apply this several times a day by pouring a little into a saucer and moistening a soft linen cloth in this to apply to the face. In using anything on the skin, if the latter becomes irritated, stop the use of the lotion at once, and rub in a little cold cream or zinc ointment. But you should have no such experience with this. As to the proprietary remedy you refer to, it is against the rules of this department to express any opinion about proprietary remedies. I hope what I have said in answer to your questions may be a real help.



A SKIN WITHOUT BLEMISH MEANS A PROPER DIET.

COUNTRY SCHOOLTEACHER.—Your question is out of my province, but I am answering it just the same. Here are the names of a few companies which produce moving pictures. Let me advise you, however, that you have no chance of getting into the movies unless you are where the companies are producing, and then there is only a bare chance that you could get employed for an "extra," which means to form part of a scene. Such employment is intermittent and nothing to seek to enter. Better stick to your story-writing. Universal Film Mfg. Co., 1600 Broadway, New York City. Goldwyn Film Corporation, 16 East 42nd St., New York City. Fox Film Corporation, 130 West 46th St., New York City. Vitagraph Co., 1600 Broadway, New York City. These addresses are of the offices of the concerns; their studios are in New York, California, etc., etc.

BROWN EYES.—No, I do not know of anything that will permanently remove superfluous hair from the legs. Using ammonia one day and peroxide of hydrogen the next, to dampen the hairy spots, may do the deed in time, and will in any case make the hair less noticeable. A depilatory would only remove it temporarily, and back it would come livelier than ever.

SMILES.—If I were you I would not tamper with that birthmark. You are likely to leave a scar in its place. You might do this, however: Wet the spot, powder it white, then apply a layer of flexible collodion, which you can buy of your druggist, using flesh-colored powder over that after it has dried. This may camouflage the spot. If it is a very large spot, this may not work, but try it. The only method of removal, other than by electrolysis, is to cover the surrounding skin with vaseline or lard, then burn off the scar with a strong acid, but as I do not approve of this in the hands of an amateur I do not feel that I should tell you the name of the acid. My dear, you would only have a worse scar for your pains, I am sure. Try the collodion, which may prove a feasible method of concealing the spot. Of course you would constantly have to renew the application.

W. W.—The cause of blackheads and pimples on back and shoulders is inattention to the care of the skin. Begin taking a complete body bath daily. Better take a warm bath, with soap in the water, at night; rinsing the body thoroughly afterward, and rubbing it vigorously with a bath towel; and in the morning give the skin a cold sponge and another brisk frictioning. Eat sensible foods; see answer to "Anxious." Dark rings under the eyes mean that your health is not in good condition; sometimes it means injurious habits. Take stock of yourself and see what is wrong. Exercise more than you do. A body needs lots of good hard exercise every day. And enough sleep with the windows wide open. Food and exercise and proper body bathing daily will build you up into perfect health and strength if you will get right to work at it with a will. Pimples are only one way the body has of trying to throw off its impurities. See that the eliminative organs function properly. Plenty of water, fruit and exercise will help you in this.

GRAY EYES.—For the rough red hands, be careful not to use too much soap on them, too often, to use as mild a soap as possible and to dry the hands carefully. One thing apt to make hands rough and red is to put them in hot water, then take them out with a hasty drying, and do something else in the kitchen or about the house, put them back again, and so on. Changes of temperature affect the hands badly. A little ground oatmeal is good to rub on the hands after drying—or almond meal. And bran water is excellent in which to wash the hands—rinse the hands—after an ordinary cleansing wash. You can make the bran water by adding bran to boiling water and letting it boil a short time, then cool and strain, using as needed. Corn-meal isn't bad to use to rub the hands in after drying. A few drops of tincture of benzoin added to the water in which you rinse your hands will soften the water and be beneficial. Now about the pimples. There is probably something the matter with either your diet or the condition of your bowels. Take a body bath daily. If you haven't a bathtub, you can fold a towel to stand on and give yourself a quick sponge with warm water, and a rinsing sponge with cool water, without having more than a wash-bowl and wash-cloth to help you. But this is essential to your bodily health as well as your personal appearance. Be careful that you do not get chilled in taking this sponge; uncover only part of your body at a time, and when washed and dried, cover up before washing another portion of the body. With your skin, however, you ought to avoid greasy foods and too much sugar—which means candy, cake and sweet desserts. If you are quite girlish in appearance and have fairly long hair, it is all right to keep it braided. A cut lemon rubbed on your freckles may bleach them. As a matter of fact, freckles are beneath the skin and only something which peels the skin off really disposes of them. If they are summer freckles, I would let them alone until fall, and then dispose of them ready for next summer. Taking them off now renders the skin tender, and new freckles are apt to come much more numerously than before. In the winter, when once taken off, there are several months for the skin to toughen again.

BROWN EYES B. Y. P. V.—If your lips are not red, it indicates that you are not in as good a physical condition as you should be. You must at once begin to exercise daily and vigorously, outdoors whenever possible and indoors when you can't get outdoor exercise. You can always take a walk every day, can you not, and a good long one? Then practice arm exercises and deep breathing. A good way to practice deep breathing is to stand in front of your open window in the morning (or at any time, for the matter of that), and standing perfectly erect with the chest raised and the arms at sides, breathe in slowly through the nose (keeping the mouth closed) until your lungs have all the air they can hold. Wait a moment, then let the breath out again, not in one gasp but very, very slowly indeed. Do this over and over again. Deep breathing can be practiced when you are outdoors, and anything which increases your lung capacity will improve your health and start you on the way to the red lips you desire. Then eat plenty of nourishing food, be careful about your daily bath (see answer to "Gray Eyes"), drink lots of water, and take part in every healthy outdoor game you can. I imagine from your description that the little "spots" of which you complain are whiteheads. These form under the skin and indicate that your processes of elimination are not functioning as they should, and probably that your circulation is not good (the pale lips testify to this, also). So get at diet, exercise, deep breathing, right away. It would be a good idea, in the meantime, for you to massage your face nightly. Dip your fingers into your cold cream jar and liberally smear the face, which should first have been washed in hot soapy water and rinsed very thoroughly indeed. Then using the flat of the fingers, massage the face all over very thoroughly. In massaging the cheeks, rub always up, never down, starting at the chin and massaging up toward the temples. In massaging the forehead rub first from temple to temple many times, then up and down first in one spot of forehead, then in another until you have gone over all. In massaging nose, this must be with a very gentle pinching motion, with thumb and forefinger, beginning at bridge of nose and following on down the nose to the tip. This will probably help to loosen up these little spots of secretions which have formed under the skin.

I repeat the caution I gave last month—protect your skin from the injurious effect of summer sun and wind by applying a good cold cream and powder to face and neck before going outdoors, also lotion on hands after washing.

Address all letters containing questions to
KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Work has brought more joy into the world, cured more sorrows, mended more broken hearts and built more happiness than any other function of mankind.

LOVE LETTERS FOR AUNTIE



By Yetta Kay Stoddard

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HAVE you ever taken care of a carper? A captious, caviling, cantankerous old man? An irritable, irritating, precious old dear? That was Bemie Anthony's job in the house of her ill-tempered and cross-grained, insolent and abusive, grandfather, "Brick" Anthony. And she had given up prospects of a happy home with Ben Appelman, for this: for dressing and undressing old Brick; for feeding him, keeping him clean and well and not wholly disgusted with the childish helplessness of his declining years; for making herself the target of his insults—particularly for this target-business, it seemed.

And here's another question: Have you at the same time tried to supervise the rearing of a Darling Boy? A ten-year-old, handsome, fire-eating late edition of the contentious other charge on your hands? Two whirlwinds? Twins with the space of seventy years between? Well, that's Bemie—her other job.

The Anthonys were redheads, and they married redheads. From being a perpetual nickname, "Brick" had been raised to the dignity of baptism at the time Grandpa Brick was eight days old. His son, Brick, was Bemie's father; his grandson, Brick III, this "Little Brick's" father. Don't worry about the similarity of names, for at the time Bemie gave up hopes of Ben Appelman and came across town to look after her grandfather and nephew, there was no other Anthonys. Old Brick, Little Brick, Bemie, Ben. That's the list. No. I beg pardon. There was also another Bemie. She was Old Brick's little love, his bride, his eternal sweetheart, dead these fifty-odd years and yet there in the house with the three of them, a fresh and lovely memory—though neither Little Brick nor his patient auntie had ever seen her.

* * * * * * * *

"Well, I'm blest to my sole-leathers, Bemie, if you aren't the last word in numskullity! Foolwoman, empty-pate, are your brains scrambled, too? Didn't I say poached, *poached*, POACHED?"

"Grandpa, dear! I was sure you said scrambled. But it doesn't matter at all. I'll just bring you two others. It won't take two minutes."

"Two! You drooling dunce! If you bring me eggs underdone I'll——"

"You'll send me back—won't you? And I'll go! I'll have your eggs right or I'll die in the doing."

"And take all day to it, you're that mortally slow. My heavens! Here I am, starving to death and you stand talking and promising and wasting gas, time, temper. Get along! Get along, before I say something you'll be sorry for, you daughter of ancient imbecility! You——"

"You stop! Greatgrander! You gotta stop talking to my auntie like she was bad! I'll, I'll—I'll do something awful if you don't stop. Are you going to stop? Are you?"

Little Brick had his fists doubled under his great-grandfather's right eye. His mop of red hair flapped with the vehemence of his emotion. Bemie, holding the breakfast tray aloft, put her disengaged arm around Little Brick's neck and brought him to the door. Outside, in the kitchen, she was there-thereing him soothingly to the accompaniment of her own perturbed, her frantic haste to get a pair of eggs poached.

"There-there, Brick, darling! Greatgrander doesn't mean a word nor a sound of the bad things he says to me. It's just his oldness, Brick. When you and I are old——"

"You're old, now, Auntie."

The hurt! Oh, nothing that Old Brick had ever flung at her tortured her like this gentle stab of Little Brick's. Was she aging? Was the fault-finding of the irascible one, the responsibility of mothering her two Bricks, getting the best of her? Why, it must not! She was too necessary to them. Grandpa might live twenty years yet and Little Brick would hardly be ready in less time to face the world and a possible wife.

"But not so old as your Greatgrander, remember, dear one. And Greatgrander was once a little red-haired boy like you, doubling his fists and saying big bad words, maybe, when he should not. *You should not.* Do you understand, Brick? You must learn loving, loving. It's your only safe way, Darling Boy."

"I do love you. I love you and it makes me mad when he gets to hollering and calling names. I could holler louder and I could call him ten thousand times as worse names as he knows. I could hit him in the eye!"

"Brick! You must not. You——"

A great thumping interrupted Bemie's terrified remonstrances.

"Are you waiting for the hens to lay those eggs? My limping lady-laggard, if you don't bring me some breakfast I'll——"

"Coming, coming, Grandpa, dear! In just one little teenty-weenty fraction of a second you shall have the nicest, tastiest, toastiest little breakfast you've had in a month of Sundays. Here I come! Sit up!"

As she turned, tray held high again, she whispered stealthily:

"You run on to school, Darling Boy. And don't think of anything but happy, happy, happy thoughts."

Little Brick reached for his good-by kiss, beamed on Bemie, and went. But his thoughts were not happy. He was listening, in fancy, to a torrent of picturesque invective cascading above the meek head of his auntie; he saw her sprayed with stinging sarcasm, submerged beneath a steady stream of reproaches.

* * * * * * *

Rare tears veiled from Bemie the image she tried to scan in the kitchen mirror. A tired face struggled through the mist and returned her inquiring gaze.

"Old? Wrinkled?"

The reflected face began to nod an inexorable *Yes, indeed!* but Bemie held up her hand.

"No!" she said, imperiously. "You are not old and you are not at all wrinkled. You are a tired face, an anxious face, a not-very-well-cared-for one. But you're still young! You've got to keep young!"

While Grandpa Brick snored in his after-breakfast dreams of a lovely Bemie of his long ago, his granddaughter Bemie spent a daring hour at prettying herself. She brushed her brown curls, and piled them new-fashionedly. And here her brown curls must be accounted for, for they account for her sweet patience with her two red-headed Bricks. Bemie's mother. That's the key. She was calm, unruffled, steady as a stone wall, charming, brown-haired.

"Little Brick's mother's hair was really auburn," she remembered, as she hot-toweled her cheeks. "If I can keep him quiet through his formative years, he may not grow up as fiery as Dad, as Grandpa. Oh, I hope I can!"

She put on pink. Little Brick's eyes would glint when he saw her. They always glinted at sight of pink. She put just the faintest dab of rouge on one cheek, scrutinizing the effect impersonally. A dab to the other.

"There, Bemie. You *are* young. I defy Little Brick to say old to me again! For Ben's sake—I've just got to keep youngish. At least youngish."

Ben Appelmen lingered then in memory? Oh, yes. There was something queer between Bemie and Ben. They had always loved and always taken each other for granted with no words of love, written or spoken, passing between them. Sometimes now Bemie longed traitorously for her own home with just both of them, Ben and she together, alone in it. An instantaneous, passing thought, this; followed always by the opening of the doors of her heart to Little Brick with his wild, sweet ways; and to Grandpa Brick, too, with his wild, awful, terrible, shocking, annoying ways.

* * * * * * * *

Little Brick came in at noon, shouting.

"No more school this week! Hurray! Teacher's sick and they can't get a sub! Hurray!"

"Hush, Darling Boy," Bemie whispered. "Your Greatgrander's remembering."

"I'm going out and play cartwheel."

"No, dear. Not in the rain. You have some lunch here on the kitchen table. Maybe it will clear soon."

"I can cartwheel in the store-room."

"It's so crowded. You'll hurt yourself."

"That's what you have to learn. To cartwheel in places where you'll get hurt if you don't look out. You come on and try, Auntie. It's fun!"

"Me? Gracious, Darling Boy! I'm too old to stand on my head."

"Old? You are not old? You look just exactly like a little-girl lady, Auntie. I wish you'd wear a pink dress all the time."

Bemis helped him clear a space in the store-room. Old boxes, bulging bags, dusty trunks of antique types, bursting with tender memories of a past that was dead when his auntie was ten, yielded him place.

"You going to try, Auntie? See! You just spread your hands and give a twist to your legs and—it's just as easy."

But Bemie had fled at the call of a white-headed, violent old Brick, to perform another and less easy kind of cartwheel. Cartwheels of the soul.

* * * * * * * *

The rain increased. Little Brick had tired. He was kneeling before a small trunk, reading old, almost sixty-year-old love letters. The paper was yellow-brown, the ink watery, the characters boldly erratic; and Little Brick was a very small boy. Yet, as he read, a golden world opened, a world of impassioned love. He himself was the *B. A.* who signed himself with so grand a flourish here; the *dearest Bemie* written on the faded pages none other than his pinky Auntie.

His own cheeks flaming with the ardor of his sentiments, he extracted the bravest of the love-letters from the package, restored the general appearance of ribbon and adjacent bundles in the tray; closed the trunk and stole to his own room. There, on fresh and crispy modern note-paper, with blue-black writing fluid, with unaccustomed painstaking, he labored to reproduce for Auntie that ancient, burning,

"My Dearest Bemie:—
"I take my Pen in Hand To-Night....."

And Bemie's cheeks were redder than any rouge she had ever applied to them when she got away from her disagreeable and annoying old Grandfather that afternoon. She went to her own room and locked the door. Not even Little Brick must see her break; if break she must; if indeed her soul had not sufficient of those still, long-suffering joyous-martyr qualities her mother had bequeathed her.

"Ben!" she was sobbing. And she had no reason for calling on Ben Appelman. She had been in her grandfather's house for three months without hearing from a great, timid, gentle and foolish, silent, shining-eyed giant whom she loved. Perhaps he was glad to be rid of her! Perhaps he had never really cared. Why, think as she could and did, there was no recollection behind her thoughts of any actual proposal of marriage by Ben nor of any worded acceptance by her. They had not been engaged at all. Her world was a world of disappointment and heartbreaking; she was held a victim of frightful tempers and of more frightful intolerance; bitterness and despair were hers, hers invariably to remain through the years.

She heard Little Brick scampering to her door. She had gotten up from the bed where she had thrown herself, hurrying to the looking-glass, in order to repair the damages of her tempestuous half-hour. She stared, unbelieving.

"I'm old. I'm old. I'm old."

Her lips were still moving mechanically when Little Brick looked up at her, his eyes glinting more merrily than ever she had before noticed.

"Yes, Darling Boy. What is it?" she compelled herself to say in a tone calculated to match his happy mood.

"Here's a letter from—— Here's a letter for you, Auntie."

* * * * * * *

Behind the closed door she opened it. As she read, a lovely pink spread itself from cheek to temple, up into the roots of her curly brown hair; a soft young smile played at the corners of her pretty mouth; her breath came faster and faster; and when she had finished she sighed a deliciously contented:

"Ah!"

It was queer that she could be so easily fooled. The ink was scarcely dry. The note-paper, of a standard and popular manufacture, she herself had bought for Little Brick. And there was nothing but an old canceled stamp on the envelope to help out Little Brick's make-believe. On the other hand, Bemie was hungry for word from reticent Ben; and besides, she had never seen his handwriting.

Following the sigh, a gurgling laugh; following the gurgle another glance into the glass; following that a hasty brush across disarranged curls, a pat or two to a crumpled pink dress, and Bemie was flying back to Grandpa. His peevish attack began with her hand on the door-knob.

"Where have you been, you gamboling, galloping gad-about? Odds eyelashes! Woman, you'll neglect me no longer. I'll——"

"Grandpa, dear!" It was one of Bemie's wise little ways, to stop the old rascal before he had committed himself to threats of murder. "Grandpa, dear, I've just had a letter from Ben. He wants me to marry him, immediately, now. But of course I want to talk it all over with you before giving him an answer."

Old Brick had snatched the paper from her fingers. Presently, in spite of his visible attempt to control his emotions, the sneer upon his lips gave way to a perceptible quiver.

"My Dearest Bemie:—
"I take my Pen in Hand To-Night to let YOU know....."

There was something decidedly familiar about the stereotyped phrases. Old Brick wiped his glasses, adjusted them, blew his nose before putting away his handkerchief, and took up his reading where he had left off.

"for I feel YOU know the Sincerity of that which I am about to say.....the Depth of my Attachment for YOU, which is undying, faithful to the End, and beyond. Words of Love have not passed between us but now they can no longer be held back. I pour them about YOUR Feet, my Sweet. Let us marry, soon, soon. Let our Hands and our Hearts wed as from of Old have our Souls. My Arms await YOU. Will YOU come? I dare not look upon YOU until I have YOUR Answer. I pray YOU keep me not in Waiting.
"Forever thine, B. A."

Old Brick lay back in his chair, blissful memories astir within his head, his heart, his very soul. He had come alive suddenly. He and the eternal sweetheart that was the first Bemie Anthony were reunited. He smiled, he wept a little, and he became slowly aware of the smiling, weeping Bemie who knelt beside him. Not for her those reverential Y-O-U'S of his heart's creating; but she must never know.

"Ben—have you been hearing from Ben regularly?" he queried, a new note of gentleness lingering from word to word.

"No. It's the first letter I've ever had from him, Grandpa. But it's sweet, isn't it? Worth waiting for?"

"Sweet. Tender. Dear girl, do you love this Ben?"

"Yes."

"Will you let me think awhile alone?"

"Of course, Grandpa. There's no hurry."

* * * * * * * *

A strange, new, joyous Auntie greeted Little Brick out in the side-yard.

"Did you read it?" he asked, cartwheeling in her general direction.

"Of course I did," she laughed.

"Are you going to do it?"

"Do what?" she asked, horrified that he should have pried.

"Oh, nothing," chuckled Little Brick.

* * * * * * * *

At the telephone a querulous old voice and a surprised youngish one held strange converse.

"Do you love my granddaughter?"

"I do, sir."

"Do you want to marry her?"

"I do indeed, sir."

"Well, why in the name of all that's sanctified, haven't you asked her to marry you, then?"

"I could never get up the sand to do it, sir."

"Listen, here young man. You come to my house immediately. And you pretend that you have just written her a good old-fashioned, love-making proposal. My scalawaggish great-grandson has just copied out one of my own, my own only proposal to the sweetest woman in the world, excepting your Bemie, and your Bemie thinks it's from you. Understand?"

"I understand. Thank Little Brick for me. I'll be there as fast as gasolene will take me."

Love That Was Denied

By Isabel Gordon Curtis.

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Text—If women take the world for their oyster and think, when they open it, they are going to find pearl necklaces ready-made—we must not blame them. Rather, let hoary-headed sinners envy them their imaginings. —*William J. Locke.*

"OH, joy, joy, joy!" The girl in the slit skirt kicked a slender foot through a fluff of sea-green ruffles, which bellowed out like foam. "I am so fearfully thrilled and happy that I cannot realize in half an hour the orchestra will strike up and carriages begin to rumble and I am a debutante!"

"In half an hour exactly." An older girl beside the fire glanced up at a clock and smiled. "I hope, Natalie, you will be just as happy as you imagine you are going to be."

"How could I help being happy, Mrs. Pucker-Brow?" laughed the little sister. "Flowers enough have come to smother me, my frock is the most adorable thing ever made, and I look—you said so—adorable."

"You do, Natalie, dear, simply adorable." The older girl clasped the clinging fingers stretched out to meet her own. Every masculine heart in Washington will lie at your feet tonight."

"As they did at yours three years ago. Of course, you are still one of the beauties. Aunt Matilde says——"

"What?" questioned the older sister abruptly. "That you were not only a beauty but the blithest, merriest, craziest thing alive, just as I am tonight. Now you are solemn and quiet as if you were thinking of old age and"—the girl in the slit skirt shivered—"of other horrid things."

"Aunt Matilde spoke the truth."

"Tell me," pleaded the girl of eighteen, "tell me about your debut. Remember, I don't know the world. I was in that French school when you came out."

"Why,"—her sister's eyes were fixed upon the glowing coals,—"there is nothing to tell, dear, except the stories all debutantes tell."

"Aunt Matilde says that you could have married—a Russian Prince." The girl's voice was an awestruck whisper.

"I suppose I could, only I did not want to."

"Why?"

"Because I want to respect and—love a husband."

"The Russian Prince was not the only one?"

"No, there were others, rich, or with a name—an old name—as if a name counted." The girl shrugged her shoulders. "Aunt Matilde had me nearly married, then I told her the truth."

"Is there some one you really care for?" whispered the little dubutante.

"If we were not the nieces of the millionaire Mrs. Gregg and dependent on her and shut away from everyone except people who have money or position or a name, I should have married—long ago and been very happy."

"Who is he?"

"A civil engineer."

"Isn't a man who works like that—— poor?"

"Yes."

"How poor?"

"He has two thousand a year."

"Two thousand!" repeated the girl in the foamy frock. "Why, my clothes this season cost more than that."

"They cost four times two thousand."

"Then how could you live?"

"Happily," answered the older girl, in a quiet voice. "Very happily."

"You could not live in our set?"

"I don't want to." Her sister leaped to her feet, pacing the room with quick footsteps. "I am tired of our set tired of its idleness, its show, its vanity, its pretences, its falsehood. Nobody dares to be real. People are not real even when they are alone. I am not real while I talk to you now. I would give everything in the world to get away from it and go to one quiet little corner where I could be happy and busy and—loved. The corner is waiting for me and——"

"Then why," whispered Natalie, "why don't you——"

"Because I am not brave enough. Besides, perhaps I am mistaken. There, dearest, the orchestra is tuning up. "She bent forward to kiss the eager, flushed face before her. "They are waiting for these golden slippers of yours to lead in the dance. Now——let us forget everything except this—that you are just eighteen and that tonight our little world is waiting to do you honor and tonight is full of joy—for you."

Camphor

Many commodities which we see or use in our daily life have interesting histories. Camphor is one of those. It is obtained from three different varieties of the laurel tree, which grow chiefly in Formosa, Japan and Borneo. I have a piece of camphor wood in my possession that was cut more than sixty years ago and it gives off the same pungent odor now that it did when fresh. In producing the commercial article, the wood is cut into chips and boiled. Over the kettle an inverted, dome-shaped vessel is placed and the gum or crystals collect on its inner surface. This is the camphor gum you see in the drug-stores; the oil is simply drawn off the liquid in which the chips are boiled. Both products have extensive medicinal use. In Borneo there are many extremely old trees, in the cracks and fissures of which the gum naturally collects, just as pitch or rosin would in a pine tree. This kind of camphor is many times more valuable than the distilled gum and is probably much stronger. Besides being destructive to moths, camphor is used generally in liniments and internal medicines. Like everything else, it is said that the supply is diminishing and that some means of conservation will have to be practiced in the near future.

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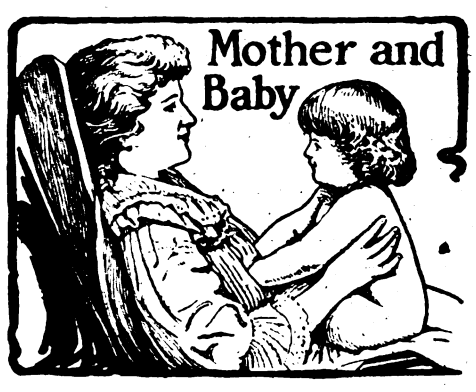
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Summer Diseases of Babies—Continued

THE subject for our talk last month was simple diarrhea, and this month we take up entero-colitis, or inflammatory diarrhea, and we mean by that a diarrhea which presents febrile reaction at some period of its course and is marked by great constitutional disturbances, and with mucous and blood in the stools. The presence of mucous or blood in the stools are proofs of an inflamed condition of the intestinal mucous membrane. This disease is one of the most common causes of infant mortality. Many of the deaths accredited to cholera infantum are caused by entero-colitis, as when the baby goes through the cholera infantum safely, but following this a long, obstinate, exhausting diarrhea sets in, which is, in truth, an inflammatory diarrhea. A large proportion of the cases of summer diarrhea may begin as mere functional disturbances of the intestines, but sooner or later become the disease we are now considering. It is one of the most important diseases of babies, especially in this country, where we have our long summer heat, and in some of our large cities its prevalence and fatality raise it to the rank of almost a pestilence. The two principal causes are improper food and the heat of summer. The improper food may be the mother's milk, if unwholesome, or it may be some unsuitable kind of food. Entero-colitis occurs more often in babies kept on foods than those who are given an exclusive milk diet until they are six months old. If the mother's milk is healthy it is rare for nursing babies to have entero-colitis, until weaned or some disturbance from teething. A common cause is feeding baby too hearty food, too rich for its weak digestion. It is not merely the quality but the quantity of food given that is injurious to babies. Over-feeding has always been recognized as a fruitful source of bowel complaints of early life. Another cause is the preparation of the food in too thick and rich a manner, thereby overtasking the stomach intended, during the early months, to receive the thin milk supplied by nature.

The extreme heat in summer is a common cause, and the months of July and August furnish by far the largest proportion of the cases. The effect of season is here so striking that it cannot be doubted as being one of the causes. Whether heat alone may act in this way upon the system of the baby is not proven, but it certainly acts by the noxious gases products of the decomposition of animal and vegetable substances, therefore clean homes, homes where the garbage is properly cared for, lessen the danger of its causation.

The most common cause after improper food and heat is teething, and while the evolution of the teeth through the gums is a normal physiological process, it is a powerful predisposing cause of diarrhea and entero-colitis. There are two things we may safely assume to be true: first, an unhealthy food, one incompetent to furnish to the body what it needs for the purposes of nutrition is sure to cause the disorder we are considering, no matter how favorable may be the circumstances in other respects in which the child is placed; second, the child may be fed the best breast milk in the world, or the most correct artificial food, but neither will save a baby from the disorder if it lives in a badly ventilated house, or on a filthy street in a large city during the hot weather.

Symptoms of entero-colitis are at first restlessness, and fretfulness, sighing, moaning in the sleep, does not eat as usual and after a few days the diarrhea and other abdominal symptoms appear. The frequency of the stools vary from six or eight to twenty-five in a day in severe cases, and are usually green, acid and contain whitish particles. The abdomen is distended, and the baby will draw up its legs, and cry out if you touch it. The baby is feverish, has very rapid pulse, 120 to 140, vomits several times a day, and the features look drawn, emaciated, and in severe cases the child soon looks as if it had been sick for months. The duration of disease is uncertain, but usually fifteen days. Entero-colitis is a serious disease, but in babies who have passed the first teething their chances of recovery are, as a rule, good. The unfavorable symptoms are great frequency of stools, violent vomiting, rigidity of limbs, paralysis or convulsions.

The prophylactic treatment is very important and includes attention to habitation, dress and diet. Get the baby in as cool and clean a place as possible, dress it so it will feel the heat as little as possible, and feed it on proper food. Of course the majority of babies, sick or well, have to remain in the homes of their parents, no matter where we live, but if we could choose an ideal place for them to spend the summer we would prefer a high interior locality rather than the seaside; but the most favorable locality will not protect baby if nursing deficient, unhealthy breast or fed improper food.

If baby is eating solid food the mother and nurse must not allow it to have a variety of vegetables, especially berries.

As soon as the baby shows any signs of intestinal disturbance, lessen its food; this should be done, whether nursing or taking artificial food; dilute the artificial food, also the milk for bottle fed baby.

Give teaspoonful doses of castor oil, to clear out bowels of any offending contents, and if baby seems to be in a great deal of pain you may put in one drop of tincture of opium; poultices or camphorated oil covered with flannel, may be applied to abdomen. The warm bath is helpful, two or three times a day if baby is not too weak, and it is a good plan to wrap baby in muslin sheet and over this a light flannel blanket and allow it to lie on lap or on bed for half hour after bath.

Subnitrate of bismuth, in one-grain doses, to babies under one year old, every two or three hours is helpful and may be given with a little sugar.

Dovers powder in doses of one-eighth of a grain every three hours, if there is great pain, frequency of stools or very nervous or restless condition. This must be used with caution, and stopped if child shows any degree of drowsiness.

Subject for next month, *Summer Diseases of Babies*—Continued.

Questions and Answers

POOR CIRCULATION.—My baby is eleven months old, weighs eighteen pounds, sleeps fairly well, no indigestion or constipation, but turns blue if I take him outdoors. He is very thin, pale, delicate looking and takes cold easily. He has no teeth, but gums are swollen and white. Would you advise taking him out of doors regardless, and should I have gums lanced? I nurse and feed him also.

MRS. L. D., Pittsburg, Pa.

A.—I should wean baby and put him on modified milk. By all means get him out of doors, dressing him just warm enough to keep him warm. Have gums lanced if swollen. Give your baby small doses of Neoferrum, and Maltine and Cod Liver Oil.

DANDRUFF.—Please give me a remedy for dandruff on baby's head. MRS. N. S., White Hall, Ill.

A.—Anoint head thoroughly with sweet oil and after several hours carefully comb out with fine comb; apply a little sulphur ointment once in a while.

UMBILICAL HERNIA.—I am writing for advice in regard to my four-year-old girl, who has had hernia ever since she was three months old. Have tried trusses without result; the protrusion is as large as small oak nut. MRS. M. V. W., Columbia, N. C.

A.—The majority of these cases are cured by wearing a large button, well padded and held in place by adhesive plaster. Take a button large as silver quarter, put convex or rounded surface, and press protrusion back into place. Have her wear this for months, changing while child is lying down. She should also wear elastic abdominal band over this to prevent pressure when coughing or sneezing.

THRUSH.—Two years ago, while nursing baby who had thrush, my breast became infected but it got well. Now I am nursing my six-months-old baby who has thrush, and my breasts are bad again. What can I do for them? MRS. J. D. O., Thomasville, Ga.

A.—Thrush is an inflammation of the mucous membrane of tongue and mouth in babies not getting proper food and nourishment. Wean baby, put it on modified milk, give baby Maltine and Cod Liver Oil. Locally, for both, wash parts with Dakin's solution, follow with wash containing Glycothymoline, teaspoonful to tablespoonful of warm water. Would use hot fomentations on breasts to relieve congestion and inflammation.

SPASMS WHILE TEETHING.—Is there any remedy for children that have spasms when they are cutting teeth? My six-months-old boy is constipated, has no teeth, but seems very nervous. I feed him three times a day, as he does not seem to nurse enough to satisfy him. Are spasms inherited? MRS. C. P., Warsaw, Mo.

A.—The remedy for spasms is to quickly put baby in warm water bath, get movement from bowels with suppository, cold applications to head if feverish, have gums lanced freely if swollen. Should wean baby if you have not enough milk, as mixed feeding is unsatisfactory. No, spasms are not inherited, but if parents are nervous, the baby may show the same characteristics.

INDIGESTION.—My eleven-months-old boy, who is still nursing, cries most of the time with colic. I have plenty of milk, but am feeding him custards, broths, glass of cow's milk. How much longer should I nurse him? I am troubled with constipation and backache. What can I do for myself? MRS. E. W., Kibbie, Mich.

A.—Should wean baby at once, as I do not think your milk is what he needs. His diet should consist mostly of milk, but you may cautiously give him stale wheat bread toasted, strained oatmeal gruel, custards, broths, not greasy. For yourself get some Fluid Extract of Cascara Sagrada, and take teaspoonful doses often enough to keep bowels regular. Take ten-grain dose of Sodium Salycylate after each meal, and drink plenty of water between meals.

SORE MOUTH.—Can you give me any help for my twenty-months-old baby, as he has had sore mouth since he was three months old, and I have tried everything for relief? I still nurse him, but have to give him calomel often. His teeth are rotten, and he has been sick all his life, but my own health is not good.

MRS. V. B., Hamburg, Ark.

A.—Wean your baby at once, give him milk, stale wheat bread toasted, meat juice, oatmeal gruel strained. Stop your calomel, give teaspoonful doses of milk of magnesia for bowels. Give two drops of Syrup of Iodide of Iron three times a day. Sponge out mouth with Dakin's solution, followed with a wash made by putting teaspoonful of Glycothymoline in tablespoonful of warm water.

SORE NAVEL.—We have a two-months-old baby girl who is fat and healthy, weighs eighteen pounds, but for a little while has had sore navel, discharges like a boil, and is hard for an inch around it. What can we do for it? MRS. J. P., Whiteside, Mo.

A.—Should wash navel with Dakin's solution then dust on a little calomel, powdered. If there is much swelling should apply antiphlogistine.

VOMITING BABY.—What causes my two-months-old baby to vomit sour milk? If nursing mother's bowels are regular and baby's are constipated, what would you do? What should mother's diet be while nursing baby? MRS. R. M. L., Monument, Kans.

A.—The baby may vomit from nursing too fast or too often. The mother should take some simple laxative like Fluid Extract of Cascara Sagrada in teaspoonful doses often enough to keep baby's bowels regular. The mother need not go onto any diet, only avoiding acids and foods that cause gas and indigestion, but she should drink more or less milk.

COLIC.—My five-months-old baby does not gain, has weighed fourteen pounds for two months, and is troubled with colic. I am feeding him Eagle brand of milk, he is constipated and has a great deal of mucous in the stools. MRS. A. A. M., Jerseyville, Ill.

A.—I should put baby on modified cow's milk, giving him half milk, and water with tablespoonful of lime-water, and half teaspoonful of sugar of milk in each feeding. Give him teaspoonful doses of milk of magnesia often enough to keep bowels regular.

HEADACHE AND CONSTIPATION.—I am the mother of ten healthy living children and am now nursing a two-months-old baby. Will a mother having lots of milk cause her headache? I am badly constipated and have hemorrhoids all the time.

MRS. H. O. R., Kershaw, S. C.

A.—Get some Nujol and take it in teaspoonful doses often enough to keep bowels regular, as this will relieve headache and constipation. For the hemorrhoids, try sitting in very warm water to relieve local congestion and after each movement insert an Iodex suppository. No, abundance of milk will not cause headache.

RENAL CALCULI, OR GRAVEL.—Will you please tell me what to do for gravel, as I have it very badly every month? Will some of the sisters send me the recipe for "brown spots," as I have mislaid my February COMFORT? Should like to hear from some of the sisters or mothers, so please print my name in full.

MRS. MAE MILLS, Sugartree, Tenn.

A.—By gravel we mean the passing of concretions of uric acid salts in the urine, which is painful and irritating. Should take Urotropin in seven-grain doses, night and morning, in glass of water, also halfounce doses of liquor potassii citrates every three hours, cream of tartar, teaspoonful doses in glass of water, also Lithia Spring Water, or any alkaline water.

INDIGESTION.—My four-months-old baby has very sick spells, passes a lot of green slime, and mucous, also breaks out all over his body with small pimples with white tops. I feed baby cow's milk and water.

MRS. H. L., Homer City, Pa.

A.—The food does not agree with baby; should give him occasionally teaspoonful dose of castor oil; dilute milk with boiled water, adding tablespoonful of lime-water to each feeding. It might be good judgment to try other cow's milk than the one you are using, as often it is the fault of the cow's milk rather than the baby's digestion.



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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

cured me of a weakness in the lungs. For 12 years we lived at Phoenix, Arizona, that city located in a miniature "Valley of Eden"—so called because the plant life is similar. It is a beautiful spot to me but to me the mountains and desert are finer. I am a great lover of nature. The mountains with their great deposits of ore and their water-sheds which furnish life-giving fluid for plant life in the valleys and the dry, pure air of the mountains that gives health to the thousands who seek it in Arizona and the eternal sunshine, one owes all this to the mountains. "The mountains are all the Heaven one needs in June," said Jean Stratton Porter. "June or any other time," I say.

But all of Arizona's curative powers do not come from above the earth. From the mountains come hot springs and there are also great deposits of mineral which is used in its natural state and cannot be compounded by man. This cures all sorts of inflammation and is not used for anything else, except to build up the system. Many tuberculars cannot eat. It seems to give them a good appetite and cures all inflammation of the stomach so those who have had stomach troubles for years can eat anything. You wouldn't believe it if I told you how many old sores have been cured with it. Some inside and some outside and many called cancers by physicians. I think as many use it for pyorrhea as for anything and it cures every time. One friend of mine said she never expected to eat meat again, had not for years. It seems wonderful that God would provide this cure and put it out in Arizona just where it is most needed because of the thousands of sick who go there each year. I have never heard of a name for this mineral. It will no doubt have one some day.

"The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." If it is true why is the world so wicked today? Do mothers want it? Public sentiment will do anything. It will clean up the movies, for instance. Let's do away with those that are degrading to children and adult alike. I'm not a prude nor a Puritan but I never compromise with the devil. No one except a person who denies sin will say there is a moral to be gotten from every picture. Perhaps every picture has a moral, but it is missed because of the suggestiveness and the filthiness which predominates in many pictures. I have no cradle to rock but I have more important business than being "amused" by such pictures. There are good, educational pictures, splendid from the standpoint of entertainment and education. Some one will want to argue on "tother side," I do not accept it so there! "Square jawed cat!" I hear some one say. Wrong again! Slim face, fluffy brown hair, disposition *so-so*, large mouth with laugh wrinkles all around, large grey eyes that look through and beyond. Eyes are more than eyes. They are windows to the soul. I hope mine reveal a soul. 'Tis certain that they reveal to me the souls of others.

I'd like to say something about giving the girl—and especially the boy, a room of his own and something of what a room of my very own meant in my life after mother was gone, but it would take too much room. I'd like to say something about boy-and-girl sweethearts. I have a boy and he has always had a sweetheart. Should mothers encourage or discourage this tendency of the young boy or girl to have favorites? I have never discouraged it. I have never teased. A sweetheart is as common as a piece of furniture in this family.

How many mothers believe in spending a little time on the study of the child and his development? I wish every mother would. It would help her to understand that boy or girl and to meet these things and solve them. I could write a book on this and may some day.

If there are some letters that are more worth while and I feel sure there are I shall not feel hurt if not printed. I will answer letters of any whom I can serve but do not write me please, unless I can be of use to you in some way for I am busy, but never too busy to help when it is in my power. I especially sympathize with the sick and bereaved and those who have family troubles but I believe it is possible to have peace, no matter what the trouble. I did not say Joy, I said Peace.

Yes, I live in California. And I'm not blind. I see the beauty but you have heard so much about it no use repeating. If one could live on scenery alone one could live lavishly in California. We have been here but a short time and we like California. If any one wants to know about the climate and etc. and will *enclose a stamp*, I will answer.

May God bless you all and long live COMFORT and all of its departments.

MRS. H. E. GROOM.

NEWTON, OHIO.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

May I come in for a little while, as I am alone most of the time?

I have read the letter from "Worried Mother" who asks how to treat "that kind of a girl," the girl that your boy has wronged, yet you think she is not good enough for him and your family. Yet you have said that up to this time she was a good girl. Have you a daughter of your own? How would you feel if such a thing should happen to her? I know your heart would ache. Then why not think of how this poor girl and her mother must feel?

Why don't you sit down and have a heart-to-heart talk with your boy? Then you could find out if he loves her or not. If he does not, even then the child should have the right to be legitimate. Try to do your part and make things as near right as you can for the child will be your grandchild whether he marries the mother or not.

MRS. BOLES.

VENA, R. R. A, Box 83, COLO.

DEAR COMFORT FRIENDS:

COMFORT has come again and found us all busy as switch engines and harvest on. I must not complain for the farmer is always busy and in a hurry.

I enjoy the sisters' letters, and find much help in them. I take several papers but COMFORT comes the nearest to being *the* right paper.



ELIZABETH ALVA CRIST.

For sleeve-holders I cut slices from inner tube (of the car tire) and cover with pretty ribbon or crochet a cover for same. They are very neat and last longer than any other elastic.

I have three boys and one baby girl. Am sending photo of baby. Her name is Elizabeth Alva. Age one year.

Would like to hear from sisters who have com'c recitations to exchange.

Will someone give me the address of the lady whose maiden name was Marie Zoe Reynolds?

MRS. ETHYL DUNCANSON CRIST.

COLUMBUS, 2639 Adams Ave., OHIO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I would like to get into your COMFORT Corner but having been a subscriber only a short time, maybe I don't deserve it, but since I have started taking this magazine I don't want to stop, ever.

How many of the sisters belong to the Standard Bearers? I will tell you how we made almost one hundred dollars and in a very easy way.

Each member made twelve small aprons and put a clever little note into the pocket of each one. These were mailed to friends, far and near, no matter whether they belonged to any church or not. The verse was an invitation to attend an Apron party, provided the small apron was returned with as many pennies in the pocket as was the person inches around the waist. At this party we had a nice musical program and served chocolate and wafers. We also sold large aprons that the members had made and donated. The evening was very enjoyable and we could hardly believe our eyes when we saw how much money we had.

At the church I attend there is a class of young women, from twenty to thirty-five years of age. We are trying to find ways of making money and I thought maybe some of the COMFORT sisters could help us out. I am sure there are unique ways of raising funds for church societies if we only knew of them.

Sincerely yours, MRS. R. M. [illegible]

[illegible], OKLA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I am sending my grandson's picture which I want to see in COMFORT. His name is Ralph Lyndon and he was five months old when this was taken and weighed twenty-three pounds.

Sincerely yours, MRS. H. B. ARMSTRONG.



RALPH LYNDON.

Mrs. Armstrong.—If I were the grandmother of such a fine boy as Ralph Lyndon I'm sure I would tell more about him than just his name, age and weight, but perhaps you believe in letting us see for ourselves—and we do.—Ed.

LA FAYETTE, ALA.

DEAR READERS:

A sister asks how old a child should be when he enters school. Perhaps I am as well qualified to answer that question as any mother of four because our four have been each a distinct "specimen." I would answer that everything depends on the child, whether he has been normally healthy, and the amount or kind of training he has had at home. We put each of our children in school as soon as we think he is mentally and physically able to cope with all the conditions of public school life.

Our oldest was ill during his babyhood, didn't begin to grow and develop as a child should till about two years old, and mothers who have had "sickly" babies know that it takes a long time to become normal, if they ever do. So we didn't start him to school till he was eight, although he entered the second grade. He is now in the fourth grade and is on the honor roll every month.

Our second had an attack of pneumonia when eight months old, and it affected his lower limbs, so he didn't walk till he was eighteen months old. After that he grew very fast and was strong for his age, so he entered the second grade at seven, only a year behind brother. He also is on the monthly honor roll as is his little sister who was scarcely ever ill, and who entered the second grade at six. Her grades are highest of the three. Our youngest is four now, and when this school year ends will have completed the first year's work. But under our state laws he cannot enter school until six, so he will probably enter the third grade at that age.

None of them are bookworms. I defy anyone to produce four more noisy, boisterous children than ours.

As soon as they can handle them, they are given building blocks with pictures of animals, letters of alphabet and figures on them. They have dominoes, checkers, alphabet books and later easy primers. They always have access to pencils, paper, colors, patterns to draw easy figures from, scissors, a home-made blackboard and crayon, etc. And we try to answer every question they ask with as much care and consideration as if the fate of nations depended on it.

I won't take up any more of your time, Mrs. Wilkinson, but will come again sometime if you would care to have me.

[illegible], GRAYSVILLE, TENN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

It is over twenty years since I wrote to COMFORT and many times when I have been enjoying the letters I have felt that I would like to write again.

In reading the letter from a sister about her boys quarreling I felt like telling her how I seem to have cured my two girls of that bad habit. I have a piece of leather on a stick made like what I use for killing flies, and I told my girls that every time I heard an angry word I would have them put out their hand and I would give them one hard strike on the palm. It has worked like magic. The hurt isn't bad but it makes them feel ashamed of quarreling. Try it and see how it works with your children.

My husband and I have reared four children of our own, all married and gone. Then we took a brother and sister; they too are married and have their home. Then we took two girls, sisters, the oldest thirteen, and if they marry as young as the others did we may be left alone again but I hope not. I am now sixty-six years old.

I enjoy all your letters and expect to take COMFORT as long as I live.

With love and best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and the sisters, MRS. JAMES GLEE.

ELKO, NEVADA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

The wind and snow are driving along at a terrific rate,—one of those dismal days when I feel the need of a friendly chat with some one. And what could I find better than our big circle of sisters?

We live on a 120-acre homestead just a mile from town and during the month of January my [illegible] months-old son and I were snowed in for four weeks. We didn't see or hear anyone during that time except "friend hubby" and he was at the store from 7 A. M. until 6.30 P. M. We haven't been out now (Feb. 9) for a week and from the looks of the weather we may be in for another four weeks. I can scarcely see the chicken house through the blowing snow.

I have been married eight years to a husband whom I consider above the average, and have lived in Elko seven and one-half years. We lost a beautiful little dark-eyed girl, two and a half years old, nearly three years ago, and I felt that I didn't have a great deal to live for. It was my first experience with the Grim Reaper, but don't think I let it spoil my life or made my home unbearable, which I have seen happen, though I don't think their hearts were more empty than my own or others have been.

I realized that work would be the best thing to take my mind off my trouble. Prior to the baby's death I had been working with my husband for a wholesale produce firm so I came back (the baby died in a hospital in Salt Lake City) and went to work harder than ever. A month and a half later I was offered a half interest in the produce department of one of the retail stores. As I was to be manager, do my own buying and hire what help I needed, and had no capital to furnish, I accepted the proposition. I knew it was just what I needed as I would have to meet the public all the time and would have no time to think of my sorrow. And it did help wonderfully.

A year later my contract having expired, I sold my half interest and opened a store of my own, groceries and produce. A few months later my husband sold out his interests in the wholesale business and took over the management of the store. Now my time, housework and chickens keep me so well occupied that it is only days like this that I feel "sorter blue and blue."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

Stella Rosevelt

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

but I had flattered myself that I also should be missed."

"Pardon me, if my words conveyed to you the idea that you would not," Star said, quickly. "You have been most kind, Mr. Meredith, and I shall most certainly miss your companionship and your friendly attentions. But," she added, "will Grace go with you? You have not yet told me, and I have not heard her say anything about leaving."

She hoped thus to ward off what she feared was coming, and turn the conversation in another channel.

"No; Grace will remain for another week. But, Miss Gladstone—Star," he began, desperately, "I could not leave without seeking this private interview with you to learn my fate. You have called my attentions 'friendly.' Have you not realized that they have been vastly more than that? Have you not seen that I have grown to love you madly, idolatrously? You are modest as a violet, my bright Star; and although I have tried to win some sign of answering affection from you, yet you have not given me one. You have evaded my every look, my every word of love. But, my beautiful darling, it seems as if my true heart must find in yours a fond return. You will tell me tonight, will you not, dear, that you will give yourself to me? Star, how shall I tell you of the depth of my love?—how you have become so necessary to me, that if you should send me away without hope, the future would hold nothing to tempt me, nothing to make life worth the living. When I held you in my arms last Wednesday, and believed that your life had been endangered—when you lay unconscious upon my breast, close to my heart, so white and still, so exactly as if you were dead, I said to myself that I could not, I cared not to live, if you were taken from me. My love, look up into my eyes, lay your hand in mine, and tell me you will give yourself to me."

He stopped in the path and waited for her answer—waited for her to lay her hand in his, as he had asked her to do, and bid him hope to be the happiest man in the universe.

But her beautiful golden head was bent, as if weighted with some heavy care or sorrow. The star-like face was pale and downcast, and the lovely eyes, into which he longed to read an answering tale of love, were hidden by their white lids and curling lashes.

"Star," he breathed, a note of keen pain in his tone, "do not tell me that I must give up my bright dream of joy."

"Mr. Meredith," she answered, looking up at him with sudden resolution, "forget for a little while what you have just said to me, and listen, while I read you a page out of my own heart."

A look of suffering came into his eyes, his lips trembled, and he breathed heavily, but he answered:

"I cannot 'forget,' but I will 'listen,' as you wish."

"Nearly two years ago," Star began, "I came to America in the ————, a vessel that sailed from Liverpool to New York. Perhaps you remember that it was lost at sea. I was one of the few who were saved, and afterward picked up by the ————, another homeward bound vessel. As I was lifted from the lifeboat to the deck of the noble craft, I fainted from exhaustion, and fell into the arms of a stranger, who bore me to a stateroom and gave me into the care of a stewardess. I met him a day or two afterward on the deck. He was a noble, manly-looking gentleman, some four years my senior. We were thrown much into each other's society during the remainder of the voyage, and there came into my heart during that time a feeling for him that will prevent me from ever loving another while I live. When we landed we parted as friends, though we exchanged souvenirs, and he expressed the hope that we should meet again. A few months later we did meet, our friendship was renewed, and soon ripened into something deeper—in fact, he won my heart entirely. We were betrothed, and for a few days earth became a paradise to me. I could have staked my life upon his truth and honor, and I would have defended him with my last breath had any one assailed his fair fame or doubted his allegiance to me. But I could not doubt the evidence of my own senses, and he proved himself a traitor in my very presence. He played me false before the vows which he had uttered to me were scarcely grown cold upon his lips. I spurned him with scorn; I denounced him as the traitor and coward which I knew him to be; but, oh, Mr. Meredith, strange as it may seem to you, I—I love him still. Perhaps it is unmaidenly in me to tell you this, perhaps it betrays weakness and a lack of proper dignity on my part; but I feel that I owe it to you, to make you understand how impossible it is for me to reciprocate your affection. He won my girlish heart, he bound me irrevocably to him by the power of his will and the charm of his oily tongue, and I can never love another. You will say that he is unworthy such constancy, or even of a regret. I know he is, and yet while I own it, my soul is reaching after him with all the strength of a deathless love. I began to fear, a week ago, that you were entertaining feelings for me which would bring sorrow upon us both. You say that I have evaded you. I have done so; I have tried to show you that the hopes which I feared you were entertaining could never be realized, and I wish that you had never spoken the words which you have tonight; for I know—you know, that you could never be satisfied to take any one to your heart who was always turning from you to another, who, although she knew she was loving unworthily, would not yet have the power to keep her affections from straying from you, and who could not keep her vows of allegiance to you, for such vows, if spoken, would be but mockery. Mr. Meredith, you could never be satisfied with such a wife as that," she concluded, in a voice which shook with emotion.

"No, Miss Gladstone," he answered, sorrowfully. "I love you too fondly, too devotedly, to be content with anything save an affection as strong and true as my own. But," with a note of earnest appeal in his tone, "could I not win you by and by? Could I not teach you to love me by proving to you that I am worthy of your love?"

Star shook her head sadly.

"I know that you are worthy at this moment,' she said. "I have the deepest respect for you, and value you as a friend; but nothing—no one can ever win the love which I must always bear for Archibald Sherbrooke. He has broken my heart and ruined my life; for I can never be the wife of any worthy man, since I will not live a lie."

"Where is he—where is this coward who has so imposed upon you, ruined your life, and proved faithless to his troth? Tell me, that I may go and brand him the knave and villain that he is!" Ralph Meredith cried, in hot indignation.

"I do not know where he is," Star answered. "I have never seen him since that night when I told him that I had discovered his treachery. That was nearly a year ago. I never expect to meet him again—I never wish to meet him again. I desire to ignore him—at least, to all outward appearances; and if he possesses such an attribute as a conscience, his punishment must come some time. "But," she went on, in a voice of pain, "I hope no one else will ever learn to love me, for I cannot endure the thought that I shall spoil other lives as mine has been spoiled. Oh, Mr. Meredith, I am sorry if I have unconsciously done you a wrong. Pray forget me if you can, and——"

"That I can never do," he interrupted, gently, for he saw that she was deeply moved; "but I will try and be content if you will allow me still to be your friend."

"Thank you," she returned, while she wiped the tears which were falling fast; "it will be a great comfort to me if you will permit me to regard you as such. I feared I should incur your contempt by the confession I have made tonight; but I could better endure that than that your future should be ruined by hoping against hope."

"Contempt!" he repeated, earnestly; "such a feeling I could never entertain for you; you have, instead, my deepest sympathy and respect. But if I ever meet and know the wretch who has played you false, let him beware; for I will surely make him repent most bitterly his treachery and baseness toward you," he concluded, fiercely.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A NOBLE RESOLUTION.

"You will remember that you have promised that I am still to be your friend; you will not avoid me and deny me the pleasure of your society because of what I have told you tonight?" Ralph pleaded, as he and Star drew near the entrance of the park, and knew that they would soon be rejoined by his sister and Mr. Rosevelt.

"You shall still be my friend. I will not avoid you if you will promise me that you will build no false hopes upon our friendship," she said.

"How can I, when you tell me that there is no hope?" he asked, yet his voice trembled and was full of pain.

Then they passed out at the gate, where they found Mr. Rosevelt and Grace awaiting them.

Both saw at a glance that the interview had been a sorrowful one, and Miss Meredith was bitterly disappointed, for she had trusted that Ralph would be able to win the bright, beautiful girl for his wife.

Mr. Rosevelt surmised the cause of Star's rejection of his suit, and sighed heavily, for the young man had been a favorite with him, and he would have been glad to give her to him.

They parted at the door of the hotel, Ralph bidding them good by there, as he was to leave early in the morning, and Star knew by the way he wrung her hand that he was bidding farewell to hope as well.

When they reached their private parlor, she went directly to Mr. Rosevelt's side and laid her hand upon his arm. Her face was flushed and sad, and he saw at once that she was very unhappy.

"What is it, my starling?" he asked, taking her hand in both of his, and speaking very tenderly.

"Uncle Jacob, I want to go home," she said, wearily.

"Bless you, child! you shall go wherever you like," he said, in surprise, and regarded her anxiously.

"I want to go where you and I can be by ourselves, and where I cannot do any mischief," she said, with a sob of pain, and he knew beyond a doubt that Ralph Meredith had proposed and been rejected.

"Mischief! tut, tut, little one! What has made you so unhappy? Have you sent our young friend away in sorrow?"

Star nodded her head in reply; she could not find voice to answer him.

"He is a fine young man—he is a worthy young man," Mr. Rosevelt said, gently.

"Oh, I know it, Uncle Jacob; but—my heart is dead, and it can never live again. Don't blame me, please—you know all about it, and you know that I could not help it and be true to him and myself," she returned, in deep distress.

"You have done everything to make me happy," she went on, a little more calmly, "and I thought I was beginning to be content and to enjoy life once more; but I cannot endure many scenes like what transpired tonight. Let us go home, where I can go to work again, and in my duties there forget, if possible, the misery of the past, which I have been made to live over again tonight."

"We will leave Newport tomorrow, if you wish," Mr. Rosevelt said, after a little thought; "but we will not go back to New York just yet—we will spend two or three weeks in sightseeing first."

He then outlined a trip that seemed to Star to be delightful.

The next morning she sought Miss Meredith, and confessed, with many tears, her rejection of her brother.

"I knew he would tell you," she said, "but I cannot bear that you should blame me, Grace. I have not meant to wrong your brother, and I would give much to make him as happy and free from pain as he was before he knew me. Do not take your friendship from me on account of it, for I need it more than I ever did before."

And Grace Meredith, not knowing all, kissed her tenderly, while she thought in her heart, "Perhaps I can help to win her for Ralph even yet if I am patient."

"Do not grieve," she said gently. "I know you have intended no wrong. You cannot help being beautiful and attractive; you cannot help it if people will love you. I do not blame you, dear, in the least, and I am sure I should not think of breaking our friendship, which has been so exceedingly pleasant. Ralph did tell me something of this last night, and of course I am sorry for him, for he is a very dear brother, and a noble fellow, too; but these affairs of the heart, you know," she concluded, smiling and flushing, for she knew something about it herself, "are entirely beyond our control."

"Thank you, Grace," Star said, gratefully, although the trouble did not fade out of her azure eyes; "you have lightened my burden considerably. It would have been more than I could bear to make an enemy of you."

"An enemy, you dear little goose!" Grace cried. "Do you suppose I would be so foolish as to wish to drive you to marry my brother if you could not love him? I love you both too well for that; and now don't let me hear anything more about broken friendships, unless I do something to forfeit your respect, for it would cause me great sorrow to have anything mar our intimacy."

Star drew a long breath of relief.

"You are very good to me," she returned, "and now I have a little message to you from Uncle Jacob."

"A message from Mr. Rosevelt! Do let me have it, then, for it must be something good," Miss Meredith said, gayly. She longed to drive the clouds from her friend's face.

"We are going to leave Newport."

"Going to leave Newport! When?"

"Tomorrow."

"If that is your message, it is anything but a welcome one," Miss Meredith said, looking very much disturbed.

"Oh, but it isn't," Star replied; "I was to tell you of our plans. We are going from here to the White Mountains, from there to Montreal, down the St. Lawrence River and Lake Ontario to Niagara, and then home; and Uncle Jacob commissioned me to ask you to be our guest during the trip. Will you go, Grace?"

Miss Meredith looked thoughtful.

It would be a sudden start, but the trip offered great attraction, to say nothing of the pleasure she would experience in Star's and Mr. Rosevelt's society.

Ralph was gone, and if these friends should go also, she would be very lonely, notwithstanding she had many acquaintances here.

"I want you, Grace; please do not refuse," Star pleaded, as she hesitated, and she assented without further demur.

Accordingly, the next day, they all left Newport, and many blank faces and wistful eyes watched their departure, for they had formed a nucleus around which a brilliant circle had collected, and they would be sadly missed.

The trip occupied three weeks, and proved a most delightful one also.

"I think it is charming to travel in this way," Star said, one day while they were at Niagara; "just a few of us who enjoy each other, stopping when we choose, going on when we like, and having everything our own way. I think there is nothing so pleasant as traveling."

"How would you like to go to California and the Yosemite Valley?" Mr. Rosevelt asked.

"I think I should like it," she answered, enthusiastically.

"Will you go this fall?"

"Oh, Uncle Jacob, aren't you tired? Do you not need to go home and rest after so much dissipation?" the young girl asked, but her eyes sparkled and her cheeks flushed with anticipation.

"Do you call it dissipation to travel?" he asked, smiling at her eagerness. "I enjoy it almost more than anything else."

"'Almost more,'" Star repeated, quickly. "What would you enjoy more?"

"To see you perfectly happy," he replied, tenderly; "and," he added, "I believe that traveling does you fully as much good as anything else. We will go home and rest a week, then we will start for the far West. What do you say to my plan?"

"Well, if so much depends upon my decision—if I hold the fate of two such important people in my hands, I shall be obliged to say, we will go to California and be happy. But," she added, laughing, "I warn you both beforehand that I shall not be easily satiated; I shall want to go everywhere and see everything. Yes; we will go home and rest for a week, then turn our faces toward the 'Golden Gate,' and—'Westward, ho!'"

TO BE CONTINUED.



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Knowledge and Cents

By Hilda Koppel

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ALL over this busy country there are women who have "made good" in various occupations. Some have gained recognition, others remain practically unkown.

Among the latter is Mrs. John A. Rawlins of Sycamore St., in New Orleans, who, with only a small amount of aid from her husband in his spare time, has made a huge success of her preserve "factory".

Mrs. Rawlins laid the foundation of her career in the kitchen of her aunt, a Southern housekeeper noted for her wonderful preserves.

Seven years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Rawlins were living in the little town of Biloxi, on the Gulf Coast. Mrs. Rawlins had "put up" two hundred jars of preserves for use in her own household, when certain circumstances caused her to consider selling them.

Taking a jar of pear preserves to the steward of one of the numerous summer hotels, she asked him to sample it with a view to purchasing. The man held the container up to the light and turned it around once or twice. Then he inquired as to the number of jars Mrs. Rawlins had on hand—he ordered them all, and asked that she "put up" some peaches for him.

"But," the preserve maker protested, "you haven't even tasted them."

"It's not necessary," the steward told her. "I know they're all right because they're so clear."

"That was what gave me the idea of going into it as a business," said Mrs. Rawlins with one of the rare smiles which light up her sweet, intelligent face.

"I thought that if I could sell my products on the Coast I could do the same in New Orleans," continued Mrs. Rawlins, "so when we moved here shortly afterward, I visited other stewards. They all gave me orders, with but two exceptions; one was a hotel which does its own preserving, the other,"—here Mrs. Rawlins smiled again—"recently that steward phoned me and ordered one hundred dozen jars."

The factory is merely a simply equipped shed in the back yard. The equipment consists of a sealing machine; rough shelves cover the walls from floor to ceiling, and many crates fill almost all the available space. Next year this remarkable woman intends to erect a larger building, and to increase her output.

July and January are the busy months in the preserve "factory." In the summer, figs, peaches and pears are "put up"; in winter, marmalade. In the busy season Mrs. Rawlins arises at five o'clock, and goes out to the "factory," where huge tubs of lime-water (in which the fruit is cleansed), and the syrup in which to cook it, are ready by the time the "raw" product arrives. The work continues until half-past five, when time is taken for a leisurely dinner. At night the jars are labeled. Mr. Rawlins' job is that of sealing the jars, while his wife makes the preserves.

"Thirteen motions of the hand go into the preparation of every jar from the time it is taken from the crate until it is loaded on the truck which delivers it to the different customers," said Mrs. Rawlins.

Every year the business has increased," Mrs. Rawlins went on. "In 1919 the output was five thousand jars; this year it was nine thousand. We used more than one thousand, seven hundred pounds of sugar. The output would have been larger if the fig crop had not been so poor."

Every club and hotel in New Orleans serves Mrs. Rawlins' delicious products in attractive quarter-pint size, which has been found the most convenient and sanitary for individual service. Many jars are shipped to hotels on the Gulf Coast and to other large cities, Louisville and Chicago among them.

"'Nothing by guess' is the principle I work on," Mrs. Rawlins declared. "Everything is counted, the same measurements are always used. For example, seven figs go into every individual fig jar."

So this woman, by using her knowledge of preserving, has turned it into dollars and cents, and stands out, a real success among the many women who have triumphed by their own efforts.

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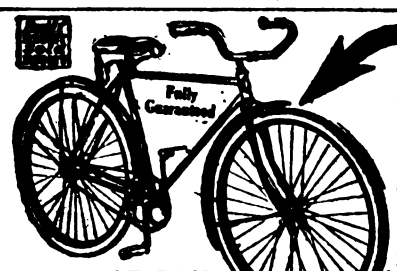
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Good Ideas for Home and Personal Wear

Embroidered Doilies

THE second design for a small doily is simplicity itself. Almost anyone can draw the center circle and surround it with the corner designs shown.

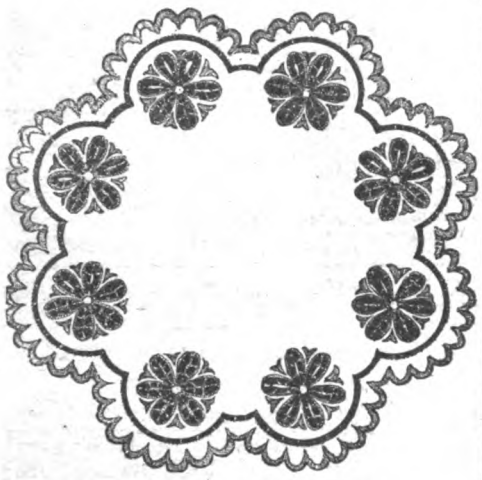
The center is closely buttonholed with old blue mercerized floss, the corners being finished with the same stitch but worked some distance apart and over a strand of white rope cotton. On the little points between the centers use the old blue.

After this much of the work is completed, cut the linen out from under the corners, then cross the open spaces made with white threads and over these twist a blue.

Centerpiece in Color

The pattern illustrated below is one which can be planned if one has not any way of easily securing a stamped design.

To lay this pattern out first cut a perfect circle of 18 or 20 inches in diameter or in fact any size. Fold this three times and cut a half circle. Unfold and spread out carefully. Using a thimble for a guide and a sharp pencil, draw small scallops just inside of the line forming the eight scallops. Add the straight scallop line inside of these, which is closely worked over a padding cord with satin stitch.



CENTERPIECE IN COLORS.

Cut out six petal motifs and place one in each scallop.

Buttonhole stitch is used on the scallops and outlining with heavy rope silk in working the motifs.

Color schemes, black satin or sateen with black edge, green scallop line, and yellow or orange motifs. Natural tone linen with blue edge, brown scallop line and white motifs with yellow centers. Natural tone linen with Swedish color combination. Red edge outlined with black on inside of scallops. Green cross-stitching on scallop line outlined on either side with gold. Blue motifs with yellow center. Either of these combinations are very attractive.

Fashionable Girdles

The new spring dresses are still on straight lines and the long-waisted effect secured by a girdle is very popular.

The fashionable girdles which are made of wooden beads and silk cords may be made at home for much less than a finished one will cost.

Black silk cord combined with colored beads make a girdle which can be used on dresses of different colors. For an attractive one of black cord and small round beads one will need seven and one-half yards of cord cut into three lengths and beads of two contrasting colors.

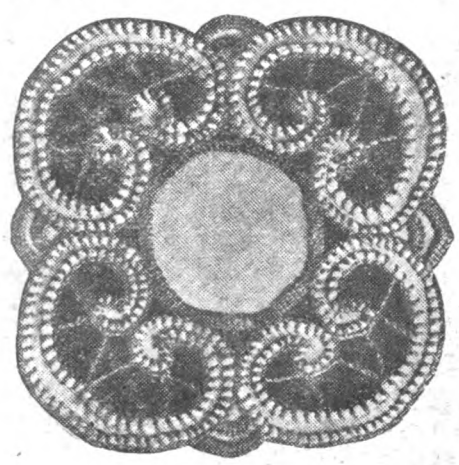
Cut the cord into three pieces, three inches from one end tie a knot, run on next to this a dark, a light and then a dark bead. Knot cord so as to hold closely. Leave three-inch space, make knot and repeat.

On other two cords, knot in one dark bead, so it will come just below light one, then these are held in place with black silk. This pattern can also be worked out with five strands of cord using five, three and one beads to form groups.

For a very Oriental looking girdle, choose a dull gold cord and some brightly colored beads in two or three shades and in two different shapes.

Cut cord for length and knot ends together and then start to string the beads.

The way the different colors are arranged must be left to individual taste, but it is a good plan to choose beads in a long and round shape, and use one long bead on each of four cords,



SMALL DOILY.

two in one color and two in another, then pass all four cords through a round bead, knotting the cords just before and after passing them through the bead, to hold in place before stringing the next set of long beads.

Continue in this way until the girdle is complete, then knot the ends together and make two tassels. For these strings of smaller beads in the same colors used for the girdle will be required. The tassels should be about four inches long, with the beads knotted in place and the ends of cords knotted.

Form tassels by sewing the strings of cords together and fasten firmly to the end of the girdle, twisting a little of the cord around to cover the joining.

For summer frocks very dainty girdles can be made of light material, such as silk or soft ribbon, knotted at regular intervals and finished with bead tassels.

Another attractive arrangement is fashioned from lengths of different colored ribbons about an inch wide, plaited together and finished with gold or silver tassels. Yet others—and these are particularly dainty—are composed of five or six lengths of baby ribbon in various shades, knotted together every four inches and then passed through a large round bead.

Circular Edging

This lace fits perfectly smooth around an article and is especially designed for edging centerpieces or doilies.

Begin with ch 180 sts, turn.

1st row—1 d c in 6th st from hook. Ch 2, 1 d c. This forms 1 sp. 3 sps from beginning work 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5, turn. This leaves a length of the foundation chain to work the scallop on.

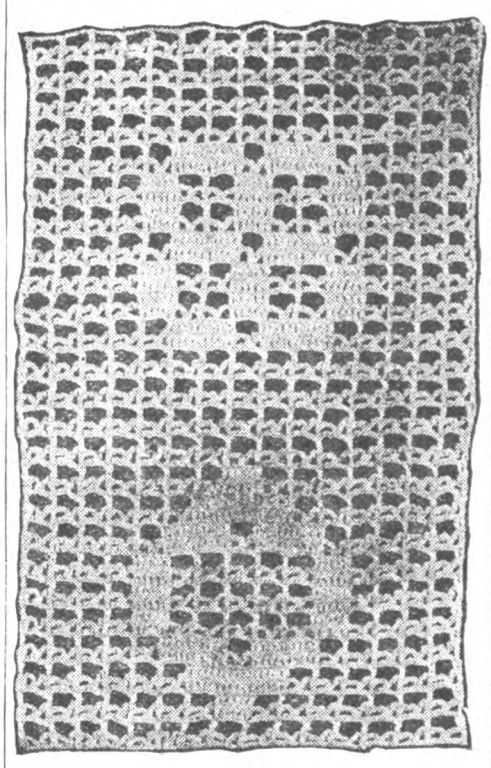
2nd row—4 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 2, 1 tr, turn in same st with last d c. This must be repeated entire length of work. Ch 5, turn.

3rd row—3 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 5 sps, ch 6, thread over 5 times, insert in corner formed in work. Ch 6, sl st in 10th st of foundation chain. Ch 2 s c in foundation ch, turn.

4th row—12 d c in first half of circle, 12 d c on balance of ch, 6 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

5th row—3 sps, 1 blk, 11 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, 1 d c in top of each 25 d c, sl st in foundation chain.

6th row—Ch 2, fasten to ch, repeat 5 rows putting 1st between each d c, 8 sps, 1 blk, 13 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.



STRIP FOR BEDSPREAD.

7th row—5 sps, 1 blk, 11 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, repeat 6th row around scallop, turn and repeat.

8th row—Work scallop same as in 7th row, 10 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

9th row—3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 11 sps, * 1 d c, ch 2, 1 d c, *, repeat from * to * around scallop, turn.

10th row—Work scallop same as in 9th row, 12 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

11th row—3 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 13 sps, repeat 9th row around scallop, turn.

12th row—Repeat 9th row, 14 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

13th row—3 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 15 sps, repeat 9th row around scallop.

14th row—1 d c, ch 2, repeat 25 times, 18 sps, 1 blk, 11 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

15th row—3 sps, 1 blk, 13 sps, 1 blk, 11 sps, 1 d c, ch 3, repeat 25 times.

16th row—1 d c, ch 3, repeat 25 times, 18 sps, 1 blk, 11 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, ch 5, turn.

17th row—3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, 19 sps, 1 d c, ch 2, 25 times, ch 2, turn.

18th row—1 d c, ch 2, repeat 25 times, 20 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5.

19th row—3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 21 sps, 1 d c, ch 6 s c in center of ch 3 around scallop, turn.

20th row—Ch 6, 1 s c in ch of previous row, ch 6, 1 s c in next, repeat around scallop, 22 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

21st row—3 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 23 sps, repeat 20th row around scallop, join to ch of foundation, turn.

22nd row—*Ch 6, 1 s c in 5th st from hook, ch 2, 1 s c under ch 6, *, repeat from * to * around scallop, 24 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5, turn. This completes the first scallop which may be repeated as many times as is necessary for size doily to be trimmed.

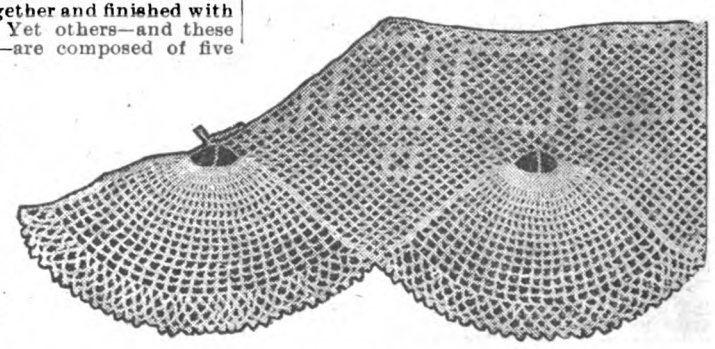
Nyleptha McLane.

Crocheted Bedspread

The pattern shown is especially designed for bedspread strips made of carpet warp. These are made long enough to cover the bed and pillows or just the length of the bed an extra is used for a pillow sham.

Using a crochet hook which will carry the carpet warp comfortably, begin by making a chain 97 sts, turn.

1st row—1 s c in 8th st from hook, ch 3, 1 d c in next 3rd st, ch 3, 1 s c in next 3rd st, ch 3, 1 d c in next 3rd st. Repeat making 15 closed lacets in all. Ch 8, turn.



CIRCULAR EDGING.

2nd row—1 d c on d c, ch 5, 1 d c on next d c. Repeat, thus making an open lacet over each closed lacet, ch 6, turn.

3rd row—1 s c in 3rd ch, ch 3, * 1 d c on d c, ch 3, 1 s c in 3rd ch, ch 3, 1 d c on d c *(from * to * make a closed lacet). Make 5 more closed lacets in this row, or 7 in all, then 1 blk or 6 d c over next open lacet, 7 closed lacets, ch 8, turn.

4th row—7 open lacets, 1 blk, 7 open lacets, ch 6, turn.

5th row—6 closed lacets, 3 blks, 6 closed lacets, ch 8, turn.

6th row—6 open lacets, 3 blks, 6 open lacets, ch 6, turn.

7th row—5 closed lacets, 2 blks, 1 closed lacet, 1 blk, ch 8, turn.

8th row—5 open lacets, 2 blks, 1 open lacet, 2 blks, ch 6, turn.

9th row—4 closed lacets, 1 blk, 5 closed lacets, 1 blk, 4 closed lacets, ch 8, turn.

10th row—4 open lacets, 1 blk, 5 open lacets, 1 block, 4 open lacets, ch 6, turn.

11th row—Same as 9th row.

12th row—Same as 10th row.

Repeat last two rows once more.

15th row—5 closed lacets, 2 blks, 1 closed lacet, 2 blks, 5 closed lacets, ch 8, turn.

16th row—Same as last row but with open lacets.

17th row—6 closed lacets, 3 blks, 6 closed lacets, ch 8, turn.

18th row—Same as last row with open lacets.

19th row—7 closed lacets, 1 blk 7 closed lacets.

20th row—Same as last with open lacets.

Next rows 15 closed lacets followed by row of 15 open lacets. Repeat these 2 rows 3 times.

27th row—5 closed lacets, 2 blks, 1 closed lacet, 2 blks, 5 closed lacets, ch 8, turn.

28th row—Same as last row with open lacets.

29th row—4 closed lacets, 1 blk, 2 closed lacets, 1 blk, 2 closed lacets, 1 blk, 4 closed lacets.

30th row—Same as last row with open lacets.

Repeat last two rows once.

33rd and 34th rows—Same as 27th and 28th rows.

Now 4 rows like 29th, 30th, 31st and 32nd rows.

39th row—Same as 27th and 28th rows.

Next 8 rows of closed then open lacets.

Repeat pattern from 3rd row.

Set together with strips of linen or plain unbleached cotton finished on either side with a hemstitched inch-wide hem.

Crocheted Wheels

These attractive patterns may be used in numberless ways and worked up in a variety of materials. Of either white or ecru crochet the large wheels joined together with the small ones worked up into most effective chair-back tidies and sofa pillows.

For the Large Wheel

Ch 12, join in ring, ch 3.

2nd round—56 d c into ring, join, ch 3.

3rd round—1 d c, ch 2, sk 2, 2 d c in next 2 doubles, repeat, ending with ch 2, join to 1st ch 3. One should have 14 groups, 2 doubles each with chains between, ch 12.

4th round—4 s c under each ch 1 s c between 2 d c, 4 s c under next ch, repeat around, ch 12.

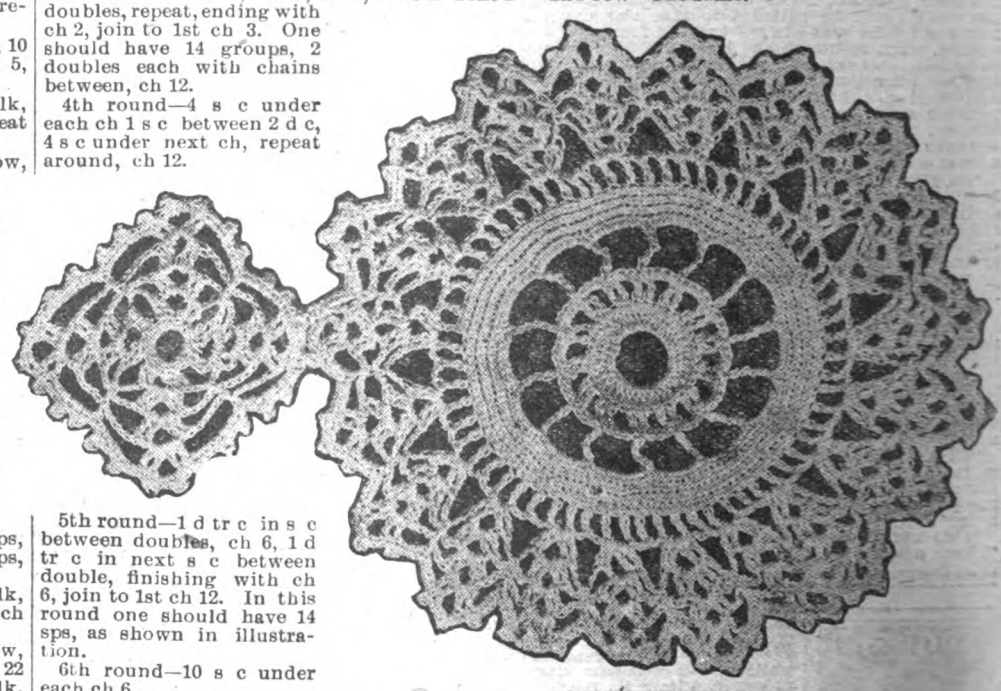
5th round—1 d tr c in s c between doubles, ch 6, 1 d tr c in next s c between double, finishing with ch 6, join to 1st ch 12. In this round one should have 14 sps, as shown in illustration.

6th round—10 s c under each ch 6.

7th, 8th and 9th rounds—1 s c in each s c, increasing by working 2 s c in one as is necessary to keep work flat. After completing 9th round ch 5.

10th round—1 d c in 2nd s c, ch 1, sk 1, 1 d c in next s c, repeat around, join last ch 1 to ch 5, ch 3.

11th round—1 d c, ch 1, 2 d c in this 1st sp, ch 5, sk 2 sps in 3rd sp, work 2 d c, ch 2, 2 d c, ch 5, 1 sh in next 3rd sp. Repeat around, finishing with ch 5, join to 1st sh. sl st to ch 1, ch 3.



CROCHETED WHEELS.

12th round—1 d c, ch 1, 2 d c under ch 1 in 1st sh, ch 2, 1 d c under ch 5, ch 2, sh on sh, repeat.

13th and 14th rounds—Same as the 12th.

15th round—Ch 3, form picot over 1st sh, 3 s c under ch 1, 1 p, 3 s c, 1 p, 6 s c under ch between shs, repeat over each sh.

Small Wheel

Ch 7, join in ring, ch 3, 1 d c in ring, ch 1, 2 d c, ch 5, 2 d c, ch 1, 2 d c, ch 5, repeat twice more, join, sl st to 1st ch 1.

2nd row—Ch 3, 1 d c, ch 1, 2 d c, ch 3, 1 s c under ch 5, ch 3, 1 s c, 3 more shs.

Follow with two more rows of shells, increasing the chains between so work will lie flat. Finish with singles and picots as in large wheel.

Simple Insertion

Ch 22 sts, turn.

1st row—1 d c in 9th st from hook, ch 2, sk 2, 1 d c, 1 tr c (thread over twice) in 4th st from hook, ch 5, 1 d c in 3rd st from treble, ch 2, 1 d c in last st, ch 5, turn.

2nd row—1 d c on d c, forming sp, ch 2, 1 d c under ch 5, 1 tr c on d c before treble in 1st row, ch 5, 1 sp, ch 6, turn.

Repeat. Each row has 2 sps, 1 treble on bias, 2 sps.

Two Circular Edgings

These two patterns are very similar, the first being a single block edge and the second a double block. Either can be made in the length or the first row of spaces may be worked directly into the edge of a linen circle.

To make separately the first row can be made as follows and joined: Ch 7, 1 d c in 1st ch, ch 5, 1 d c under ch, ch 5, 1 d c under ch, repeat, turning work under each ch.



CIRCULAR EDGING. SINGLE BLOCK.

2nd row—After a d c, ch 7, 1 d c in 3rd ch from hook, 4 more d c on ch, 1 d tr c (thread over 3 times) in 3rd sp, ch 3, * 5 d c under d tr, 1 d tr c in 5th sp, ch 3, repeat from *.

3rd row—For the double block, after completing second row, turn after a treble, ch 4, 1 s c under ch at beginning of last block, ch 7, 5 d c on ch, 1 d tr c under ch at beginning of second block in last row, ch 3, 5 d c under treble. Repeat.

4th row.—1 s c on end first block, ch 1, 1 d tr c under ch at end of second block, ch 1, 1 d tr c, repeat, making 5 trebles in all, ch 2, 1 s c on third block, 1 shell on end of fourth block. Repeat.



CIRCULAR EDGING. DOUBLE BLOCK.

5th row—1 d c on s c on first block, ch 2, 1 d c under ch, repeat making 6 sps over shell, repeat.

6th row—1 d c in first sp, ch 5, 1 d c in top of first d c, 1 d c in first sp. Repeat in each space.

For the narrower edge add the shells to the first row of blocks. J. C. CROCKER.

Filet Beading

This simple pattern is one which can be very rapidly made of cotton suitable for material with which the beading is to be combined.

Begin with a ch 21 sts, turn.

1st row.—5 sps, ch 5, turn.

2nd row—The same.

3rd row—1 sp, ch 9, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

4th row—5 sps, ch 5, turn.

5th row—2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps.

6th row—3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.

7th row—2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps.

8th row—5 sps.

9th row—1 sp, ch 9, 1 sp.

10th and 11th rows—Same as 1st and 2nd rows.

Repeat pattern from 3rd row.

Bags of Homespun in Oriental Darning

Bags and Baskets for Summer Use

BAGS and baskets, both large and small, of darned homespuns, coarse art cloths, soft woolens decorated with brilliants, knitted flowers, crocheted and knitted handbags and baskets in all sizes and shapes, are shown in endless array again this season and if possible are more attractive than ever.

Homespun Bags

In popularity homespun holds first place at present for sizable bags. These are usually square or oblong in shape and have darned-in designs or decorated bands of Oriental darning of colored wools.

The bag illustrated below has a darned-in



HOMESPUN BAG. BARN IN DESIGN.

design of the old homestead which is most fascinating. This model was of pink homespun 12x25 inches, doubled with seams up either side. Two and one-half inches from both top and bottom run in first a black then a white line, using Germantown or yarn of about a similar weight. Thread a small darner with the black and starting at the edge pass needle under two threads over four, and repeat. Next use the white passing over first three threads under two, over four, and repeat.

The base line of the little house and barn should be in the center of the bag. The color scheme in the bag shown includes black, white, gray, red and two shades of green. After marking the center line, start just below this and run in six strands of white, darning closely together and over five threads, under one, having the long stitches alternate as shown. Below this band, using gray, work over five, under three, over nine, under three, repeat. Run in three strands close together, finish by blocking in each group of gray with short black stitches taken at right angles.

Next block in the group of buildings with black zephyr, using this also for marking door and windows.

Darn up and down with short stitches, using gray for sides and for end of barn, and across with stitches a trifle longer, with white for the roofs. Barn door and chimney red, smoke, gray.

Either side of building run in groups of gray as below, then finish by placing a few trees and shrubs as shown, worked quite solidly with two or more shades of green.

Make flat-lined or rope-covered handles, finishing these and also the top of the bag which should be completely lined with sateen, with black and white buttonholing.

An Arm Bag

This model is not new, but is a favorite as it is of such convenient shape.

A bag of this sort can be made of size desired and of any woolen material, unlined if heavy enough to be serviceable. Odds and ends of wool can be worked up for the attractive loop roses which are made as follows:

Loop Rose—Ch 5, join 1 s c in ring. Wind wool around forefinger, as shown, seven or more times, push hook under loops on finger and draw loops through s c on ring, this completes 1 petal. Make five or more for each rose.

If one has small bits only of various colors knot together before working into loops, then when finished cut all knots which show, this will result in variegated chrysanthemum-like flowers which are very attractive.

Suggested attractive color combinations for rose.—One group yellow loops, balance light and dark old rose.

One yellow, balance black and henna wound together.

One yellow, balance tan and old blue.

Asters may be made with one yellow group and balance of shades of lavender and purple.

Sew rose in place and back with few lazy-daisy stitches of green.

Black, green or any dark shade may be used for finishing the bag with buttonholing.

AN ARM BAG.

FRONT OF MORNING GLORY.

BACK OF MORNING GLORY.

Decorations in Oriental Darning

Darned bags are especially attractive.

Bands of gay colored wools of various designs can easily be worked into any material of square woven mesh. This work is very simple and much more rapid than when similar patterns are darned into linens, as the materials are so coarse.

Gray art or Monk's cloth was used in the bag illustrated, the darning being of gray wool or one same shade and a soft old pink.

For the band of work in this bag draw threads from a three-inch space. Allow two threads to form a unit. Starting with the gray wool weave over and under six units eight times, then dropping one on either side weave eight times on four, then same number on only two, carry wool to opposite edge and starting with one thread of the last unit and the next to form a new unit weave under and over six units eight times, then on four and on two as before. One will now have one point from each side completed. Run back to first side and make the third point and continue this way across the space. When these points are completed two threads or one unit will remain between each point. With the pink wool darn on the threads of first unit eight times, then on one of these threads and one thread from first point eight times, opposite the four units, then eight times two units, eight times below two units, eight times over two threads on opposite of space from starting. Work up second side of first in this way forming units from first and second points as shown.

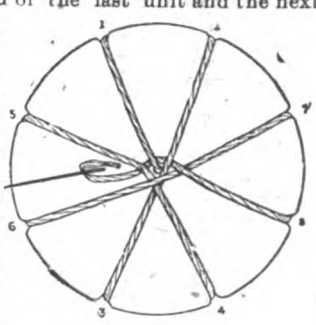


FIG. 1.

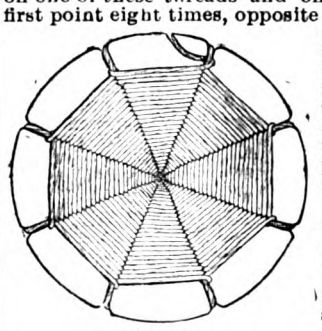


FIG. 3.

The weaving is so extremely simple even a beginner should have no difficulty in copying the pattern from the illustration.

For the bag a strip of material 12x30 inches will be required. Work the bands for both sides before making up the bag.

New Wool Flowers

Wool flowers, especially roses, have been used freely for several seasons. Such decorations are so appropriate for sport hats and bags of various sorts, that this season a decoration no less simple has sprung into instant favor.

A box of odds and ends of colored yarn, left from the thousand and one things you have knitted and crocheted in bygone days, will prove to be a veritable treasure box now in making these simple disc flowers.

They are fashioned so easily the only wonder is, it will seem to you, that you hadn't thought of it yourself.

For material one may use wools, chenille, rope silk or baby ribbon, and an ordinary coarse needle with a dull point if possible.

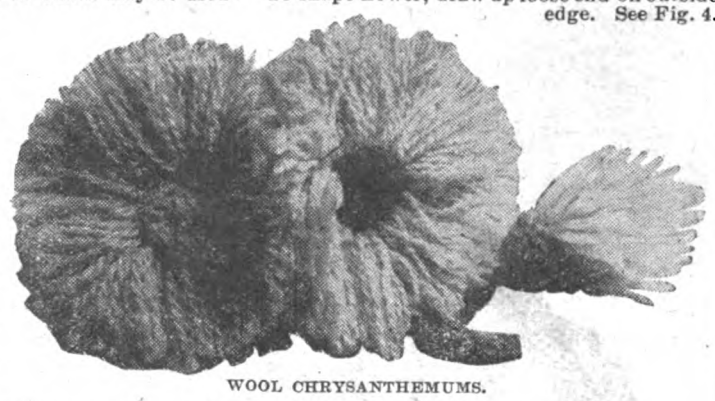
After making your disc, thread your needle and pass material through the hole in the center, leaving an end about three inches long. See Fig. 2. A pin point may be shoved through from which this end can be secured or it can easily be held in place.

Now, starting from the center on the front of the disc, pass from notch No. 1 across back to No. 2, across front to No. 3, on back to No. 4, on front to center, where you pass needle under No. 2, No. 1 and No. 5 and draw tightly. See Fig 1.

Keep working round and round, passing needle under each strand backwards, drawing up closely each time, as a loosely worked flower is not nearly as shapely when taken off the form.

When the material is used or the disc filled (see Fig. 3), take work off by slipping strands over the notches.

To shape flower, draw up loose end on outside edge. See Fig. 4.



WOOL CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

How to Make the Flowers

Daisies

Three yards yellow rope silk, one skein white rope silk. Use yellow for center in regular way, working under each strand backwards.

Tie on white and reverse stitch going around under two strands forward, and going completely around last strand.

Continue until skein is used up. Take off disc, form, tying outside to center strand.

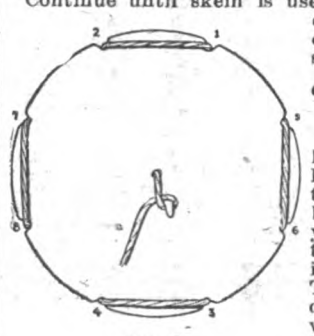


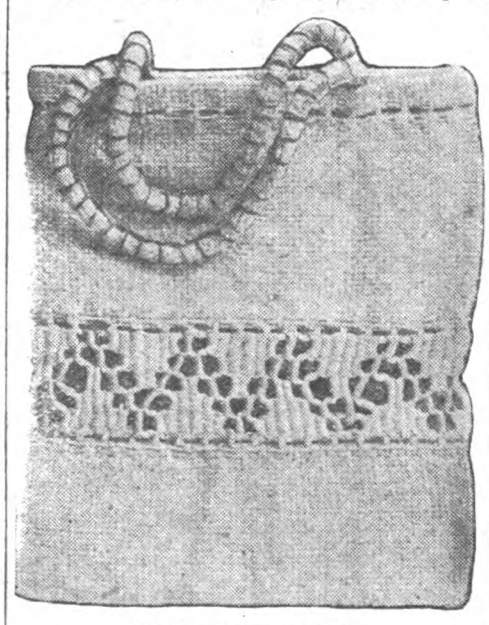
FIG. 2.

Chrysanthemums

One and one-half yards yellow yarn for center, white for balance. Use yellow for centers, working up in usual way. Take off and draw up. Wind white across center of disc, round and round 45 times. Slip off, tie in center, cut both ends. Sew yellow to center.

Buds

Wind white around 10 times, slip off, tie in center, cut ends, fold together. Make cup of



BAG OF MONK'S CLOTH.

green, as directed for Thistle. See illustration of spray.

For sport hats these flowers make a most attractive trimming.

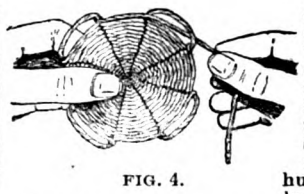


FIG. 4.

Corsage bouquets for organdie dresses are very pretty made up of rope silk; the flowers should be small and of many hues, backed by loops and long streamers of narrow satin ribbon.

Groups of small wool flowers are worn on sweaters and summer furs.

Baskets are now almost invariably decorated in some way with wools, a new and very easy and effective way being illustrated in the next column. Here long stitches of two shades of green are taken from the bottom upwards at different angles. Over these a spray of morning glories is arranged.

These may be the disc flowers or crocheted as one prefers. To crochet make a ring of 3 sts, ch 2, 7 d c in ring, join, ch 3, 7 d c on d c, ch 2, 1 d c on first st, 2 d c on second, repeat, join, ch 2, 2 d c on each d c. Make one or two more rounds increasing enough to give a good flare.

Poppies such as are shown on the jute bag are very pretty massed quite thickly on a basket at the top of the long green stitches.

These should be of the various poppy shades with gold center.

Tiny crocheted cups may be arranged closely on either side of a stock to represend hollyhocks.



JUTE BAG.

Many different flowers, such as morning glories, jonquils, cosmos, thistles, dahlia, daisies and chrysanthemums can be made.

All that is necessary for any type of flower is a small circle of stiff cardboard, notches at eight points on the edge and with a hole in the center. This should measure about three and one-half inches in diameter.

Morning Glory—Materials. Two yards white wool, three yards, pink, blue or lavender. Use white yarn for center, tie in other color with square knot and work. Take off as usual, finish



DECORATED BASKET.

center with yellow French knots. Form flower, wind stem with green wool.

Jonquils—Materials. One and one-half yards yellow wool, four yards white. Use yellow for center, working as usual. Tie in white wool and reverse stitch, going under two strands forward. Go completely around last strand. This will throw vein to top.

Thistles—Wind lavender wool, Shetland floss if possible, across center of disc about 50 times, cut one end, slip off, bring ends even, tie about in the center.

Cap—Use three yards green yarn on disc in usual way working under each strand backwards. Take off, form into cap, slip head of tassel into this, draw up closely and sew tightly. Finish stems with green.

Dahlias—Yellow center, white outside, brown center, yellow outside, yellow center, garnet outside. Other combinations will suggest themselves.

Outside—Wind wool across center of disc 45 times, slip off, cut both ends, tie in center.

Center—Use two yards of wool on disc in regular way, slip, form and sew to center of outside.

Infant's Tatted Cap

Use No. 30 or 40 cotton, the finer making a size about right for three to six months old baby, the coarser from six months to one year old.

Work is begun in the center of the crown with a ring of 14 picots with 1 d s between, close and tie thread securely and cut.

2nd round—1 small ring 3 d s, 1 p, joined top of center ring, leave one-fourth inch thread, 1 large ring, 4 d s, 1 p, 1 d s, 1 p, 1 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, close. Leave one-fourth inch thread and make 1 small ring, joining to 2nd p of center ring. Repeat these two rings. Join securely, tie and cut thread.

3rd round—1 large ring, one-fourth inch thread, 1 small ring, join to 1st p of large ring in last round, 1 large ring, join to 3rd p of 1st large ring in this round, 1 small ring, join to 3rd p of large ring in last row, 1 large ring, join to last large ring. Repeat, joining 2 small to each large ring in last round.

4th round—Same as last round.

This should give one a center of about five inches in diameter if the proper spacing has been left between the rings.

5th round—1 ring, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, close. Join center of this ring to center p of large ring in last round. Leave one-fourth inch space, 1 ring same as last, join 3rd ring to 1st ring by side p and to 2nd last ring in last round by center p, join 4th ring to 2nd ring. Repeat around excepting across about two inches which should be left for the back of the neck.

First row of front—1 small ring of 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 large ring joining center p to corresponding p of large ring in last round, 1 ring in opposite direction of 5 d s, join to p of small ring, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 5 d s, close. 1 large ring joined to 1st ring and to last round, as directed before.

2nd row—Same as last row but just the reverse, joining large rings to large rings.

3rd row—Same as 5th round.

4th row—Same as 1st row of front.

The neck can be finished with one row of rings and the front run with ribbon, finished with rosettes at the sides and a bow on top.

Tatted Towel Insertion

This is a very effective pattern for any purpose where coarser work is preferable.

One large ring, 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, 1 p, one-fourth inch thread, 1 small ring, 6 d s, 1 p, 6 d s, 1 large ring, joined to side picot of large ring, 1 small ring joined to small ring, 1 large ring joined to side p of last large ring, 1 small ring. 1 large ring, 1 small ring joined to last small ring. Repeat pattern. Make a second length in the same way, joining the two small rings to the two small rings of the row just completed. When done this gives a dainty insertion for the needed guest towel.



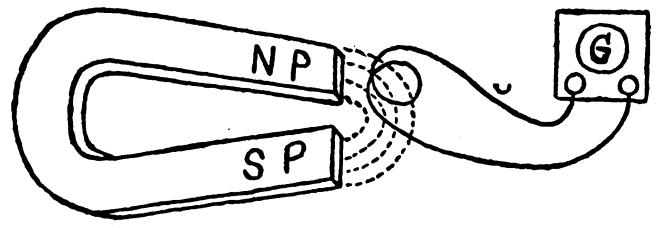
The Fundamental Principles of Radiophone Receiver

IN the preceding issue we considered only the transmitting end of the radiophone. We shall now take up the radio receiver in detail, and it is the receiver that is of greatest interest to the public at this time. No license is necessary to install a radio receiver in the home and thousands of homes throughout the entire country are now equipped with receivers with which music, lectures, weather reports and various other forms of amusement and information are received daily. The rural districts are especially benefited by these daily broadcasting programs and it is now possible for every home, no matter how remote from the large cities, to keep in constant touch with the outside world. Receiving sets vary in elaborateness and cost according to the distance they are designed to cover (the distance between the sending station to the receiver); however, there are new stations being opened throughout the country and it will be only a short time before the whole country will have radio service which can be intercepted with sets of very low cost.

We have learned that the transmission waves are sent out from the sending station which travel in ever-widening circles, similar to the waves created by a pebble dropped into a pool of still water. These waves, as stated in the preceding article, are electro-magnetic, and we are now concerned with the means of intercepting and transforming them into sound waves, which is the function of the receiving set.

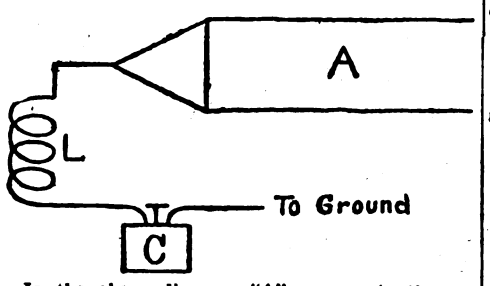
One of the most important facts of electrical science is that a magnetic field insected by an electrical conductor induces an electrical force in that conductor.

As an example of this activity let us consider poles of a horseshoe magnet. We all know that a piece of iron or steel brought near to the poles of such a magnet will be drawn to it. This proves that there is a magnetic field existing about the end of each pole. If we pass either pole close to a piece of copper wire, which is an electrical conductor, there will be an electrical current set up in the wire. If we connect the ends of the wire to a galvanometer we shall see that there will be a slight deflection of the needle, proving that an electrical current does exist when we pass the wire through the magnetic field. In the sketch below, the poles of the magnet are marked "N P" and "S P," respectively, the wire conductor "C" and the galvanometer "G."



We will now try applying this experiment to the radio wave. We will consider the wave as the magnetic field, the aerial as the conductor, and as the wave passes across the aerial an electrical current is set up in the aerial wire. These waves travel in every direction at a speed of one hundred eighty-six thousand miles per second, and the distance they will reach depends on the force by which they are sent out from the transmitting station, and may be intercepted by every conductor or aerial within their range of action. As the waves travel in all directions it is easily seen that if a station has a transmitting range of one hundred miles, it will be heard a hundred miles north, and also a hundred miles east, south and west, anywhere within a hundred miles.

It would seem from the foregoing that every aerial would intercept the waves from any transmitting station which had sufficient force or power to reach the receiving aerial. That is not true, however, for we have a very important fact to take into consideration, which is that a receiving aerial must be of the same *electrical* length as the transmitting aerial in order for the former to receive a transfer of energy. The two stations must be in resonance, and it is the receiving station which does the tuning. We must therefore have some means of varying the *electrical* length of the aerial. This is done in two different ways. A coil of wire is placed in series with the receiving aerial wire and by adding turns or taking out turns from this coil is one method of varying the electrical length. The common word for electrical length is "wave length," and we will use this term from now on. Another method of varying the wave length of the receiver is by placing a variable condenser either in series with the receiving aerial or across the coil we have in series, so that by varying the value of this condenser we vary the wave length of the receiver, and with the condenser we get much finer adjustment.



In the above diagram "A" represents the receiving aerial, "L" the coil or inductance, and "C" the condenser or capacity. It is not necessary to have the condenser but it gives the circuit a greater selectivity.

We are now at the most important step in radio receiving. It is possible to tune our receiver to the wave length of the transmitting station, and the little impulses are caught on our aerial.

Next we have to consider some means of making these impulses audible to the human ear. As they come into our receiving set they are in the form of radio-frequency alternating current. Taking away the technical phrasing, they are vibrating at a speed of over twenty thousand times per second. The human ear is capable of responding to vibrations of ten or fifteen thousands per second but not twenty or over. Therefore the radio-frequency currents have no effect upon the ears. We must therefore contrive some means of bringing these impulses down to audio frequency. This is done with what is known as a detector. Perhaps a more simple name for this instrument would be a rectifier. It acts as a rectifier to these radio frequency currents and after passing through this detector the current is in the form of direct pulsating current. The most common method of detecting is by means of a crystal having the property of allowing an electric current to pass through it in one direction only. There are many such crystals, the most popular being galena. Not only does this rectify our current but it also cuts the frequency in half so that when transformed into sound waves these become audible to the human ear. There are other methods of detecting these currents and the audion tube is, undoubtedly, the most efficient of all. The action of the audion tube is very complex and will be explained and described in a later article.

After rectifying our incoming alternating current to direct current it is a simple matter to transform these direct impulses to sound waves. For this purpose the regular telephone receiver may be used, but as these give a very weak sound we generally employ a more sensitive receiver such as are sold for this purpose by all radio dealers and are especially adapted for radio reception.

Summing up the radio receiver we find that it is necessary in order to receive radio messages to have a tuner, a detector, and a telephone receiver. With the exception of the telephone receiver and the crystal, the entire receiving outfit can be made at home and thousands of men and boys are now making their own sets.

Questions relating to the radiophone, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Radio Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, free, in the columns of this department.

Questions and Answers

Q.—Where can I obtain a list of the broadcasting stations which will be up to date? J. S., N. Dak.

A.—A copy of such a list may be obtained from the Boston Herald or any radio dealer will furnish you with a copy.

Q.—I hear Pittsburg and Newark very clearly but I have not been able to hear Springfield although I am much nearer that station. I want to know if my set is at fault or what is the cause?

F. L. D., Houlton, Maine.

A.—That is a rather difficult question to answer. However, several receiving stations have reported the Springfield station as very weak up in the northern part of Maine.

Q.—What is the cost of a good crystal set? F. B., S. C.

A.—You should be able to procure a good crystal set for approximately twenty-five dollars. This set would be capable of receiving music for a distance of from fifteen to twenty-five miles.

Q.—Who is station K.D.O.W. and what is his wave length?

G. S. T., N. J.

A.—K.D.O.W. is the S. S. America and his wave length is 425 meters.

Q.—What is the approximate cost of a radiophone transmitter which will send twenty miles? M. R. D., Ohio.

A.—The approximate cost of such an instrument would be about seventy dollars. A catalogue will be forwarded to you by a reliable dealer in a few days.

Q. What is a Baldwin unit, and what is the price of this unit? B. J. W., Ill.

A.—A Baldwin unit is simply one of the ear pieces of a pair of Baldwin phones and they are used for loud speakers owing to their being a very sturdy built phone. They sell for six dollars and any radio dealer will be able to supply you.

Q.—Will two wires in my receiving antenna give twice as good results as one? R. W. B., Tenn.

A.—No. One wire is as good as two far receiving. For transmitting, two wires would give better results but not twice as good.

Q.—What are some good crystals for radio receivers? T. M., Ark.

A.—Galena is the most sensitive crystal. Some others are carborundum, perikon, zincite and silicon.

Q.—Which is more sensitive, a crystal or a detector tube? L. P., Ind.

A.—A good detector tube is far more sensitive than a crystal; however, there are some tubes that are no more sensitive than a good crystal.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

they did act fresh. I wonder where she gets her logic!

Now for my wandering which so many have asked about, and why. The reason for it can be explained in three words: Unsatisfactory home conditions. My wandering was confined to my native state. Many will think it wasn't much wandering, but if you stop to consider that I had to work my way, you won't wonder that I did not get out of my state. I covered quite a territory as it was, working at every place I stopped: munition plants, steel works, furniture factories, hotels, farms, etc. Inexperienced as I was, I all the time got a better idea of the ways of the world. Besides I gained considerable knowledge of how things are made that are used in everyday life. Three times I tried to enlist in the service of my country, in three different branches of the service: the Marines, Cavalry and Infantry, but I was rejected every time. Even today the call of the *wanderlust* is in my ears. Some day I must answer it. Then I want to get clear out of my state the first jump. I have been thinking seriously of trying to enlist in the Marines again. It affords travel and valuable training. But my letter is getting long—too long, I fear. So I will close. Thanking everyone for your attention and your letters, I am

A loyal nephew and cousin,
AUGUSTUS H. TRICK.

P. S. I would be pleased to hear from Ruth.

Gus, whether the feminine members of our Happy Bunch smile or frown, it is certain that they have to sit up and take notice when you arrive and commence exploding verbal bombs among the equipment of bureau and dressing-table.

I'm with you, Gus, in abolishing style if it makes girls smoke, but it is not style so much as their own unreasoning little blonde and brunette heads. And mind you, this point of style in smoking applies to boys, too, Augustus, as your quick-thinking head will probably tell you. A boy smokes first, not because he likes it or that there is something inherently attractive in a roll of tobacco, but because he thinks it's the thing for a man to do. He has seen older boys smoke and he starts a little first unhappy experimenting on the sly. Many boys never smoke until they leave home for boarding school or college where they find the practice so universal that they join in the general custom—of style.

You say "one miss leads to many," Gus. But I think this really depends upon the miss. Sometimes a boy gets hooked up with the first miss he keeps company with and he never progresses any further. But of course I don't know what your experience has been among Pennsylvania girls or how you have been lead in your wandering years, Gus, when you came to form your strong opinions and tastes concerning lip sticks.

Be sure and write us when the time comes that you take your first big jump out of William Penn's territory. I shall think of you as collecting powder puffs as the Huron used to gather scalps, and perhaps it would be a good trick for you to found a branch of the Augustus Anti-Cosmetic League in each state that you jump through.

But, seriously, Gus, I'm with you in every word of this last letter of yours. More power to you and your plain speaking wherever truth—and beauty—are obscured by clouds of talcum and layers of rosy pigment.

JEWETT, N. Y.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

I hope you will admit me to your happy circle of cousins. I live in the Catskill mountain region. There is certainly some beautiful scenery in the Catskills and they are very famous as a summer resort. My father owns a large farm and boarding house here. We keep about forty head of cattle, some sheep, four horses, and of course we could not get along without the "farmers' carryall," the Ford car.

As all the cousins describe themselves, I shall do likewise: I am seventeen years old, five feet, four inches tall, and weigh 117 pounds. My hair is medium brown in color. My parents had seven children—three of them having blue eyes, three of them having gray eyes, and I, being the youngest, have a blue and a gray. My father has blue eyes, while my mother's are gray.

I am a senior in high school and like my studies very much. I am taking a four-year course in three years. My favorite studies are French, geometry and algebra. I am also fond of music, but I can cook, too, and even milk a few cows if necessary.

I do not believe that an education need spoil a girl. I think she can receive a good education and yet be a good housekeeper. I agree with Ruskin in his "Sesame and Lilies," "A girl's education should be as thorough as a boy's."

I am not a believer in the use of cosmetics—good pure air and good health are the best artists to paint a girl's face. It will probably shock some of the cousins to hear that I do not own such an article as a powder puff—and I am happy without it.

"Hopeless Joan of Alabama:" I liked your letter very much. I think that in nearly every small town people try to make your own business theirs and neglect their own.

I would like to hear from some of the cousins and will try to answer all letters received.

Your new niece and cousin,
GRACE SWEET.

Grace, I could surprise you if I told you how well I happen to know your beautiful Catskill hill country. For instance, I have many times motored up the long grade that takes one from the Windham-Ashland road up to Jewett Heights and George Chase's big white boarding house. I don't know just where you live with those G. A. R. eyes and those forty head of cattle, but the next time I am in Peck's store, or happen to see my friend, Mr. Lockwood, I am going to ask him if he knows a girl who reads Ruskin and who has one blue and one gray optic. I am firmly convinced, Grace, that your part of the country is unbeatable for health, beauty and coolness as a summer resort. And the absence of the much-cursed and always increasing mosquito should alone make the section famously popular. To my notion it is the combination of mountains with a fine dairy country and splendid intervale farms which makes the Windham Valley and vicinity so attractive. It is a happy cow that with thirty or forty companions can munchingly mount higher and higher in the airy upland pastures, drinking now and then at the various cool springs which gush from the different levels of the mountainside. Grace, in my next incarnation I think it would be great to be a Jersey yearling on a Pleasant Valley farm. I am going to ask a Theosophist friend of mine how this can be arranged.

Ruskin is a good teacher, Grace. You may be sure he would have loved your unstained countryside. Get all the education you can without sacrificing health or happiness. Some people might not think a knowledge of French, music and algebra would help in keeping house, but the fact is they help in many things. A well-trained, well-filled mind can accomplish any task better for being so trained and equipped. Cooking, for instance, is really an art, as well as a series of chemical experiments.

Grace, if you want to know what one fine appreciator thinks of the country where you live, read "The Catskills," by T. Morris Longstreth. And don't forget to bow if you see me in Peck's store some day, for I am bashful and need encouragement when meeting blue-gray eyed strangers. You will be able to recognize me by my gray mustache and the fact that I am leading a fat Goat by a two-inch rope.

GRANT'S PASS, BOX 147, OREGON.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

I was just reading COMFORT'S League of Cousins in your wonderful paper and I thought I would let you know that I lived way out West among the "sticks." I guess I had better introduce myself: I am a young ambitious fellow, twenty-one years of age, with black hair and brown eyes. I am five feet, ten inches tall, and weigh 160 pounds.

It is a wonderful life to live out here amid Nature, but I have a longing, like most boys have, to go out and see the world. Really, to tell the truth, I guess I am lonesome.

I imagine you would like to know about this part of the country. We have many mountains and dense forests and wild country. There are lots of hunting, fishing and out-of-door sports, with the finest climate any one could wish for. We have a large electric sign across the Main Street in Grant's Pass which reads: "It's the Climate." The Rogue River runs through the lower part of town, which gives us a bathing and boating resort in the summer, also good fishing. But the paradise of a resort is Crater Lake near here. This has bathing, boating and fishing the best ever. And it has the most beautiful sunsets of all colors. I am a lover of Nature and I enjoy it so much. Thousands of tourists visit Crater Lake each year.

I hope Billy the Goat doesn't chew this up, for I am a very lonesome single young fellow and I wish all the cousins to write to me. Please tell them all that I am lonesome. I will answer all.

Lovingly your nephew, LEON GARNER.

Leon, even if you are as ambitious as you say you are, you will need every ounce of this ambition stuff to answer all the letters you will be getting from members of our Big Family who will be glad to cheer your lonesomeness out there amid the big sticks. Why even I almost wept as I read your sad letter. I thought of you as sitting alone by the edge of Crater Lake, gazing forlornly at the many-colored sunset, and with a pile of railroad folders beside you in which you had been seeking routes to "go out and see the world." As you truly say, Leon, old boy, a desire for wandering is a natural one with youth, but this old world sometimes fails to do its part in showing up anything as good as that left behind. I am going to quote you, from memory, what a Western poet once said about just this thing—maybe he had done some wandering himself before he wrote it!

"We live, most of us, in belief
That if we were possessed of wings
We'd fly away from toil and grief,
And all that work and worry brings;
But if we were and if we flew
To those far fields, no doubt we'd find
More worry than we ever knew,
More trouble than we left behind."

Think this over, Leon, before you buy your ticket away from that electric sign and "the finest climate any one could wish for." But if you do wander a bit, Crater Lake and its sunsets will be always there, always beautiful, and always serenely ready to welcome you back. But probably you will have to stay at home for a while and answer letters.

ATLANTA, 29 South Humphries Street, GEORGIA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

Won't you please pardon my intrusion and have my cousins move over a bit so as to let me in the big, wonderful and happy bunch? Thank you. This is my first letter and I hope Billy doesn't get a taste of it. Uncle, have you ever visited Atlanta? Of course you have; and really don't you think it is the most convenient place in the world for fresh white gloves? I do.

Atlanta, the "Gate City" of the South, is one of the few cities not located upon a water route. Northeast of it, for over three hundred and fifty miles, there is no easy pass across the mountains, and until [illegible] no railroads crossed the Appalachians. Near Atlanta there is a good route, and railways reaching westward from the Carolinas come together, making Atlanta a great railway center. It is also the leading market of the South and one of the most progressive cities in the country. After reading all about Atlanta, Uncle, I guess you and the cousins wouldn't mind knowing what I'm like: I'm a little girl of seventeen, weighing 103 pounds; height, five feet, three inches. I have real fair complexion, golden blonde hair, gray-blue eyes and clear-cut features.

I don't agree exactly with Augustus Trick on the powder puff question, 'cause I uses powder and other beauty cosmetics. I really think every girl has the privilege to try and better her appearance, but I think, of course, every one can go to extremes.

Perhaps I have said enough. Love to all the cousins.

Truly your niece, [illegible]

The time I visited Atlanta, Roberta, I was not wearing any white gloves—either fresh, salted or sugar-cured. All I had on my paws was a coat of Tennessee tan and a little coal dust from the L. & N. railroad, so I can't tell you whether or not I found it inconvenient to assume white gloves within the confines of the Gate City of the South. The best sort of gloves to not show soil, Roberta, are those made of a medium-weight gumbo skin, with three buttons of engraved galena. Get a pair of these and you can walk down Peachtree street in full confidence that you are suitably attired.

I am glad to agree with you, Roberta, that Atlanta is a progressive city. It is full of pep, coco-cola, and all sorts of effervescent things. I remember well how, on warm evenings, I used to stroll down and listen to the band concerts at the Clark Theological School. If it were not for this trouble about white gloves, Atlanta would be an ideal place for any girl to live who had golden blonde hair and clear-cut features. Roberta, after reading your description, I don't see why in the world *you* should need a powder puff to "better your appearance." Why not keep the powder to restore the whiteness of those difficult gloves and let your nose remain pink, tip-tilted and charmingly sunburned?

[illegible]

EMMETT, R. R. 2, BOX 24, TENNESSEE.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

I am sending in my renewal to COMFORT today, so I just thought I would steal the extra five cents and become a member of your great League. I know I am going to be very proud to be a member. I have taken COMFORT several years and was very fond of Uncle Charlie and I don't think he could have picked out a better successor than our Uncle Lisha.

I have never seen a letter from this part of Tennessee. I do not suppose many of you have ever heard of Emmett, but it is not the real name of this place—it is only the name of our post office. The real name of this place is Holston Valley. It is situated on the Holston River. Farming is our chief industry. The scenery is very beautiful and is attracting tourists since a road has been completed across the Holston Mountains. The nearest city is Bristol which is eleven miles away. I live on a farm and believe I like country life better than city life. I can't see why city folks think they are better than farmers when they depend upon the farmers for everything they eat. And who raises the sheep and cotton and silk worms on which they depend for clothing? Not the city folks! So I can't see why they think they are better than we are. Can you, Uncle Lisha?

Uncle, what have you to say against the women of today? Everyone has a slam to give them, so I just imagined you would be no exception. Do you think the men of today are any better than the women? I can't see any difference. Is it any worse for a woman to smoke cigarettes than it is for a man? Is it any worse for a woman to go car-riding unchaperoned than it is for the man to take her out unchaperoned? Is it any worse for a woman to attend indecent dances than it is for a man to take her there and dance with her? Is it any worse for a woman to dress in extreme styles than it is for the man to be attracted by the woman dressed in them? Is it fair to give all women a slam just because some are going to an extreme? I do not, and I know lots of girls who do not smoke, go to indecent dances, wear extreme styles and go car-riding and other places unchaperoned.

Well, as I like those letters best in which the writers describe themselves, I will give my description: I am about five feet tall, weigh 109 pounds and have light brown hair and blue eyes. My complexion is—well, I don't know what it is. I have never seen it with the tan off. I have a forgiving disposition and am never mad at any one long. So if you and the cousins do not give me too big a slam, I won't be mad at you more than one day and will forgive you and come again some day.

I would like to hear from any of the cousins about my own age—which is between sixteen and twenty. Can you guess my age, Uncle? I will answer all who send stamp.

Your new niece and cousin, MARTHA BUCKLES.

How do you know that city folks think "they are better than farmers," Martha? Take my word for it, there are loads of town dwellers who would give their eye-teeth to be able to lead a quiet and independent existence in the country. Why, Martha, when you talk with ninety-nine out of a hundred city folk you will find that they are holding as a cherished dream the day when they can give up their noisy, machine-like toil and own a little place of their own where green things grow in the sun. In the past twenty years the life of the farm has become pleasanter, broader and happier in many ways, while the pressure of city existence has increased in exactly the opposite directions. And those who live in the city understand this very well. In New York State in the past two years there has been a genuine boom in the selling of farms to city buyers. Instinctively the city dweller knows how abnormal is the life of towns, but most of the poor creatures are never able to get ahead enough financially to break their chains of unnatural living.

There are lots of bugs and worms raised in the city, Martha, but nevertheless you are right in saying that city folk never raise any sheep-worms, cotton-worms or silkworms. However, we raise plenty of subway-worms, landlord-worms and bad-air worms down here.

Certainly, Martha, if one believes that the women of today have degenerated, the holder of this opinion must logically attack the manners and modes of men, also. Of course, the truth is that the bad and good in both men and women are distributed pretty equally. There is good in the worst of us and bad in the best of us. Let us have patience one with another: boost all we can and slam only when a real jolt seems to be the only thing that can fill the bill—or fill Billy!

HAMPTON, R. R. 1, Box 26, ARKANSAS.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

I have thought many times of writing to COMFORT, but this is my first attempt although I have been a reader for several years. Before I go any further I will describe myself: I am five feet, two inches high and weigh 110 pounds. I was fourteen years old the 18th of February. I have gray eyes, auburn hair and a fair complexion. We live on a farm of 120 acres and have 72 acres in cultivation. It is my mother's old home and is considered a very pretty place. I have two brothers and two sisters; one brother and one sister are dead. I go to school at Locust Bayou, a village of about 75 inhibitions. We have a two-room school building. My brother and I go in the upper room and my sister goes in the lower room. She is only nine years old and in the fourth grade. Brother and I are in the seventh grade. I have only been to school about fifteen months in my life. I was taken with rheumatism when I was four years old and have suffered a great deal with it. There was one time when I could not move a finger or a toe and could not feed myself. There were five weeks last winter that I couldn't walk, but my health has been good for the last twelve months. I will tell you cousins what my mother did for me when I was so helpless: A friend of hers read in COMFORT of what a mother had done for her little boy, so my mother tried it on me. She rubbed me with olive oil for three hours every day. She kept this up almost four months and when she stopped rubbing me you couldn't tell I had ever had rheumatism. She has been up many nights with me trying to do something to ease me, and she has also taught me almost all I know. I am proud of my mother and love her very much. I certainly know how to sympathize with the sick and afflicted as I have

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)



2 TIRES FOR $11.95

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Sensational Cut in Standard Tire Prices!

Two tires for less than the usual cost of one, **and a free inner tube with each tire!** *No double treads or sewed tires.* Our big volume means best tire values! Act now and cut your tire cost in two. Thousands of steady customers are getting full mileage out of these tires and you, too, can get **12,000 MILES**

You can see the mileage in our tires. Order and prove it—but order now! This is a special lot selected for record-breaking sale. Supply limited and going double quick.

Note the Bargain Prices on Two Tires of Same Size

Size	1 Tire	2 Tires	Size	1 Tire	2 Tires
30 x 3	$ 7.25	$11.95	32 x 4½	$13.45	$21.45
30 x 3½	8.25	13.95	33 x 4½	13.95	22.45
32 x 3½	9.45	15.45	34 x 4½	14.45	23.45
31 x 4	10.65	16.90	35 x 4½	14.95	24.90
32 x 4	11.85	19.75	36 x 4½	15.45	25.45
33 x 4	12.45	20.90	33 x 5	15.65	25.95
34 x 4	13.25	21.95	35 x 5	16.90	26.45
36 x 4	14.95	25.95	37 x 5	16.45	26.95

SEND NO MONEY! Shipment C. O. D. express or parcel post. Examine tires on arrival and if not fully satisfied return same at our expense and your money will be promptly refunded. State whether straight side or clincher. **DON'T DELAY! ORDER NOW!**

ALBANY TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
2721 Roosevelt Road Dept. 30G, Chicago, Illinois

INNER TUBE FREE

6,000 Miles Guaranteed



SEND NO MONEY

Here is the greatest tire offer ever made. Never before such low prices. Brand new Inner Tube given Free with every one of our special reconstructed tires guaranteed for 6,000 miles. We ship at once on approval. Pay only when convinced.

Less Than ½ Price

28x3	$6.40	34x4	$9.95
30x3	6.75	32x4½	10.10
30x3½	6.95	34x4½	10.95
32x3½	7.25	35x4½	11.25
31x4	8.25	36x4½	11.75
32x4	8.95	35x5	12.10
33x4	9.25	37x5	12.25

Write Today No money now—just your name and number of tires wanted. Pay on arrival. Examine and judge for yourself. If not satisfied return at our expense and your money immediately refunded. Be sure to state size and whether clincher or straight side. Don't delay—send now. Immediate shipment.

Seven Ply Tire Co., 115 E. 35th St., Dept. 456, Chicago

SAVE 60% ON STANDARD TIRES



Send No Money!

Cut your tire bill. **BUY STANDARD** make Tires such as Goodyear, Goodrich, Firestone and other adjusted tires at 40c on the dollar. They are in first-class condition and may readily be guaranteed for **6,000 Miles.** These are NOT double tread or reconstructed tires.

Our Low Prices:

Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
28x3	$4.75	$1.10	34x4	$7.95	$2.25
30x3	4.65	1.30	32x4½	8.75	2.40
30x3½	5.65	1.40	34x4½	9.00	2.50
32x3½	6.20	1.50	35x4½	9.15	2.60
31x4	7.00	1.60	36x4½	9.35	2.70
32x4	7.40	1.85	35x6	9.65	2.80
33x4	7.70	2.15	37x5	9.85	2.90

ALL TUBES GUARANTEED FOR ONE YEAR. Pay on arrival. Examine before you pay and if not satisfied return at our expense. 5 per cent discount allowed when cash accompanies order. Specify whether straight side or clincher wanted. Order at once Immediate shipment.

STANDARD TIRE & RUBBER CO.
3284 S. Morgan St., Chicago, Illinois

2 Tires for $10.80

and **2 Tubes FREE!** First time in history of the tire business you can get 12,000 miles for only $10.80. Actually 1/10 of a cent a mile! We fabricate these standard casings by a secret process that produces a remarkably rugged tread. Our customers call them ROUGH-ROAD tires. These tires are the cream of all makes, reconditioned and guaranteed.

12,000 Miles!

Sensational Cut Price Sale!

Size	1 Tire & 1 Tube	2 Tires & 2 Tubes	Size	1 Tire & 1 Tube	2 Tires & 2 Tubes
30x3	$ 6.40	$10.80	32x4½	$12.40	$22.25
30x3½	7.50	12.90	33x4½	12.50	22.90
32x3½	8.50	14.90	34x4½	12.80	23.25
31x4	9.50	16.10	35x4½	13.15	23.80
32x4	10.10	18.90	36x4½	14.00	24.60
33x4	10.90	20.10	35x5	14.50	25.10
34x4	11.25	21.50	37x5	15.00	25.80

FREE EXAMINATION! Money Back Guarantee!

Remember, standard tube free with every tire! Orders shipped same day received. Send $2 deposit with each pair of tires ordered, balance C. O. D. subject to examination and approval. Money refunded if you're not satisfied! State if straight side or clincher. (All same price.) Cash with order, deduct 5% as extra saving. **Order now** while World's lowest price remains in effect.

Lincoln Tire Sales Co. Dept. 2105 So. Morgan St., CHICAGO

FORDS run 34 Miles on Gallon of Gasoline



Wonderful new carburetor. Guaranteed to reduce gasoline bills from one-half to one-third and increase power of motors from 30 to 50%. Start easy in coldest weather.

Sent on 30 DAYS' TRIAL

Fits any car. Attach yourself. Fords make as high as 34 miles to gallon. Other cars show proportionate saving. Send make of car and take advantage of our special 30-day trial offer. **Agents Wanted.**

AIR FRICTION CARBURETOR CO.
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12 Months to Pay



Earn money for the small payments. Parents often advance first payment to help buy a **RANGER.** 44 styles, colors and sizes. Factory to Rider prices. Delivered **FREE,** express prepaid, for **30 DAYS TRIAL.** Terms to suit—cash or easy payments.

Tires lamps, wheels, and equipment at half usual prices.

SEND NO MONEY. Write today for big, Free Ranger Catalog and marvelous prices.

Mead Cycle Company Dept. M-1 Chicago Write Quick

Automobile and Gas Engine Helps

Questions relating to gasolene engines and automobiles, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Auto Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, free, in the columns of this department. Full name and address is required, but initials only will be printed. That we may intelligently diagnose your trouble please state the year in which your car was made.

One Wire System

MY car left the factory equipped with the two wire system. Since the year in which my car was made the manufacturer has changed to the single wire system. Among the new features which I desired to incorporate on my model was a horn button operating from the top of the steering column. Unless I changed the construction of the button it was necessary to install a single wire system. About the same time a friend sent me a stop light having but a single contact so I decided that I would wire so as to have both single and two wire systems. I first visited an electric shop and purchased an old-type porcelain fuse holder. The heavy house fuse was easily removed and a five ampere one substituted. Next I screwed the fuse block to the side of the body sill and connected one side of the fuse by wire to the frame and the other side of the fuse to the negative terminal of the storage battery. Due to the possibility of corrosion by coupling to the battery direct, I used the two wire system for the return. There was a large cable running from the negative terminal of the battery to a post on the starting motor. By joining the cable from the fuse to the post on the starting motor it will be understood how I obtained a return to the battery for the single wire system. The reason for introducing this special fuse into the circuit is to afford protection for the battery and wiring should I obtain a short in the single wire system. Believing that some owners or garage men may at some time desire to install a single wire appliance into a double wire system, I am submitting the accompanying diagram which of course may be altered to meet the requirements of the individual case.

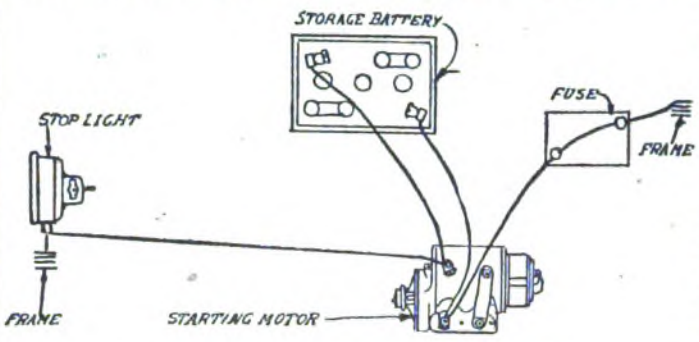


DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING ONE-WIRE SYSTEM.

Charging Magneto by Dry Cells

This month again saw our mails flooded with inquiries regarding the charging magnets with dry cells. As stated in the last issue, I promised to get in touch with the person who passed the information on to me. Following are extracts from his letter:

"It is true that it is possible to recharge magnetoes on a Ford car with the use of five dry cells. However, the possibility of changing the polarity of this magneto, but not knowing which pole is up, I would advise anyone that is in doubt to obtain a compass and find the North pole of the magnet.

"My experience with these magnetoes is such that it leads me to believe that it would not make much difference on a magnet that was entirely demagnetized to start out.

"I got some information on the charging of these magnets from a manual back in 1906 when it was necessary for repair men to find out this data and do the work on the road rather than take it to a service station. It is a fact that this operation can be accomplished with a set of dry cells by grounding the negative side of the battery and using the positive side of the feeler by removing the little terminals over the flywheel whereby you can reach in and make contact with the magnets.

"It is only necessary to exhaust the set of cells into the magnets at intervals of about 10 seconds contact. My experience was that when the five cells were run down, the magnets were amply strong and would give the very best of satisfaction."

I might add that I have received a few letters from owners who have successfully charged the magnets by dry cells. The person who furnishes the above information is a very capable mechanic. He is at present manager of a large service station (factory branch). I personally have a great deal of confidence in his advice. Although I cannot vouch for this method of charging magnets, I would suggest that those who are skeptical try out the method as it is inexpensive and will at least prove interesting.

Helpful Pointers

Hot Toe Board

If the toe board of your car becomes too hot during the summer months purchase some asbestos sheeting and tack it to the under side of board. Also tilt the lower half of windshield in so as to direct a current of air around the feet.

Leather Upholstery

Do not wipe leather upholstery with gasolene as this treatment is injurious. Use a cloth dipped in water to which has been added a few drops of ammonia.

Care of Tubes

The sack in which the spare tube is carried should be liberally sprinkled with talc.

Tire Pump

Don't cuss the tire pump because it doesn't produce sufficient pressure. Probably the leather plunger is dry and requires a few drops of neat's-foot oil to soften it.

Spring Shackles

The grooves in a spring shackle bolt will sometimes become clogged with hard grease. Regardless of the pressure exerted, it will be impossible to force new grease into the bolt. A simple remedy for this condition is to heat a large nail and push it into the bolt. The heat will melt the hardened grease and by allowing the nail to remain in the bolt until cool it will heat the bolt sufficiently to soften any hard grease that might be clogging communicating grooves.

Spring Lubrication

It is the action which follows the sudden compression of a spring that causes breakage. The compression will not cause the spring to break. From observation it will be noted that the spring leaves slide over each other and for this reason lubrication should not be neglected. If the leaves are free to slide then the danger of breaking a spring from a rebound is considerably lessened. A mixture of cylinder oil and kerosene is very satisfactory for spring lubrication. If the weight of the car be removed by jacking, the kerosene and oil mixture will readily penetrate. Oil that has been drained out of the motor is also very satisfactory for this purpose. If it is not desired to jack the weight off the springs then it will be a good plan to squirt the mixture beween the leaves and rely upon the oscillating action to work the lubricant between the leaves.

Proper Oil

"Pour in a quart of oil." "Any special kind?" "No. Anything will do." This is just about the conversation that takes place between some motorists and the man at the filling station. Some of the men who have charge of the station have learned the proper grades of oil to use for different motors and when such is the case it is the owner's good fortune. However, if the man at the station should take the owner at his word and pour in the first grade of oil he should happen to lay his hands on, then it is the owner's misfortune. All motors do not take the same grade of oil. If such was the case there would be no need for the carrying of several grades. You do not want to use an oil that goes to pieces when subjected to intense heat and leaves your cylinder walls a prey to friction. Look through your instruction book for the manufacturer's recommendation regarding the proper oil to use for different seasons. If you do not find it there, write directly to the manufacturer and request a list of oils that are satisfactory for your make of motor.

Answers to Correspondents

HARD-STARTING ENGINE.—My 1918 model Maxwell car fails to start with the self-starter unless someone cranks the engine at the same time I put pressure on the starter. Can you tell me what the trouble is, and how to fix it? MRS. A. E. M., Buffalo, N. Y.

A.—I am of the opinion that there is a misalignment of the starting motor that is causing your trouble. If the Bendix drive is used then there might be a possibility that the shaft is out of alignment which would account for the heavy drag on the starting motor, causing it to stall. The teeth in the flywheel might also be clogged. I would suggest removal of the starting motor and a general checking of the shaft, etc.

ENGINE OVERHEATS AT HIGH SPEED.—I have a 1915 model Ford car. Please explain timing of the engine valves. Please define the Ford starting and lighting system. My car will not run over 18 miles an hour without overheating the engine and I get very loud muffler explosions. May it be due to wrong timing of valves? How should connecting-rod bearings be tightened? If pistons let too much oil through would oversize rings remedy this trouble? How should vibrator blades be adjusted for best results?

J. G. S., R. R. 1, Black, Mo.

A.—Providing you have not tampered with the timing gears, it is next to an impossibilty for the valve timing to change.

I do not quite understand what you expect when you ask me to define the starting and lighting system. It would require a volume of books to go into the matter thoroughly.

Regarding your car not gaining a speed in excess of 18 miles per hour, I would suggest that you try another carburetor adjustment. Possibly the mixture is much too rich, causing the motor to choke. This condition would also cause overheating. It might be well to examine the timer. It may be worn out and require replacing or it might be dirty and need cleaning.

The backfiring in the muffler is usually due to one or more cylinders missing, loading the muffler with gas which is set off by the next hot charge entering the muffler.

To adjust the connecting rods, take off the lower half of crank case. I have seen cars of your make that have shims between the cap and rod. For this arrangement the adjustment is made by removing one or more shims until a proper fit is obtained. I have also seen rods that do not have shims. When such is the case grind off a little of the cap.

A rough point or dirty contact will slow a vibrator, therefore, a clean and smooth contact is necessary. All vibrators must be tuned as nearly alike as possible to obtain the best results. Adjust the vibrator until they "sing" at a high pitch.

Brainograms.

HOW MANY AUTOS DO YOU KNOW?

1. The monarch's.
2. The perfect man's.
3. The archer's.
4. The watchmaker's.
5. The explorer's.
6. The Mason's.
7. The dancer's.
8. The ornithologist's.
9. The Southerner's.
10. The boatman's.
11. The railway engineer's.
12. The astronomer's.
13. The lover's.
14. The diplomat's.
15. The doctor's.
16. The minister's.
17. The aged man's.
18. The vagabond's.
19. The gambler's.
20. The redhead's.

Answers.

1. King.
2. Peerless.
3. Pierce.
4. Elgin.
5. Stanley.
6. Templar.
7. Glide.
8. Crow-Elkhart.
9. Dixie Flyer.
10. Pilot.
11. Locomobile.
12. Moon.
13. Kissel.
14. Ambassador.
15. Case.
16. Jordan.
17. Oldsmobile.
18. Roamer.
19. Ace.
20. Auburn.

Men With Autos Wanted



to introduce and take orders for our NEW PROCESS STORAGE BATTERY. Plates cannot sulphate or buckle. No expert attention required. One-half cup water every 3 months. Made for autos, radios, lighting outfits and all other battery purposes.

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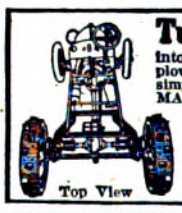


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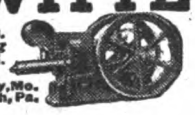
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July in the Garden

SEASONS may vary from year to year but we have yet to experience a July without hot weather and hay-making. These two are as sure and dependable as taxes.

Nor is it unusual to find Dad and the boys show a marked inclination to linger in the cool and inviting shade of the big maple in the front yard on the rare occasions when there happens to be a lull in farm work—even when there is weeding and hoeing to be done in the garden. But think it over. Is it fair to leave such work to the "women folks"? Say, don't we men eat far more than our share of the creamed peas, buttered beets, fresh greens, tomatoes sliced or stewed, wax beans, string beans, salads and a variety of other "goodies" too numerous to mention? Gosh! Almost forgot to include sweet corn, piping hot and dripping butter. Why, it fairly makes one's mouth water just to mention it. Just keep all these things in mind, then help out a bit in the garden when there is work to be done. Remember that you will be repaid in full for your work three times a day at the table. Now, here are some of the things to be done.

How to Hoe Correctly

Weeds, like the poor, are always with us. They must be fought steadily. In younger growing crops the old-fashioned hoe and the hand cultivator are deadly enemies of weeds—if they are used effectively and *frequently*. Carry a small file and touch up the hoe occasionally; it is surprising how a good sharp edge will keep away backaches for the hoe wielder. In many localities, and in most all larger gardens, the hand cultivator has supplanted the hoe for keeping weeds in check and preserving the dust mulch between the rows. This handy implement saves time, does efficient work, and is less likely to do damage even if used a bit carelessly than is the hoe. A light hand cultivator is preferable to a heavy one; though the light one may not be so durable, a heavy hand cultivator soon tires the operator. The secret of correct hoeing, whether the common hoe or the hand cultivator be used, is to stir the soil thoroughly and leave the surface fine, loose and level. Many gardeners make the mistake of pulling a quantity of loosened soil on top of an undisturbed area, leaving part of the soil compact. In hoeing, stir the soil closest to you first, then instead of pulling the soil toward you three or four inches, as is commonly done, move it only very slightly. Remove the hoe by lifting it so that at the end of the completed operation the hoe is slightly farther away from you and in position for the next stroke. Thus the loosened soil is allowed to fall back into nearly its original position, making raking unnecessary.

About Sprinkling

The number of farms equipped with running water from pressure systems or tanks is rapidly increasing, and many gardens are no longer compelled to "go thirsty" during the midsummer drought. But watering the garden deserves a word of caution. When watering is done, *do it thoroughly*. Lightly sprinkling the surface does little good, but can do a great deal of harm by compacting the loosened surface, inducing evaporation and causing caking. For best results do not *sprinkle* the garden; give it a thorough soaking, moving the hose from place to place only when the soil is saturated six to eight inches deep. The best time to do this is in the evening, though early in the morning on cloudy days is allowable. Never make the mistake of turning a sprinkler on growing plants during the midday heat and sun. To do so causes wilting or blanching, for the tiny drops soon become hot enough to scald tender leaves. Even lawns should be watered morning or evening, and less water will be required.

Pull Large Weeds

Just a word about weeds. The small ones may be receiving their full share of attention, but there is a marked tendency to overlook the big, lusty fellows that show their heads in rows of potatoes and other crops that have been "laid by." Remember that from these weeds, so commonly allowed to thrive and make seed, comes the weed infestation of following years. Hand pulling is the only solution and it is a man's job, indeed, to uproot full-grown ragweed, sour dock, pig weed or several other uninvited garden guests. Don't leave this task to the "missus" and the girls; some night after chores are done go out and have a little surprise party all by your own. You'll find plenty to do among the potatoes, sweet corn, tomatoes, grape vines and berry bushes, or we miss our guess. Pile all your "pullin's" to one side where they will dry out, then burn them. If they are simply pulled and tossed in the rows many of them will still make seed "with their feet in the air."

Renewing Old Pastures

The first thing to do with old, worn-out, unprofitable pastures is to scarify or disk up the surface soil, since the chances are ten to one that they are "hidebound" from constant tramping, then seed down with a mixture of blue grass, red top and white clover. Use from 20 to 30 pounds of seed to the acre, depending on the amount of surface stirring you have done. A common mixture for this purpose consists of 30 pounds blue grass, 15 pounds red top, and six pounds white clover. Do not make the mistake of using too little seed. A pound or two of seed too much will do no harm, but a "stingy" seeding will give the weeds a chance to gain a foothold. In poor, weedy pastures this treatment is the only certain means of getting a good even stand of grass. Handled as described, old pastures can be cheaply and quickly renewed.

Sometimes it is unnecessary to scarify old pastures. They may have managed to maintain a firm sod and an even stand of grass somehow in spite of neglect. Where this is the case the manure spreader will perform wonders, if given a chance, but if manure is spread as a top dressing during summer it must be done when pastures are not needed for livestock. It has been found that when a top dressing of manure is applied to grass it will not only improve the stand and stimulate growth, but that the land shows the effect for two or three years afterwards. For this reason it is a paying proposition to top dress even temporary pastures that are to be plowed up later and put into crops.

In addition to barnyard manure, acid phosphate is becoming more popular for pasture renewing. Particularly in the East has this been practiced with good result, but recently striking examples of success have been reported in the Middle West following the application of 500 pounds of acid phosphate per acre. The benefits may not be noticeable the first year following its use, but the second season and following years show a marked improvement. Grass grows faster, stronger and closer together, and under test it has been noted that fertilized grass is preferred to unfertilized by livestock. Clover also shows great improvement, growing in much thicker and withstanding severe winters a great deal better. Weeds find it more difficult to compete with and crowd out fertilized grasses than the weak stands upon poor land.

Lime or ground limestone should be used where the land is acid. Perhaps the best indication of acidity is the failure of clover to thrive. Certain weeds such as sheep sorrel also make their appearance when soil becomes acid. Ground limestone should be used at the rate of one to two tons per acre depending upon the needs of the soil. Slaked lime spread at the rate of one-half a ton to the acre will suffice.

Cowpeas as a Pasture Crop

Good results are obtained by pasturing cowpeas with any kind of livestock, the most common practice, however, being to hog them down. Cowpeas are a good feed for young pigs, but some grain is also required for best results. Hogs will usually feed on the mature pods first, leaving the dried vines and leaves. For this reason it is often profitable to turn cattle or sheep onto fields where hogs have pastured for some time, as they will pasture off leaves and stems left by the hogs. Dairy cows show the effects of such pasturing by increased milk flow. Young lambs and wethers fatten well on cowpeas in corn fields, the mixture of cowpea seed and corn leaves making a fine ration.

At the Alabama Experiment Station it was found that pigs fed on corn alone gained 0.36 pound daily, while hogs on cowpea pasture and corn gained 0.97 pound daily, consuming 36 per cent. less corn for each pound gained. The same station conducted a feeding experiment with pasturage for dairy cows, using an upland cornfield from which the ears had been removed and in which cowpeas had been drilled between the rows. The field was first pastured by three milk cows and later by three dry cows, the milk cows in the meantime receiving three pounds of cottonseed meal daily. On the cowpea pasture the yield of milk was 15.8 per cent. greater and the yield of butter 9.5 per cent. higher than when the cows with the same grain feed ran on a good pasture of Bermuda grass, carpet grass, and lespedeza. In addition to the increase in milk and butter the cows gained a total of 85 pounds in weight during the 19 days, and the dry cows gained 53 pounds in nine days.

At the Arkansas Experiment Station steers fattened on cowpea pasture and cottonseed meal made an average gain of two pounds a day for 90 days. As long as the cowpea vines were green and considerable seed was available very little cottonseed was eaten. The cost per pound of gain was only two cents for the cottonseed meal, thus showing the high value of the cowpea pasturage. The Oklahoma Experiment Station reports that cowpeas planted in July furnished two grazing periods for milk cows before frost and that the flow of milk was quite noticeably increased.

To use cowpeas strictly as pasture is not considered the best farm practice, but under certain conditions it is advisable and profitable. The best time to turn in the stock is when the crop has reached the stage of maturity best suited for hay—or when the first pods have matured. This practice is not generally followed, however, as it is customary to gather at least part of the seed. When pasturing is delayed for this reason results obtained are not so satisfactory, as the woody condition of stems makes them somewhat less palatable and not so greatly relished by livestock. When cowpeas are grown in corn, pasturing is generally deferred until the corn has been gathered.

Feeding Sows with Pigs

Many heavy losses among young pigs may be prevented by liberal and careful feeding of sows while they are nursing their litters. According to L. A. Weaver, of the Missouri College of Agriculture, the ration for sows should contain plenty of protein and mineral matter. Milk is high in these nutrients, and unless the sow is liberally supplied with them in her feed, maximum milk production cannot be expected. The ration at this time should be somewhat more bulky than that fed to very young pigs or fattening hogs, and the importance of good and ample pasture such as clover, alfalfa or rape cannot be overestimated. There are any number of combinations that have proved satisfactory for sows that are nursing pigs, of which the following is one of the best: Corn, 50 pounds; shorts, 25 pounds; wheat bran, 15 pounds; linseed oil meal, 10 pounds.

Avoiding Screw-Worm Attacks

The screw-worm is a native of America and has been causing great damage and serious trouble to stockmen for many years, particularly in the Southwest where screw-worm injury to range cattle is an annual occurrence. Cattlemen in this region accept the pest as a necessary evil, counting on doctoring a certain number of cases every year, but if a few simple steps were taken throughout the most severely infested districts, and certain control measures were consistently practiced, much could be done to eradicate the pest.

In attempting to control the pests, the importance of destroying carcasses of all sorts of animals cannot be overestimated. Careful estimates indicate that as many as a million flies of the variety causing screw-worm infestation of livestock may be produced from the dead body of a single cow. Under ideal conditions the life cycle, or the period required for the development of a mature fly from the newly hatched egg, ranges from one to four weeks, allowing for innumerable generations in a single season. Therefore it is of first importance that all dead bodies should be buried as soon as possible after death, though under range conditions this may be difficult. Nevertheless, the complete destruction of all dead animals by burning is by far the best method of control. This precaution not only stops the breeding of all blow flies but helps to prevent the dissemination of such diseases as anthrax, blackleg and hog cholera. When burning is not possible carcasses may be buried. To do this correctly, dig grave deeply enough to permit covering carcass with at least two feet of packed earth. Sprinkle inside of grave with lime, cover the carcass with a liberal layer, then cover with dirt.

Preventing Screw-Worm Infestation

Losses from screw-worm infestation at calving time can be to a large extent prevented if calves come early in the spring. In the Southwest this will mean between December 1st and the middle of April; further North the time of calving may safely be extended until June. As the eggs are laid by the screw-worm flies wherever an abrasion or injury of the skin occurs, it is well to avoid branding, castrating, dehorning and marking while flies are abundant, and to carry on these operations from December to May if possible. A small quantity of cottonseed oil containing four per cent. of carbolic acid applied to branding burns or other abrasion induces rapid healing and protects animals from screw-worm attacks.

Since dense brush and undergrowth are favorable to screw-worm breeding, every effort should be made to eradicate such breeding spots. Though clearing land of brush is more applicable to small pastures, some stock raisers have now cleared thousands of acres of all dense underbrush. This results in increased grass production, makes the finding of dead animals or wormy animals a more simple matter, facilitates the handling of stock on the range, and removes the "screw-worm nurseries" all from one operation.

As a large number of screw-worm attacks follow severe tick infestation, systematic dipping for ticks should be practiced, thus reducing the danger from screw-worms. Heavy infestation of ticks other than the common cattle tick often are followed by screw-worm attacks. This is particularly applicable to the Gulf Coast tick which attacks the inside of the ears of horses, mules and cattle. While the usual system of dipping will not completely destroy these ticks, it will reduce their numbers markedly. Furthermore, where cattle infested with screw-worm maggots are dipped in an arsenical solution, many of the maggots are killed.

As supplementary measures for reducing the number of screw-worm and other blow flies, fly traps and certain poison baits may be utilized. Full instructions regarding construction of traps and making and placing of baits will be found in Farmers' Bulletin 734 of the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

Foreign Plants Introduced

More than thirty countries are represented as sources of foreign plants and seeds recently introduced into the United States by the Department of Agriculture. The list contains descriptions of 285 new plants brought from all parts of the world by agricultural explorers, many of which may prove to be of great value to American farmers and stockmen. In view of the success of such former introductions as Rhodes grass and Sudan grass, four new forage grasses from New South Wales and a collection from the Belgian Congo should be of especial interest, and more will be published relative to these when certain experiments now under way have been completed. Tropical horticulturists may find something of interest and value in various fruits introduced from Guatemala, especially a large form of avocado known in that country as "coye." Although flavoring plants are not much used in most parts of this country, people in sections where it may be grown may be interested in a tropical vine that imparts the flavor of oysters to milk or potato soup.

Other plants in the new list are house plants that take on a graceful form; small hardy palms with showy edible fruits from Argentine; a tropical black walnut from Porto Rico that may have possibilities for timber production; a tree from Java with nodules imbedded in the leaves that collect and fix nitrogen from the air just as is done by root nodules in legumes; and a flouring cherry from Japan that may be grown in the Adirondack region.

Late Crops for Winter Feed

In regions where drought has damaged the hay crop there will be a shortage of roughage during the coming winter unless catch crops are immediately planted to offset the scarcity. Though it is growing late in the season, there are a few crops that may still be planted with fair assurance of getting a satisfactory yield.

Early soy-beans will make a good May crop if planted now, provided the ground is moist enough to germinate seed. It is unlikely that soy-beans will reach the full blossoming stage before heavy frost, but they will have made sufficient growth to fill the need for hay in both good quality and quantity. Millet or sudan grass may also be broadcasted on low land and harrowed in with no great outlay of labor, and the chance of a crop is good even this late in the season.

Do not forget the root crops. A few acres of rutabagas, mangels or common turnips will make a surprising yield, and will prove to be a "life-saver" for dairy or beef cattle next winter when a balanced ration will otherwise be impossible for lack of succulent feed. Roots are easily seeded and will grow later than any other farm crop without suffering severely from frost. They may be harvested almost at leisure during late fall after the more urgent fall work is completed, another factor which makes roots well worth considering.

Pumpkins do not receive the measure of credit they deserve as a feed for cattle and hogs. Of course it is now too late to plant them, but they are no doubt growing in innumerable corn fields where they withstand drought admirably. Do not consider them as an ornament. Give them storage room and a place in the roughage ration for winter feeding. They will help overcome the hay shortage, and cows and hogs will show their appreciation in increased production and weight.

Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from the eminent specialists and experts of our Agricultural Staff on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying.

Address Modern Farmer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Questions and Answers

POTATO SCAB.—My seed potatoes were treated with formaldehyde before planting but I find that my early potatoes are scabby. I am sure I used the right strength solution, one pint to 30 gallons of water. Why didn't it prevent scab? J. M. C., New York.

A.—Sometimes in an old garden patch which has been in potatoes for several years, and which has been heavily manured each year, potato scab will develop in spite of seed treatment. This is because the organism which causes scab lives in the soil from year to year. Soil rich in lime is much more likely to carry infection than sandy soil. Any soil which is alkaline in reaction may carry the disease, but sandy soils which are slightly acid are not commonly known to show the disease unless it is introduced with the seed. Treatment of infected soils is a difficult matter. Full particulars may be found in special bulletin 85, published by the Michigan Agricultural College.

Berea College, Berea, Ky., has opened a course in dairying. This course is open to men, but the principal object is to instruct its women in practical cattle raising, butter making and milking.

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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

The First Step Toward Winter Eggs

AS I told you last month, culling is the important work just at this season, for, with the present price of feed, no one can afford to keep "dead-heads."

The indications that a bird is physically qualified to produce eggs are: A clear, full bright eye, the eyelids wide open and not sluggish; a good pair of shanks, with straight, well-worn toe-nails, showing constant use in scratching. Only a healthy fowl is a laying fowl, and such a bird must of necessity have a good appetite. A hen that is laying has an enlarged abdomen, due to the enlarged intestines, ovary and oviduct, and the body is deeper at the rear than at the front of the keel. These points are not so well marked when the hen ceases laying.

In the non-laying hen there is likely to be an unusual accumulation of fat in the abdomen and under the skin of the body, so that a plump appearance presents itself; the fat under the skin of the shanks, especially in the back, causes that part of the leg to have a round appearance. When a hen is in her laying period, the surplus fat to a certain extent is used, and the shanks lose their round, plump appearance, and the same is true of other parts of the body, especially in the region of the pelvis and vent. The face appearing more plump and fat, thins out, and the skin of the face, comb, earlobes, wattles, and also over the body, becomes more soft and pliable as the hen passes for a non-laying period to a laying period. These changes in the comb, earlobes and wattles are sex characteristics, and become changed, as just stated, as the ovary and oviduct become enlarged and active. When the hen passes from a laying to a non-laying state, the ovary and oviduct shrink, and the comb, wattles and earlobes lose their soft, pliable and red appearance, becoming more dull in color, and the comb looks as if it had been powdered.

The pelvic bones are wide apart in the heavy producer, but contract again when she ceases to lay. The fullness of abdomen and the width of the pelvic arch will depend on how heavily the hen will lay during the next two or three weeks. At the same time the pelvic arch enlarges, the abdomen also enlarges, and the vent grows larger and flabbier. A heavy-laying hen has a soft skin all over the body. The non-laying hen has a hard, plump body, with bones not too evident. A pinched body indicates a small capacity and a poor producer. The meat type of bird has a tendency to turn her feed into fat, which is indicated by the thick pelvic arch and a hard abdomen. In the laying hen the ischial bones of the pelvic arch are thin. In the heavy-laying hen there is noted bleached shanks, earlobes, beak, eyelids and vent.

The yellow color is due to xanthopyll, which occurs principally in the green feed; thus the more green feed the bird consumes, the slower will be the bleaching of the parts when the laying period begins. In the heavy-laying hen the capacity will be indicated by the distance from the posterior point of the breastbone to the pelvic arch, which should be three or four fingers' breadth, and the pubic bones in the region of the vent should be two or three fingers in breadth. In the non-layer these pubic bones may be scarcely one finger's breadth apart.

And when on the job of culling, don't forget that there are many advantages in the capon over the ordinary roasting fowl. He is much larger, attains weight more cheaply, is always in demand because of a large carcass, and sells at from ten to twelve cents a pound higher than the rooster because of the quality of the meat.

After cockerels have reached the age of four and a half or five months they become quarrelsome, and are hard to keep in flocks of more than four or five, whereas capons can be kept in large flocks, and are as docile as a flock of pullets. Being inactive, they put on weight rapidly, and, although their bodies reach an enormous size, they never become tough.

It is not advisable to caponize the lighter breeds, such as the Leghorns, etc., as the large carcass can never be obtained from such fowls. The American type, such as the Plymouth Rock, Rhode Island Red and Wyandotte, and the Asiatic type, such as the Brahma and Langshan, are breeds which may be caponized profitably.

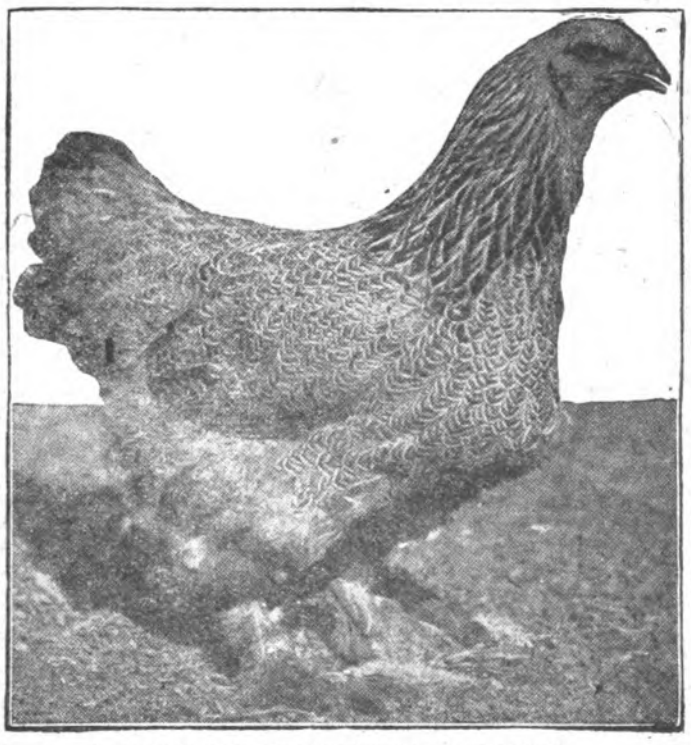
Caponizing is not at all a difficult operation; almost anyone of ordinary ability can perform it. Any small, strong table which can be easily moved to a window will do to operate on. The bird should be confined to a clean coop for twenty-four hours without food or drink, to insure the intestines being empty. Prepare two pieces of strong twine, with a slip-noose at one end and a weight at the other. Half a brick or stone will do. We had two old pound weights with slots in them, that fitted over a scale bar, and as they were easily attached to a string, we always used them. The string should be long enough, after the noose is made and the weight attached, to reach from the center of the table to within a foot of the ground. When you are ready to perform the operation, slip the noose of one cord around the bird's shanks just above the foot, then draw the wings up over the back until they touch, and slip the noose of the second string over the wings, below the second joint. Lay the bird upon its left side on the table, allowing the ends of the strings to which the weights are attached to hang down on each side of the table. This keeps the bird's feet and wings perfectly still and out of the way. Now dampen the feathers on the bird's side with cold water, to keep them flat, and also to check bleeding. Then with the left hand press down the skin toward the leg, and hold it in position whilst with a sharp knife you make a cut about an inch long between the first and second ribs, above the hips, following the shape of the ribs. The bird will start as the cut is made, but will lie quite still the next moment. Of course the point of the knife must be used, and the skin only cut. Place the wire stretcher which comes with the tools in the cut to hold it open. You will then be able to see the white, fiber-like skin which encloses the bowels. This must be attacked with the sharp hook belonging with the kit, and carefully picked open. Naturally every precaution must be taken not to pierce the intestines, but as they will be empty after the bird's long fast, there is not much danger if care is used. As the breaking of this skin causes the bird no pain, there is no necessity to hurry or get flustered, but it is well to work as quickly as you can. After the inner casing is open, one of the testicles will be in sight—a creamy white kidney-shaped membrane lying near the backbone.

Before commencing the operation at all, you must thread the canula with a fine steel wire (both of which belong to the kit), letting the wire form a loop at the curved end, and ends well out at the other end.

Sometimes both testicles are in sight, but not often, as the other usually lies beyond and more to the other side.

Now comes the only dangerous part of the whole operation—getting hold of and removing the testicles. But with a steady hand and a plenty of light not one bird in a hundred should be lost. Attached to the testicle and lying back of it is one of the principal arteries of the fowl, and this, if ruptured, is sure to cause death. It is here that the proper tools prove of the greatest advantage. The wire, being small and very fine, is easily slipped between the testicles and the artery without injury to either, and a clear, clean cut made. Take the canula in the right hand, and adjust the wire in it so that the loop, about one-half an inch long, will extend from the small end of the tube, leaving the two ends of wire extending far enough out of the open end to secure a good hold. Insert the end of the tube that has the loop on it very carefully, and slip the loop over both ends of the testicle and entirely around it; hold end of tube close down to the testicles. When it is entirely encircled by the loop, take both ends of the wire which comes out of the other end of the tube with thumb and first finger, holding it tight, and draw it up firmly but carefully until it is severed; then remove the wire spreader and allow the hole to close in the other skin which you pressed down with your hand at the beginning of the operation, and as the skin resumes its natural place the outer cut will be upwards of an inch above the inner cut; in this way the outer skin makes a covering for the inner cut, and keeps out all dirt and insures its healing quickly.

To complete the operation, turn the bird on its other side and proceed exactly as before. Some experts can work entirely from one side, but it is risky, and difficult for an amateur to try. After the operation, keep the bird in a small coop and feed lightly for a few days, and there will be no ill effects.



BRAHMA HEN, THE MOTHER OF MANY CAPONS.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

J. Y.—Egg eating is a bad habit, usually starting from the egg being broken accidentally and the birds finding out what good food it contains. Once started, the whole flock soon acquires the taste, and lays in wait for every egg that is laid. The best remedy is to place the nests about two feet above the ground, with the opening facing the wall, and not more than two feet from it. Buy some china eggs, put one in each nest, and throw two or three in the middle of the floor. The birds will spend much time picking at them, and, as they will get no satisfaction, soon tire of the habit, especially if the eggs are gathered several times a day for a few weeks.

L. C.—The pullets are suffering from rheumatism. Possibly the chicken house is poorly ventilated and damp. Even if the ground is dry, the walls and atmosphere may be damp, if the ventilation is not good, especially if the house is small, and the birds are overcrowded on the perches at night. Feed plenty of green vegetables; if you give them the table scraps, be careful that there is a very small percentage of fat in them. As soon as a bird shows any sign of lameness, remove it from the flock and put it in a small coop in a sheltered place. Cover the floor of the coop with a deep layer of cut hay or straw. Rub the bird's feet and shanks with a mixture of sweet lard, or vaseline and turpentine. For internal use add fifteen grains of iodide of potassium to every quart of drinking water. Put a small dish in each coop being used for sick birds, and as a matter of precaution, remove the regular drinking dish from the chicken house, and substitute a small one containing the same mixture for a fortnight at least.

A. M. B.—Please read answer to J. Y. in this issue.

J. T.—The Plymouth Rock Squab Company, Melrose Highlands, Mass., is, I believe, a reliable company, but I have never done any business with them, so don't know anything about them from personal experience.

H. D.—We have no stock for sale.

R. B.—Please read answer to J. T.

J. T.—I am inclined to think that you have got some hens in your flock which are slightly infected by one of the spores or mold diseases, for the microbes which cause the disease of the liver which most frequently attacks turkeys, and is commonly known as blackhead, are parasite microbes. Until the last few years it was supposed that this disease was confined entirely to turkeys, but now we all know that all fowls are subject to attack though they rarely show any outward symptoms, and the disease never gains very much headway with them, though the germs are spread broadcast through the agency of the droppings, and when picked up by young turkeys or chickens, enter the digestive organ with their food and drink, and an inflamed condition of the intestines causes rapid death in the young stock. The condition of the liver in any of these three diseases is caused by the blood carrying germs into the liver, when numerous centers of the disease begin to appear, and show yellowish spots, which, when cut across, will be found to be irregularly globular in shape. It is not positively known whether the germs of these diseases are present in the eggs laid by affected hens or turkeys, but there is no doubt that they are present on the shell, which collects the germs as the egg passes through the egg passage from the bird. It is for this reason that all eggs should be wiped with alcohol before being put under hens and in incubators. The germs of the above diseases are apt to linger in incubators and brooders, and frequently originate in old hay, moldy ground, or other waste matter. So, as a matter of prevention, incubators should be disinfected after each hatch, and brooders before each new lot of chicks is put into them, and nesting material for setting hens should be clean, sweet hay. As you have a good flock of hens, it seems a pity to part with them, and really not necessary, if you will work along the lines of prevention the coming fall and winter. Thoroughly clean and disinfect all houses at frequent intervals. Have the yards or ground where the hens are in the habit of congregating covered with fresh lime, which should be turned under after twenty-four hours. If it is possible to seed the ground, so much the better—it will sweeten it. As soon as you stop using eggs for hatching, add a thimbleful of permanganate of potassium to every four quarts of drinking water, until November. This will kill the germs which the hens may be carrying. For young chicks attacked there is no cure, though giving them sour milk to drink from the time they are hatched is supposed to act as a preservative.

M. G.—Please read answer to J. T. in this issue. Homer pigeons will cost about two dollars a pair.

C. M. V.—Please read answer to J. T.

H. D. McC.—Chicks dying in the shell is one of the most discouraging troubles the amateur chicken man has to face, and apparently the one which mystifies him most. Yet there are several causes for even the strongest chicks dying in the shell. When the incubator has been used, the cause for chicks dying in the shell is usually want of proper ventilation, or the heat running down, or the door being opened during the last forty-eight hours. Ventilation can be best gauged by the appearance of the air cell when the egg is held before the tester. The so-called air cell is the space at the large end of the egg. In a newly-laid egg it is very small. After the egg has been in the incubator for seven days, there is quite a visible space, and as evaporation progresses, it increases until the nineteenth day, when it should occupy one-fifteenth of the entire shell. If there is not sufficient ventilation in the incubator, evaporation will be retarded, and there will not be sufficient room in the shell for the chick to twist its head and break its way out; and it will die, though fully developed. If the development of the air cell is too slow, the ventilator in the incubator should be opened a little wider, and the eggs aired a little longer each day when you take out the traps to air the eggs. If the development of the air cell is too rapid, reverse the conditions and put a sponge of hot water in the machine on the nineteenth day. After turning the eggs on the morning of the eighteenth day, don't open the machine until the hatch is over, and be very careful that the heat does not run down during that time. It may go up to 104 degrees or even to 105 without doing any harm, but it must not go below 103.

W. J. R.—Without doubt your hens are too fat, and are dying from liver trouble. About chicks dying in the shell, please read answer to H. D. McC. in this issue.

O. A.—Lumber. Tile is likely to be damp.

J. L. M.—Please read answer to J. T. in ths issue.

U. R. B.—This letter describes the condition so prevalent in fall and spring, that I am going to answer it very fully, in the hope that it may help many who have not written for advice, as well as those who have. First of all, I want our readers to realize that sudden weakness, staggering about, comb going very dark or pale, twitching of the head, or the head being drawn back from the body or falling down onto the ground, are all symptoms of acute intestinal trouble, and no matter what has caused the trouble, or which special organ may have been attacked, a tablespoonful of castor oil, given without delay, will nine times out of ten prevent the case from becoming dangerous. Poisonous substances, such as paint skins, strong fertilizer, spraying fluids, fresh lime, soda, or washing powder, are some of the unsuspected causes of miseries, illnesses, and sudden deaths in the spring. Stagnant water and moldy bedding, new or moldy grain, decaying or putrid animal matter, are frequently answerable for fall and early winter troubles, for all of the above materials are likely to be within the reach of birds running loose about the back yards and farms. Some of the materials irritate or inflame the crop and gizzard, these produce a condition very much resembling ptomaine poisoning in human beings. But in all and every case, the first step must be to clear the intestines, and if this can be done before diarrhea sets in, a cure can be effected; but if diarrhea has had twenty-four hours' start, it is extremely difficult to save the patient. The castor oil removes the poisonous matter, and is soothing; but the bird must be confined in a clean, sheltered coop, and fed lightly on food that will not irritate. Stale bread, toasted, and then just moistened with milk which has been scalded; rice or oatmeal which has been thoroughly boiled and allowed to become cold, are all suitable invalid diet. If the diarrhea has got any headway, give the water in which the rice has been boiled as a drink, and the first day give twenty drops of laudanum to every half cupful. When the diarrhea ceases, the rice water may be replaced by plain water. After a few days, give a little ground corn mixed with bread or oatmeal; add gradually bran or green vegetables, until the bird is getting almost ordinary feed before allowing it to return to the flock. Of course, it is a waste of time to doctor sick fowls unless the cause of the trouble is located and removed. In your own and your neighbor's case it was undoubtedly the moldy rotten grain which made the birds sick. Unripened grain of any kind will cause indigestion, and if the supply lasts for any length of time, gastritis or liver complaint.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

I would like to say to Black-Eyed Susan's question: Yes, if you know that the future husband is naturally fond of children he will in all likelihood be good to your children and they really deserve a father and you are too young to live alone the rest of your life. I have seen such marriages happy and successful. I would like to hear from you personally.

Texas Blue Bonnet, I certainly think you deserve your fern back again and a whole bunch of plants besides. You are doing what I would call real, everyday, Christian work. How many of us can say that we have done as much? We can't help a girl who has made a false step if we scorn and shun her. It's up to us to make her feel that she has made a mistake and that we know she will be a good citizen and a credit to her community. You cannot uplift people by trampling on them.

And mothers, right here is where I want to put in a word or two. When we begin teaching our boys that they have no more right to sow wild oats than their sisters have, then we will have fewer girls go wrong. Let us teach them that they cannot commit every crime on the calendar and expect to marry a good, pure girl. That has been the man of the past, but it shouldn't be the man of the future. Let us spend less time praying to save our own little souls and more time teaching ideals to our boys and girls, to respect women and motherhood and that sex is a sacred thing. Teach them all that is good and beautiful in life as well as in books. Don't send them to Sunday School and stay home yourself. Go with them. I think if we share in their sports, joys and sorrows they will share with us their little confidences. If we can have them confide in us we have a good chance to help mould their future in a better way.

If any of the sisters care to send this rough-neck Westerner a view postal, will return the favor.

With very best wishes to you all, just address

MICKY, P. O. Box 503,
and I'll get the mail all right.
WISCONSIN.

DEAR WORRIED MOTHER:

My heart goes out to you in your trouble and I cannot resist the call to write to you, strangers that we are, we are mothers, and if I can only help you I will be so glad and thankful. My dear friend, I, and hundreds of other mothers, have passed through what is before you. My boy, my only one, brought this same trouble to me. It almost killed me, care for him alone kept me, for he called to me for help in his trouble. It was hard to be brave and help him to be brave and do the only manly thing he could do—marry the girl, and today she is as dear to me as one of my own daughters. She has proved herself a daughter in every sense of the word and I am repaid by her care of me for all I did for her. Dear friend, don't scorn this girl. She needs you. Make her your daughter in every sense of the word. Help your boy do his duty by her. It is the only just thing for him to do. She has made this mistake but has not sinned alone. Should she suffer alone? I know it is hard but the fault is your boy's as much as hers and if you condemn one you must condemn both, both are equally to blame, and the girl suffers most for the boy will soon be looked at the same as before he sinned but the girl must always bear the brand of shame if they do not marry. Can your boy expect a good girl to marry him after his betrayal of this girl? He, or any boy, cannot expect to be blessed with the love of a good, true girl, knowing he has committed this sin and not done the right thing by the girl. Marry and protect her. I hope, dear friend, you will be given the strength and courage to do your duty by this unfortunate girl. It is your flesh and blood you are protecting, remember, just as near to you as any grandchild, if you have any. I hope and pray you decide for the girl's protection.

FROM A MOTHER WHO HAS BEEN WORRIED.

ST. LOUIS, 4225 Lindell Blvd., Mo.

TO WORRIED MOTHER, TENNESSEE:

I read your letter in COMFORT regarding your son. I must say you are a great deal like a lot of other women, in other words you are not thinking from the right standpoint, and your mind can only be changed by associating with people who are broad minded and look at things from different angles. I know how sincere the Southern people are, as I am a Southerner myself, but have lived in St. Louis long enough to realize that there is harm and sin in anything if we wish to make it so. In the city of St. Louis there are 1,115 illegitimate children in the eight public institutions here. Of this number there are only 173 father's caring for their illegitimate children. Of course this does not include any illegitimate child that is not in a public institution. Some of our greatest men of the world were born out of wedlock. Children born

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

MINERALIZED WATER ROUTS CHICKEN LICE

Tablets Dropped into Drinking Founts Banish Vermin, Make Fowls Grow Faster and Increase Egg Yield.

Any poultry raiser can easily rid his flock of lice and mites, makes chickens grow faster and increase their egg yield by simply adding minerals to the fowls' drinking water. This does away with all bother, such as dusting, greasing, dipping and spraying. The necessary minerals can now be obtained in convenient tablets, known as Paratabs. Soon after the fowls drink the mineralized water,



all lice and mites leave them. The tablets also act as a tonic conditioner. The health of the fowls quickly improves, they grow faster and the egg yield frequently is doubled. Little chicks that drink freely of the water never will be bothered by mites or lice.

The method is especially recommended for raisers of purebred stock, as there is no risk of soiling the plumage. The tablets are warranted to impart no flavor or odor to the eggs and meat. This remarkable conditioner, egg tonic and lice remedy costs only a trifle and is sold under an absolute guarantee. The tablets are scientifically prepared, perfectly safe, and dissolve readily in water.

Any reader of this paper may try them without risk. The laboratories producing Paratabs are so confident of good results that to introduce them to every poultry raiser they offer two big $1 packages for only $1. Send no money, just your name and address—a card will do— to the Paratab Laboratories, Dept. 869, 1100 Coca Cola Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., and the two $1 packages, enough for 100 gallons of water, will be mailed. Pay the postman $1 and postage on delivery, and if you are not delighted with results in 10 days—if your chickens are not healthier, laying more eggs and entirely free from lice and mites—your money will be promptly refunded. Don't hesitate to accept this trial offer as you are fully protected by this guarantee.

Science Discovers Greatest Lice Killer

Changes Old Methods. No Dusting or Spraying. Birds Delouse Themselves. Gives Lasting Relief.

A recent discovery promises to revolutionize all the methods accepted up to now for keeping poultry free from lice and mites. This wonderful lice killer keeps the birds always lice free without the poultry raiser doing any work. It is the simplest, easiest, surest and best method ever discovered.



Hick's Lice Kill, which is the name of this sensational lice killer, is added to the drinking water. The medicine taken into the system of the bird comes out through the pores and every louse or mite dies or leaves the body. It does not injure the hatchability or flavor of the eggs or meat; is harmless to chicks and does not affect the plumage. A few days treatment at the start and then a little in the drinking water each month.

A Trial Costs You Nothing

So confident is Mr. Hick that Hick's Lice Kill will kill every louse or mite, that he is making a special guaranteed offer of two regular full sized, double strength, $1.00 bottles and a regular $1.00 package of Hick's Egg-Lay Tablets all for $1.00. Use one bottle yourself and sell the other at one dollar, thus getting your own free. Send $1.00 today (currency, money order, check, etc.) to Chas. M. Hick & Co., Dept. 1176, 1018 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. If you prefer, send no money, just your name and address, and pay postman $1.00 and postage on delivery. If after two weeks trial you are not absolutely satisfied, write Mr. Hick and your money will be refunded.





Conducted by Cousin Marion

In writing this department always sign your true name and give your address; if not, your letter will receive no attention. Name will not be published.

THERE were so many questions this month that my intentions were to say "Howdy" and then go to work, but I came across a letter from a girl in Nebraska, whom we will call Edna, just to be friendly and to show that we are sorry for her, which she asks me to print as a warning to other young girls. Here it is. Think it over.

I wasn't quite seventeen years of age when I married a man of twenty-five. He left me after we had been married a few months but I let him come back to me, then he left me again after my baby was born. He wouldn't work very long at a time. I took him back again but he didn't stay with me. He would just walk out as though he was going to work and I wouldn't hear from him for a month and then I'd learn about him from someone else. I stayed with my folks until I was able to get a job I don't get very big wages but I'm better off this way than living with him. He wants to come back again but I won't have him. I think my experience would be a good lesson for other girls. Go to school, or work at something, and keep boys out of your mind until you are old enough to know what you are doing, never under eighteen at the least. I wish someone had given me this advice. EDNA."

IRISH, Mo.—You shouldn't be held to an engagement made when you were only fourteen and the man, being nine years older than you, shouldn't have bound you by any promise at that age and should release you now if you wish it. Naturally, at eighteen your ideas have changed (and will continue to change) and, as you say, you are too young to marry, anyway. Why not have another talk with him and tell him you want two or three years of freedom in which to meet other men as an unengaged girl. You may decide before the end of that time that he is the one and only and he may meet another girl that he likes better than you for, of course, he is to be as free as you are, unless he wishes to show his love by patiently waiting for you, and men, as a rule, aren't good waiters.

E. R., Kansas.—If you do not love the man you are engaged to, break the engagement. At his age he should have acquired a job and not have to depend upon his parents for everything. Don't let the material possessions of the other fellow influence you unduly for No. 1 may be all right once he starts in. Sometimes fellows need a good jolt in order to make them amount to something and fear of losing you may be just the jolt he needs. Being naturally tender hearted and sorry for the other girl, I dislike to advise No. 2 to break the engagement. That's something he will have to decide for himself, taking into consideration the length of time he has been engaged to her, the time he has kept other fellows away from her, and her claim on him. On the other hand, if he doesn't care for her it would be kinder to tell her so. I hope everything is settled by this time and that all are happy.

KIND HEARTED, Ga.—See above answer to Irish, Mo.

JOE, Tenn.—If you had complained that your sister had more advantages along educational lines than your parents have given you then I'd have stood up for you, strong, but when your chief grievance is that your father doesn't allow you to go to social gatherings and buggy riding with boys, then I'm not so sorry for you. He doubtless knows what is best. Both amusements are all right unless made the chief interest in life. I don't know why your father should consider buggy riding with a boy worse than walking with the same boy unless there is danger of going farther. Tell your parents that if they will give you the same opportunity for an education that they gave your sister (not necessarily along the same lines, but equivalent) that you'll think less of boys and buggy riding and more of your studies until you are through school.

PAULINE, Va.—You are too young to have a beau. Mind your father.

CATHERINE, Pa.—If your hair is the fine, soft kind that clings closely to your head, don't have it bobbed. If it is curly, or the fluffy, wavy kind, it would be more likely to look good but that depends upon the shape of your face and various other qualities.

BELLE, Va.—Under the circumstances it would be better to write to him and tell him that your mother has changed her mind and will allow you boy callers this summer. That would be better than accepting the attentions of other boys and giving him reason to think you had been untruthful to him.

OKLAHOMA SCHOOL GIRL.—Your "hand wrighting" might indicate that you had finished grammar school but your spelling "dosen't." You should not be cross with your fiance because he "talks" to a girl you do not like; maybe common courtesy demanded it and merely speaking to her isn't anything. He should not be particularly interested in her, though, especially if her reputation isn't good. Maybe that's why he is. You are too young to take your love affairs seriously. Love at your age is more or less like mumps, acute while it lasts but of short duration.

ANNA, Va.—The dime may have slipped into the envelope by accident and he didn't know anything about it. You should have given him a chance to explain. My, what a hair-trigger disposition you must have to get cross over one thin dime. Give him a chance to make up if you still love him.

ALABAMA BEAUTY.—Don't marry him if he plans to go away to school and don't feel badly if you never marry him. He doesn't impress me, somehow, as one who would make you happy. He's rather selfish, isn't he?

BLUE BELL, Strawberry Plains.—From his actions it would seem that he cares for you only as a friend so think of him in the same way.

POLLY, Fla.—You sure are right—don't let him come to see you until he gives up the disreputable girl and I don't believe I'd have him anyway if I were in your place. Probably he isn't any better than she is.

BLUE EYES, Okla.—Don't be a piker, Blue Eyes. You wanted to get married and you did. Now that you have a home and baby to care for you want to be single and have a good time, and ask me if you should leave your husband. He is kind to you and you have a good home. In that respect you are more fortunate than a number of girls who marry as young as you did, so appreciate your blessings and don't be a rattle-headed little idiot. Maybe he is beginning to find out how shallow and worthless you are and wouldn't mind so very much if you did leave him. Try and make your husband admire you because you are such a good wife and mother rather than care less for you because you are trying to shirk the duties and responsibilities you brought upon yourself. You needn't give up the society of young people. Invite them to your home and go with them occasionally to dances and picnics. See that your husband has a good time on these occasions and he will be more anxious to go. If he isn't, tell him that you enjoy such things, that they make you happy and ask him to go with you. Don't get in the habit of going with his men friends, even if he isn't jealous. It is more or less dangerous and very likely to cause gossip. Read the letter from "Edna" at the beginning of this column.

EDWARD, Iowa.—Sorry, Edward, but it is out of the question for me to furnish you with the names and addresses of twenty girls. This isn't a matrimonial agency and while I'm plump, I'm no Mrs. Cupid and besides I don't know you. You might be a horse thief or a dish washer for all I know.

BROWN EYES, Ky.—I'm not taking your letter seriously for this time you have changed your mind and the future doesn't look so black and old maidey as it did when your sweetheart married another. Stick to your resolution, though, about not having anything to do with married men. Your life may not be all pleasant at home but it might be as bad, or worse, away from home. Better stay where you are and study hard until you are older and better fitted to care for yourself. Get all the education you possibly can.

JAZZ HEARTS OF INDIANA.—Just "Thank you" is sufficient in both cases. (2) The most suitable style in engagement rings is what the man can afford. A plain gold band is always good for the wedding ring though the newer rings are of green or white gold or of platinum, engraved or set with diamonds. (3) It is proper for an engaged couple to kiss each other.

MATTIE, Ark.—I hope I'm not mercenary but if he has his mother and sister to support and only a little money, you'd better look around for a man with more money or no dependents, who could care for you and your children, should there be any.

IDA, Wisc.—It isn't always a question of how much money a man earns as how much he saves. If this boy has been working steadily for three years, with only himself to care for, and has no money saved, I don't blame your parents for objecting to him. However, you are young and can afford to wait a couple of years, or longer, and if he really cares for you he will begin to save money and prove to your parents that he is capable of caring for you.

MARY, Texas.—You'd better forgive and forget if he is truly sorry, and don't do anything just for spite or to get even. That isn't showing a very generous spirit. Maybe I've used this quotation before, but it is a favorite one of mine.

"Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own."

Hoping you are all the same,

COUSIN MARION.

How to Overcome Sleeplessness

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IF you are a sufferer from that distressing complaint, insomnia, if you go to bed tired expecting and perhaps desperately needing a good night's rest and lie tossing about on your bed unable to get even a wink of sleep until the small hours, do not take drugs to put you to sleep. Such things should never be resorted to except in desperate cases and by the advice of a skilled physician. Perhaps there are reasons for your sleeplessness which if corrected would gradually overcome the difficulty. The first thing to do is to thoroughly review your mode of life and try to discover what you are doing or leaving undone that could have caused this condition.

Do you eat indigestible suppers late at night? Do you get so tired every day that you can hardly drag one foot after the other when you get into bed? Are your hands and feet cold a good deal of the time thus showing poor circulation or do you suffer from dyspepsia or intestinal indigestion or worse than all have you let yourself get into the bad habit of worrying? All these things will produce insomnia. If you drive yourself day in and day out the brain becomes so full of fatigue toxins that sound, restful sleep is difficult, nearly impossible. The remedy of course is to take things a little easier in the daytime. But the sort of fatigue that causes insomnia is always mental, not physical. In fact one of the commonest causes of insomnia is lack of exercise in the fresh air. Sometimes a short walk just before going to bed or even sitting on the piazza in the evening will entirely cure incipient cases of insomnia if the bedroom window is also kept wide open so that you will get plenty of fresh air every night.

Another cause of sleeplessness is going to bed with the stomach too empty. When more than four hours has elapsed since the evening meal, either dinner or supper, a cup of hot milk just before retiring is often a great help or, if milk does not agree with you, take a cup of bouillon or some light soup with a cracker or a piece of toast. When sleeplessness is caused by indigestion or poor circulation a hot-water bag at the feet or a bag that is just pleasantly warm, not hot, placed across the stomach often effects a cure. A hot bath taken just before getting into bed is also extremely soothing.

Sleeplessness is not only a very distressing condition in itself but if continued for any length of time leads to all sorts of bodily ills. It is not really a disease but rather a symptom of some physical disturbance or mental strain. It is, as a famous physician calls it, "an invaluable danger signal the prompt heeding of which will save us many a breakdown." The average individual in good health requires about eight hours of sleep every night to keep in condition though constitutions vary in this respect, some people requiring a little less while others need more, nine or ten hours. Children should have from ten to twelve hours. One of the puzzling things about insomnia is the difficulty of discovering exactly how long the sufferer has slept for it is easily possible to hear the clock strike every hour and yet to have dozed off a good deal between times.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

ones to a better life. I haven't time to write more now on this subject, but if you ever get an opportunity to read any of Senator Reed's articles on the Maternity Bill, please do not pass them up. This would improve your mind considerably.

Very truly yours, CORINE J. ROBERTS.

OURAY, UTAH.

DEAR COMFORT FAMILY:

I am a lonely woman, living away out on Green River, six miles from the postoffice and on the Ute Reservation. I have my husband, two sons and a daughter and it is a comfort to work for those we love.

I make pin money selling cakes and pies to the Indians, who are the only neighbors I have.

I enjoy COMFORT and especially the Sisters' Corner and it is a great help to me.

I am going to ask a favor. Can someone give me the address of a bead factory where I can buy beads for fancy work, the kind the Indians use?

Your COMFORT Sister, MARY M. BARNEY.

Mrs. Barney.—Do you use COMFORT recipes? If so, I shall think of you when a particularly good cake recipe is published and wonder if you will make that cake for Chief Chocolate Frosting or Chief Cream Puff. Tell us more about the Indians.—Ed.

A PENNSYLVANIA HILL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

May I talk for a few moments to Worried Mother?

Dear Worried Mother, has your boy confessed how many hours of coaxing and promising and love making it took to get the girl to be "that sort?" No, no, boys don't do that.

When I was fourteen years of age I met a boy whom I came to care for very much and we were engaged.

I remember quite a few of his arguments but he forgot all about these when I told him my secret. I was only fifteen, no mother. No one knows the hours I childishly lay crying, praying for death. At last my baby came, a dear little thing. Then he came back and we were married. He now loves me as much as a man possibly could but I remember the tears and heartaches and how he failed me when I needed him the most.

I now have boys of my own and if ever they deceive a girl and I cannot make them realize their duty, it is the girl who will get my sympathy.

ONE OF "THAT SORT."

DENVER, 115 Sherman St., COLORADO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Since my letter condemning the immoral motion pictures was printed in the August, 1921, issue of COMFORT, there have appeared a few letters (in the Sisters' Corner), of disapproval, criticizing my letter, and it is evident that I have been misunderstood; I didn't wish to convey the idea that the indecent motion pictures were to blame for *all* the crime and immorality, but every sane person must admit that the present low standard of motion pictures—and also the majority of vaudeville and drama—is one of the chief causes of juvenile delinquency; and for the benefit of "M. M." (whose letter appeared in the December, 1921, COMFORT), and other "doubting Thomases" I will quote from the pen of a well-known motion picture producer: "America has no taste for uplift in drama. Our people don't want good plays. They want smutty things. The drama of America is degenerating." Is not that sufficient proof that the majority of the motion pictures are indecent? And if you do not think the above statement sufficient evidence that these deplorable conditions *do* exist, attend any so-called "high class"(?) motion picture show, vaudeville or drama, and then you will be convinced of the truthfulness of the above statements.

If America has no taste for uplift in drama, if the majority of people prefer "smutty things," who is to be blamed? The producers are to be blamed (to a certain extent), for they are commercializing virtue, and the degraded minds of the majority of people are demanding that type of pictures and drama. Consequently the film producers and theatrical men are blinded by the almighty dollar, in their attempt to satisfy that demand for the impure class of pictures and drama. Nevertheless, we must not censure the producers and theatrical men too much, for they are only human. They are not much concerned with the moral welfare of the American people, for they are thinking too much about how much cold cash they will make out of the degrading class of pictures or plays they are producing to satisfy the general public's demand.

Since the World War, it seems that our moral standard has lost its equilibrium, the majority of people—particularly the male sex—have allowed their modesty, self-respect and better nature to deteriorate. They have been overburdened with sorrow, sickness, worry, strife and all manner of unpleasant conditions. Indeed, civilization has gone through the greatest change of conditions that has ever taken place in history, during which time, most of the Americans have neglected the development of their moral nature so long that they have lost their desire for many of the really good and worthwhile things of life. Therefore, under those circumstances, is it any wonder that our moral standard has degenerated?

And we must not place too much blame upon the movies, dance halls, card parties, joy rides, prohibition, short skirts or low-neck dresses. True, they have some evil influence upon the morals of the young people, but they alone are not the fundamental cause of our present low standard of morals.

My opponent, "M. M.," says that I should spend several years among the South Sea Islanders, stating: "I want to tell Mr. Smith that all the sin there is in a film show is in the minds of the spectators and not in the films. There is beauty in everything that God made. If you don't see godliness in a beautiful woman or a strong man, the devil has infused your mind with immoral thoughts and you are weak enough to listen to him."

I certainly do agree with what my opponent says. Sure, I can see godliness in a beautiful woman, and I know that the sin "is in the minds of the spectators and not in the films." But I wish to make this clear: my mind *is not* infused with immoral thoughts. Certainly, I said the movies are immoral, but they are only immoral as long as people *think they are*; but since the majority of people will not change their thinking, as long as they continue to indulge in salacious thinking and demanding "smutty things," some pressure should be brought to bear whereby these carnal temptations will be (to a certain extent) taken away from the general public. In other words, as long as the young boys and men (and others) have lustful minds and cannot look upon the opposite sex dressed in a semi-nude costume without immoral thoughts, we should establish a more modest style of dress for young girls and women; and the producers of motion pictures and drama should cease producing pictures and plays wherein women pose in semi-nude costumes. Indeed, it is our duty, as American citizens, to resort to such drastic measures in order to protect our children from their evil influence; for if most of the young men cannot see purity instead of evil in a beautiful girl or woman, if they haven't enough moral backbone to resist evil temptations, then the temptations should be removed from their sight.

The causes of all the evil existing today are varied and too numerous to mention, but suffice it to say that the fundamental causes are: heredity, lack of proper training in childhood, wrong environment, and our abominable double standard of morals. And we need not anticipate any marked decrease in crime and immorality until a single standard of morals is established—until parents teach their boys that what is wrong for a girl is wrong for a boy, for purity and modesty are redeeming qualities of character that belong to boys as well as to girls. In other words, *all* parents should place as much stress upon the training of their boys as their girls. Furthermore, parents should not allow their boys to think it is wrong for them to become "sissies," for if there were more so-called "sissy" boys there would be less crime and immorality, because the so-called "sissy" boys are more modest and reserved—more like girls—and, therefore, they are not involved in every manner of mischief and

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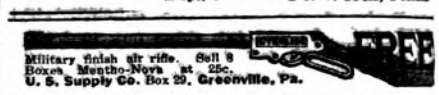


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Missing Relatives and Friends

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT reopens the "Missing Relatives' and Friends' column.

To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will secure only one new yearly subscriber to COMFORT at 50c. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column by securing only one new subscription at 50c. If a longer notice is required send one 50c subscription for each additional seven words.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Silas W. Bullock, last heard from at Pueblo, Col., 1897, please notify his sister, Mrs. Ellen Fox, Moore, R. R. 3, Okla.

Mrs. W. S. Riblett, Johnstown, R. R. 2, Pa., would like information of Beaumont Hare, last heard from at Barks Dale, Texas, October, 1921.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Royal Bayless, please communicate with his mother, Etta Bayless, Grand Chain, Ill. He is 16 years old, has dark hair, eyes and complexion; tall, and has deep scar on back of head, and defect under one eye. Left home on July 15th, 1921, and has not been heard from. From a broken-hearted mother, Etta Bayless, Grand Chain, Ill.

Anyone knowing anything about Elizabeth Adolph of Apitz, please write 287 Maud Ave., San Leandro, Cal. Mother dead, please answer, Sister.

Wanted: Information of Bernita or Lessie Smith were in Orphans' Homes, Jackson, Miss., July, ages ten and eight. Sallie Smith, Glancy, Miss.

Mattie E. Wing, Independence, 707 Center St., Iowa wishes to hear of her niece, Eva V. A. Vaughan, taken from an orphanage at Saint Paul, Minn., in 1916.

Where is T. Vance Harvey? Last heard of in Pocahontas, Va. Please write W. M. R., Evansville 707 Sixth St., Indiana.

Would like to hear from my sister, Mrs. Emma McFarlen, last heard of at Los Gatos, Calif. With William H. Devaul, Lorelela, Oregon.

(Correction). Mrs. Wm. Hoffman, South Haven R. R. 2, Minn., would like to have information of his father, Thomas Lenc; age about 53 years. Last seen 24 years ago.

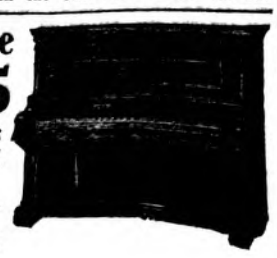
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"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

ROSY POSY, Owatonna, Minn.—If you have been in the habit of calling this boy you have known for a year by his first name, you would so address him in a letter, saying, for instance: "Dear Jack," or "My dear Jack." But you will have to arrange for yourself what you think best to say after this conventional opening. (2) Let your escort give the order when you are dining together in a restaurant—you having first signified what are your choices as to food.

MRS. S. G., Lebanon, Pa.—Most assuredly a man should remove his hat when in attendance at a funeral.

MISS L. N., Chapel Hill, Texas.—If you meet this boy you know at a dance or other entertainment it makes absolutely no difference who is the first to speak. However, if you know him to be bashful, as some timid young swains have been known to be, it might be kind of you to help him out by speaking first a friendly word of greeting.

GRAY EYES, Church Road, Va.—It is not necessary to give any thanks, formal or informal, to this boy who treats you to ice cream, unless you choose to smile at him a little more charmingly while you are eating the frozen offering. Of course, you may, if you wish to be precise, say: "Thanks; that was delicious."

B. P., Pueblo, Colo.—You should have small plates and fruit knives with which to properly serve your guests the fruit you describe. The same plates which they have used for the fruit may also serve for your nuts. It is best to have these last carefully cracked and this will make your nut picks unnecessary unless your nuts are of some native and tenacious sort.

ANXIOUS SIS, Wisconsin.—Of course you must not speak with strange boys on the street. That they speak first has nothing to do with the matter. (2) You may talk for a while, if you wish, either at the gate or in the car with the boy who has brought you home. But "for a while" means minutes and not an hour or two.

UNHAPPY, Kansas.—Some of us are born more sensitive and self-conscious than others. A painful bashfulness is not rare when one is young and unused to meeting others in the social game of give and take. You will find it will help by ceasing to think "people have a queer way" of looking at you "and laughing." That is just your difficulty: you are watching and thinking that they are watching and thinking of *you*, when you should forget the *you* entirely in taking your part in the talk, games, etc., of your evening gathering. You must have your interest more in others than in yourself and cease to watch yourself and your surroundings so carefully. You are not the only one present and everybody is not interested in you alone and the errors you make or think you make. Sink your self-consciousness in the spirit of the gathering; be as natural and sincere as you can in your conversation and actions; feel that you are doing your best and having a good time—and then worry no more about what others may be thinking of you. Time will remedy the most of your troubles, we are sure. As an extremely self-conscious and bashful person, you fail in making friends because you prevent others from knowing you well by the barriers you erect. When you have learned to be more yourself you will have more friends. Be sincerely friendly and you will soon gain friends. Give, and you will receive.

E. F., Hancock, Minn.—A girl does not receive gifts of jewelry and anything so valuable as a diamond ring except from the man to whom she is promised in marriage. Your parents are entirely correct in telling you to return this ring. Why do you ask us, "Should I do it?" A fifteen-year-old girl should do exactly as her parents tell her in this and other matters. (2) You should not have been car riding with this young man and then the difficulty you describe could not have occurred. Take this as a warning and do not accept such invitations in the future unless you can go properly chaperoned. You need not tell this familiar young man that you are sorry for having "bit and scratched him." It is he who owes you an apology.

v A. M., Pueblo, Colo.—You say, "Pardon me," if you have sneezed or coughed in a disturbing or alarming manner while in the company of others.

L. J., Starbuck, Minn.—This boy seems to be the right sort of a chap, and that he continues to "go" with you after you quite properly refused to let him kiss you would indicate that he is sincerely fond of you. (2) Answer his letters if you like, but tell him that he must not use such foolish phrases as the one you quote. Perhaps he will mind you this time, too,—as he did about the kisses.

B. R., Rockland, Mich.—You are not supposed to know what the Juniors of your school think about the matter, nor do you have to believe what you have heard they have said. The fact remains that they have invited your class to a reception which will doubtless include your faculty and the school board. It would be the pleasant and correct thing for you to accept the invitation and attend. What if you do not care for dancing? Probably the faculty and the school board will not do much dancing either. Do not take the opportunity to have a misunderstanding between your classes, when no such difficulty need occur. Attend and enjoy yourself as much as possible. If the Juniors enjoy it more because they "love dancing," why you should be glad that they are having this good time. Isn't this the best spirit?

VIRGINIA BABY, Rhoadesville, Va.—A veranda dance would be a happy way of entertaining a crowd of young people after a birthday supper in the month of July. If your veranda will not admit of this, have your dance in rooms that have had surplus furniture removed and that are open as much as possible to your veranda or to the air. If you have a veranda, have this lighted by paper lanterns and serve refreshments of ice cream and cake at midnight. Your lawn can also be lighted, if this is possible to accomplish, and chairs and benches placed there for the rest and coolness of dancers.

PEGGIE, Muncie, Ind.—Of course you should give your brother's fiancee a sincere and hearty greeting—which means that you should kiss her when he first brings her to your home.

BLUE EYES, Mississippi.—It would be correct for your escort to aid you in putting on your heavy cloak. (2) If this observant escort tells you your skirt is not hanging properly, it would be best for you to leave him for a moment and adjust this—not only to please his exactitude, but to feel sure that you are correctly dressed. Powder upon your dark gown may be brushed off in his presence, but we think he and others would find you more attractive if you did not have a surplus of this article to overflow upon your gown. It appears to us that you have the attention of a critical young man, and you will have to watch your appearance closely if you are to continue to find favor in his appraising eyes.

L. E., Auburn, Ind.—We think your escort should consult your wishes as to where you prefer to sit in church. If not, we would pick out a more considerate escort the next Sunday. (2) Wear black silk stockings with a black satin or messaline gown.

MRS. K. P., Ukiah, Ore.—There will be time enough for you to put on your outside wraps after your escort calls for you. When he arrives, you can ask him if you should go at once, and if he replies affirmatively, you may leave him while you get on your out-of-door attire.

BILLIE'S GIRL, Iowa.—In your letter you have the town, state and date at the upper right-hand of the sheet, which is its correct place. (2) A girl of seventeen should accept attentions from only those young men whom her family looked upon with approval.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

had my share of sickness. I help my mother at home when I am not at school. I can sew and cook and do many other little things about the house. We take Domestic Science at our school and there are three classes of us—four or five in each class.

I live about twenty miles from the greatest oil field in the world which is at Eldorado, Arkansas. They are now putting in a test well about three miles from here.

Uncle Lisha, will you please publish my letter, as this is the first letter I ever wrote to any paper. I will love Billy forever if he does not get my letter.

From one who loves you all,
MAURINE MITCHELL.

The next time you go to that double-decked school of yours, Maurine, just take a look in the dictionary and find out what that newsy volume will say "inhibition" means. Then you'll know why I laughed so hard I stripped a gear in my typewriter and three buttons off my vest when I read what you wrote about Locust Bayou having "75 inhibitions." There are many villages, Maurine, where inhabitants are well supplied with inhibitions of various sorts, but seventy-five is a decidedly generous number and ought to interfere some with the workings of the Locust Bayou town board.

I was ever so glad to know you were at last free of your rheumatism, Maurine. Mother-care and olive oil make a sovereign remedy when well mixed. I am a firm believer in the efficacy of olive oil when applied either internally or externally. We would all be healthier and happier with less hog fat and more of the rich vegetable fat of the olive. As your mother used it, with long and careful massage, the oil penetrated to your affected joints, Maurine, and accomplished softening and dissolving effects. To any one of rheumatic tendencies, it should be a preventive and a curative to rub olive oil well into the skin after each hot bath, and this method would be particularly valuable during the cold months. I have often told Billy this, but he persists in sticking to yellow soap and liniment and gets lamer every winter, I'm sure—any way, his grunts sound lamer. Now if that new oil well near you, Maurine, could just be arranged to gush olive oil, why I would feel sure that you could continue free of aches and pains for all the rest of the well and happy years I hope you'll add to the present fourteen you now have successfully attained. And remember, Maurine, that inhibitions are even worse than rheumatism—and even olive oil can't work a cure.

LACENTER, WASHINGTON.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Pst! Sh! Where is he? Yes, I mean Billy the Goat. Do you think I can make it through the door before he gets his gleaming eye on me? I joined your corner some time ago and although for ten years I've desired to enter into conversation with the cousins this is only my second attempt to do so. I would have tried it oftener but brave as I am, somehow when I see the gloating grin and wicked twitch of Billy's whiskers, I flee like the veriest coward. However, having come this far I'll chat for a while even if it is only for Billy's benefit.

I say, Uncle Lisha, how I do enjoy your talks and answers to the cousins. I sit and giggle hysterically and fairly hug myself with enjoyment as I read some of them. How I wish I could do it for it would come in handy in my career as a "great writer," which leads me to the question on which I desire a little advice. What do you think of journalism as a profession for a woman? Speak right up, Uncle, and dish me up as much discouragement as you like. I'll swallow it all. I've determined to take up this profession whether or no, but thought you might drop me a helpful hint or two.

There are just "oodles" of subjects I should like to talk upon but—not today. For there's a glorious and beautiful day outside, a-callin' and a-callin' and I'm going right out and into the arms of it pretty soon. It's a beautiful world, the Great-Out-of-Doors, isn't it, Uncle Lisha? And I'm glad—glad, that I am one of those upon whom has been bestowed the eyes, the ears, and—the Heart, which allows me to find joy and happiness in the sunshine and flowers, peace and contentment in the silent woods and hills, and strange longings and wonderful "dreams" out under the stars.

Perhaps you're all wondering what sort of "wild rosebud" I am so I'll give you a little data on the subject. I am eighteen (though I hate to admit it), look sixteen, and feel less than fourteen. In addition I'm a giantess of somewhat less than five feet two inches and a weight of 110 pounds. Have fluffy, blackish-brown hair and people insist that I've got typical "Irish" eyes, though for my part I like to think of them as plain "American" grey. I'm a high school graduate and at present am attending business college in Portland, Oregon, where I'm being taught the "Whang Whang Blues" on a typewriter. Please, say a good word for the poor "stenogs," Uncle, for I know dear Uncle Charlie used to knock them unmercifully. Perhaps some of them need it, but on the whole a nicer lot of clean, ambitious girls can't be found anywhere. My business course is just the intervening step between high school and university. With its help I hope to make my university course in about two years. I'm all for an education for both boys and girls. Being able to bake good bread is a fine thing, girls (though I've never tried it) but a mental scope beyond a kitchen is one of the first and absolute essentials in a happy marriage. So get into the race for an education, cousins, for it's a great life. A good motto will help a lot, too. Mine has been simply forced upon me and I can't get rid of it now. Every time I feel certain of failing, "Don't give up the ship," rings in my ears and I keep steadily on. My old ship has almost foundered several times (mostly due to sickness that has kept me from school months at a time) but I haven't been able to let go and so she's still a-sailing and without falling behind, either. Of course, I've had to study and work hard but you know—what's not worth working for is not worth having.

My favorite pastimes are "readin' and writin'." I read continually and can always find some good in every book. I love poetry, too, and Tennyson is my favorite. As for "writin'," I'm always doing something in that line. I wrote the class poem for our graduating class in high school. There's quite a little tale connected with that poem. You see, ever since I was down in the grammar grades I used to have a dream that some day if I ever graduated from high school I would write the class poem. However, it seemed as if it might always remain only a dream for my senior year found me in a new high school. I missed more than three months of school on account of illness and so for a time almost gave up hope of graduating with the class. However, the whole class was told to write a poem. I was only a "stranger" in the large school (which I had already learned to love) and in the class of about a hundred I never dreamed for a minute that my little poem would be voted the best of all. But it was—and it only goes to show that sometimes our dreams may come true after all.

Now will also state that I love music, am tremendously fond of all athletic sports, and—(sh! whisper it)—am crazy about dancing. There now you——

But mercy! There comes Billy the Goat and it's up to me to shake the dust of Manhattan from my oxfords in a hurry. There's one thing, however, that perhaps Billy and I agree upon and that is that Cousin Theo Carmichael in January COMFORT certainly must be our handsomest "Romeo" all right. I was almost persuaded to write to him but after reminding myself of all those little cute blondes that would probably besiege him with letters I gave up the idea. Thanks for letting us have your picture, Uncle Lisha. It's a good one and I'll bet even Cousin "Curley" can't beat it.

Help! There is Billy just entering and now it's a race for life and death. Who will win, Billy or I? But as I flash through state after state on my desperate sprint for home and safety let me just spare breath enough to shriek as I flee past: "Please, Cousins, won't you write to me? I'll answer everybody!"

Earnestly yours, HELEN M. BENN.

Helen, ten years is a long time to wait to have a talk with us—particularly when you can converse so well when you get started.

I have not a crumb of discouragement to offer your journalistic ambitions, Helen. Your letter is a good specimen of an active, clever brain. Go ahead, and God bless you. You must know how many women have become eminently successful pengineers after a beginning in the newspaper game. Fanny Hurst and Mary Roberts Rinehart are the first two shining names that come to mind, and there are many others. You say, "our dreams may come true after all." Of course they may. Thoreau wrote: "If you have built castles

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)

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18-Inch Center — 12-Inch Doily

Both Stamped On Good Material

THEY are stamped on the best linen-finished cotton cloth all ready for embroidering. The simple yet elegant designs may be easily worked, using solid embroidery, French knots or eyelets for the basket, solid embroidery or satin stitch for the sprays and flowers and buttonhole stitch for the scalloped borders. Remember, we give you BOTH Centerpiece and Doily on this offer.

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you this 18-inch Centerpiece and 12-inch Doily free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8361.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Antique Jewel Box



For A Club Of Two

IT seems hardly necessary to describe this beautiful Jewel Box as our illustration speaks for itself. It is made entirely of rich oxidized silver which will never tarnish. It is heavily embossed on all sides and on the cover. It is silk lined throughout and sufficiently large for all kinds of small articles of jewelry, trinkets, etc., measuring four inches in length, two and a half inches wide and two inches high.

Every girl and woman delights in the possession of a real jewel box for her dresser and our offer places this one easily within the reach of all. Like everything else, they cost a good price in the stores but we buy direct from the factory, hence we are able to make the following very liberal offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this handsome Jewel Box free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9952.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Six Silver Teaspoons

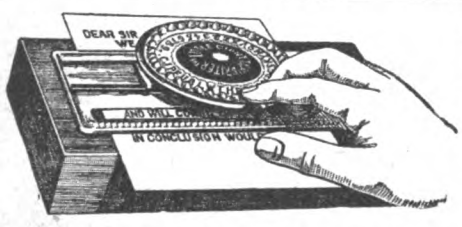
The Ever Popular "Avon" Design

BY buying in large quantities we are enabled to offer our readers this handsome set of six teaspoons for the ridiculously small club mentioned below. They are six inches long, made of pure nickel-silver, so there is no brass to show through, and they will never have that dingy or tarnished appearance even after years of constant use. The design is the beautiful "Avon" deeply embossed on the handles.

The rich design and splendid wearing qualities of these teaspoons combine to make this the most attractive premium offered in years. Our illustration does not do them justice. They must be seen to be appreciated. We know they will exceed your highest expectations.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you **six** of these fine Nickel-Silver Teaspoons free by **parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 9682.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

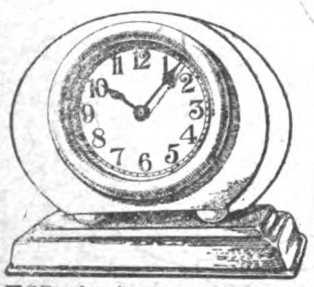


Little Giant Typewriter

A REAL machine that writes very distinctly. Has every letter in the alphabet, all the numerals from 1 to 10 and punctuation marks. Uses any size letter paper up to 5 inches wide. For correspondence, making out invoices, statements, addressing envelopes, etc., this machine will do the work well. It is very easy to operate, in fact, a child can write on it after a little practice.

Given To You! For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Typewriter free and prepaid. **Reward No. 8853.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Ivory Boudoir Clock

Reward No. 7638

For A Club Of Eight

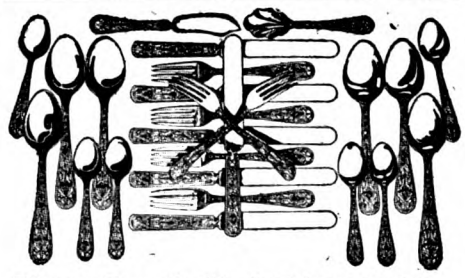
FOR sleeping-room, living-room or desk this white ivory clock is not only a beautiful ornament but a reliable timekeeper. It is 3¼ inches high, with a 3¾-inch base and pure white dial with large, easily-read figures. It is fitted with an American movement, fully guaranteed. The design is one of the latest styles that are now being showin in all the leading jewelry stores of the big cities.

We guarantee you will be pleased with this clock as well as surprised to learn that we can give such a splendid value in return for so few subscriptions. Buying in large quantities direct from the factory enables us to do it. We will give you this clock, exactly as described, free upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For eight one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this beautiful, white ivory clock free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 7638.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

26-Piece Table Set



Given For A Club Of Only Five

WE have made many offers of table-ware, but this is the first time we have been able to offer **a complete set of 26 Pieces** in return for so small a club. And please don't think that because we **are** giving this set on such liberal terms that it is plated on a brass base and consequently will change color and have that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. On the contrary, it has a **white metal base;** therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will not show signs of wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration, there are 26 pieces in this set—**6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, Sugar Shell and Butter Knife.** Each piece is **full regulation size** for family use, the handles are handsomely **embossed** and the blades of the knives and the bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and **bright polished.** It is only because we buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a reward for so few subscriptions. It is by far **the greatest value** we have offered and **we guarantee every set sent out for a period of five years.** We will send this 26-Piece Table Set exactly as illustrated and described to any address upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For a club of five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this 26-Piece Table Set free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 7625.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



"Peggy" The New Summer Doll

PEGGY first saw the light of day in New York but she didn't like the big city with its noise and confusion and was mighty glad to come to Maine on a brief vacation before looking for a permanent home somewhere in the country.

She doesn't care where she lives so long as as it is in some cozy little town or on a nice, big farm, and provided she can find some little girl who will be a kind mother to her. She just loves the horses and cows and doggies and kitties and—yes, even the little "piggies" make her laugh until she can hardly stand up.

Peggy says that life on the farm is the only life for her, so we want to give her to some little girl who lives on a farm, where she can romp and play to her heart's content and be happy all day long. Please remember, however, that we have but a limited number of these Dolls on hand and if you want one your order should be sent in **at once.**

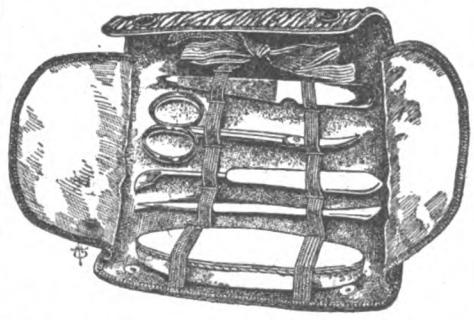
A New York manufacturer who wanted to keep his help busy during the dull season sold us these Dolls at about one-half the regular wholesale price, so we are enabled to give them away for almost nothing.

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you "Peggy" free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8621.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

French Ivory Manicure Set

In A Roll-Up Leather Case



Given For A Club Of Four!

A PRACTICAL and beautiful Set, containing everything necessary for the proper care of the nails. It consists of a 5-inch flexible polished steel nail file, a pair of 3½-inch polished steel curved nail scissors, a 4-inch cuticle knife with French Ivory handle, a 4-inch French Ivory nail stick, and a 4½-inch nail polisher or buffer with French Ivory Top. All these articles are neatly contained in a moire-lined, **genuine leather case,** measuring 5½ inches wide and 6 inches from end to end when opened. The case rolls up as shown in illustration, and fastens with two snap clasps. In this form it resembles a miniature pocketbook, and is just as convenient to carry, as it measures only 5½x2 inches and only 1 inch in thickness.

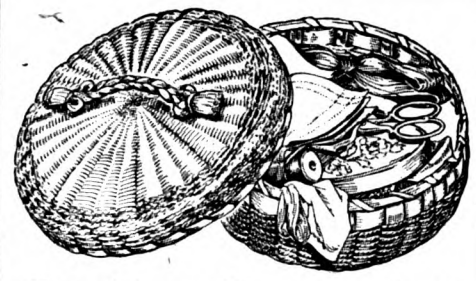


Although we offer this Manicure Set for an unusually small club, please understand that each and every piece is strictly high grade and regulation size. We know that every woman and girl who accepts this offer and earns one of these splendid Sets will be more than delighted with it. It is free on the terms of the following offer.

Given To You! For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this splendid **French Ivory Manicure Set in a roll-up leather case free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 8124.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Sweet Grass Basket



For Your Sewing And Fancy Work

WHERE is the woman who does not "just love" these beautiful Sewing Baskets made of **sweet grass?** Their delightful **fragrance** which is practically everlasting is like that of flowers; they are handsome in appearance and very strong and serviceable, being hand-woven by the St. Regis Indians of Canada, who produce the finest hand-made baskets in the world.

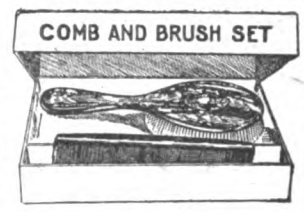
Of ample size—eight inches in diameter and three inches deep—and with its close-fitting top, this sweet-grass Basket is just what you need in which to take along **your sewing or fancy work** when calling or visiting. And at home it holds your work, along with scissors, buttons, thread and other necessities, so that you always know just **where** to look for them. And the Basket itself is such a beautiful ornament for any room.

The Indians sell these Baskets for $2.00 and $3.00 apiece at summer resorts, but by buying in large quantities they let us have them at a special low price. Therefore, we are able to offer the Basket herewith illustrated and described for a very small club of subscriptions as you will note by reading the following bargain offer.

Given To You! For only four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this fragrant, sweet-grass Sewing Basket free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 8084.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

2-Piece Toilet Set



THIS is a good grade Toilet Set, consisting of comb and brush. The comb is seven inches long, with coarse and fine teeth, and comes in the new popular "Malachite" green finish. The brush is nine inches long, two and a half inches wide, with firm white bristles, and is finished in the same beautiful "Malachite" green, with a silverine shield on the back. We have given away thousands of these sets and it never fails to please.

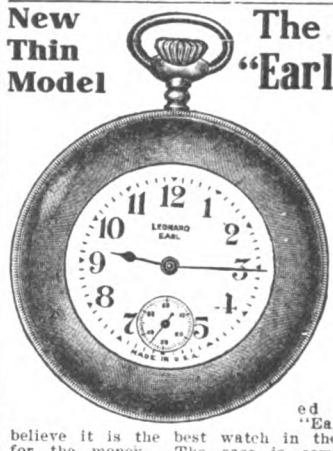
Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Comb and Brush Set free and prepaid. **Reward No. 9982.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

New Thin Model

The Leonard "Earl" Watch

Reward No. 7557



For A Club Of Seven

AFTER searching the market for a reliable, up-to-date timepiece for our men and boy readers, we selected the Leonard "Earl" because we believe it is the best watch in the world for the money. The case is composition nickel-silver which wears as well as solid silver, a 12 size, open face, thin model with antique bow and flat crown. The movement is guaranteed American made, stem wind, pull-out pendant set, with pure white dial and plain, easily-read Arabic numerals.

As shown in our illustration, the "Earl" has the classy appearance of a $25.00 watch and after testing it we find it to be an excellent timekeeper. We therefore feel no hesitancy in recommending the "Earl" to any man or boy who wants a watch that is not only a good timekeeper but a "good-looker"—a watch that you can show your friends and carry anywhere with pride and satisfaction. It is yours free if you will accept the following special offer.

Given To You! For seven one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Leonard "Earl" watch free by parcel post prepaid. With it you will also receive a factory guarantee allowing you to exchange it for a new watch if it does not prove entirely satisfactory. **Reward No. 7557.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



SELF-FILLING

Fountain Pen

For A Club Of Three

HERE is a fountain pen that we can positively guarantee. Perhaps you have had some experience with fountain pens which never **would** write well and continually leaked ink all over your fingers. If so you will certainly appreciate this opportunity to secure a fountain pen that has none of these defects. Our illustration is of course greatly reduced in size. The pen offered you here is 6½ inches long, made entirely of hard rubber, finely finished, and the pen point is genuine 14-K gold. The feeding device is perfect, permitting a uniform flow of ink and **it will not leak.** Also please notice that this is a **self-filling** pen. You can fill this fountain pen **in less than 10 seconds** by pressing down the spring on the side, then placing the pen point in a bottle of ink, after which you release the spring and the pen is instantly filled with ink to its full capacity. If given proper care this pen should last anybody for years. If you will accept the following special offer we will send you one of these self-filling fountain pens with a positive guarantee that if it fails to prove satisfactory in any way you may return it to us and we will replace it with a new pen **free of charge.**

Club Offer. For a club of **only** three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents **each,** we will send you this guaranteed **self-filling** fountain pen free by parcel post **prepaid. Reward No. 8873.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Ladies' Wrist Watch

With Silk Ribbon Bracelet



For A Club of Only Ten

WE have long searched the market for a suitable wrist watch for our girl readers and at last we have found it.

The above illustration really fails to do the watch justice. We know you will instantly fall in love with it. It is the popular **octagon** shape, only 5-16 of an inch thick and one inch in diameter. It has a high-grade jeweled Swiss movement and will keep accurate time. The dial is pure white with Arabic numerals. The bracelet is made of the finest black silk ribbon with a genuine rolled-gold catch and slide.

If you want a dainty, up-to-date wrist watch that you will be proud to wear and to show your friends, here is your opportunity to secure one absolutely free. You can easily secure the small club mentioned below and as soon as you have done so this beautiful wrist watch is yours without one cent of cost.

Given To You! For a club of only ten one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this fine wrist watch with ribbon bracelet exactly as described above, absolutely free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 75110.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



PURE white, with a fine smooth finish, this handsome Comb, Brush and Mirror Set equals in appearance the finest French Ivory. The Comb is 7½ inches long, very light and dainty, with both coarse and fine teeth. The Brush is 10 inches long and 2½ inches wide, with medium-length, finest, stiff bristles. The Mirror, which measures 10x5½ inches, is made of heavy, flawless, beveled French glass, 4½ inches in diameter.

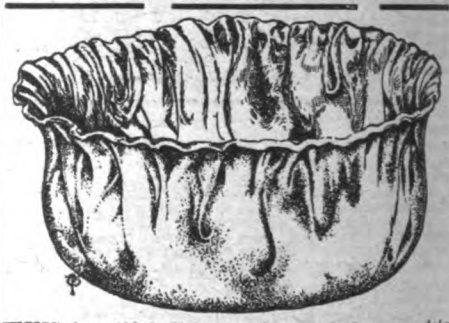
No lady could wish for a finer Toilet Set than this one. It has the air of refinement found in the highest grade Ivory Sets, it is just as durable and can be cleaned as often as desired without injury to its smooth ivory white finish.

We will give you, free, this fine Ivory White Comb, Brush and Mirror Set in a fitted box upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this Comb, Brush and Mirror Set in a fitted box, free, by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 7796.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Silver Bonbon Dish



THIS beautiful dish can be used for a variety of purposes—for candy, nuts, salted peanuts, popcorn, etc. It is much larger than it appears in the above illustration, measuring over five inches in width and two inches deep. It is heavily silver plated outside and gold lined. Needless to say, it makes a handsome ornament for the sideboard and will last a lifetime.

We will send you this handsome Silver Bonbon Dish free upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this Silver Plated, Gold Lined Bonbon Dish free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9942.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Latest Vanity Case



Reward No. 1152

For A Club Of Two

EVERY woman and girl who likes to keep up with the styles should have one of these handsome, embossed silver finish Vanity Cases. It is the very latest design, having a thin model case like that of a thin model watch, is very light, weighing a little over two ounces, and of good size—3¾ inches long and 2½ inches wide. The chain is twelve inches long. Inside the case is a fine little mirror and two dainty powder puffs. This new Vanity Case is one of the prettiest designs we have yet seen so we have purchased a quantity of them to give away among COMFORT readers. We will send you one free if you will accept the following special offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this Vanity Case free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 1152.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort's Home Lawyer



Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from our eminent legal adviser on all questions of law except divorce matters.

Address Home Lawyer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

MRS. E. H. B., California.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if the man who died left no will, and that if his only relatives were a daughter and a brother and sister, his daughter would be his only heir at law and would receive the whole estate to the exclusion of the brother and sister.

X, Maine.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if the man who died left no will, and that if his only relatives were two children and a sister, his two children would be his only heirs at law, and would receive the whole estate to the exclusion of the sister.

MRS. E. H. H., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the property of an intestate descends and is distributed if there is no child or descendant of a child, and no parent, brother or sister, or descendant of a parent, brother or sister, or no widow or surviving husband, to the next of kin in equal degrees (computing by the civil laws), there being no representation among collaterals, except with descendants of brothers and sisters, and no distinction being made between kindred of the whole and the half blood.

MRS. G. E., Ohio.—We think the laws of your state provide for a tax when the succession of the property comes by will or by the intestate laws of your state from a resident thereof and in some cases from a nonresident, if the property is within your state, this inheritance tax law provides for a graduated scale of taxation and exemption depending upon the relationship of the person receiving the property to the decedent, and depending upon the amount received. There is also a Federal law providing for an inheritance tax upon estates exceeding $50,000; this is also a graduated tax, depending, however, only upon the amount of the estate, and running from one per cent. on the first $50,000, above the exemptions and deductions to 25 per cent. on the excess above ten millions above such exemptions and deductions.

MRS. W. C. H., West Virginia.—If, as you state, your grandfather died intestate as to a portion of his property, we think same should go to the persons entitled to receive same under the intestacy laws of the state of which he was a resident. We think this property, as well as the property disposed of by his will, should be administered by the executor of the will if there was an executor named in the will who qualified thereunder.

MRS. C. E. P.—You should submit your address with your inquiry.

MRS. B. C., Mississippi.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of your father, without a will, your mother, in addition to her homestead rights, if any, and certain small allowances from the personal property, was entitled to a child's part in both the real and personal estate, the balance going in equal shares to his children, the descendants of any deceased child taking their parent's share.

MRS. L. B., Tennessee.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child nor descendant, his widow, after payment of debts and expenses, in addition to her homestead rights, if any, would receive all of the personal estate, absolutely, and dower of a one-third interest for life in his real estate, the balance or remainder of his real estate going to his heirs at law. The dower interest in the real estate is without abatement for his debts, except such mortgage or other debts as she may have released from her dower claim.

MRS. M. H., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of Kentucky, we are of the opinion that the man you mention has a legal right to leave his whole estate to his wife if he elects, and that such a will would be a valid one provided the testator, at the time of executing same, possessed testamentary capacity, and provided no undue influence was exercised upon him, and provided the will was legally drawn and executed and expressed testator's true intent.

MRS. W. M. A., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married woman, leaving no will, and leaving no child nor descendant, her surviving husband would receive one-half of the real estate and the whole of the personal estate, absolutely, after payment of debts and expenses.

MRS. C. P., Nebraska.—Under the laws of your state, we do not think your children have any interest in your husband's property; we think such property as you may own will, upon your death without a will, leaving a surviving husband and children by a former marriage, after payment of debts and expenses, go one-quarter to your surviving husband, and the balance in equal shares to your children, the descendants of any deceased child taking their parent's share.

MRS. F. P., Minnesota.—We think that in order to make your adoption a legal one it will be necessary for your foster parents to procure a court order or decree for your adoption.

K. M., Oklahoma.—We think the wife of the man you mention should proceed against him to compel him to properly support her and his small children; we think she should make a complaint against him to some local magistrate or justice of the peace if he continues to beat and ill-treat her.

A. L., West Virginia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that your neighbor has no legal right to divert the water of the stream you mention so that it overflows your land; we think you can collect such damages as you have suffered by reason thereof in the proper action brought for the purpose.

MRS. J. C., Tennessee.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving no child nor descendant, his widow, after payment of debts and expenses, would be entitled to receive the whole of the personal estate, and that she would also be entitled to dower of a one-third interest for life in his real estate, and her homestead rights in the homestead if any.

MRS. W. N. P., Virginia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and no child nor descendant, his widow, after payment of debts and expenses, would be entitled, absolutely, to such of the personal property as shall have been acquired by the intestate in virtue of his marriage with her prior to April 4, 1877, and remain in kind at his death; she shall also be entitled to one-half of the residue of such surplus after payment of debts and expenses, and to dower of a one-third interest for life in his real estate.

MRS. M. E. G., Indiana.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving no child nor descendant, and no parent, his widow would inherit the whole estate, in case she survives him; we do not think the child who lives with this man and wife would have any interest in their estate, unless some provision is made for her by will or unless she is legally adopted under the order or decree of some proper court. We think that if this man survives his wife and dies without a will, his own relatives will inherit his estate to the exclusion of the child you mention.

MRS. A. E., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the signature of the wife is necessary to the deed of conveyance of the property of the husband in order to release her inchoate right of dower in such property.

S. I. A., Pennsylvania.—We are of the opinion that the laws of your state exempt to the debtor from levy under execution property, either real or personal, to the value of $300, but that no exemption is allowed upon judgments of $100 or less obtained for wages for manual labor, nor for judgments obtained for board for four weeks or less.

G. F., Ohio.—Under the laws of Michigan, we are of the opinion that the husband of the woman, you mention, would have no interest in her separate property during her lifetime; we think that in case he survives her, and she leaves no will, he would be entitled to a share of her estate.

MRS. C. A. McC., Kentucky.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the judges of your county courts have a legal right to pass sentences upon those who have been convicted in their courts.

MRS. I. E. P., Missouri.—We think it will be necessary for the woman whose husband continues to beat her, after being put under bond to discontinue doing so, to bring him before the magistrate again for such punishment as may be necessary to teach him better habits.

MRS. A. H. B., North Carolina.—We think that the life insurance upon your brother's life, upon his death, became payable to the beneficiary named in the policy.

Poems Requested

The following poems have been requested by readers of COMFORT and sent for publication.

My Friend

How restful in the hour of need,
When all the world seems drear,
When life is very sad indeed
And everything's devoid of cheer—
How fine, how dear, my loyal friend,
To have your faith until the end.

Your handclasp and your sympathy,
Your gentle words, so true,
Make me feel the immensity
Of life—and I have hope anew.
I will not flinch—I will not bend
So long as you're my loyal friend.

I count myself among the blest,
For you have made me feel,
In spite of every acid test,
This life is beautiful and real.
My bitter thoughts have changed their trend
Since you believed in me—my friend.

Oh, may I be a friend to you,
And to all human kind;
For somewhere, somehow, sometime, too,
Someone will need us, we will find
In strong and weak—alike—my friend.
We will have faith until the end.

By Clara Miehm, in *The Country Bard.*

The Dead Pussy Cat

You's as stiff an' cold as a stone,
Little Cat!
Dey's done frowned out and left you alone,
Little Cat!
I's a strokin' you' fur
But you don't never pur
Nor hump up anywhere,
Little Cat—
Y'y is dat?
Is you's purrin' and humpin' up done?

An' w'y fer is you's little foot tied,
Little Cat?
Did dey pisen you's tummick inside?
Little Cat?
Did dey pound you wif bricks,
Or wif big nasty sticks,
Or abuse you wif kicks,
Little Cat?
Tell me dat,
Did dey holler w'enever you cwied?

Did it hurt werry bad w'en you died,
Little Cat?
Oh! W'y did't you wun off and hide,
Little Cat?
I is wet in my eyes—
'Cause I almost always cwies
When a pussy cat dies,
Little Cat,
Tink of dat—
An' I's awfully solly besides.

Dest lay still dere in de sof gwown,
Little Cat,
W'ile I tucks de gween gwass all awoun,
Little Cat.
De can't hurt you no more
W'en you's tired an' so sore—
Dest sleep twiet, you pore
Little Cat,
Wif a pat,
And fordget all de kicks of the town.

Sent in by Mrs. C. T. E.

Our Parents

When Pa Is Sick

When pa is sick,
He's scared to death,
An' ma an' us
Just holds our breath.

He crawls in bed,
An' puffs an' grunts,
An' does all kinds
Of crazy stunts.

He wants "Doc" Brown,
An' mighty quick;
For when pa's ill,
He's AWFUL sick.

He gasps an' groans,
An' sort o' sighs,
He talks s' queer,
An' rolls his eyes.

Ma jumps and runs,
An' all of us,
An' all the house
Is in a fuss.

An' peace an' joy
Is mighty skeerce—
When pa is sick,
It's somethin' fierce.

When Ma Is Sick

When ma is sick,
She pegs away;
She's quiet, though,
Not much t' say.

She goes right on
A doin' things,
An' sometime laughs,
Er even sings.

She says she don't
Feel extry well,
But then it's just
A kind o' spell;

She'll be all right
Tomorrow, sure.
A good old sleep
Will be the cure.

An' pa, he sniffs,
An' makes no kick,
For women folks
Is always sick.

An' ma, she smiles,
Let's on she's glad—
When ma is sick,
It ain't s' bad.

—Charles Irvin Johnson, in the *Century.*

This Life Is What We Make It

Let's oftener talk of noble deeds,
And rarer of the bad ones,
And sing about our happy days,
And not about the sad ones,
We were not made to fret and sigh,
And when grief sleeps to wake it,
Bright happiness is standing by—
This life is what we make it.

Let's find the sunny side of men,
Or be believers in it;
A light there is in every soul
That takes the pains to win it.
Oh! there's a slumbering good in all,
And we perchance may wake it;
Our hands contain the magic wand:
This life is what we make it.

Then here's to those whose loving hearts
Shed light and joy about them!
Thanks be to them for countless gems
We ne'er had known without them.
Oh! this should be a happy world
To all who may partake it;
The fault's our own if it is not—
This life is what we make it.

Author Unknown.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINTED FROM PAGE 20.)

depredation; it is usually the "boy boys" who develop into bad boys and often criminals. Of course, one must also bear in mind that there are always exceptions in all cases.

Before closing this letter, permit me to say this to the parents, mothers especially: fill your boy's heart with love, let him know that he can *always* come to mother with his problems and you will guide and direct him in the right way, and above all else, don't let him think for one moment that he is—or ever will be—too big to receive your love and caresses. True, many say that too many caresses "spoil" children, but they do not; for it is the lack of discipline that "spoils" them. The child can be the recipient of many caresses and yet be taught to obey and respect his parents.

Inculcate ideas of purity, modesty, honesty—and other kindred qualities of character—into the mind of the child, especially the boy; provide him with clean, wholesome literature; select his playmates; give him a sufficient amount of constructive work, play and exercise, and then your "boy problem" will certainly be nearer a sane solution. Of course, the same applies to a girl, but I have placed so much stress upon the training of the boy because so many boys just "grow up" without scarcely any training at all. So many parents seem to think because he is "just a boy" he doesn't require so much care and attention as a girl.

True, even though many parents do their part in training their children, the child often steps from the path of rectitude, but that is because *all* parents do not do their part; or because the child is influenced, in the wrong way, by others, or because some children have inherited an immoral or criminal nature. Nevertheless, we can certainly improve the human race by the proper training in childhood.

Sincerely, ROY R. SMITH.

VERMONT.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

May I enter your circle? Many years ago I did and I still feel that I know you all.

Heartbroken Wife, I have been through this heartbreaking sorrow and while what I am going to say may sound unreasonable it is true nevertheless. Nearly every man, after he has been married for some time, thinks he falls in love with another woman, but it is seldom more than an infatuation or some charm about the other woman that appeals to him. I am speaking from experience. A while ago a woman came to this town and soon she and my husband were great friends. Their names were mentioned together and finally a would-be friend called me on the 'phone and asked if I knew my husband called on Mrs. ——— every evening. I told an untruth to the woman (but I am not sorry I did), that I knew where my husband was and that we enjoyed Mrs. ——— very much and were quite congenial in our triangular friendship. Then I made friends with her to see what charm had attracted my husband. It was a simple little thing—she never talked of herself but was always ready to listen to his side of the story. It was just a sweet, sympathetic disposition. After that I tried to do the same and almost without his knowing it he stayed home more and talked more to me and finally forgot all about his little love episode with another woman. I don't think leaving a husband forever or for any time helps. He needs you now more than ever. But find what power this other woman has over him and use it yourself. There are many men unkind to their wives; if you have a kind husband, keep him. A.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

Molasses will remove grass stains.

Bake cookies on the bottom of tins and they are less likely to burn.

Use borax for cleaning aluminum, or boil rhubarb or tomato in aluminum dishes that are stained.—MRS. ROY W. BELSHE, Henley, Mo.

A slice of lemon put in with clothes when boiling, will remove stains and prove a wonderful whitener, without harming any white fabric.—A MISSOURI SISTER.

TO CLEAN PIANO KEYS.—(Requested) Alcohol is excellent for cleaning piano keys. In using be careful that none gets on the wood. Wipe the keys with a soft cloth dampened in alcohol, wipe with dry cloth and polish with chamois.—MRS. J. H. MILLS, Morrilton, Ark.

Put oranges in the oven before peeling. The tough, white skin will then come off with the outer skin.

After plucking ducks or geese, rub with cornmeal to remove down.

To remove a good stamp from an envelope, cut a piece of blotter size of stamp, soak this in cold water and lay over stamp for a few minutes. Remove blotter and stamp will come off as good as new.—MRS. JOHN C. SCHWEITZER, Abingdon, Md.

When drawing threads from linen, rub soap on the cloth and the work will be accomplished more easily.

Before working in the garden or doing other rough work, rub under and around the finger-nails with soap. This will prevent the soil or dirt from getting under the nails and when the hands are washed the soap comes off, taking the dirt with it.—MRS. MARY FLOYD, Brainerd, Minn.

When making lemonade, run the lemon through the food chopper and the juice will be so strong that it will go twice as far and have a better flavor.

If you plunge fish in boiling water, you will be surprised to see how quickly the scales will come off.

When sweeping, sprinkle a little kerosene on broom and there will be less dust.—MISS ANNA HERRICK, Willard, Wisc.

Requests

How to dye furs.

Poem, "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep."

How to make floor covering of sacks and paint.

How to remove mending tissue spot from wool serge.

How to make "Everlasting" or "World's Fair" yeast.

How to remove finger-marks from piano with fumed oak finish. Also what kind of varnish to use for golden oak furniture.

Mrs. Long, Cumberland, R. R. 3, Box 34, Wisc., would like to have the April, May and June issues of COMFORT for 1920.

Mrs. W. R. Brown, Powell, P. O. Box 124, Wyo., wants to know where she can buy the "Hubbard Long Book," used in singing schools.

Mrs. Harry F. Robinson, Akron, 1091 Grant St., Ohio, Jan., Feb. and Mar., 1922. Also letters from sisters living in Idaho and Washington.

Paul Wilson Booher, Piney Flats, Tenn., a young COMFORT brother, desires cards on his birthday (ninth), July 17th. Views rather than birthday cards.

The following wish back numbers of COMFORT. Write first.

Miss Alida Stakston, Westby, R. R. 1, Box 79, Wisc., August, 1911; April, 1916; Sept., 1912; Jan., 1921, and March, 1922.

Mrs. Minnie Harmon, Wiville, Ark., August, 1921.

Miss Edith Milliken, Winchester, Ill., March, April and May, 1922.

Miss Grace McCaskill, Hickory Valley, Tenn., Jan., Feb. and March, 1922.

Miss Helen C. Wetzstein, Glen Ullin, R. R. 2, N. Dak., February and March, 1918.

Remedies

ACUTE INDIGESTION.—One-half pint water, one tablespoon aromatic spirits of ammonia, one teaspoon baking powder, and one teaspoon essence of peppermint. Shake well. Dose: One tablespoonful, repeat in fifteen minutes.—MRS. JOHN C. SCHWEITZER, Abingdon, Md.

SUMMER COMPLAINT.—Pick fresh, green leaves from raspberry bushes. Wash and steep in water enough to cover. Drink tea.

BURNS.—Put yolk of egg in bowl and beat until light. Add one-half cup of linseed oil and apply to burn. This relieves pain almost at once and burn will heal quickly.—MRS. H. GRISWOLD, Oakville, Wash.

STINGS.—For stings of wasps and bees, apply iodine at once and it will kill the poison.

Use hot water and turpentine to draw soreness from wounds caused by sticking nails, wires or needles into hands or feet. Use one teaspoon of turpentine to one quart of hot water and soak wounded part in this one hour once or twice daily.—FOSTER MOTHER.

Sisters' Circle Pin Free!



EVERY COMFORT Sister should wear this beautiful Sisters' Circle Brooch Pin—the one and only official Sisters' "badge" of membership, uniting in one grand Circle of friendship and love the thousands of COMFORT Sisters living in all parts of the world. It is the size of a 25-cent piece, gold finished, and the front is inlaid with handsome cloisonne enamel in two colors—your choice of red or blue—with the words "COMFORT Sisters" deeply embossed, as shown in the illustration.

If you are a COMFORT Sister, send us only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50c and we will send you a Sisters' Circle Pin free and prepaid. Or, if you prefer, you may send 50c to pay for a one-year renewal (not your own), and we will send you the Pin free. Be sure to mention color wanted. Reward No. 8671.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



The Family Doctor

The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be taken to your local doctor.

Address, The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

MRS. R. C., Avondale, Mont.—For the "dull headache," take a teaspoonful of Warburg's tincture, well diluted, after meals.

MRS. J. E. B., Bluff Springs, Fla.—The continual trembling or shaking of your hand is paralysis agitans. Take five-grain tablets of bromide of sodium after meals. This condition is not dangerous, but persistent and very annoying.

MRS. L. L. W., Jefferson, Mo.—Have the bleeding vein cauterized. The cause of your nose-bleeding is due to a weak or exposed blood-vessel.

MRS. C. A. S., Boyd, Mont.—If the case is one of genuine tuberculosis, contact, clothes, etc., are all to be avoided.

MRS. J. H. L., Porter, Minn.—Cut out sweets of all kinds from your diet and exercise in the open. You may be living on too rich foods. One cannot live very long with the percentage of sugar in the urine you mention, especially if the person is young.

MISS E. D., Scott City, Kansas.—For the hay-fever with which you are troubled take a teaspoonful of pertussin, well diluted, after meals. To correct the hyper-acidity of her stomach your mother should take ten-grain tablet of bicarbonate of soda after meals, and avoid all foods that disagree with her, and eat in moderation. Your sister can take, for four days, before the expected period, a teaspoonful of Jamaica Dogwood well diluted to increase menstrual flow.

MRS. M. J., Alto, Mich.—Dobell's solution can be compounded by any druggist worthy the name, and so can Basham's mixture. Look up another druggist and have them compounded.

MISS M. H., Covington, Okla.—For the scaly eruption on the scalp, soak the scalp with linseed oil over night and then wash out the oil with some tar soap and after the hair is dry apply to the scalp a two per cent. solution of resorcin in equal parts of alcohol and rose-water.

MRS. J. W. S., Knott, Tex.—Oleo-resin of aspidium is the remedy for tapeworm. Take for the constipation a compound cathartic pill at night.

MISS R. S., West Plains, Mo.—The only way to be sure as to the kidney condition is to have the urine examined at once. If Bright's disease is present, your daughter should live almost exclusively on a milk diet and take some good iron tonic, such as Basham's mixture, in tablespoonful doses, well diluted, after meals.

MRS. P. B. B., Bevegan, N. C.—For the constipation take a tablespoonful of American Oil with your meals and at bedtime take two or more cascara sagrada pills. Also eat bran bread and plenty of fruit.

MRS. L. R. W., Clarkton, N. C.—Take two cascara sagrada pills at night and, with your meals, take a tablespoonful of American Oil. Also live on green vegetables and fruits.

MRS. M. G., Lima, Ohio.—You should avoid the crackers and the peanut brittle, as both add to your weight. To reduce your weight, try living on one quart of skim-milk every other day and, on the alternate days, eat only green vegetables. Also exercise daily in the open.

MRS. L. W., Knowlshurst, N. Y.—You can get tincture of benzoin at any drug store worthy the name. If the druggist does not have it in stock have him write to any wholesale druggist and get it for you.

MR. D. D. C., Munnulin, Ga.—Varicose veins have no relation to cancer in any sense. Get a woven bandage long enough to completely cover the leg from the foot to the upper thigh. If the veins are too large, and do not benefit from this method, have them operated on.

MRS. E. M., Lucerne, North Dak.—High blood pressure can only be detected by having the blood pressure taken in the usual way by your local doctor. The symptoms are vertigo, fullness of head and, in some cases, defective vision with head noises. Causes are mostly those due to excessive eating of sweets and those foods that make for rheumatic conditions.

MRS. J. McM., Beaver Dam, Ky.—Try a teaspoonful of Warburg's tincture, well diluted, after meals. You seem to have a chronic malarial condition.

MRS. S. N., Mt. Morris, N. Y.—For tapeworm, have your doctor prescribe for you oleo-resin aspidium, and also tell you about dieting before taking this remedy, and also about taking a cathartic after taking the remedy.

MRS. W. S., Lucca, N. D.—Constipation is not hereditary. Insanity is. Mumps will not cause sterility, even if it descends to the testicles. Abscesses of any membrane can be cured without permanent injury.

MR. A. J., Powderville, Mont.—The hard ball in the lid is known as a chalazion. It must be removed by operation. You probably need glasses for eye strain. You may apply to the lids at night a one per cent. ointment of yellow oxide of mercury.

MISS M. M. M., Mount Vernon, Ohio.—Apply to the eyelids at night a one-half per cent. ointment of yellow oxide of mercury; you can also remove the hair trouble by using on the scabs on the scalp the same ointment, but you must not use the ointment more often than once in two weeks. After using the ointment, wash the hair with some good tar soap and apply, after the shampoo, a one per cent. solution of resorcin dissolved in equal parts of water and alcohol.

MRS. M. D., Los Angeles, Calif.—Just write the suppository people as per ad. in COMFORT, and you will get the remedy referred to, no doubt.

MRS. C. B., Pocahontas, Va.—Have the tonsils removed as recommended by your local doctors. You will be benefited in every way by this operation.

MRS. B. B., Bowus, Minn.—Ichthyol ointment does not cause any pain in any case and it is the best ointment for varicose ulcers, if inflamed. Continue the ointment and bandage the legs with an elastic bandage during the day and remove the bandage at night.

MRS. L. T., Stern, North Carolina.—For the neuritis, take a teaspoonful of Warburg's tincture after meals, well diluted.

MRS. I. W., McRoberts, Ky.—You better take a good tonic such as Basham's mixture, in tablespoonful doses, after meals. This will help your blood pressure and also your general condition. Normal blood pressure is about one hundred and forty for one of your age.

MISS F. M. B., Lock, Wash.—The problem of intermarriage of blood relations has been a mooted question. Some cases turn out well, and others not so well. As a rule, it is not advisable to marry a near relative, but circumstances supervene at times that seem to warrant such a union. In your case it will probably be all right, as you say there are reasons for the marriage. Your health will undoubtedly improve after marriage in every way.

MR. L. A. H., Prosser, Wash.—Soak the toe-nails in a saturated solution of Rochelle salts which will soften them so that you can cut the nails as desired.

MISS L. A. T., Kaycee, Wyoming.—Apply, to the goiter, once a week, tincture of iodine and take, internally, five drops of a saturated solution of the iodide of potassium, well diluted, after meals. You can gradually increase the dose of the iodide until you take thirty drops three times a day. Then you should return to the original dose.


In A Leatherette Pocket Case

3-Piece Scissor Set

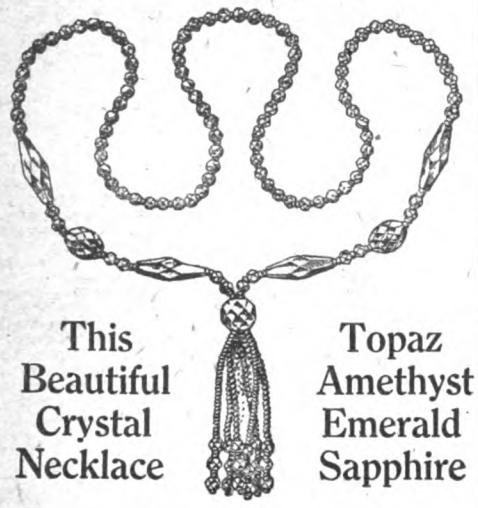
Reward No. 9093

For A Club Of Three

THIS useful 3-piece Scissor Set is just what every woman needs. It consists of a pair of 6-inch scissors, a pair of 5-inch scissors and a pair of 4-inch scissors, made of the best steel, highly tempered and handsomely nickel plated. They are ground to a keen cutting edge that will last a long time without resharpening. The complete assortment comes in an attractive leatherette case which fastens with a ball-and-socket device. This case makes it very convenient to carry all three pieces in the pocket or in a shopping or traveling bag. This is one of the most useful rewards we have ever offered and we expect a great demand for it among COMFORT'S lady and girl readers who have a lot of sewing and dressmaking to do. It is yours free if you will accept the following special offer.

Given To You! For a club of three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this 3-Piece Scissor Set in a fine leatherette case free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9093.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



This Beautiful Crystal Necklace — Topaz Amethyst Emerald Sapphire

For A Club Of Only Two!

RIGHT from New York, the center of fashion, comes this new, stylish necklace and we were indeed fortunate in obtaining a good supply of them. We only wish we could show it in its **actual colors** because mere words fail to do it justice. It is thirty inches long, composed of brilliant crystal cut beads, alternating with seed beads, with transparent long oval and round bead ornamentations and tassel. It comes in four different colors—Topaz, Amethyst, Emerald and Sapphire.

City people of course have no difficulty in obtaining the newest styles in necklaces. But COMFORT'S women and girl readers live in the country, far from the up-to-date stores—and that's why we make this offer. This is your opportunity to secure a necklace as handsome and stylish as any that will be seen anywhere this season. And best of all, it will not cost you one cent if you will accept the following special offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this beautiful crystal bead necklace free by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to mention color wanted. **Reward No. 1142.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



31-Piece Dinner Set

THIS splendid set of dishes is full size for family use and consists of **6 Plates, 6 Cups, 6 Saucers, 6 Cereal or Fruit Dishes, 6 Individual Butters** and large **Meat Platter** all handsomely decorated with clusters of **purple wood violets** surrounded with rich green foliage and bordered with **lovely tracings of gold.** Our illustration gives you no idea of the real beauty of these dishes. This is by far the handsomest, daintiest dinner set we have ever offered and we are positive that it will **more than please** every woman who secures one of them on the terms of our very liberal offer. No matter where you live **(if it is not outside the United States)**, we will ship you this set by express direct from the pottery in Ohio. You are to pay the express charges, but they will be but a fraction of what this set would cost you at retail.

Given To You! For a club of only ten one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome 31-piece Violet Decorated Dinner Set carefully packed to prevent breakage, charges collect. **Reward No. 76610.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

More Than 400 New Designs Illustrated And With Full Instructions For Working



If You Are A Woman Who Loves Crochet And Tatting Here Is A Set Of Books You Will Be Delighted To Own!

ANY ONE of these books is a veritable **treasure house** of the newest, most beautiful designs. The fifteen books combined form a **complete library** in which you will find any pattern in crocheting, tatting and knitting you could possibly ask for. You will fairly revel in the many handsome designs shown. The illustrations are **actual photographs** of the finished work and show every thread so plainly that they are almost as good to work from as the directions themselves. The directions are adapted for either beginner or expert. They tell **stitch by stitch** how each pattern is worked, also the quantity and size of material required and the correct sizes of hooks to be used. Each book is **8 by 11 inches** in size and most of them contain 32 pages. Following is a brief description of what you will find in this wonderful library. When ordering please give the **number** of each book wanted.

Volume 33 Twenty-one new, beautiful designs in Cluny laces, including lamp shades, curtains, bungalow sets, hats, yokes, collar and cuffs, pin-cushion, door panel, flower basket, baby cap, bib, doily, pillow-case, corset-cover, boudoir cap and corners and edges for handkerchiefs, napkins, etc. 32 pages.

Volume 34 Fourteen handsome crochet yokes, camisoles and corset-covers in medallion pointed wheel, Irish rose, shell, poinsettia, cupid, wheel, Grecian, spider, small shell and novelty braid. 32 pages.

Volume 35 Fifty-three different crochet edges for every purpose—children's clothing, handkerchiefs, towels, doilies, scarfs, etc., etc. 32 pages.

Volume 36 How to crochet beautiful Cluny laces — thirty-two different designs for library scarfs, curtains, yokes, sofa pillow, centerpieces, collar and cuff set, combination, doily, boudoir caps, corset-covers, combing jacket, novelty braid and towel edge and ends. 32 pages.

Volume 37 Thirty-six new, original designs in tatting. Edges, insertions and motifs for yokes, handkerchiefs, towels, luncheon sets, piano scarfs, curtains, cushions, medallions, etc. 32 pages.

Volume 38 Twenty-eight lovely designs in crocheted centerpieces, lemonade sets, doilies, luncheon sets, lunch cloths, etc., etc. One of the very latest books to be published. 32 pages.

Volume 39 Twelve beautiful designs in crocheted yokes for slip-overs, corset-covers and nightgowns. Large, magnificent, full-page illustrations showing every stitch with complete directions for making and kind and quantity of material required is fully explained. 16 pages.

Volume 40 A continuation of Volume 39, showing twelve more exquisite yokes for corset-covers and nightgowns. Full-page illustrations. Full directions. 16 pages.

Volume 41 Crocheted bags are now all the style and this book shows twenty-nine beautiful designs for hand bags, party bags, afternoon bags, work bags, laundry bags, opera, evening and vanity bags and coin purses. 16 pages.

Volume 42 Tam sport hats and tab collars in crochet, knitting and tatting —twenty-nine designs and every one a beauty. Illustrations show large-sized finished work as well as being worn by living models. 32 pages.

Volume 43 Twenty-nine lovely silk sweaters and sport hats in crochet and knitting, including the Delmar, Pershing, Rosedale, Kingsbury, Waterman, Westminster, MacPherson, Hamilton and many others. Every design is shown on a living model. 32 pages.

Volume 44 Art needle work for baby and the children. Forty-four beautiful designs in crochet and tatting for sweaters, yokes, bonnets, hats, caps, booties, filet jackets, buggy covers and pillows, bibs, dresses and leggings. 32 pages.

Volume 45 Crocheted nightgown yokes — thirteen handsome designs in clover medallion, Cluny scallop, pansy medallion, filet and spray, butterfly spray, daisy spray, iris in cross-mesh filet, poinsettia and wild rose spray. 32 pages.

Volume 46 Twenty-one designs in miscellaneous crochet including many novelties not found in other books, pillow cases, portieres, Cluny door panels, tray-cloths, crochet ball holder, tumbler doilies, and edges and medallions for scarfs, tea or luncheon cloths, napkins and pillow cases. 12 pages.

Volume 47 New ideas in crocheted edges and insertions suitable for handkerchiefs, underwear, dresses and a multitude of other uses—forty-eight different designs in all. 12 pages.

Offer No. 8681. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you any **four** books free and prepaid. Be sure to mention **numbers** of books wanted.

Offer No. 1172. For two one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each we will send you any **nine** books free and prepaid. Mention numbers of books wanted.

Offer No. 9103. For three one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each we will send you the **complete library** just as described above—**fifteen volumes in all,** handsomely bound, printed on high-grade paper and containing more than **four hundred beautiful photographic illustrations** of all that is new and pretty in crochet, knitting and tatting with **complete directions** for working. **When ordering please be sure to mention number of each book wanted.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Send Only Three Subscriptions For This Cut Glass Sugar and Creamer—Or Two Subscriptions For The Pickle Dish Or Spoon Tray!

WE want to ask our women readers—did you ever see or hear of a more remarkable offer?

Just think of the small number of subscriptions required to earn any one or all of these beautiful cut glass pieces.

And it is real cut glass—of good weight and thickness—clear, brilliant, crystal glass, exquisitely hand cut in a new and beautiful design. Each piece is full size with the same handsome floral pattern that twines completely around the outside in graceful curves, while on the bottom of each piece is a heavily cut, many-pointed star. The rim of both sugar and creamer is deeply notched.

Do you wonder how we can make this offer? A certain factory, realizing that we shall probably use thousands of these sets, has made us an unusually low price. That's the whole story. And the result is we can give you your choice of this rich genuine cut glass absolutely free in return for the easiest half hour's work you ever did.



We Prepay Charges And Positively Guarantee Safe Delivery

Any or all of these pieces can be safely mailed by parcel post. We pay all postage and guarantee safe delivery to your home. If by chance a piece should become broken (something that rarely happens) we will replace it **free of charge.**

We know that every woman that receives one or more of these rich cut glass pieces will be amazed and delighted with the bargain she has obtained. It is easily the greatest value in a premium that we have ever been able to offer. We will give you your choice of the Sugar and Creamer, or the Pickle Dish, or the Spoon Tray absolutely free on the terms of the following special

Club Offers. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you the Sugar and Creamer by prepaid insured parcel post. **(Reward No. 8883).** Or for two one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you your choice of **either** the Pickle Dish **(Reward No. 9402),** or the Spoon Tray **(Reward No. 9412).** Or we will send you the complete set of all four pieces free and prepaid for a club of seven one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each. **(Reward No. 7457).**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Antique Wall Clock


Hand Colored Face

Reward No. 8194.

For A Club Of Four

If you like things unique, you will be charmed with this novelty clock which is very similar in design to those used in some parts of Europe in the Eighteenth Century.

As shown in our illustration, which is greatly reduced in size, the face of the clock consists of a beautiful landscape hand painted in four colors, beneath which is a metal dial with large, easily-read figures. Then there are the brass chains and weights and brass pendulum with regulator which give the clock that antique appearance so much in demand nowadays.

This clock is useful as well as ornamental, being an excellent timekeeper. It has a fully guaranteed brass movement, key wind, in a polished nickel case. This movement is regulated by the disk on the pendulum which is easily adjusted to make the clock run faster or slower as desired. A hanger attached to the back of the clock enables one to hang it on any desirable location on the wall.

We were so sure that our club raisers would be pleased with this clock we had a large quantity imported for us at a special low price. We are now giving them away free on the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For a club of four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this unique novelty clock exactly as illustrated and described free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8194.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Needleworkers' Companion

142 Needles For Every Possible Need. Arranged In A Handsome Leatherette Case



EVERY woman wants this big-value needle assortment—a needle for every need—142 needles in all, in a handy case of leatherette. The assortment contains 75 gold-eyed sewing needles, 15 silk and cotton darners, 15 milliner's needles, 15 embroidery needles, 3 rug or tapestry needles, 3 chenille needles, 1 steel stiletto, 1 steel tape or ribbon, 2 steel crochet needles, 1 steel bodkin or tape, 1 punch-work needle, 2 medium yarn darners, 2 medium and 2 fine cotton darners, 2 medium and 2 fine wool darners—142 useful needles in all, enough to last for several years.

The case is handsomely bound with leatherette, is 5x14 inches in size when open and 3x5 inches closed. All the needles are made of the finest steel, with eyes perfectly beveled and gaged, and are far ahead of ordinary needles usually sold in stores. We will make you a present of this fine Needle Case if you will accept the following special offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this Needle Case exactly as described free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 1132.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Writing And Drawing Outfit


Reward No. 9972

For Home And School

HERE is something that is needed in every home and by every schoolboy and schoolgirl—a big value-assortment of almost everything needed for writing and drawing. Our illustration is, of course, greatly reduced in size. The Case, which is made of fine leatherette, is 10½ inches long and 2½ inches wide. It is of the folding style, with a snap fastener, so that it can conveniently be carried in the pocket or in the children's lunch basket. Inside the Case there are **three high-grade pencils with erasers, one good quality penholder with pen, one twin pencil** (in reality two pencils in a combination holder), **one pencil sharpener, one large rubber eraser, one 10-inch ruler** and **an aluminum collapsible drinking cup with cover.**

This Outfit is manufactured by the American Lead Pencil Company, which is sufficient guarantee of its fine quality, and we know that it will please our readers, especially those who have children going to school, and of course it is just as handy in the home, because all the pencils, penholder, etc., are high grade and just what grown people like to use. If you will accept the following special offer we will send you one of these fine Outfits free.

Given To You! For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this complete Writing and Drawing Outfit, exactly as above described, **free** by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9972.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Two Stylish Bags



Take Your Choice For A Club Of Four

HAND bags are more popular than ever this season so we take pleasure in offering our lady and girl readers either of the two handsome styles shown herewith.

The Bag illustrated above **(Reward No. 8204)** is the newest "Kodak" shape, 6½x4¼ inches in size, made of genuine leather, pin seal finish, in a beautiful shade of brown. It has two large side pockets, a smaller pocket which holds a dainty mirror and a middle coin pocket with metal frame and clasp. It is handsomely lined, has a 14-inch leather handle and closes with a polished nickel ball and socket fastener.

The Bag illustrated below **(Reward No. 8214)** is 6¼x4¾ inches in size, made of genuine leather, sea lion finish, color black. This Bag, also, has two large side pockets, a mirror pocket with mirror, and a middle pocket which fastens together for the protection of money and valuables. It is nicely lined, closes with a nickel fastener and has a 13-inch leather handle.



You can have your choice of either of these two stylish Hand-Bags upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you either Bag free by parcel post prepaid. **Be sure to mention reward number of Bag wanted.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

You Will Laugh, You Will Yell, You Will Scream at



"The Blunders of A Bashful Man"

Reward No. 8221

You need this great book! You cannot do without it! For chasing away melancholia, dissipating gloom and banishing trouble you will find it **better than all the doctors' "dope" in the world** and it has the circus and vaudeville **beaten a mile.** This great story is the **world's champion funny book** and you must read it because it eradicates wrinkles, improves the complexion and by its laughter-compelling mirth and irresistible humor rejuvenates your whole body. In this screamingly funny story you follow with rapt attention and hilarious delight **the mishaps, mortifications, confusions and agonizing mental and physical distresses** of a self-conscious, hypersensitive, appallingly **bashful young man** who stumbles on through a succession of **astounding accidents and ludicrous predicaments** that will convulse you with cyclonic laughter causing you to hold both sides for fear of **exploding from an excess of uproarious merriment. As a fun maker,** rib-tickler and laugh-provoker this great story "The Blunders of a Bashful Man" beats all records and **you will miss the treat of your life if you don't get it and read it at once.**

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you a copy of "The Blunders of a Bashful Man" free and prepaid. **Reward No. 8221.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Artist's Paint Box

For A Club Of Only Four



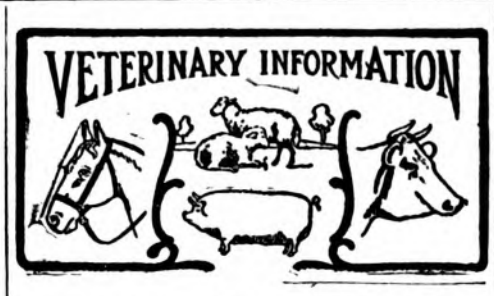
27 Colors

Fine Camel's-Hair Brush

NEARLY every boy and girl, and many grown people too, like to paint pictures of flowers, animal life, bits of scenery, etc. To get the best results, however, you need a good set of colors like the one shown here. The box is 8½ inches long, 3½ inches wide, made of black enameled metal. It contains **eleven** regular colors in pans and **sixteen** moist colors in tubes, including Light Red, Yellow, Light Yellow, Violet, Ultramarine, Green, Light Green, Cobalt Blue, Prussian Blue, Carmine, Warm Sepia, Vermilion, Black, White, Yellow Ochre and Orange. There is also a good quality camel's-hair brush five inches long. Anyone who has a talent for drawing or painting should have one of these outfits because it is of good quality throughout and we know it will give the greatest satisfaction. You can have this Paint Box complete as described upon the terms of the following special offer:

Given To You! For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this fine Artist's Paint Box free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 7994.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

Worm Capsules for Horses

THE newest and it is said the most successful treatment for worms of the horse is to administer oil of chenopodium (American wormseed) in gelatine capsules. The horse is first starved for 18 to 24 hours; then the veterinarian administers 15 to 20 "mils" of the drug mentioned. A "mil" amounts to 16 drops and a dram to 60 drops, so one can calculate the dose in measures more commonly understood by the farmer. The 15 mil dose amounts to 240 drops, or four drams, or half an ounce, and the 20 mil dose to 320 drops, or five and one-third drams. Oil of chenopodium is strong stuff and therefore has to be given in a capsule or in oil. The capsule is the handiest method of administration but the amateur will have to give it by means of a balling gun. The expert gives it by hand, protected by a glove. The dose of chenopodium is at once followed by a quart to a quart and one-half of pure raw linseed oil. Colts take from 10 to 15 mils of the drug and it has even been given to a pregnant mare without causing ill effects. This treatment will remove all sorts of worms from the horse, but it is not considered effective for bots in the stomach. To dislodge those parasites the modern and only effective treatment is to give bisulphid of carbon in capsules. One bran mash or more is given, without hay; then the veterinarian gives a gelatin capsule containing aloin or an ordinary dose of Barbadoes aloes to clear the bowels. When the physic has ceased to operate he gives at 6 A. M., in a gelatin capsule, two or, at the most, three drams of bisulphid of carbon and repeats the dose at 7 and 8 A. M. This is for an adult horse. Give a yearling half as much bisulphid. Treatment with the capsules mentioned may be repeated in two weeks if thought necessary.

BLACK TEETH.—Will you put this in COMFORT for Mrs. A. M. T.? Do you examine your hog's mouth? I have often found black teeth when they won't eat. They get black teeth sometimes from eating corn. Get some one to pull them out and they will go to eating. O. W. C.

A.—It has been proved at all agricultural experiment stations that the black color of the teeth in little pigs has no special significance, but as such teeth often are very sharp and lacerate the sow's teats or the mouths and faces of the pigs, it is therefore well to snip them off at birth provided it can be done without bruising or lacerating the gums.

POLL EVIL.—I have a horse that has poll evil on his head. I would like to know what is good for it. E. G.

A.—If pus is discharging from pipes or sinuses in a bunch or abscess behind and between the ears, constituting a "poll evil," it will be necessary to have a qualified surgeon open up the cavities and pipes to secure free drainage for pus and at the same time cut out dead or diseased cartilage or other tissue. It would be very dangerous for one not acquainted with the anatomy of the part to attempt such cutting. Meanwhile syringe out the openings once daily with a solution of one dram of chlorid of zinc and one ounce of sulphate of zinc and one pint of soft water. Clip off the hair and apply a blister if the bunch has not opened to discharge pus.

SCOURS.—My pig, six months old, ate heartily and did fine until a month ago when it took the scours and grew stiff in its limbs. I have given liniment and stock powders but they didn't do any good. I feed corn bread, mush and buttermilk. A remedy will be appreciated. G. McG.

A.—Do not give liniment to animals. It is for external use only. If directed for internal use it is not a true liniment. Neither should stock powders be used. If an animal is sick it should be given medicine for the ailment present. Animals that are not sick should not be given medicine of any kind. Feed the pig milk containing an ounce of lime-water per pint. Gradually add wheat middlings. If scouring persists, give 20 grains of subnitrate of bismuth two or three times daily in any way found most convenient.

DISEASED COWS.—I have had three cows, one about two years ago, another one year ago and one recently, after freshening their breath came hard. The first two came all right. The last one died in three days. She ate everything that was given her. P. H. S.

A.—There can be little question that the cows have tuberculosis which is incurable. To find out you should have each of them tested with tuberculin. The milk of an affected cow is dangerous for use by persons or animals. A swallowed nail, wire or other sharp object penetrating the wall of the second stomach, diaphragm and sac of the heart might cause similar symptoms. That, too, is incurable. We are taking it for granted, of course, that the cows were not choked with feed.

SORE FEET.—My dog has had sore feet for nearly one year. Lumps form between the toes then they break, discharging, and look as though they had been scalded. J. H. D.

A.—Twice daily immerse the feet for five minutes or more in hot water containing all the boric acid it will dissolve, then dry gently and apply compound sulphur ointment. If that does not suffice, apply a mixture of one part of compound tincture of benzoin and three parts of glycerine after the immersion. A mixture of one part of balsam of Peru and three of alcohol is also healing in such cases. Boots of light leather or strong duck or canvas may be put on the feet if the dog is used for hunting.

SHRINK IN MILK.—My cow is in good condition and gives about three gallons of milk a day. She is going dry in one teat. She has plenty of feed such as shorts, bran chop and hay, also runs on pasture. She is milked regularly twice a day. MRS. M. S.

A.—It usually proves impossible to stop such a quarter from becoming permanently dry. Germ infection and garget cause the condition. Try the effects of milking and massaging that quarter every two hours and in the evening rubbing in warm melted unsalted lard or sweet oil.

SICK HOGS.—Please tell me what is the matter with my hogs. They won't eat and seem short of breath. Their sides thump and they lie around for days. Some have a swollen foot—the leg that is affected is furred up and the hoofs come off. Before dying, the nose turns a purplish red nearly to the eyes. I have fed bran, also ground oats and corn. Please tell me what to do. MRS. L. R.

A.—Always screen ground oats to remove hulls if it is to be fed to pigs; also make bran a very small part of the ration. Allow remaining pigs clean colony houses and let them graze a succession of green crops and also feed mixed meals including digestor tankage from a self-feeder. Keep them absolutely away from old hog houses, yards, wallows and other places polluted by adult swine. Filth and the germs it contains cause most of the symptoms described but swine plague may be present and should be vaccinated against by the veterinarian. The symptoms are similar to those of cholera, but vaccination is not so effective as for cholera. Cleanse, disinfect and whitewash the old hog houses. Plow, crop and seed down the old hog yards, lots and pastures.

DEATH OF COW.—Can you tell me what caused the death of my cow affected as follows: She was as well as usual at milking time in the morning, but at night was not able to get up and died before midnight. Lying on her side, she would almost go into convulsions, pawing the air and bellowing. Raising her off her side, she would become easier. There were no other symptoms. The veterinarian thought it was milk fever. She had been fresh one month and there was no swelling in the udder. F. K.

A.—Milk fever sometimes occurs a month after freshening but that is rare. Still, it would have been well to have inflated the udder with air as is done to cure milk fever. We think it much more likely that the cow was attacked by hemorrhagic septicemia for which there is no successful remedy, but it may be prevented by hypodermic injection of a special bacterin with a fair degree of success. Bloody froth issues from the nose or mouth after death, and sometimes from other natural openings of the body, when hemorrhagic septicemia has been present. That also happens after death from anthrax. Again consult the local graduate veterinarian about the matter. It may be added that heart disease caused by a swallowed sharp object may also cause such a sudden death.

STUDYING VETERINARY SCIENCE.—Please send me your terms on veterinary schooling as I am going to study veterinary. J. M.

A.—In order to obtain a veterinary diploma from a recognized veterinary college you will have to attend such an institution for four sessions of nine months each and pass all examinations. The entrance requirement is graduation from a high school or the equal of a similar course of instruction in some other recognized school. Particulars regarding fees, etc., may be learned by writing to the various veterinary colleges. A list of accredited veterinary schools may be had on application to the Bureau of Animal Industry of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

in the air your time has not been lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them."

For the young to learn to write, Helen, is largely a matter of practice. Hawthorne locked himself in a lonely room at Salem and plugged away with pen and ink. Stevenson tells us how long he played "the sedulous ape" to various authors before he stepped forth to fame himself. You will be helped, Helen, by continual and omnivorous reading which will furnish you a background of thought, of vicarious experience and a vocabulary. When you read, strive to keep to the best—that best which has received the verdict of time. There are many good books on journalism which you can find on the shelves of any large library. Read these and put your precepts into practice. But do not spend all your time on reading. Write articles for your home paper and those in nearby towns. Get jobs of reporting local social events and other happenings of news interest. Write as much, as often and as well as you can—and all the time your dream may be coming truer and truer.

OAKDALE, TENNESSEE.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

If you will turn your face this way a minute, I think I can get by Billy. I do not know what I will look like when I come out on the other side, but I'll assure you that Bill will have to be going some if he heads me off. I think Billy is like one of your New England senators: he wants to chew up everything that comes along. I believe he would devour the Peace Treaty if it should fall into your hands.

I visited in New England a few summers ago. One of your leading intellects said of her senator: "I think he is an old fossil!" I don't think it is nice of New England people to talk so about one another. While I was in Boston the police went out on strike. And just between you, Billy and the writer, I don't believe that all the inhabitants in that neck of the woods are "little angels" by any means. I have heard that education would solve all problems. By the eternal! it didn't solve them in Boston, the intellectual hub of the universe. And I returned to my home in the Tennessee mountains, where you find Nature in her wildest dress and most romantic mood, feeling that we have about as good a country as the sun ever shone upon—"Sunny Tennessee." And here in the mountains we are several hundred feet above the Troubles of the World.

Truly yours, JAMES BURTON.

I agree with you, Cousin James, that there is no place like a mountain top from which to look serenely down upon the Troubles of the World. Petty details are blended into the valued landscape, and the wide outlook helps to wide views both in front of the eyes and behind them. You are fortunate to be able to look forth from your eyrie in Sunny Tennessee and contemplate the troubles of Boston. I'm sorry, James, that you were discouraged by Boston in your little journey into New England; but you are not the first to be worried by present conditions and by the things that go on right under the shadow of the State House's Golden Dome surmounted by the Sacred Codfish. One of our magazines has been publishing articles entitled, "What is the Matter with Boston?" and other investigators, both American and European, have rushed into print crying that the old New England is no more. Ancient Puritan stock and traditions are said to have become swallowed up in the rising flood of the New World generations that have been brought into New England to serve overlords of loom and spindle, and the sons and daughters of these overlords are often those who now cry, "Americanization, or we perish!" Bristol, R. I., one of the oldest of New England's seaports, once beautiful with century-old homes looking out on Narragansett Bay, has now a population of about ten thousand, some six thousand of whom are Italian and Portuguese. This is a typical condition of what industrial wealth made in New England has brought in the way of shifting populations and living standards. Perhaps you are more lucky than you know, James, when no whir of spindles and no sound of mill whistles come up to echo among your mountain gaps and coves.

I am glad you did not go into details about exactly which New England senator was in danger of becoming a geological specimen, James. Such things have been known to happen, but when known, it is best to keep the sad occurrence a dark, stony secret. The trouble with the fossilizing process is that it starts within and works out. It can go on for some time without being evident on the surface, except to a discerning eye. However, if you fellows in the South keep on sending up lively-mannered legislators to Washington, perhaps things can be kept moving fast enough so that any senatorial petrification can be slowed up, if not entirely stopped.

As to education, James; don't let anyone fool you by saying it can solve all problems. Not our present higher education, at least. Some one has wisely hinted that to be "cultivated" is another name for having become irritated, and there is more in this than a clever remark. Our higher education today—the institutions from which we look to get men to strive with our higher human problems—are not particularly interested in turning out the men that our human difficulties demand, but rather in sending for those who can fit the most successfully into the peculiarly organized society of which our higher educational system is a product and part. The heart has always to use what the brain has been taught, and it is the thinking which is done in the heart that makes the man. We fool ourselves a lot, James, as we juggle such terms as education and progress; but the men who have brought what has meant the most for humanity into the world have never been themselves products of highly-organized educational systems. And they have generally been sufferers under, or martyrs of, what the world of their day has chosen to call "progress." James, I am sure you have a lot of time to think about these and other things, as you sit up among the sunny mountains of Tennessee and gaze, with an expansive smile, upon the fossils rising up from the landscape to the northward.

BELT, BOX 236, MONTANA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

I thought I would write you a few lines explaining the West. I am twelve years old and in the eighth grade; I hope to finish school this year. It is a stormy month here now and the weather is very cold. The mountains are about a mile away from us. I trap wild animals and snare and hunt rabbits. I can ride horses and get the cows from pasture. I live on a farm of four hundred acres. I have a pet horse. It is quite small and it is tamer for me than for any one else. I have had a lot of experience with wild animals. I will tell you one: One time when I went to look at my traps, there was a large wildcat in one of them. I shot once at it from quite a distance, but the bullet went through the hip and it didn't die. Then I sent another shot which hit on the neck, and the wildcat fell on its nose. But when I came up to look at the trap, it jumped at me and nearly caught me by the foot. I had to spring quickly aside, and I fell right on some porcupine quills. Then I got up again and shot it through the head. I had a hard time getting it home because it was so heavy.

If Billy the Goat is close by, don't show this letter to him, please. I will close now.

Your loving nephew, MATT KOSKILA.

I am not sure if I quite like the way you have of "explaining the West," Matt. As you tell about it, the West seems to be a place altogether too full of wildcats for my quiet tastes. Our tame Brooklyn cats are bad enough and the city government, alas, will not allow Bill and me to set any traps on the backyard fences from where we get nightly serenades. There is one tortoise-shell soprano who can do warblings

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)

Box Of Initial Stationery



Latest Style Monogram

IT is now the **height of fashion** and evidence of **the very best taste** to use stationery with **your own monogram initial or "crest"** on it. **In** this offer we give you **two dozen sheets white linen stationery** 10½x6¼ inches in size, **each sheet beautifully embossed in colors with any monogram initial you desire and two dozen envelopes.** Just think how nice it will be when writing to your friends to have your own **letter crest monogram initial embossed in colors** on this high-grade **fine quality stationery.** Remember you get **one full quire** of choice paper and **twenty-four envelopes** in this complete writer's outfit. Don't hesitate to send for this premium today because you will surely be delighted with it.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you a box of this Initial Stationery free by parcel post, prepaid. **When ordering be sure to specify what monogram initial you want. Reward No. 9482.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

38-Piece Fishing Outfit



BOYS—no need for you to wait until you have money to buy that fishing outfit you want—we will give you this dandy Outfit **absolutely free.** It contains everything you see in the above illustration—**in all 38 different pieces.**

There are **Two Dandy Fish Lines,** one of them on a fine **Wood Winder** equipped with **Hook and Sinker** all ready for business, and the other is a **Special Braided Line.** Then there are **25 Assorted Fish Hooks, of all sizes** for all kinds of fishing, **6 High-Grade Snelled Hooks, 1 Adjustable Cork Floater or "Bobber",** and **1 Ringed Sinker**—38 pieces in all. When you get this splendid Outfit you will have all the fishing tackle you need with exception of fish pole to do all kinds of fishing with, as the lines, assorted hooks in different sizes, etc. are adapted for **brook, river, lake or pond fishing.** And remember that we **guarantee everything in this Outfit to be good quality.**

We will send you this splendid Fishing Outfit, if you will accept the following offer:

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this 38-Piece Fishing Outfit, packed in a good strong box, free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 9422.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

16-Piece Aluminum Set



For A Club Of Only Five

TO describe the many virtues of this splendid Aluminum Set seems unnecessary. Every good housewife knows what it means to have her kitchen utensils made of this bright, handsome, light-weight, sanitary metal that is so easy to keep clean, that never "peels," rusts or corrodes and **never wears out.**

As shown in our illustration, this big-value Kitchen Set consists of the following named pieces, all pure aluminum—16 of them in all: **Six Teaspoons, Six Tablespoons, One Whole Mixing Spoon, One Ladle, One Slotted Mixing Spoon and One Cake Beater.**

Please bear in mind that each and every piece is full standard size for every-day use in the home and the set as a whole is in every way equal to those sold at high prices in the retail stores today. We buy direct from the manufacturer, however, and in large quantities, thereby securing the lowest factory price. As a result, we can afford to give away this set for a very small club of subscriptions.

Given To You! For a club of five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this genuine Aluminum 16-piece Kitchen Set, free by Parcel Post, prepaid. **Reward No. 7615.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



These Good Old-Time Stories Are The Best

They're Wholesome — Interesting — Inspiring! Stories Of Love And Romance, Detective Stories, Adventure Stories, Stories For Boys And Stories For Girls —

More Than One Hundred Titles To Select From!

L. T. Meade
Bad Little Hannah
Daddy's Girl
Dumps: A Plain Girl
A Girl In A Thousand
A Modern Tomboy
The Rebel Of The School
A Very Naughty Girl
A Young Heroine

Honore De Balzac
Catherine De Medici
The Country Doctor

Alexandre Dumas
The Conspirators
Man In The Iron Mask
Queen's Necklace

Charles Dickens
Christmas Stories
Great Expectations
Tale Of Two Cities

May Cecil Hay
Dorothy's Venture
Old Myddleton's Money

Robert Louis Stevenson
Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde
Kidnapped
Treasure Island

Rosa N. Carey
Not Like Other Girls
Only The Governess
Heriot's Choice
Queenie's Whim
Wee Wifie

Thomas Hughes
Tom Brown's School Days
Tom Brown At Oxford

Nathaniel Hawthorne
House Of The Seven Gables
The Scarlet Letter

A. Conan Doyle
Micah Clarke
Sign Of The Four
A Study In Scarlet

Charles Garvice
Edna's Secret Marriage
A Heritage Of Hate
In Wolf's Clothing
A Life's Mistake
Love And A Lie
Nell Of Shorne Mills
The Other Woman
The Shadow Of Her Life
The Story Of A Passion
'Twas Love's Fault
When Love Meets Love

Ellis Parker Butler
Pigs Is Pigs
The Great American Pie Co.
Mike Flannery
The Water Goat

Augusta J. Evans
Beulah
Inez
St. Elmo

E. D. E. N. Southworth
Why Did He Wed Her?
The Bride's Fate
Cruel As The Grave
The Hidden Hand
Ishmael (Complete)
Self Raised (Complete)
Tried For Her Life
A Beautiful Fiend
The Mysterious Marriage
The Changed Bride

Mary J. Holmes
Lena Rivers
Darkness & Daylight
Edith Lyle's Secret
Ethelyn's Mistake
Meadow Brook
Tempest & Sunshine

Bertha M. Clay
Beyond Pardon
Repented At Leisure
Wedded And Parted

Rudyard Kipling
Barrack Room Ballads
The Light That Failed
The Phantom Rickshaw
Plain Tales From The Hills

Victor Hugo
By Order Of The King
Hunchback Of Notre Dame

Jules Verne
Eight Hundred Leagues On The Amazon
From The Earth To The Moon
Tour Of The World In Eighty Days
The Mysterious Island
Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea

Georgie Sheldon
The Churchyard Betrothal
Dorothy Arnold's Escape
Esther, The Fright
The Forsaken Bride
A Holden's Conquest
The Masked Bridal
Nameless Dell
Ruby's Reward
Sibyl's Influence
Stella Rosevelt
That Dowdy
Thrice Wedded
Wedded By Fate
Wild Oats
Winifred's Sacrifice

Hall Caine
The Bondsman
The Last Confession
Shadow Of A Crime

Harriet Beecher Stowe
The Minister's Wooing
Uncle Tom's Cabin

Marie Corelli
Ardath
Thelma
Wormwood
Romance Of Two Worlds

Miscellaneous
Foul Play — Charles Reade
East Lynne — Mrs. Henry Wood
Grimm's Fairy Tales — The Brothers Grimm
Longfellow's Poems — H. W. Longfellow
Alice In Wonderland — Lewis Carroll
In His Steps — C. M. Sheldon
Last Of The Mohicans — James F. Cooper
Ten Nights In A Barroom, T. S. Arthur
Samantha At Saratoga — Josiah Allen's Wife
Old Mam'selle's Secret — E. Marlett
Won By Waiting — Edith Lyall
Cast Up By The Sea — Sir Samuel Baker
Cudjo's Cave — J. T. Trowbridge
Black Beauty — Anna Sewell

One Book For A Club Of Two!

REMEMBER these are not small paper-bound books or "novels," but handsome cloth-bound volumes, 7½ by 5 inches in size, printed in large, clear type on good paper, with ornamental designs and titles stamped on covers and backs. As to the titles, they speak for themselves. This is your opportunity to secure a complete library of the world's best fiction absolutely without cost. Select the books you desire and send in your order today. For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you any **one** book—for four one-year subscriptions at 50c each, any **two** books—and so on. **When ordering be sure to write plainly the title and author's name of each book wanted.**



Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

sunshine by mail. Miss Rosa Watts, care of Rosa Eller, McAdenville, N. C. An orphan girl stricken with a serious disease. Described by those who know her as "a true object of charity." Aid of any sort will be welcomed. W. B. Balew, Sparta, Tenn. Second-hand clothing or money will help this man, himself an invalid and partial shut-in, and with a sick wife on his almost useless hands. Miss Margaret Bowen, Tomahawk, Ky. Completely blind, and without parents to comfort and aid her. This is a case that is pitiful indeed. Walker Turner, Ft. Wayne, Ala. This is a crippled boy who sends a happy letter of gratitude for the flood of postcards and letters of cheer sent him by members of our League. Good work, cousins!

Longer than usual this month is the list of those who need so sorely the aid our League generously gives to its unfortunate members. Give them the boosts of cheer and dimes, of happiness and greenbacks, that will make their lot a little easier for a time at least. The light that we can shed in the darkest places is the best light of all. With your hearts as warm and open as the summer sun, cousins, help these shadowed lives to carry on.

Lovingly,

Uncle Lisha

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

How to become a Member

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not relating to the special departments elsewhere in the paper, will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address but we will print only initials if so requested.

R. A., Gould, Okla.—The address of the headquarters of the Girl Scouts, Inc., is 189 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

R. L. A., Roanoke Rapids, N. C.—There is a difference in the cubic capacity of a dry and a liquid quart. What this is you can note for yourself by filling a dry quart measure level full of beans and then attempting to put these into a liquid quart. You will find the beans will considerably more than fill the liquid measure. Many people, like yourself, are ignorant of this difference and often accept cranberries, beans, and other dry commodities which have been incorrectly measured in tin liquid measures. The use of a tin liquid measure for such dry commodities is now illegal in most communities.

H. W., Kevil, Ky.—The National Headquarters of the Boy Scouts of America are at 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

P. A., Brush Creek, Tenn.—Write to the U. S. Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C., and ask that particulars be sent you of such positions as are open in the U. S. Forestry Service and in the National Parks.

I. A. U., North, S. C—In the millinery trade positions for "learners" and apprentices are frequently open in the big and little shops of the larger cities. If you already have some experience in the trade, there is no reason why you might not obtain one of these jobs, although it would mean that you would have to move to a city and make direct personal application for work. No girl should leave her home and move to a city with the intention of supporting herself there, unless she has friends or relatives in the city who can help her to "get her bearings" and aid her by hints and instructions in her new surroundings. She should also have a sufficient sum of money to care for her support until she has succeeded in gaining work. City living is fiercely competitive and there are always many eager hands reaching for every job offered.

Miss R. E. B., Oakland, Me.—Your dimes of various dates are worth no more than their face value. A silver three-cent piece of 1872 would be valued at from twenty to forty cents according to condition. Three-cent pieces command a premium in the price-lists of all coin dealers—some of whom are COMFORT advertisers. Write to them about your coins.

R. K. W., Franklin, N. C.—There are several large and good correspondence schools in this country, all of which offer courses in electricity. We believe you might gain a good knowledge of the subject, particularly the theoretical work, from one of these courses. We would not care to make any recommendation of any particular school, and this would require an expert comparison of the matter of the home study courses offered. (2) The Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Mass., and the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y., are perhaps the two best-known schools of their class in the country. You have a mechanical school in your own state at West Raleigh.

J. C., Trenton, Tenn.—There is no article of mystery and magic which will "find hidden treasure," and so we cannot give you the name of any firm that could supply you with such a remarkable product. We have stated this fact many times in this column. If such "rods" or "needles" are offered for sale, it is only with the object of deluding foolish buyers who have not yet found out that there is no short cut to wealth or treasure, and that the road of thrift and industry is the surest and safest path to riches.

J. J., Roberts, Mont.—While the raising of such fur-bearing animals as silver foxes and skunks is profitable when successful, the successful ones in this modern form of livestock raising are few. You would be interested in reading Farmers' Bulletin No. 587. You can obtain this from the Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

In the central place of our hearts is a wireless station. So long as we receive messages of beauty, hope, courage and power from God and from our fellow-men, we may know the current comes clear.



For a Club of Four

BEADWORK is all the rage again. And here is a wonderful yet simple **Bead Loom** with which any woman or girl can take up this fascinating work at home and easily make the handsomest bags, chains, necklaces, purses, bracelets, belts, collars and cuffs, dress trimmings, shirtwaist sets, slippers, watch cases, fob chains, card cases, pocketbooks,—in fact there is no limit to the number and variety of exquisitely colored bead work articles that can be woven on this Loom.

Anybody can use the "Kanibas" **Bead Loom**—it is very easy to understand as everything is fully explained in the instruction book sent with the outfit.

Everything you need to work with is included **free** with the Loom, so you can begin making the articles at once.

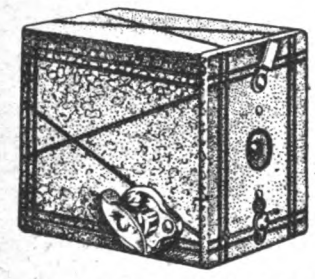
In the outfit you will receive one **"Kanibas" Bead Loom**, five packages of beads in assorted colors of black, white, blue, green, pink, etc., one dozen special **bead needles** (very long and slender with an unusually long eye), one spool of specially prepared **waxed bead thread**, and a **44-page instruction book** containing more than seventy-five photographs and designs of popular bead work, together with easy, detailed instructions on just what color of beads to use and how to work them.

This book shows how to make different styles of bags, chains, necklaces, purses, belts, collars and cuffs, shirtwaist sets, slippers, watch cases, fob chains, card cases, pocketbooks, dress trimmings, any letter in the alphabet, any numeral, etc., etc.,—giving full directions for all designs. The popular secret order emblems can be worked with great effect in beads for fob chains, bracelets, card cases, etc., and this book illustrates designs for Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Knights of Columbus, Elks, Royal Arcanum, also Christian Endeavor, Epworth League and others.

Any woman or girl will be delighted with this practical Loom Outfit because she can make so many pretty things not only for her own use but to give away as presents and to sell. While the beads themselves cost but little, the finished work brings a high price so that there are big profits in the business, if one desires to sell the articles after they are made.

Special Club Offer. For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you the "Kanibas" Bead Loom and Outfit free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 8234.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Premo Camera

Reward No. 7944

Films And Instruction Book Free

THIS is not a toy but a genuine **"Premo"** camera, made by the **Eastman Kodak Co.**, therefore you can depend upon it to produce the most pleasing and satisfactory results. It takes a picture 1¼ by 1¾ inches, is fitted with the best quality **Meniscus lens** and an **automatic shutter** adapted for snapshots and time exposures. The pictures may be taken either the long way or the short way of the camera. It uses the regulation roll film cartridge containing six exposures, and this may be put in the camera and taken out again **in broad daylight**, so that you don't have to go into a dark room every time you want to load the camera. Anybody can make good pictures with this camera. Being small and compact, it is just the thing to carry with you to "snap" pictures of your friends, sports, etc., with. And remember, we send you not only the camera itself but also include **One Six Exposure Roll Film Cartridge and Instruction Book**, all packed together in a strong box and sent to you **Free by Parcel Post, prepaid**, on the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For a club of four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you by parcel post, prepaid, this Premo Camera with one Roll Film Cartridge containing six exposures and complete Instruction Book. **Reward No. 7944.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

12 Karat Gold Wedding Ring

New Oval Narrow Band Style

JEWELERS make a big profit on rings. When you pay the jeweler's price for a wedding ring, the chances are you get a ring that, so far as appearance and wearing qualities go, is no better than the one offered here. We buy direct from the manufacturer and add no profit—that's how we do it. This ring is the new popular narrow band style, made of **12-Karat Gold**, and we absolutely guarantee it **for 10 years.** As a matter of fact, it should last a lifetime. And please remember that it is a man's ring, as well as a woman's. This style is correct for both sexes and all ages. It can be had in all sizes from four to ten.



Reward No. 8933

If you want a handsome wedding ring—one that is absolutely right in quality and style and that you will have all your life—this is your opportunity to get it without a cent of expense. We are now giving these rings as a COMFORT premium and we shall send you one free and postpaid if you will accept the following special

Given To You! For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this guaranteed 12-Karat Gold Wedding Ring free by parcel post prepaid. **Please be sure to mention size wanted. Reward No. 8933.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.)

and trills in a manner that convinces me she must be a prima donna in the Brooklyn Cat Opera Company, and she is always willing to grant any number of encores. But I'm hoping that all of the West is not so full of ferocious felines whose motto is "Never say die," and that it is because you live in the wildcat belt, Matt, that nine-lived and bullet-proof mountain pussies are so numerous.

Matt, you are polishing off school in quick shape by finishing up lessons when you are only twelve years old. You must be a good knowledge trapper, too. But why not keep at this game of capturing wisdom a few winters more? The best open season for knowledge is when one is young, Matt. The mind's steel springs are strong and quick then, and you can sell at a good price in later years all the knowledge-pelts you are able to tack up on your brain walls during these trapping days. My advice is not to hang up your traps yet; there are too many years ahead of you in which they might grow dull and rusty. Keep 'em shining and active for a few years more, Matt, old boy.

Your little pet horse, Matt, who is tamer for you than for anyone else, is something like Billy in this. For Bill is quite tame to me, while he might act like a genuine Montana wildcat when some cousin sends in letter written in pencil and with six misspelled words to the square inch. No trap could hold Bill then! You wrote a good letter, Matt, but you did spell one word in a very funny way. I corrected this and did not show it to Billy. For if I had, Matthew, all your experience as a trapper and animal tamer would have been useless. Your letter would have vanished between Bill's steel jaws and been torn to shreds by his sharp pivot tooth.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for July

"Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these you have done it unto Me."

Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Every month brings to me many letters which disregard this simple and necessary rule. Appeals unaccompanied by the references required will be destroyed.

Mrs. Warren B. Woodruff, Delaware, R. R. 2, Ohio. Asks financial aid that will enable her to secure proper treatment for her two-year-old crippled son. Well recommended. A genuine chance for greenbacks to get in good work. W. S. Roberts, Indiana, R. R. 6, Box 16, Pa. Long a helpless shut-in with no means of support. Often lacks even food. Mrs. Mathilda Higgins, care of Mrs. M. V. Hartman, North Branch Depot, Somerset Co., N. J. A shut-in of seventy-six years of age. Asks for a postcard shower of cheer. This is easy, cousins. Get out your fountain pens. Mrs. Rosella Daniels, Lassiter, N. C. Has but one arm to support three children of nine to fourteen years. A dime shower will give her real help and renewed strength in her struggle with poverty. Miss Dilly F. Dolan, Endicott, Va. Her mother asks for cards, picture books or quilt scraps to cheer the lonely hours of this invalid girl. Money is not asked. Jesse Trotter, Rockwood, R. R. 3, Tenn. Send a shower of dimes to this orphan boy of fourteen who has lost his right leg above the knee—and add a word of cheer. Mrs. Mary J. Overby, Brooklyn, Md. Has a paralytic husband and four children to support. Surely aid is needed here. E. D. Beard, Charles City, Iowa. A boy of fourteen who has been an invalid for eleven years. Send him some



Gent's Watch and Chain

Reward No. 7696

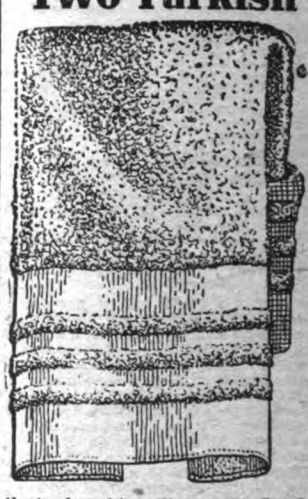
For A Club Of Six!

A WATCH that any man or boy may feel **proud** to carry, and an excellent timekeeper. It has a handsome polished **nickel case**; the movement is **American made, stem wind and stem set**, the dial is pure white with **large plain easily read figures.** We have already given away thousands of these watches and they never fail to please and satisfy. Now is the time for you to secure one of these guaranteed watches before the price of them goes up still further as it is pretty sure to do in the near future. We will send you this watch exactly as described, **together with a chain**, if you will accept the following

Club Offer. For a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed watch, also a handsome chain free by Parcel Post, prepaid. **Reward No. 7696. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Two Turkish Towels

Good Size Soft And Fleecy



AFTER bathing there is nothing quite as fine as a good **rub down** with a **Turkish towel**, in fact it is the **best** towel for all purposes, whether for the bath-room, guestroom or everyday family use. They absorb the water much more readily than other towels and the **soft fleece-like surface** imparts to the body a delightful feeling of warmth and well-being. They are also fine for **baby's toilet** as they will not hurt the tender skin. The towels offered here are **15 inches wide and 32 inches long** which is a good convenient size for all-round family use, and are of good weight, well made and finished. We will make you a present of **two** of these towels upon the terms of the following offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you one pair (2) of these fine Turkish Towels free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 9912.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities



Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress

AGENTS WANTED

Agents—200% profit. Wonderful little article; something new; sells like wildfire; carry in pocket; write at once for Free Sample. Albert Mills, Gen. Mgr., 5819 American Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

We Start You In Business, furnishing everything; men and women, $30 to $100 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories" home anywhere. Booklet free. W. Hillyer Ragsdale, Drawer 5, East Orange, N. J.

Agents—Write for big soap offer. Quick Seller, Big Money Maker. Ho-Ro-Co, 131 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

We Start You without a Dollar. Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes—Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., Dept. 131, St. Louis.

Agents—Make a Dollar an Hour. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 452-B, Amsterdam, N.Y.

Sell Necessities. Everybody needs and buys the "Business Guide." Bryant cleared $800.00 in July. Send for sample. It's Free. Nichols Co., Dept. 6B, Naperville, Ill.

Agents: $50 a week taking orders for guaranteed hosiery for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. All styles and finest line of silk hose. Write for sample outfit. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 219 Dayton, Ohio.

Agents! 1922's Greatest Sensation. 11-piece toilet article set selling like blazes at $1.75 with $1.00 dressmaker's shears free to each customer. Line up with Davis for 1922. E. M. Davis Co., Dept. 505, Chicago.

Big Money and Fast Sales. Every owner buys Gold Initials for his auto. You charge $1.50; make $1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 64, East Orange, N. J.

Introduce Whiz, delicious beverage. Great demand. Big Repeater. Hundred other fast sellers. Fine Profit. Write at once for terms & sample. Newton & Co., 63 Main St., Newark, New York.

Agents—$15 a day—Easy, quick Sales—Free Auto—Big weekly Bonus—$1.75 premium Free to every customer. Simply show our Beautiful, 7 piece, Solid Aluminum Handle Cutlery Set. Appeals instantly. We deliver and collect. Pay daily. New Era Mfg. Co., 803 Madison St., Dept. 32-A, Chicago.

Agents—$5 to $15 Daily Introducing New Style Guaranteed Hosiery—latest modes and shades—Nude, camel, silver, etc. Big Profits. Repeat orders bring you regular income. You write orders—We Deliver and Collect. Experience unnecessary. Outfits contain all colors and grades including silks. Mac-O-Chee Mills Co., Desk 547, Cincinnati, O.

300% Profit: Easy Seller. Kleanrite. Washes Clothes Without Rubbing. Samples Free. Bestever Prod. Co., 1945-W Irving Park, Chicago.

Sell Minitmend For Tires And Tubes—cost 2c. repair: surpasses vulcanizing, saves 500%. Every auto and accessory dealer buys. Profits amazing. Shaw made $21 first day. Hart $155 first week. Particulars and free sample. The Colonial Rubber Co., Dept. 96, Philadelphia, Pa.

Earn money in spare time selling Silk Neckties. Latest styles, good profits, send for particulars. H. Lutz, 1362 College Ave., N.Y. City.

Make $50 to $75 weekly selling Pennsylvania Silk knitted neckties and guaranteed hosiery for men, women, children. Write for free catalog D. Pennsylvania Hosiery Mills, 20 So. 17th St., Philadelphia.

Large Shirt Manufacturer wants Agents to sell complete line of shirts direct to wearer. Exclusive patterns. Big values. Free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS WANTED

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Photoplay Ideas Wanted By 48 Companies. $25-$500 paid. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Producers League, 311, St. Louis.

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Stamp Names on key checks. Make $19 per 100. Send 25c for sample and inst. Either Sex. O. Keytag Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

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Hemstitching and Picoting Attachment works on any sewing machine, easily adjusted. Price $2.50 with full instructions. Oriental Novelty Co., Box 11, Corpus Christi, Texas.

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Government needs Railway Mail Clerks, $133 to $192 month. Write for free specimen questions. Columbus Institute, A-2 Columbus, O.

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Ladies—Earn Money Crocheting, Tatting, making aprons and caps. Material furnished. Patterns and plans 35c. Send remittance now. Returned if desired. Kenwood Pattern Co., 6238 So. Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Increase your family income knitting socks at home. The way to independence. The Home Profit Knitter is the world's most productive and reliable home knitting machine. Be first in your town. We pay you $1.75 for every dozen pairs and furnish all worsted. Enormous demand. Free instruction anywhere. Immediate application necessary. Home Profit Hosiery Co. 202 State Street, Rochester, New York.

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Men, women, over 18, desiring Government positions, write immediately. Chicago Civil Service College, Dept. K, Kesner Bldg., Chicago.

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Wanted—Men and women ambitious to make money writing Stories and Movie Plays. Send for wonderful Free Book that tells how. Address Authors' Press, Dept. 31, Auburn, N.Y.

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Films developed 5c—prints 3c each. All prints glazed. Photo Shop, Dept. C, Station D, Cincinnati, O.

Films developed 5c roll—prints 3c each. Not ordinary kind—special studio finished. Reliable Studio, Station D, Cincinnati, O.

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Authors:—Stories, poems, photo plays etc. are wanted for publication. Submit Mss. Literary Bureau, 04, Hannibal, Mo.

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Earn $25 Weekly, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Press Syndicate, 451, St. Louis, Mo.

Government Positions Are Fine: $1400, $1600, $1800 at start, up to $2300 and $2600. Exams everywhere. Write Today for full information. Patterson Civil Service School, Box K, Rochester, N. Y.

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Looms—Only $9.90—Big Money in Weaving Rugs, Carpets, portieres, etc., at home; from rags and waste material. Weavers are rushed with orders. Send for free loom book, it tells all about the weaving business and our wonderful $9.90 and other low-priced, easily-operated looms. Union Loom Works, 272 Factory St., Boonville, N. Y.

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Wanted To hear from owner of good farm for sale. State cash price, full description. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

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Baby Chicks; 8c up. 1,000,000 for 1922. 12 Best breeds Purebred. Greatest layers. Catalog free. Booth Hatchery, Box X, Clinton, Mo.

FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS

Make Money With Your Camera. Information for stamp. Lancaster Studios, 409 AG Wright-Callender Building, Los Angeles.

Three Wheel Chairs in June

646 Is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The three June wheel chairs go to Amy Belle Singer, Union Bridge, Md., 163; Claude Wilson, Vanceboro, N. C., 80; Dwight T. Crow, Jamestown, Ala., 74. The figures following their respective names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends for them.

Amy Belle Singer, age 14, for three years past has been and still is crippled



MARY A. LAYNE ENJOYING HER COMFORT WHEEL CHAIR.

by severe pain and swelling of the joints to a degree that renders her almost helpless in all ways. She is suffering from a spinal trouble and these distressing symptoms accompany it in her case. Her mother writes that the much needed wheel chair will be a great help in caring for this unfortunate girl.

Claude Wilson, age 28, is so crippled that for nine years past he has not been able to walk; before that he could get about on crutches, but now is almost helpless.

Dwight T. Crow, age 7, has been an almost helpless invalid from birth. His head is too large and his limbs undersize and weak. Until three years old he could not hold his head up, but since then has been getting better and his limbs are slowly developing. The wheel chair will be a source of joy to him and a great help to his parents in caring for him, and I hope it will be instrumental in improving his health.

Don't relax your efforts in behalf of our Wheel-Chair Club during the hot season. Bear in mind that, if the weather is too warm for your comfort, the heat must be oppressive to the crippled shutins who are suffering for the open air because they are in need of a wheel chair.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT,

Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 150 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 50 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscriptions, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Surely Enjoys Her Comfort Wheel Chair

Pine Grove, Ohio.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

I take pleasure in writing you to let you know that I am still able to enjoy my COMFORT wheel chair, and here is my picture after so long a wait for it. I surely do enjoy my wheel chair and feel that I could not do without it. I thank you for your kindness in helping me to get it. I love to read COMFORT and have been a constant reader of it for many years. I surely admired Uncle Charlie for his fine Christian character and the great good that he did. I trust that God will bless you in your good work, and that some day we shall all meet on the other shore where the troubles of this life will be over.

Sincerely,

Mary A. Layne.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dollar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions or amount of cash sent.

Mrs. Guy Singer, Maryland, for Amy Belle Singer, 156 subs and $1.35; Mrs. Melvin C. Peacher, Fla., for Mrs. Zanie Peacher, 25 subs; Dwight Thomas Crow, Ala., for own, 24 subs and $3.75; Mrs. Julia Robb, Missouri, for Mrs. Mary Hazel, 22 subs; Melvin Kilby, Ga., for own, 20; Mr. Daniel James Richey, Texas, for Inez Armstrong, 20; Mrs. A. F. Derington, Texas, for Beatrice Alston, 15; Mrs. Louise Martin, Ga., for Jessie Lee Martin, 12; Miss Alice Fuller, Ohio, for Mrs. Fannie Selph, 12; Mrs. J. H. Martin, Texas, for own, 10; Mrs. Ella Anderson, Miss., for Mrs. Fannie C. Womack, 9; Mrs. J. L. Chamberlain, N. C., for A. V. Matheson, 8; Mrs. McGee Johnson, Kans., for Mrs. M. A. Hazel, 8; Mrs. Louise Anderson, Okla., for Ira B. Norton, 6; Mrs. L. A. Hoke and Mrs. C. W. Humphrey, Mo., for Velma Irene Hough, 5; Ida Straube, Nebraske, for general, $5.00.

Wedding Rings

In Norway marriage customs are very peculiar. As soon as a young man and woman are engaged betrothal rings are exchanged. These rings are worn ever afterwards, by the men as well as the women, consequently you can always tell a married man, or at least an engaged man, in Norway, in the same way you can tell a married woman in England. Another feature is that as soon as a man is engaged he has calling cards printed with the name of his fiancee immediately beneath his own.

In Russia the bride wears her engagement ring on the third finger of her right hand, instead of on the left, as we do. She will also wear her marriage ring there.

The German women, according to the custom of their native land, wear a ring on the third finger of their right hand.

The brides and wives of Switzerland wear a ring on the third finger of the left hand, but if overtaken by widowhood the ring is exchanged to the right hand.

During her engagement the Swiss bride, to be, wears the wedding ring with a jeweled ring under it, after the wedding ceremony the wedding ring is placed underneath. The married man in Switzerland is required by custom to wear a wedding ring.

Some Profiteer

Mrs. Schoppen—"I want five pounds of sugar, please."



Grocer—"Yes'm; anything else?"

"No, that's all; I'll take it with me if the package isn't too heavy."

"Oh! it'll only weigh three or four pounds, ma'am."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Resented Impertinence

Mike went to the telephone—"Is this Miller & Jones?"

"Yes."

"Well, you send up six bags of oats, and hurry up with 'um."

"All right; who are they for?"

"Arrah, now, don't you get gay; for the horses, to be sure," and Mike rang off.—*Exchange.*

An Apt Answer

"Water," said the temperance orator, "is nature's own beverage. It comes to us from the clouds. If, instead of water, it were to rain beer——"

"You would be too full for utterance," interrupted a voice from the gallery."—*Chicago News.*

Deaf to the Answer

A woman of ample proportions was giving a lecture on the human form divine. Her manner was of the type familiarly known as "highbrow;" it was, in fact, irritatingly supercilious and lofty.

"For example," said she, "twice round my thumb"—she held it up—"once round my wrist; twice round my wrist, once round my neck; twice round my neck, once round my waist."

Here she paused, and a shrill voice from the audience exclaimed:

"Twice round your waist, once round Hyde park."

The lecturer hastily passed on to another branch of the subject.—*London Tid-Bits.*

Why Not?

"Papa," said Tommy Tredway.

"Now, Tommy," replied Mr. Tredway, I shall answer only one more question today. So be careful what you ask."

"Yes, papa."

"Well, go on."

"Why don't they bury the Dead Sea?"—*Household Words.*

Had Set Her Cap

Ada—"Why does Alice speak of Tom as her intended? Are they engaged?"

Beatrice—"No; but she intends they shall be."—*Tid-Bits.*

Too Competent

The warden had just received the new prisoner.

"If you are skilled in some particular pursuit," he said, "we shall be glad to let you follow it here."

"Thank you very much, sir," said the prisoner. "I'm an aviator."—*Cotton Yarns.*

Puzzled Indeed

First Tramp (in the road)—"Why don't you go in? The dog's all right. Don't you see him waggin' his tail?"



Second Tramp—"Yes, and he's growlin' at the same time. I dunno which end to believe."—*Tid-Bits.*

Undoubtedly

Young Student, in higher school for girls, to teacher (saucily).—"Is it true, professor, that your father started in as goose shepherd?"

Professor (quietly).—"Very true, little miss; my ancestral heritage has particularly qualified me to handle geese."

Cubby Bear's Fourth of July

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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DR. Squilly Porcupine had been called to the West Forest to see Bob Catt, who had a carbuncle on his left hind paw. Squilly had washed, and lanced, and bandaged it, and was washing his paws, getting ready to go home again.

"Dear me, dear me!" groaned Bob Catt. "A carbuncle is a very painful thing, I can tell you! For four nights I have hardly slept at all!"

"Did you see any colored stars flying around last night, while the pain kept you awake?" asked Squilly.

"There were no stars to be seen at all, for the night was cloudy," answered Bob Catt; "but there were fireflies dancing all around."

"No, no!" said Squilly Porcupine. "I mean Fourth of July stars."

"I never heard of such a thing!" said Bob Catt. "Stop a while, and tell me about it."

"Yes, I will tell you the whole story," agreed Squilly, and sat down on a mossy log. "Just before you sent for me this morning," he began, "I was at Mamma Bruin's house, to see Cubby Bear. But that is not where my story commences, so I will start with the night before last. Some of us were out enjoying the beautiful summer evening, when Wollie Woodchuck came hurrying along, on his way home from the farmer's garden. He was terribly upset with fright, and his heart palpitated strangely.

"He told us of wonderful doings in the farmhouse dooryard—flashes of fire, loud explosions, lights sailing up high in the air, some of them bursting and sending down red, and blue, and yellow stars. Wollie was afraid they would fall on him, and ran all the way home.

"Of course we were all talking about it—some believed what Wollie said, and some did not. Then, yesterday morning, Shinyblack Crow told the same story. Furthermore, Shinyblack Crow had made an early morning trip to the farm, where the children were touching lights to some little things which burst with a loud bang! Then he went from there to the village, where he saw great doings.

"'It is the Fourth of July,' he told us.

"'What might that be?' asked Cubby Bear.

"Shinyblack Crow said he did not know exactly, unless it was the day to make all the noise one could. He said he had seen Fourth of July celebrations in other years—crowds of people filling the village streets, bands making loud music, flags of red, white and blue waving, horses frightened and prancing, and noise, noise everywhere!

"'Is it all over?' Billy Bluejay wanted to know.

"'Oh, no, indeed!' Shinyblack Crow told him; 'it will last all day, and far into the night.' Then he told us he had come back to the forest to see if anyone was brave enough to go to the village with him, to see the fun. Redtop Woodpecker, Robbie Reddie and Billy Bluejay all said they would go with him. Little Chirpy Chipmunk was the only animal who ventured to go. 'I am not afraid,' he said. 'I am so quick, I can skip out of anyone's way, and so small, I can hide anywhere.'

"I think we all worried a little about them through the day, but at sunset, back they came, all but Chirpy Chipmunk, who was having too good a time to leave; and what do you think they wanted?"

"I cannot say," answered Bob Catt, with a painful grimace, "but I know what *I* want, and that is, to be rid of this carbuncle!"

"Have patience," chided Squilly, "and do not whine like a sick kitten. Your paw will soon be well again. Shall I go on with my story?"

"By all means," answered Bob Catt; "what did they want?"

"Well," pursued Dr. Squilly, "Shinyblack Crow said to us: 'We have come back to coax all of you animals to go to the village with us—or as near to the village as you dare to go—and see as much of the fun as you can.'"

"And did you go?" asked Mrs. Bob Catt, who was listening breathlessly.

"Indeed we did," answered Squilly proudly, "all but Bunny Rabbit, who is a most timid creature, and Wollie Woodchuck, who had been too badly frightened the night before. On our way we met little Chirpy Chipmunk, coming slowly along the road.

"'Did you come to meet us?' asked Cubby Bear.

"'No, I did not!' he answered sharply. All the friskiness had gone out of him, and he did not smile once.

"'Are you tired?' I asked him.

"'I am tired, and I am sick!' he said. 'I ate too many peanuts. I kept finding them on the ground, where careless children had dropped them. After eating what I wanted, I shelled some and stuffed my cheeks with them, to carry home, but there were too many, and I didn't want to leave them, so I ate, and ate, till I could eat no more. And now I am going home.'

"Poor little Chirpy!" went on Dr. Squilly Porcupine. "I offered to go back with him, but he said all he wanted was to get home, and get to sleep. So we kept on our way to the village.

"We kept outside the village until after dark—a cloudy night, as you said—then crept through back yards and sheltered places, keeping out of the brightly-lighted streets. But we could hear and see plenty of the celebration. It would have been excitement enough to be so near to such crowds of people, who *might*, of course, discover some of us at any time—and then there was the fizz, pop, *bang!* all the time, the loud music, and all the things Shinyblack Crow had told us about.

"But the grandest, loveliest part of all was the shining, bright-colored stars, and the wonderful flashes of fire that went up, up, up in the sky, then scattered and fell. We could not help feeling a little frightened, though we knew it was all for a celebration; but, oh, I could have watched it all night!"



THE RED STICK BURST WITH A TERRIBLE NOISE.

"I wish I might have been there to see it all!" sighed Mrs. Catt.

"It was worth seeing," Dr. Squilly Porcupine told her, "but at last the fun was over, the crowds of people went away, and the streets were quiet. We passed through some of the deserted streets on our way out of the village, and Cubby Bear picked up a pretty little bright red stick which he saw lying on the ground. It had a white string hanging out of one end.

"'I am going to keep it to remember my Fourth of July,' he said.

"The rest of us looked for some, too, but could find only scraps of red paper, all torn and ragged. You have never been to the village, have you?"

"No, oh, no!" answered Bob, with a slight shiver.

"Well, the streets are smooth and level, oh, a beautiful place to play, or to run races, and Shinyblack Crow, who is a daring fellow, said: 'Who will play a game of hopscotch here with me, before we go home?'"

"Of course nobody did?" asked Mrs. Catt.

"We did!" declared Squilly. "That is, most of us did. Oh, it was a grand celebration! All my life, I think I shall laugh aloud when I think how surprised the village people would have been if they had looked out of their windows and seen a group of the forest birds and animals playing hopscotch in their streets, all in the silent night!"

"*You* might have had a surprise, too!" said Bob Catt.

"Yes," admitted Squilly, "we might. It was beginning to grow light when we got back to the Pleasant Forest. As you know, the days are very long now, and the dawn comes early."

"But you have not told us yet why you were called to see Cubby Bear," said Mrs. Catt. "Did he get sick, too, like Chirpy Chipmunk?"

"I am coming to that," answered Squilly Porcupine. "Cubby Bear went home, and went to bed, but it seemed as if he had been asleep only a few minutes, he told me, when he was awakened by hearing Mamma Bruin in the next room, getting breakfast.

"He went out where she was at work, to tell her all about the celebration. She had a fire, and was cooking flapjacks, to eat with fresh blueberries, for she had spent the Fourth of July berrying. He brought out the little red stick to show her, and somehow it slipped from his paws and fell into the fire.

"Cubby tried to pick it up, out of the fire, but the little white string burned with a hissing sound, and then the red stick burst with a terrible noise!

"Mamma Bruin had stepped back, and was not hurt, though her fur was singed quite a bit. Poor Cubby Bear's paw was badly burned, his nose is blistered, and the fur on his face was partly burned off.

"They sent for me at once. Robbie Reddie was near by, singing his morning song, and he flew swiftly to my house to tell me what had happened. Of course I got there as soon as possible, and did the best I could to make Cubby Bear feel better.

"When the stick exploded, fire and ashes went all over the room. Mamma Bruin was cleaning up the place. No trace had been found of the flapjacks when I came away, though Grandma Bear was searching for them. *I* think they must have fallen in the fire, and been burned up!

"Cubby will soon be all right again, but he will beware of little red sticks with a short string hanging out of one end if he ever happens to find one lying on the ground again!

"Ah, well, it was a great time, and when the Fourth of July comes next year, I, for one, shall go to the village to celebrate, and so, I am sure, will the others."

"Oh, let us know when the time comes," begged Mr. and Mrs. Bob Catt, "for we want to go with you, too!"

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July, 1922.

Crumbs of Comfort

Strive and serve.
Do not deal in gloom.
Youth is the fire of life.
Having is not happiness.
We are as old as our doubts.
Idle wishes cannot fill dishes.
To know God is to be educated.
Do not make a pet of your stomach.
Consider well and then decide positively.
To be serious it is not necessary to be sad.
In our highest moods we can meet few men.
Even Nature sometimes weeps for gladness.
Study for wisdom and pray for common sense.
Speed up your brain and slow up your tongue.
Rewards of selfishness are not rewards at all.
Love is that breath which makes man a living soul.
One who hates his duties often loves his rights the most.
Man is a social creature and we are made to help each other.
Experience teaches today what yesterday should have known.
The only safe way to destroy an enemy is to make him your friend.
Knowledge is the freest; the most inexpensive thing in the world.
The unspoken word is your slave; the spoken word is your master.
Man is only great according to the Heaven which is within himself.
When we are carried away with our work we are being carried ahead.
Nations must learn to act as one if civilization is to keep men civilized.
Great men are often known to the public only through a ficticious personality.
To help others best, we must first put down what we hold in our own hands.
Only one thing we need fear, and that is the consequences of our own sins.
We should honor best not those who are achieving, but those who have overcome.
Many people have all the qualities of success except the courage of their convictions.
There are plenty of things in this world that do not matter as much as we think they do.
The body is like a piano and happiness like music; it is needful to have the instrument in good order.
The world is blessed most by those men who do the things, not by those who merely talk about them.
If we read too much we have only the thoughts of others; if we read too little we have only our own.
It is wrong schooling which has for its primary object the fitting of the pupil for taking, not giving.
The world puts on a glory for him who with a fervent heart goes forth under the bright and glorious sky.
All the places that are worth having in life are further up our road than the part of it we may now be traveling.
Life is a great and noble calling, and not a mean and grovelling thing to be gone through carelessly and with haste.
Philosophy is a bully that talks very loud when danger is distant, but when hard pressed by the enemy she gladly leaves the battle's brunt to be borne by her humbler companion religion.

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COMFORT

The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes
Published at Augusta Maine

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See story, "Reforming Father" on page 3.

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COMFORT EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

National Menace in Lawless Spirit that Inspired the Massacre of Non-Union Miners Near Herrin, Illinois

RARELY, if ever, has the country been so horrified as it was by the atrocious massacre of the non-union miners employed at the Southern Illinois Coal Company's mine six miles from Herrin, Illinois, on Thursday, June 22nd. This mine, in which the coal lies so near the surface that it can be uncovered by steam shovels, was being worked by non-union laborers from away under protection of guards brought by the Company from Chicago to prevent interference by the union coal miners who were on strike. Of the mines in that district this was the only one that attempted to operate regardless of the strike, and there had been threats of forcible interference, but the first outbreak of violence was early in the afternoon of Wednesday, June 21st, when strikers ambushed in a clump of trees fired on ten mine guards traveling along the road in a truck and severely wounded three of them before the truck could get out of range. This was the beginning of a riotous uprising of strikers that within a few hours brought together a mob of more than five thousand men bent on attacking the non-union workers at the mine.

In the streets of neighboring mining towns crowds of strikers, incited by the harrangues of impromptu speakers, armed themselves with rifles, shotguns and pistols and started for this mine. At Herrin the mob invaded two hardware stores, bound and gagged the proprietors and clerks and forcibly took and carried away all the weapons, ammunition and explosives found in these establishments. Through that afternoon and the following night a battle was waged between the small force of mine guards posted behind a stockade and the thousands of strikers who surrounded them and from trees and other vantage points on the encircling hills directed against them a ceaseless rain of bullets. It is claimed that the besieged laborers took no part in the fight, but sought such shelter as was available within the works and consequently very few, if any, of them were hurt during the battle. The occupants of the mine lost their food and water supply by the capture of their provision car and the blowing up of the pumping station by the strikers.

As further resistance against such a vastly superior attacking force was hopeless the superintendant of the mine at sunrise ran up a white flag and yielded to the strikers' demands which included immediate surrender and assurance that the Company would cease attempting to operate the mine. The casualties among the strikers had been few—no more than two of them reported killed. The defenders had lost more heavily in the fight, but just how many of them were killed or wounded before they surrendered has not been ascertained because of subsequent occurrences. Thus ended the fighting but not the slaughter which was resumed with a vengeance as soon as the strikers got the helpless objects of their animosity in their power.

Massacred after Surrender

According to the Associated Press reports, the substantial accuracy of which stands unchallenged, more than fifty and maybe sixty mine guards and non-union laborers fell into the hands of the strikers, and after they had been disarmed and securely bound at least nineteen of these helpless prisoners were murdered in cold blood and nearly as many more wounded. The fiendish barbarity that characterized this massacre can hardly be matched outside of Turkey, Mexico and Soviet Russia. The report states that the mine superintendent was the first to be shot and fell dead; the others were tied together in small groups and then rushed off in different directions. Joseph O'Rourke, in the hospital at Herrin, with half-a-dozen bullet holes through his body gave the reporter a vivid description of the bloody work that followed. Mr. O'Rourke said:

"They tied five men with me, took us out on the road and told us to run. We ran and hundreds of bullets followed us. We staggered on, but finally three of our group fell, pulling down the others tied with us, several bullet holes being in me already. I laid there while men came up and fired more shots into us from three or four feet. Then everything went black. I woke up later and begged for water but there was not any. I remember being dragged along the road, but I don't know what by." O'Rourke's story was confirmed by two of the men tied with him, who, though terribly wounded, were still alive; the other three were killed. These were the six found beside the road that morning by the Associated Press reporter who tried to carry water to them, but was not permitted to help them, and he gives the following account of this incident and of other evidences seen by him as indicative of the utter savagery that actuated the mob and appeared to dominate the community:

"Out in a road near the mine, six men tied together, all of them wounded by bullets and blows, lay in a scorching sun, while hundreds of men and women laughed at their pleas for water. One of the men, his face bloody and one shoulder shot away, apparently was within a few moments of death. 'Please boys give me a drink,' he moaned. A laugh from the hundreds of spectators was the only reply. The A. P. reporter rushed to a house for water and when he returned he was faced by a crowd and quickly drawn pistols and told to keep away. When the man begged again for water, 'For God's sake,' a young woman with a baby in her arms placed her foot on the body and said, 'I'll see you in hell before you get any water' The men apparently had been dragged down a rock road behind an automobile. Their clothes were torn and pieces of gravel were imbedded in their flesh." Of other sights that he beheld that Thursday morning he says:

"The scenes of death today were gruesome. Bodies, many with limbs shot away, lay along the roadside or were strung from trees. Men wounded and dying were stretched out on roads and in fields with none of the hundreds of passers-by able to lend a helping hand. Attempts to assist the wounded in the early part of the day brought rebuffs from the spectators, backed in some cases by drawn guns. Later the feeling quieted down and some of the wounded were taken to hospitals." Besides the nineteen dead in the Herrin morgue and the wounded in the hospitals how many more fell victims to the rage of the union strikers and their sympathizers will never be determined because an unknown number were burned at the mine, and other bodies are said to have been thrown into a pond. Most of them were strangers and but few of the corpses have been identified. It seems hardly probable that any of those who surrendered at the mine could have escaped unhurt; if so, they are not telling of it.

A Community Pervaded by a Defiant Spirit of Lawlessness

Extremely revolting as was the horrible inhumanity of the mob the affair assumes a graver aspect as an example of a community pervaded by a defiant spirit of lawlessness not only manifest in the prevailing sentiment of the populace but also apparent in the apathetic inaction of, if not positive encouragement by, local officials charged with the duty of upholding the law and preserving the peace. On the day following the massacre Governor Small, of Illinois, indignant because of the neglect of duty on the part of these officials both as to efforts to prevent the tragedy and to bring the perpetrators to justice, appointed a military commission consisting of Maj. Gen. Foreman and four other National Guard officers to make an investigation. The Governor's view of the recreant conduct of the county officials is reflected in the reported instructions to Gen. Foreman "particularly to learn why the District Attorney had not taken steps toward convening a special session of the grand jury; why the coroner's inquest had not been held, and why these officials repeatedly refused to authorize Col. Hunter (representing the Adjutant General) to call for troops, even after an indignation meeting of miners was held the day before the fighting started and even after the miners had marched on the mine; also to learn why Sheriff Thaxton repeatedly told Col. Hunter that he could handle the situation and yet ignored Col. Hunter's request that some special preparations for an emergency be made."

He was ordered to "investigate the failure of the local officials to send out an adequate force of deputies the night the fighting began and during the next day when almost unheard-of deeds of cruelty and brutality were committed; and why repeated requests from the Governor for information after the trouble started were ignored by county authorities, and why, when he was receiving scores of telegrams from private citizens telling of the outrages he was continually informed by the authorities that the situation was well in hand and that the troops were not needed."

Later the coroner went through the formality of holding an inquest which turned out, as expected—a disgraceful travesty, screening instead of bringing to light, the guilty. The few law-abiding citizens of that community who were not in sympathy with the outrageous purpose and action of the mob constituted so small a minority that they were cowed and powerless to oppose the dominant majority of the populace whose lawless and defiant attitude was exhibited in the brazen effrontery of their threats as well as by their flagrant misconduct. When it was rumored that the Governor might send the militia to restore peace and enforce a respectful observance of law they announced their determination to resist the authority of the State, and the generally expressed sentiment was that the way they had settled this labor dispute was exclusively their own local affair in which they would not submit to any meddling from outside, and that the punishment of the non-union miners by the mob was justifiable and no more than was deserved for working in the places of union men who were out on strike.

Lawlessness as a Strike Adjunct Must Be Sternly Dealt With

These murdered non-union miners died martyrs to the cause of human liberty, but their sacrifice will not have been in vain if, as a horrible example of the consequences naturally resulting from the policy of intimidation and violent interference with personal and property rights so commonly resorted to by strikers to gain their ends, it arouses the people and public officials throughout the land to an appreciative sense of the dangerous and wicked tyranny involved in any person or group of persons assuming to dictate the terms on which another shall sell his own labor, and spurs the Federal and State authorities to take measures to eradicate this evil. Touching on this subject in his Fourth-of-July address President Harding said.

"The foremost thought in the Constitution is the right to freedom and the pursuit of happiness. Men must be free to live and achieve. Liberty is gone in America when any man is denied a right to work and live by that work. It does not matter who denies.

"Every American has the right to labor without any other's leave. It would be no less an abridgement to deny men to bargain collectively. Government can not tolerate any class or grouped domination through force. It will be a sorry day when group domination is reflected in our laws. Government, and the laws which government is charged with enforcing, must be for all the people, ever aiming at the common good."

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

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REFORMING FATHER

By Maud Mary Brown

See front cover illustration.

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MR. Deane cast a gratified glance over the sparsely-filled Pullman, opened his brief case, and settled himself to a consideration of a recent Supreme Court decision.

His peace was, however, of short duration, for at the next stop two girls entered the car and, amid much chatter and high-pitched laughter, found their chairs opposite his.

Their bright, restless eyes raced up one aisle and down the other.

"Antiques!" sniffed one disgustedly as she applied herself to the retouching of an already overdone face.

From that moment Mr. Deane found concentration impossible. Explosions of mirth battered against his ear-drums and fragments of conversational rubbish entangled themselves in his brain till, in sheer self-defense, he retreated to the smoking compartment.

The only other occupant of the compartment was a stout and affable stranger. "What is it, brother?" he queried, smiling at Mr. Deane's wild look.

Ordinarily Mr. Deane would have resented the familiarity, but in his present state of mind he ignored it.

"Those dratted girls!" He smiled at his own vehemence.

"Know what they're doing? Gambling, if you please. That is, when they're not using lipsticks or discussing petting parties or reviling the railroad companies for not providing women a place to smoke. In heaven's name, where is the present generation headed?"

The stranger's shrewd eyes twinkled. "I take it you haven't a little fairy in your home," he said.

"I have a daughter, if that's what you're driving at, but if she dressed the way those girls are dressed or talked the way they talk, old as she is, and she's seventeen, I'd paddle her."

The stout man chuckled. "Either familiarity has bred blindness," he observed, "or your daughter is a darned lonesome girl."

Mr. Deane bridled. "Of course my daughter is modern," he said, "and as keen as a brier, if you'll take a father's word for it, but she's a gentlewoman."

"Conceivably, by the world's standards, those girls out there are, too."

"Then they conceal it admirably. There's something deucedly wrong with our system. The youngsters are running away and are headed straight for destruction. Something ought to be done."

"Well, the insurrection began in the home, and I guess it will have to be stopped there."

"What do you mean?"—sharply.

"Why, I have a notion that the trouble began when paddling as a family institution went out of fashion." The fat man sat back and drew firmly at his cigar.

"You may be right," assented Mr. Deane doubtfully. "But my Deborah never needed it. If she had, my wife would have seen that she got it."

He reverted once more to the offensive girls outside whose shrill laughter frequently reached their ears.

"Why," he said, "if my daughter was like that, I'd drive her out into the country some dark night and lose her."

The stranger laughed softly. "Well, if she didn't choose to be lost, you'd most likely find her on your doorstep the next morning. The chances are, though, that she'd thank you for the lift and run ahead to meet new adventure."

Mr. Deane, more troubled than he would have cared to admit, leaned forward, a little surprised that he was finding it so easy to talk with this stranger.

"You know," he began, "admitting that you're right about the paddling—what are we going to do about it now? We can't turn our children back to the paddling age—we've got to start from here. Not," he added, straightening, "that it's my problem."

The stranger rose and collected his bags, for the train was already slackening for his station.

"We've got to give the youngsters a job," he said seriously. "They need an outlet for their vitality. Their splendid energy that ought to be turned into power is wasted in foxtrotting. Set 'em to work and the problem will solve itself."

Mr. Deane rose. "I believe you're right," he said as he held out his hand.

The stout man turned in the door of the compartment, his cheeks pink. "I'll never see you again," he began diffidently, "or I wouldn't be saying this.

"I'm not a Godly man; I'm a traveling man, no better, no worse than the average, but I believe that when parents had family prayers and took their brood to church, they raised a steadier crop of youngsters than we're doing today.

"There's something incongruous about a vanity case in church, and a boy hesitates to light his cigarette on the way home with dad and mother.

"We've made long and progressive strides away from Puritanism, but we've lost something, too. For one thing, we've lost sight of the structural value of work in character building. Here I go. Good by."

He turned and dropped off the car without a backward look.

Mr. Deane settled back with a smile. "I've heard worse sermons in my day," he soliloquized. "And the beggar's right. Oh, thank heaven that Deborah's steady. I'll get her some violets on the way up from the station. How she'll love them! I believe I have just begun to appreciate my daughter."

He finished his journey, his thoughts very tender.

Mrs. Deane met her husband in the hall and received the two bunches of violets.

"Lovely!" she cried. "You must have won your case."

"It happens I did, but those are not by way of celebrating that. It occurred to me on the way home, that I haven't half appreciated Deborah and what you have made of her."

Mrs. Deane smiled ruefully. "You mustn't over-rate us," she warned. "Dinner is ready, Dale; run along and brush up. I want to hear the news."

"Where is Deborah?" he asked later, as he seated his wife at the table.

"Not in yet. She went to a matinee with the girls."

"The Daily Dozen?" he smiled. "She's popular, isn't she?"

Mrs. Deane nodded. "There she comes now. Hurry, Deborah!" she called as the street door banged; "we've begun dinner."

But Deborah, it appeared, was in no haste. Through a mirror, without turning his head, Mr. Deane could see into the hall.

He saw the smart hat tossed carelessly on a seat; he saw Deborah's long, white fingers fluttering through the thick, bright curls of her bobbed hair; he observed the flash of a powder-puff and the swift, deft stroke of a lip-stick.

His heart lurched. All her gestures were those of the girls of the train. He felt his cheeks growing hot at the thought of his boasts to the stranger.

"You're late, Deborah," he said as she slid into her place.

"I'm not hungry," she replied indifferently.

"But a dinner hour is an engagement, Deborah."

She lifted the heavy lids of her fog-gray eyes. "What's an engagement between friends?" she said. "Besides," she drawled, "if you insist upon having your dinner at the prehistoric hour of six, you must expect your modern offspring to be tardy."

"Please see that you're on time in future, Deborah," he said, making his voice severe.

Deborah, with a gesture copied from the screen, laid her napkin beside her plate.

"Excuse me, mother," she said; "I am going to my room." And she went, with a stride also borrowed from the screen.

"You've done it, Dale," Mrs. Deane sighed as they heard her door close.

"Done what, I'd like to know," he said defensively.

"You've mounted her on her high horse. The modern girl is very jealous of her dignity, dear, and she doesn't like censure."

"Dignity! You've given them too much credit. Gad, Cynthia! Deborah surprises me. I didn't realize she was like that."

"Young people today are a problem."

"Are you afraid of her, Cynthia?"

She flushed. "Of course not Dale; don't be silly; but we've got to keep her from being defiant and hard."

He was silent for a few moments. Then, "I think I've taken Deborah a good deal for granted," he said. "I suppose I have just established an ideal in my mind and named it Deborah. I find myself rather shocked. Do you like her like this, Cynthia?"

"Of course I don't. None of us mothers does. But what are we to do? It's a vogue that we are hoping will soon pass."

"I suppose, mother, that we are, in the last analysis, responsible for what she is. I suppose it isn't quite fair to lay it all to the times."

"She is fundamentally sound, Dale."

"Well, she won't be long, assuming she's as bad as she's painted."

"You've just begun to think on a subject that has worried me for a year. I have tried to be tolerant and understanding, Dale. We can't fight the times; we can't force our daughter into a class by herself without making her miserable. And a happy girlhood is a precious heritage."

"But she doesn't look happy. We've got to think this thing through, mother."

His voice took a lower register as they heard Deborah's step on the stairs.

"Honey," called Mrs. Deane brightly, "I forgot to tell you that father brought you some violets."

Deborah, pretty, and as gay as a parakeet in her colorful frock, stood poised in the doorway. It seemed to her father, even before she spoke, that she was designedly insolent.

"Violets?" she scoffed. "Violets are like weak tea when you're expecting a cocktail. Why be a piker, old dear? Why not say it with orchids?"

"Where are you going, dear?" broke in her mother hastily.

"To the Rialto again, mumus. We are all cuckoo over Trentino. So long." The door closed definitely behind her.

The eyes of Deborah's parents met. "She was only paying her score, Dale," Mrs. Deane sighed. "After all, it may be better than sulking."

Mr. Deane rose abruptly and retreated to his library, but all the evening his brief case lay unopened upon his desk. The responsibility of parenthood suddenly appeared to him as a baffling task.

Clearly his wife was intimidated by the situation—obsessed by the fear that she might drive their headstrong daughter further along the path of recklessness. That put the matter directly up to him and he was as bereft of a constructive plan as an infant.

Late in the evening an impulse sent him softly up the stairs and into Deborah's room. Inside he stood, hands in pockets, looking curiously about. Pictures of screen favorites were in every conceivable place. There were several of the precious Trentino.

"If each one cost a quarter," Mr. Deane mused, "this gallery runs into money."

He strolled over to the dressing table and stood looking at the untidy jumble of jars and boxes, lip-sticks and eyebrow pencils. Between thumb and finger, he held up a cigarette holder and looked at it as one who distrusts the evidence of his senses.

"Deborah!" he breathed. "Oh, my God!" It was not a profanity.

"Well?"

How long he had stood there, he had no means of knowing, but at Deborah's sharp monosyllable he wheeled and faced her.

"Hello, Deborah!" Trained always to be on guard, he commanded a natural voice.

"I was just prowling around," he explained.

She flushed resentfully. "Oh!" she said.

"Jolly little room, Deb."

He was suddenly alert and feeling his way with the unerring instinct which had made him one of the cleverest lawyers of his state.

"What does mother say to all this?" His gesture included the entire room.

"She makes a noise like a mother," snapped Deborah.

He laughed. "She would. You and I know that mother is just a little bit—prudish—don't we, puss?"

Deborah's fog-gray eyes narrowed in suspicion. "You seem to have changed your tune since dinner," she said.

"Oh, that! That, my child, was for mother's benefit."

Puzzled, she sank into a chair and he hastily averted his eyes from a silken knee.

"Was it a petting party tonight?" he asked casually.

She flushed crimson. "What do you know about petting parties?" she shot at him.

"I am my daughter's father, Deb. And not so old as you seem to think."

He went over to her, and though she tried to elude him, he placed a hand under her firm little chin and tilted her face upward.

"Are we going to be pals?" he asked.

She lowered her eyes but he did not permit her to free her head.

"How about urging mother to go out to Oregon this summer with Aunt Carrie?"

"No!" said Deborah stormily, her eyes turning to black.

"Better think it over."

He held the cigarette holder to her and forced her reluctant hands to take it.

"Will you have a good night cigarette with dad?" he urged, his eyes holding hers.

"No!" she cried again. "I won it as a p-prize," she explained falteringly.

"Fine business. Well, if you won't smoke with me, I'll cut along. Night, Deborah."

She followed him to the door and without a word shut it behind him and stood with her back to it, her breath coming fast.

"Father!" she agonized. "Oh, my God!" It was not profanity.

She flung the cigarette holder into the grate and threw herself into a chair.

She had had a fairly steady diet of moving pictures. She knew from them that men often led double lives; that the gaming table or drink or designing women frequently ruined homes.

Some such vicious agency must be responsible for her father's attitude. And he thought that she would condone it! She shuddered at the monstrous suggestion.

How long had he kept his vice hidden—or could keep it? How long before his personal and professional honor would be dragged through the mire of public scandal? Poor mother! It would kill her. It might be the best thing for her to go away while she tried to straighten things out at home.

She went to bed but not to sleep. She had constructed a hasty but very convincing plot and had set herself to play the major role.

Mr. Deane also passed a white night. Tearing out of one's daughter's mind the ideal that has been proudly implanted is a painful operation. He awoke neither rested nor comforted.

For the first time in months, Deborah was on time for breakfast and her white cheeks and shadowed eyes tortured her father. However, he gaily brought up the subject of his wife's trip.

"Deborah and I had a conference last night," he began, "and we decided that you need a change, mother."

Denial leaped to Deborah's lips but she bit it back.

"Leave you two helpless infants?" laughed Mrs. Deane.

"Helpless! Are we going to stand for that, chick?"

Deborah braced herself. She wanted most terribly to put her head on her mother's shoulder and to cuddle her hand in hers. She wanted to be shielded from the blow which she feared. But to be shielded was no longer her line of conduct. From now on she must shield mother.

"Please go, mother," she urged gently.

Restless and uneasy, Deborah again went to the pictures in the evening. The plot was trite, but so apt as to seem to her to hold a psychic warning. There was the old-fashioned, devoted wife; the smart, pleasure-loving husband; a designing woman completed the triangle.

When it was over, she refused to go with her crowd for ice cream. She insisted upon going home alone, notwithstanding the fact that her parents would disapprove of her going up-town unaccompanied at that time of evening. She felt so old and tired that it seemed impossible that anything could harm her now.

She had reached the dark end of Main Street when a man fell into step beside her.

"Hello, girlie!" he began insinuatingly.

Deborah, until that moment unmindful that she was being followed, wheeled. She was not frightened; there was not room enough in her mind for another emotion.

"What do you want?" she demanded sharply.

"No up-stage stuff goes with me, girlie."

She peered into his weak, not ill-natured face. "What do you think I am?" she asked quietly.

He stared at her in turn and her face and breeding got across to him. "I see," he said. "You're a false alarm. Run along home to mamma. And take it from me, sister, it's rotten business to advertise unless you intend to deliver the goods."

He slouched away, leaving Deborah to race home, her blood at fever heat from rage and humiliation.

She crept softly up the stairs and went to bed without turning on the light. She was thankful for the darkness; thankful for the safety of home. And she must keep it safe. For mother.

Mrs. Deane, her objections overborne by her husband and her daughter, began preparations for her trip, and Deborah, much to her mother's surprise, voluntarily separated herself from her crowd to help her.

"We're running up some frightful bills," protested Mrs. Deane when urged on to some fresh extravagance.

"Don't you care, mother. If you only knew how desirable you look! It pays to dress to the nines, mums, even if you are married. You'll come home rested and prepared to vamp dad," she finished with a wise nod of her bright curls.

The day came when the last bag was closed, and Deborah, her heart heavy, went with her father to see her mother aboard her train. For the first time in her life, responsibility, like a cumbersome garment, descended upon her shoulders as she watched the train round the curve and disappear.

She drove her father up to his office, he settling back on the cushions with a deep breath.

"Now for our little holiday, sister," he said.

"Don't call me that," she said sharply.

"What's the matter, Deb? You look like a ghost. Did you leave off your make-up as a last concession to mother? Well, she's gone now. Go as far as you like."

"I'm not using any more," said Deborah stiffly.

"Oh, well, suit yourself, though personally I'm for it. And, Deborah, I may not be home to dinner tonight. Amuse yourself with the Daily Dozen. Have them all over to dinner, if you like."

Deborah narrowly missed a truck. "Father," she said, slowing down. "I shall be most awfully lonesome tonight. I don't feel like larking. Please come home."

He sighed. "I thought," he said, "that our freedom began today."

Deborah drove home and wandered disconsolately over the house. She had just slumped in a chair to give herself over to woe when the telephone shrilled.

"No," she answered Sylvia Gray's impetuous summons. "I can't go on a picnic—or to the country club—or to the movies tonight. No, I don't want to dance on your piazza. I'm busy. With mother away, the cares of this house are on my shoulders."

Her color rose hotly as she listened. "Laugh!" she cried. "Laugh all you like. No, it won't do you any good to come over.....Well, I'm not trying to be polite. Bye."

That call electrified her. With broom and duster and flowers, with alluringly-placed chairs and magazines within easy reach of them, she contrived to re-place a soul in the rooms that, with her mother's absence, had seemed so drearily empty.

Then she went to the kitchen, presided over by chocolate-colored Edna.

"I want a perfectly scrumptious dinner," Deborah told her. "Everything that father likes."

Nice thick steak," Edna said good-naturedly. "And apple pie."

Deborah's face fell. "I thought *eclairs* or *meringues*, or something like that."

"You leave it to me, Miss Deborah; I know what Mist' Deane likes."

"All right, light of my life," Deborah sighed. "Make it snappy, though, and never mind the bills."

Mr. Deane brought a martyred air home that evening. He but faintly praised the excellent dinner, grew uneasy over his coffee and deferred lighting his cigar.

"Now why don't you run along and play?" he suggested when they went into the library. He looked at his watch. "I have an engagement——"

"Break it," Deborah advised swiftly.

She pushed him into his favorite chair, drew up a smoker's stand and thrust an open magazine into his hand.

"I ran across this article today," she said, "and I knew you would like it."

He leaned back reluctantly. "What's the big idea?" he asked querulously.

"I'm lonesome," Deborah replied softly.

"All right," he said wickedly. "I'll amuse you by reading this article aloud."

Deborah was bored to tears and managed to look reasonably intelligent only by sheer will power. It was a long article and it was nearly midnight before she groped her way up the stairs to her room.

"It anchored him," she said sleepily, "and who cares if my brain does reel? Mother," she added as her drowsy head touched the pillow, "I've won the first round....."

The Daily Dozen were on hand early the next morning, but Deborah shook her head at their plans for the day.

"Count me out," she said; "I'm playing golf with father this afternoon."

"Playing with father!" they hooted.

"You're pozing, Deborah Deane," the astute Sylvia Gray accused. "You're trying this minute to look like Elsie Ferguson."

Deborah's eyes darkened and her color rose.

"She looks like something picked out of the garbage," a pert-faced girl jeered. "Here, honey; take my vanity case, and for the love of John, re-touch!"

"Oh," flared Deborah, "keep your old vanity case! You're all so darned *young!*"

On Sunday morning Mr. Deane came down to breakfast, beaming.

"No church for me today," he gloated.

"Don't fool yourself, dad," Deborah said calmly. "You're going with me."

He stared. "Why, I don't believe you've been to church for a year, Deb."

"Well, I'm going today. In mother's place. And you're coming, too, dad."

"But this is the limit, Deb. I spent Friday evening with you; yesterday afternoon we played golf together and dined at the club and I danced with you in the evening."

"If you've the nerve to call it dancing," Deborah giggled.

"And now you're planning to take me to church. What's the idea, Deb? I like you, but I ask you when my vacation is going to begin. Do you plan to personally-conduct me for two months? What?"

"There's the first bell, dad; run along and get dressed."

For the afternoon Deborah staged a motor jaunt with a picnic supper on the river, and her father, sighing inwardly for his easy-chair and the Sunday paper, was dragged along by his energetic daughter.

Those two days were a fair example of the ones which followed. Only a few evenings did Mr. Deane succeed in breaking away from the vigilant Deborah, and on those nights she sat by the window in her room, waiting anxiously for his stealthy tread on the stairs, and not till she had heard his door close would she go to bed.

It taxed all her time and ingenuity to keep him amused. She speedily observed that when the house became untidy or there was a slackening of the supervision of the meals, he grew restless and more difficult to manage.

So, unaccustomed as she was to responsibility and labor, and hating both as she did, she nevertheless put a little more of the weight of her young shoulders against the wheel she had determined to move.

However, she was not wholly unhappy. An inherited love of order gave bringing it about its own peculiar satisfaction, and under Edna's good-natured instruction she took as keen an interest in icing her father's birthday cake as she had once taken in powdering her nose.

Too, she loved mystifying her friends and when, on rare occasions, she joined them in their frolics, she was thrilled under the admiring attention of the boys and the resultant irritation of the girls. She was creating a vogue and it stimulated her far more than she had ever been stimulated by running with the pack.

Mostly she dramatized herself. Mostly she wore a rapt expression and premeditated every word and gesture. However, as the days passed, life to Deborah became more than a posture; it became a vital experience, with service as its motivation.

She had cared little for reading, but she listened to her father till, in spite of herself, her interest quickened and the wheels of her active mind were set in motion.

She stopped him once with, "I'm too ignorant to get that, dad," and nodded as she grasped his explanation.

And later with, "I believe I'd like to go to college, dad."

"But you've fought the idea, Deb."

"I know, but since you've opened up this new world to me, I've been thinking that I'd like to interior-decorate my head."

"It isn't," she added quickly, "that I give a hoot about being educated, but I'm darned curious."

"That's settled then," her father replied. "Honey," he added after a moment, "I seem to have monopolized you this summer. Don't you miss your crowd?"

"Oh," she added promptly, "I'm having a topping time, dad."

But her crowd missed her.

"What's the matter with the queen of the flappers?" worried Charley Saunders. "This gang has lost its pep since she abdicated."

"Is that so?" retorted Sylvia Gray. "Well, if you want to know, she's vamping her dad."

"Good grief! A girl like that wasting her time on her father!"

"She says," giggled another girl, "that she's grown up."

"Well, I'll tell the world she's improved," stated Charley. "She no longer looks like a near relative of the wild man of Borneo and her face is somewhere near the way the Lord left it. She can pack her clothes in my trunk."

"Oh!" they chorused jeeringly.

That irritated Charley. "It wouldn't hurt you," he said heatedly, "to wash your faces and try vamping your own dads."

One morning Mr. Deane suggested bringing a guest home to dinner that night. It was hot and Deborah was tired and Edna was inclined to be irritable.

"Who?" she asked half-heartedly.

"Miles Carter. The Boston Carters, Deb. His father and I were classmates. He has come for a little practical experience in my office. He has another year at Harvard Law School."

"Bring him along," Deborah said feebly. "A Boston Carter sounds like a heavy frost but I can stand anything once."

Looking him over unobserved that evening, Deborah decided that he was not a frost at all. With a gleeful thought for the envy of her crowd, she suggested the country club dance as a diversion, and once there she divided her dances between her father and young Carter.

The next morning the Daily Dozen descended upon her in solid formation.

"You mean thing!" they charged. "We see now why you broke away from us. You knew this peach was coming and you wanted to keep him for yourself."

"Why don't you take him?" retorted Deborah? "With your fatal beauty, of course you could."

"Nobody," soothed Sylvia, "wants to take him, honey. Now don't get disagreeable, Deb; and don't be stingy with your beau. We admit that this trick is yours; you've snared a sophisticated man. Bring him over to my house tonight and we'll dance."

"I'll send him if I can," Deborah promised, "but I can't go. I've a date with father."

"Well, if you ask me," Sylvia returned warmly, "I should think your father would enjoy shaking a free foot now and then. If you won't come, you won't; but be a sport and keep your fingers off Adonis. I'm going to call him up right away."

To Deborah's secret delight, young Carter preferred to join her and her father that evening and he joined them on all of their subsequent jaunts.

He and Deborah became firm friends. She treated him as she did her father—scolded him at will and disposed of his spare time with the arbitrary assurance of a pretty girl.

The time was fast approaching when Mrs. Deane was expected home and Deborah felt that she would turn her father over to her with vast relief.

She was tired. Her vigil had told on her ever so slightly. She was thinner and paler, but her old restlessness had been replaced by a steadiness of hand and eye.

She was satisfied with her summer's work. For days her father had shown no anxiety to shun her companionship. Their present relationship was one of the sweetest experiences she had ever known.

One afternoon she was summoned to the telephone at the country club where she was playing tennis. Miles Carter was speaking.

"I have been hunting all over for you," he said.

A tenseness in his voice made her heart leap.

"Is anything wrong, Miles?" she asked sharply.

"No. Your father started for New York on the three-nineteen."

Her lips grew white.

"New York," she repeated stupidly. "What for?"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

Stella Rosevelt

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



He came forward to greet them with extended hand.



I cannot take it! I cannot take it—and from you, of all persons! he said brokenly.



He linked his arm familiarly with Ralph's, and drew him from the room.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A terrible storm at sea and from a steamer running between Liverpool and New York is Stella Rosevelt Gladstone, an orphan, on her way to distant relatives in New York. She is befriended by Jacob Rosevelt, who learns her grandmother gave her the name of Star. A fire breaks out and the boats are rapidly filled. Stella refuses to go unless room is made for Mr. Rosevelt, who the next day suffers from an ill turn and is carefully nursed by her. The sixth day they are rescued. Mr. Rosevelt is told of the care Stella gave him during his illness and while thanking her a young man approaches and Mr. Rosevelt introduces Archibald Sherbrooke, whose home is in Derbyshire where Star's father preached. Star's shawl becomes loosened and Mr. Sherbrooke draws an exquisitely carved stone from his necktie and Stella pins the shawl. Stella is met by Mrs. Blunt, Mrs. Richards' housekeeper, who hurries her away. Stella receives a cool reception from her aunt and learns she is to be degraded to the leval of a common servant. Stella appeals to Mr. Richards, giving him the letter written by her father to Mrs. Richards and her reply. Stella has one hundred pounds. Could she not use it and then teach, relieving his wife of all responsibility? Mr. Richards makes arrangements for her to attend a select school, she giving a part of each day to household work. Stella wins, at commencement, a part in the class exercises and promotion to the senior class. Josephine, admiring the cameo worn by Stella, takes it and discovers the initials "A. S." Stella misses the cameo and is suspicious who has it. In the meanwhile Mr. Richards receives a letter from Mrs. Richards' Uncle Jacob. He has lost all, and will accept the home that was offered him when rich. Upon his arrival he is taken to the Lodge to sleep, Mr. Rosevelt meets Star who offers her room to him and does all she can to brighten his life. Mrs. Richards receives him coldly, and Josephine ignores her uncle. Mrs. Richards and Josephine go to Long Branch, where they meet Lord Carrol, of Carrolton, Derbyshire, England. Noticing a ring Josephine wears and examining it he sees the initials "A. S." Josephine claims it is given by a relative. Lord Carrol cannot understand it. The next day he leaves for New York. Stella, hurrying to take a train for home, and in danger, is stopped by Archibald Sherbrooke and the acquaintance renewed. Stella tells him that she and Mr. Rosevelt are in the same home. Mr. Rosevelt goes to New York with Stella to call upon Mr. Sherbrooke in his studio and arranges a pleasure trip for them to Coney Island for the following day. When they return from it Stella is the promised wife of Archibald Sherbrooke. Lord Carrol, of Carrolton, thought to be Josephine's betrothed, is expected. Stella sees in him her promised husband, Archibald Sherbrooke. She passes a sleepless night. Walking to the lodge, she meets Archibald, and he cannot understand why he finds her there. Believing he is acting a part, for he wins her love as Archibald Sherbrooke, he appears as Lord Carrol of Carrolton, the expected husband of her cousin, and refusing his explanation she bids him go back to Josephine and ask her for the cameo he gave her. Archibald seeks Mr. Richards' confidence and explains his position, his meeting Star on the steamer, his interest in her and later her promised husband, his ignorance that she is an inmate of this house, his meeting Stella and her refusal to listen to him. Mrs. Richards, overhearing his story and determined that her plans shall not fail, seeks Stella in the lodge, where she has gone for sympathy from Mr. Rosevelt. She upbraids Stella for conducting herself in a shameless manner, misconstruing Lord Carrol's attentions and accusing him with unfaithfulness. Stella is crushed with shame and humiliation, and the next morning Mr. Rosevelt and Stella go to New York where they make their home. Lord Carrol leaves a note for Josephine requesting her to send the cameo to his address. Stella graduates with honor from the Normal College and Mr. Appleton introduces her as the author of "Chatsworth's Pride." She meets Grace Meredith and her brother Ralph who requests the pleasure, with his sister, of calling upon her. Reaching home, Mr. Rosevelt tells to Stella the story of his life, his love for and engagement to be married to Stella's grandmother, and then his love for her for her kindness to him. The next day is her eighteenth birthday and to celebrate Mr. Rosevelt invites her for a ride and calling at a beautiful house she is met by Mrs. Blunt who has a nice lunch for them, after which they go through the house and Mr. Rosevelt admits she is to be his heiress. Going to Newport, they meet Mrs. Richards and Josephine, who are stunned when they learn of his immense wealth and intention to leave all to Stella, and Mrs. Richards resolves to stay and make Star as uncomfortable as she can. Ralph Meredith and his sister arrive. Going on a picnic, Josephine picks up a pet dog which proves to be mad, and Star saves her from a horrible fate and falls fainting in Ralph Meredith's arms and through Grace's explanation of Star's courage, she becomes the heroine of the place and Mrs. Richards and Josephine suddenly return home. Ralph seeks an interview with Star and asks for her love. She tells the story of her life and betrothal to Archibald Sherbrooke and while he appears a traitor she loves him still. Promising Ralph she will still be his friend, they join Grace and Mr. Rosevelt. Ralph leaves for New York and after a short visit through the White Mountains and at Niagara, Grace, Star and Mr. Rosevelt plan a Western trip.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"I PROMISE."

ON returning to New York, Star learned that Ralph Meredith had sailed for Europe a couple of days before their arrival.

One day they were out making a few necessary purchases, when suddenly, in one of the stores, they came upon Mr. Richards.

He looked aged and careworn, neglected and unhappy. His face lighted with momentary pleasure, however, when he caught sight of Mr. Rosevelt and Star, and he came forward to greet them with extended hand.

"I cannot tell you how glad I am to see you once more," he said, heartily. "I am not going to reproach you either for running away from us, for, unpleasant as it is for me to say it, I could not blame you under the circumstances. But it is only within a week or two that I have learned of the change in your life; and, Uncle Jacob, I am sincerely glad that you did not lose your fortune, as we supposed."

"Thank you. Then you do not feel aggrieved over the ruse I played upon you?" replied Mr. Rosevelt, regarding him searchingly.

"Not at all; it was no more than right that you should wish to know who was worthy to be your heir," but he sighed heavily as he spoke, as he remembered how unworthy his wife had proved herself to be.

"How goes the world with you?" Mr. Rosevelt asked, and noticing the return of the careworn look to Mr. Richards' face.

"Rather discouragingly just now. I have met with some pretty heavy losses lately; don't know whether I shall be able to pull through all right or not. A couple of weeks will tell the story, however."

He spoke in a desperate tone, and there was a look in his eyes that made Star shudder and involuntarily draw closer to Mr. Rosevelt.

"You don't mean that you are in danger of going under?" he said, in surprise, and remembering how his wife and daughter had flourished at Newport.

"Just that," Mr. Richards returned, nervously; "but if it were not for the horror I have of debt, and the thought that others must suffer through me, I would gladly lay down my arms and give up the battle; I am tired to death of this endless struggle to keep up appearances. But," he added, trying to speak more cheerfully, "I won't bore you with my troubles. How well you are both looking; and Star—they tell me you are the author of 'Chatsworth's Pride.' I declare I was never prouder of anything in my life when I heard it. I always knew you'd make your mark in the world.

"Now that I have found you," he said, later, "tell me where you live and I will come to see you. I will not invite you to Brooklyn," he continued, with a frown, "for I know you could not come there with any comfort, though I should be glad enough to see you there."

While he was speaking, Star had drawn a little back, so that Mr. Rosevelt was between her and Mr. Richards, and he could not see her face at all.

"Uncle Jacob," she whispered, close to his ear, "cannot we do something to help him out of his trouble? He looks so wild and desperate that he frightens me. He was always kind to me, and I'll willingly give up California or anything else you please."

Jacob Rosevelt's face flushed hotly at these words, and a strange gleam came into his fine eyes. He appeared to take no notice of her plea, but after giving Mr. Richards their street and number, continued:

"If you have no other engagement, George, come up and dine with us tonight, and see how cozy we are. We have dinner at six, and as we leave for California on Wednesday night, I am afraid we shall not see you again."

George Richards caught his breath with a sudden gasp at this intelligence, and Star noticed again that frenzied gleam in his eyes which had made her heart throb painfully.

"California, do you?" he said, trying to speak steadily. "Well, I will come, of course, then; for life is uncertain, you know, and I may never see you again," he added, with a harsh, grating laugh. "Thank you for the invitation, and as I have no engagement, I will be on hand in season for dinner. But I must be off now, for I have agreed to meet a couple of gentlemen at twelve, and it only wants fifteen minutes of that now."

He lifted his hat and bowed to them, then turned away; but the white-haired gentleman and the beautiful girl who stood looking after him saw the aged, dejected look return almost instantly to his face, and heard the heavy sigh that escaped his lips, telling of some fearful burden of care that was wearing his life away.

"So you want me to help George Richards out of his trouble, do you, Star?" Mr. Rosevelt said, on their way home, and his eyes rested fondly on the graceful figure sitting by his side, driving her pretty gray ponies.

"Perhaps it was presuming in me to ask you to do so, Uncle Jacob," Star answered, gravely, and flushing a vivid crimson; "but I feel very sorry for him. He was kind to me in many ways while I was living with his family, and but for him I should have been made a common servant."

When George Richards was ushered into Jacob Rosevelt's luxurious and cozy dining-room that evening, where the table was laid with exquisite taste for three, his eyes lighted, and the look of care vanished as if by magic from his face.

"He is almost himself again, I think," Star thought, with a happy little smile, as once, after a comic song which she sang to him, Mr. Richards leaned back in his chair and laughed long and heartily.

But this could not go on forever, and finally Mr. Rosevelt led him to talk business, and asked him to tell him just what his trouble was.

This changed everything, and he became at once the anxious, careworn man again.

"I do not like to trouble you, Uncle Jacob," he said, uneasily. "You have had your day of business, with all its cares and perplexities, without bothering your brain with those of other people. I'm in a terrible muddle, it is true; but—I guess there will be some way out of it;" and there came into his eyes that same wild, desperate look which Star had noticed in the morning, and which made her shudder with a terrible fear.

But Mr. Rosevelt insisted, and finally drew from him a true statement of facts.

"I am sorry you are having such a hard time of it, George," he said, thoughtfully, when he had concluded. "How much would it take to relieve you of your embarrassment?"

Mr. Richards cast a startled look at the old gentleman at this question; then, while a deep flush mounted to his brow, he said:

"I can raise enough to meet all my present liabilities with ten thousand dollars. I have tried to borrow it everywhere, but everybody seems to have become suddenly shy of me for some reason, and I might as well be without a dollar in the world as without the whole amount. If I could raise it, it would set me on my legs again, for my credit would be good, and, with care and patience, I believe I could retrieve my position."

Star almost held her breath while she waited for Mr. Rosevelt's reply to this.

To her infinite surprise, he turned to her.

"My dear," he said, gently, "you shall return some of the kindness of which you told me this morning. I think you understand what I want you to do."

He glanced as he concluded toward the private drawer in his desk, where he always kept his checkbook, and she knew that he wanted her to go and fill out a check for the amount that Mr. Richards had named.

She arose, went to the desk, unlocked the drawer with trembling fingers, and drew forth the book.

Opening it, she filled out a check, as she had often done for him during the last few months, then tearing it out, carried it to him, with a pen filled with ink.

He turned it over and wrote his name on the back without a word, and then returned it to her to sign.

She took it mechanically, but stood irresolute for a moment, looking at him, while her cheeks grew crimson.

"Give it to him, dear; it is to be your gift," Mr. Rosevelt said, glancing at Mr. Richards, who sat staring at them both in blank amazement.

A brilliant smile parted Star's red lips; she shot a grateful look at Uncle Jacob, and, advancing to their visitor's side, laid the check down before him.

One glance at the figures, and the overburdened man bowed his head upon the table with a groan.

"I cannot take it! I cannot take it—and from you, of all persons!" he said, brokenly.

"Why not from her?" Mr. Rosevelt asked, huskily. "All that I have belongs to this dear girl, and, as I have told her many times, I live only to make her happy. She asked me to do this today after we met you, because, she said, you had been kind to her in the past, and she longed to help you out of your trouble. So take it as her gift, my boy; make the best use of it that you can, and welcome."

George Richards groaned again, while he reached forth and grasped the old man's hand, wringing it in silent gratitude, yet overwhelmed with shame and remorse as he remembered all that he and the fair-haired, gentle girl standing beside him had suffered while they were members of his family.

When he arose to take his leave, he took both of Star's hands in his and drew her aside, where he could speak to her alone.

"But for you," he said, in unsteady tones, "I should have been a ruined man a week hence. To tell you that I am ashamed to receive this gift from you does not express half what I feel, when I look back and remember your position in my family. But you have bestowed it so kindly and delicately that it would be churlish in me to refuse it; and you have taught me a lesson, which, God helping me, I will never forget—a lesson of forgiveness and charity; and no one in my house shall ever be treated unkindly again, no matter what their position may be," he concluded, with stern resolution.

"Please forget all the past, Mr. Richards," Star returned, sweetly, but with evident embarrassment. "I never entertained any feeling save that of gratitude and good-will toward you, for you proved yourself interested in my welfare in more instances than one while I was with you. But," she added, solemnly, while she clung tightly to his hands, and looked into his eyes with an expression which made them droop guiltily before her, "will you not promise me that, no matter how dark the future may be to you, no matter what trials or disappointments may come to you, you will never again meditate doing yourself an irreparable wrong?"

A streak of dusky red shot across the man's forehead, while his veins filled out hard and full.

"Star," he stammered, "what do you mean?—what do you know?"

"You know what I mean. I read it in your eyes, I heard it in the tones of your voice this morning."

He raised her hands and kissed them reverently, and two hot tears rolled over his cheeks and dropped upon them in the act.

"I promise," he whispered, hoarsely. "My child, I should indeed have been ruined, body and soul, but for you. God bless you!"

Star and Mr. Rosevelt followed him to the door as he went out, both trying to cheer him with kind wishes for the future.

A mighty sob burst from the overcharged heart of George Richards as he reached the street, and the tears—tears of mingled remorse, gratitude and relief—rolled thick and fast over his face.

He had proceeded some distance, when he stopped short and seemed about to retrace his steps.

"How thoughtless of me!" he muttered, impatiently. "I meant to tell her all about Lord Carrol. He deserves to be set right with her, and she deserves—well, nothing can be too good for her; but they knocked everything out of my head by their unexampled generosity. I will not go back tonight," he added, after thinking a moment; "I will write her tomorrow the whole story."

But the morrow brought its busy cares and perplexities, and his resolution was forgotten. After that it was too late, for he did not know where to address her during her absence; and so Star still believed her lover to be false, and still mourned her shattered idol.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"YOU ARE THE TRAITOR."

Mr. Rosevelt, Star and Grace Meredith, with good-natured Mrs. Blunt to attend to matters of comfort, started on the day appointed for their Western trip, and while they are gone, we will follow Ralph Meredith on his voyage across the Atlantic to the Old World.

Arriving in London, he transacted what business he had to do there, and then turned his attention, with what interest he could muster while his heart was still so sore from his recent disappointment, to the attractions which the great city afforded.

He visited the House of Parliament, the Tower, St. Paul's Cathedral, the National Gallery of Art, and many other points of interest, reserving Westminster Abbey until the last, as he wished to give plenty of time to this wonderful and magnificent structure and its countless curiosities.

Upon his second visit thither, and while he was in the Chapel of Henry the Seventh, with his guide, who was pointing out for his admiration the beauties of its architecture, the vaulted roof, with its magnificent carvings, and many precious relics gathered there, a clear, sweet voice suddenly broke the solemn stillness of the place by calling out just behind him.

"Why, Archie Sherbrook, do you know what time it is? Quarter-past eleven, and we promised Lady Dunham that we would be back in season to attend the rehearsal at the Albert Memorial Hall with her."

Ralph had thought that he was the only visitor there that morning, and that silvery voice speaking that name, which he remembered but too well, gave him a shock which sent the blood coursing like fire through his veins.

"It is later than I thought, Vivien; we must go at once, if we keep that appointment," a rich, manly voice said in reply; and, turning quickly to look at the speaker, Ralph saw a tall, handsome young man of perhaps two or three-and-twenty, with the head of an Apollo, the form of an Adonis, and having a keen, intellectual face, with frank, truthful eyes, and a pleasant, winning smile.

The lady who accompanied, and who addressed him, was a year or two younger evidently, and almost as lovely as Star, Ralph thought, although her beauty was of a different style.

Archie Sherbrooke! There surely could not be two young men of the same age, handsome as one of the gods, and bearing the same name.

His heart had bounded into his throat as he heard it spoken, his face had flushed a painful crimson, while his hands instinctively clinched themselves in hot indignation, and he longed to confront the handsome traitor and denounce him for the villainous part he had played.

This, then, must be the man who had broken Star Gladstone's heart and ruined her life; there was not a doubt of it in his own mind.

The young lady had spoken of a rehearsal at the Albert Hall. He knew there was to be a concert there that evening, and possibly it might be an outgrowth of the rehearsal. He would go and see.

Accordingly, at the hour designated upon the bills, he went, armed with a powerful opera glass, and, procuring a conspicuous seat, he swept tier after tier of faces, searching for those which he had seen in the morning.

But disappointment was the result of his efforts; for that fair, girlish face was nowhere to be seen, nor could he find him who had been the young lady's attendant.

Suddenly, however, a strangely sweet, bird-like voice, rising clear and full on the air, drew his attention to the stage, and there, with a thrill which tingled through every nerve, he saw the lovely girl for whom he was looking.

Ralph Meredith sought for her name upon his program which stated that the concert was given, under the auspices of some of the nobility, for some charitable object, and that the talent was all amateur.

"Miss Vivien Sherbrooke," he read, and he again experienced that sudden heartthrob.

He listened intently throughout her song; and then, as the sweet voice died away, and she turned to leave the stage, he leaned breathlessly forward to watch her, while thunders of applause went rolling up into the heights above him.

"I believe Vivien never sang so well before; but I am glad that part of the program is over."

"Yes," replied deeper but more familiar tones; "I was a trifle anxious myself, although I know she never fails in what she undertakes. Vivien is a jewel!"

"You are right, Archie. So is my son; and I am surprised that, at your age, some one has not won you both away from me," returned the lady, in suppressed, but fond and playful tones.

"You are not anxious to get rid of either of us, I hope, mother?"

"No, indeed; and yet it would be expected in the natural course of events; and with so many fair maidens and gallant young gentlemen playing the agreeable to me, I cannot but feel some curiosity as to who will eventually get my treasures."

There was no reply to this speech, but Ralph was sure he heard a sigh.

After a few moments he turned and ran his eye with seeming carelessness over the sea of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

A FEW cold shivers wont come amiss these hot August days so this seems a most propitious time to publish letters that tell of the most thrilling experiences in the lives of the writers. Send in an account of the most exciting thing that ever happened to you, or the most embarrassing or the most amusing. We can thrill, sympathize or laugh with each other, as the case may be.—Ed.

HYDRO, OKLA.

TAP! TAP!

Did I hear someone say "Come in"?

I've come all this way to pay you a visit and I haven't anything particular to talk about either, as husband and I do not quarrel and I don't know anything about children, only that they are the dearest, sweetest things in the whole world. I have two dear little baby girls that are the joy and sunshine of our home.

So many sisters have asked Mrs. Wilkinson about herself so I'll do likewise. What do you look like and where do you live and what do you dream about? We've teased you to tell us but it seems that you won't but I'll find out, see if I don't.

I married when very young and am a happy wife and mother. Husband and I always kneel, with our arms around each other, for prayer, and our little baby girls always say their prayers and kiss mamma, papa and sister good night every night before going to bed. We are indeed a happy family. My husband is one of the best in the world and I always ask his advice when I'm puzzled over anything. We try to please each other and in doing so have always been happy.

Love to all. SUNSHINE.

Sunshine.—I just naturally dislike to talk about myself, particularly when it means using good space that might be devoted to a letter from a more interesting person than myself. I'm just one of you and my life is and has been more or less like the life of the average woman, only that I am more fortunate than some inasmuch that I am in a position to play hostess to the sisters. Nelle Fischer, in her letter, has told you more about me than I could be persuaded to tell in months and months.—Ed.

PRINCETON, N. J.

DEAR SISTERS:

Did you think I had "dropped out"? Not so. Farmer's Wife had me scared when she entered her complaint a while ago that too many people who wrote much and said nothing were given preference in our corner to the farmers' wives who had something worth while to say. I thought she meant me so, to use a slang expression, I said to myself, "Here is where I take a back seat and keep quiet."

First of all I want to tell the Mormon sister from Salt Lake City that I'm sorry if I misrepresented the Mormon Temple in my last travel letter. I was simply repeating what a man who posed as a Mormon told us when we inquired for directions to the Tabernacle and Temple. No doubt he had us sized up as gullible tourists and was "stuffing" us when he said no women were allowed to enter the Temple and therefore was called the House of Mystery. It seemed very interesting to us at that time as we all are over things that sound mysterious.

Now I'm going to tell you a real bit of news. Since writing last I've had the pleasure of making our Mrs. Wilkinson a visit and wish you all might have had the same privilege. To see her intimately in her own home, surrounded by her charming family, would make you love and admire her more than ever. You would no longer wonder why she is capable of giving us such sound advice on all topics.

I just fell in love with her home nest as it was, or rather, is, so cozy, comfortable and yet artistic. In the living-room there was one big, overstuffed, comfy rocker that just fitted the curves (or angles) of a tired body so after a day of sightseeing I just naturally gravitated to that particular chair. Many a time have I wished for it since we have none like it here (oh yes, I'm keeping house now, although that's another story). I know you are all anxious to know more about Mrs. Wilkinson's home so with her permission I'm going to describe her living-room as I liked that the best. The general color scheme was grey, blue and old rose. The wall-paper was a soft, warm grey which made a good background for the pictures which were good copies of some of the old masterpieces and one or two of Maxfield Parrish's delightful pictures. The dominant color of the rug was blue with old rose, tan and gray. The over drapes on the window were blue to match the color in the rug. The curtains were a cream colored net, edged with lace. On the sofa, a big comfortable Chesterfield, were several good looking sofa pillows, carrying out the general color scheme. The furniture consisted of two big upholstered rockers, the sofa just mentioned, library table, bookcase on which were two carved candlesticks, antique finish, desk, tabaret with palm. All seemed substantial and comfortable looking although built along good lines. I fear my description doesn't do justice to the room for the moment I saw it I felt that the person who selected the colors and arranged the furniture was an artist at heart if not in real practice.

Mrs. W. makes a delightful hostess and I'm sure you'd all like to have a week of solid joy with her as I had, but please don't all swoop down on her at once for to feed and house a million, more or less, would be some task, no matter how willing she might be to greet you. Some other time I may tell you how she accompanied me on a trip to all the historical places around Boston, Lexington and Concord, the scene of Paul Revere's ride, and Salem, where we visited the House of the Seven Gables.

I wonder how many of the sisters who have charge of social entertainments in churches and schools have ever tried giving a White Elephant party. The Home and School Club gave one here a short time ago. The invitations sent out were worded something like this: "The Home and School Club invites you to a White Elephant Party to be held in the high school gymnasium on (giving date). Please bring with you, carefully wrapped up, a white elephant (something you have around the house that you can't use but what someone else might like). When the people have arrived the committee in charge get everyone to walk around and exchange "white elephants." You step up to a person, stranger or otherwise, and say, "Will you exchange elephants?" or, "What will you give me for my elephant?" When the exchange has been made you are allowed to unwrap your prize and peek inside. If you find something you want, just stop exchanging. If you find another "white elephant" wrap it up again and again until you draw something that you like and then it is no longer a white elephant. These exchanges cause a lot of merriment, get people acquainted and start the party off in an informal way.

Before I stop I want to ask what has become of some of our old friends. Pearl Vesey is still with us but we hear no more from Knot Head, George Garrison, B of Goshen and Bachelor Bill. The last time Bill wrote he was worrying for fear "B" was after his scalp. I'm wondering if she succeeded. How about it, Bill?

Yours as ever, NELLE FISCHER.

BONDURANT, WYO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for several years and think it is a grand paper. When I read the sisters' letters it seems just like talking to my neighbors.

I was reading Mrs. J. D. Clark's letter telling about being blown away in a cyclone. It sounded thrilling. I will tell you what happened to my husband and me when we were crossing a deep river. We live in the mountains where there is lots of snow and in the spring when this snow melts and runs down into the rivers and creeks we have very high water. We were going to mother's to spend the day and had to cross Hobach River. We thought we were hitting a good ford. We were in a big buggy. We had got out to about the middle of the river when one horse dropped into deep, swift water and began to swim. My husband turned the team downstream to keep from tipping the buggy over and away we went, down the stream with water up around our waists and only the noses and ears of the horses visible. I held my little girl high above my head. The horses swam about twenty-five yards and then came to a sand bar and we got out safe and sound, but very wet and scared. The buggy just dipped over the waves like a boat. It was the most exciting thing that ever happened to me.

The COMFORT League of Cousins is interesting. My brother and I wrote to it once and got piles of letters and how we did enjoy them. Some of them are still writing to us and it has been nine years since our letter was printed. My husband is one of the COMFORT Cousins. We started corresponding and he came out to visit my brother and we were married six months later.

I would like to hear from anyone who cares to write. Can answer some of the letters.

With love to all, MRS. FRANK HANSEN.

FLOYD KNOBS, IND.

DEAR COMFORT FOLKS:

After reading Mrs. Clark's letter, in March COMFORT, I made up my mind to write of my most awful experience, and it was also a cyclone, at New Albany, Indiana, in March, 1917. We had three children, Verald, four years, Floyd, two years, and Robert, four months. My husband was away from home and Verald was very sick. It had rained during the day and about three o'clock a bad storm came up. I was never afraid during a storm and didn't mind this even when it became so loud it frightened Verald. I had the two babies in the room with me when I went to quiet him; then the cyclone "hit." There were several vacant lots between our house and the next. Our house went up and came down in the vacant lots and just smashed everything. None of us were killed but we were all hurt. Baby Robert was hanging with his head between two timbers when it grew light enough for me to see at all. I tried to go to him but something pinned me down. I pulled myself free and got to him. His little head was hurt and his eyes full of plaster and his leg broken in two places between the knee and hip. Floyd was unconscious and Verald was out in all the hail and rain when he was already threatened with pneumonia. It was dark before we could be taken away, as the streets had to be cleared. That was the most horrible night I have ever lived through. I was in quite bad shape myself but I would not have suffered as much as I did if I could have borne all the pain but it made me feel worse to see the children suffer. I imagined Robert a cripple and Verald and Floyd dead. Next morning when the sun came out bright I was really shocked for I suppose I didn't expect the sun to shine again, but thank God, the sun always shines again.

Verald and Floyd are seven and nine years old now and going to school. Little Robert is in Heaven. He died a year after the cyclone but he was not crippled. I often wonder why he lived through that only to die a few days after he learned to walk, but God's will be done.

I have two little boys in Heaven and three here for besides my two big boys I have a baby, two years old. When my first baby died I wrote my first letter to this corner. Maybe some will remember a little 18-year-old mother asking for letters from mothers who had lost little ones. I received over seven hundred letters and cards. I couldn't answer all of them but they did me a lot of good and I have loved COMFORT more since than I did before. I am twenty-nine years old, have been married twelve years. Weigh 100 pounds and am five feet, two inches tall.

Love to you all. MRS. RUTH FARNSLEY.

FRENCH CORRAL, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS ALL:

Time flies, and I had no idea of being so long sending those promised subscriptions; however, here I am. I have received over three hundred letters from all but six states and made friends that money couldn't buy. I have answered all those who enclosed stamp and many others and I hope those who haven't received an answer will read this and know how I read and appreciated every letter, though I couldn't answer all.

There was a letter in the April COMFORT (all you mothers know *the* one) that for once I, as well as others who have written me, would like to question Mrs. W's usual good judgment in selecting. I'd rather by far see a sweet baby's face than that kind of a letter.

So many of you had never thought of using flour sacks for aprons that I'd like to tell you of the tablecloth I made of sugar sacks. I've just finished it. I used three sacks in all, one whole sack for the center, the two others cut diagonally for the sides, all edges hemmed, then joined the bias sides to the whole sack with fagoting. I ran the hems on coarse old rose cotton and did the fagoting in the same. Then I cut an oval piece of old rose crepe, turned edges in and buttonholed on one corner in black and worked an initial D in outline. All edges must be true and even and crochet or rickrack braid may be used in joining. Four sacks would be even better.

We live in a small town of about fifty people, in Nevada County, and are eight miles northeast of Sacramento. Much gold mining is done in this county and most any kind of fruit can be raised. Much of the fruit is shipped East, mostly Bartlett pears. Some thirty-five years ago the hydraulic gold mines were running full blast and millions of dollars were taken out in the mines along the ridge.

I enjoy the letters about children. Rex was four in February and Audria was one in April. My own name is Eda, though Mrs. Wilkinson had it Edna in my other letter. Rex calls his daddy "Kid" and wants to go everywhere with him. Both children have light hair and blue eyes like their daddy.

Do any of you have trouble with the youngsters running away? We tried various ways to break Rex until one day I thought to take his shoes away, put them where he couldn't get them and kept him in the house the rest of the afternoon, and as he wants to be outdoors all day that was a good way to punish him. And I even told him I'd take his overalls off if he ran away the second time in one day but I had to do that only once. Perhaps this idea will help some other mother.

I suppose each of you have a favorite pie, cake or pudding recipe. We like pudding with rice or tapioca and to make it creamy and nice and save making a sauce, I bake all the ingredients except eggs and flavoring; stir occasionally and when done add beaten eggs, set to cool, when cold add flavoring.

If the children object to eating oatmeal, or any cereal, try pouring milk over it, then sprinkling it with brown sugar. Rex eats his this way when often he refuses the white sugar.

When I read P. V's letter about the okra I thought of the time I sent for seeds from catalogue, the names being new to me. I planted and tended them with care and when they bloomed, found that daturas and lupines were just like what grew wild here, only my tame ones were dwarfs compared to our wild ones.

I am glad we are to have a pin but didn't we ask first for Mrs. W's picture? Wouldn't it be a grand surprise for us to open our COMFORT some day and find Mrs. W's smiling face in our corner? I like surprises, don't you?

Sincerely yours, EDA J. DAHLBERG.

Mrs. Eda.—You mean that you like pleasant surprises, do you not? My photograph might not be a pleasant surprise. I think it much nicer to live in the minds of the sisters as they picture me to themselves for we are apt to picture to ourselves a somebody that we like and I want you all to like me.—Ed.

CORANTH, WISC.

DEAR COMFORT FRIENDS:

This is the first time I ever dared write but I have read your letters from beginning to end and am interested in every one of them.

To begin with, I am married, twenty-two years old, have light hair, light eyes and the mother of a three-year-old boy, as well as stepmother of two boys, eight and ten years of age. My husband is a trapper, hunter and allround woodsman. Last fall he hunted wolves and one day he teased me to go with him. Just for a joke, I went, not expecting to see even a hare, but he found tracks so he took the dog and went about half a mile away, leaving me standing on a pine stump. I stood there about half an hour, sweeping the landscape, or rather the brush and trees, when all at once I felt that I wasn't alone. I looked to my left and there came a large timber wolf right toward me. Something came up in my throat and refused to go down. I took good aim with my old-fashioned, double-barreled shot gun, right at his nose and fired and the wolf was as dead as a *nit*. My husband was surprised, and I was, too, to think that the gun didn't knock me backward off the stump for I pulled both triggers and both barrels went off at once. The wolf brought me $24.50. A bounty from the state of $10.00 and the same from the county and $4.50 for the pelt.

I enjoy reading COMFORT.

Best wishes to you all. MRS. ADOLPH HAASE.

SALEM, WEST VIRGINIA.

DEAR SISTERS:

Your letters are certainly a great source of pleasure and brimming with helpful hints.

Did you ever get everything ready for dinner and find your fried potatoes were still raw? When frying potatoes, turn a crock over the skillet but be careful when you raise the crock to stir them with a cake turner or a long handled fork. I burned myself terribly when I stirred them with an ordinary fork, but thanks to linseed oil and lime-water, which I keep mixed in a bottle, it did not amount to much. I tied a rag over my burned hand and saturated it with the mixture. A bad burn will not blister if immediately treated in that way.

To those who have tired, aching feet, let me say I cured a regular case of tenderfoot by using twenty-five cents' worth of thymol iodide. It is a yellow powder, so dry it sticks till it can't be rubbed off easily. Put it on your feet at night. Of course best results are obtained by keeping the feet and stockings clean and dusting a little of the powder in your shoes. It has a medicated odor but by mixing a little violet talcum powder with it, it isn't bad. Unless you have weak ankles, always wear pumps for everyday use. Then when you sit down to rest, read or crochet, kick them off and cool your feet.

If your little or big girls' princess slip gets two or three inches too short and is still good but hasn't a hem, don't throw or give it away. Just purchase insertion, the necessary inch or two in width and insert it in the skirt.

To those who have a highly polished dining-room table that is occasionally used for games, buy brown

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7.)

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

BIRTHDAYS are a sort of personal holiday, like owning Christmas or the Fourth of July, and though the time between each birthday seems shorter as we grow older, there was a time when a birthday was the occasion for rejoicing, instead of looking for grey hairs and saying to ourselves, "Another year older and no further ahead than I was a year ago." Presents do not mean as much now as a cake did when we were seven years old and since the making and decorating of a birthday cake requires so little outlay and work, mothers should strive to remember each birthday with a cake or perhaps several little cakes, like those shown in center illustration,—one for each member of the birthday party, for each member of the family if a party is out of the question. It makes a child feel very liberal to be able to give away something of his own, besides helping him to be generous.—Ed.

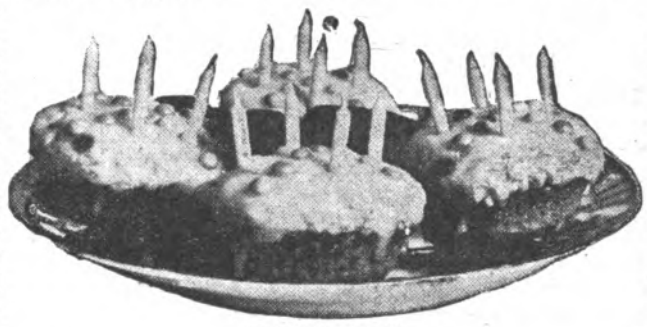
MACARONI WITH DRIED BEEF.—In a saucepan put two tablespoons of butter, and when it bubbles slowly work in two slightly rounding tablespoons of dry flour. Stir over a slow heat until thoroughly blended, then gradually add two cups of hot milk, continuously stirring.



MACARONI WITH DRIED BEEF.

Cook five minutes, seasoning with salt and pepper to taste. To the sauce add one cup of boiled macaroni, and one-fourth pound of dried beef cut into small pieces. Bring to a cooking heat, cover closely and let stand on the back of stove ten minutes. Pour onto a platter, and top with slices of brown-bread toast well buttered.

BIRTHDAY CAKES.—Cream together one-third cup of butter and two cups of sugar and then beat in two well-beaten eggs. Add one teaspoon of soda and two teaspoons of cream of tartar to three cups of sifted flour and sift again. Add flour alternately to egg mixture with one cup of sweet milk. Bake in moderate oven until the cakes shrink slightly from tins.



BIRTHDAY CAKES.

FROSTING.—Boil one cup of sugar with one quarter of a cup of water until it "threads" when a little is dropped from spoons. Do not stir while cooking. Have one-fourth of a pound of marshmallows melting in a bowl over the teakettle or in a double boiler. Beat the white of one egg until stiff and dry, and over this while continuously beating pour the syrup in a fine stream. Add one teaspoon of vanilla and the melted marshmallows and beat until thick enough to prevent spreading. Spread over the cakes, press small round candies into the frosting, and just before serving press the candles into place. If candles are kept on ice or in a very cool place a day before using, they will burn slowly and evenly.

BEEF CROQUETTES.—Chop enough cold cooked beef to make one pint and season with one teaspoon of salt, a little pepper and one-quarter teaspoon onion juice. Melt one tablespoon of butter, rub in two tablespoons of flour, add gradually one cup of liquid in which beef was cooked and stir until smooth; add the beef and let cool. When cold form into croquettes, dip in beaten egg, roll in crumbs and let stand a couple of hours before frying in hot fat.

CORNED BEEF HASH.—Remove gristle from cooked corned beef and chop the meat. To this add an equal quantity of cold boiled potatoes, chopped. Season with salt and pepper, put into hot, buttered frying-pan, moisten with milk and stir until well mixed. Let it brown slowly.

MARBLED VEAL.—Boil veal till very tender, then season highly with salt and pepper, and beat in a mortar till quite fine. Boil a tongue and remove the skin, cut up and beat quite fine, add a piece of butter size of an egg. Put a layer of veal into a brick-shaped tin, then strew in the pounded tongue and so on until the tin is full, then turn on a cupful of the veal liquor and press. When cold, slice.

MOCK DUCK.—Take four pounds of round steak, have it cut into two slices about an inch thick, sprinkle with salt and spread on a dressing made like turkey dressing. Roll and sew firmly in a cloth and steam four hours.

BAKED BEAN SOUP.—Put three cups of cold baked beans into a saucepan with three pints of water, one small onion, sliced, and one-quarter cup of celery. Let boil twenty minutes, or until onion and celery are cooked. Rub through a sieve, add one and one-half cup of stewed and strained tomatoes, season to taste with salt and pepper and thicken with two tablespoons of butter and two tablespoons of flour mixed together. —MRS. M. W., Augusta, Maine.

GREEN PEA SOUP.—Boil a pint of shelled peas until soft, in a coffee cupful of water. When done mash them then press through a soup strainer, adding three coffee cupfuls of hot milk to send all but the skins through the strainer. Return to the stove and add salt and white pepper to taste. Mix one-half tablespoonful of flour with a little cold milk and add to the soup when it has boiled two minutes, stirring all the time. Before serving add a tablespoon of melted butter.

BAKED MEAT.—Four pounds round steak chopped fine, eight crackers powdered fine, one cup milk, four eggs well beaten, three teaspoons salt, one and one-half teaspoons black pepper. Mix well together, put it in tin same as loaf bread and bake three hours.

BAKED MEAT WITH POTATO.—Cut remnants of meat in small pieces, season with butter, pepper and salt, add a little water. Put in earthen dish and cover with mashed potatoes, moistened with milk and seasoned with butter and salt. Bake about one-half hour.

VINEGAR CAKE.—Separate the whites and yolks of four eggs. Beat whites to a stiff froth, add one cup of sugar and one teaspoon of lemon flavoring. To the four beaten yolks add one tablespoon of vinegar. Add to whites of egg, beat well and last of all add one cup of flour containing one even teaspoon baking powder. Bake forty minutes in a slow oven.

HOT MILK SPONGE CAKE.—Beat three eggs six minutes, whip in one cup of sugar with cake spoon, one cup of unsifted flour; sift, adding one heaping teaspoon baking powder. Flavor, and last of all beat in one-half cup of hot milk. Bake forty minutes in a very slow oven.—MRS. J. M. J., Kingsburg, Cal.

SPONGE COOKIES.—Three eggs, one cup sugar, one heaping cup of flour, one heaping teaspoon of cream tartar, one-half teaspoon of soda. Beat the eggs to a stiff froth, add the sugar, sift the cream tartar into the flour and add, lastly dissolve the soda in a tablespoon of milk and beat in thoroughly. Drop teaspoons of the mixture on a buttered tin about three inches apart and bake in a quick oven.

COOKIES.—Heat together one cup molasses and one-half cup butter, add one teaspoon soda in three tablespoons cold water, one-half cup sugar scant, ginger, flour to roll. Bake in a quick oven.

VANILLA WAFERS.—One cup sugar, one egg, two-thirds cup butter, four tablespoons milk, one tablespoon vanilla, one and one-half teaspoons cream tartar and two-thirds teaspoon soda, flour enough to mix stiff. Roll thin and cut in squares.

MOONSHINE PIE.—One and one-quarter cup granulated sugar, four tablespoons flour, one cup sweet milk, butter size of an egg and vanilla. Mix flour and sugar together, then add milk, butter and flavoring and cook until thick. Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth and mix through filling before putting into crusts that have been baked. Sprinkle with cocoanut.—MRS. RALPH HAMM, Vermont, R. R. 1, Ill.

LEFT-OVER BISCUIT.—This is a good way to utilize left-over biscuits. Soak them ten minutes and then drain off all the water that is not absorbed. Mash and add two cups of sugar to a quart of mashed biscuit. Grate and dissolve two squares of bitter chocolate; beat the yolks of four eggs, add a pinch of salt and mix all together. Butter your baking-pan or casserole and pour in the batter and bake. Beat the whites of the eggs to a froth, add one cup of sugar and put on top of pudding. Let brown.—MRS. J. E. M., Searcy, Ark.

VINEGAR PIE.—One-half cup good cider vinegar, one-half cup water, one-third cup sugar, and one-half teaspoon butter. Let come to boil, add thickening made of two tablespoons flour, yolk of one egg and enough water to make paste just thick enough to pour from cup. Have crust baked, fill, using whites of eggs for frosting. Set in oven and bake a golden brown.—MRS. F. M. ZENTZ, Marysville, Kans.

FRIED BANANAS WITH APPLE RINGS.—Peel, scrape and split lengthwise well-ripened bananas. Core and without peeling, cut tart apples into half-inch thick slices. Fry both bananas and apples in fat about one-fourth of an inch deep, sprinkling with a little brown sugar as they cook. Ham fat gives a delicious flavor. Have ready long strips of fairly thick brown or white bread toast, and on each piece lay half a banana and an apple ring.



BANANA WITH APPLE RINGS.

BAKED LAMB WITH DRESSING.—Take a hind quarter of lamb, make a dressing the same as for fowl, cut places in the lamb and fill with the dressing. Bake.

MELON PIE.—Chop fine one and one-half gallons of pie melon and cook until soft. Turn into large agate dish, add one quart of cooked cranberries, two tablespoons of vinegar, two level tablespoons of salt, and cinnamon and cloves to suit taste, with sugar enough to make good and sweet. Cook slowly until thick and use for pie filling.—MRS. BERTHA BROWNLEE, Logan, N. Mexico.

IN all recipes calling for baking powder, insure successful results by using Royal Baking Powder (absolutely pure).

It is conceded by domestic science teachers and baking experts the world over to be "the most healthful and dependable baking powder made." Royal contains no alum.

The Winning Gamble

by Alice L. Whitson



Presently he toppled over unconcious in his chair



Lawrence pushed her away from him and smiled maliciously as he staggered to his feet.



"I'm tempted to do it" Bonnie answered thoughtfully, "but somehow, I feel that I'd have to pay heavily for such a favor."

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As old as the Old South was the name of Lathrop, and as proud as Lucifer were its descendants, but proudest and most lovable of all was Bonnie, the petted daughter of old Col. Lathrop, whose daring feats in the war of '61 had cost him a good right arm of which he had never ceased to boast.

With the kindness and generosity which marks a woman of the South as a true Southerner, Bonnie ruled Elmwood, the ancestral home of the Lathrops, and never before in the history of her young life had she been busier than at the present moment. It was her father's birthday, and she with the assistance of the servants was arranging the house for a party.

Social affairs at Elmwood were always done on a big scale, and in this instance Bonnie had spared neither pains nor money to make of it a great event. She had just put the finishing decorative touches to the dining-room when her father made his appearance in the doorway.

"There, you've gone and spoiled everything, Daddy," laughed the girl when she saw him, "just when I was planning to surprise you."

The old man patted Bonnie's cheek affectionately as his gaze wandered to the extended table and the massive birthday cake bearing its burden of many candles.

"This is a surprise, indeed, Bonnie," he said presently, "that you've arranged for your old Daddy."

"All for you," Bonnie declared as she gave him a hasty kiss and departed.

"All for me——" the old man repeated as he walked about the flower-decked room, "all for me—and how will I ever pay for it?"

Leaving the dining-room, he made his way into the old-fashioned library, and dropping wearily into a seat before the massive desk which had been his father's father's, he unlocked the top drawer and began pulling out one by one stacks of unpaid bills; these he tossed carelessly aside—they were a matter of small consideration to him compared to the last document in the drawer—this he drew out with nervous hands and studied it carefully; only one sheet it was, but quite enough to upset his nerves. In part it read:

"Therefore do not ask for further assistance from us; the mortgage is long overdue and a settlement must be made.

"Respectfully yours,
"KERRIN REALTY CO."

"Come, Daddy," called Bonnie from the doorway, "your guests are arriving."

Hastily putting away the papers, the old man arose and followed his daughter to the big veranda where to his surprise he beheld a number of his war-time comrades in uniform coming up the broad walk, accompanied by either a son or daughter.

After a general greeting between both the old and the young folks, Bonnie seated her father and his guests under a tree on one side of the big lawn, then kissing her father good by she joined the young people who stood chatting together on the spacious veranda.

"For our pleasure," Bonnie said with a sidewise glance towards the tree where her father was entertaining his old friends, "I have arranged a morning ride."

Leading the way to the stables, she bade her friends choose for themselves from among the Elmwood horses the horse they would like best to ride, and presently they were off.

Bonnie on the back of a black thoroughbred, followed by a pack of hounds and a gay crowd, led the way, taking the meadow fences as she came to them.

Among the riders was Lawrence Trabue, famed far more for his financial position in the world than for his social qualities. The Trabue plantation joined the Lathrops, and for years and years young Trabue had been linking together in his mind the two by the simple trick of matrimony. Consequently, while Bonnie went galloping joyously over the meadow, Lawrence rode leisurely along, mentally visioning how the great meadow would look with the dividing fence gone. Clearly he saw himself as master of the great estates which, when joined together, would be the show place of the South.

For a moment he turned his gaze toward a lavishly decorated house on the east hill; everything about it bespoke money—it was a thing the Trabues were immensely proud of and made no pretense of denying it—a showy thing was the home of Lawrence Trabue, and quite as new as the money which built it.

Turning slowly, he let his eyes rest on the Colonial home of the Lathrops that decorated the opposite hill; every line and curve about it acclaimed in silence its stateliness, ancestral wealth and grandeur. This, however, made no impression on Lawrence—to him it was an old rattletrap compared to the new mansion—it was the Lathrop land he wanted.

Glancing about for the riders, Lawrence discovered that he was far behind, but in the moment of hesitancy he had decided on one thing—he would ask Bonnie to marry him without further delay.

To think with Lawrence was to act, and presently he was making a frantic effort to overtake the leader. One by one, he passed the riders, but it was not until Bonnie of her own free will halted under a massive tree that he overtook her.

"Bonnie," he said when at last he reached her side, "when are you going to marry me?"

"You don't care for me, it's my plantation you want," laughed Bonnie.

"Your plantation is a secondary matter, Bonnie," the man responded earnestly. "Please say you will marry me now."

"Let's not spoil father's birthday with an engagement," laughed the girl, and before Lawrence could press his suit further Bonnie was calling her guests to return home.

At Elmwood the merrymakers found the old folks as joyous as when they went away, and dismounting their horses, they joined them.

"Have we been away long, father?" asked Bonnie as she dropped down on the arm of her father's chair to give him a gentle caress.

"Long?" said the old man, glancing around the circle of companions, "not so long, really, Bonnie, but since you youngsters have been out riding, we old cronies have been through five years of war."

"Then, no doubt, you are getting hungry," answered the girl. "I'll run in and see about the dinner right away."

The birthday dinner was a great success; everybody was happy, but none seemingly so joyous as the host—but when he began an episode of the Civil War times, Bonnie called his hand.

"You forget, father," she said sweetly, "we have World War heroes with us today—let's omit war themes."

Colonel Lathrop's eyes rested for an instant on the medals of honor worn by two of his guests, then with a wave of his hand dismissed the subject altogether.

It was late afternoon when the party after many handshakes and joyous expressions departed, leaving Bonnie, young Trabue, and the old Colonel alone on the veranda.

Bonnie arranged a chair for her father, then noticed with anxiety how he dropped into it.

With loving hands she arranged the pillows beneath his head, and taking her accustomed place on the arm of his chair, she fanned him to sleep.

Slipping gently away, she joined Trabue and the two went down the broad steps together.

"Are you ready to say 'yes' to me now, Bonnie?" the man asked as they wandered through the old-fashioned garden.

Bonnie shook her head, but Trabue wasn't so easily put off—he pleaded his cause earnestly, though through the thin veneer of his lover's appeal Bonnie read his heart aright—it was not herself he really wanted, but the Lathrop plantation. While he talked his eyes had wandered from the face of the girl to the broad rolling meadow land beyond, and Bonnie had been quick to sense it.

Suddenly she stepped away from him and smiled cynically.

"I will not consider a matrimonial proposal prompted by greed," she answered, and before he could say any more she was making her way toward the house.

Lawrence realized he had made a mistake, and tried to overtake Bonnie, but she beat him to the steps; there, however, she bade him good by and watched him depart with an expression of relief on her pretty face.

Bonnie's light step on the veranda roused the old man from his nap, and smiling fondly upon her, he beckoned her to his side.

"You're better, father?" Bonnie asked eagerly.

"Oh, yes," answered the man, "but, Bonnie, that big dinner was most too much for one of my tender years, though I'm all right now."

To prove his statement he eased out of his chair and made a few rounds of the veranda. Suddenly a serious expression covered his face, and moving towards the door he laughingly announced that he had some business matters to attend to in the library.

Scarcely had the Colonel entered the house when Bonnie saw a big car coming up the driveway, and presently a stranger got out.

Approaching the steps, he bowed politely to the girl then in a straightforward way proceeded to state his business.

"I have come to see Colonel Lathrop," he said gruffly. "Is he at home?"

Bonnie nodded her head, then extended her hand.

"I am his daughter," she said pleasantly. "Won't you be seated while I go for my father."

"Tell him," the man answered in the same gruff voice, "that Paul Kerrin of Kerrin Realty Company is calling and is pushed for time."

"I will tell him," answered the girl, but just as she entered the door she came face to face with her father coming out.

"Mr. Kerrin," said the Colonel, courteously extending his hand as he came out, "this is, indeed, an unexpected pleasure."

"You received my letter?" answered Kerrin unceremoniously.

"Yes," answered the Colonel, "but I have been too busy to answer."

"So we surmised," answered Kerrin, "but the house is in need of money and cannot carry its creditors longer."

Colonel Lathrop turned to Bonnie.

"You will go, daughter," he said falteringly, "this gentleman has business with me."

"But, father," protested the girl, "he spoke as if you owed him money—as if we were his debtors."

"It does seem a bit strange," interrupted Kerrin as he critically eyed the magnificent grounds of the Lathrop home, "but, nevertheless, such is the case, and we have carried your father as long as we can carry him without a settlement. We must either have some money or foreclose the mortgage."

"Mortgage—mortgage!" exclaimed the girl, glaring at the speaker angrily. "You mean to say our home is mortgaged? Tell me it isn't true, father," she cried anxiously, turning to the old man.

Colonel Lathrop's arms went about the girl's slender figure lovingly and for a moment he stood looking at her in silence, then bowing his gray head on her young shoulder, he said:

"It is true, Bonnie, my child—the old place is mortgaged for all it will stand—and unless we can raise the money to lift that mortgage we are going to lose it forever."

Suddenly Bonnie turned to the visitor. "Just how much do we owe?" she asked.

"Twenty thousand dollars," answered Kerrin.

"And unless we raise that amount?" asked Bonnie.

"We foreclose," responded the man.

"Give me thirty days," begged Bonnie eagerly, "then come again and we will settle the matter."

Kerrin debated the question in his mind for a moment as he eyed the two, then he smiled.

"Thirty days won't make much difference," he said thoughtfully, "I grant your request—but, remember," he cautioned as he moved away, "I will come back on the thirtieth day and unless there is a monetary settlement then I shall foreclose the mortgage."

In silence Colonel Lathrop and his daughter watched the visitor depart, then Bonnie turned eager, questioning eyes upon her father.

"You must take me into your confidence, father," she said earnestly, "whatever our indebtedness is I must know it."

"Come," said the old man, realizing the truth of her statement, "we will begin at once."

* * * * * * *

Slowly Bonnie followed him into the library and immediately they started over the old accounts.

Bonnie noticed that her father's hands trembled with nervousness as he laid before her the various papers, and presently he toppled over unconscious in his chair.

Calling a servant, Bonnie ordered him carried to his room then ran to the telephone and called Dr. West, the family physician.

Lawrence Trabue having nothing better to do, made his way into the city and round to a little theater where he was joined by a bunch of chorus girls who made much of him and his money.

When Dr. West arrived at Elmwood Bonnie met him at the door and hurried him up the stairs to her father's room where the most important being in the world so far as she was concerned, lay writhing in agony.

Dr. West examined his patient carefully, then with a very grave face announced to Bonnie that her father was suffering with a stroke of paralysis.

Bonnie's grief touched the doctor's heart, and he comforted her as best he could.

"You are sure he will not walk again soon?" Bonnie questioned eagerly as she followed Dr. West down stairs.

"Not for months," said the doctor, "perhaps a year—then, again, he might regain the use of his legs within a few days. Paralysis is a peculiar thing, my dear," continued the man thoughtfully, "you never can tell about it; I have known cases that looked hopeless to recover, and then I have known cases that looked slight which proved life-lasting. Just now," he went on, thinking to divert Bonnie's mind from her own troubles, "I have a very singular case; shall I tell you about it?"

"Yes, yes," answered Bonnie absent-mindedly, "tell me about it."

"Well," answered the doctor as he took his seat on the sofa, "you remember the gentleman I pointed out to you last year at the race?"

"The one you called a gentleman gambler?" responded Bonnie as she called to mind the Derby race of the previous year which she had attended with her father and the doctor.

Clearly she visioned again the handsome young fellow in a gay checked suit, betting heavily on the spirited horses, and never once failing to pick the winner; she remembered also with a hurt feeling in her heart that her father had been a heavy loser while the happy-go-lucky chap in the gray suit had raked in the coin.

"Just as he won in the races," continued the doctor, "it seems he has won in everything else, but in a card game recently somebody seemed to resent his luck and shot to kill him; the bullet, however, passed through his body and only left him with paralyzed legs. He may regain the use of them some day, but, personally, I don't think he will, because he has nothing in life worth fighting for; he has no people, it seems, to care for him. To a man like that life means so little he will not make the fighting effort necessary for his recovery. He may live one month, he may live six months—but without something to stimulate him, no longer than that, and he's rolling in money—oodles of it—nobody to leave it to when he dies."

"Too bad," answered Bonnie listlessly, "that a man should waste his life like that—but it's father's paralysis, Dr. West, that's bothering me; what shall I do about him?"

Dr. West looked at his watch and arose.

"I shall return at ten this evening; he will have awakened by that time from the effect of the drugs I gave him; meantime you must make your plans to get him away from here. New scenes and different climate will help a lot toward his recovery."

When the door closed upon the doctor, Bonnie began to pace the room restlessly; turn where she would, she could see no ray of hope in the darkness.

Carefully she went over the accounts in her father's desk; the enormous sum of their indebtedness staggered her—bills, bills, bills—and besides that the mortgage of twenty thousand dollars against their old home. Take her father away—how could she? Suddenly she raised her head and smiled, then ran to the 'phone and called for Lawrence Trabue.

Trabue, in a drunken condition, answered it. His voice frightened Bonnie; nevertheless, she bade him come to her immediately, then cautiously mounting the stairs, she entered her father's room.

All was peaceful and quiet, he was sleeping soundly, but for fear he might awaken before the doctor arrived, she called an old negro servant to sit near the bedside until she returned.

Going to her own spacious bedroom, she slipped into a soft silken gown and viewed herself in the long mirror. There *was* a way she could help her father and she would do it. Vividly she recalled the episode of the morning, when Lawrence Traube had declared his love for herself—she had refused him then—but now, whether he loved her or not, she would marry him immediately. The Trabues had plenty of money; Lawrence, she reasoned, would willingly assume their indebtedness, and they would go off on their honeymoon, taking her father with them.

She had it all planned out by the time Lawrence Trabue arrived. Disregarding his undesirable state, she related what had taken place since he went away, and then proceeded to unfold her plans.

"You say the plantation is mortgaged for twenty thousand?" Trabue stammered when the girl had ceased speaking. "N-nice little sum to wish off on a bridegroom."

"It's awful, Lawrence," answered Bonnie wistfully," but you'll have to shoulder my debts if you take me." Picking up the stack of unpaid bills on the desk she laid them in his lap. "These will also go to the bridegroom," she said slowly.

Lawrence fingered them indifferently, then looked at the girl.

"Nice little gift for a bridegroom," he repeated cynically, "nice little—gift——"

"I know I am not worth that, Lawrence," said Bonnie as she laid her white hand on his arm, "but the plantation is, and really if you'll assume my obligations I'll be the best little wife in the world to make up for it."

Lawrence pushed her away from him and smiled maliciously as he staggered to his feet, then in a tone that withered the spirits of Bonnie, he spoke.

"Bonnie Lathrop, the mistress of Elmwood, and Bonnie Lathrop the beggar," he said, inconsiderately, "are two different people in my eyes, and I can't say—I'm particularly—interested in the beggar."

Bonnie looked at the speaker in astonishment as the truth dawned upon her, and a feeling of repugnance for the man before her stole through her soul—but this was the one way she saw to help her father—she was desperate, he must marry her.

Throwing her arms about him, she reminded him of the statement he had made that morning concerning her and her plantation.

"I might accept you and the plantation," answered Lawrence as he unclasped her arms, "but the old man and the debts are not for me."

"Then you won't marry me?" Bonnie asked earnestly.

"I didn't say that," protested the man. "I said I wouldn't take the debts and the old man."

Suddenly the beauty of the girl before him seemed to intoxicate him more than he was already.

"I'll take you, debts and all," he exclaimed excitedly, and clasping his arms about her, he covered her face with kisses.

"You brute!" exclaimed Bonnie frantically when she finally managed to get out of his clutch, "get out of my house and never let me see your face again."

Trabue was slow to understand the meaning of Bonnie's sudden change of mind; not even when the door had closed upon him did he realize definitely what had happened. With faltering step he crossed the lawn to his little gray car.

Left alone in her misery, Bonnie walked restlessly up and down the polished floor wringing her hands.

Twice old Dorothy, the cook, had made her appearance in the door with a tray of tempting food, but each time Bonnie had begged her to go away and leave her alone. Finally old Dorothy sensed something was wrong and flatly refused to go.

"I'ze been in dis house most twict as long as yo' is, and 'spects to stay here 'till I dies," said the old negress, "so come 'long and rest a spell for yo'h ole Mammy."

Without further opposition Bonnie allowed the devoted servant to tuck her up on the sofa like a little child; she feigned sleep, and old Dorothy covered her up and left the room.

But scarcely had the door closed upon the old Mammy before Bonnie was up again. Watching eagerly the hands of the old-fashioned clock move slowly 'round the dial, she continued to walk. At the table she paused and again nervously fingered the unpaid bills that had so disturbed her, when suddenly a strange expression came over her face—a new thought had entered her brain—a new way had suggested itself by which she might help her old father.

At ten o'clock Dr. West, accompanied by a nurse, made his appearance, and the three went up-stairs together.

Just as he had predicted, Dr. West found Colonel Lathrop coming out from under the influence of the strong powders he had given him. His face revealing clearly the agony he was undergoing, helpless, hopeless, he begged his old friend to tell him the truth regarding his condition.

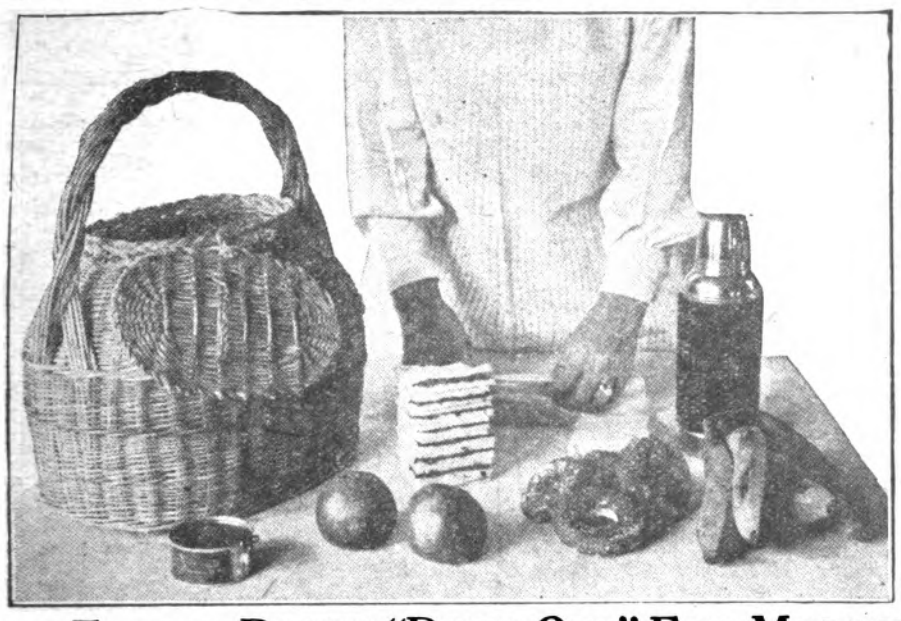
After serious consideration Dr. West decided it might be best, so in a gentle way he told the sufferer that it would probably be months before he would be able to walk again, and never would his heart bear great excitement.

"This young lady, however," said the doctor as he introduced the nurse, "will bring you through if you will but be patient."

Then giving the nurse instructions what to do, he left the room.

Bonnie followed him to the veranda, questioning him earnestly regarding her father. Then suddenly she caught his arm and turned him

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)



THE FAMILY PLANS "DAYS OFF" FOR MOTHER

By Violet Marsh

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THERE should be a deliberate effort during the out-of-doors months to seize every opportunity for providing the mother of the family with days to be spent in some form of relaxation. If only one day at a time is possible, even that much away from cooking, dishwashing, sewing, or any of the heavier home tasks, goes a long way toward resting a weary brain and tired muscles.

Of course "Mother" is apt to think that the beforehand preparations for a day off are a great deal of bother and not worth the effort, but this isn't the point; "Mother" simply must get away from the scenes of her daily routine and it becomes the duty of her family to make this possible.

Most parents love the streams, the cozy roadside nooks and woods almost as well as the children, and whether the selected spot is one or many miles from home, it matters little if only it be in the great outdoor. However, the distance will undoubtedly be gauged by your mode of travel; in the family automobile, or behind old dobbin, but in either case the real fun will depend on the spirit of the day. If everybody bears in mind that outings like this constitute "Mother's" vacation, there will be an affectionate competition as to who shall attend to the few details of preparation and clearing up connected with the trip.

Planning a Day's Outing

Don't undertake elaborate preparations, because they spoil a picnic. You need only to count on ravenous appetites which demand plain, hearty food and plenty of it. Providing everything is prepared at home, you cannot do better than to fill your lunch basket and boxes with hearty sandwiches, simple cakes, jars of milk and doughnuts. Freshly-picked cucumbers, tomatoes or lettuce will be wholesome and delicious with the sandwiches. One of the best picnic sandwiches I know of is made of thin corn cake and bacon. Split and butter the corn cake while warm, and add the bacon hot from the frying-pan. Wrap them at once in paraffin paper. Another good sandwich is made of either white or coarse bread, filled with scrambled egg. Avoid thick slices of bread, and butter generously. Allow one egg to two whole slices of bread. To each egg add one dessertspoon of milk, a pinch of salt and a dash of cayenne pepper. Beat the egg sufficiently to thoroughly break the egg whites, add the milk and pour into a frying-pan which contains about half a teaspoon of butter to each egg. Cook over a hot fire while constantly beating until firm, but not hard. A variation is made by omitting the milk and using one cup of fresh ripe tomato cut into small pieces to six eggs. This makes an excellent sandwich.

Fruit is the best finish to your lunch.

Eating out of doors as often as possible is a "specialty" in one home I know. A one-compartment fireless cooker was bought for the purpose of having a hot dinner outdoors with the least effort. If the family started out just before mealtime, the fireless was put "aboard" with its contents all ready to serve; if earlier in the day, and the food was in process of cooking, the fireless was well covered with blankets.

If you have a place at the water's edge where it is safe to build a fire, cooking outdoors offers much in the way of entertainment. A fish chowder made indoors never tastes quite as good. Where one particular place is frequently resorted to, it will make good fun some day to build a stove from stones and a square of sheet-iron, all ready for use on the next occasion. To do this, you use stones that will rest securely on the other, and build a square hollow pier. The chief thing is to get top rocks for the corners that will make a level support for the sheet-iron top. The side rocks can be placed so as to control the draft. One side is left open through which to arrange the fuel, which is usually dry dead wood, bark or pinecones.

The portable outfits that burn solid alcohol are very popular for outdoor heat. They must be used in a sheltered place, else the heat will not rise directly under the frying-pan. On this page is pictured the necessary equipment for a highly satisfying roadside lunch, and even the lone hiker would have no difficulty in carrying it. Over a small tin of solid alcohol the coffee is made, and if you can set it aside in a sheltered place and wrap your coat or sweater around it to keep in the heat, so much the better. You next fry your thinly sliced bacon and push it to one side of the pan if you have not brought along a small tin plate. You then fry thin slices of brown-bread in the bacon fat, and your meal is ready.

The vacuum bottle is a great comfort if one cares for something very hot or cold with the lunch.



PEACH FLUFF.



OUTFIT FOR ROADSIDE COOKING.



GREEN CORN FRITTERS.

August Recipes

CANNED FISH.—Tough-skinned fish such as perch and cunners should have the skins removed. This is easily done by cutting down the entire length of fish each side of the fins with a sharp-pointed knife, then around the head just through the skin. Now hold the fish by the head with the left hand and peel down the skin with the right. Cut off the fins, head and tail, and clean. Rub lightly with salt, roll in flour and meal mixed, and fry brown in tried-out salt pork.

SALMON PASTE WITH NEW BOILED POTATOES.—Use fresh boiled or canned salmon of a reliable brand. Remove skin and bones. To each cup of salmon allow two hard-boiled eggs sliced, one tablespoon of lemon juice, a little pepper, salt to taste, one tablespoon of olive oil, or two of melted butter. Stir well together and put through the food chopper, using the coarse knife. Scrape new potatoes, cover with boiling salted water and boil hard until a fork will pierce them. Drain at once and shake over a hot cover until dry. Break with a fork, turn into a hot dish, pour over melted butter and sprinkle with parsley.

PICNIC TONGUE.—Wash and scrub a large beef tongue. Cover with boiling water, and add a good handful of celery tops, a sliced carrot, half an onion, and salt and pepper when the tongue is about half done. Cook slowly until tender. Remove from liquor, scrape and roll in melted butter and fine bread-crumbs. Set in a hot oven and when it commences to brown baste with liquor in which it was cooked. When well browned remove from oven. Serve hot or cold. The liquor can serve as a foundation to dried bean or fresh vegetable soup.

STUFFED TOMATO SALAD.—Boil the frame of a cooked chicken, strain, and boil down to one cupful. Soak one tablespoon of granulated gelatine in a little cold water and add to the hot chicken stock. Season with salt, a dash of cayenne pepper and one tablespoon of lemon juice, and set away to stiffen. Select ripe tomatoes, remove a slice from the top and scrape out the soft part of the center. Add to the cold gelatine some chopped cooked chicken, a little tender celery chopped fine, and if it is to be served at once add a little crisp cucumber. Fill the tomatoes and serve on lettuce leaves, topping with a teaspoon of mayonnaise if desired.

CARROT CONSERVE.—This should be made while the carrots are about half grown, and from the table variety. Scrape and slice thin. Cook slowly until tender, keeping the water just over the carrots. Drain, saving the water, and press the carrots through a potato ricer and return to water. Measure, and allow two lemons to each pint, and as much sugar as you have carrot. Put the carrot, sugar and grated lemon rind together and slowly cook until thick, add the lemon juice, cook five minutes longer, and pour into jelly glasses. When cold, cover with paraffin.

NEW ONIONS IN CREAM.—Peel and boil onions until tender, keeping the water just to cover at first, and then allowing it to boil down as the onions cook. In this way a greater amount of the mineral salts is retained. Make thin oven toast, butter and sprinkle with grated cheese. Drain the onions, lay them on the toast, lightly sprinkle with grated cheese, pour over enough scalded cream to wet the toast and set in the oven ten minutes. Serve at once.

BOILED SPINACH.—Wash spinach and remove roots and fibrous stems. Drain and put on to cook without the addition of water. As heating begins, turn the spinach and it will be found there is plenty of its own juices for cooking. After thorough boiling begins, set the kettle on the back of stove to simmer about 15 minutes. Skim out the spinach so as not to get any grit which may have settled in the bottom of kettle. Drain thoroughly, cutting through and turning in the colander so as to make it dry as possible. Dress with melted butter and garnish with slices of hard-boiled egg, or the grated yolk.

SUMMER SQUASH.—Cook whole, keeping the water low in the kettle. If the squash can be steamed, it is the proper way to cook it. When in prime condition, the shell of the squash should be soft and show juice when a slight break is made through it. When tender, mash with a fork without removing the seeds. Season with butter, pepper and salt.

SUGARED BEETS.—In trimming beets allow four inches of the top to remain on to prevent "bleeding." In washing care should be taken not to break the skins and the roots left on. Cover with boiling water and cook tender. Slice thin, arrange in layers in a serving dish, dressing each layer with melted butter, a very light shaking of salt and a sprinkling of sugar. Set into the oven until very hot and the sugar is melted.

GREEN-CORN FRITTERS.—Cut tender corn from the cob by holding the cob on end in a plate with the left hand, and slicing the corn lengthwise from the cob with a sharp knife. Care must be taken not to cut into the hull. The cob is scraped lengthwise after the corn is sliced off, which saves the finest part of the kernel. To one cup of corn, one teaspoon of sugar, one-fourth teaspoon of salt, one cup of fine cracker-crumbs, one teaspoon of baking powder, the yolk of one egg beaten light, and if necessary, after the mixture is thoroughly mixed, add a little milk or thin cream. If the corn is very young, the thin part scraped from the corn will generally supply plenty moisture with the egg. Lastly fold in the beaten white of one egg. Drop by teaspoonfuls in deep fat and fry to a light brown.

SUCCOTASH.—Cook fresh lima beans until soft and the water has been reduced to a little more than to cover. Cut an equal quantity of raw young corn from the cob in the manner described in the preceding recipe for Green Corn Fritters. Add one teaspoon of sugar to each pint and cook ten minutes. Season with salt, a dash of pepper and butter.

CREAM CHEESE DRESSING.—For cold cooked vegetables or raw salads, mix half a teaspoon of mustard, half a teaspoon of salt, one-third teaspoon of paprika and add it to one-half cup of whipped sour cream. In whipping care should be taken that it does not turn to butter. Thicken ten tablespoons of hot milk with corn-starch wet in cold water and cook three minutes. Add this hot mixture to the sour cream mixture and slowly add three tablespoons of lemon juice, stirring constantly. Cool. Beat into this two cream cheeses until the whole is light and foamy.

PEACH FLUFF.—Cut ripe peaches into fourths, then slice these lengthwise. Cover with sugar and let stand until it is nearly dissolved in the peach juice. Beat one egg white very dry, then gradually beat in one cup of cream. Into this beat the juice and sugar from the peaches. To serve, arrange the peach and fluff in layers in individual dishes.

OATMEAL COOKIES.—Cream three-fourths cup of butter with one cup of sugar, add two beaten eggs and four tablespoons of milk in which three-fourths teaspoon of soda has been dissolved. Sift one and one-half cup of flour with one-half teaspoon of cinnamon, then mix with two and one-half cups of rolled oats, and add to egg mixture. Lastly add one-half cup of chopped raisins, or they may be omitted. Drop by spoonfuls on greased pans and bake 15 or 20 minutes in a moderate oven. Excellent for picnics.

FILLED COOKIES.—One-half cup of butter creamed with one cup of sugar. Add one beaten egg, the grated rind of one lemon, pinch of salt, and beat well. Add one-half cup of milk and one pint of flour sifted with two level teaspoons of baking powder and one scant teaspoon of soda. Beat well, then add flour to handle. Roll very thin, cut in rounds, and fill tin. Spread with filling to within one-half inch of the edge, then put the top rounds on. Press edges together and bake in a fairly hot oven with even heat top and bottom. The secret of these cookies is getting them rolled thin.

FILLING.—Use thick strawberry jam, or a filling made from chopped raisins and dates in equal parts, sweetened and cooked with a little corn-starch to thicken. Use cold.

CANNED FIGS.—Where figs grow abundantly, a generous supply should be canned for winter. Use only those that are sound and firm. If put through a soda solution the skins become tender. To do this, use one level cupful of soda to four quarts of boiling water. Pour this over six quarts of figs and allow them to stand five minutes in this bath. Drain at once and rinse through several cold-water baths until free from the solution, then drain again. Make a syrup of equal parts of water and granulated sugar. Put the figs into the syrup and cook one hour slowly. Pack the figs carefully into jars, then fill with syrup. Partly seal and cook 30 minutes in a hot-water bath with water half way up the side of jar. Seal.

ORANGE OR LEMON PECTIN.—Strawberries, raspberries, cherries, blueberries, blackberries and plums do not make satisfactory jelly because they lack pectin. Orange or lemon pectin may be added, using one-half as much as fruit or berry juice. The pectin is made by scraping off the yellow peel, then putting the white portion through the food chopper. For each half pound allow four cups of cold water. Let stand several hours and then boil for ten minutes. Cool and add four cups of cold water, let stand over night and boil next morning and then strain through a jelly bag. This pectin may be prepared whenever orange peels are available, canned and cooked in the jars 30 minutes, and kept for later use.

FRUIT BUTTERS.—This method of preserving fruit is one of the oldest and best. Where there is a large family a bountiful supply can be made with less labor than when the fruit is made into jellies. Fruit butters are excellent for school lunches. Tart apples, or half as much sweet apple as tart make excellent butter. A little cinnamon and lemon rind make a delicious flavoring. Plums and grape pulp, pears with one-third quinces, peaches and green gage plums are other good combinations. Fruit butters are made by cutting up the fruit and cooking tender in as little water as possible, then pressing the fruit through a fine colander. Measure, and add two-thirds as much sugar as you have pulp, then cook together until thick. Stir frequently while cooking. Butters can be paraffined the same as jelly.

QUINCE HONEY.—Pare five quinces and grate the pulp from the cores. Cut parings and cores into small pieces, cover with boiling water, cook one hour and drain. Cover the grated pulp with cold water just to cover and let stand while the parings and cores are cooking. Add the water drained from parings and cook until the pulp is tender. Measure and add an equal amount of sugar, the grated rind and juice of one lemon and one orange, and cook 30 minutes or longer.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

muslin or any heavier material and cut a piece four inches larger than the table, hem and run seam binding in for draw strings. Just out over the table, draw tightly and tie. If you want it to be real fancy, embroider or applique some design on it.

To the sisters who are obliged to carry water a distance, let me say I sympathize with you. It means a trip for water when you are the busiest. Of course if there are children large enough to carry it, it isn't so bad but it isn't good for them to carry heavy loads and they always want to carry a "Lazy man's load" so they can get back to their play. Let me tell you how we got a well at the cost of $30.00, a nice three-foot sink cost $10.00 and we have a pump right in the kitchen and have plenty of water all the time. The good John and I make every penny count so instead of paying a drilling machine a large sum of money for drilling a well, he got the necessary tools, rope, drill, etc., and we drilled our own well. Some days we worked only a little while in the morning and evening. I drilled a foot one day. How proud we were when we went one morning and found water standing in our well within sixteen feet of the top. We tried to bail it out but couldn't. A flash-light let down on a rope lets you know how things are. I had a notion to not tell you about the time it caved in, but that was the only discouraging thing and it might have been worse. We might have lost the tools, but anyway we cleaned it out. It wasn't an easy job but it saved money and it is so handy to have all the water we need.

No doubt you sisters remember Bernice Lee whose picture came out in December COMFORT. She is almost three years old now and just as mischievous as she looked to be, but when she gets naughty I have a piece of soft muslin which I fasten to the door knob and tie her by the arm, put her in her little rocking chair, with her playthings and leave her tied fifteen or twenty minutes. Does she cry? No, she just screams but that is good for her lungs and it lets the steam off. Soon she will be begging, "Please mother, let me loose. I will be good and stay out of things." Doesn't it annoy my neighbors? I do not live near enough to anyone so they can hear and anyway I never pay any attention to what people say. For example, when Bernice Lee was a baby she laid in a basket and her ears, in moving her head, would get turned the wrong way, till I was afraid she would have outstanding ears. I just powdered behind her ears and fastened them back with a piece of court plaster. Of course she looked funny and the neighbors were scandalized but now her ears are as good as anybody's. Wasn't that better than having her look like a lop-eared hound? When she was one year old I cut her hair close to her head with clippers so now her hair is thick and soft as silk. What do I look like? I am twenty years old and am going to send my picture sometime in the future so keep your subscriptions renewed and you won't miss seeing me.

MRS. DAISY WHITEMAN.

POTEAU, BOX 147, OKLA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

If you will listen long enough I will tell you of my most thrilling experience.

It was about three years ago and one evening, after a very pleasant day, my father, mother and I were sitting on the porch, talking. All at once we heard a low rumbling sound but we paid little attention to it for we thought it was thunder. It kept getting louder and then all at once a ball of fire shot out of the sky. Such screaming and praying I never expect to hear again until the end of Time. My father was in his stocking feet and he said the heat from it almost scorched his feet. We were told that it was a comet or meteor but I have no comments to make only to say that I don't believe I will ever be as frightened again.

I would like to hear from some of the sisters.

Love to all. ESTER SIMPSON.

BELMONT, LA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you please give me a little space. I have read COMFORT for a long time and get lots of helpful hints from the letters in the Sisters' Corner.

I liked the letter of A Marine's Wife. I would like to hear from any of the sisters who had boys or friends in the 4th Div. 3rd Bn. Co. I, 58th Inf. for my husband was in that branch of the service. He was in four heavy battles but returned home without a wound.

I have a sweet baby boy, 20 months old, named J. W., Jr. We have our own home and enjoy farm life.

I will tell you the most exciting happening of my life. One Sunday afternoon my husband and I went to visit my mother. When we were ready to eat supper the telephone rang. I answered it and the call was from one of my neighbors and she told me my house was on fire. I threw the receiver down and ran screaming that our house was afire. My husband and brother jumped into our buggy and started home but there I was, two and one-half miles away, and everything we had burning up. All I could do was cry. The telephone soon rang and father answered it and was told that it was a great mistake; that they saw the sun shining against the windows on the west side and thought that it was on fire. You can imagine how thankful I was.

Love to all of you. MRS. J. W. WEBB.

NEWPORT, KY.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

May I join your pleasant circle? I hear you all chatting so very happily and giving your opinions and your helps along the way. All certainly have splendid "helps" to pass along to one another. I am requesting very peculiar help and if I receive it I'll be very thankful.

The coming fall season I expect to go to the southwest, and I would like to hear from the sisters in or about these localities: El Paso, Texas, Las Cruces, New Mexico, or any other large cities in New Mexico in particular, in regard to employment in the printing trades, that is, bindery work, etc., if there are any possibilities for such work in said places for that is the line of work I want to find.

I wonder how many of the sisters realize all the work there is in getting up our very enjoyable and very important COMFORT. How I would like to see the presses turning out the copies. As I write this I can imagine that I see the whole plant in operation.

I'll give a few tips and hope they will help you. Cut off all addresses that come to you, printed or typewritten on envelopes and magazines. Pinned or pasted on laundry or any other packages, these save time as well as give a legible address.

To finish the ends of a blanket, the ribbon of which is frayed, a quick and serviceable way is to crochet an edge (half or whole buttonhole) with a bone hook. Use either wool or fast color cotton that matches the stripes in blanket.

When making spice cake, to insure the full strength of your spices, put them in a small cup and pour boiling water over them—just enough to dissolve them. This method will result in a uniform flavor throughout the cake and produces an even color.

How many of the sisters use a marble when darning the finger of a glove? It is easier than slipping the glove on your hand to mend it.

Although I am a business girl I have domestic tastes and love everything pertaining to housekeeping. I also love poetry and music.

Wishing health, prosperity and happiness to one and all, SUNNY JANE OF KENTUCKY.

Sunny Jane.—Thanks for the snapshot of yourself. It has been duly pasted into my COMFORT Sisters' Album.

A visit to COMFORT'S plant would be worthwhile to anyone but doubly appreciated by anyone familiar with such work, as the presses and other equipment are thoroughly modern.

It is unfortunate you did not give me permission to sign your real name to your letter (a good letter, too) for you would have gotten replies first hand instead of waiting to have them forwarded.—Ed.

RINGOLD, WASH.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I've wanted to write for years but I was afraid that "Billy" of Uncle Lisha's would get my letter.

Why, of course, all these letters are genuine. I have a very high opinion of Mrs. W. but I don't believe even she could think of all the good things in these letters.

We haven't been introduced yet. If I were a blonde I could call myself "fair, fat and forty" but alas I'm a decided brunette. I have been reducing so I weigh only 240 pounds now.

I am a teacher of over twenty years' experience and I spend my vacations with my husband in the mountains of Western Montana where we take our sheep to summer range. Some of my experiences are not pleasant but on the whole I enjoy the life. Our highest point is on the summit of the Bitter Root Mountains on the Idaho-Montana boundary line, at an elevation of 7,521 feet.

We were to tell of some "thrills" we have had. One morning early I decided to take a short stroll. Rounding a mountainside I met a bear. My heart skipped a beat, maybe more, but my brain was on the job and told me that the bear had the right of way. He was as startled as I for he bounded down the mountainside. It was a silver tip which is a type of grizzly bear considered very dangerous. Old bear hunters say no bear is dangerous unless wounded or a mother with cubs.

Have I a twin anywhere in this wide world? I've never found one yet. I was born August 5, 1881.

Mothers, help purify our rising generation. Do not permit indecent exposure in dress, powder and paint, in jazz and uncensored movies. Try to get more wholesome amusement before our young people. They think they are wise and right but we older ones really know. My mother used to tell me, "Young folks *think* old folks are fools but old folks *know* young ones are." I didn't believe it then but I do now.

Thank you, dear Mrs. Wilkinson, for giving me this space.

A new sister, ALICE B. AYERS.

PARLIN, COLO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Will you let me in for the third and last time? I just want to thank all who wrote me for their kind letters. The coming of a new little daughter as a

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

Cubby Bear "Speaks a Piece"

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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CUBBY Bear entered the house one summer day, and sank down despairingly in a corner.

"I never can do it, never!" he cried. "I do not like to go back on my word, but I cannot do it, and I must tell Wise Owl so, and let him find someone else to take my place."

"What is this dreadful thing you cannot do?" asked Grandma Bear, looking at him over her spectacles. "Tell me about it."

"Why, you know," said Cubby, "we are planning to have a Carnival for Midsummer Night, and invite everybody to come, and of course we must have a fine program. The birds are learning new songs, solos and choruses, Wise Owl will make a speech, and there will be games and races. Wise Owl said someone must speak a piece. He put a lot of little sticks in a hole in the ground together, and some of us agreed that whoever drew the longest one should learn a piece and speak it that night. So we drew—Tillie Turtle, and Betty Badger, and Busy Beaver, and Racky Coon, and ever so many more; then we measured the sticks, and *mine was the longest!*" Cubby Bear buried his face in his paws and rocked to and fro unhappily.

"But why did you agree to such a thing, if you feel so about it?" asked Grandma.

"Why, I thought it would be fun to draw with the others, and I never guessed I would get the longest stick! And now, when I tell Wise Owl I cannot speak, everyone will say, 'Cubby Bear does not keep his promises!'"

"Then I would do it!" said Grandma Bear calmly. "You are as bright as any of them."

"But I shall be afraid to stand up before all our visitors that night, and speak!" wailed Cubby.

"You could do as well as any of them," declared Grandma.

Just then Mamma Bruin came in, her face one broad, bright smile.

"Well, well, Cubby Bear," she began, delightedly, "I hear you have been chosen to speak a piece in the Midsummer Night's Carnival! How proud I shall be of you! Grandma Bear can go to hear you too, I hope, if she is well enough."

"Never you fear. I shall be there," said Grandma Bear.

Poor, foolish little Cubby began to cry.

"I never can do it—never!" he repeated.

"Pooh, pooh—tut, tut!" scoffed Grandma, while Mamma Bruin looked at him in surprise.

"But think what an honor it would be!" said Mamma Bruin. "'Reading, by Cubby Bear,' all written out on the program. And we are to have visitors that night, too—Madam Lynx from Canada, Sir Caribou from far up North, and I cannot tell who beside!"

At this Cubby wailed afresh.

"I am so glad he has his white vest and high collar," said Grandma Bear. "They must be freshly washed and ironed. His handsome birthday necktie will be just what he needs, and I have no doubt Squilly Porcupine will lend him his yellow gold wrist watch."

Cubby was growing a little interested, in spite of himself.

"No, Dr. Squilly will want to wear his watch himself," he said, "for he is to make a speech and tell our visitors how it is we all keep in such good health here in our Pleasant Forest."

"He will let you wear it while you speak, of course," said Grandma.

"But I have nothing to speak, and do not know where I could find a piece," said Cubby.

"True," agreed Mamma Bruin soberly. "I had not thought of that. If one is to speak a piece, there must be a piece to speak. We might ask Tillie Turtle's advice; she is very old, and knows many things the rest of us do not."

They looked for Tillie, but could not find her.

That evening, Shinyblack Crow came to make a call and talk over the Carnival plans, and they told him what was puzzling them.

"Hm——well!" he said thoughtfully. "You might tell a story, Cubby Bear. They would like that, I am sure."

"I know only stories that everybody in this forest has heard," sighed Cubby.

"Shinyblack Crow may know a good one he could tell you," suggested Grandma. "He sees many strange sights, I am sure, when he goes South for the winter."

"Oh, could you?" asked Cubby hopefully.

"Let me think," said Shinyblack Crow. "Y-yes! I remember something that happened one winter when I was living by the seacoast."

He told them the story, to which they listened eagerly. Then he surprised them by suddenly flapping his wings and "cawing" loudly.

"I have thought of a plan for you, Cubby Bear!" he cried. "Mother Goose—I know where she is staying just now, and I will try to coax her to come here and make my story into a rhyme, and teach it to you."

"How splendid!" approved Mamma Bruin. "If she will come, tell her we want her to stay and enjoy the Midsummer Night's Carnival."

The very next morning, Shinyblack Crow was up before the sun, and flying on his way to Mother Goose's summer home. And on the third day, back they came together to Mamma Bruin's house in the Pleasant Forest.

Before she commenced to teach the verses to Cubby, she made him promise not to say it for anyone before Carnival night.

More than once Cubby was discouraged, and thought he could never learn to say it right.

"But I must try *hard*," he thought, "when Mother Goose is good enough to take so much time to help me!"



NOT ONE WORD OF HIS VERSE COULD HE REMEMBER.

"While I am making up the rhyme,
Quite, quite alone I'll spend the time,"

Mother Goose told them, so Grandma Bear's room was given to her, and for a whole day she stayed in there alone.

When she came out, she ate hungrily of the good things Mamma Bruin had ready for her.

All the preparations went merrily forward, and when Midsummer Night came, Cubby Bear started for the scene of the Carnival with Mamma Bruin, Grandma Bear, and Mother Goose.

He was scrubbed and brushed, and dressed in his best. He felt anxious about his part in the program, and was glad it would be over before the games were played, so he could have a happy time then, with nothing to worry him.

He could hardly listen to the songs of the birds, though their music was beautiful, and to the speeches made by Wise Owl and Squilly Porcupine, he could not have told a word they said. He was saying his verses over and over to himself. Oh, what if he should forget!

When Wise Owl called for Cubby to speak, Cubby suddenly felt as if his feet were made of lead. How could he ever walk up there before so many, and say the verses Mother Goose had taught him?

Mamma Bruin gave his shoulder a little push, and he staggered to his feet. When he stood before them, with all eyes turned upon him, he trembled with fright. Not one word of his verse could he remember!

Then they began to cheer him, and little Chippy Chipmunk, who was in the front row, threw a bouquet of buttercups at Cubby's feet.

Cubby smiled, and picked up the flowers, and all at once, the opening words came to him, and he started in bravely:

"Who picked the Pickaninny from harm one scorching day?
I'll tell you all about it, and how he ran away.
That Pickaninny, black was he, a tiny, toddling tot,
Who lived far, far away from here, where winter days are hot!
He lived with Mammy, Pappy, and with Pickaninnies three,
In a funny little cabin, set close beside the sea.
He had a friend, a Northern Crow, and with him loved to share
The hominy and hoe-cake that his Mammy would prepare.

"One day the tiny Pickanin went toddling to the sea,
Across the hot and burning sand; and all alone went he!
Now Allie Gator lay in wait to catch dat Pickaninn;
He seed him comin' down the beach, and grinned a wicked grin.
And when he scrambled from the waves, and dashed along the shore,
The Pickaninny saw him, and began to shriek and roar.
Oh, who could help that toddler then? Or save him from his foe?
His eyes were bulging out with fright, and bitter was his woe!

"'Caw, caw!' was heard. Quite suddenly Old Allie Gator stepped,
For right in front of him a Crow with flapping pinions hopped.
'Go back into the sea,' he cried, 'and stay where you belong.
To frighten baby Pickanins is very, very wrong!'
But Allie Gator wagged his monstrous head from side to side,
Made answer with a fierce 'Gr-row!' and stretched his great mouth wide.
But do you think that scared the Crow? No, sir! he gave a hop,
And landed on the Gator's nose with quite determined flop.

"'Back—back into the sea!' he cried, 'or else I'll peck your eyes!
I'm where you cannot harm me, despite your strength and size.'
'Oh, spare my eyes!' that Gator cried, and turned and scrambled back
Across the sands, into the sea, away from Shinyblack!
Oh, yes, it was our Shinyblack—our own good Northern Crow,
Who bravely faced the Gator fierce, and ordered him to go.
'Twas he who picked the Pickanin from harm that winter day
When on the cabin and the sand the burning sunshine lay."

Cubby ended amid wild applause. Cheers were given for Shinyblack Crow for his brave deed in the Southland, cheers for Mother Goose, who made the story into rhyme, and cheers for Cubby Bear, who had spoken his piece so nicely.

Stately Sir Caribou, the largest visitor there, shook Cubby's paw and praised him, saying, "I have lived many years, but never have I heard a little bear speak as well as you have this night!"

Cubby blushed with pleasure, and said:

"Oh, but I dreaded to speak, and thought I never could do it—never! I—I even cried about it!"

"It never pays to worry ourselves by dreading things," Sir Caribou told him, with a smile. "Have courage, Cubby Bear, and remember that few things, when we really come to them, are as hard as we think they are going to be."

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SEPTEMBER COMFORT

Home-Outfitting Number

The housewives look to September COMFORT for helpful suggestions and advice as to planning and preparing to outfit the family and the home for fall and winter, and they will find the help they are looking for in our coming September number. The following are some of the

Special Features for September

"The Hope Chest Girl" Describes and pictures many pretty and useful things that girls are making and storing up in hopeful anticipation of matrimony.

"House Plants for Winter" Take up house plants in early fall. Attractive pots and boxes for them.

"Hot School Lunches" Parent-Teacher cooperation for better health and scholarship of school children.

"The Gods Arrive" Story of a grilling matrimonial adventure—by Maud Mary Brown. Begins in September, ends in Oct. number.

"Family and Household Sewing" Helps in making and repairing clothes and house furnishings.

"September Cooking Helps" Recipes for cooking fall foods and directions for making jellies and preserves.

"Cubby Bear and Brownie Whippoorwill" Cubby Bear hears the story of why this gloomy night bird utters its mournful cry.

If the number over your name on the wrapper on this magazine is 406 it means that your subscription expires with this present issue and that you will not receive September COMFORT unless you renew your subscription at once—we can not send you a single copy, after expiration, until you have renewed. Don't miss September COMFORT.

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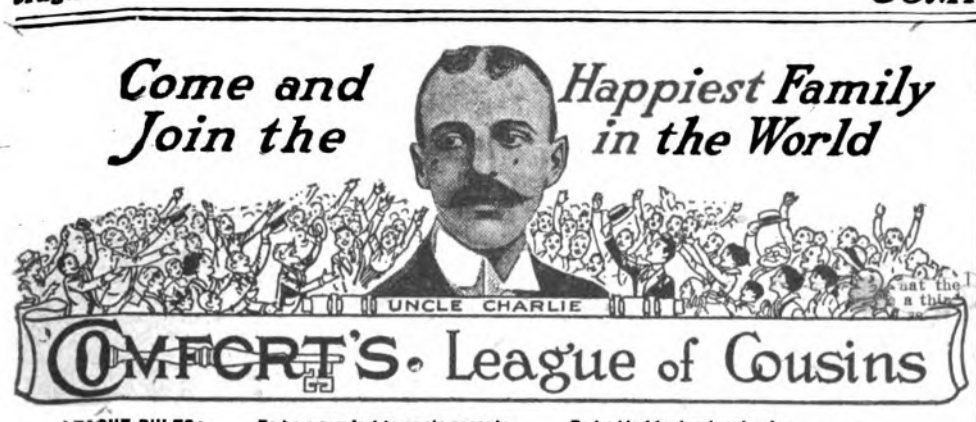
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August, 1922.

Crumbs of Comfort

Win with a smile.
Be master of your time.
Half spoils all it touches.
Without faith all is futile.
The pure in heart need no law.
If we do little we have little.
He is well paid that is well satisfied.
God made man to learn by experience.
Power comes to the man who knows how.
Comrade is word that says "Equality".
Excusing yourself is fooling yourself.
A man cannot speak but he judges himself.
You get nowhere without loving something.
The Road of Love leads to the Hills of God.
When the truth hurts it is because it should.
To debate with the dishonest is wasting time.
Let your courage be high and your temper low.
We are only truly strong as we are truly free.
Injustice to others is injustice to ourselves.
True friendship thinks of giving, not getting.
Yourself is better than anyone you can imitate.
Something is wrong if you have ceased to smile.
Give yourself to the world and the world is yours.
What is good for the family is best for the nation.
That activity is best of which the goal is greatest.
Man is spiritually united to his brother and the race.
That teacher knows best who is taught by his scholars.
The best sympathy comes from those who have suffered.
How life looks to you depends upon how you look at life.
The story of the Seamless Robe is the story of brotherhood.
When you mind other people's business you neglect your own.
Poems of twenty words have outlived the might of forty wars.
We should stop to ask ourselves if we are building our own heaven.
We should take time each day to practice the presence of the divine.
To traverse the Sea of Life safely a chart of the human soul is needed.
Much of the world's advance in knowledge has been due to curiosity.



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE LISHA

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 55 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.
ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

IN the past few months the newspaper headlines have borne terrifying record of the outbreak of crime which has been sweeping our country's large centers of population and sections of thinner settlement. The nights of patrolman, police chief and commissioner have been made restless with excursions and alarms, and uneasy movements have been experienced by many estimable citizens who own possessions they prefer to consign to moth and rust rather than to thieves who break through and steal. The newspapers that have recorded this wave of crime have been aroused to indignant editorials of various sort—ponderously and pessimistically commenting as to cause, effect and remedies. In my own city and even in my neighborhood, storekeepers and clerks have been shot down and robbed, and the indignant editorials have been justified in that the police have failed, in the bulk of cases, to make arrests—automobiles offering safe getaways to the bandits.

Spending my vacation now in the same little mountain village where Billy and I spent happy weeks last summer, the headlines of my forwarded city papers read the more strangely and alarmingly in contrast with the peaceful life of the quiet village, the serenity of the nearby peaks, and the ordered passage of the summer as Nature moves through her ancient round of months and seasons. Yet looking closely, even in such a country community there can be found too much disrespect for law, too much of a willingness of the individual, upon occasion, to place what he considers his interests, rights, or a false sense of liberty, ahead of the regulations which the community as a whole has found best to establish. In the cities, of course, these tendencies and conditions are multiplied and find exaggeration.

Although this evasion of necessary legalized restriction finds easier expression under our system of government and is probably one of the defects which the advantages of a democracy has to bear, yet I believe there is each year a constant growth in our country of a disregardance of laws both old and new. This disregardance in great centers of population is pushed on by industrial unrest, or other temporary causes, to such outbreaks as the past two years have brought. It is a condition of danger and youthful criminals are increasing as well as capital crimes. In addition to its social effect in being a disregard of our form of government as a source of law, the tendency is a result from a deeper and more serious cause—the lack of any restraint which a religious impulse places upon actions which injure our fellows; a decay of faith shown in an ignoring of an essential Law Giver. The condition, at root, particularly as it involves youth, marks the absence of the word of God from the home and the lives that are moulded there for good or evil.

I go back to my own tracing of the cause of this and other present day troubles when I say that too many of us live without faith in anything beyond ourselves; without belief in any power but that of man's futile functioning; without regard for any punishment but that we may be clever enough to escape. And the situation is made worse because our faith in ourselves has been weakened by an experience of our selfish weaknesses; our belief in the power that years and increasing knowledge have given to man is shaken by the use we see made of such power; our avoidance of punishment is made impossible because we bring on our own cataclysms of pain and unhappiness. Our house of life is indeed made one built upon changing and slippery sands. A growth of turmoil in the world, an increase of crime, accident and suicide, endless unrest and unhappiness—all are as certain as day and night if our foundation for living remains unaltered and our base of relationship with our fellow men is to rest upon what we can take rather than what we must give.

Man cannot live unto himself utterly. His life cannot consist of the things he possesses—or in what he can strive to obtain. It has all been said before upon high authority and I say it again: Man can only win through to the happiness of his true life by first being willing to lose it in obedience to what it is divinely natural for him to recognize as Divine Law, and by standing ready to blend his own false and useless self-interest in a life of sacrifice and service for all.

In our world today, in his effort to escape the chaotic conditions involving him, man puts out a wavering hand here and there and turns a timid step or two toward trembling paths of beliefs and systems that have shaken him before to destruction through as many centuries as we have history. So many things have failed him in a discard of blood and dust. It is a time of uneasy waiting. But never is the voice of any one in a position of power raised to turn us to the only Law Giver, to point us toward the one safe way. For we need to be led and made to know that we will always stumble in darkness until we turn toward the true light; until we recognize that might and power lie only in the Love which is the fulfilling of the law—that Law which is the very God in whom we live, move and have our being, prodigals though we may be now.

Let those trained and cultivated minds who sneer at religion at this time point to any achievement of joy in their own lives as proof of their own trust in even the strength of their doubts. Let those who boastfully speak of our advances in science look for results in those parts of the world where science and so-called "progress" have most been given place and power. Yet it is not the day of the humble. Pride may come before a fall, but how can it be justified after the tumble and the bruised knees that will not kneel? I would rather have the love, the trust and simplicity of the little children I meet daily in the streets of this quiet, mountain-guarded town than all the science that can be packed in the dusty libraries of our loveless, doubting and tortuous-minded men. We need for our Faith, our Love and our Law a divine foundation. Only this can ever be the world's salvaging. It means a return to the absolute living and not the abstract worshiping of the teachings of Christ. Any other remedy for our evils is but a blind leading of the blind—and with each ditch deeper for our falling than the last. A new commandment was given us and we have let it grow old as the world. When we have learned to make it new again we will have made a new earth and heaven.

And now for the letters:

FAIRBANKS, P. O. BOX 825, ALASKA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

I am a new cousin and want to know if you have room in your corner for a little girl from Alaska? I am twelve years old and I was born in Fairbanks. I have never been out of Alaska. I get letters from children in the United States who think I am an Eskimo because I live in Alaska, but I want the COMFORT cousins to know that I am not an Eskimo.

I have two pets: one is a pig and the other is a hen. The hen is not very young but the pig is only a week old. Its name is Boots. He is very cute. He likes me to pick him up and coddle him. I named him Boots because he has two little white forefeet. His two hind feet are black. I guess you will laugh when you read this, but he is so clean and shiny I just can't help loving him. He is black with just a white stripe on his shoulders. My hen's name is Cluck. She is so tame I can pick her up. She has raised a great many chicks and is a good mother.

Perhaps you would like to know something about Alaska. We have very short dark days in winter and have to study mostly by electric light. And we have lots of snow. Last winter was a very mild one and the coldest weather was only thirty-five below zero. Some winters it gets as cold as sixty-five below zero. In summer we have long warm days. The sun shines both day and night. We grow all kinds of vegetables and lots of pretty flowers.

I would like to hear from different boys and girls and I will try and answer their letters. I am your new cousin,

With love, STELLA SHAFER.

All right, Stella; let's have it understood at the very start: you are *not* an Eskimo even if you were born in Fairbanks and can sit comfortably out on your veranda and rock Boots to sleep when the thermometer is 65 degrees below zero. I have often heard of and tasted nice cold ham, Stella; but this pet pig of yours must be just about the coldest possible pork. I hope you have a warm little fur coat, made from a polar cubby bear, to cover Boots' shiny pink skin during the coldest of the dark winter days he has to pass in his electrically-lighted pig parlor.

Even if you are *not* an Eskimo, Stella, perhaps you can tell us the best way to make Eskimo pie. This chilly and delicious substance is all the rage these summer days in New York and Brooklyn. People who for years have been satisfied with old-fashioned apple, mince or custard pastry now go happily about gnawing on an icy slab of Eskimo pie and making a noise like a seal. Probably in your next letter you can tell us something about this Arctic delicacy. Do they bake it in snow ovens and use whale blubber for shortening?

You have a wonderful country, Stella. Just how wonderful few people know—or seem to care. It will be different some day and great things are in store for your Northern domain, I believe.

But I don't like this idea of having the sun shine both day and night—particularly on a hot Fourth of July. What good would be rockets and pinwheels? And whatever do you do with the stars and the moon, Stella, if you don't use them in the summer? I should think twenty-four hours of hot sun would be enough to turn chilly little Boots into Eskimo lard, so that some warm day when you cuddled him you would have nothing but a grease spot and a grunt left on your white organdie or dotted Swiss.

ABERDEEN, IDAHO.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

As I have long been a silent reader of your department, I thought I would try my hand at writing and see if it would escape Billy the Goat. Please chase him into the corral until you read this letter.

This is a wild looking country. We have real cowpunchers out here, also some shure enuf bears. Farming and stock raising are extensively carried on. The climate is very healthful and the soil is very productive—only we ought to have more rain in summer. The soil is a volcanic ash and we have a long strip of lava here about twenty miles long and fifteen wide. There is a sugar factory at Blackfoot, so you see the sugar we use is the product of our own state.

Doubtless you are wondering what I look like; so here goes: I am five feet, ten inches short, weigh 165 pounds and have black hair and brown eyes. My age is between nineteen and twenty-four. I would like to hear from some of the cousins. I remain,

Your nephew and cousin, ARTHUR ORTH.

I don't wonder you say you need more rain in your country, Arthur, if your soil has all turned to ashes. I can't see how you can hope to improve it any by irrigating with lava. All the lava I ever heard about has been pretty hot stuff and not calculated to make sugar beets sprout so high that one beet would make a hundred of granulated. I advise you to keep the lava off the beets and use it only to make a hot-bed for early greens. However, you seem to keep cheerful, even with your volcanoes, ashes, bears and lava—all of which would seem to interfere somewhat with a peaceful farming life. The beets may stand the larva, Art, and you may have them fireproofed in some way, but I don't think you ought to stand these wild cowpunchers going about and punching your Jerseys and Holsteins. A cow is a gentle creature, as mild as milk, and needs to be handled gently. Punching her won't make any bossy give a drop more milk and, in fact, a side swing to the jaw or a right-arm jolt in the bovine solar plexus might dry a cow up entirely, leaving her just as arid as your volcanic ashes. If these chaps are bound to do so much punching, Art, let 'em buy a punching-bag or practice on your bears. These "shure enuf" animals can take a lot of punishment without going to the mat.

MARMON, NORTH DAKOTA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

This is my second attempt to write a letter; Billy must have got my first, but I'm going to keep on sending letters till you get tired.

We live in the driest part of North Dakota, but I assure you we can raise plenty of garden vegetables for all that.

Uncle, what do you advise me to do after I'm through school?—become a nurse, teacher or what? I am through the common school and I intend to finish both high school and college because I believe in a good education. I don't powder, go to dances or wear high-heeled shoes, but you may be sure I'll do all three of these when I get older.

I guess I will have to describe myself so you can see what a homely thing I am: I have golden brown hair which is sometimes wavy and sometimes straight as an Indian's locks. I have blue eyes, medium complexion and a freckled nose. I am five feet, six inches tall and am fourteen years old. Cousins, won't you please write letters to me? I would appreciate it so much. I will have to close now, with love to all.

Your niece, AMANDA ANDERSON.

Amanda, I'm not tired of reading your letters. I would never get tired. I just love to read 'em and you write so nicely. But I'm answering this one because of your important question. You want to know if you should "become a nurse, teacher or what." Amanda, nursing is a necessary and honorable profession which any woman can be proud to follow; teaching is perhaps the service of the most responsibility in the whole world and is being parent to the race; but above all, Amanda, do not think of becoming a "what." There are far too many whats now, and the profession is crowded. I meet them every day and all over. A what, my dear Amanda, is a person to whom life and his or her particular place in it are uncertain and interrogatory things. Whats are never quite sure of themselves or the work they have picked out. They are convinced they could be doing better at some other job, but they are not certain just *what* that job is and *what* they should do to find it.

Amanda, you are only fourteen and so you are entitled to be questioning and uncertain as to what place in the world you want to aim for and fill, or to just what star you should hitch your terrestrial wagon of youthful dreams. But you must choose your lifework by and by; educate yourself definitely toward your choice; plan to attain it creditably and give to your selected work the best that is in you. If you do this, Amanda, you may be a good nurse or a trained and intelligent teacher, and the crowded profession of whats will never gain you as an unhappy and useless addition.

INDIAN TOWN, FLORIDA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

For quite a while we took COMFORT and then stopped. Now we're taking it again. Now I don't say this to please you, but I think the League of Cousins is the best department of all. Understand I'm not slighting the others; each one has his or her choice. But the League is like a geography; you learn of other places besides your own domain and also it's almost like meeting other people.

Uncle Lisha, do you think progress and modernizing the world destroys romance? I've heard people argue that it does and I've read where cynics say that romance is no more. I don't know but that's half what I live for; romance, I mean. Not just love, but the adventure and mystery of life—the not knowing what's ahead of you on the morrow. Oh, I don't know quite how to explain it.

I am very fond of reading and cats. I have the dearest Maltese kitten. Have any of the cousins ever read the Boy Chum series? They're wonderful. I'm a girl, but I much prefer boys' books to girls'. They've got some adventure and pep to them, no matter how improbable.

Well, dear unknown friends, I will close this tiring missive—tiring I mean to Uncle Lisha and Billy perhaps. "O-o-o-o-o," I hear owls "hollering" down in the swamp. They give me the shivers, but I like to hear 'em.

Some of the North and Western cousins please write to a sixteen-year-old, brown-eyed, brown-haired, rather dark-complexioned south Florida girl whose name is

JULIE WILKINSON.

Julie, you want to know if our juggernaut of modern progress has crushed romance out of the world—and your own letter gives the answer. You dream of the "adventure and mystery of life" and what may happen on some tomorrow. Just so long as there are boys and girls to dream, Julie, romance will live. Dreams are the stuff of which it is made; they are romance's very blood and substance. Not all of us are young and not all dream dreams, but to those of us who hold the wonder and mystery of life fresh like salt upon the lips and who know that all is not budgets, chambers of commerce and trade reports, romance never dies. The most wonderful thing in the world, the greatest happiness yet, may always be waiting just around the corner—when dreams come true.

Of course the cynics can say that romance is no more, Julie. It is dead as a door nail for them, poor things, and has always been. Why they even declare boldly that there are no such creatures as fairies! Cynics are hopeless and they are mostly nasty, bald-headed things, anyway. If they ever dream at all it is from eating too much broiled lobster and mince pie.

But youth will always dream, Julie, and so romance is certain to remain as immortal as the procession of young hearts, as deathless as spring, as eternal as love. Do not worry because you cannot put in words just what you feel and what the new charm and wonder of life means to you. Let the cynics do the explaining; they can explain so much—perhaps even where their hair has gone. But for you, Julie, love your Maltese kitten, listen to your hooting swamp owls and cherish your dreams. For romance is not dead, my dear; she is just around the corner. And the only way you can ever lose her is to meet her face to face.

ETNA MILLS, VIRGINIA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

Open up the door and give a guy from the Old

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)



Teeth You Envy

Are brushed in this new way

Millions of people daily now combat the film on teeth. This method is fast spreading all the world over, largely by dental advice.

You see the results in every circle. Teeth once dingy now glisten as they should. Teeth once concealed now show in smiles.

This is to offer a ten-day test to prove the benefits to you.

That cloudy film

A dingy film accumulates on teeth. When fresh it is viscous—you can feel it. Film clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. It forms the basis of cloudy coats.

Film is what discolors—not the teeth. Tartar is based on film. Film holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film, and very few escape them.

Must be combated

Film has formed a great tooth problem. No ordinary tooth paste can effectively combat it.

So dental science has for years sought ways to fight this film.

Two ways have now been found. Able authorities have proved them by many careful tests. A new tooth paste has been perfected, to comply with modern requirements. And these two film combatants are embodied in it.

This tooth paste is Pepsodent, now employed by forty races, largely by dental advice.

Other tooth enemies

Starch is another tooth enemy. It gums the teeth, gets between the teeth, and often ferments and forms acid.

Nature puts a starch digestant in the saliva to digest those starch deposits, but with modern diet it is often too weak.

Pepsodent multiplies that starch digestant with every application. It also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

Thus Pepsodent brings effects which modern authorities desire. They are bringing to millions a new dental era. Now we ask you to watch those effects for a few days and learn what they mean to you.

The facts are most important to you. Cut out the coupon now.

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Only one tube to a family.

Who Is Sylvia?

By Margaret Becker Kulp

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WITH all due respects to the Woman's Institute this is the story of a Modern Cinderella.

Her name is Sylvia,—you know:

"Who is Sylvia, what is she,
That all our swains commend her?"

Well, that's what we wanted to find out, "Who" she was. We—and when I say "we" I mean John Huntley and me—knew "What" she was; she was a "cuckoo."

It began the night of Mrs. Huntley-Leigh's big *fete* which was something of a cross between a masquerade ball and a charity bazaar. The large idea was all Mrs. Huntley-Leigh's very own, and the object was to raise funds for an emergency operating-room in the new Leighton Hospital, of which she is president of the board of directors. Unique, wasn't it? And the most part of it all was that it was to be a very democratic affair—for the people, by the people, and from the people—mostly from the people—the market quotation on tickets being ten dollars per. Even at that it seemed as if all of Leighton turned out, and that is where Mrs. Huntley-Leigh made a great mistake; and how the largest, boldest robbery ever known in Leighton was committed, and how a cold-blooded murder nearly occurred.

Being society editor of *The Leighton Gazette*, the Chief hands one of the bits of magic pasteboard to me and says:

"Miss O'Donnell, here is a ticket for that fool stunt Mrs. Huntley-Leigh is pulling off at her home on Friday night; please attend. And listen to me, Delia; as you know, Mrs. Huntley-Leigh controls the largest amount of stock in this paper, and as we have not yet been able to convince the stockholders that we need a new set of large type for our pressroom, I want you to write up this affair of hers so touchingly that she'll be moved to pull off another stunt in the near future to raise funds for a new set of large type for us."

I decided to go in costume and enjoy myself along with the rest of Leighton, and so I got together a stunning outfit and went as Mrs. Bluebeard, and, leave it to Delia, old Solomon in all his glory didn't have a thing on me. I arrived with the advance guard, for by the returns in the box-office that day it looked as though they would have to secure the services of all the traffic cops to handle the angry mob.

Ten o'clock found me sitting very calm and blissfully in the large drawing-room beside Mrs. R. Sylvester Smythe—she is the little dame who invariably calls me up the day after I've reported her attendance at some social function or other and bawls me out for slighting her, or her gown—so I was quite familiar with her dear little nagging voice.

"Isn't this the most *gorgeous* spectacle?" she purred. "So *wonderfully* clever of dear Mrs. Huntley-Leigh to plan it all. I do *so* love to come to her affairs, she entertains so lavishly, and one meets only the *best* of people. Do *you* attend many of her social functions?"

She darted a penetrating, sidelong glance at me. The cat!

"Yes," I replied, and it was the truth, too, although I did not feel duty bound to inform her that it was a part of my profession to attend them.

"So do I," she lied—for she is no more a member of the "inner shrine" than I am. "I do hope," she went on—and, say, there *are* occasions where ignorance is bliss, aren't there?—"I *do* hope that horrid little red-headed reporter from the *Gazette* is here tonight, and that, for *once* in her life she will be able to describe my costume accurately."

I nearly choked; you see, I don't have my red hair for nothing, and sometimes even the *best*-natured people get peeved. However, I made a dignified exit through a French window near at hand, and went out to join the motley crowd outside.

And here is where Sylvia comes into this tale.

I looked around for a quiet spot in which to sit down and calm my ruffled feelings, and presently I found a comfortable rustic bench beneat a wide-spreading—no, it was not a chestnut tree—it was an old oak. I sank down upon it thankfully and watched the gay promenaders; and then, as it was a part of my profession to write up all I saw, I took my trusty old notebook from my pocket—oh, yes, I had a pocket, I really had to have one, you know, to carry all the keys of old Bluebeard's bearded den—and began to describe the costumes.

There were troubadors from the thirteenth century, cavaliers from the period of Charles the First, toreadors from Spain, gladiators from ancient Rome, mandarins, Turks, Cossacks, Indians, Pied Pipers of Hamlin, and a dozen devils, of course; not to mention Joan of Arc, Snow-White, Mary, Queen of the Scots, and so many others that it would keep me busy from now until they decide to court-martial the Kaiser to name them all—but it was *some* crowd.

Well, just about this time along came a slender little vision in a shimmering white satin Yama-Yama costume trimmed with ridiculous, big scarlet pompons. She was stepping it off like a child tripping home from school, as though she didn't have a care in the world, and she was humming a little tune to herself, quite happy-like. She didn't see me at all, sitting there in the shadow of that old oak, so she went around to the other side and what do you think she did? Shinned up that tree like a regular tomboy! And there she sat, swinging her satin-bloomered legs and her small slippered feet with those absurd scarlet pompons on them, as if she were having the time of her young life. Naturally I couldn't move, so I prepared to wait patiently until she tired of pretending she was one of our feathered friends.

Presently the plot thickened. Along came another Yama-Yama; this time the male of the species. The lighted end of a good Havana preceded him by an inch or two. The girl above me also scented the approach of a *man*. She leaned down—yes, I *was* peeping, but then it is a part of my profession to do so whenever I think an occasion warrants my peeping—and she called, oh, so softly and sweetly:

"Oh, Pierrot!"

The man stopped short and reconnoitered—I held my breath for fear he'd find me and accuse me of trying to flirt—but he didn't, he gave it up. Then the minx in the tree laughed, such a silvery, tinkling laugh, and she called again:

"Oh, Pierrot!"

Then he looked up and saw her.

"Oh you Pierrette," he said, and I knew that voice—it was John Huntley's.

Now there are three things to be said about John Huntley; he is the most eligible, the most courted, and the most elusive young bachelor in Leighton; then, too, he is Mrs. Huntley-Leigh's sole surviving relative, and the apple of her eye; and beside all this he is our most prominent attorney-at-law. I couldn't place the girl, and I have a pretty good memory—it is a part of my profession to have one, you know.

"Who are you, sweetness?" John Huntley asked the girl in the tree.

"'Who is Sylvia?'" she mocked back.

John Huntley laughed, and the shimmering vision in the old oak sang on:

"'Is she kind as she is fair—
For Beauty lives with Kindness—
To her eyes Love doth repair,
To help him of his blindness.'"

John Huntley threw away his cigar.

"Sylvia, you adorable little witch," he cried, "I'm coming up." And up he went!

Then I took myself to task. "Delia O'Donnell," I said very sternly and severely, "you're intruding. How would you like for someone to listen in on yours and Jerry's big scene?"

And anyway, as the conversation was being carried on *sotto voce* and I couldn't hear a word, I decided to make a quiet getaway—which precaution was entirely unnecessary.

* * * * * *

It must have been eleven o'clock when that awful, never-to-be-forgotten, blood-curdling cry came piercing down the stairs to the big dining-room where the caterers were serving ices and coffee—"MURDER!"

Of course I was sent there to get copy for the society column, and the Chief never sensed anything sensational or he would have given Jerry one of those little white tickets (Jerry is our feature writer, and he's great on murders—that is how he became a war correspondent). But as Jerry wasn't there, I did my best for the old paper, and I grabbed my notebook and followed those who were not too petrified to move upstairs.

"Delia O'Donnell," I said to myself, "here is where you do double time. Perhaps the Chief will recognize talent and quick work, and if you cover this for Jerry he will give you both his blessing, and Jerry that hoped-for raise in salary."

And, leave it to Delia, I covered it.

By this time I was at the door of Mrs. Huntley-Leigh's dressing-room door. Simms, the butler, was trying to hold back the crowd that was elbowing its way into the room. He was terribly pale and was shaking quite visibly, and no wonder! For there on the floor lay the bodies of Gregson, the private detective whom Mrs. Huntley-Leigh had secretly installed in her dressing-room in the event of a possible robbery, and Mrs. Huntley-Leigh herself! Hortense, the little French maid, was standing close by shivering with fright and chattering unintelligibly.

By some strange freak of my imagination—perhaps because I was covering Jerry's field—I imagined I *was* Jerry, Jerry reporting again in No-Man's Land, and I wrote:

"GREAT BATTLE!—Casualties—Two Dead, One"—I was looking at Hortense then—"Shell-shocked. The enemy's attack was sudden and unexpected. He retreated, however, under heavy fire"—Gregson's revolver lay limply in his right hand—"All was confusion"—all of the bureau drawers were pulled out and their contents spilled over the room.

Well, by the time they had cleared the scene of action of the morbid crowd (I remained, for it was a part of my profession to be there) and had revived Mrs. Huntley-Leigh, who had merely fainted, after all, and telephoned for the police and the ambulance, Hortense managed to come to and make herself intelligible.

"The pearls," she gasped, "Madame's magnificent pearls—Mon Dieu, they are gone!"

Anyway, there had been a robbery. I revised my copy. Then, being of an inquisitive turn of mind—but you must know that it is a part of my profession to be so—I began to look around. Presently I saw—lying near the corner of a dresser—what do you think?—one of those silly scarlet pompons! My heart lost a beat. *Sylvia!* I looked helplessly at Hortense who was standing beside me! I held it out to her questioningly. Hortense wrinkled up her pretty little forehead and thought seriously. Suddenly she beamed.

"Oui," she said, "Mademoiselle she wish some rouge et poudre."

Just then John Huntley came up to me, he had seen that foolish little pompon, and, my word, he was pale.

"If you don't mind," he said, very calmly and politely, "I should like to have that."

What was I to do but to hand it over?

Before long the police arrived, and the ambulance with the doctor, who was a young interne from the new Leighton Hospital. He advised that Mrs. Huntley-Leigh be removed to the hospital along with Gregson who was still unconscious: he said she was suffering from shock.

I revised my copy again. I crossed out "shell."

* * * * * *

Two weeks passed. Gregson, still in the hospital, remembered that he had heard only a quick noise behind him at an open window, and as he turned to investigate—at the same time drawing his revolver—he suddenly knew no more. Gregson had been hit in the back of his head and knocked senseless by the butt end of a revolver, he had a wicked wound. Mrs. Huntley-Leigh was still in the hospital, too, much to the professional pride of the institution. One afternoon I went over to see her. I found her propped up in an invalid's chair at the window.



"Oh Pierrot!"

"Well, Delia," she said warmly, "come in and keep me company a while; it is rather lonely sitting here by oneself. My nurse is off duty just now, and she left me to the tender mercies of the little pupil nurse who is on duty in the hall.

"Delia," Mrs. Huntley-Leigh leaned closer to me, "don't be afraid to talk about the night of the party, I'm as well as I ever was, and Mr. Gregson is doing splendidly. John and I have talked it all over, but I'd like to have your version of it."

I wondered to myself whether John had told her about Sylvia and the oak tree episode, but I didn't mention it. I had a strong hunch that her nurse did not allow her to think of the affair when she was present, for Mrs. Huntley-Leigh was acting with all the cunning of a child who tries to be naughty behind the teacher's back. I decided not to talk about the tragic side of it so I began to give her an imitation of Mrs. R. Sylvester Smythe's sketch in the dressing-room, never dreaming it would hurt her, and she began to laugh, and she laughed and laughed until the tears rolled over her cheeks; then she started in to cry, and she laughed and cried alternately until I was really frightened and rang frantically for a nurse.

The little pupil nurse and John Huntley—half hidden by a million dollars or two of American Beauty roses—came in together. The nurse took in the situation at a glance and began to talk soothingly to Mrs. Huntley-Leigh. At the sound of her voice I pricked up my ears and listened. As I remarked before, I have a pretty good memory—it is a part of my profession. I gathered that her name was Miss Elliot, and, take it from Delia, Miss Elliot was some looker. She had a wealth of blue-black hair under her pert little white cap, it reminded one of blue flames playing over black coals, and her eyes were big and brown and wistful.

Having done about all the damage I could do for one day I decided to depart. At the door I looked back; little Miss Elliot was relieving John Huntley of his florist shop.

"John," I said very calmly and serenely (John Huntley and I went through grammar school together, we know each other very well), "may I have a word with you in the hall?"

He followed me out.

"John," I said solemnly, "who was Sylvia?"

"Delia O'Donnell," he cried, seizing me by the shoulders, "you were *peeping!*"

"Well," said I, drawing myself up with all the dignity I could muster, "what if I were? That, you know, is a part of my profession."

I walked down the corridor very cool and sedately. John came after me.

"Delia, tell me if you know, who the devil *is* Sylvia?"

"That, Mr. Huntley, is for me to know, and for you to find out."

He seemed exasperated.

"See here, Delia, I can't take time to argue with you. If you know who that girl is and refuse to reveal her name, you are shielding a suspected thief, and in the eyes of the law you are an accomplice. For the love of heaven, Delia, speak!"

I spoke.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Huntley," I said coldly.

He actually believed that *Sylvia* had stolen those pearls! Ah, John, John Huntley, where was your faith?

* * * * * *

The office force have a joke among themselves; they call Jerry,—my Jerry, you know—the defective detective, this because Jerry's keen on tracking down criminals on his own responsibility. "Many a reporter," says Jerry to me, "has solved more mysteries singled-handed than the whole police force and detective agency combined." But poor Jerry was always on the wrong scent.

He fooled them this time, however.

Jerry had a strong suspicion that a regular crook pulled off that job the night of the Bal Masque. He contended that a girl like Sylvia—of course I had told him all about Sylvia—could not have done it, especially could not have given Gregson that terrific blow in the head. And he was right. One day, about a month later, Jerry walked into the district attorney's office and told them where to get the thief. And they got him. Also the pearls.

In the meanwhile I was doing some sleuthing of my own. First I went to Miss Hart, the superintendent of nurses, at the new Leighton Hospital, and asked her what Miss Elliot's given name was. She consulted her register.

"Sylvia," she told me.

"And can you tell me, please, Miss Hart," I asked sweetly, "whether or not Miss Elliot received a ticket to the masquerade given by Mrs. Huntley-Leigh about a month ago?"

Miss Hart looked puzzled. "Why, yes," she said slowly, "the superintendent of the hospital, the internes—all but one who remained on call—the supervisors, all the senior nurses—Miss Elliot is a senior—and I, went on Mrs. Huntley-Leigh's special invitation. I hope there is no trouble, Miss O'Donnell?"

"Oh, dear no, Miss Hart," I said, and my heart was nearly jumping up into my mouth, "everything is all right, everything is just perfectly all right."

Then I went to John Huntley's office. John was looking like the last rose of summer. He raised a haggard face to mine as I went in, and tried to smile. He surely was hard hit!

"John," I said very low and tenderly, "if I were to tell you who Sylvia is will you ask your Aunt Regina for a new set of large type for our pressroom? And will you see that Jerry Carruthers gets a raise in salary—enough to make a salary that two can live on?"

John shook his head reprovingly.

"That," I said, drawing myself up to my five-feet-two-and-a-half, "that is a part of my profession."

"Ah, Delia, you are a gentle grafter."

"I'll tell you, Delia, who Sylvia is," said John dreamily, "she is a beautiful dream, a glimpse of Heaven, a bit of moonlight madness, a breath of exquisite perfume, a strain of enchanting melody, a charming fairy that flitted for a little while—from fairyland, a Cinderella who left her hearth and ashes for a single night and disappeared on the stroke of twelve, leaving behind a part of her tiny slipper."

My word! He was hard hit! From his breast pocket he took that ridiculous scarlet pompon.

"Fiddlesticks!" I said. "For a brilliant lawyer, John, you are the most stupid lover I have ever seen. Go down to the hospital and ask to see Miss Elliot and use your eyes, man, use your eyes! 'Cinderella' nothing," I snorted, "she left at twelve because, by the rules and regulations of the institution, she had to report at the nurses' home at that time."

"Delia," shouted John, seizing my hands in his, "you angel. Jerry gets that raise and the pressroom gets the new type."

He grabbed his hat and made a mad rush for the door.

"This way out," I said, holding it open, "and please don't crowd, take it slowly and avoid accidents."

"Delia O'Donnell," he cried, "leave it to you to track old Romance to his lair."

"That," I said, very low and demurely, "is a part of my profession."

But he was gone.

Don't argue with a fool—someone may overhear the argument and be unable to tell which is the fool.

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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

The Welcome Guest

IF you had been with me, Pretty Girls, on a recent week-end in the country, you would guess at once what I am about to say, for everyone who was a member of that little houseparty came away, I am sure, with the same thoughts at the back of their heads.

There was a very pretty girl among the guests, and we all arrived at the same time at the small station, from which we were to walk or drive to the little lake on which our friends lived. The majority of the young people were in favor of a walk of four miles as "a lot of fun." All, with one exception, wore "sneakers" or tennis shoes, simple clothes, and carried little in the way of baggage. The latter did not matter, in any case, for we were to leave our packs in town to be called for. The pretty girl had on high-heeled patent leather pumps, very pretty to look at but totally unsuited for anything but sitting still, and a very pretty white dress which certainly would not look so white at the end of the four-mile walk.

We will all have to admit that she was game, and did not balk at the idea of walking, but the thing we do remember, besides, is that we all had to stop at the little hotel and wait while she changed her shoes and stockings. She knew she was going into the country and that it was to be a "rough-and-ready" week-end, yet she could not resist making herself as pretty as possible, trusting to luck that she would not have to do any walking.

When we arrived at the house, and all of us were helping to unpack and get the simple meal it was Enid who had to slip away to "dress," and who kept us all waiting because her hair was not dressed when six or seven hungry voices called "Dinner!"

It was Enid, next morning, who was late downstairs, and whose every hair was pinned as it should be when she appeared, who had on becoming clothes and pretty stockings, and looked fresh and dainty to behold. But—and here's the point—few of us felt inclined to dwell on her appearance because the coffee had been ready for some time and was not improving with standing. Shortly after breakfast, a walk in the woods was proposed. Enid was as eager as any of us to go, but called to us to wait a minute while she ran upstairs to get a hat. We waited ten minutes, fifteen minutes, twenty minutes, and then Enid came down in a lovely silk sweater and a darling Tam, and her hair had been freshly arranged, so that she looked as cool and sweet as possible. But, again, none of us felt inclined to consider this, for we had all been fuming at the delay. If we wanted to go rowing, we waited for Enid; if we wanted to drive into town, Enid was gayly anxious to go along, and again we waited, because she changed her waist and added a few decorative touches.

So our days went by, the few of them there were. At all times Enid was a lovely picture at which to gaze, but nobody felt like gazing, and when we once more started homeward, you may be sure it was not Enid who was the center of the men's attention. No, indeed, it was a good-natured, not especially pretty girl, who wore, most of the time she was there, the same rough-and-ready sport skirt, with tennis shoes, a simple sport hat, and whose only changes of attire were the addition of clean blouses when needed. Never did we have to wait for her, never did she seem to be thinking of the impression she was making; she had freckles on her nose, sunburn on her arms, her hair wasn't waved nor done up elaborately, but she had been ready for every bit of fun we had, as well as every bit of work, such as washing dishes or frying eggs. She was far and away more popular than Enid, lovely and gracious and sweet as the latter was.

What's the answer? I guess you all know. Enid was constantly thinking of the impression she was making; being beautiful was her serious occupation, and someway we all found that while we liked beautiful things and especially beautiful girls, something was taken from their beauty if they spent much thought upon it themselves. Enid might as well have been as homely as a mud fence for all the interest anybody took in her.

So, girls, while I want you all to make the most of your good looks, I do not want you to spend all your thoughts upon your appearance. When you are dressing in the morning, see that you are properly dressed and look to the best advantage—then *forget it*. And if you are a guest and want to be a welcome one again, never take time to make a toilet when other people will have to wait for you. Enid should have worn her sport shoes up on the train; she would then have been ready for anything. She should have dressed quickly in the morning so that she could at once respond to any plan on foot, and not require a special toilet; she should have been willing to wear the hat nearest at hand, in fact should have had only one hat with her considering the kind of outing she was on. And never should she have given anybody the impression that she was thinking how she looked.

One toilet in the morning is not sufficient for the entire day, of course, but it doesn't take long to slip off one's blouse, wash quickly, give a hasty rub with powder, and slip on a fresh blouse. Learn to dress quickly, and never to keep anybody waiting while you "beautify." For you will never seem beautiful to anybody if they guess you are trying to seem so.

Answers to Questions

I. L.—Just ask your druggist for Mascara, and he will give you the right thing. For the milk diet, when I say "take one glass of milk," I mean, of course, the ordinary tumbler which holds half a pint. The milk should be sweet. Pasteurized milk is all right, but so is milk fresh from the cow if it is your cow and you know it is healthy and the milking properly done in a sanitary fashion. All freckle remedies act about the same—that is, several applications burn the outer skin away and eradicate the brown spot which is below the skin. As I have said many times, the skin is left sensitive and you will have to be very careful to protect it with cold cream, big hats, parasols, etc., or you will promptly freckle again. Lemon juice applied to some freckles will remove them; grated horseradish will dispose of others. But whatever remedy you use, treat the skin carefully after, applying some zinc ointment or a good cold cream. Remember what you will have done is burn away a piece of your skin.

POPPY.—The mark you refer to is, of course, not a scar, but a skin condition Looking after your general health is about the only thing that will help it, so feed yourself well, drink lots of water, bathe the entire body daily, practice deep breathing, get plenty of outdoor exercise and enough restful sleep with your windows open winter as well as summer. Drink plenty of good sweet milk, if possible; it will be one of the best things possible for you. Eat plenty of vegetables and be sure to avoid fried foods. Keep the bowels in good condition by exercise, drinking plenty of water and by eating proper foods—fruits, vegetables, etc. Eat plenty of cereal and cream or milk for your breakfast, as well as some fruit. You do not weigh enough, so your bust does not have the necessary material with which to develop. If you want a larger bust you must feed yourself the proper food to build flesh and fat, so that there will be enough to go around and you will find that your bust develops as your whole body adds weight. Try to gain ten or twelve pounds. Your hips are small, because you do not weigh enough. With a waist measure of 26, your hips and bust should each be 36, but if your waist increases to 28, then bust and hips should increase in the same proportion, which would make them 38. No, I do not answer letters by mail, and your informant is mistaken. My correspondence is so large and so many people want to know the same thing that one letter answered in these columns will take care of twenty or thirty similar inquiries. It would be impossible, you can see, to write to thirty people for every question that needed an answer.

BROWN EYES.—I should not tamper with the moles. They are dangerous to meddle with, as when scratched or irritated they sometimes develop into malignant growths. I would let them alone—besides they are rather fashionable, making the surrounding skin look whiter than it really is. Keep your skin well cared for.

MARY LOUISE.—For a long face, the hair should be dressed to be full at the side of the head. You might try parting the hair in the middle, and again from the middle of the top of the head to each ear, so that the front hair would be in two sections. Now make a third part just back of the crown of the head, across the head. Pin this third section out of the way while you comb the back section up and coil the ends firmly at the crown of the head. Now comb the "third section," back over this coil, doubling its ends under itself, and pinning over the coil. Take one of the front sections next and arrange it so that it will be puffed a little over the ear but not quite covering it. Put in invisible pins as you arrange it. Then do the same with the other side, and coil the ends of both at the back of the head just below the point where you have pinned the "third section." This sounds complicated and *is*, more or less. Another pretty way, if your hair is very heavy, is to part it in the middle from forehead to nape of the neck. Braid in two braids, and cross at the nape, bringing up and around the head. You want to leave the front hair loose enough so that when the braids are pinned in position, you can pull loose curves of hair down on your forehead. Lap the locks just a tiny bit, with an invisible pin, at the part, and do the same with the back part, after running a comb through it above the braid so that no part will show.

OHIO GIRL.—To reduce your legs, at the calves, practice the following exercise: Standing with heels together, toes slightly apart, hands on hips, chin up and back straight, rise to your tiptoes slowly, and count five; now let the heels sink slowly back to the floor; rise again, and so on for five or ten minutes. Keep the knees straight during this exercise. The open pores on your face should be closed by the persistent use of cold water after bathing with warm. You need also plenty of outdoor exercise, and of course a daily body bath, with a final brisk rubbing with a Turkish towel. Do not rub the face hard but give it a quick frictioning with a soft towel. Do not use ice on the face.



PRETTY BUT TOO CONSCIOUS OF THE FACT.

BLISS.—Thank you for all the nice words. With pimples on arms, face, chest and back, your blood needs looking after. No outside remedy will help you. What you want to do is to get busy and rid your system of the impurities which can't get out any other way and so force their way out through the pores. Bowels first of all, of course. Don't take cathartics, but drink quantities of water, eat fruit, and exercise, exercise, exercise! Don't eat constipating foods. Potatoes are apt to constipate and so is white bread, especially hot bread and griddle-cakes, etc. Cut out white bread and potatoes, therefore, for the time being. Drink a couple of glasses of water on rising in the morning, but not until you have exercised for five minutes. Drink two glasses of water—not more than three-quarters of a glass at a time—during the morning, the same during the afternoon, and before going to bed drink two more glasses. Soak half-a-dozen prunes in a full glass of water at night, and eat them in the morning, drinking the juice. Do this every day. Or put prunes to soak, or cook them for more than an hour the next morning, over a slow flame. Eat a big dish of prunes every morning. Sprinkle a little prepared bran into your other cereal that you eat for breakfast. It is very good added to oatmeal, which has been well cooked. Bathe yourself daily, every inch of your body. With pimples you must be careful not to rub the skin too hard, pat it gently. A few weeks of this treatment, plus exercise, and I think your pimples will be a thing of the past. As to the hair under the arms, any depilatory will do to use there, but the hair will come back and you will have to use it again. With your color hair and eyes, I should think you could wear French blue, rose, sienna, a delicate green if you have color in your cheeks, dark blue, cinnamon brown, white.

JUNE.—I do not think your case is very ordinary. I should avoid tight brassieres if I were you, for binding the bust tight is not good for it. You are much over weight, and should reduce, no matter whether you feel satisfied with your weight. You ought to lose fifty pounds. In the loss of this flesh, perhaps the bust will adjust itself. I do not know what causes this condition, though a doctor might be able to tell you. I should keep up a gentle massage of the small breast, using a circular motion with cocoa-butter on the fingers or smeared first on the breast. The gentle use of an electric vibrator round and round this breast might help the condition. Of course you understand that the breast must never be handled roughly. I do not know how much truth there is in the admonition in regard to a nursing baby, but if you should have a child, your doctor could advise you. My first advice to you is to reduce fifty pounds. I talked at considerable length about just how to reduce, in a recent issue of COMFORT, so perhaps you are already following those directions.

DIMPLE OF NORTH DAKOTA.—You are a pretty brave girl to take your responsibilities so cheerfully, but you will be glad of it later on when that dad of yours is with you no longer. I know from practical experience how glad we are to be able to look back and know that we did the best we could and did it cheerfully. Now about that skin exposed to all kinds of weather and constantly. You understand that wind and sun combine to dry up the oil in the skin which keeps it soft, so each night you must try to put back what has been taken away from it. Wash it thoroughly at night, dry it, then rub in plenty of cold cream and do not go to bed immediately. The skin will absorb the surplus grease soon. This will keep the skin soft. Before you go out in the field or garden in the morning, rub in some more thoroughly, and dust powder over it after the surplus cream has been wiped off. When you come in at noon, rub a little cold cream on your face and wipe it off with a soft cloth, instead of using water on the face. All the dirt will come off beautifully, and you will not dry the skin by using water on it to take away its oil. Rub a hand lotion into the hands after washing them, each time. Only in this way can you keep a good skin. Don't "peel" the skin, as you suggest; the skin underneath would be more sensitive than ever, and you would soon have a very bad looking face.

OPAL.—What to do to get fleshy? Well, my dear, *eat!* And you must eat good healthful things, such as a big bowl of cereal with cream in the morning, a dish of stewed prunes or berries or a piece of melon, and for other meals, boiled rice with sugar and cream, potatoes, milk, bacon, green vegetables, fresh fruits, not too much cake, no pie, plenty of ice cream when you can get it. It is a good plan to eat a dish of rice between dinner or supper and going to bed. Use sugar and cream on it; this is a good way to add flesh.

FRECKLES.—There is no way to make your hair red except by dyeing it, and that I do not recommend. Keep it well shampooed and the red lights in it will show up better. See answer to Ohio Girl" about developing the legs.

R. F.—I am afraid, my dear, that your question is one that belongs to a physician. I cannot answer it satisfactorily, but in the meantime see what I have said to "Bliss" and follow those directions.

CURIOUS.—There is no way to remove such birthmarks as you describe. You might try concealing them in the following way. Wet the spots, powder them white, then over this place a layer of flexible collodion, which you can buy of your druggist in a tube, squeezing on enough to cover the spot. Now powder over this with a flesh-colored powder. Try this, and see if it will not improve matters. In any case, if people ask you about the spots, just laugh and say, "Oh, that's a birthmark." If you take it lightly yourself, other people will also.

GREY EYES.—I should be willing to wager that you are pretty fond of sweet things and eat too much of them. Cut out all cake, pie, preserves, sweet desserts and rich gravies, as well as fat meat, for you weigh too much, my dear. Eat lots of vegetables; they won't make you fat and yet are good for you. So are fresh fruits. Your oily skin, your pimples and blackheads all come from improper diet. Bathe all over every day, and get plenty of exercise, and with these precautions you should be able to get rid of some of your excess fat and with it pimples, oily skin and all.

MISSOURI.—I am sorry it is against the rules of the department to answer letters by mail. For excessive perspiration, eat simply during the summer (vegetables and fruits), take body baths daily, and an extra sponge bath before dressing late in the afternoon if that is your custom. Keep the hair under your arms removed either with a safety razor or a depilatory. After thoroughly scrubbing the armpits, pat them with a flannel pad filled with cornstarch. Some women dampen a cake of white toilet soap and gently rub over the armpit, then pat with cornstarch pad. Bathing the armpit with boric acid is another good thing to do. The best thing to avoid perspiration is to avoid getting overheated, and the way to do that is to eat lightly of light foods, avoiding meats, rich pastries, gravies, etc., so that your blood is not heated with these food elements; then dress lightly, move without flurry, powder the entire skin after bathing and do not wear any article of clothing which is tight.

ELLA.—There is no such thing as peroxide of ammonia. Are you sure you did not make the mistake in copying it out? The two ingredients to be used in removing superfluous hair are peroxide of hydrogen and ammonia. It is quite likely the ammonia you are using is all right, being merely colored, though it may have been diluted. The object of the peroxide is to bleach and dry the hair, of the ammonia to kill the roots. How long it takes depends on many things. No one can tell how long any particular case will take, as hair varies. The ordinary spirits of ammonia can be used, if your special ammonia is not producing results. If the skin becomes irritated from the application of the ammonia, stop the treatment for a day and rub on a little cold cream.

Address all letters containing questions to
KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

Christmas present interfered with my answering some of your letters, but I tried to answer all who sent stamps.

To those who wrote about homesteads in this section please write to the Montrose Gov. Land Office, Montrose, Colo., for information.

Also my advice to those who wrote for information about taking girls from orphanages is this: Be careful. I had my girl only one week when I wrote my last letter and, of course, the first few weeks any girl will try to make good. Later on she caused us so much trouble that we have never regretted her absence and my experience coupled with others I know has been this: Either know well the girl's personal habits or else take a younger child so you can train her from the beginning. It is a beautiful deed, everyone knows, for a woman to take a babe in arms from an orphanage and rear it as her own. Surely one who does that deserves Heaven's richest gifts.

Now a few words about Mother love. Isn't it the most wonderful thing in all the world? I'm afraid most of us never appreciate our mothers until we are mothers ourselves. I never did, but now every day my own little mother means more to me, while I am caring for my own babies. She sits high up on a pedestal in my thoughts—enshrined. How many of you are blessed with young mothers, as I am? I was born just before mother had her sixteenth birthday, so, God willing, I will have her many wonderful years yet. Don't think of your mother just on Mothers' Day, but every day in the year send her a kind thought. I would ask no greater blessing for discouraged people than that they could have a mother like mine. Mrs. Wilkinson, please print this letter soon so if "Mother O' Mine" reads her COMFORT she will know her daughter appreciates her and truly loves her, although I think she knows it. Another thing, we do not confide in Mother enough. It is not necessary to confide the sorrows for these she will want to carry on her own back, which may not be as strong as yours, but do confide every joy. Remember, it is your mother who always stands ready to go to the "jumping off" place with you. We can all be Lincolns in that one thing—love of Mother.

Regards to all, MRS. BEN MCDONOUGH.

Mrs. McDonough.—Thank you for telling me that my little postscripts mean much to the readers. They seem very commonplace to me but it is difficult to say anything very clever in a few words, but I can talk a "blue streak."—Ed.

MARION, ILL.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have taken COMFORT for many years and although I have never attempted a letter to this corner I am now writing for help and advice.

I am a young widow, with four children, the oldest seven years and the youngest sixteen months. I find it necessary to start some means of support for myself and children. I have a sister younger than myself who is willing to help me. We have discussed several plans and finally decided we would like a small business of some sort, at home.

We are situated on a main road about a mile and a half from a thriving city. We think if we could have a small stand of some sort it would go very well in this community. We could start with only a few things and as our trade increased we could add to our stock of supplies.

Won't some of the sisters please write of their experience in this line, or some other? It would be much appreciated by us.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Old Subscriber.—I've often wondered if the stands seen by the roadside, catering to automobile trade, were profitable, and here is a chance to find out from someone. They must be, there are so many of them, in this section at any rate. It would have made matters much easier for yourself, and for me, if you had not asked me to withhold your name, but doubtless you had your reasons for so doing.—Ed.

WILSONVILLE, ALA.

DEAR COMFORT READERS:

My friend, Miss Roma Coleman, of Cuthbert, Ga., and I desire to thank through the pages of COMFORT each and every one who kindly contributed to our letter shower. Truly, it was a success beyond our wildest expectations. Words are inadequate to express our appreciation and we regret that we are unable to reply to all. We shall ever keep our big bunch of letters, cards and reading matter as a souvenir of our COMFORT letter shower. You have made the world brighter for us.

MISS PERDIE G. HOLLAND.

DENVER, COLO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Mother has always taken COMFORT and I have read it for many years and seen how many have been helped by advice from the sisters and I wondered if you would help me.

I am a young woman of seventeen. That may sound young to you but really I am lots older. I feel at least forty. Although I have never once admitted it to a person, I believe that I love a married man. I can't forget him although I have tried and tried. Maybe I don't know what love is. I like him and admire him. His wife has been a friend of mine and mother's for five years. However, she doesn't sympathize or help her husband. He likes to go and have a good time. Does she do his way half of the time? No, she will not go but stays at home and nags. Isn't it natural that he should look elsewhere for happiness and I believe he has found it, but—the matter is further complicated by the fact that there are three children, eight, five and three years of age. He is young, only twenty-eight and she is twenty-seven but one would think she was his mother to look at her.

I have read much on this subject but cannot find my way clear.

Should we forget or try to forget each other or has he a right to his happiness and I to mine?

My parents have lived an unhappy, loveless life and I know what it will mean to them to continue their life together. The children must be cared for, I realize, but I love children and his are especially dear. They call me Aunt and everyone says they mind and like me better than they do their mother.

Have I the right to grasp my chance to happiness for I know my life will be bare without him or shall I give up and let the children and mother continue in this loveless state?

I cannot confide in my parents for they would have no sympathy for me but surely there is someone who will tell me what to do and help me to do what is right and best for us.

Yours sincerely, COLORADO GIRL.

Colorado Girl.—If you weren't so young I'd be tempted to scold you but even at your age you should be able to judge right from wrong. What about the wife's chance to happiness? No wonder she looks old. Bearing and caring for three children, while Friend Husband goes out for a good time, isn't conducive to beauty in any woman. Chances are when he married her she was as young and good looking as you are and liked a good time as well. Who is to blame? Simply because she doesn't want to go out for a good time doesn't mean that she wouldn't like to but she is too true a woman and mother to neglect her children. Someone has to shoulder the responsibilities, and her husband doesn't seem to be much of a man. If I were you I'd be ashamed of myself for even thinking that I cared for him. —Ed.

LOST LAKE, ALTA., CANADA. VIA PEACE RIVER.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I want to thank you, through this department, for the papers and magazines sent me. They will help me pass away many a long hour. And I'd like to say a little about our country. Our homestead is forty miles west of Peace River Crossing. The railroad goes to Berwyn, 22 miles from here. They are building it further west this year and that will "make" the country. There is land to be homesteaded here, also to be bought. There are many small lakes and creeks. There is plenty of hay. The land has to be cleared to be plowed. Oats are a good green-feed crop but do not ripen well on account of the early frosts. Oats average about 65 bushels to the acre, wheat from 40 to 58 bushels per acre. Potatoes and root gardens are a sure crop and yield heavily. There are all kinds of wild

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

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The King's Jester

By Elizabeth Emmett

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THE golden glow of romance had been denied to Marietta. Though she sensed the bitterness of this fact, she faced it philosophically.

"It's no fault of mine," she confided to the mirror as she dusted it, "but due to the accidents of birth and circumstances."

Marietta never consulted the mirror for pleasure. She knew she had two eyes, a nose, a mouth, et cetera, and though she could not determine which feature was at fault, the ensemble was not pleasing.

"Must be that they're put together wrong, but I'm no hand for solving picture puzzles. There's my face as the Lord made it, and it must be that He made it that way for a purpose. And, praises be, faces don't interfere with work—not my kind of a face, at least."

With the duster over her shoulder she descended to the kitchen where lamp chimneys awaited washing.

"Goodness, Marietta, it seems to me you grow homelier every day of your life."

It may have been the smut of lampblack across Marietta's nose that called forth this remark from her aunt. Marietta was not conscious of the smut, but the chimney clicked against the faucet at reference to her looks. She paused to see if the glass was chipped, then turned to her aunt, uneven teeth showing through a grin.

"Didn't know I could grow any homelier, but handsome is as handsome does, you've often said."

The click in Mrs. Green's throat bespoke irritation.

"Well, I can't see as you're going to do anything handsome. Here you are nearly nineteen and never had a fellow so much as walk home from the post office with you. When I was your age I was married and had twins."

Marietta continued philosophically:

"I never did hanker after twins."

As she swished the soapy water around in the lamp chimney her eyes strayed to where groups of twins, and offsprings that were not twins, littered the room either personally or with their possessions. There had been just the original twins when she, a seven-year-old orphan, came to live with her aunt. Since then there seemed as if there always had been a new baby for her to care for; her aunt apparently thinking she had done her duty by bringing it into the world.

From the disordered room Marietta's gaze strayed to her aunt's fat-cluttered figure. Involuntarily she compared it with her own wiry person.

"My figure is better than hers," she reflected. "At least, I can bend down to tie my shoestring instead of letting it trail along the floor."

A further comparison of merits was checked by the arrival of a servant from The Big House on the Hill. Little Master David was taking on something dreadful. Would Marietta come and pacify him?

"I don't know as I can spare her in the middle of a Saturday morning," demurred Mrs. Green, but Marietta already was drying her hands. Her aunt always pretended to oppose her going to the Big House, though secretly glad of the chance for Marietta to earn money.

"I'll come right along as soon as I change my dress." Marietta smiled at the servant. "What's particularly the matter with little David this morning?"

"The circus parade upset him. Even up on the hill he could hear the shouts of the youngsters as it passed through the valley. And the pain's desperate bad, too; so bad he can't sit up. His father's nigh beside himself trying to amuse him, and all the time he keeps calling for you."

"Tell him I'll be right there," said Marietta, and hurried upstairs to change her dress.

The home of little David Huntly was as a shrine to Marietta. From her aunt's untidy house (the poorest type in Tatoona, a village nestling in the valley in the foothills of the Catskills) she raised her eyes a hundred times a day to the massive pillars of the house that gleamed from the highest hill.

Its owner, David Huntly, Senior, was the only man of wealth in the village. That he held himself aloof from the village people caused no resentment among them, but colored more highly the yarns they wove about him.

He was a broken-hearted man, some said, and the death of his wife had made the sight of other women hateful to him. Others said that his life was consecrated to the welfare of his crippled son, whose birth had snuffed out the life of the mother. But the malicious gossips enjoyed telling that Huntly had broken his wife's heart; that he was responsible for the automobile accident that had resulted in disfigurement for her, and then, being a worshiper of beauty, he had turned from her with loathing.

Marietta knew the true version. The housekeeper had told her.

"I was in the room and saw it all," she said. "It is true he was startled, horrified, when the bandages were first removed. I was, myself. Her face, that had been the bonniest ever, was a sight to hurt eyes. But after that he was tender as a newly-in-love lover, and continued so up to the day she breathed her last and little David breathed his first. And he was one who had loathed ugliness in any form, too."

Marietta had winced at that last statement. She thought of it again as she left the messy yard and hastened toward her shrine. It was a morning gladsome with that winsome waywardness of late May. The valley lay like an emerald dropped in a cleft in the earth and, like steps enticing one to heaven, the hills rose one behind another until gray-crowned peaks and blue-arched dome met.

Marietta sniffed the air pregnant with blossoming promise of fruit. She watched a bird winging its flight with movements that made one clean-cut line of beauty. Her breath caught with pain. With the shedding of her kitchen apron she had dropped the shield of flippancy with which she braved life's ridicule. She lifted her eyes, not to the shrine, but to infinity.

"God, if you are God, why am I the one ugly spot on the day?"

And "that inverted bowl we call the sky" veiled the answer, if answer there was, to her question.

She dropped to less abstruse though still puzzling ponderings.

Mr. Huntly loathed ugliness in any form. Did he loathe the sight of her among his beautiful possessions? To be among them sent ecstatic thrills through her who never had felt the thrill of love's caress. She loved the feel of the polished floor beneath her feet. Surreptitiously she had touched a beautiful tapestry with tingling finger-tips. The housekeeper, with whom, as with all the servants, Marietta was a favorite, frequently showed her about the house, and sometimes left her to absorb at will the pervading beauty.

The master of the house had once caught the girl kneeling before a bit of statuary, intoxicated with its beauty, but too reverent to touch. In his kindly way he had explained the significance of its grouping. And Marietta, imbued with some of the enchantment of the place, freed from the self-consciousness which as a rule laid heavy bonds upon her, had answered intelligently. "Quite as if I were someone else, instead of Marietta Whitely," as she later expressed it quaintly to herself.

Now she relived the scene on that May morning, and passed from that to the other occasions when he had noticed her.

There was the time when he had loaned her a book—and forgotten all about the incident, as she discovered when she returned the book, hoping that he would talk with her about it.

There was another time when, sent into the garden by the housekeeper, she had come upon him with his face pressed upon the heart of a rose heavy with dew. He had not seemed so impersonal then; almost like a boy in his embarrassment as he, evidently to dissipate his confusion, plucked an armful of roses and thrust them upon her.

Mr. Huntly was gloomy, yes. Never had Marietta seen him smile. But the gloom, she thought, accorded with his dark eyes and finely-chiseled features.

Marietta was not gushing even in her highest moods of sentiment, but in her heart she classified the silent master of the house as The Prince in Search of Joy. The crippled heir was The Little King; and she was the King's Jester. Within the sick room the girl forgot the hatefulness of ugliness and used it gleefully to make the child forget his pain. Sweet-faced was David, and usually sweet-wayed. But when the "bad moments" seized him only Marietta could hush his peevish whining; only Marietta could still the temper that wantonly wrecked toys and hurled impertinence at elders. And only Marietta could make him laugh.

How tantalizing to a wee boy, held prisoner by pain, must have been the stray reminders of a circus. She quickened her steps while she rehearsed plans for outdoing previous exhibitions. Since the King could not go the circus, the circus must go to the King.

What was it the master of the house had said in that most delicious interview of all? "The gods have blessed you, Marietta. There's magic in you. Only magic could make my boy laugh through pain."

Tingling words those. Marietta loved the sound of them. Magic stored in her despised self? Then let her draw bountifully upon the supply today.

The door stood open for her. She was needed here, and watched for. Her thoughts were dyed in beauty.

"And I climbed from the valley to an open door, and thence to happiness." Thus sang her heart.

She nodded to the housekeeper and ran up the stairs as fretful words, shrilly, sobbingly intoned, came down from the sick room:

"Why doesn't Marietta come? I want my Marietta. I won't be dood. I don't want to be dood. I want——"

Marietta's step upon the threshold cut the sentence. Propped up in bed, hectic flushes from pain and anger splashing his white skin, little David beheld his wish fulfilled and smiled wanly.

Marietta's high tide of happiness ebbed. Contrary to custom, David, Senior, was in the room, and little David insisted on his remaining to see her perform.

Down on her knees beside the boy she slipped hastily and tried to quiet him with a wonder tale. He pushed her from him.

"Don't want stories. Daddy tells stories. No dood." His thin hand stroked her face with a confiding gesture. "Make me laugh, Marietta, make me laugh!" he pleaded.

Marietta muttered an incoherent prayer and prepared to suffer.

"Crown me King," ordered David.

She placed on his dark brown curls the tinsel crown prepared for such occasions, tucked in his hand the worn scepter, and waited.

"Be a donkey," piped the little King.

There was magic in her, undoubtedly—the magic of mimicry. She did things to her hair. She made her ears stand out with a prominence not expected of human ears. She made them wag. Then she opened her mouth of generous size and brayed.

"Do it adain!" shrieked little David. "Do it adain!"

Marietta brayed again.

"Be a rooster," was the next command.

The chanticleer who thought he caused the sun to rise had no more grandiose pose than did Marietta as she strutted across the room, flapped her arms and crowed three times.

Little David's almost hysterical laugh was echoed by one of deeper timber. Marietta whitened and slipped into the role of clown, and never did clown perform more clownish antics. Every physical defect was exaggerated to the point of ludicrousness. She became a very caricature of herself.

Only once did she look toward the man, and something of her soul's anguish must have flashed from her eyes to his. While David's attention was absorbed he slipped away.

It was high noon when Marietta left the Big House, having declined the housekeeper's invitation to "stay and have a bite."

She felt as if Fate had flogged her, body and soul, unmercifully. "I have been down into the Valley of Humiliation," was the way she expressed it to herself. "And that, atop of the highest hill in Natoona." Quaint conceit, that, if one happened to be in the mood for it.

Never again would she lift her eyes to this hill as to a goal in the climb toward happiness. Never again could she think of the open door save as a trap into which she had walked blindly. And the master? Ah, never would she forget his eyes as she beheld them in that one scorching encounter.

"God, if you are God, why did you make me?" she blazed out into space.

And from beneath "that inverted bowl we call the sky," suddenly came the answer, when she had thought there was no one to hear!

"Marietta, will you talk with me here a while?"

She shrank from the voice of the master of the Big House, but turned toward him in involuntary obedience.

He was beside her on the dusty mountain road. He had waited where she must pass, in order that they might talk in the freedom of the open. She followed when he led the way to a large boulder.

As in the episode of the rose, he was hopelessly embarrassed. She was too numb from intense feeling to help ease the situation, and his first words stung like salt in a cut:

"You made me laugh, Marietta, and then you were angry because I laughed."

His next words held some of the wistfulness of little David:

"It's a gift of the gods, that power of yours to lift people out of their misery. You don't begrudge me the first laugh I've had in four years, do you?"

She mumbled something about being glad to please him, but it was the self-conscious Marietta of the Valley who spoke.

"The first laugh I've had in four years," he repeated, "and the first real cry. For I cried when I left, after you had turned your eyes upon me; cried for the barren years that I might have stored with beauty."

Marietta sought in vain for some adequate expression of her thoughts. She did not know that in the supreme moment of her torture he had caught a likeness of the anguish he once had seen in his wife's eyes. She was aware only of a soul in trouble; a soul which, like hers, had passed through bitter waters. And when he said: "I need you with me always, Marietta, to show me the beauty of the spirit," she slipped her hand in his.

The contact of his smooth skin against her roughened fingers thrust facts upon her again.

"I'm ugly!" The words burst from her.

"Are you, Marietta?" There was genuine surprise in his voice. "I've never noticed. I only know you've seemed a valiant little figure when I've watched you coming up the hill in rough as well as pleasant weather. I've watched for you as eagerly as has my boy. The house always seemed brighter when you were in it. Even if I did not see you, I was always near enough to hear you laugh. But until I found that I, too, could laugh, I did not dare let you know how much I wanted you. It would be so like you to give yourself just to make another happy. Can't we laugh together, Marietta, you and I and little David?"

Marietta nodded. Happiness would not let her speak. She raised her dark, irregular features to the sunlight and to David. And who shall say she was not beautiful at that moment!

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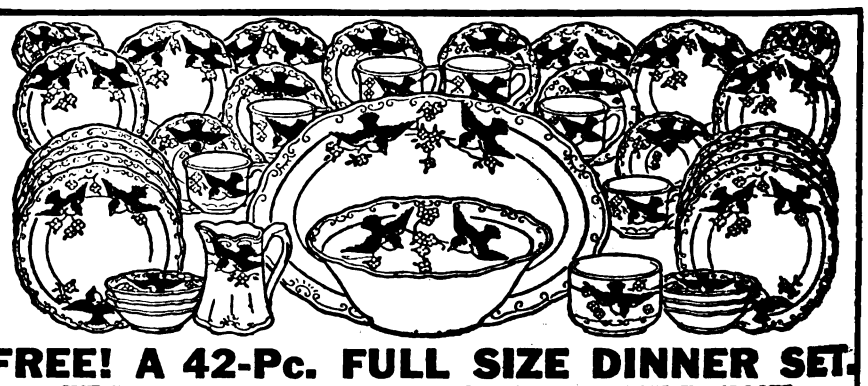
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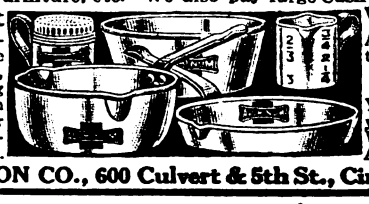
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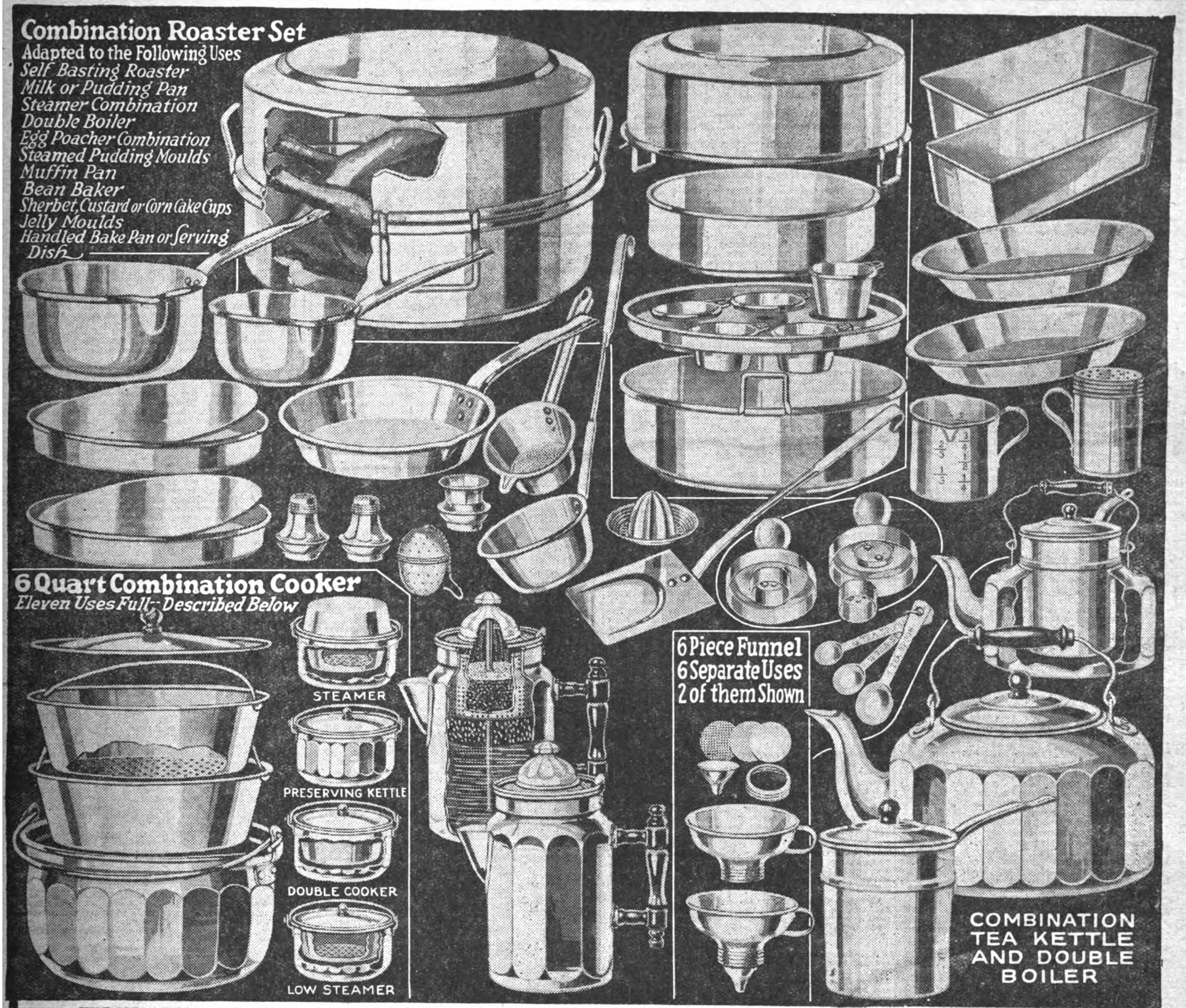
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Summer Diseases of Babies

THE subject for our talk last month was entero-colitis, or inflammatory diarrhea, and this month we shall discuss *cholera infantum* as one of the summer diseases of baby. Cholera infantum or, as it is often called, summer complaint, is an acute catarrhal inflammation of the stomach and bowels, the mucous membrane being irritated or inflamed, together with an irritation of the sympathetic nervous system occurring in babies during their first teething.

It is characterized by severe colicky pains, vomiting, diarrhea, and may be accompanied by fever with great prostration, occurring in babies who are teething and who have been previously healthy. The symptoms are a simple diarrhea, followed by great muscular weakness, some nausea, spasms of griping pains in bowels, great depression, seems hard for the baby to breathe, coldness and dampness of the whole or part of the body, cold, pale lips and tongue, great thirst, weak cry and sunken pinched look to the face.

Cholera infantum is often mistaken for some of the other intestinal troubles of babies, and it is important that you know at once what the illness is, for within a few hours you have a seriously ill baby, rapid wasting of its strength and flesh. The most important point to remember is the sudden and severe line of symptoms that you will notice at once, the great weakness, prostration, and paleness that comes on in a few hours. The movements from the bowels soon get watery, soaking the clothing, leaving a green stain, and you may get from ten to twenty of these in a day. The causes of this disease are teething, extreme heat which continues for several days at a time. July and August are the months which give us the most of these cases. The reasons for this are the extreme heat during these months, also the water supply being then at its lowest point, as a rule, contains more decayed vegetable matter at this time. Teething is a powerful predisposing cause of cholera infantum and you rarely see a baby ill with it before teething, or after the teeth get through. Diet that is improper is another common cause, sudden weaning, or change in the food, accidental or careless use of unwholesome milk, or, as we often see, unripe fruit or blueberries or blackberries. Blueberries are a common cause and it is a safe rule not to allow a baby any uncooked blueberries until they have their teeth and can chew them thoroughly. Unhealthy surroundings, dampness, decayed vegetable matter, poor water that has been contaminated by the soakings from cesspools or sewers.

There are a few things that parents should bear in mind as a preventive of cholera infantum. Be sure your water supply is pure and not contaminated by privies, stable or henyard, do not allow vegetables to decay, or sewers or drain-pipe to become obstructed, see that baby sleeps in a well-ventilated room.

In a great many cases it is easy to find the causes of the disease, causes that are due to recklessness or carelessness and can be remedied.

There are parents who would cheerfully give their own lives for the protection of their baby, but who thoughtlessly expose it to the serious dangers of improper food or water, or allow it to breathe the air from an obstructed sewer-pipe or cesspool.

The question most frequently asked is, How can I tell that my baby has cholera infantum, and not some of the many intestinal troubles with disturbed stomach that cause frequent bowel movements. The points of difference are as follows: the season of the year, baby teething, the profuse fluid movements from the bowels, the frequent severe vomiting, the sudden early weakness, the very rapid pulse, with or without fever; cool or cold surface of body, pinched, anxious expression, sighing or irregular breathing, and great thirst and great prostration. In a few words, a child ill with cholera infantum is suddenly, seriously ill with a line of symptoms that are characteristic of this disease alone, and while other bowel troubles may appear somewhat like it, they never are attended with the sudden weakness which is almost a collapse, cold, clammy skin, pinched look of baby, as if the baby had been sick for weeks.

Preventive measures are very important in all diseases, but in none more so than in cholera infantum. Clean up your homes, inside and out, before the hot weather comes on, clean out your cellars, see that the water you use for drinking and cooking purposes is pure and that there is no chance for it to be infected by its surroundings. If you use well water, see that the well is cleaned out often enough to keep it clean; see that there is no chance for the privy, stable or henyard to drain into it.

In some soils a stable or henyard will infect a well at an unbelievable distance if the well is located on lower ground than the stable. This is brought about by soaking into the ground and getting into the little streams that supply the well.

In regard to treatment, send for a physician at once, and until he arrives put the baby at rest at once, and use measures to relieve pain and support its strength. You may use mustard, or spice poultices or turpentine stupes on bowels.

Cut down the food, five to thirty drops of brandy, according to age, in barley water given often is sufficient for a while.

Bismuth subnitrate in one- or two-grain doses, every two hours, is good, and if there is great pain or restlessness, one- or two-drop doses of tincture of opium should be given every four hours.

Do not give the baby water all the time, but let it suck small pieces of ice for the great thirst.

The subject for our talk next month will be *Intestinal Influenza of Babies.*

Questions and Answers

MATERNITY CORSETS, BROWN SPOTS.—I should like to know if maternity corsets are harmful. Will you kindly tell me how to get rid of moth patches all over my face? MRS. E. J., Patchogue, N. Y.

A.—No, maternity corsets are not harmful, but are helpful as they offer more or less support. For the moth patches, try the following: Recipe—Hydrargri Chloridi Corros, grains, six. Acidi Acetici Dil, drams, two. Boracic acid, scruples, two. Aquæ roses, add to ounces four. Apply on spots night and morning. Caution: This should have a poison label.

DELAYED TEETHING.—My little boy, eighteen months old, has but five teeth and is cross and irritable. Is there anything I can do for him? Would you advise getting a necklace called "Job's tears" for him to wear? Will you please send me a prescription for blotches on face during pregnancy?

MRS. A. E. McD., Mooreston, N. D.

A.—Do not know how this necklace called "Job's tears" would aid unless baby could bite them. In healthy babies the teeth come in due time, but there is a wide range in the time or ages that they arrive. For the blotches you mention, use the recipe prescribed for moth patches in answer to Mrs. E. J.

DROPSY, WEANING BABY.—During my last pregnancy I had dropsy very badly. What was the cause and how can I prevent it? Is Lydia Pinkham's medicine good to take before childbirth? My baby is one year old. Can I wait until fall to wean him? What causes baby's stools to be green and jellylike?

MRS. M. T. J., Norcross, Minn.

A.—The most common cause of dropsy is due to the kidneys not performing their proper function; have urine examined, keep bowels regular. No, Lydia Pinkham's medicine will not help you in your condition, neither do you need any medicine; just live your natural, normal life, being careful that bowels and kidneys are normal. Indigestion will cause baby's stools to be green and jellylike; should wean baby at once.

BED-WETTING, PINWORMS.—My six-months-old son wets the bed every night, and I have tried all sorts of remedies without results. He has pinworms badly, is nervous and talks in his sleep.

MRS. V. F. C., Barnesville Ohio.

A.—Bed-wetting in children is often an obstinate condition to relieve, owing to the fact that there is a cause in each individual case and we must remove the cause. It may be caused by a highly acid urine, it may be of purely nervous origin, or it may be caused by irritation of the rectum, and in your son's case I think the pinworms may be the cause. Would suggest that you occasionally wash out rectum with decoction or solution of quassia chips; take two ounces of quassia chips and put in pint of warm water, allow to stand for several hours, strain this through clean cloth, and use one-half of it or eight ounces to wash out rectum, after cleaning rectum with soap and water. Three or four treatments of this will relieve, and if it fails you have not invaded the bowel high enough to get results, or it has not been retained long enough. The enema should be retained several minutes, by rectal pad.

NERVOUSNESS, CONTRACTED MUSCLES.—I am twenty years old, the mother of three children, and have nervous spells, tremble as if I were going to fall to pieces. What can I do for a scar on baby's arm from a burn that draws up the arm?

MRS. J. W., Harwood, Texas.

A.—For the nervousness should advise taking glycerophosphates in tablespoonful doses, three times a day; also take, every three hours, a tablet containing one grain each of valerianate of iron, quinine and zinc. For the contracted muscles from the burn, should cautiously massage arm after rubbing it thoroughly with cocoa-butter, moving it a little straighter each day. You must do this gently, being careful not to cause any irritation, and with a little patience you will get a normal arm.

COUGH.—What can I do for my seven-year-old daughter, who is strong and looks healthy but has a loud, deep cough every time she has the least bit of cold? Have taken her to several physicians, who relieve the cough, but it soon comes back.

MRS. J. H., St. Louis, Mo.

A.—Your daughter may have enlarged or diseased tonsils, that the slight cold irritates, and causes the cough. An examination would either verify this or eliminate it from consideration. Would suggest examination, and removal if enlarged or diseased. Give her teaspoonful doses, after meals, of syrup of hydriodic acid (Gardner's) after meals for several weeks. Locally, you should have her sponge upper chest with cold dashes of water, followed with a brisk rub with bath-towel, every day.

INDIGESTION.—Will you tell me what makes my two-months-old baby have colic so much? He cries, groans and sometimes vomits up his milk. He is tolerably fat, although he sleeps but little in the daytime. I am bothered a great deal with gas, and am some nervous. MRS. H. D. R., Virginia.

A.—Get your own digestion in a normal condition and your nursing baby will be relieved. Gas or indigestion with nursing mother will give gas and colic to the baby. Would suggest your taking two-teaspoonfuls doses of elix lactated pepsin after meals. Take, every three hours, a tablet containing one grain each of valerianate of iron, quinine and zinc, for your nerves.

DECAYED TEETH, WEANING BABY.—My twelve-months-old baby has six teeth, and they look as if they were decaying, and with my four-year-old child, her teeth are all decayed. What can I do to prevent this, as I am afraid it will affect the permanent teeth? Is it best to nurse baby during summer?

MRS. F. J. W., Crivitz, Wisc.

A.—I should wean baby at once, put him on cow's milk at once, adding tablespoonful of lime-water to every five-ounce feeding. Should wash off teeth, and cleanse gums with a solution of Glycothymoline, teaspoonful to tablespoonful of warm water, two or three times a day. Should use clean cotton swab, not a toothbrush.

CONSTIPATION.—I am writing for advice concerning my five-months-old baby as she is badly constipated and is not gaining in weight as she should. I nurse her, but she cries and fusses as if she were hungry, and I have to give her daily enemas.

MRS. E. J. F., Spokane, Wash.

A.—I should wean baby and put her on modified milk, giving teaspoonful doses of milk of magnesia often enough to regulate bowels. Enemas are for an emergency, but are not to be given daily.



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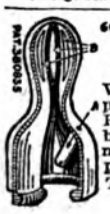
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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINTED FROM PAGE 11.)

berries. Buildings are mostly of logs which can be had for the hauling. There is a fine chance here for any one who really wants to get ahead and is willing to work.

I am a widow with two grown boys who have land here. One married daughter with four children, who has homesteaded here.

Cows sell for from $30.00 to $60.00. Horses, $30.00 to $300.00.

It is quite thickly settled here. There is a school at Lost Lake and others nearby but no church. The climate is very healthful.

There is plenty of wild game and birds.

Mrs. Wilkinson, please print this as I have received so many letters asking me about Peace River that I cannot answer all.

Thanks again, sisters, for the reading matter. I will pass it on to others.

Good by. MRS. ANNA ELLEN.

SOUTHERN OREGON.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I wonder if I can induce Mrs. Wilkinson to print this letter. I've tried twice before but failed both times.

I've thought of so many things I'd like to write about but seem to forget the most important ones but here is one I hope will do someone some good. If you own an automobile and your family is not large and there is room for "one more" stop and think if there isn't some neighbor or friend who would enjoy a ride into the country, or maybe into town. I have noticed so many times a family of two or three going for a ride with room for one or two more in the car. It looks selfish not to take someone, though they may be thoughtless and not selfish at all. It isn't that they enjoy their ride better for knowing someone else has to stay at home, like the little boy who enjoyed his ice cream because another boy watched him eat it.

Sisters, if you live near a neighbor with a small baby, offer to take care of it for her occasionally to give her time for a little visit or a trip to town. Of course there are some who would impose upon this kindness. I know I'd have been glad if someone had offered to care for my baby for an afternoon. It was sickly and that made it hard for me to take it with me.

Don't think I'm a natural beggar for while there are many ways of cheering a weary soul, these are ones you might overlook. Wouldn't you feel better to know you had helped to cheer someone?

I live in the Rogue River Valley where so much excellent fruit is raised.

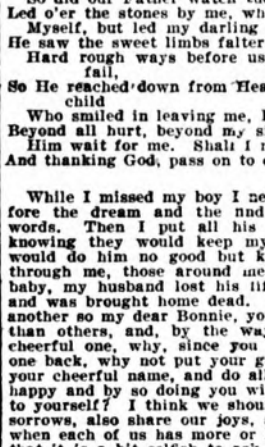
I saw a letter in the Sisters' Corner from Athens, Ohio, my home state and we lived near Athens. That is where I saw my first circus and I thought the elephants were made of rubber. I was about six years old. I hope to visit there when I get rich enough.

With best wishes, T. B.

LICKING, R. R. 1, Mo.

DEAR SISTERS, ONE AND ALL:

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for a long time and always anxious for my paper to come.



LORENA MARETTA MONTGOMERY.

I will tell you a little about myself. I am four feet, eight inches tall, have auburn hair, blue eyes and weigh 117 pounds. I have a dear husband and two babies. My boy is eight years old and goes to school every day. My baby girl was three years old the first of last April. You see she is an April Fool baby. We took her from an Orphans' Home when she was five weeks old. She weighed six pounds then but she gained two pounds within a week and now I am sending her picture so you can see what a beautiful child she is. We have legally adopted her and love her as our own. Her name is Lorena Maretta.

We live on a small farm of sixty-five acres, have lots of good neighbors around us. I like the farm life best and the freedom it will give to my little girl, who can run and romp without danger.

I hope all the sisters are Christians. If not, why not try to be one? It will help you bear the burdens—many of which seem hard, many of which will not seem so hard as the years roll on.

I am twenty-seven years old, and I have been married six years. My husband and I had been married before. MRS. F. M. MONTGOMERY.

VANCOUVER, 910 West 6th St., WASH.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

While I am not a subscriber to COMFORT, my mother is and as she is with me I read her paper and thoroughly enjoy it all.

I read Mrs. Bonnie Bovell's letter and am writing this to her but if she does not see it perhaps it will bring comfort to some others whose hearts are almost broken by the loss of little ones.

I, too, lost a tiny, golden-haired boy, just learning to talk. It seemed as though I could never face the coming years. One night I dreamed the little fellow came to me, climbed into my lap and putting his tiny hands on my face, kissed me and said, "Don't cry Mamma, I'm so happy," and the radiant expression on his baby face was wonderful. Then directly I found the following lines in a scrap of paper:

"As tender mothers guiding baby steps,
In places, some at which the tiny feet would trip,
Lift up the little ones in arms of love,
And set them down beyond the harm,
So did our Father watch the precious boy,
Led o'er the stones by me, who stumbled oft
Myself, but led my darling on.
He saw the sweet limbs faltering, and all the
Hard rough ways before us, where my arms would fail,
So He reached down from Heaven and lifting the dear child
Who smiled in leaving me, He put him down
Beyond all hurt, beyond my sight, and bade
Him wait for me. Shall I not, then, be glad,
And thanking God, pass on to overtake?"

While I missed my boy I never grieved as I had before the dream and the finding of these comforting words. Then I put all his clothes and toys away, knowing they would keep my sorrow before me and would do him no good but keep me wrought up and through me, those around me. Soon after losing my baby, my husband lost his life in a railroad accident and was brought home dead. One heartbreak followed another so my dear Bonnie, your sorrows are no harder than others, and, by the way, your name is such a cheerful one, why, since you cannot bring your loved one back, why not put your grief aside and live up to your cheerful name, and do all you can to make others happy and by so doing you will surely bring happiness to yourself? I think we should help others bear their sorrows, also share our joys, and don't you know that when each of us has more or less of our own sorrows, that it is a bit selfish to ask them to share too many of ours? There are so many heartaches that it is worth our while to cheer up others and I find by so doing my sorrows are melting away. I truly hope I have not offended you and would like so well to hear from you if you care to write to me. For that matter I would like to hear from anyone who cares to write, particularly those interested in the psychological view of life.

I think COMFORT such a helpful paper and like to read the letters from different ones; they always interest me.

Good wishes to all if this reaches the paper, if not, to the editor anyway.

MRS. M. FRANKLAND.

Mrs. Frankland.—The verse you sent is comforting indeed and should cheer others even as it has cheered you. You are a brave woman and we are glad to have you with us.—Ed.

KAMPSVILLE, ILL.

MY DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I am going to you for advice. What shall I do? I have promised many of the sisters flowers and had sent one box and had another ready to send, even had the stamps on the box, when the mail carrier asked me what was in it and when I told him he would not take it. He said we were not allowed to send plants of any kind or slips of flowers through mail or any way unless they had been inspected by the government. He said I would be liable to a fine if I did so. There isn't anyone around here to inspect them.

I hope you will publish this as it takes so much time and stamps to write to each one. I have received forty-five letters and they are still coming. I am going to correspond with some of the women but cannot write often.

Your COMFORT sister, MRS. IDA BECKER.



ATHENS, Care J. J. Montgomery, TEXAS.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

This is the fifth time I've tried to get in but I will not complain for I am sure Mrs. Wilkinson knows best.

I am Irish, five feet, six and one-half inches tall, have blue eyes and dark brown hair. Am jolly and good natured, the mother of the sweetest kiddies that ever were and have a husband that is good and true. We have just one pocketbook and we both, although nearly forty years old, are children yet. We run and romp with our own children and it is lots of fun, too. Dear folks, why not look at life in a bright and sunny way. You'll find the roses among the thorns then. We all have troubles, every living one of us. All husbands and wives have faults so don't get the idea in your head that Mr. Smith or Jones are ideal husbands or that Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones are ideal wives, just because you cannot see their inner lives. Don't compare your husband or wife with theirs and wish yours were like them. Husbands or wives are what you make them by good or evil thoughts. Believe they are good, loving and true and let no evil thought of them enter your mind and it will in time make them all you desire them to be. If husband comes home hungry, tired and cross, have patience with him. I have been just so myself.

I want help so I come to dear old COMFORT. I want to get a dear old lady, past fifty years of age, preferably a school teacher, but with a high school education, with or without kin, jolly good nature, Irish or German preferred, to adopt as a mother and give her a good home in return for helping me educate my children. I live a long distance from school and I want her to teach the children during the winter months for which I will pay her wages. After school is out she can remain and I will clothe her and give her a good home and be a good daughter to her if she will be a good mother to me. My own mother is dead. I would want this woman to love my children and be kind to them. Write to address given at head of this letter. BETTY B.

TENNESSEE.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

As I have received so much benefit from the COMFORT sisters' letters, will now try and write something that may help someone else, so please let me in. I am twenty-one years old, five feet, two inches tall and weigh about 105 pounds. Have brown hair, blue eyes and medium complexion.

I wonder how many of our COMFORT sisters are interested in good health. I am, for one. Really, I never knew what good health was until about a year ago, but I have worked at a health plan for myself which has done wonders for me. I will tell you about it. After reading many books on this subject I have made out a list of health habits and have been doing my best to make them fixed habits. The first thing to keep in mind is to stick to it until we have good health. If you have poor health or a bad complexion, just get out in the open air or take long tramps through the woods and along the country roads. Practice some good body and breathing exercises in your room every morning and evening. Whenever you happen to be out of doors, just take a few good deep breaths. This is a list of my health rules. Get up early in the morning and out in the open air and take breathing exercises, take air in slowly through nostrils, hold until you count twenty, then exhale through nostrils. Try to find some work to do before breakfast. We have a large lawn so I run the lawn mower a while before breakfast. Drink two glasses of hot water before breakfast and about eight glasses of water during the day.

Girls, let's be strong and well, let's put on our heavy shoes and go for a tramp and keep ourselves young, strong and happy; in other words, learn to live.

With much love to all,
WILD ROSE OF TENNESSEE.

ROCK FALLS, ILL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT ever since a child and find it is a great help. I let my subscription run out last spring while the shops were closed and money scarce but I felt lost all the time and as soon as I could I sent for it again, and borrowed all I could of the numbers I missed. I find my time quite taken up as I have five children ranging in age from four months to twelve years, and am not very strong.

To the sister who has a child afraid of the dark, I would say, just be patient. My oldest girl used to be so afraid she wouldn't go into the next room without a bodyguard but she has outgrown it. I told her there was nothing to hurt her and was careful that no one frightened her. I think what helped her the most was taking her to a Hallowe'en party, dressed in a sheet herself.

I am more interested in my chickens than anything else, except my children and my husband. I can't see anything in gossiping about my neighbors and I don't have time to watch what others are doing.



DAMON MARION AND JESSE ALVIN BURKE.

I am sending a picture of my two babies, Damon Marion, four and one-half years, and Jesse Alvin, one and one-half years old. I hope I will see them in COMFORT.

Sincerely, MRS. M. B. BURKE.

Mrs. Burke.—Is Jesse Alvin always so serious or is he like that only when having his picture taken? Perhaps he was afraid his cat wouldn't behave as nicely as brother's rabbit, and that would have been a dreadful disgrace.—Ed.

GALENA, R. R. 1, KANS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Will you give me a little space for a chat with you? I have been a reader of COMFORT for years and my mother used to read it to me when I was a little tot. I think it is a wonderful paper.

I am the baby of my father's family and there are

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)

Mrs. Skaggs as Spook

by Shirley Cookman Hayes



"A birth-or a death; perhaps both!"

Constantia giggled hysterically. "Was he scared?"

On he went, yelping as of some strange animal.

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CONSTANTIA'S acquaintance with Mrs. Skaggs came about through her habit of nocturnal ramblings with a dog, Constantia's habit, not Mrs. Skaggs'! That lady's spookishness was domestic and centralized.

For Constantia, being a hard-pressed young architect, worked all day over a drawing-board in her San Francisco flat. For evening exercise she wandered across the grassy vacant lots whose farther slope was topped by a two-storied white flat building. After dinner she and the dog nearly always sought this spot; it gave Constantia a green lapse of country across the hard smothering town pavements.

At right angles to the flats and facing a lower street was an old wooden house deep in cypresses, and a silver moon to be depended upon for illusions of delightful far-away things.

In crossing the lot diagonally one passed near a great tree in the old house's back yard, and one climbed to the upper street along the side of the white flats, which backed with a supercilious hitch to their clothes-lines above the cypress-house. Although the white flats were well built and new, the lower apartment from some unknown cause was nearly always vacant.

That particular night, on their after-dinner promenade, the dog ran ahead and Constantia followed more slowly, for a great summer orb, yellow this time, was just lifting behind the trees. The young girl thought of her childhood in the country, and how effective the moon and trees would be done in black and white on her next bungalow plans.

Suddenly, as she moved on toward the upper street, a strange, sickish-sweet odor assailed her. "Ether!" she thought, as she called the dog and slipped on the leash. The pair hurried up to the sidewalk that fronted the white flats. The curtains and one front window were up; the room blazed with light that concealed nothing from passers-by.

A brass bed stood toward the rear; on it an indistinct mass under rumpled silk comforters. Backs to the window, and looking down at the occupant over the brass rail of the bed-foot, stood a pair of sinister black-coated figures.

"A birth—or a death; perhaps both!" thought the girl with a shudder, her eyes fastened upon the black coats. There was a strange lack of grief in the attitude of the pair of men. A tense expectancy characterized their backs. They were anticipating something they might welcome with relief. But it made Constantia shiver. She and the dog hurried down another street home.

Two days later the curtains were drawn in the lower flat, and a neat little black-lettered sign offered "Furnished Room To Let." The tragedy had come and gone, for through the uncurtained window of the hall bedroom that faced the vacant side-lot, Constantia could see uncovered pillows and the gay flowers of the same silk comforters piled up on the bare-mattressed brass bed.

Two busy weeks passed. Every day Constantia, poring over blue-prints of garage and cottage, pondered the mystery of the white flats, until she ached to speak of it, to tell someone what she had seen. Living alone in bachelor quarters, she had but one sympathetic ear, that of her dog, but Brownie remained discreetly silent when this subject was mentioned, though with wistful head cocked to one side, she looked unutterable, melancholy things. It was impossible to broach it to her conventional friends, who scolded her too much as it was about her "Bohemian" life, and her reprehensible penchant for wandering round at night alone.

Under the pressure of work Constantia had just about forgotten the incident, when, late one afternoon, her bell rang. On the threshold stood a stout, middle-aged woman, who inquired in a composed voice for furnished rooms to let.

"Yes; those white flats up there have a sign out," answered Constantia, courteous but preoccupied. She was rushed with a drawing, and the daylight was about gone.

"Are you acquainted with the people living there?" insisted the woman gently. Her voice was low, with refined intonations.

"Why——" Constantia's pent-up knowledge came out with a rush. The woman's eyes, veiled to formality, were beseeching. "Why—the other night, I passed there just as something terrible was happening. It must have been an operation"—her voice dropped to a whisper—"and somebody died——"

She broke off, struck by the other's expression. She was regarding Constantia earnestly, as though plumbing the very depths of the girl's soul.

"Yes." When at last she spoke, her tone was queerly muffled. Constantia's look clung to her face, whose full lines were distorted.

"Yes," began the woman again with obvious effort, while Constantia's blue eyes showed great black pupils dilated with fear. "True—true. *I died.*"

Constantia turned white and stared at the other as at a ghost blocking the doorway. The woman gave a queer mirthless laugh.

"May I come in——? I'll tell you about it. You've no idea how interesting it is to die, it is quite an experience. Besides, it generally leaves you without a friend in the world. People are too busy to grieve, nowadays——" She moved past the girl, standing awestruck in her own doorway, and entered the dusky apartment. Constantia's hand shook as she hastened to light the lamp. It made a red-shaded glow of cheer, of home-comfort, of reality.

The woman, with her unmistakable air of good breeding, seated herself upon the couch and smiled across at Constantia's ashy face behind the lamp. The white spaniel, after snuffing about the stranger's skirts, jumped up and curled round beside her on the couch. The woman dropped a plump white-gloved hand to the dog's head.

"How much did you see, that night?" she asked.

"J-just the b-backs of the m-men,—and the b-bed——" stammered Constantia. She had a nervous chill and her teeth were chattering. One would never have recognized the courageous bachelor-architect, the despair of her friends.

"One of them was my second husband, the other a doctor friend of his. They "helped" me die. They used enough ether to asphyxiate the neighborhood——"

"I know——" murmured Constantia.

"When it was all over they sent for the last rites, but were unfortunate in their selection. The Reverend Mr. Morrison used to be my pastor, but he'd just starved for years in the ministry, so he finally gave it up for the undertaking business. He had to bury people anyway, and there was more money in it.

"They left him alone with me,—but the ether had been wearing off. I heard the door close, and Mr. Skaggs' footsteps going down the hall. When Mr. Morrison came over to the bed and lifted the sheet I came to and sat up. He'd some smelling-salts with him, and a flask of good whiskey——"

Constantia giggled hysterically.

"Was he scared?"

"Well,——yes," answered the woman in her deliberate, carefully enunciated words,—"but not as much as some men I know—might've been. He's studied the occult, and believes the dead can be raised. He's a clean man, with nothing on his conscience.

"That night he smuggled me out to his home, but I insisted upon holding the funeral just the same,—only it was over a closed casket. Mr. Morrison didn't like the idea of selling my husband a casket to hold a sack of coal, but I prevailed upon him. Two sacks would have been nearer my weight—the woman permitted herself to smile—but Mr. Skaggs wasn't a pall-bearer, and never knew how light I'd become from my long illness.

She rose and stood before Constantia.

"I want you to help me, for my daughter's sake. She's a sweet, unspoiled child, like you, but—not strong, like you! I know why he killed me,—*he wants her!* Shall she fall into the hands of a *murderer*,—shall she? shall she?" hissed the woman with an intensity of venom in her whisper that sent chills chasing over Constantia. The dog thumped a reassuring tail against the couch and whined, at which the tension broke. The woman sank back upon the couch, and caught the dog against her side with little hugging pressures.

"Dear thing; she's sorry for me!"

At this testimony of confidence on Brownie's part, Constantia's fear fell away. The woman was not a ghost, neither was she deranged. Brownie's judgment was fairly accurate, and it was on record that dogs showed aversion to chilly specters.

She also rose and faced her strange guest.

"I'm sorry, too. Tell me—— I'll help you."

The woman, whose drawn face showed a heart bitterly sore under her conventional tranquility, answered merely, "Thank you," but there was gratitude in her quiet voice.

Under the red umbrella shade of the great lamp they talked for an hour; at its end Constantia vibrated with excitement.

The next day she boldly rang the bell at the white flat where the tragedy had come and gone.

A shrinking, flower-like blonde girl, pathetic in her black house-dress, opened the door. Constantia, who, in spite of adventurous trend had felt some qualms about mixing in the matter, was reassured when she saw the girl's innocence, for the blue eyes fastened upon her with the same beseeching look as the mother's.

To Constantia's inquiries she answered with a touch of embarrassment. She opened the door of the front room with a delicate white hand that trembled, glided over to the window and drew up the shade, letting in a flood of southern sunlight.

A couch replaced the former brass bed. Redwood mantlepiece, electric fixtures, oak dressing-table—all were the same.

Constantia engaged the room "for a friend," paid the deposit left her by her visitor, and that night took possession and was given a latch-key by the flower-like girl, whose eyes were red with weeping.

At a tap on the front window Constantia dropped her architectural review, slipped out and opened the door to Mrs. Skaggs.

"Have you everything you want?" she inquired before she left.

"Yes, thank you," answered the same unruffled voice. "I've my traveling-bag, and a spirit-lamp."

Constantia laughed. "I'll come by every night, in case you need anything."

Her new friend thanked her, and Constantia went home, her last view of Mrs. Skaggs printed upon her mind. The stout lady was established on the couch unrolling a bolt of white muslin which flowed to the floor in snowy billows and swathed itself about her plump, practical feet encased in smart leather pumps. On the couch was a druggist's box marked "Phosphorus," with a skull and cross-bones.

The following night when she tapped on the window Mrs. Skaggs tiptoed out and joined her and Brownie.

"How is the ghost walking?" demanded Constantia, after the dog's joyous leaps against Mrs. Skaggs had been acknowledged, and the three, with Brownie tugging on the leash, dropped down the slope across the grassy lots.

"Why, I didn't do much last night. I heard Betty sobbing, and it was too much for me. I slipped down the hall and stayed quite a while outside her door; it was locked—thank God! I whispered through the keyhole not to grieve; I said it over and over again—told her I'd always watch over her. She stopped crying; she must've heard me——"

Brownie jerked on the leash and tugged Constantia forward after a black cat that shot down through the cypresses.

"Not frightened?" she called back over her shoulder, waiting for Mrs. Skaggs to catch up.

"She loves me too much for that," answered the mother, simply.

"Worth while dying to find out?"

The woman nodded. "Dead or alive, it's the same thing. She undoubtedly believes my spirit has returned to protect her; it has!" asserted Mrs. Skaggs, with a determined glint to her gray eye.

"And your husband?" ventured Constantia, fearing to tread upon delicte ground.

"He snored all night; he certainly is relieved to get rid of me," answered her companion without apparent emotion. "But tomorrow night,—*tomorrow night*," she repeated through set teeth, "he'll find out *that the dead can rise!*"

Her voice was so vindictive that Constantia felt the same shudder of unearthly fear. She laughed, trying to master it.

"Don't kill him with shock!"

"Oh, no! he must suffer first," the monotonous voice assured her, with the finality of an avenging angel. Constantia bade her good by and went home with her dog across the vacant lots.

On returning from an errand the next day she caught sight of a black cutaway-coated back that looked familiar. The man mounted the steps of the white flats and inserted his latch-key in the lower door. At sound of her steps he turned. Constantia fancied there was a scared look to his vain face with its brutal jowl. He had all the marks of a middle-aged man trying to be young; his immaculate clothes had a dandefied cut which accentuated a certain disagreeable personality about his thickish, short-legged body.

Saturday evening Constantia again tapped on the window. A sepulchral whisper bade her come in. The latch was off the front door. Mrs. Skaggs, quivering with suppressed excitement, caught her hand and drew her into her room. Brownie jumped up against her, but she patted her with an absent hand.

"Come back, won't you—about nine-thirty? They're going to leave this house at ten! He's going to take her away—my daughter; she doesn't want to go,— but he's *frantic*—says he'll leave her behind to starve! She's been packing all day—her things and his, and crying into the trunks!" Mrs. Skaggs dropped her head into her hands. "I've been haunting too energetically, I guess," she admitted,—"but it was *such fun* to creep along the corridor at midnight and moan unearthly things through the keyhole! First chance I ever had to tell him what I thought of him! But the sheet and phosphorus were all wasted! He's double-locked his door every blessed night since I began to groan and sigh in the hall; his nerves are all gone now. Be here promptly at nine-thirty; the trunks have left already, or, stay now, can't you?"

"I'll take Brownie home first," demurred Constantia, and together she and the dog raced across the grassy lots to her own little flat behind the lawn. The lamp made a red-shaded glow in the window.

At nine-fifteen she set out again. Her short acquaintance with this remarkable woman told her she was about to witness a grand climax. She wondered how Mrs. Skaggs intended to snatch her daughter out of the clutches of this evil man, ready to pursue his passion in spite of superstitious terror.

Mrs. Skaggs, swathed from head to foot in the white muslin, was calmly darning stockings under the flickering light of a candle, so shaded as to render the rest of the room completely dark.

In answer to Constantia's look of inquiry she opened the door and stood listening to faint sounds that came from the back of the flat. "They're having a cup of coffee in the dining-room," she explained, closing the door gently. "Now, will you take this?"

"This" was a thick square of pasteboard with a long, sharp tack pushed through each corner.

Directed by Mrs. Skaggs, Constantia put out the light of the entrance hall, and then fastened the pasteboard over the wall buttons of the electric switch.

Mrs. Skaggs assumed a do-or-die expression, pulled down the hood-like mask attached to her costume and glanced at her wrist watch. It was quarter to ten.

"Go out and sit on the hall bench," she ordered. "Smelling-salts?"

"Yes," answered Constantia.

It was pitchy black in the front hall.

From the dining-room at the rear came confused sounds; a man's raucous tones begging, threatening, pleading, and the voice of the young girl, sometimes answering quietly, and then breaking into a half-hysterical little wail that made Constantia ache with pity. After one of these cries Mrs. Skaggs' door opened quietly, then closed again. She had put out the candle.

The man's voice rose to an ugly, menacing shout. The dining-room door opened, flinging a glow of light across the lower end of the corridor. There was a sound of suppressed sobbing a door opened across the hall. A pause.

"Got your hat on?" demanded the man's voice belligerently from the dining-room. "Suit-case?" The girl's voice gave a little broken assent.

"All right; I'll lock up."

Constantia, sitting tense in the dark front hall, heard the young girl, sniffling quietly, come toward her down the corridor, as though anxious to control herself and get away as far as possible from her stepfather. Quick breathing told Constantia she was standing close to the entrance to the front hall.

The kitchen door slammed to; a key was turned. A click followed; the dining-room light was switched off, which plunged the lower corridor in darkness, and Constantia heard the man's heavy tread coming down the hall. As he approached the spot where the young girl stood she heard her draw in her breath in a quivering sob of terror and repulsion.

A moment, and there came the sound of a struggle in the darkness. There was a muffled scream, and Constantia's heart stood still.

'Well, if you won't, you won't!" half shouted the man's furious voice. The young girl had jerked out of his embrace and came flying across the dark hall to the door of her mother's room on Constantia's right, and banged on it frantically, gasping and panting as she flung the weight of her body against the door, which refused to yield.

"What in h—— are you doing now?" yelled the man.

"I just want to say good by to the room—the lady will let me!" sobbed the girl, and Constantia could almost feel her cringe at his voice as she pounded desperately on the door and got no response from within.

"Oh! all right; hurry, though, and let's get out of this cursed flat! Where in hell is that light-switch!"

Constantia shook, but her chief emotion was fury. If Mrs. Skaggs did not come out soon—— But what could she do alone? She, Constantia, had no weapon, and the heavy man could easily overpower her in the darkness. She sat quiet, holding her breath and praying. What, in heaven's name had happened to Mrs. Skaggs!

The girl continued to knock and listen, choking with fear, while the man swore under his breath and fumbled about the wall for the light-switch.

The girl ceased to knock, for the room's quiet darkness deceived her. She turned about and faced the sound of the man's hoarse cursing. In that moment Constantia knew that some wild idea had bidden her throw herself upon the mercy of a strange woman,—one, moreover, she had never seen.

"Suppose I *do* go with you?" Her tense, desperate young voice showed fight. "You've not even promised to marry me! What assurance have I got that you'll not desert me?"

The man gave a grating "He! he!"—unpleasant, full of sinful gloating.

"Marry? Oh, after awhile..... It's much too soon after your mother's sad demise——" He shuffled forward, giving up his search for the light. "Come on." He opened the front door, dumped two suit-cases down on the outer porch, and then turned back to Betty.

Constantia, following the man's movements, had not observed the noiseless opening of Mrs. Skaggs' door until she heard a strange uncanny laugh.

"Yes.....*much too soon!*" answered a voice. There on the threshold appeared a presence in white—a luminous figure, for it shone from head to foot with phosphorescent glow. The figure advanced; seemed to float over the hall.

The man's body jerked at the gruesome whisper; he turned, caught sight of the apparition, and as the phantom bore down upon him gave one unearthly screech and tore down the concrete steps with a clatter of boots and a whirlwind of flying coat-tails.

On he went—the sound of running feet went on down the street, accompanied by a strange yelping, as of some maddened animal.

A smothered cry close at hand; a soft thud told Constantia that Betty had fainted. She laid her out flat upon the floor and applied the smelling-salts. Mrs. Skaggs advanced to the front door and stood in all her phosphorescent glory in full view of the street, while she gazed with casual interest after the flying figure of her ex-husband. He was still emitting shouts, somewhat mellowed by distance.

"That's all right," she remarked with satisfaction in her quiet tones. "The police station's only two blocks down; they'll run him in!"

Constantia tore away the pasteboard from the electric-switch.

As light flooded the hall Betty was just coming to. The mother softly closed the front door and bent over her. In the full glare she was nothing more terrifying than a stout woman wrapped in a sheet.

The girl's eyes opened, and, half-conscious, she smiled, and her arms went up about her mother's neck with a swift childish motion of such utter love and trust that tears stung Constantia's eyes. "She's only half awake—the darling!" crooned the mother. She slid arms about the limp young back and began to pat and rub with capable hands. The girl's blue eyes stared with sudden comprehension, and she began to sob affrightedly.

"You're not dead,—not *dead!* Tell me again!" and this time she went off into real hysterics.

About midnight Constantia invaded the kitchen and made hot chocolate for the pale girl and her mother. As they three sat about the dining-table Mrs. Skaggs' homely face was radiant. Betty's wet blue eyes never left it; but they still kept their scared expression; she couldn't quite believe.

The moon was setting when Constantia hurried down across lots home. What a delightful lack of monotony there was in bachelor-life! She wondered whether Mr. Skaggs was comfortably settled in jail. Brownie jumped all over her ecstatically when she opened the front door. Two hours she had whined and worried about a mistress who was cultivating spooks.

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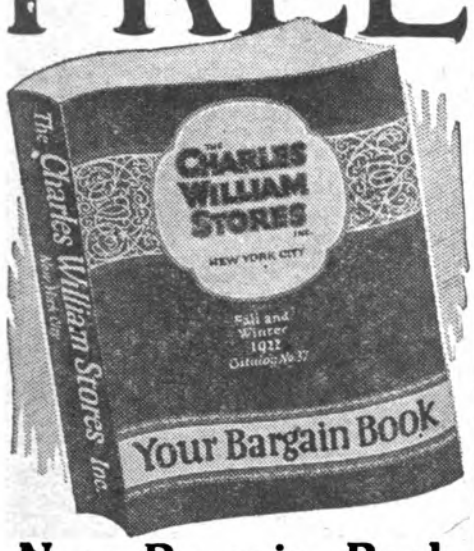
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FEAR

by Richard G. Swaringen



She rose, sucking in great gulps of air.

"For I've just learned that I love-you."

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"MARION, I love you!"

"Don't!" Marion Reid shook the hand of her millionaire husband from her shoulder with a movement of irritation, looking up at him with the briefest of glances, which yet seemed to multiply by at least two every one of the twelve years between them.

"I can't help it, dear!" The wistfulness in Henry Reid's gentle voice was reflected for an instant in his mild blue eyes. "You are so beautiful."

Marion rose abruptly, a glorious creature, half an inch taller than her husband. Her eyes and hair were of the same shade of brown.

"Please, Henry!" She was obviously making an effort to be kind; to hide her distaste. "You know why I married you—out of gratitude because you saved my father from ruin and disgrace. I promised at the altar to be a true and faithful wife, and I will. But love you I cannot. So please don't force me to endure caresses that I find hateful!"

Turning, she walked across the luxurious room and stood gazing through a window at the hills across the little lake, the lovely curves of her body outlined against the light. She had not wanted to come to this place, of all places, for her honeymoon. It was here, only two years before, that she had been saved from drowning by Albert Lewis. She feared that another view of him, his god-like form displayed in the scanty uniform of a life-guard, might force her thoughts to stray from the man she had sworn to honor and obey.

But Henry Reid owned most of the electric power company which generated its current from the impounded water of the artificial lake, as well as a controlling interest in the two summer resort hotels. He was, therefore, combining business with pleasure by coming here. Marion had offered no verbal objection to the plan, not so much from fear of arousing his suspicion as from dread of awakening something in her own nature that were better left asleep.

"I'm going in swimming," she announced, turning suddenly. "Will you come with me?"

"I?" Henry's eyes shifted, while his face colored slightly. "No, indeed!" Then, meeting her inquiring gaze, he went on quietly: "Probably you'll think me cowardly, but all my life I've had a horror of deep water. So far as I know, I don't seriously fear anything else; but that dread I've never been able to overcome."

He paused, searching her face with eyes that plainly bespoke his dread of the contempt he expected to find there. But Marion, with feminine skill, held her features impassive; though she made the effort chiefly to hide her surprise at her own feelings. Instead of scorn, she felt a kind of tolerant pity, combined with a heightened respect for his truthfulness, and—could it be—the merest flash of tenderness. Henry, in obvious relief, proceeded:

"I tell you this because I don't want to hide from you any of my faults. For I might have said, with equal truth, that I have a business engagement. Mr. Williams, the superintendent of the plant, has asked me to go with him in a boat to inspect the dam, and the recording station up above. Of course we'll use the biggest and staunchest motor boat on the lake; yet the bare thought of the trip nearly gives me a chill. Only a sense of duty forces me to go. Is that very contemptible to you?" he asked anxiously. "I can hardly expect you to understand what I don't understand myself."

"No, it isn't!" Marion spoke so warmly that her own words heightened her surprise. "Dad has told me that every man is afraid of something. I really admire the will which makes you superior to your fears."

"Thank you, my——Marion!" Henry Reid said gratefully.

Marion left the room and the hotel, idly wondering why she was not filled with scorn for what was palpably a weakness. In a moment of vivid contrast her mind dwelt briefly on Albert Lewis, who swam like an otter in an element that he dreaded no more than she dreaded the familiar atmosphere of her bedroom. It was decidedly odd that, instead of arousing her contempt, Henry's confession awoke in her only a pitying desire to mother a man so much older than she; made her feel very mature and kind.

Entering one of the long row of white bath-houses, she quickly changed, emerging presently in all the glory of an exquisite body, frankly revealed by her ultra modern bathing costume. Albert Lewis was strolling leisurely along the narrow beach in her direction, resembling an animated bronze statue, with his long, muscular, sun-browned arms and legs quite bare. A barely perceptible nervous disturbance warned Marion not to wait for speech with him. She ran lightly to the end of a spring-board, where a perfectly executed dive carried her far out into water that was already being warmed by the morning sun.

Rising, she shook the water out of her eyes, swimming with long and effortless strokes toward the middle of the lake and upward. The stuttering exhaust of a motor boat sounded close by, and, looking toward the small wharf beside the row of bath-houses, she saw her husband and the superintendent heading up the lake for their visit to the recording station.

Altering her direction slightly, she lengthened and quickened her stroke, racing with the boat until it left her behind. A casual glance over her shoulder showed her that Albert Lewis was standing motionless on the gravel of the beach, watching her.

Relaxing to her former easy progress, she allowed her thoughts to flow backward two years over a pleasant interval, to the time when she first saw this specimen of perfect physical manhood. Their brief acquaintance had begun with his rescuing her from this very lake, and had lasted little more than a week. But she had known many a mildly agreeable thrill of recollection afterwards, until her father's impending financial and nervous disaster confronted her with the harder realities of life, driving such things from her mind. Not that they had neared love, even enough to begin writing to each other. It had been, rather, an affair of intense physical attraction; a response of beauty to beauty. Now, she wondered, dallying with the thought in idle curiosity, what might have happened if they had been together more—before it was too late.

It was too late now, she realized very firmly. She owed everything, probably even her father's life or sanity, to the man she had married, who had always treated her with the utmost kindness. Furthermore, she had no patience with the children of a lax generation who experiment with such a serious institution as marriage. She had married with her eyes open and with the full intention of remaining faithful to her husband as long as both should live, in every act and word and thought. If she could not give him love, she could and would give him loyalty. And she did not realize that the very necessity for this continued self-assurance constituted her chief sign of danger.

Marion swam in circles for an hour, too busy with her reflections to note the passage of time. Tiring at last, she turned on her back and lay gazing up at a sky which showed not the faintest hint of a cloud, morning sunshine hot on one of her cheeks. She drifted with the almost imperceptible current caused by the flow of the water through great flumes to the power house below the dam.

She was filled with a lazy ease, her former restlessness left behind during her hour of vigorous exercise. It was good to be a rich man's wife, living in pleasant places, with every comfort she could wish, and nothing to do but enjoy them. It was even agreeable to have a husband whose keen intelligence and boundless energy won wealth and honor for them both, even if she did not actually love him.

This thought of her husband's continual gigantic planning and executing brought a half-formed comparison: It was two years since she had found Albert Lewis a life-guard on the shore of this lake, and he was a life-guard still. Had the man no ambition, further than that of displaying his own perfect physique to admiring vacationists? But she was too lazy to even follow that thought to any connected or logical conclusion.

A motor boat began puttering faintly, up the lake. Probably her husband and Mr. Williams returning, thought Marion in faint surprise. She had no idea that they had had time to make their trip to the recording station and start back. Turning her head, she saw the distant figure of the life-guard still standing like a statue, watching her.

The boat was rapidly coming near. Suddenly Marion felt a numbing pain shooting over her body. Cramp, she thought in terror; and threw up one gleaming pink arm, before that, too, was numbed, screaming wildly. Her face turned half over by the effort, she saw Albert Lewis' long leap as he took to the water. The drumming of the motor was loud in her ears.....

She rose, sucking in great gulps of air. Her eyes blinked free of the murk of water, and she saw the boat nearby, her husband standing on the prow, watching. He jumped, and as she went down again he was in the water beside her, grasping her clothes, her hair. For the first time she felt pleasure at the touch of his hands.

But he was unable to swim; afraid of the water; and therefore even more helpless than she. Marion realized that as she rose for the second time. Well, they would drown together, she thought; and wondered why the idea was somehow comforting.

A deft, powerful hand grasped her wrist, drew her arm across a warm shoulder in which muscles rippled reassuringly. She felt her head lifted above water; that she was being towed strongly. The short yellow hair of the life-guard appeared close before her eyes. She found that she could look around and see the boat drifting alone, and her husband's head upheld by Mr. Williams, another strong swimmer. With a hazy sensation of contentment, she let herself go.....

Marion partly awoke to find two strong arms clasping her body and legs; feel herself borne along. She opened her eyes, and saw her husband following, supported by Mr. Williams. About them walked a little crowd of excited tourists and hotel employees. It was pleasant to feel the rhythmic tread of the life-guard and hear his steady breathing as he carried her hundred and thirty-five pounds with no apparent strain, even after his long swim. She closed her eyes again, half conscious, half dreaming.

"A drop of whiskey, Mr. Reid—come." Dimly she heard the agitated voice of the hotel manager as they entered the door. A maid leading the way, Albert Lewis carried her up to her room, laid her gently on her bed.

"A doctor!" he said to the maid briefly. "Hot water. Whiskey, if you can get it." He was chafing Marion's wrists as the maid flitted out.

"Oh, my dear—my dear—my dear!" murmured the man, bending over Marion's face. "Was I too late? I wouldn't dare do this if you were awake, but now——" He kissed her cold lips passionately.

Marion lay still, her eyes closed. She was too busy wondering at her utter, dreamy indifference to even care to open them. What did it matter if he kissed her, a married woman? What did it matter if he did not?

"The second time I've saved you from the lake, dear!" whispered the man. "You're another man's wife now; but I love you—I love you!" He kissed her again.

Marion heard a familiar step in the doorway, and slowly opened her eyes. Her husband stood there, but he was not looking at her. And so she lay quiet and still, watching a little wordless drama played out in the clashing glances of the two men.

For a long moment their eyes were locked in a steady, level stare; then the gaze of the life-guard wavered and fell away. He was four inches taller and forty pounds heavier than Henry Reid, but now he seemed to shrink until he was actually smaller, his face blanching under the tan.

"I—I'm going, sir!" he said at last hurriedly. Marion felt ashamed because she had heard the naked fear in his voice. "Don't—don't——"

"I'll see you later," said Henry Reid quietly.

"I—I suppose this means the end of my job—that you'll——"

"Why, no, my boy." Henry Reid's voice was kind. "You shall have an increase of pay, or a better job if you want it. I assure you I am grateful. But we'll talk that over later. Just now, if you please——"

He stood aside, and Albert Lewis hurried out, in a bewilderment that was pitiful. Now, Marion thought comfortably, she knew why her husband was rich and honored, and Lewis was still a life-guard. Henry Reid feared nothing but water, and had the will to conquer even that fear. Albert Lewis was afraid of men!

Her husband began walking up and down the room, and she saw that his features were working convulsively. For a minute or two longer Marion lay still, trying to put two and two together out of the swift events of the morning; doing her best to understand a sort of chemical—almost a mechanical—change that she could feel within herself.

"Henry!" she said at last softly. "Come here!"

"Marion, I didn't know!" he cried. "Why didn't you tell me?" He came and sat down on the edge of the bed. Marion was aroused to full, clear consciousness by the startled certainty that never before had she seen a human face reveal such agony of soul. "But I'll give you your freedom if you want it. A divorce can be arranged. The boy loves you, he said; and if you love him——"

"Hush, Henry—hush a minute! You do run on so!" Marion was squeezing one of his hands in both her own. "If he loves me, he has my sympathy. For I've just learned that I love—you! Kiss me, Henry, before the maid returns—kiss me hard!"

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BUSH MOTOR COMPANY BUSH TEMPLE Dept. 84, CHICAGO

Reforming Father

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

"To meet your mother, Deb."

"But mother isn't coming till next week."

"She telegraphed that she is coming earlier than she expected. They'll be here tomorrow night."

"Mother!" It was all she could manage.

"Buck up, Deb. I've made all arrangements for your father. Miss Brewster is to stay with you tonight. He said for us to go to the river for supper as we had planned. Shall I come for you now, Deb?"

"Please. With our car. I came with the Grays. And bring the hamper, Miles."

"Right-O!"

In half an hour they were seated on the bank of the river, the hamper between them.

"Deborah."

Young Carter's face had grown so serious that Deborah was suddenly startled.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Let's eat our sandwiches," he evaded.

She laid hers aside and reached for his. "You've something to say," she said. "Out with it, Miles."

He felt a sudden tender pity for her.

"I know it's about father. Be quick, please."

"He meant to tell you himself, Deb; he was going to do it tonight."

She was very white. "I can stand it, Miles, if you will be quick."

Very gently he told her of her father's conversation with the stranger on the Pullman.

"He told your father," he went on, "that this generation needed to be given a job."

"You needn't go on, Miles; I can finish. Father came home and found me like those girls and he let me think he was—bad—so that I'd set about reforming him. Is that right?" she asked crisply.

"I've bungled it," despaired young Carter. "And you aren't taking it right. He had only a minute to think. He couldn't fake a mortgage for you to pay off or stage an epidemic so that you could nurse the town. This is what occurred to him and he set about it. It worked, too."

"Yes, it worked. What fun you two must have had behind my back."

"Fun! It has half-killed your father. Do you suppose he enjoyed having his daughter think he needed reforming? Why," he blew up, "you little fool! You act as though you'd rather your father was dissolute than that you should be tricked."

"Made ridiculous," she amended.

"You haven't been ridiculous for a minute; you've been splendid. I wish I knew that a girl would do for me what you've done for him."

"Do-does mother know?"

"Nobody knows but me."

Suddenly her head went down on her arms and her slim body shook with sobs.

He laid a hand on her shoulder. "You poor kid!" he murmured.

"You'll think I'm crazy, c-crying because I've found that father didn't need reforming," she sobbed.

"You aren't crazy at all, honey. You thought you were playing serious drama and it turns out to be slapstick, and your pride is hurt. But it's all right now. Shall we eat?"

But Deborah was not ready to leave the stage before playing a final scene. She rose, scorn on her expressive face.

"Eat!" she said. "Eat. But don't ask me to. I am very weary. For two months, day and night, my father has been on my mind. The evenings that he escaped——"

"Escaped is the word," grinned Carter, and was rewarded by a glare from her darkened eyes.

"The evenings that he escaped, I watched by the window for his return, as a mother watches for a wayward son.

"But I was coz—coz——"

"Cozened," assisted Carter cheerfully. "And a darned good word."

"I was deceived. It was all a merry joke. But I shall bear the scar of those two months forever. Never again shall I be a carefree girl."

"Just you wait till I'm back in Cambridge and you're in Wellesley and we'll make a stab at it."

"Eat," she commanded in her best manner. "And quickly, please. And then take me home where I shall try to forget my pain."

She sank gracefully to the bank and Carter heaved a sigh.

"Now that that's off your chest," he suggested, "suppose you have a sandwich."

She hesitated for an instant before taking two. "I suppose I might as well," she said, and returned his grin.

"Deborah," he said softly, "you little sport! This summer has meant a lot to me. Has it meant anything at all to you?"

She nodded. "Heaps," she admitted.

They ate their sandwiches in silence, their heels thumping the bank, the vesper songs of the birds reflecting the contentment in their young hearts.

Stella Rosevelt

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

faces behind him, glancing at those to whose conversation he had just been listening.

It was even as he had surmised when he heard that manly voice.

Archibald Sherbrooke sat directly behind him, and beside him a noble, matronly-looking woman whom he closely resembled; but there was an unmistakable look of pain upon the young man's face, and a wistful, anxious look in his handsome eyes.

"Not married after all this time, and with that sorrowful face and bitter sigh. I begin to think there may have been a misunderstanding of some kind, instead of a willful wrong," he said to himself. "He does not look like a man to prove treacherous to a woman," he added; "there is something noble and prepossessing about him; and yet Star said she denounced him to his face."

When the concert was over, and while he was slowly passing out with the crowd, some one at his side suddenly exclaimed:

"Hello, Meredith! where on earth did you come from?" and a friendly hand grasped and shook his with a vigorous cordiality.

"Alden! is it you?" he cried, in return. "I might ask the same question of you, since I had not a thought of seeing you here; but since it is evident that we are both Americans, it is safe to assume that we came from 'over the seas and far away.'"

"When did you arrive? Where are you stopping, and how long do you stay in London?" demanded Alden, his tongue going like a race horse.

"Well," Ralph returned, laughing, "you mean to know all about me, I see. I arrived a week ago yesterday; I am stopping at the Midland Grand, and my stay is—indefinite."

"Good! but now I have found you, I mean to keep an eye upon you. I tell you it sets a fellow up wonderfully to see a home face. Have you any other engagement for this evening?"

"No."

"Then come with me. I have an invitation to Lady Stamfield's reception—and, by the way, she does entertain charmingly—with permission to bring as many friends as I choose. Come; my lady is a delightful hostess, besides having two of the loveliest daughters in the world."

"Such an inducement as the latter I am unable to resist," Ralph responded, with a smile. "I will come with pleasure."

"You're a sensible fellow," responded young Alden, as, linking his arm familiarly in that of his friend, he led him away.

Ralph found Stamfield House a delightful place.

He was very cordially received upon being presented by his friend, and introduced to a number of pleasant people, and he began to think that he had not seen the best side of London, after all, since he had not heretofore been favorably impressed with its citizens.

After he had danced two or three times, young Alden sought him again, and took him away to the billiard-room, which, for that evening, had been set apart for a smoking-room.

"I want to introduce you to some fine fellows," he said, on the way thither; "'bang up' boys, we should say in America, who will give you a good time while you stay here."

He found a dozen or twenty young men gathered in the billiard-room, and was introduced to several of them by his friend, one being Lord Carrol, of Carrolton.

He half put out his hand, glanced up at the stranger, started, withdrew it, and bowed stiffly to his lordship. He had recognized Archibald Sherbrooke!

The fine, genial face of the young peer clouded at the act and his cool greeting; but, with his natural good breeding, he appeared not to heed it, and expressed his pleasure at the meeting; while Alden, the introduction over, turned away, leaving them together.

"I beg your pardon," Ralph said, the hot blood mounting to his brow, for his loyal heart could not forget Star and her wrongs. "I have heard you addressed twice today by another name—Archibald Sherbrooke. Has my friend made a mistake in introducing you to me as Lord Carrol?"

His lordship laughed, and his face cleared instantly.

"No," he said; "I am both Archibald Sherbrooke and Lord Carrol. I am troubled with a plurality of names, which frequently cause mistakes, some of which are ludicrous, and some—painful."

This last statement was supplemented with a heavy sigh.

"But," he added, more lightly, "I will shake hands with you over either," and he extended his hand again.

But Ralph would not take it.

He drew back a step, and bent a perplexed look upon his companion's face.

"Pardon me again," he said; "but before I take your hand, allow me to ask you a single question."

"Certainly; a dozen if you like," Lord Carrol answered, haughtily, for Ralph's refusal to take his hand had hurt him keenly.

"You have been in America?"

"Yes."

"You met there a young lady by the name of Miss Stella Gladstone?"

Lord Carrol started as from a sudden shock, and grew pale to his lips.

"Stella Gladstone! What can you tell me of Star Gladstone?" he demanded, hoarse from emotion.

"That her heart is broken—her life ruined," Ralph Meredith answered, sternly, for he knew now that he had found his man, and he meant to show him no mercy.

He trembled with excitement, and his fingers ached to strangle the villain and coward who had so basely betrayed the trust of the loveliest woman on earth.

"Her life ruined! Don't tell me that," Lord Carrol whispered, with white lips, while the look of agony which leaped to his eyes would have moved the hardest heart, had it been less sore than Ralph Meredith's.

"Yes, and you are the traitor who is accountable for it," he answered, hotly.

The young man flushed, and he drew himself up with sudden dignity, struggling to regain his self-possession, which had been sadly disturbed at the mention of that dearly-loved name.

"You forget yourself, sir," he said, haughtily. "What right have you to address me thus? Why do you speak to me in this way of Miss Gladstone, and thus arraign me for what you assert?"

"Why should I not?" Ralph Meredith demanded, in low, fierce tones. "Did she not tell me with her own lips of your baseness and treachery? And do you think that I can take the hand of the man, were he twice a lord, who has ruined the life of"—"the only woman whom I ever loved," he was about to add, but something restrained him and made him substitute—"an angel?"

Archibald Sherbrooke was very pale now. He was a proud, brave young man, and all the hot blood in his composition had been aroused by this sudden and unexpected attack from the stranger to whom he had been introduced by a mutual friend.

He had uttered words which, under any other circumstances, would have made him fell him to the ground and chastise him for his insolence.

But he controlled himself, for he saw that Ralph was a noble fellow, although he had constituted himself the champion of the woman whom he still loved with a deathless love, and meant to avenge her wrongs if he was assured that he had found the right man.

He reasoned, too, that he must be laboring under the same mistake of which Star had been the victim, and that the only way to deal with him would be to explain just how matters stood.

Besides, a wild hope was springing up in his heart that through him he might be able to find her whom he had lost, and whom he had never ceased for one moment to love.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

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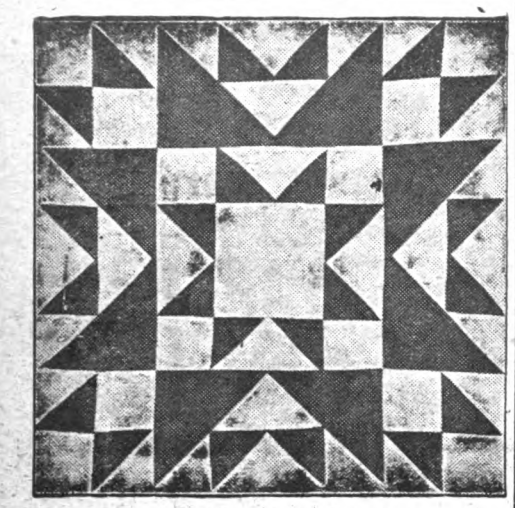
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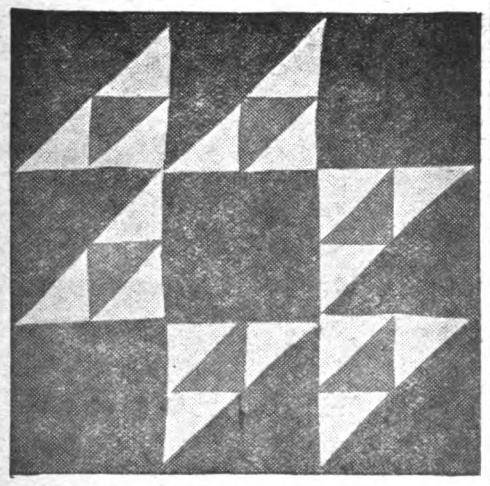


NO. 4. ODD FELLOWS' MARCH.
MRS. B. M. DICKEY, PA.

Utilizing Small Pieces

OLD and new, odd and yet attractive designs for working up small pieces are shown this month. These patterns give one somewhat of an idea of the almost numberless ways in which squares and triangles can be combined.

Many of the blocks, such as No. 5, Dove at the Window, No. 6, Irish Chain, No. 8, Jacob's Ladder, and No. 16, Blazing Star, are not complete in themselves, as when they are joined they form a continuous design.

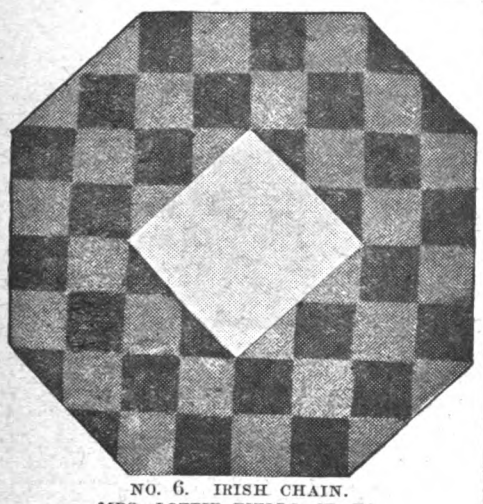


NO. 5. DOVE AT THE WINDOW.
MRS. DELLA BYFIELD, KANSAS.

Of these the first two are old patterns which are usually developed of two colors only and white, while Jacob's Ladder is most effective made of a single color and white.

The first design in this column, which is known in some localities as Odd Fellows' March, is complete in itself and is usually set together with block of white of the same size.

This design or No. 7, The Rolling Star, can be made up of two or three colors and



NO. 6. IRISH CHAIN.
MRS. LOTTIE FIELDS, W. VA.

white, or contrasting scraps of calico, gingham or, in fact, any kind of wash goods.

No. 9, The Ferris Wheel, and No. 14, Snowball, and No. 17, Star of Bethlehem, are all simple, attractive patterns, especially suited for using two shades only and white.

Of the pieced blocks, stars of all sorts seem to be as popular as ever, and it is very interesting to note how much they can differ in form and design. The Rolling Star pattern, No. 7, is usually filled out to make a square block with white and then set together with white blocks of an equal size.

No. 12 makes an attractive all-over design.

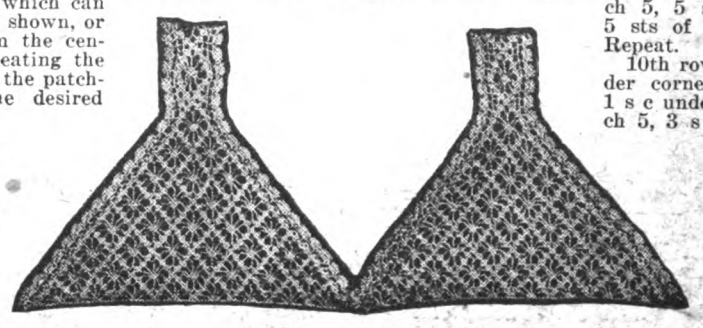
New Idea for Bedspread Square

No. 13 is a star pattern worked up into a hexagon block, enough of which are joined directly for a quilt top.

The Blazing Star, shown in No. 16, is an old pattern which can be pieced as shown, or worked from the center out, repeating the points, until the patchwork is the desired size.

No. 18 is another pattern which is particularly good to repeat. No. 15 illustrates a very simple manner of working up tiny bits, and No. 11, one of the ways in which these blocks can be fashioned into a larger pattern.

Many of the best known and more popular patterns were sent in by more than one worker, so in these cases the pattern used is credited to the person whose choice of colors shows the different parts most clearly.



SPIDER WEB CAMISOLE TOP.

Square for Bedspread

This simple pattern can be worked around centers of different sizes, but a five-inch center square is a very good size.

Cut all squares by a thread, if scrim is used, turn under edge and stitch with loose machine stitch. Work all around with single crochet, join at corner. To copy pattern exactly in second row, ch 5 after last s c in first row, 1 s c on first s c. This makes a corner ch. Work 14 chs of 3, 4 or 5 stitches along the side according to the number of cotton used and tension of worker. There should be an equal number of stitches between chains, and the last one should fasten with s c in last stitch on the side, the ch 5 for corner, 1 s c on next s c, 14 chs, 1 corner ch, repeat. Last ch finishes in st before first corner ch, then under corner ch work 3 s c, ch 5.

3rd row—1 s c under corner ch, 15 chs of same number of sts as in chs in second row, fastening each with 1 s c under chs in last row. 1 s c in corner ch, ch 5, 1 s c in corner ch, repeat, 3 s c in corner ch, ch 5.

4th and 5th rows—Same as second, only increasing chains on the sides the same as in second row.

6th row—Make ch of three or more stitches from corner to center of first ch, 1 s c, repeat. In this row just enough stitches should be used to make a straight line. Join at corner, ch 1.

7th row—1 s c in each st, 3 s c in corner sts. Join, ch 1.

8th row—Same as 7th, ch 5.

9th row—5 s c on first 5 sts, ch 5, sk 4, 5 s c on next 5 sts. This row should be planned so as to have 10 groups of 5 s c and to make these come exact skip either three or four stitches between. At corner ch 5, 5 s c on first 5 sts of second side. Repeat.

10th row—3 s c under corner ch, ch 5, 1 s c under corner ch, ch 5, 3 s c on center of 5 s c, ch 2, 3 s c on ch, ch 2, 3 s c of 5 s c. At corner, 1 s c in corner ch, ch 5, 1 s c in corner ch, ch 5, 5 s c. Repeat.

11th row—3 s c under corner ch, ch 5, 1 s c in corner ch, 4 s c under ch 5, ch 5, 1 s c under ch, 3 s c on 3 s c, 1 s c under ch, ch 5. Corners as usual. Repeat.

12th row—Corner ch, ch 5, 3 s c on 4 s c, ch 2, 3 s c under ch, ch 2, 3 s c on 5 s c. Corners as usual. Repeat.

13th row—4 s c under corner ch, 3 s c under next ch, ch 2, 5 s c, ch 2, 3 s c. Repeat around.

14th row—Same as 6th row.

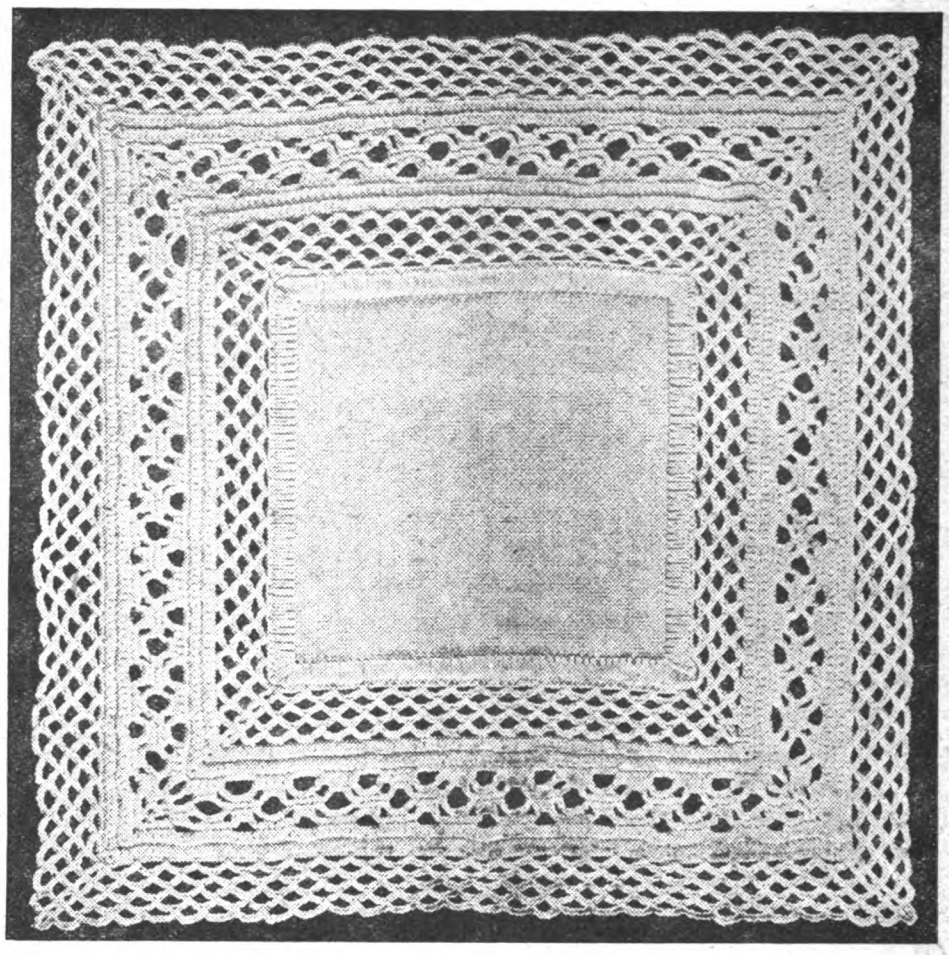
15th and 16th rows—Same as 7th and 8th rows.

Next five rows all chains as shown, the same as the rows around the center.

Spider Web Camisole Top

BY BERTHA ANDREWS.

Materials, No. 50 mercerized crochet cotton, No. 12 steel hook.



BEDSPREAD SQUARE WITH SCRIM CENTERS. BY A. O. L. WERTMAN.

This yoke is made of four points, to two of which are crocheted the shoulder-straps, which are then joined to the other two points. Work is begun at the base or widest part of each point by making a ch 159 stitches.

1st row—1 d c in 4th st from hook, 2 d c in next 2 sts, * ch 5, sk 5, 5 s c, ch 5, sk 5, 4 d c, repeat from * 7 times, ending with 4 d c, ch 3, turn.

2nd row—* 1 blk (4 d c), under ch 5, ch 5, 3 s c on center 5 s c, ch 5, 1 blk, ch 1, repeat from * 7 times, ch 3, turn.

3rd row—* 1 blk, ch 3, 1 tr c in center s c, ch 3, 1 blk, ch 3, 1 tr c under ch 1 between blks, ch 3, repeat from * 6 times, then 1 blk, ch 3, 1 tr c, ch 3, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

4th row—* 1 blk, ch 2, 1 blk (each side of treble), ch 5, 1 s c under ch, 1 s c on next tr c, 1 s c under ch, ch 5, repeat * 6 times, ending with 2 blks either side of last treble, ch 3, turn.

5th row—* 1 blk between blks, ch 5, 5 s c over 3 s c, ch 3, repeat from * 6 times, ending with 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

6th row—* 1 blk, ch 3, 3 s c, ch 3, 1 blk, ch 2, repeat from * 6 times, ending with 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

7th row—* 1 blk, ch 3, 1 tr c on s c, ch 3, 1 blk, ch 3, 1 tr c between blks, ch 3, repeat from * 5 times, ending with 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

8th row—Begin same as 4th row, and work over spider webs in the usual way.

9th row—Same as 5th row. One row has one and one-half webs completed. Continue as directed, working 6 webs over the 7 webs completed and decrease as shown in our illustration until work is but 1 web in width.

After row of blks, ch 1 tr c ch, blk, on last web turn with ch 5.

1st row of strap—1 blk, ch 2, 1 blk, ch 2, 1 d c under ch, end last row, ch 5, turn.

2nd row—1 d c on first d c of blk, ch 2, 1 blk between blks, ch 2, 1 d c on last d c of next blk, ch 2, 1 d c under ch, ch 5, turn.

3rd row—1 blk in second space, ch 2, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 3, turn.

4th row—1 blk, ch 3, 1 tr c between blks, ch 3, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

5th row—3 d c on last d c, ch 3, 3 s c, ch 3, 3 d c on last d c, ch 3, turn.



IRISH EDGING.

6th row—3 d c, ch 3, 5 s c, ch 3, 3 d c, ch 3, turn.

7th row—1 blk under ch, ch 3, 3 s c, ch 3, 1 blk, 1 d c on last d c, ch 5, turn.

8th row—1 blk, ch 3, 1 tr c, ch 3, 1 blk, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 5, turn.

9th row—1 blk, ch 2, 1 blk, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 5, turn.

10th row—2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

Repeat, making three more spider webs.

Make another front with strap, then two points ending with row on last web having two blocks. Join straps by single crochet or needle and thread. Join bottom of the yoke both back and front by single crochet over the first chains, across two points. Finish sides of points and straps as follows: After completing singles along bottom at end ch 5, 1 d c under ch end of 1st row, ch 3, 1 d c between blks end of 2nd row, ch 3, 1 d c under ch, ch 3, 1 d c between blks, repeat all around.

Scallop

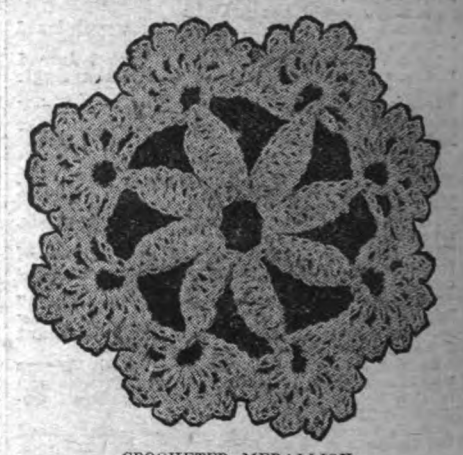
Under 1st ch, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 s c under ch, ch 2. One 5 picot scallop in next space. Repeat around.

These directions will result in a top for size 34 or 36 garment. For a larger one use No. 30 cotton. Make each point separate and in garment leave space between the points in the front, back and under the arms for the finishing scallop.

An Irish Edging

This is a very effective pattern for the edging of children's clothes or collar and cuff sets. A No. 30 or 40 cotton is best for linen or pique although finer cotton can be used for trimming sheer materials.

Make first row a chain or work directly into the goods as follows: 3 s c, 1 picot of ch 5, 5 s c, 1 p, 3 s c, ch 7, turn and sl st into 3rd s c beyond first p, turn, 3 s c under ch 7, 1 p, 3 s c, 1 p, 3 s c, 1 p, 3 s c, in 3rd ch, 6 d c, 1 s c, thus forming 1 petal,



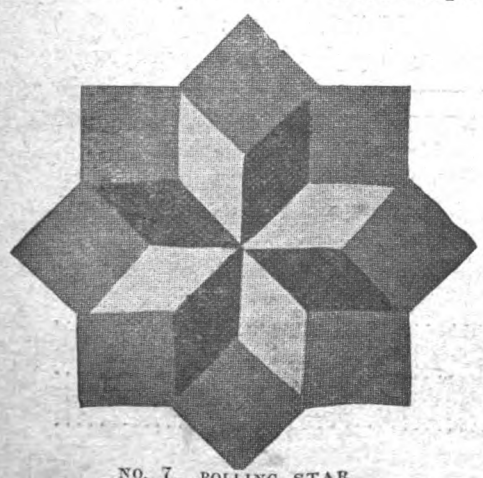
CROCHETED MEDALLION.

2 s c into goods or ch, 1 p, 5 s c, 1 p, 3 s c, ch 7, turn. Repeat from *.

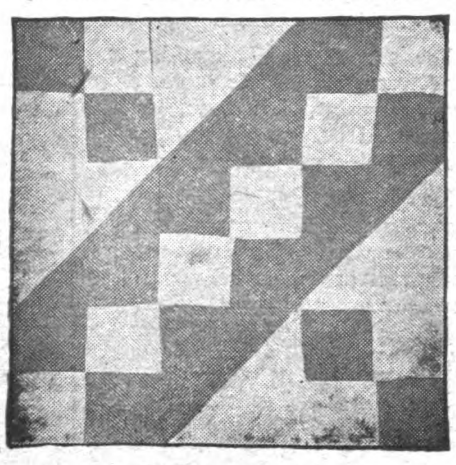
Crocheted Medallion

Suitable for edging scarfs, curtains, etc.
1st round—Ch 6, join, ch 10, turn, 1 s c

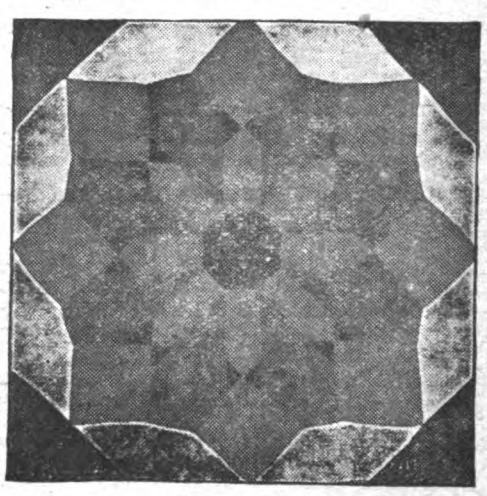
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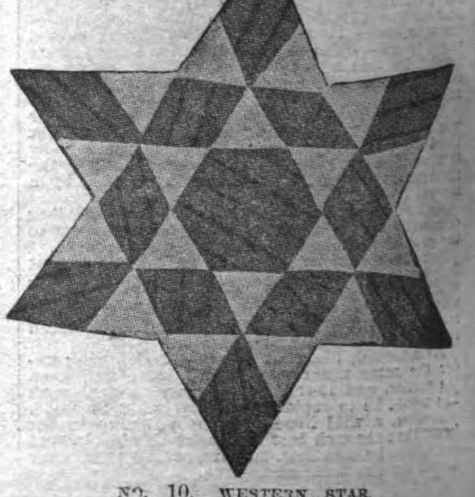
NO. 7. ROLLING STAR.
MRS. CLARA G. FISHER, PA.



NO. 8. JACOB'S LADDER.
MRS. ANNA WALTERS, IOWA.



NO. 9. FERRIS WHEEL.
IDA L. SOUTHARD, NEV.



NO. 10. WESTERN STAR.
MRS. MARY T. WORK, ILL.

And Pieced Patchwork Patterns

Scalloped Beading

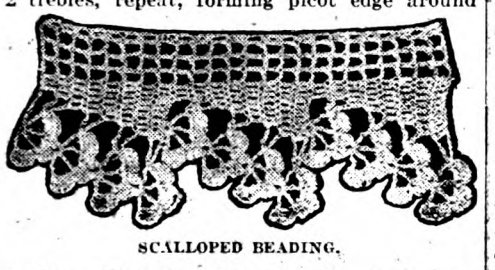
THIS can be made as illustrated or with a single space for running ribbon.

Ch 18, turn.

1st row—Shell off 4 d c in 4th st from hook, ch 3, sk 5, 1 shell of 4 d c in next st, ch 3, sk 5, 1 shell in next st, ch 3, turn 2nd row, shell on shell, ch 3, 1 shell ch 3, 1 shell, ch 5, turn.

3rd row—Same as last row, turning with ch 3.

4th row—3 shells on shells, then 1 treble under ch 5 at end of 2nd row, ch 1, 1 tr c, repeat, making 8 tr c in all, slip st to end first row, turn, ch 5, 1 s c between last 2 trebles, repeat, forming picot edge around



SCALLOPED BEADING.

scallop. Then 3 shells on shells, ch 3, turn and repeat pattern.

To make narrower omit last or third shell, which will give only one space for running ribbon.

Clover-leaf Lace

This design is a simple yet effective pattern either for towel ends or centerpieces.

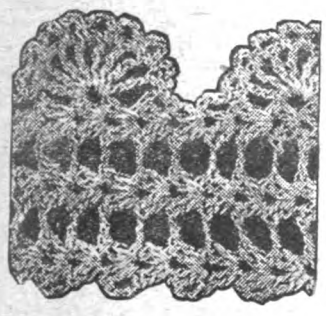
Use either white or ecru mercerized crochet cotton No. 30 and a suitable steel hook.

Begin with ch 22, turn.

1st row—1 d c in 3rd st from hook, ch 2, 1 d c in next 3rd st, repeat, making 2 more sps, 2 d c in next 2 sts, ch 5, 1 d c tr, in last st of ch, ch 2, repeat, making 4 d tr in same stitch, ch 2, turn.

2nd row—5 d c, under ch 2 of preceding row, 1 s c, 3 d c, ch 2, 3 d c, 1 s c, ch 2, 5 d c, 1 s c, ch 5, 1 d c in 5th st of ch, 4 d c on d c, 3 sps, d c under ch 2 of preceding row, ch 2, turn.

3rd row—D c on d c, 3 sps, 5 d c, ch 5, 4 d tr in center of leaf, with ch 2 between, ch 2, turn.



CLOVER-LEAF LACE.

4th row—5 d c, 1 s c, 3 d c, ch 2, 3 d c, 1 s c, ch 2, 5 d c, 1 s c, ch 5, 6 d c, 3 sps, 1 d c, ch 2, turn.

5th row—D c on d c, 3 sps, 7 d c, ch 5, 4 d tr, as in preceding row, ch 2, turn.

6th row—5 d c, 1 s c, 3 d c, ch 2, 3 d c, 1 s c, 5 d c, 1 s c, ch 5, 8 d c, 3 sps, 1 d c under ch 2, ch 2, turn.

7th row—D c on d c, 3 sps, 9 d c, ch 5, 4 d tr, ch 2, turn.

8th row—5 d c, 1 s c, ch 2, 3 d c, ch 2, 3 d c, 1 s c, ch 2, 5 d c, ch 5, 10 d c, 3 sps, d c under ch 2, ch 2, turn.

This completes one scallop.

9th row—3 sps, 3 d c on first 3 d c, ch 5, 4 d tr in 5th d c of preceding row. Repeat till lace is desired length.

RUTH MANLEY.

Shell Edging

This is worked in the length and is one of the simple patterns which grows very rapidly.

Made of No. 50 white mercerized crochet cotton, it makes a good finish for lingerie or children's clothes.



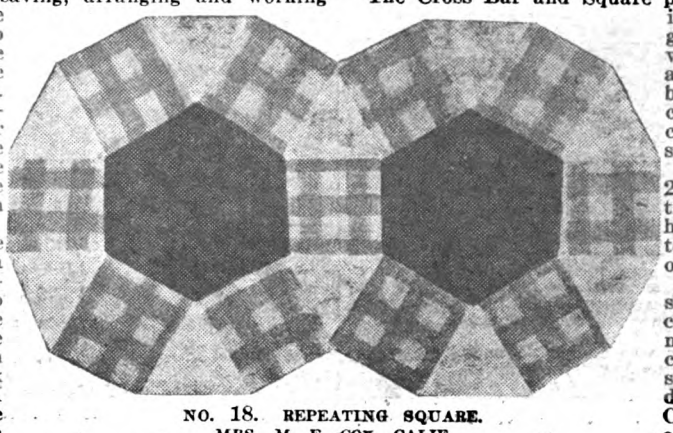
SHELL EDGING.

Begin with ch 3 Join in ring. Ch 3, 6 d c in ring, ch 3, sl st to top of last double to form picot, turn sl st over 3 d c, ch 3, 1 d tr c (thread over hook 3 times), in top of first double, turn, 6 d c in center st of shell, 1 p, sl st to center, ch 3, 1 d tr c in first double of second shell, turn and repeat.

Easy Patchwork

There is always an accumulation of new bits of percale, gingham and other sorts of wash goods where the clothing for the family is still made at home, and the quantity of these scraps is, of course, usually regulated by the size of the family and the care which is taken of them.

An orderly as well as industrious COMFORT reader, who submitted a number of attractive designs in our recent contest, writes interestingly of the saving, arranging and working up of these bits so as to accomplish the most in the shortest time. For the benefit of other readers we are glad to be able to quote the following from her letter:



NO. 18. REPEATING SQUARE.
MRS. M. E. COX, CALIF.

"As the mother of a growing family of five, I do not have time to put in fine handwork on patchwork quilts, but I find it possible to accomplish good results by machine. I have made ten quilts in this way and none of them are simply a homely conglomerate mass of odds and ends for though I have to work quickly I plan carefully.

"A receptacle for all scraps is the first necessity. For this I find a neatly-made bag of some strong wash material is best. This should hang near the machine or on one's cutting table. Into it put all good-sized pieces left from cutting out garments, and when enough have accumulated to commence work on begin by cutting the pieces for the pattern decided upon. For machine stitching, squares, half-squares and diamond-shaped pieces are best.

"Cut carefully, having the pieces all of an equal size. Have two needles threaded with long, stout cotton, on one string, the light-colored pieces of a certain shape, on the other the dark,—by running the needle through the center of each piece.

"For some patterns four or more strings will be necessary as colors and also shapes are strung separately. When I have enough pieces ready in this way for an afternoon's work, I begin planning and stitching on the machine.

"Intricate and handsome designs can be worked up very easily in this way. I have made an entire quilt top in an afternoon, and in another half day have also quilted it by machine."

Many of the patterns illustrated this month are especially suitable for this modern and rapid manner of working.

The Cross Bar and Square pattern shown in No. 1 is a good idea of what can be accomplished by combining contrasting colors, cut in simple shapes.

Details No. 2 and 3 illustrate fully how this pattern is worked out.

Many of the star blocks could easily be made by machine, also the single or double "Irish Chain." Quilts of this old pattern are very handsome when made up of red, green and white, with either the green or white for the large squares.

Another pattern which is particularly good for machine sewing is the old "Wild Goose Chase." This pattern, which is a very common one, is formed of three-cornered half-squares sewed together in a fancied resemblance to a flock of birds on the wing, by arranging the pieces so that the sharp point of one-half square joins the bias side of the one before it, the spaces thus formed being filled in with light goods.

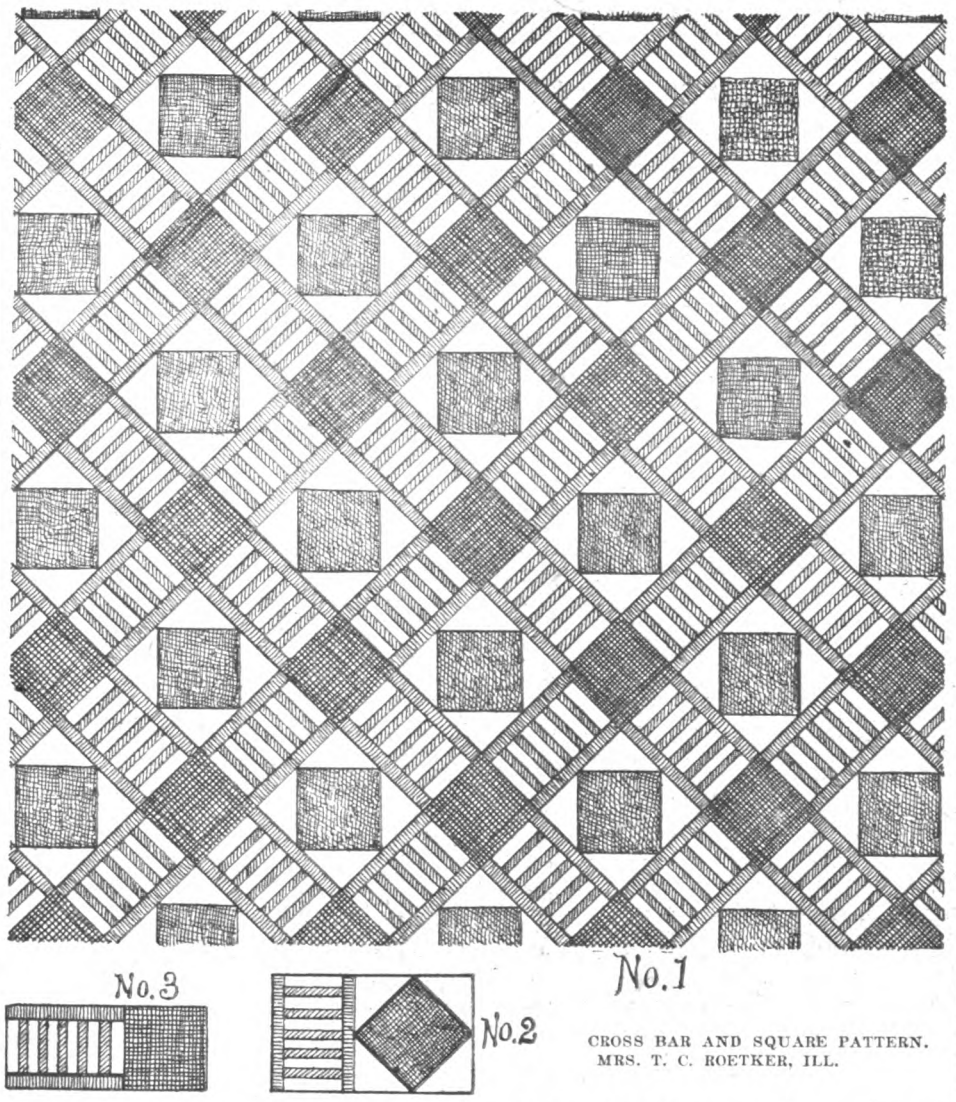
"The Chase" is made long enough for the entire length of the quilt, then these strips are usually sewed together with alternate strips of goods as wide as the pieced strips.

Patchwork is not the cutting up of whole cloth into bits for the sake of sewing it together again, as has been said by someone, but rather the utilizing of goods which is already cut up.

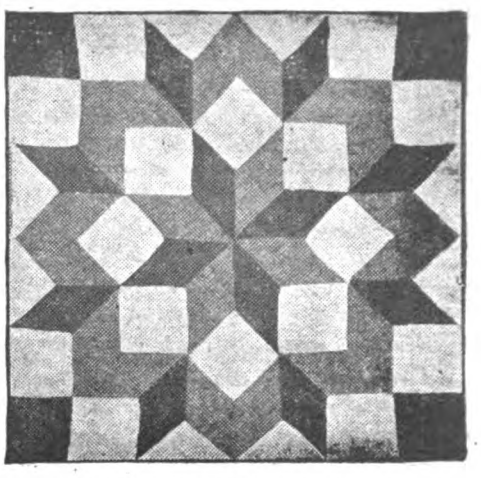
A really attractive quilt results from the ingenious ways in which these scraps are used.

Without careful planning the result is a mixed appearance instead of a combination.

When one is not likely to have scraps enough of three or four or even a dozen materials, it is best to sort out first as to colors and then select some design requiring small



CROSS BAR AND SQUARE PATTERN.
MRS. T. C. ROETKER, ILL.



NO. 17. STAR OF BETHLEHEM.
MRS. ELEANOR SPRIGG, OHIO.

pieces such as No. 11, 12, 13, 16 or 17. No. 18 illustrates the effectiveness of checked goods combined with plain. If you have an old gingham dress it can be used in this way.

It is easy to cut checked goods as one has the lines to go by. In this pattern, white and a solid color to match the gingham is used.

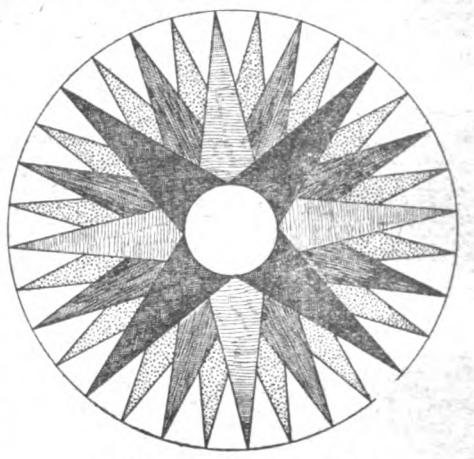
To help out on colors, blocks of any size may be set together with narrow bands of solid color, a binding of the same finishing the edge.

Jute Crochet

Balls of heavy twine-like material, known as jute, are now used in making up sport bags, porch cushions and table-mats. A wide range of colors can be obtained, and articles can be made up very quickly as the jute is coarse.

For the sport bag illustrated in July COMFORT, natural-color jute was selected, decorated with flame-color wool poppies and green leaves.

To make this model, begin in the center and make two disks. Join these by crocheting



NO. 16. THE BLAZING STAR.
MRS. ANNA WALTERS, IA.

a two-inch band, set in between, and crochet to each side.

Begin with ch 3, join in ring, ch 2, 8 d c in ring, join, ch 2, 1 d c on first double, 2 d c on second double, repeat around.

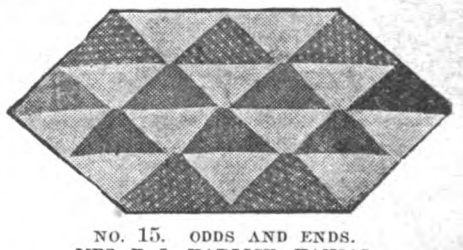
3rd round—Same as 2nd round.

4th round—2 d c in each d c.

5th round—Increase only as is necessary to keep work flat.

Add more rounds according to size one wishes the bag to be. Make two disks of the same size. To second side, after completing the last round, crochet back and forth on 7 or more sts for the arm strap, join to center of the first side.

Make strip for joining sides for double crochet two inches wide, and crochet or sew in place.



NO. 15. ODDS AND ENDS.
MRS. F. L. KADLICK, KANSAS.

Wool Poppies—Ch 3, join in ring.

1st round—12 d c in ring.

2nd round—24 d c on 12 d c.

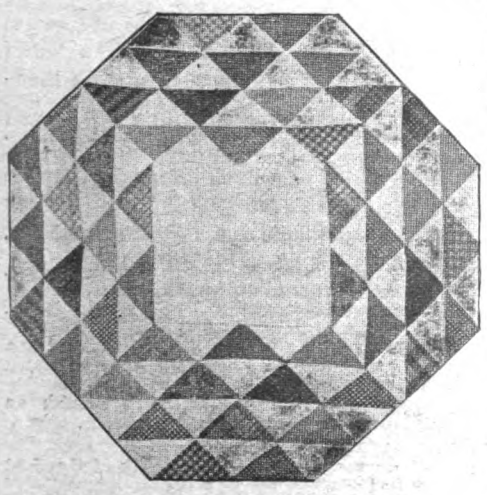
3rd round—36 d c, made by making 2 d c in every other stitch.

4th round—36 d c. Fasten off.

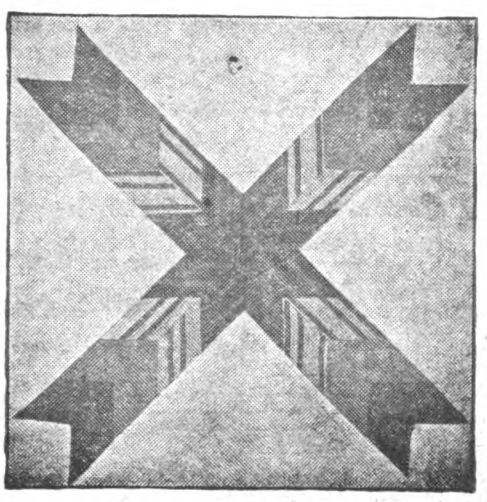
Finish centers of poppies with yellow wool French knots.

Leaves and Stems—Ch 9, turn, 1 s c, 7 d c, 1 s c, fasten off and leave two-inch end. Leaves can be made of various lengths. For

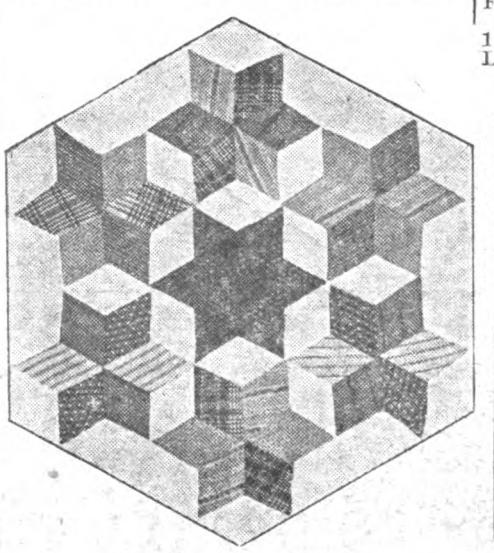
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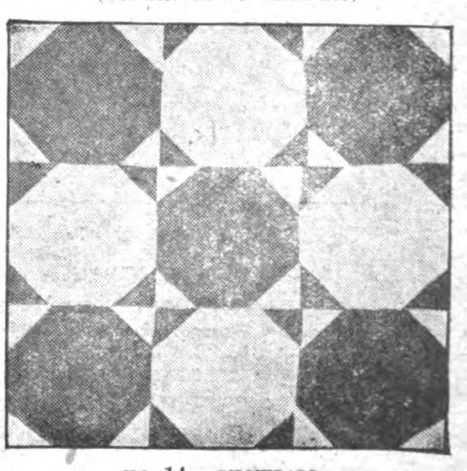
NO. 11. COMBINATION SQUARE.
MARY GILBERT, IOWA.



NO. 12. CROSS TRAIL.
MRS. E. P. WHEELER, CAL.



NO. 13. PIN WHEEL.
MRS. MARY T. WORK, ILL.



NO. 14. SNOWBALL.
MRS. T. C. ROETKER, ILL.

The Captive

By Flora G. Brent

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THE young man lay back in the boat helpless, his hands and feet securely tied. He stared at the girl in front of him who rowed with swift, firm strokes and who paid no attention to him whatever.

"Please, little girl," teased the stranger, "tell me why I am a prisoner, and where you are taking me."

The girl did not appear to notice these words and only rowed with the same perfect rhythm and indifference.

"Won't you please cut these cords?" begged Jim Vaden. "They are really hurting my flesh, and I would be grateful if I might sit up. It is very uncomfortable lying in the bottom of this wet boat."

"I will not untie anything, for then you might escape and I would lose that five hundred dollar reward which is offered for you."

"So you get a reward for treating me like this. Pray tell me, young lady, of what I am guilty."

The girl's lips tightened, and her eyes flashed but she did not answer

"Strange that a fellow can't take a nap in this part of the country without being bound hand and foot and forced into a boat and carried to—say, Miss, where are we going, anyway? Come on, now, be a sport and reward me for good behavior."

"Good behavior!" snapped the girl. "When?"

"Didn't I walk into this boat after you tied me?"

"You were asleep, sir, and only wakened when you felt the end of my rifle in your ribs. You got into this boat because you knew I'd shoot you if you attempted escape," declared the girl, an angry flush spreading over her face.

Jim studied the girl from where he lay. She was pretty, and there was a roguish tilt to her nose. He liked her business-like air, and the way she managed this ridiculous situation. She undoubtedly thought she had captured a criminal, and he did not wonder she thought so for he had not shaved for several days and his clothes were torn and muddy from a week of tramping and roughing it. He had come into this part of the country partly on a camping trip but really to search for a girl whom, two years ago when a soldier on his way to camp, he had talked to a few moments while the train took on passengers. She had given him a kodak picture of herself with the name Bess written on it. That was all he knew of her, but she was the only girl he had thought about in all those months in France, and his one wish was to find her.

As he watched her now his face lighted up, and a low exclamation of delight escaped his lips. He believed he had found her. However, he liked this girl, and he was sorry she had such an opinion of him.

As they rounded a sharp bend in the river the girl hesitated and seemed undecided. For a few seconds she let the oars rest idly on the water. "I must row over to the bank and get my sweater and fishing rod I left there," she explained. "You—you won't try to escape?"

For answer Jim sighed contentedly and shook his head. The girl rowed on silently, a perplexed expression on her face.

"Did you really steal the money from the bank?" abruptly questioned the young woman.

"I wouldn't object to stealing money every day if I would be captured by you," laughed Jim evasively.

"But did you? I must know before we go on. If I am mistaken, you are free and can go your way, and if not I—I'll—you will have to go with me."

"I'll go with you. I really prefer it,' decided the prisoner gaily.

They had just reached the shore, the girl jumped lightly to the ground, and her captive sat up and shook his hair from his broad forehead, when there was a crashing of brush and a volley of curses issued from the throats of four men. As they came into full view, one, a small, dark, nervous-looking man, had his hands securely tied behind him. He had evidently tried to escape from his captors, for all appeared to be angry and agitated.

The men in charge of the unfortunate one stopped when they saw the young lady. "Hi, Bess," they called familiarly, "we have got him."

"Sure there is no mistake?" she asked, glancing shyly at the young man in the boat while a dull red spread over her face.

"Mistake! No. We found the money on him. Will see you later. Must hurry along," they answered as they passed on, apparently not having noticed the man in the boat.

Without a word the young lady took a knife and cut the cords that bound Jim Vaden. "You must pardon me. I—I was mistaken. You are free," she said soberly.

"I am going with you," declared the man as he seated himself in the boat and held out his hands.

"Really I can't take you now. You are not guilty." The girl laughed for the first time, and Jim joined in heartily. Again he studied her face closely, then drew a picture from his pocket. He compared the two then handed the photo to the surprised girl.

"Bess," he whispered softly, "have I really found you? For two years I have kept your picture before me. I thought I recognized you from the first. I am Jim Vaden of New York. Won't you allow me to row you home?"

"Come," said Bess Gilbert as she handed him the oars, "we will be late getting home."

Dr. West laid his hand on Bonnie's arm. "What you need is sleep, Bonnie, dear," he said gently. "You've got enough to worry over without taking on the troubles of a gambler."

Long after Dr. West had departed, however, Bonnie Lathrop walked the floor in despair. The thought that Trabue had turned her down caused the hot tears of anguish to fill her eyes, while the memory of her father lying ill in the room above, accompanied with the stack of bills in the old library desk almost drove her mad.

Presently she crossed the room and carefully surveyed herself in the long French mirror.

"You are a true Lathrop, Bonnie," she said, shaking her finger at the lovely reflection before her, "a true Lathrop—and any sacrifice you make is worthy the cause—it's your time to act—you must save your father and Elmwood."

With this decision, she went hastily up-stairs and carefully selected from her numerous gowns a very becoming costume; this she laid on a chair, then smilingly she got ready for bed.

* * * * * * *

The sun was still low in the eastern sky when Bonnie came swinging down the main street of Attalia City in a little black racer; at the first corner she stopped, spoke to a policeman, then moved on in the direction he mentioned her to go.

Presently she was rolling down a long, shady boulevard, peering eagerly at the houses which decorated either side, but not until her eyes beheld the big brass letters forming the word BILTMORE over an archway opening onto the boulevard did she slow down.

Getting out of her car, she made her way into the court, and there she paused before the house register. Rapidly her eyes ran down the list of residents until they came to the name of Justin Hall.

"Justin Hall," she read slowly, "Apartment 33." Just for a moment she paused, undecided whether to take the elevator or the door through which she had come—then with a sudden shrug of her shoulders, she turned to the elevator.

* * * * * * *

Nervous and weak from the stroke of the previous day, Colonel Lathrop awoke and inquired for his daughter.

"She went to the city this morning," the nurse told him, "but left instructions for you to eat a good breakfast and not worry about anything."

"An' heah's de brakfas', Marsa Lathrop," interrupted the voice of old Dorothy as she deposited a heavily-laden tray before the old man.

Colonel Lathrop made a great effort to eat heartily, but old Dorothy noticed with solemn anxiety that the food had scarcely been touched when she carried the tray away.

Beside the window in his luxuriously-furnished apartment, propped among gaily-decorated satin pillows, Justin Hall sat gazing idly upon a small flower garden in the back yard of the Biltmore Apartment house, when James Adams, his faithful friend and secretary, entered the room and handed him a card bearing the name of Miss Bonnie Lathrop.

"Miss Bonnie Lathrop," repeated Hall thoughtfully, then he looked up at James with a smile. "Some charitable sister, I suppose; show her in."

A moment later Bonnie Lathrop stood tremblingly before him.

"Well," said Justin, eying her critically, "did you come to see me?"

"Yes," answered Bonnie, "I have come to ask a very great favor of you."

"A favor of me?" repeated Justin. "Can't say that I was ever thusly honored in all my life before. You know who I am?"

"You are the Gentleman Gambler, are you not?" Bonnie asked hesitatingly.

For an instant Justin Hall sat staring at her in silence; something new and strange was stirring in his heart—Cupid's arrow had suddenly struck home—then he said pleasantly:

"I believe that is my reputation in the South, but who told you of me?"

"My doctor," answered Bonnie quickly. "He told me of your affliction; he told me also that you have a great deal of money—and—and I wondered if you wouldn't help me?"

Justin watched the speaker in silent admiration; never before in his life had he seen such a vision of loveliness except in his dream pictures. Bonnie winced under his ardent gaze.

"Pardon my stupidity," Justin exclaimed suddenly. "Won't you have a chair; we can talk better that way."

Bonnie took the proffered chair and drew it a bit closer to the speaker. There was something pathetically sweet about the lonely man's countenance that caused her to lose fear of him.

"Tell me," said Justin presently, "what brought you here?"

"As I said in the beginning," answered Bonnie, "I have come to ask a great favor of you.

"My father, like yourself, is suffering from paralysis, though he has a chance of recovery provided I can get him away from this place into a new climate."

"You wouldn't expect a man like me," said Justin, glancing down at his helpless legs, "to move him, would you?"

"Not bodily—no," responded Bonnie, "but I thought perhaps since the doctor said you had so much money and such a little time to live yourself, that you might—might—well, *give* me enough to *give* my father a chance of prolonging his life."

Justin looked his heartfelt astonishment, then he threw back his head and laughed.

"Just who is this doctor who has put a time limit on my life?" he asked pleasantly.

"Perhaps I shouldn't have said that," Bonnie answered slowly. "You see, he really never thought of me ever seeing you."

"You mean to tell me," interrupted Justin, "that West told you this?"

Bonnie nodded. "But, honestly," she continued in an anxious tone of voice, "I didn't know you were ignorant of your condition."

"So I've only a short time to live, have I?" said the man more to himself than to the girl. "Well, we'll see about that! However, my condition has nothing to do with your affairs. How much money do you need?"

Bonnie leaned a bit nearer the speaker and a flush of red dyed her cheek.

"Oh—I need a whole lot—more, probably than any other one girl ever needed in the world before. I just learned yesterday," Bonnie went on without waiting for Justin to speak, "that my father has been caring for me on borrowed money for ever so long; debts have piled up something terrible. The livestock is mortgaged, the land is mortgaged, and even the house we live in is mortgaged—I hate to say it, but nothing less than thirty thousand dollars would do be any good."

"Thirty thousand——" repeated Justin, "nice little gift, all right—and I must say the request is out of the ordinary."

"I know it is," admitted Bonnie blushingly, "but it seemed a last resort to me, and—and I—I just took a chance on it."

Justin had never seen anybody so anxious over anything as this girl was, and he had never before seen a girl who so thrilled his heart. Suddenly the man's face brightened, and reaching out, he took Bonnie's hand.

"Look here, young lady," he said earnestly, "just how badly do you want that thirty thousand dollars?"

"With all my heart, body and mind," answered Bonnie quickly. "Can't you see it means my father's life? Why, man, I'd most sell my soul for it."

"I understand," answered the man, "and I've a proposition to make."

Reaching into his dressing-gown pocket, he drew forth a letter and handed it to Bonnie.

The girl's eyes grew wide with astonishment as she scanned the first page—but it was the postscript of the letter that seemed most to excite her.

"Remember," it ran, "if you would inherit the fortune of your late Uncle John Hall you must be married by the 27th of this month."

Instinctively Bonnie's eyes sought the calendar on the wall, which registered the 26th—then she turned back to the man.

"What has this to do with me?" she asked, suddenly, handing back the letter.

"It's the one way I can help you," answered the man, "if you are willing to pay that price for it."

"The idea is preposterous," Bonnie cried. "I—I—couldn't think of doing such a thing."

"Why?" asked Justin thoughtfully. "It's a straightforward proposition; by our marriage I would inherit my uncle's fortune which would enable me to give you far more than you ask, and still have a good profit for myself; besides that, my widow wouldn't be so badly off when I am gone."

"I—I—couldn't do it," stammered Bonnie, "I couldn't marry you."

"It's better than selling your soul," answered Justin, "and it couldn't be any worse on you than it would be on me."

Bonnie looked at him in amazement.

"You forget who I am," she said haughtily.

"Not a fit wife for a gentleman gambler, I admit," answered Justin, "but it's the one way I have to grant your request."

"If I should do this thing," Bonnie asked presently, "would you leave me free as long as my father lives?"

There were tears in Bonnie's eyes when she turned her face towards the man again, and Justin noticed with delight that her lips trembled, and he reached for her hand again.

"Surely," he said slowly, "you could read in my eyes that I am not the sort of man who would hold a woman by force; what you need is money—I can supply that need in an honorable way, and be none the worse off."

"I'm tempted to do it," Bonnie answered thoughtfully, "but, somehow, I feel that I'd have to pay heavily for such a favor."

"I'll gamble on it that you won't," responded Justin.

At the word gamble Bonnie winced, and the man smiled.

"This is my plan," he continued: "We'll have the ceremony—that is necessary for me to inherit my uncle's fortune—then we'll divide the money; you can take your part of it, and so long as your father lives I promise not to come near you unless you change your mind—provided," he continued slowly, "you promise me that at his death you will either repay the debt or acknowledge me as your husband."

TO BE CONCLUDED IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

"A Woman—Again"

By Hilda Koppel.

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ALL over this big country of ours there are thousands of women "making good" at all sorts of professions; who are earning their living in all manner of ways.

In the little town of Hazelhurst, in Mississippi, a sweet-faced, attractive woman has made a huge success of her chosen work of dairying. She is Mrs. Louis B. Moore, and with rare business sense, with remarkable executive ability, she originated and carried out the idea, which is now willingly acknowledged to be a paying one, and which permeates a large section around Hazelhurst.

Mrs. Moore was originally the proprietor of a large hardware store in Hazelhurst. She became interested in the dairy industry through the farmers who came to her place to buy.

Acting on an impulse, this enterprising woman sent for one hundred and fifty cream separators, which were soon sold to nearby farmers. In an effort to encourage the poorer farmers she signed the purchase notes, thus enabling many men to own separators who would not have been able to do so otherwise.

Mrs. Moore, becoming more concerned in the dairy business, enlarged her field of activities. She personally visited every farmer whom she could succeed in interesting in dairying. She arranged for government experts to visit the country around Hazelhurst, where they gave talks to the farmers at the different schoolhouses.

With the aid of a few men who saw the feasibility of her ideas, Mrs. Moore succeeded in arranging for farmers to buy pure-bred Jersey cows on a cooperative plan.

She inaugurated the plan of sending a large truck out into the rural districts to bring the milk to her station in town, thus saving the farmers the trip into Hazelhurst to carry just a few cans of milk. The charge for this service is barely above expenses.

Milk men within an area of twenty-six miles send their products to a branch of the Brookhaven Creamery Co., managed by a woman.

The Illinois Central Railway has assisted in the movement by furnishing excellent service for the shipping of dairy products to New Orleans, Memphis, Jackson and Brookhaven. Early trains run north and south before seven o'clock. The cans are returned each day to the shippers, and the truck delivers them to the farmer's home by noon the same day.

From a beginning of a shipment of ten gallons a day, the dairy business has grown until, now, thousands of gallons leave Hazelhurst daily. Today the finest Tennessee milch stock is seen on every pasture. There are few farmers in that section who do not ship a certain quantity of milk every day in the year. The plan has been to encourage dairying, and cooperation is going to make the business the largest in Mississippi.

And the woman who has caused it all, who originated the idea and did much of the work to bring about the fulfillment of her plan, smilingly gives information.

"I became very much interested in dairying," Mrs. Moore declared, "and the more I learned about it, the more I wished to know."

Mrs. Moore, who is now thoroughly acquainted with all points of her chosen work, answered readily on being questioned.

"The points that lead to success," Mrs. Moore replied, "are: the proper selection of milch stock; the proper care of herds; sanitation in the cow-barns; a proper handling of the milk, and a regular market."

The unique success of Mrs. Moore in her chosen field is but one more illustration of the diversity of employments at which women are working every day and achieving victory.

The Winning Gamble

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

about until they stood facing each other.

"The other paralytic patient, doctor, who did you say he was?" she asked anxiously.

"The gambler?" Dr. West answered. "I hardly think I said,—it would be unprofessional—but if you'd like to know, his name is Justin Hall."

"And—and—where does he live?" inquired Bonnie.

Thirty-three Biltmore Apartment—in the same city I do," answered the doctor pleasantly.

"When will you call on him again?"

Dr. West looked at the speaker in astonishment.

"Anybody would think you were personally interested in the famous gambler, Bonnie Lathrop, to hear you talk—but I shall not be able to see him again before tomorrow afternoon at four. Now, any more questions?"

"Only one, doctor," replied Bonnie. "Is—is he a kind-hearted sort of man?"

"Kind-hearted?" repeated the doctor, thoughtfully. "I would say so, though his reputation, I believe, is that of never having rendered personal service to anybody in his life."

Crocheted Medallion

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

1 s c in same petal, ch 6, 1 s c in next petal, ch 6, 1 s c in same petal. Repeat.

3rd row—Ch 4, turn, 1 sl st under last ch between petals, 1 d c in loop at end of petal, ch 5, form picot, * ch 1, 1 d c, 1 p, repeat from * until there are 8 d c in under ch, sl st to ch 6 between petals. Repeat around.

Jute Crochet

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

stems, take several strands of wool, tie in leaves, then s c over the entire length. Arrange on bag as fancied.

Jute Pillows

Either round or square pillow cover of single or double crochet can be quickly worked up.

For round ones, begin as directed for bag and work until the desired size, center of one color with borders of another are attractive. Or different crochet stitches may be used.

For a square pillow make 15-inch square of single crochet, then add a border by working round the four sides.

In doing this make three stitches in each corner stitch. Borders of one row of color, one row to match center, and repeated, are effective. Checker-board borders or entire pillow covers may be made. In doing this two threads are used. Make a square of one color, drop this, join in second color and, holding the first cover just above the stitches into which one is to work, crochet the second square, pick up first color for third square and crochet over the thread used in the second square.

A plain single crocheted center for a pillow may be decorated with a large initial cross-stitched in with the color jute used in the border.

Luncheon mats for porch use can also be very quickly made.

School Bags for Children

As jute is very serviceable, it is especially suitable for children's bags. Use a natural or tan jute chain to measure 14 or 15 inches. Turn, 1 s c in each stitch, working under only one loop, make 2 s c in last stitch, turn, work along the other side of the chain, under one loop only of each stitch.

Now work round and round, making 1 s c on each s c and working under the two loops of each stitch.

When bag is seven inches deep, join in any color preferred for bordering the top.

Divide the edge of each side around the top into six equal parts and place pins at the points. Starting from one side of the bag with the color for the border, work 1 s c in each stitch to the first pin, then 7 rows below, draw loop through stitch and make 1 d c, 1 s c in each stitch to next 2nd pin, then 1 d c through seventh row below. Continue working in this way around the bag to the starting point.

This will give one a row of singles with three doubles on each side of the bag worked seven rows below the first row of the border into the body of the bag.

2nd row—1 s c in each st, in stitch before the double make 1 d c six rows below first row of border, 1 s c on d c, 1 d c in next st 6 rows below. This brings 3 doubles together. Repeat.

3rd row—S c to stitch before doubles, then 1 d c in 5th row below, 3 s c, 1 d c in 5th row, repeat.

4th row—Singles, 1 d c in 4th row below, 5 s c, 1 d c in 4th row, repeat.

5th row—Singles, 1 d c in 3rd row below, 7 s c, 1 d c in 3rd row below, repeat.

6th row—Singles, 1 d c in 2nd row below, 9 s c, 1 d c in 2nd row below, repeat.

7th row—All singles. This completes bag.

Make handles of single crochet and fasten to the center of the tops.

Decorate the front of the bag with an initial or a monogram in cross-stitch.

A beaver colony on the east fork of the Hood River in Oregon recently felled a tree 18 inches in diameter across a power line of the Pacific Power & Light Company, plunging the entire countryside into darkness.—*Dearborn Independent.*



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THE LITTLE BRASS RING

By Joseph F. Novak

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"IT" was in the air.

Now, if you ask me what "it" was, I'm sure I could not tell you any more than could Jack Staunton who at this particular moment was experiencing "it."

But hazarding an explanation, I might say that "it," as experienced by Staunton this late Saturday afternoon in August was a desire for companionship of the opposite sex.

He had returned to his native city after an absence of nearly eleven years; then he had been a boy of fourteen, now he was a man of twenty-five. Those eleven years had changed him completely, for, having gone to New York, a poor boy to seek his fortune, he had accomplished that ambition—for him, since, from a parentless, penniless urchin, he had made himself worth three thousand dollars a year to the corporation that employed him.

The return to his home city brought back to him most poignantly, thoughts of a girl, a sweet little slip of a creature who had always been his idol and inspiration. Where was she now?

To satisfy that desire, all he need do was look her up, but this he had not thought of doing. Why? Simply because in the old days her father had been accounted rich, and at the rate he had been making his fortune, he was probably a millionaire by this time and his daughter no doubt moved in the best of society. What would his success, so great for him, be in comparison with her father's financial rating?

No, though there was an overpowering desire in his heart to see her, he would not, for, if indeed he did not find the girl fettered and bound to another, she probably wouldn't remember him anyway.

But "it" was in his veins, and as he looked from the hotel window and saw the vacationists, suit-case laden, hurrying to street cars that would take them to railroad depots and thence carry them from the August dogdays of the city to the open country, he wished he was numbered among those happy ones. There were family clans, young, proud fathers with girlish wives and doll-like children; devastatingly pretty groups of flappers, dainty and spirituelle, looking piquant enough for a movie garden party, spruced up, pinched-backed young fellows. There were probably typists, sales-people and office help, but for once, or rather a heavenly two weeks, they could imagine themselves rich, issue commands and tip employees of summer hotels very like the most opulent of democratic aristocracy.

A pang of loneliness shot into his heart as he watched the happy crowds go by. How he wished he were a part of those crowds. And he decided to seek companionship.

Where, though? Staunton was a decent fellow and had no love for any pleasure that might spoil his self-respect, for though an offspring of very poor parents, they had been moral, honest and upright.

A sign on a street car decided him:

"TAKE THIS CAR
to the
LAND OF JOY!"

Recollection crowded upon him and he smiled, for he recalled his first visit to the "Land of Joy," years ago when the amusement park had first opened. When just a bit of a kid, he had found a two-dollar bill. With more bravery than he possessed now, he had invited the girl of his dreams to go to the Park with him. And she, democratic child that she was, accepted. What a time they had! They rode on the carousal, looked at the pictures in the penny arcade (a thing of the past now), bought popcorn, candy and cracker-jack, washed the stuff down with cold pop, and after wandering about the park the whole afternoon, finally sat down to rest and fell asleep with their arms about each other, the girl's finger prominently displaying a little brass ring which they had found in a ball of popcorn.

Yes, for the sake of auld lang syne, he must visit the park, and off he started, an attractive figure in a light summer suit, oxfords, silk socks and straw hat, so well groomed that he might have passed for a young millionaire—the line of demarcation is not so pronounced these days.

He boarded the car and along it sped, picking up the crowds as it went along. All were good-natured and the more the conductor packed them in, the more hilarious the crowd grew—there was always room for one more.

At last in the dusky twilight, the gleaming lights of the arches and towers of the amusement park arose. Lines of street cars disembogued their crowds. Hawkers and fakers dinned their trashy wares, balloons squaked, the insistent whistle of the popcorn venders' machines shrilled ceaselessly.

Staunton passed through one of the numerous turnstiles with thousands of others and found himself within the realms of the "Land of Joy." Up above the treetops, the great sweeps and dips of the various "rides" were outlined in incandescents, forty-five different "orchestras," calliopes and musical combinations of all sorts blaa-blaa-ed their tunes, now and then drowned out by the racket of cars as they plunged down the "dips" to the shrieks of their occupants.

He noted the nonchalance with which the young fellows treated their "girls" to rides on the various concessions, and it stirred him. He could imagine how big they felt, how they felt they were impressing the lovely young creatures at their sides. How pleasant it would be to have a spirituelle little thing at his side, to compliment him, to flatter him and perchance give him a little opportunity to hold her hand, while he told her he was from New York, show that he had money and was willing to spend—how it would be to have that spirituelle little creature be the person of that baby-day romance—in short, "it" was in the air and he was possessed of it, a bit of midsummer-night madness!

He walked along under the trees, alone, for though now and then a girl gave him a "come hither" look, they were not the companionship he was seeking.

At length he sat down on a bench which bordered the merry-go-round. This was the especial joy of the children and the immense carousel with its flashing lights of red, yellow and blue, its gigantic monsters and horses, did not lack for patronage, especially among the very, very young set.

As he sat there, his eyes lighted upon a most charming picture. A little youngster in a sailor suit of spotless white, came along, clasping the hand of a veritable little fairy Titania. She was the daintiest little creature, dressed in a frock that flared like the skirts of a ballet-girl, her little bare arms and plump little shoulders invited kisses.

The two came along sedately, hand in hand, a little in advance of two men and two women, and from the way the women admonished the children one readily saw the youngsters were not sister and brother.

They reached the carousel and stopped.

"Papa, kin we go on th' merry-g'-wound?" queried the lad.

"Sure, kid, sure!" papa responded.

"Tum on, Mild'ed, tum on!" and he hastened to the carousel. Regardless of their white clothes, they clambered on and sat in one of the seats, holding each other with a confidence sweet to behold.

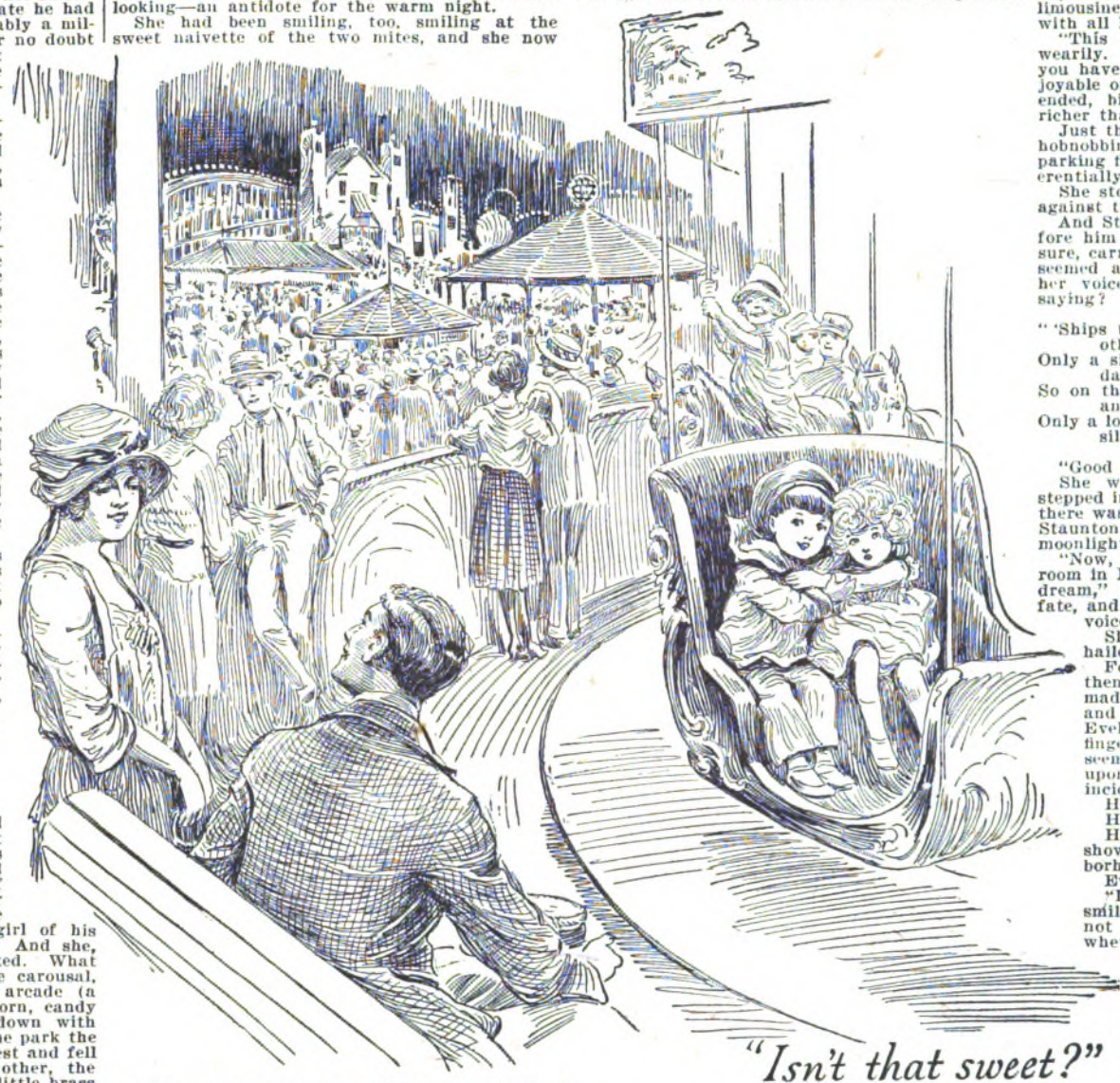
Jack Staunton found himself watching for the pair as the carousel made its revolutions, and as the parents had seated themselves near by, he had the benefit of the sweet smile of the tiny woman and the superior air of the little man, who, despite his bravado, however, looked just a wee bit out of breath for the carousel revolved with considerable speed.

Staunton was not the only one who had noted the little couple—others did also, and smiles wreathed many faces.

At length the ride was over and the youngsters clambered down. But they were so heartily enjoying themselves that Staunton determined to follow them—they so reminded him of the time he had played the gallant to dainty Evelyn Marsdale.

He found himself smiling, and as he turned, he smiled into a pair of brilliant brown eyes belonging to a most bewitching girl. She was dressed completely in white, except for the broad green collar and green silk cuffs of her suit. White silk stockings and white pumps were on her feet and a floppy hat of white and green was on her head. She was dainty and fresh and cool-looking—an antidote for the warm night.

She had been smiling, too, smiling at the sweet naivette of the two mites, and she now



"Isn't that sweet?"

smiled at him—not with a flirting, encouraging smile, but one of those smiles people smile when they look upon innocent childhood. And then strangers may smile at each other, and the smile is understood, and such a smile brings back the belief in the brotherhood of mankind.

Her smile moved him strangely—had he ever seen anyone with those eyes?

The girl moved away, too, as he did, he purposing to follow the children.

Just then the calliope of the carousel began a popular song which wove in its theme those snatches of childhood songs:

"Ring around a rosie,
That's the game for me——"

The rattle of the "aerial railroad" drowned out the music, but presently it emerged from the racket again:

"And London Bridge is falling down,
Falling down, falling down——"

and again the interruption.

The little couple arrived at the miniature railroad and again the little gallant offered his services to fair lady.

"Tum on, Mild'ed, I'll hold you," he said.

And Staunton smiled again and as he looked up he found himself again smiling into those mysterious eyes of brown.

"Isn't that sweet?" the girl remarked, softly, almost as if she spoke involuntarily.

"It is charming," he returned, speaking as friend to friend, and in spite of himself: "It reminds me of a little incident that happened to me years ago."

And then, almost as if unaware of what he was doing, he began telling her the whole incident, while she listened, interested, sympathetic.

She smiled when the recital was finished.

"What happened then?" she queried.

"The judgment," he replied solemnly. "Shades of the whipping post! What a hiding I got! And the girl wasn't allowed to see me any more, for the idea was dreadful—a child of her social position going to an amusement park with the son of the trash of the vicinity." He laughed, but there was bitterness beneath it.

"The girl must have loved you very much," she laughed.

"Possibly. At five years, little women have not commenced to discriminate."

Then, somehow, he had an odd feeling, as if he had once before stood in that very spot, and talked with this girl and told her the story of the two runaways. And now, he didn't know how to "break-away," he wanted to ask the girl to ramble with him and perchance ask her to dance in the big ballroom or ride some of the break-neck rides.

Finally he blurted out:

"I don't suppose you believe in chance acquaintance but I'm from New York and don't know anybody in the city. I wonder if I could dare to ask you to dance with me? Of course, if you'd rather not——" but there was entreaty in his eyes.

"Why—why——" she hesitated. Then defiantly: "Yes, you may!"

"Thank you," and then he looked into her eyes and put a sincerity in that glance that he meant should quiet any qualms the girl might have had, for he realized that he had done what he had too often censured in others—he had deliberately sought to keep her with him. Yet, was it deliberate? He couldn't feel it was—some powerful fascination was drawing him on.

"Oh, it's just a bit of midsummer-night madness," and he let it go at that.

They went to the elaborate ballroom and enjoyed several dances there—then they sat down at one of the tables and watched the summer show and quaffed some heavenly slush.

By this time the girl had become quite chummy with him and at his rash sugestion permitted him to take her for a ride on one of the coasters. As the car started up the incline, the boys of the car yelled like college cheer leaders—then they simply put their arms about the girls and the young ladies thought it perfectly all right—though perhaps Flora Jane Jibby of the "Heart-Balm" column of a local newspaper might have condemned such liberty. But Flora doesn't know that as a rule these young people have an "understanding," they are "going together," and perhaps the next year when these same couples come to the amusement park they will come as "Mr. and Mrs." So it's all right—in most cases.

The car reached the top of the fiercest dip. A wild yell from all, and down the incline it shot. The girl was jostled against him—he clasped his hands over hers in a strong grip; up the car sped, down again, up and down for a third time when it smoothly rounded a curve.

There was the opportunity for holding her hand—and he had grasped it—beyond a doubt. He glanced at her. But evidently she felt it was perfectly all right, for straightening her hat, she laughed merrily, saying:

"Isn't it the wildest thing? I wonder what they'll invent next!"

"Do you remember the 'Loop the Loop'?" he queried. "That awful thing that had an actual loop in it and when one rode on it, his head actually dangled downward for a fraction of a second?"

"I remember it. It was in this park the first season it was opened. Wasn't it? A dangerous thing."

"Yes. The city stopped its operation after a couple of people lost their lives—though riders were warned that they rode the thing at their own risk."

"Did you take your little friend on the device the time you ran away with her?" And then without waiting for his reply, she continued: "Did you adore her?"

"Of course I did. And she has been my inspiration, always. You see, her parents were very rich and I've no doubt they are among the city's social elect now. When I got older, I guess I loved her with a boyish love. But as I grew older, I saw there was no chance for me, so I decided to go to New York, and make my fortune. I found that I wasn't adopted by a bank president in the manner of the Alger books, but nevertheless, I did manage to get into a place where I constantly received promotion until now I am making what seems to me to be quite a little fortune, considering what I started with. Pretty Evelyn Marsdale was always my inspiration, and it used to be my joy, when I bought a new suit to imagine I went calling on her, and I tried to imagine pleasure in her eyes, and encouragement in her actions—pshaw, what a fool I am! It is this glorious midsummer night."

"Yes, I think so," she murmured dreamily, "but I must go home. It is getting late."

"May I see you home?"

"No, please don't. I live in such a miserable street. I'm just a poor working girl, and it took nearly everything I had to buy these lovely clothes."

"That's just why I want to take you home. I thought perhaps you might be an actual society girl—you have the air and—oh, everything about you bespeaks the thoroughbred. And if you were an heiress and all that—good night for me."

"Why?" she asked quickly.

"Do you suppose I'd want to have anything to do with a rich girl?"

"No, I don't suppose you would,—Jack!"

"Jack! How did you guess my name?"

"I didn't guess it, Jack Staunton. Evelyn Marsdale has not forgotten you."

"You are Evelyn Marsdale? Oh, you're *stringing* me!"

"Am I?" she laughed good-naturedly. "Oh, no, I'm not. Do you recall the time you came to call on me—in our yard? My father went after you with a switch and I hid you in a barrel? And do you remember—the little brass ring?"

"Yes, yes, but Evelyn, I somehow cannot grasp it—that I should meet you in this fashion. I—I—sort of fancied that you were in society, and of course, if you were, you were not for me. But if you are poor—there may be some chance for me for I am making three thousand a year—good heaven, I am proposing to you! The moon makes us mad!" he exclaimed.

"Jack," she said gently.

"I don't know what you think of me, but somehow, finding you this way, seems like fate. I always thought you were a little princess when we were children, and I guess that regard became love." He laughed a little helplessly. "Have I a right to talk to you this way? Did I only imagine your father as a wealthy man? Was he merely comfortably fixed and we, through our miserable poverty, only imagined him wealthy? Have you ever thought about me, Evelyn? May I hope? I can open my heart to you when I know that you are on my social level?"

The girl sighed, a little wearily.

"You may see me to my car now, Jack," she said.

He thought she meant the street car, but she led him toward the enclosure where automobiles were parked.

"Where are you going?" he queried.

"To my car," she returned.

He looked at her in amazement, but she walked on, until she came to a luxuriously appointed limousine, upholstered in velour, and trapped out with all luxuries, even to a vanity case.

"This is my car, Mr. Staunton," she said wearily. "Thank you for the pleasant evening you have given me. It was the only really enjoyable one I've had in a long time. But it has ended, bitter-sweet. My father is rich, Jack, richer than he ever was."

Just then her chauffeur came up (he had been hobnobbing with others in the center of the parking field). She waved him back, and he deferentially touched his cap and retired.

She stood, a beautiful figure, in the moonlight against the rich velour upholstering of the door.

And Staunton stood—as if the solid ground before him had suddenly developed a gigantic fissure, carrying the girl away from him. She had seemed almost encouraging—almost. He heard her voice, as in the distance—what was she saying?

"'Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness;
So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another,
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and silence.'

"Good by, Jack."

She waved to her chauffeur, he came, she stepped into the limousine. The door jarred shut, there was a whizz of gasolene exhaust, and Jack Staunton found himself standing, hat off, the moonlight flooding down upon him.

"Now, let me wake up and find myself in my room in New York, for this certainly has been a dream," he said bitterly. "Was it a whim of fate, and was it meant to be 'only a look and a voice, then darkness again and silence'?"

Slowly he left the auto park, then he hailed a taxi and was driven to his hotel.

For a long time he thought seriously, then his mind was made up. He had not made his little success by sitting down idly and waiting for it. He must not let Evelyn Marsdale slip so easily through his fingers. She had seemed encouraging. She seemed to have recognized him immediately upon his recital of the amusement park incident.

He would look her up.

He did.

He found the Marsdale home one of the show-places in an ultra-fashionable neighborhood. He rang and was shown in.

Evelyn came down at once.

"I wondered if you would call," she said, smiling just a little vaguely, and he could not decide what was in her thoughts—whether she was trying to blot out the revelation of the evening before or whether it was an attempt to treat the whole matter with levity.

"I had to, to know just what you meant when you quoted that passage from 'Ships That Pass in the Night'?"

"Well," she smiled. "You would only consider me as a poor girl and I was rich——"

"Oh," he replied. "Well, leaving the question of our relative monetary worth out of it—my word, is this that same little brass ring?"

He stepped to her side and raised the little ring which dangled on a tiny golden chain.

She nodded.

"You've kept it all these years! It is the emblem of an unconscious troth we made in childhood. Evelyn, you did think of me!"

"Always, Jack, dear. And last night when you all unknowingly spoke of what an inspiration I had been to you, I knew that I loved you. I did not want to be wedded for my wealth. And that's why I sometimes ran away from my wealth and tried to imagine how it would be to be poor. Jack, dear," and her voice grew very low, "I think I've always felt sort of engaged to you ever since you gave me this little brass ring."

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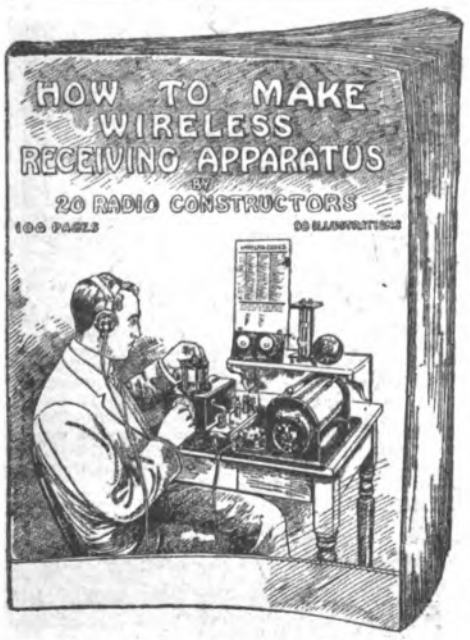
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The Aerial in Radio Receiving Set

THE first thing to consider in the installation of a radiophone set is the aerial. The aerial system is one of the most important factors in good radio reception. We have heard and read so much of the use of bedsprings, steel roofs, etc., as aerials that most of the new radio enthusiasts are completely in the dark as to a proper aerial.

An ideal aerial for radio reception is a single wire from 100 to 150 feet long and its entire length at least thirty feet above the ground. It is better to have the wire more than thirty feet high, and it is sometimes possible to have one end much higher than the other. A single wire in the receiving aerial is sufficient, and additional work and expense of more wires is unnecessary.

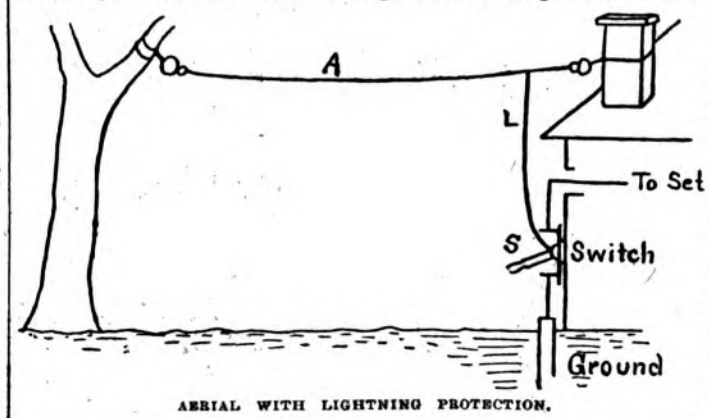
The aerial should be well insulated at each end with either porcelain or composition insulators and if it is necessary to splice the wire it should be soldered.

In bringing the lead-in (the wire leading from the aerial to the indoor apparatus) down to the point where it enters the house, care should be taken not to have sharp bends as the high frequency tends to jump off these corners in what is known as brush discharge. A porcelain tube should be placed in the hole through which the lead-in enters the house. Although not necessary, it is well to use insulated wire from the point where the lead-in enters the house to the instrument; otherwise there is apt to be a short circuit with the ground lead.

The aerial should always be protected against lightning. The best method is to have a switch connected on the outside of the house and having the blade attached to the aerial and one side of the switch to the ground and the other side to the receiving instrument. In the illustration, "A" represents the aerial, "L" the lead-in, "S" a double throw single knife switch, "G" the ground. Thus by throwing the switch in one direction we connect the aerial to the receiver, and by throwing the switch in the opposite direction we cut out the receiver and connect the aerial direct to the ground. This protective device is very important as it is required by the insurance laws.

We also must have another ground lead. This is the ground to the receiver and is generally made onto a water pipe or radiator. Where there is no water pipe or radiator it is necessary to connect to the outside ground. Make sure also that the ground connection of the protective device is made below the switch in the same way. The outside ground may be made to some pipe going directly into the ground or a number of ordinary water pipes about six feet long may be driven into the ground and a soldered connection made to these pipes.

The aerial is now complete and if connections are all made as directed there should be no trouble in receiving both radiophone and radio telegraph signals with a properly constructed receiving set. The next article will give in detail the receiving circuits now in use and their characteristics.



AERIAL WITH LIGHTNING PROTECTION.

Technical Terms Used in Radio

In order for our readers to more readily understand the various radio articles in this and other magazines we will run a series of definitions of the technical terms used in these articles.

AERIAL.—One or more wires insulated at a certain height above the ground and used to radiate energy in the form of ether waves produced by a transmitter. When used for receiving purposes the correct name is antenna though both terms are used for either reception or transmission.

AMPLIFIER.—The term used in referring to either an amplifier tube or an amplifier receiving set.

CRYSTAL DETECTOR.—Certain metallic crystals when introduced in a radio circuit have the property of rectifying the incoming signal oscillations so that the resultant intermittent direct current will operate a sensitive telephone receiver.

GROUND.—In radio work the ground is the low potential end of the circuit and functions in connection with the aerial or antenna of most sending and receiving systems. The term "ground" is used in any connection to the earth, river or sea.

INSULATOR.—A non-conductive material and one through which electricity will not pass.

STATIC.—Natural electrical discharges occurring in the ether and in reality miniature lightning storms. Since these discharges travel through the same medium as radio waves, they are readily picked up by receivers and prove very troublesome at times. It is comparatively difficult to tune out these disturbances for they have no definite wave length.

Questions relating to the radiophone, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Radio Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, free, in the columns of this department.

Questions and Answers

Q.—What wave length does Pittsburg broadcast music on?

A.—Pittsburg and all other broadcasting stations use 360 meters.

Q.—Will a crystal detector receive voice and music?

A.—Yes, a crystal gives very good results over short distances.

Q.—What size wire should be used for an aerial?

A.—Number 14 wire is used and also a regular antenna wire composed of seven strands of No. 24 tinned copper wire.

Q.—What is a soft tube? What is a hard tube?

A.—A soft tube is a vacuum tube only partially exhausted and used for a detector. The hard tube is a vacuum tube highly exhausted and used for amplifying.

Q.—Is it necessary to have a license to have a radio receiving set?

A.—No. Anyone may have a receiving set but a license is required to transmit.

Q.—Is it possible to use a single watch case receiver for receiving radio music?

A.—Yes, but they are only about 75 ohm resistance and will not give very satisfactory results.

Q.—Are there any broadcasting stations in Nebraska?

A.—Yes, there are two in Omaha, Nebr. They are W. O. V., operated by R. B. Howell, and W. O. U., operated by Metropolitan Utility District. They are both on 360 meters. Other stations in Nebraska are: W2AG—Ft. Omaha, KDEF—Omaha, WAAW—Omaha, WKH—Norfolk, 440 meters, 9YY—Lincoln. No data obtainable on these stations.

Q.—Is it possible for one to make his own audion, using an alcohol torch to heat the grid and plate instead of using the storage battery and filament?

C. L. C., Holcomb, Wisc.

A.—Your question, although very unusual, is a good one. You have evidently read of the origin of the audion tube but have lost the most important point. The filament is not used to heat the grid and plate, but when the filament is heated it gives off electrical ions of a negative character. These ions strike the plate and a path is formed through which electricity will flow from the filament to the plate. As all the ions are negative, only one side of the alternating current will flow through this plate. Thus the resultant current is a rectified, pulsating direct current. The grid acts as a sieve and regulates the number of negative ions flowing from the filament to the plate. You could use your arrangement by using the alcohol torch to heat a cup of sodium and the sodium will produce the negative electrons, but this is not a practical arrangement.

Q.—I live in Eastern Oregon, in a deep canyon. What kind of radio phone would be most satisfactory in my situation? T. M., Immaha, Ore.

A.—Your location is very poor for radio work, but you will find that if you get your aerial as far as possible away from the walls of the canyon you will get good results on any good radio receiver.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

Dominion a chance to speak a word. By way of description, I am twenty years old, have medium light hair, blue eyes, fair skin and weigh 155 pounds. I live on the farm. We have two Fords and lots of farm machinery. I graduated from high school two years ago, and would have got through sooner but for missing one session when my brothers were in France.

Virginia is hard to beat I think in many ways, but in my section there is one deficiency: a great shortage of young girls. A feller might as well be looking for hens' teeth as for a marriageable girl. Of course some are to be found at a distance, but the roads forbid travel—sometimes even in a Ford. Oh, by the way, Uncle, I am something of a girl myself. I put my sister's hat, coat and fur on, had a kodak picture taken, and fooled everybody who looked at it. They all thought I was a girl. But what I was really getting at: I had charge of the housework and cooking for a week recently while my only sister at home was in town—and I made it all right.

I have been reading COMFORT for years and I have always enjoyed reading the continued stories, the cousins' letters and Uncle's answers to them. I am a new League member and look forward to hearing from the cousins. I do not wish to wear my welcome out the first time, so I am going to close. Please try and slip this by Billy when he is not looking and print it for me. Hoping very much to see my letter in COMFORT, I remain,

Your loving nephew and cousin,
WILMER D. SWEET.

Wilmer, I am almost afraid to tell right here in print how handsome you are! That picture you sent certainly makes you out to be a good-looking guy if there ever was one. Billy put it right in the center of page 1079 in his Album and said, looking at it admiringly: "Uncle Lisha, Wilmer looks too sweet for anything!" And I had to admit Bill was right this time. I'll bet you fooled 'em when you dolled up in your sister's clothes. It would take some pretty nifty strawberry blonde to beat your golden hair and blue eyes above a silver fox fur neckpiece, I'll say.

I certainly believe, Wilmer, that the Old Dominion's roads around your country must be just as bad as you say—or otherwise there would be a procession of Fords, all packed with those hens' teeth you wrote about, and all headed for Etna Mills. And roads or no roads, believe me, Wilmer, if they saw the picture Bill has on page 1079 they would get to your vicinity even if tractors or steam rollers were necessary to travel over the gumbo. Wilmer, beauty is a responsibility and you will have to watch out.

PUTNAM, NORTH CAROLINA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

This is my third attempt at writing to COMFORT, which we think is the dearest paper of all—particularly the Cousins' department. I think it so nice for the cousins to write and tell all the interesting things in the way they do. Uncle, I have been wondering how old you are. I can just imagine you have grey hair and are bald-headed. But I know you are a dear, Uncle. I don't think bald-headed people are ugly. I think they look as good as any one else. My father is bald-headed and also my grandfather.

I think that fellow was out of his mind who said there were no pretty girls in the U. S., but I won't say anything about the boys for I think we have some good-looking boys in this country.

Uncle, I have written three times before and I will be heartbroken if I do not see this in print. If any of the cousins care to write to a girl with fair complexion, grey eyes, brown hair, who is fifteen years old, four feet, two inches tall and weighs 117 pounds, I will try and answer all letters received.

Best wishes and love. NELL STUTTS.

Nell, what set you to wondering about my age? To tell you the truth, I wonder about it sometimes myself and have never been quite able to make it out. I vary like the weather and the tax rate. The safest thing for me to do is to list myself as did the widow in court the other day who said coyly: "I am over eighteen." Well, I'm over eighteen, Nell, and have probably been so for some years although I have no exact way of telling. Billy, for instance, thinks I act too young and frivolous and has told me so many times. But Bill is not bald-headed. Far from it. Of course it's hard to be bald-headed at eighteen, but it has been done. However did you guess or find out that I have been offering summer pasturage to adventurous flies? It is a sad state and I like to hide the bare fact with a Panama hat. In my baldest moments I comfort myself with the reflection that it is better to be bald-headed outside than inside. However, I must tell you in confidence, Nell, that there are times when I think I may really be bald on both sides. These are desperate thoughts and I must not dwell on them. Speaking of baldness, Nell,—as I never would, only you commenced it—did you ever hear about the bald North Carolina farmer who was putting in a load of late timothy hay during a heavy shower? That poor chap got a lot of hayseed on his head, the shower started the seed a-sprouting, and he has had to use a lawn-mower ever since to cut his new crop of green hair. He says it's a nuisance keeping the mower sharp and he'd much rather be bald-headed again.

Well, now you have it all settled, Nell: You have a bald-headed father, grandfather—and uncle. But really and truly wouldn't you like me better if I had just as many black curls as Cousin Ted Carmichael?

VICTOR, IDAHO.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

This is my third letter to COMFORT. Billy must have got the other two for I have never seen or heard anything of them. Now there is plenty of grass for Bill's cavernous appetite, so I have hopes of this one getting by. I think COMFORT is a grand old paper which grows better with age. The cousins' letters are very interesting. I believe that Ruth, the author of the first letter in the April issue, must be one of those rare American girls that Cousin Jack Wilcox referred to. I agree with Cousin Jack and Cousin Irving Hanners in regard to what they say about the girls of today. Real, honest-to-goodness, nature-beautified, true-hearted girls are scarce and getting scarcer. I'm not saying what I think of the boys. I will leave that for the girls to do. Don't be backward, girls. Come forward and tell us what you think of us. Surely we are not so perfect that there is nothing about us to criticize. We will promise not to get peeved as some of you did with poor Jack. Don't let us do all the criticising.

Uncle, that was a dandy talk you gave in the April COMFORT about the farmer. The farmer's wages dropped from five and six dollars a day to five and ten cents a day and they haven't gone on a strike for more pay yet. I am a young bachelor farmer from the wild and woolly West. I do not think the West is any more wild than the East now, so far as inhabitants go. But it is still wild because most of it is still in the same wild state that God left it, not having been spoiled and tamed by the hands of men. I am a lover of nature and all things beautiful. Anyone who has to live in a crowded, dirty, noisy city, especially this time of year, sure has my sympathy. I live in a small valley called Teton Valley, which is surrounded on three sides by high, beautiful mountains. The highest point of these mountains is the Grand Teton, the Watch Tower of the Rockies. This peak is about fourteen thousand feet in the air and so steep that no one has ever reached its summit. Lovers of mountain scenery who have visited the wonders of the U. S. testify that this peak and the country surrounding it is second to none in grandeur.

Uncle, I have an idea: You come over this summer and bring your Goat. We will go and climb as near the top of that peak as we can. Then we will send Billy up with a long rope. He can fasten one end of this rope to the top and we will climb up and have the honor of being the first to ever set foot on top of the Grand Teton. Some idea, isn't it?

I live only a little way from the Yellowstone National Park. Thousands of tourists go through this valley every summer on their way to view the natural wonders to be found there. Perhaps some of the cousins pass right by my place every summer and never stop in to see me. I expect to work in the Park this summer as chauffeur and guide, so maybe I will have a chance to see some of the cousins. I would like to receive letters from all—especially those who have gone or are intending to go through the Yellowstone Park. I will answer all I can.

With best love to you, Uncle, and all the cousins,
Your nephew, CYRIL HAMBLIN.

Thanks for your fine postcard photograph, Cyril, whhich gave me glimpses of the valley where you dwell and over which the Grand Teton holds mighty guard. Ever since man had eyes to look upward with he has been glad, like you, Cyril, to raise them unto the hills and gain help and peace from the serene strength of mountains. A great peak such as your valley's Watch Tower makes a standard by which we can more truly gauge our own and the passing affairs of other men. What do the unhealed battlefields of Europe, the unrest or the leaguing of nations mean to your Grand Teton, Cyril? the old boy will hold his head just as high when governments proud today are as dead as Egyptian dynasties and aliens walk their streets and place strange tablets above their tombs. To love nature, is to be able to live where our lives can be blended with the seasons, is to be putting out new soul roots each year. If we lived rightly we could keep our hearts as evergreen as the pine trees.

That idea of yours about getting up to the Teton's unscaled topknot is a good one, Cyril, but it has one fatal flaw. You say, "we would have the honor of being the first to set foot on top." And who are "we"? I suppose you mean you and me, Cyril? Well, let me tell you that if we sent Bill on ahead to fasten our rope that it would be *his* four feet which would first reach on top and he would take good care that nobody else received credit for capturing the Teton's scalp. Bill would write an article for the National Geographic Magazine on "Topping the Teton;" he would have a brass cylinder with his photograph set in concrete on the summit, and the only way you and I would figure at all, Cyril, would be as assistants or guides who arrived later on the summit after the dangerous ascent had been made by B. Goat, Esq., F. R. G. S.

I hope there may be many of our big Family who will say "howdy" to you in some part of Yellowstone Park's two million acres this summer Cyril. You might stage a reunion about Old Faithful, that Big Hot Water Faucet of Dame Nature.

LOVELAND, R. R. 1, BOX 24, COLORADO.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

I have just finished reading COMFORT and I think the letters are just wonderful. I have often wanted to write to you before, but how could I when Billy watches out so for colored stationery like I use? I don't think there has ever been a letter in COMFORT from Loveland, has there? It's the "Land of Love" as sure as I am writing this letter! Uncle, have you ever visited Loveland? and if so did you go to Estes Park? I have lived here seven years but I have never been to Estes Park. I am ashamed, but it is true.

I am a Freshie, and oh, how I hate those studies! You couldn't make me give a perfect recitation in history because I hate it, and when I hate something I can't do it as well as I ought to. I wonder how many of the cousins like this study.

It rained last night and I had to walk two miles to school in the mud this morning. Oh, glory! You should have seen my shoes. When I reached school they were just covered with mud and it took me almost a half hour to clean them.

I suppose I will have to do as most everyone else does and tell you what I look like; but of course I won't give a full description because you might be shocked. Well, here goes: I am five feet, one inch tall, blond hair, grey-blue eyes and weigh 110½ pounds. I am almost sweet sixteen and have never been ummmmmmmmm.

I would like to receive letters from some of the cousins. I won't promise to answer all, but I'll do my best.

Your niece, MARY WEBB.

Mary, you want to know if I have ever visited Loveland. Yes, indeed; I have been there many times, although I have never been there as often as I would like, nor stayed as long as I would wish. You may think it queer when I add that, as it happens, I have never been in Colorado. However, although you may not realize it, the borders of this town of yours are wider than you think, wider than any part of the world. So it has not been a difficult thing for me to walk your streets on lucky occasions and hold converse with other dwellers in your "Land of Love." I should like above all else to settle down and live in this town of yours forever, Mary; but somehow horrid businessy affairs are always preventing and fixing things so that I have to stay in Grouchtown, Scowlville, Growlton and other ugly communities. But there is one smoky big city I positively will not visit—this is Hateburg, a town which has largely increased its population during the past few years. Why, in this town some people have lived and done

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 36.)



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31 x 4	10.65	16.90	36 x 4½	15.45	25.45
32 x 4	11.85	18.90	36 x 4	14.95	25.95
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32x3½	6.20	1.50	35x4½	9.15	2.60
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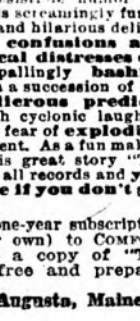
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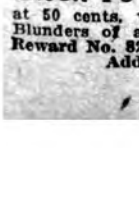
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30x3	4.75	1.35	32x4½	8.95	2.50
30x3½	5.75	1.45	34x4½	9.15	2.65
32x3½	6.45	1.60	35x4½	9.25	2.75
31x4	7.45	1.75	36x4½	9.50	2.95
32x4	7.50	2.10	35x5	9.75	3.10
33x4	7.85	2.25	37x5	9.95	3.25



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Washing the Car

DON'T wash the car too often as you will ruin its highly-polished finish. Don't polish it too frequently or you will get the same result. There are advocates against ever placing a polish on the finish and advance good arguments in the support of their statements. Don't try wiping the dust off with a rag. Regardless of whether the cloth is of the soft or hard type, it will usually grind the grit into the finish. When washing the car remove the nozzle from the hose and use a gentle stream of water. Considerable has been written about applying the water to the car until the mud and dust soften and flow off. I have followed this advice to the letter and believe the mud on my car would still have been there if I hadn't got busy with a sponge. The water surely softens the mud and dust but the film does not flow away. A sponge is needed to remove this film after which the car should be wiped with a chamois skin which has been wrung out of water. This step prevents spotting.

Helpful Pointers

Turning off Switch

Turning off the ignition switch on a grade so that the motor will act as a brake is not to be recommended. When this is done the muffler loads up with combustible gas which is usually fired when the ignition switch is turned on. The common result is a blown-up muffler. Another reason why the switch should not be turned off is that the cylinders will be loaded with the gasolene mixture which will attack the oil on the cylinder walls and destroy its lubricating qualities. It is good practice to use the motor as a brake on long or steep grades but the proper method for so doing is to leave the switch turned on and retard the spark and throttle levers.

Dust in Motor

Did you ever return from a motor trip "white with dust"? Have you stood in the open for many minutes vigorously wielding the brush, endeavoring to remove the dust from your clothes? Of course you have, several times. Now have you ever given a thought as to what your motor breathes? It must have air so that the gasolene might be rendered combustible. Stop to consider the amount of dirt and dust you were compelled to eat on the trip and then think about the amount of dust and dirt that entered the motor with the air. There was no way provided for separating the dust so it necessarily went into the motor with the air. Dust entering the motor is just one of the reasons why the oil in the crankcase should be drained off occasionally, the case flushed out with light oil and then filled with new lubricant of the proper grade.

Overheating

If your motor overheats during the hot weather take a look at the fan belt. It may be slack and require taking up.

Piston Freezing

There are several terms commonly used in connection with an automobile which might not be readily understood by all new and old owners. For example, one common expression is "frozen piston." Now this condition might take place on the hottest day as well as on the coldest day, and as a matter of fact the temperature of the air has nothing to do with it. When a piston is fitted very closely in the cylinder and does not have proper clearance for expansion or if there should be a lack of lubricant to the piston, the expansion would take place to such extent as to cause more and more friction until finally the piston would stick fast. This is the condition commonly referred to as a "frozen piston."

Spring Clips

The spring clips (the parts that hold the springs to the axles) stretch after being in use for a short time and it is therefore imperative that they be adjusted at least once each month. Use a large wrench on the nuts and draw them up tightly. It is almost impossible for a spring to break at the center bolt if the clips are kept tightly drawn up. Loose clips will permit the axle to slide out of position and shear off the spring center bolt.

Storage Battery

The manufacturer usually provides means for securing the storage battery tightly in place. However, after the battery has been removed once or twice the owner is apt to neglect the securing of the battery in place. If the battery is placed in the box and not secured there is danger of its "jumping around" during the operation of the car on the road and causing broken cells or loose terminals. Acid leaks from the cells when such a condition exists and it is only a short time before the battery is a total loss.

Mountain Grade

Long use of the car brakes down mountain roads causes the brake linings to wear rapidly. As a matter of fact, there is danger of the linings burning out before the level stretch is reached, and thus you may be compelled to guide a "wild" car down the grade. A friend of mine had this experience in New York State last summer. The railways follow the valleys, and it therefore is essential that the car be kept under absolute control at all times. It is nice to experience that toboggan sensation but the sport certainly is not worth the chance taken. I much prefer to engage the second gear and retard the throttle and spark levers and in this manner permit the motor to do most of the breaking. A little help with the brakes occasionally will hold the car back sufficiently so that you have absolute control at all times. If the grade is an exceptionally steep one, engage the low gear. After the car has gained considerable headway it is impossible to change to a lower gear so bear in mind that the changing must be done first instead of as a last resort.

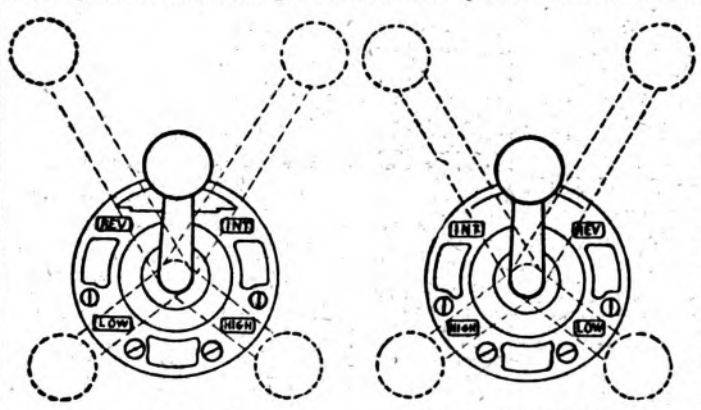


FIG. A—S. A. E. STANDARD. FIG. B—NOT STANDARD.

Answers to Correspondents

MRS. E. E. H., Merigold, Miss.—Assuming that you are inquiring about the effect of driving the car at all times with the spark fully retarded, I believe that you will agree that the manufacturer would have omitted a spark lever if such a condition was favorable. When the motor is idling, the spark lever should be retarded, but it should be advanced proportionately to the motor speed. In plain talk, the motor would lack pep were you to leave the spark fully retarded, and you would not drive a great distance before the water in the cooling system would boil. The safe rule to follow is to carry the spark as far advanced as possible without causing the motor to knock.

Regarding your inability to start until the cylinders have been primed, believe you should be able to overcome this difficulty by use of the choker. When the carburetor is choked a much richer mixture is produced. If, however, pulling over the choker does not help, it would seem that the carburetor should be adjusted for a richer mixture.

I do not understand the condition referred to when you state that there is a "leak between the needle valve and engine." If the carburetor floods at all times then the level is either too high or possibly there is a particle of dirt between the needle and its seat.

I am certain there is not a great deal the matter with your car and I suggest a careful study of the instruction book furnished by the manufacturer. Unless you are experienced in motor construction, it might be well to call on the dealer of whom you purchased the car and have him explain certain features you do not at present understand.

F. Y., Austin, Texas.—You have presented a subject which cannot be answered fully due to lack of space. In Fig. A we show the standard three-speed S. A. E. gear shift, while in Fig. B we show a shift that is not considered standard. The different makes of cars have different shifts and it is impossible from external appearances to determine the method used. When you sit in the driver's seat of a car with which you are not familiar, it is best to idle the motor and try making shifts and letting in the clutch until you have figured out the arrangement. In 1920 I received an inquiry for a list of gear shifts and the one I compiled at that time is given below. I have not made up any lists since that time but do not believe many of the manufacturers have changed their shifts since that time. Sitting on the left front seat, we will let L. R. stand for left rear, L. F. stand for left front, R. F. for right front, and R. R. for right rear.

LOW	INT.	HIGH	REV.	MAKE OF CAR
L. R.	R. F.	R. R.	L. F.	Allen
L. R.	R. F.	R. R.	L. F.	Briscoe
L. R.	L. F.	R. R.	R. F.	Buick
L. R.	R. F.	R. R.	L. F.	Cadillac
L. R.	R. F.	R. R.	L. F.	Chalmers
L. R.	R. F.	R. R.	L. F.	Chandler
L. R.	R. F.	R. R.	L. F.	Chevrolet
L. F.	R. R.	R. F.	L. R.	Dodge
L. R.	R. F.	R. R.	L. F.	Dort
R. R.	L. F.	L. R.	R. F.	Franklin
L. R.	R. F.	R. R.	L. F.	Haynes
L. R.	R. F.	R. R.	L. F.	Hudson
R. F.	L. R.	L. F.	R. R.	Hupmobile
L. R.	R. F.	R. R.	L. F.	King
L. R.	R. F.	R. R.	L. F.	Marmon
L. R.	R. F.	R. R.	L. F.	Maxwell
R. R.	L. F.	L. R.	R. F.	Mitchell
L. R.	R. F.	R. R.	L. F.	Oakland
L. R.	R. F.	R. R.	L. F.	Oldsmobile
L. R.	R. F.	R. R.	L. F.	Overland
R. R.	L. F.	L. R.	L. F.	Packard
L. R.	R. F.	R. R.	L. F.	Paige
R. R.	L. F.	L. R.	R. F.	Reo
L. R.	R. F.	R. R.	L. F.	Studebaker

Regarding the location of the clutch foot brake, believe you have reference to an arrangement such as used on the Reo models. The left foot pedal on these models operates the clutch and service brake. Depressing the pedal about half way throws out the clutch. Further depression of the pedal operates the service brake. The right foot pedal operates the emergency brake. No emergency brake hand lever is used, both pedals having ratchets which can be easily operated to lock the pedals in any position desired. When the car has an emergency hand lever and two foot pedals, the usual arrangement is for the left pedal to operate the clutch and the right pedal the service brake. The emergency brake is controlled by the hand lever.

The location of the foot accelerator is a matter of choice on the part of the designer. However, it is usually placed in the toe board in a convenient position for the operator.

The location of the spark and throttle levers is also a matter of choice. When the levers are placed on top of the steering wheel, the top lever is usually the spark lever and the bottom one the throttle lever. When there is a lever on both sides of the steering post, the left lever usually controls the spark and the right lever the throttle. Some designers have the spark and throttle advance up the segment while others have the advance down the segment.

P. N., Mascot, Tenn.—The usual firing order for a six-cylinder motor is 1-5-3-6-2-4 or 1-4-2-6-3-5. The usual proceedure is to arrange the cranks 1-6, 2-5, and 3-4 in pairs and space them 120 degrees apart.

The crankshaft in an eight-cylinder motor is like the shaft used in a four-cylinder engine. There are but four crank pins, two connecting rods using one pin.

Two firing orders for an eight-cylinder motor are as follows:

R L R L R L R L 1 4 3 2 4 1 2 3

R L R L R L R L 1 4 2 3 4 1 3 2

I do not quite understand what benefit you will derive from getting the names of a few major parts entering into the construction of a magneto. The study of electrical apparatus is an issue to itself. However, for your information some of the common terms heard in connection with a magneto are magnets, pole pieces, windings, armature, condenser, circuit breaker, distributor, brushes, etc.

The generator produces electrical current. When run at sufficient speed it furnishes current direct to the ignition and lighting circuits. It will also produce more current than will be consumed in these circuits and this is sent into the storage battery for use at such times as the generator shall be inoperative or not running at a sufficient speed to produce all the current needed.

The Ford car uses one kind of splash system. The oil is poured into the crankcase and when the motor is started the flywheel picks up the lubricant. The centrifugal action causes most of the oil to be thrown off the flywheel and some of it is caught in a tube and flows to the front end of the motor. As the oil flows back in the case it fills the little basins under the connecting rods. There is a small scoop fitted at the bottom of each connecting rod and as the rod swings around the scoop dips into the oil in the basin directly beneath and in this manner kicks a shower of lubricant up into the cylinder.

Other makes of cars having a system classified as splash lubrication also have a pump for circulating the oil. A reservoir or tank is placed under the crankcase. The pump, which might be plunger, gear or some other type, drives the lubricant out of this reservoir and circulates it to the timing gears, main bearings, etc. However, the principle involved is that the basins under the rods are kept filled so that the scoops on the rods can kick or splash the oil up into the cylinders.

MRS. J. B., Waubun, Minn.—Reboring cylinders and fitting oversize pistons is a successful practice and if properly done produces a result as good as new. If the score is not too deep, sufficient stock to make the walls very thin will not have to be removed. If, on the other hand, the scores are deep then they should be filled in first, after which the cylinders should be rebored. It is not necessary for anyone to have worked on your car to make the cylinders oversize. Natural wear causes them to gradually get out of round, and in time reboring is the proper remedy for the condition. Providing the mechanic will stand back of his work, I would suggest reboring and fitting oversize pistons and rings.

MRS. M. McA., Hayward, Wisc.—Without having the opportunity of inspecting your car, it is impossible for me to state the exact cause of your difficulty. Whenever a car stops dead on the road, the first thing I would look for is ignition. Switch on the lights to determine whether the battery is delivering current. If so, remove the spark-plug and ground it on the outside of cylinder. Turn on the ignition switch and spin the motor either with the hand crank or starter. If a spark jumps the gap of the plug, you are then reasonably certain that the ignition is O. K. Next take a look at the carburetor. Try to flood it by priming, and if it will not flood disconnect the gas line. Of course you must first make certain that there is gasolene in the tank. If gasolene does not flow from the line when it is disconnected, the line is either plugged with foreign matter or a shut-off in the line has worked closed. If you do not receive ignition current, check up the equipment until the trouble is found. If you are not getting gasolene to the carburetor, direct your efforts to the carburetor system.

J. W. B., Cedar Key, Fla.—Water in the crankcase of a Ford will not affect the magnets. However, the condition should be corrected as soon as possible as it will have an injurious effect on bearings, etc.

Regarding water blowing up into the radiator, it is just possible that a leaky cylinder-head gasket is the cause of this condition. If the gasket is old or worn, try a new one.

Sixteen valves can be fitted on your motor successfully but unless you are going into the speed game I am sure that the results will not be sufficient to warrant the expense.

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Gardening in August

"AUGUST tells the tale!" Whether the efforts of the gardener are to meet with real success or dismal failure is a question that is usually answered this month, for long-protracted drought is a menace that often levies a heavy toll unless steps are taken to soak down the thirsty soil and supply growing things with the necessary moisture that fails to "fall from out the brassy, cloudless skies." Water the garden in the evening, giving it all the moisture that the parched earth will "drink," then cultivate to form a loose surface mulch as soon as the soil can be worked. Remember that a hard-packed surface soon bakes, cracks and induces rapid evaporation of soil moisture.

August can hardly be considered as a planting month; really it is more of a harvest month, with a welcome array of peas, beans, beets, berries, tomatoes,—yes, and new early potatoes, to lend ready proof of summer's lavish bounty to the farm bill-of-fare. But there are still some vegetables that may be planted if desired. Peas may still be sown during the first week of August if the soil is moist enough to sprout them. Then there are turnips. Few gardens but could readily make room for these tasty globes of succulence that so admirably lend themselves to winter storage. Market gardeners remove the dried tops of early potatoes, already dug, or the vines of peas that have borne their crop, then quickly level and work the soil, broadcasting or drilling in rutabagas or Dutch turnips. Turnips make their best growth and are better flavored when grown in the cool, moist months of early fall, surviving severe frosts, and allowing the gardener to dig them almost at will up to the time the ground freezes. Given a fair amount of rainfall, we can think of no other crop that will so amply reward the grower with mammoth yields for a minimum outlay of labor. And how welcome turnips are, either the yellow or white, either mashed or sliced, in soup or as an essential portion of a grand old-fashioned New England boiled dinner, when chilly winds and winter snowstorms make us hug the stove or fireplace!

Some Odd Jobs

The observant gardener will find plenty of jobs for willing hands in and around the garden. Late-planted tomatoes should now have their foliage thinned out to permit the fruit to ripen evenly. Fruit that is shaded or that rests upon the ground where it will likely rot should be picked and placed upon the shed roof, window-sill, or laid on straw in a cold frame with the sash in place and allowed to ripen.

Cover the late-bearing currant bushes with mosquito netting, if this has not already been done, to protect the crop from the birds. Bury the joints of squash vines at intervals; new roots will form where joints are covered with earth, and this offers protection from borers. If the vines are growing too long and setting too many small squash, snip off the ends to stimulate the growth and increase the size of a few choice specimens. Pinch back limas or other pole beans that have grown so tall they overtop their supports. If you are numbered in the ranks of those who love a "mess o' greens and ham hocks," plan on a supply for fall by sowing spinach now.

Keeping the upper hand in the fight against weeds is less difficult now than it was earlier in the growing season, for weeds rooted up by the hoe or cultivator "stay killed." But there are sure to be patches of burdock, masses of quack grass, or jungles of Canada thistle that have preempted a fence corner or other out-of-the-way place from whence they are spreading slowly but surely to gain a foothold in the garden. Now is the time to take them in hand. With a sharp spade dig out the hearts or crowns of the burdocks, then place a generous handful of common salt in the hole over the cut crown. Mr. Burdock will give no more trouble. If quack or thistle patches can be plowed—in fence corners they can't, which we regret—then plow two inches deep. This cuts off the roots and permits the sun and heat to dry them out and kill them. Plow again six inches or more deep, then disk and harrow. If no green growth is allowed to persist, the fight can be won in a single battle. Small patches in fence corners can be spaded up, then worked from time to time with the spading-fork, tossing the roots to the surface to dry out and die. Be careful that no roots remain clinging to any kind of garden tools; if they do you will find new centers of weed infestation springing up where the roots are dropped.

Pruning the Cane Fruits

Observation indicates that under ordinary farm conditions the cane fruits are more often than not sadly neglected and allowed to "run to tops." Scant crops are the sure result of such handling, and a little work at the right time would be time well spent.

Prune black raspberries by pinching out the tips of the young growing canes during late summer, or when they have reached a height of 18 to 24 inches. To accomplish this it is usually necessary to go over the patch several times during the growing season, as all the canes do not appear at the same time. The penalty for allowing canes to grow beyond the desired height is weaker, spindly plants. Then in the spring thin out the canes, leaving only three to five of the best ones to each bush. Remove all lateral shoots or side runners, or cut them back to 12 to 18 inches.

Correct pruning of red raspberries consists in removing all old canes as soon as possible following the fruiting season, then thinning out the new growth. Here the new canes are not pinched back, but are allowed to grow. Proper thinning out of the new growth and spacing of the new canes is important. All suckers and weak canes should be cut out and if the raspberries are grown in hills not more than five to seven of the best canes should be left in each hill to produce the next season's crop. They are most commonly allowed to fill the space between the original plants, forming a solid row or hedge. The hedge row should not be allowed to become more than 10 to 12 inches wide and the canes should be spaced so to stand six to eight inches apart.

Experienced growers consider it highly important to pinch the high-bush blackberry canes at least when they are about two feet high, as this encourages the low setting of the fruit buds. Do not prune in the spring until the canes are in flower and the amount and location of bloom can be seen. Otherwise too many fruiting canes may be removed. As a general rule, about one-half the bloom should be cut off.

Rye for Early Hog Pasture

Rye is perhaps the earliest and best of all spring pasture crops for hogs, provided it is sown during late August or early September, enabling it to develop an extensive root growth and make a thick stand before the weather becomes too severe. Started early and given a favorable, open fall with plenty rainfall, it may even be pastured lightly along toward Thanksgiving. Too close grazing and constant trampling in late fall will more often than not cause winter killing.

Following ordinary Northern winters with a good blanket of snow, there is no other forage crop that is hardier or that will start growing earlier in the spring. As soon as the frost is out of the ground and the land has become firm it may be pastured lightly, with a steady increase as soon as the spring growth starts. From this time until the stems commence to joint it will withstand pasturing, but if a crop of grain is desired, the hogs should be removed at this time. If this is done a good grain crop may still be obtained, as a rule.

When hogs are turned upon rye pasture for the first time see that they receive a full meal of their accustomed feed before they are turned out. A sudden change of feed is harmful at any time, but if the change is made "on an empty stomach" they will at once gorge themselves on the succulent green feed and the consequences may prove quite serious. Particularly is this true with sows that are nursing litters, for small pigs will almost certainly scour if their dams overeat the new feed. The plan commonly practiced by experienced breeders is to feed a full meal of their ordinary ration first, then allow them to go out with full stomachs, limiting their stay on rye pasture to not more than two or three hours the first day. The time may be increased from day to day until, at the end of a week or so, they may be permitted to remain in the pasture at will.

Selecting and Managing Herd Bulls

It has been said that "The bull is half the herd," but the truth of the matter really is that, weighed in the milk scales and in the annual balance sheet, he is far more than half the herd. In truth, the whole success and future of the dairy industry depends upon the bulls used by dairymen. The pure-bred sire indelibly stamps his progeny with the "trade-mark" of his own breed, and his owner soon feels the direct benefits resulting therefrom.

For the farmer of average means the best plan is to buy a young bull whose maternal ancestors during several generations showed good yearly milk and butterfat production records. Only bulls which have the backing of closely-related, high-producing ancestors can improve a herd. Keep this point in mind: Most good bulls are registered, but not *all* registered bulls are *good*. The prepotent bull stamps his calves with his own desirable qualities. Therefore he must *have* desirable qualities, and he must be strong and energetic in order to pass them on. Look for the wide muzzle, the broad forehead, prominent eyes, deep chest, big barrel, open-jointed frame, long, straight rump and loose skin all combined in the good-sized animal. In addition to outstanding masculinity, strive for vigor and vitality in the new herd sire. Beware of the undersized, lazy, dull-eyed bull; he seldom is a moneymaker.

See that the herd bull gets plenty of exercise. It will improve both his condition and his temper. Do not keep him "jailed" day after day in a small box-stall. Give him a strongly-fenced exercise lot, provided with some sort of shelter from sun as well as flies, and he will exercise at will. Feed him for masculinity rather than for fat. See that his winter quarters are light, well ventilated and sanitary. Handle him frequently and gently while he is still young; it will then be easier to manage him when he grows older. Use a bull-staff at all times, and insist that the hired men do likewise. Remember that it is the docile bull—so called—that does the damage. Do not let him run at large with the cows.

Many young growing bulls are underfed, whereas the aim should be to get early, steady and rapid growth that guarantees size, stamina and vitality in the mature animal. A good growing ration for the young bull is: skim-milk; clover or alfalfa hay; silage or roots, one to five pounds, depending upon his age; and one-half to one pound of the following grain mixture: oats, three parts; wheat bran, 1 part; corn, 1 part; and oilmeal, one-tenth part. The mature bull requires feed that gives strength and vitality, but not fat. He should receive from eight to 15 pounds of silage daily, but no more. A good ration is: silage, eight to 15 pounds; hay, eight to 12 pounds; and grain mixture, two to four pounds, consisting of three parts of oats and one part of wheat bran.

Marquis Wheat Is Favorite

According to a statement recently published by the North Dakota Agricultural Experiment Station, Marquis wheat has come to occupy an outstanding position among the varieties of wheat commonly grown in that state. Although not resistant to stem rust, the earliness of Marquis enables it to escape infection in a large majority of instances. Power, Haynes and Preston are highly susceptible to the disease. Kota is superior to Marquis in stem-rust resistance and apparently in drought resistance, is a high yielder, and appears to be a first-class milling and baking wheat in every respect, but as yet it has not become generally known in this region. Flour from Marquis wheat excels that from any other commercial variety for bread-making purposes. Varieties grown in the drier sections of the state produce stronger flour than when grown in eastern North Dakota where the rainfall is heavier.

Durum wheats generally have higher acre yields than common wheats, growing more vigorously and usually exhibiting greater resistance to drought and rust. Flour from durum wheat, however, does not have the strength of gluten associated with flour from common wheats. Of the common amber durum varieties, Kubanka is superior to Arnautka. Monad, a variety of more recent origin, exceeded Kubanka in yields and rust resistance, but its flour does not give quite so large a loaf when baked. Acme appears and behaves quite similar to Monad. Although the red durum variety D-5 yields well and is least susceptible to rust, its milling and baking qualities are distinctly inferior to all other varieties and it is considered unsatisfactory for macaroni and other edible pastes.

Calf Feeding in England

In England calves are kept on new milk for the first two weeks, after which they are put on mixed new and separated milk. After the fourth week when they commence to nibble at hay they are fed from one and one-half to two gallons of separated milk per day, to which is added four to six tablespoonfuls of cod-liver oil. At the age of ten weeks the oil is discontinued, the calf being able by this time to obtain sufficient carbohydrates from the hay ration to supply the necessary heat and fat. During winter a little linseed cake, crushed oats and wheat bran, along with pulped turnips, is introduced into the ration so that at the age of from four to six months milk may be discontinued altogether. This ration is continued up to one year of age, producing thrifty, growthy, healthy calves.

Value of Purebred Sire Proved

The Pennsylvania State Hospital, cooperating with the Pennsylvania State College, has issued some interesting figures showing conclusively the value of a pure-bred dairy sire. The institution owns King Korndyke Sadie Vale 20. Four of his daughters have completed records as two- and three-year-olds. Their dams had yearly records as mature cows. The average production for the daughters was 12,200 pounds of milk and 648 pounds of fat, while the record for their dams averaged 9,445 pounds of milk and 452 pounds of fat. This represents an increase of 30 per cent. in milk production and 42 per cent. in fat. Moreover, the dams' records were made as mature cows, while the records of the daughters were made with their first or second calves. Putting the daughters on a mature basis, the increase would be 55 and 70 per cent. respectively. It seems that this plainly answers the common question, "What is a pure-bred bull worth?"

Combating New Plant Diseases

CUCUMBER MOSIAC.—Following two years' investigational work which has been conducted in the Middle West, it has been found that white pickle or cucumber mosiac is by far the most serious disease affecting the cucumber in that region, and that it is equally serious in Eastern States. Contrary to a mistaken notion long held by many growers, this trouble is not due to weather nor is it preventable by soil management. The virus, introduced into a wound in a healthy plant, will produce the disease. Insects, particularly the cucumber aphis and the striped cucumber beetle, are among the most important agents in its transmission, though it is also spread from plant to plant by the hands of pickers.

In seasons particularly favorable to the reproduction of plant lice the disease is always worse than in seasons when these pests do not thrive. The disease never winters over in the soil and only very rarely in the seed of the cultivated cucumber, according to the findings of the investigators, but it does survive in the seed of the common wild cucumber. As this plant is considered as one of the most important agents in the perpetuation and dissemination of the disease in many districts, removal of wild cucumbers should be practiced. Where this has been carefully done almost complete freedom from mosaic disease has resulted. Other plants besides those of the cucumber group are attacked, and it has been found recently that a perennial species of the milkweed carries the disease over winter in its roots.

TOBACCO DISEASES.—Experiments conducted for the purpose of discovering methods to eradicate or control root rot in tobacco have shown that disinfecting the soil of the seed-bed, either by live steam or the use of formalin, and the adoption of rotations were the only methods which proved effective.

Continued observation of the mosaic disease of tobacco have indicated that certain varieties are especially subject to the disease. Experiments now under way point to the possibility of developing new strains of tobacco that are totally or partially resistant, however. Already a resistant strain of White Burley which gave a yield equal to that of the ordinary type has been obtained as a result of crossing ordinary White Burley with a variety naturally resistant to the disease.

BEET NEMATODE.—This disease, now quite widespread in sugar beet growing regions of Utah, is steadily spreading to new districts each year. Experimentation indicates that crop rotation seems to be the only method of combating the disease. Such rotation should include a leguminous crop, such as alfalfa, clover, peas or beans. If alfalfa is grown, a crop of wheat or corn may follow before beets are planted again.

SPINACH MOSAIC.—This disease, also known as spinach blight, has caused severe losses in the truck-growing regions of Virginia. Extensive experiments have been conducted for the purpose of developing varieties resistant to the disease. Crosses have been made between the commercial variety, Savoy, and a wild variety obtained from China. As a result of this cross-breeding, one resistant variety has been obtained and named Virginia Savoy. Grown under carefully-watched tests, this resistant variety was affected with mosaic disease to the extent of only about one-half of one per cent., while adjacent beds of commercial non-resistant Savoy suffered a loss of more than 10 per cent. Seed of the new resistant variety is said to have been grown under contract for distribution, and no doubt will become available for spinach growers in blight regions in the near future.

Saw-fly Injurious to Young Pines

Young pines, both in nurseries and growing wild, are often completely defoliated by the larvæ of a saw-fly known as Leconte's saw-fly. Defoliation is usually severe in its effects upon young pines, killing, misshaping, or weakening the trees to such an extent that attacks of secondary enemies often kill them. This pest is common on the scrub pines throughout Eastern States and is a constant menace to the better varieties found in nurseries or reforesting areas.

Control of the saw-fly depends largely upon the extent and location of the infestation. In nurseries and parks, where the infestation is heavy, a thorough spraying with lead arsenate at the rate of two pounds of powdered lead arsenate to 50 gallons of water (or six teaspoonfuls to the gallon) will give good results. Spraying should begin promptly when the first larvæ are discovered. In a scattered infestation, hand picking or knocking the larvæ from the trees and crushing them will be found more economical and at least as effective. In larger areas of either natural or artificial growth control cannot well be practiced because of the expense. Whenever these insects are observed in any locality and control masures are practiced against them, it is important that the territory be carefully observed during the 14 months following treatment, since it is highly possible that some larvæ may have escaped the treatment and have spun cocoons. This possibility makes watchfulness necessary over the entire period required for adult insects to develop from the larval stage; otherwise adults may emerge from the cocoons and reestablish the infestation.

Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from the eminent specialists and experts of our Agricultural Staff on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying.

Address Modern Farmer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Questions and Answers

GROWING DEWBERRIES.—Will you kindly tell me through Modern Farmer what dewberries are and how to grow them. I have never seen them grown, and am curious. C. O. E., Minn.

A.—Dewberries are quite similar to blackberries in many respects, but the canes creep along the ground, forming new plants by rooting at the tips, instead of growing erect as do blackberries. Set the plants three feet apart in the rows, and have the rows five or six feet apart. They may also be "check rowed," setting the plants five feet apart each way. Set out the plants in early spring and cultivate thoroughly throughout the growing season. Let the canes lie on the ground during the first year. The following spring drive stakes five or six feet long at each hill, or construct a one- or two-wire trellis along the rows to support the vines. If stakes are used, wrap the canes once or twice around them and tie in two or three places with soft twine or twisted cloth which will not cut. If a wire trellis is used, tie the canes along the wires in the same manner. Dewberries are pruned much the same as other cane fruits. Cut out the old canes after fruiting and clip back the new growth if the canes grow longer than five or six feet. Leave about six canes to each plant. In colder Northern regions the canes must be laid down in the autumn and covered with earth, straw or other material for winter protection. This covering is removed in the spring and the canes are then retied to their stakes or trellises.

HOLSTEIN OR FRIESIAN.—I keep Holstein cows and know that their right name is Holstein-Friesian. Is it right to call them Friesians as some folks do, or is this another breed of cows?

A. B. W., Vermont.

A.—In the United States the correct name for the breed commonly referred to as Holstein is Holstein-Friesian. In Great Britain the same breed, or at any rate cows descended from the same stock in Holland, are called "Friesians," and the British herd book of the breed is known as the Friesian herd book. There seems to be some reason to favor the British name, as the breed was originated in the portion of Netherlands called Friesia. Holstein, in northwest Germany, does not rank with the former as a cow-producing country, nor did it play an important part in the origin of this great breed.

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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Housing and Feeding for Winter Eggs

EVERYBODY who keeps hens should give the subject of housing and feeding for the winter special consideration, for birds should be placed in their permanent quarters, given regular egg-producing rations, and started before the end of the month. Upheavals, such as change of houses or method of feeding, upset the birds and check the egg-laying machinery, and as the winter schedule should not be changed after it is once started, do what needs doing to the houses, and how many birds you are going to keep through the winter, what feedstuffs and litter you are going to use, must all be well considered and decided upon without delay.

First comes the house. No matter how plain and shabby it may be, it can be made storm proof, clean and well ventilated without much expense. Stop up all the cracks and holes and cover the roof and sides with tar paper. Clean the walls and all the inside fixtures, then give them a coat of thick whitewash, being careful to get it into all the cracks and crevices, for those are the places where vermin congregate.

The floor of the house where you keep the birds must also come in for its share of cleaning. If it is just a dirt floor, scrape it off two or three inches deep, and cart in the same amount of strong clay soil that will pound down to a hard, smooth surface. If the floor is of boards, wash it off with plenty of hot, soapy water, using a good hard broom. Let it dry thoroughly, and before the birds are put into the house, cover at least six inches with deep litter. The best way to be sure of ventilating the ordinary chicken house is to take out the sash in half the windows at opposite ends of the house and cover the openings with strong unbleached muslin.

I like to have one or two glass windows on the south or southwest side of the house, as they allow the direct rays of the sun to get in, and the birds enjoy it in cold weather. It is well to have a frame door covered with muslin, as well as the wooden door, as the muslin will let in some air and light, and should keep out snow during the stormy days when the hens will have to be kept in the house.

The matter of litter for the floor is almost as important as the selection of foodstuffs. Many people think that any old hay or straw will do for hens to scratch in, but it won't. Musty, moldy or old hay causes more sickness among fowls than anything else, as it breeds several different kinds of spores or germs, which float in the air when the hens scratch up the material, and are inhaled by the birds and rapidly develop diseases of the lungs and intestines, and one special germ even affects the eggs laid by hens, causing white diarrhea in chickens hatched by them. So you see how important it is to have clean litter and nesting material. We use shavings and chopped corn-stalks topped with dried leaves as long as we have them. We gather all we can in the fall and store them in boxes. Several years ago we tried shavings only, and had many cases of crop-bound hens, but have had no trouble since we tried the combination of corn-stalks and straw. The shavings are particularly valuable because they are cheap and prevent the other materials from packing down, and so insure a ciculation of air through the litter, which keeps it sweet.

The next important matter is to decide how many pullets and year-old hens you can keep through the winter. Don't overcrowd your house. There is nothing more detrimental to egg production or strong chicks in the spring as overcrowding stock in the winter. Twenty well-cared-for hens, with plenty of house room, will produce more eggs and better birds next spring than fifty who are crowded. Besides which, if a lot of hens are crowded into small quarters at night, their breath and the moisture of their bodies is more than the air can carry off, and it rises to the roof, where it freezes during the night and melts during the heat of the midday sun, so causing a perpetual recurrence of moisture day after day, which soon makes the house damp and unhealthy. Plenty of cold fresh air perpetually circulating through the house keeps it fresh and dry, and is beneficial to the birds.

Having arranged the house and the number of birds to be kept, general care and feeding is the next thing to consider. The breed of chickens you keep, the part of the country in which you are located, must influence that to a great extent. In sections of the country where the weather is extremely cold, hens require rations in fats and oils to keep them warm. On the other hand, in the Southern States, they require only enough fat-forming foods to nourish their bodies and produce eggs.

Hens must have a variety of food to produce eggs in winter. The best way to convince you of this fact is to give you a chemical analysis of the egg, which is: Water, 650 grains; albuminoids, 80 grains; oil, fats, etc., 135 grains; mineral water, nine grains; sugar, coloring matter, etc., 26 grains. The remaining hundred parts of the thousand of the egg are used in the shell, which contains about 50 grains of salts of lime, and about 50 grains of pure, uncombined lime, the remainder being carbolic acid water of crystallization. Albuminoids are the flesh-forming parts of food, often called nitrogens.

Oils and fats come under the head of carbons. Mineral consists of lime, soda, potash, magnesia and sulphur. Knowing the materials necessary for the egg, no one ought to be foolish enough to expect a biddy to produce eggs unless she is provided with the necessary materials. Farmers complain that hens lay nearly all their eggs in the spring, when they are hardly worth the trouble of marketing, and stop as soon as the prices go up in the winter. And it is true of most farms, simply because in the spring hens can find all the elements necessary for the formation of the egg, but after frost destroys the green grass, clover and insects, they stop producing because they have no materials from which to make the egg.

Now, however, I hope to convince you of the common-sense advantage of balanced rations. The next consideration is, what ordinary farm products are best and cheapest to feed biddy on during the winter. Clover, alfalfa (green or hay), linseed meal or wheat brain all contain about six pounds of lime in every hundred. Turnip tops, beets and carrots also contain a goodly amount, hence their great value in making up rations for laying hens. Clover hay, linseed meal and wheat bran are also flesh-forming foods, like middlings or skimmed milk. Oil and fat we get principally from corn and buckwheat, and the lesser amount from wheat, rye, clover hay, linseed meal and unskimmed milk.

Minerals are principally furnished by the process of digestion, which reduces to ash the grains and herbage which contain lime, potash, magnesia and sulphur. One quart of mixed grains is as follows:

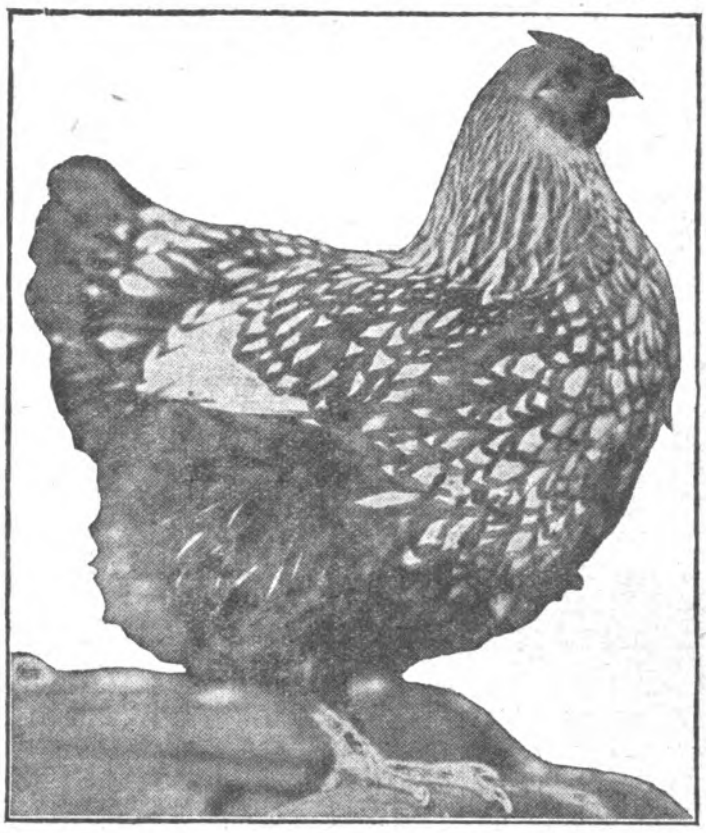
Two parts of coarsely-cracked corn, two parts wheat, one part oats, buckwheat or barley. One quart of this mixture, scattered in deep litter, for twenty hens in the morning. At noon, a mash made as follows: Mix two parts of wheat bran and one each of white middlings and corn meal, one-half part each of gluten feed and meat scraps. Alfalfa or clover hay we must have, as it gives depth of color to the yolk of the egg, and the necessary balance to the rations; so, to make the mash, put four quarts of either alfalfa or clover hay which has been chopped fine into a can with a tight lid. Pour on it just enough scalding water to thoroughly moisten it. Cover and allow to steam for three or four hours, then add one quart of the ground corn mixture. Feed about one pint to every ten hens, the first morning. If they eat that up clean in less than ten minutes, increase the quantity slightly, and be very careful to give only what they will eat up clean in fifteen minutes.

The mash must only be steamed enough to crumble, not pasty nor wet. About one hour before dark, feed the same as in the morning, except that an extra half pint may be added to the quantity, and when the weather is cold whole corn should be used instead of cracked corn. Sharp grit and oyster shell must be before them all the time, and unless you have drinking fountains which will not freeze the dishes should be emptied and refilled with warm water morning, noon and night. Change the litter on the floor of the house every two or three weeks and shake it up every day. Follow these directions and you should have plenty of eggs from October until June.

Culling is the important work just at this season, for with the present price of feed nobody can afford to keep "deadheads." As soon as hens stop laying in July and August, clear them out to make room for pullets.

The indications that a bird is physically qualified to produce eggs are: A clear, full bright eye, the eyelids wide open and not sluggish; a good, strong pair of shanks, with straight, well-worn toe-nails, showing constant use in scatching. Only a healthy fowl is a laying fowl, and such a bird must of necessity have a good appetite. A hen that is laying has an enlarged abdomen, due to the enlarged intestines, ovary and oviduct, and the body is deeper at the rear than at the front of the keel. These points are not so well marked when the hen ceases laying.

In the non-laying hen there is likely to be an



THIS SILVER LACED WYANDOTTE IS A GOOD TYPE OF HEN TO SELECT AS SHE HAS ALL THE POINTS OF A GOOD LAYER.

unusual accumulation of fat in the abdomen and under the skin of the body, so that a plump appearance presents itself; the fat under the skin of the shanks, especially in the back, causes that part of the leg to have a round appearance. When this hen is in her laying period, the surplus fat to a certain extent is used, and the shanks lose their round, plump appearance, and the same is true of other parts of the body, especially in the region of the pelvis and the vent. The face appearing more plump and fat, thins out, and the skin of the face, comb, earlobes and wattles are sex characteristics and become changed, as just stated, as the ovary and oviduct become enlarged and active. When the hen passes from a laying to a non-laying state, the ovary and oviduct shrink, and the comb, wattles and earlobes lose their soft, pliable and red appearance, becoming more dull in color, and the comb looks as if it had been powdered.

The pelvic bones are wide apart in the heavy producer but contract again when she ceases to lay. The fullness of abdomen and width of the pelvic arch will depend on how heavily the hen will lay during the next two or three weeks. At the same time, the pelvic arch enlarges and the vent grows larger and flabbier. A heavy-laying hen has a soft skin all over the body. The non-laying hen has a hard, plump body, with bones not too evident. A pinched body indicates a small capacity and a poor producer. The meat bird has a tendency to turn her food into fat, which is indicated by the thick pelvic arch and a hard abdomen. In the laying hen the ischial bones of the pelvic arch are thin. In the heavy-laying hen there is noted bleached shanks, beak, earlobes, eyelids and vent.

The yellow color is due to xanthophyll, which occurs principally in the green feed; thus the more green feed the bird consumes, the slower will be the bleaching of the parts when the laying period begins. In the heavy-laying hen the capacity will be indicated by the distance from the posterior end of the breastbone to the pelvic arch, which should be three or four fingers' breadth. In the non-layer the pubic bones may be scarcely one finger's breadth apart.

And when on the job of culling, don't forget that there are many advantages in the capon over the ordinary roasting fowl. He is much larger, attains weight more cheaply, is always in demand because of a larger carcass, and sells for from ten to twelve cents a pound higher than the rooster because of the quality of the meat.

After cockerels have reached the age of four and a half to five months, they become quarrelsome, and are hired to keep in flocks of more than four or five, whereas capons can be kept in large flocks and are as docile as pullets.

It is not advisable to caponize the lighter breeds, such as Leghorns, etc., as the large carcass cannot be obtained from such fowls. The American type, such as the Plymouth Rock, Rhode Island Red and Wyandotte, and the Asiatic type, such as the Brahma and Langshan, are breeds which may be caponized profitably.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

B. C.—Examine the flock, and take out all the hens which have a baggy underbody. Confine them in a separate house and yard, or if all your birds are confined, give those you remove free range, if possible. Add a teaspoonful of magnesia to every quart of drinking water. If they are confined, feed very sparingly on oats and plenty of green vegetables. Or, if you can give them free range, give just a few oats at night, and plenty of sour milk to drink, for three weeks.

H. F. M.—The egg organs of a fowl are very delicate, and easily upset. Overfeeding, or very stimulating food will make them lay very heavily for a time, but sooner or later the strain commences to show, and the birds break down in one way or another. Eggs containing blood are the forerunners of most serious trouble, unless you immediately take steps to stop it. Cut down the amount of food at once. Give nothing but a little scratch feed at supper time for a month, if the birds are on free range. If they are confined, give only half the usual quantity at each meal, and that scattered on deep litter, so that they will have to scratch for every grain. Omit the mash feed entirely. Give them all the green vegetables or lawn clippings they will eat, and sour milk to drink.

E. T.—Brooder chicks, or chicks confined in small enclosures, get very few, if any, insects, and their natural craving for animal food often turns them into cannibals. Chop a hard-boiled egg once a day for every twenty chicks, and get some commercial meat scraps, chick size. Commence with about a teaspoonful for every twenty chicks, and increase the amount very gradually until it can be left before them in a pan. Remember, you must be very careful about the quantity at first, or they will get bowel trouble.

D. H. H.—There are so many reasons for chicks dying in the shell that it is very difficult to assert the cause of the trouble without knowing all the conditions. The parent stock may be wanting in vitality. If they are overfat, over lean, or have suffered any illness in the past, or are inbred. Too many hens for the number of male birds is a frequent cause, but in such cases, the germs are fertilized only sufficiently to develop the chick, and lack the necessary strength for the exertion of breaking through the shell and starting the internal machinery of the body working. Then when it comes to the matter of incubation, really strong eggs may suffer for the want of moisture, heat, or an excess of either, especially during the last twenty-four hours. After the evening of the nineteenth day, don't open the door of the incubator until the hatch is well over on the twenty-second day. It won't hurt the chicks to tumble over each other. If the machine has a glass door, cover it up at hatching time to keep out the light, and the chicks won't move about very much. If you open the door to take out the first ones that hatch, you reduce the moisture and heat in the machine, and the remaining eggs will rarely hatch well. I advise all beginners to use a hygrometer. They cost only about $1.50. Any drug store or place where they sell incubators can procure them, as they are made by the same firms that make thermometers. During the first week the hygrometer should register 75 degrees; the thermometer 102 or 102½. Second week, hygrometer, 70; thermometer, 102½ to 103. During the third week we have a changed condition of affairs. The small systems of blood vessels of the first week have greatly increased, so that by the fourteenth day the white of the egg is full of veins in which the blood is rapidly circulating and the chick is growing fast. -Bear in mind that the first ten days are devoted to the development and in that short time the chick is fully formed in all its parts. During this period the quantity of blood in circulation is comparatively small. Then comes the ten days of growth, or increase of size of body and its parts when great quantities of blood are rushing through the numerous blood vessels, carrying the building material. It is during this latter period that the water (after being used in the blood circulation) should be allowed to escape freely from the egg, with consequent rapid enlargement of the air cell. Therefore, during the last week of incubation I would remove the water pans or wet sand from the egg chamber and let the humidity decrease to 50 degrees, or possibly 40 in some cases. Simply removing the extra supply of water usually answers the purpose. The moisture supply must be renewed again on the nineteenth day to 75 for another distinct purpose. If the air surrounding the hatching eggs is dry, the chicks are likely to have a hard time breaking through the tough inner lining of the eggs. When this parchment-like lining is dry, it is exceedingly difficult to tear it, and its strong bands may hold a vigorous chick a prisoner even after it has broken the shell clear around. Keeping the air of the egg chamber moist renders the inner linings of the egg-shell easy for the chick to burst through. The greatest danger from overheating comes during the first few days of incubating. It is well to hold the temperature at the level of the tops of the eggs under 103 F. for the first week. I like to keep it at 102. During the third week the animal heat exerts some influence, and 103 will be about right at the upper part of the egg. While the chickens are hatching from the egg, 104 may be registered at the level of the tops of the eggs. In some parts of our country, where incubators are operated at altitudes of several thousand feet, the temperatures may be run a degree higher than I have indicated. At these altitudes, where the air is usually very dry, the matter of extra moisture supply becomes a very important item in successful incubation.

J. H.—Please read answer to D. H. H. Yes, it would be very likely to cause trouble, if the heat took any such flights during the last twenty-four hours.

M. O.—According to your letter, you are feeding correctly, unless they are confined to small yards, in which case they must have green vegetable and animal food. Read the answer to E. T. in this issue. Keep the brood coops and brooder or brooders very clean. Bathe the eyes with boric acid, about a teaspoonful to a glass of water.

L. C.—Please read answer to B. C. and H. F. M. Your hens are on the point of breakdown, which is being caused by heavy and over-stimulating food.

M. J.—The dimensions of the trap nest for which you ask are as follows:

Construction of the New Cornell Trap Nests

The nest is 12 inches wide, 12 inches high, and 20 inches long, inside measurements. Light materials should be used as far as possible. Most poultrymen are likely to neglect cleaning the nests often if they are not light and easy to handle. In building these nests we use for corner posts, white pine ⅞x1¾ inches. The sides, front, rear and bottom pieces are ½ inch pine. The pieces on top are 5-16 inch or heavier. The door or trap is made of ⅞ or 1¾ inch pine. The screen over the opening in the door is what is known as 3x3 mesh galvanized wire cloth. The screen in the back is for ventilation. Galvanized wire cloth can be used for this, but a cheaper screen will answer the purpose if one wishes to use it. The trigger or trip is made from No. 7 wire. For making this, all that is necessary is a piece of wire about two feet long, a woodworker's bench vise, a pair of pliers and a hammer. From the middle of the wire measure four inches each way, place the wire in the vise and bend at right angles at the point marked. From these angles measure one-half inch toward the ends of the wires and bend against right angles. Measure again three-fourths inch towards the ends of the wire and bend at right angles in the opposite direction. From this last angle measure four inches towards the ends of the wire and bend the ends toward the center. The ends should be cut off so that they will measure about one and one-half inches from the last angle. The board with grooved ends is fitted on to the wire to prevent the hens from sitting on the wire. The eye screws which support the wire trip are put in and the wire is then sprung into place. Considerable care must be used in hanging the door or trap, as it must hang level if it is to work properly. The holes for the wire which support the door are bored one-half inch from the top and one-half inch from the front of the post. The galvanized iron on the lower edge of the door is to prevent the edge of the door from

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

Hens Lay While Moulting



Joe Martin of West Plains, Missouri, writes:

"I would not be without More Eggs If it cost $10.00 a package. It has hurried the moulting for me and all my hens are now laying full capacity."

This great discovery by Mr. Reefer hastens the moult and puts the hens in best possible condition. The use of Reefer's More Egg Tonic right now will repay 100 times in extra eggs. One out of five hens die during the moult (Cornell Bulletin No. 258). Be sure to keep up your hens' vitality with More Eggs Tonic. Don't wait.

Hens Moult Late—Still They Lay Eggs

"Dear Mr. Reefer:
From the 21st of November to the 7th of December my 36 hens have moulted and laid 200 eggs. Your More-Egg Tonic is fine and I will never be without it in my home.
Yours very truly, F. SHAW."

27 Eggs Instead of One

"I began feeding More-Egg Tonic to my flock of hens at a time when I was getting only one egg every day. This was probably due to moulting. Now I am getting 27, which I consider a wonderful record.
E. N. PALMER."

Make Fall Layers Out of Spring Chicks



Make Fall Layers Out of Spring Chickens

"Dear Mr. Reefer:
For the first time since I have been raising poultry I have been able to make my spring hatch lay eggs in the fall. Your More-Egg Tonic is responsible. I would never be without it. HARRY WOLFF."

160 Hens—1500 Eggs

"I have fed two boxes of More-Eggs to my hens and I think they have broken the egg record. I have 160 white Leghorn hens and in exactly 21 days I got 125 dozen eggs.
H. M. PATTON."

Banker Endorses More Eggs

"Sometime ago I got some of your More-Egg and it means MORE EGGS. I am now fully convinced of its utility. I have 14 pullets and 14 hens one year old and the first day in December they layed 11 dozen eggs.
H. F. POHLAND". President Citizens Bank, Ashland, Ore.

More Eggs Paid the Pastor

"I cannot express in words how much I have been benefitted by More-Egg. I have paid my debts, clothed the children in new dresses and that is not all. I paid my pastor his dues. I sold 42½ dozen eggs last week, set 4 dozen, ate some and had 1¼ dozen left.
MRS. LENA McBROOM".
Woodbury, Texas

Big Fat Broilers in 8 Weeks

"Dear Mr. Reefer:
I fed your More-Egg Tonic to my spring chicks. It seemed to work wonders. Ordinarily it has taken me from three to four months to fatten my chicks so I could sell them to the market for broilers. More-Egg is responsible. My chicks grew quicker, were in a very healthy condition and fat. Your More-Egg Tonic enabled me to sell my spring chicks as broilers in eight to ten weeks.
VERA CASPIN"

Send No Money

Do not send a penny. Just send the coupon below and I will send you two $1.00 packages of my latest improved More-Egg Tonic. When the postman delivers them to your home, pay him only $1.00 plus postage. The other $1.00 package is free. Remember this scientific egg tonic has been tried and tested, but to prove its value to you I am going to send it to you on 30 days free trial. If at the end of 30 days you are not entirely satisfied, I will send you the money you have paid. Act Now! Mail the coupon.

E. J. Reefer, *Poultry Expert*
Dept. C304 9th and Spruce Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

E. J. Reefer, *Poultry Expert,*
Dept. C304 9th and Spruce Sts. Philadelphia, Pa.

Send me two packages of More-Egg Tonic for which I agree to pay the postman $1.00, plus postage, when the package arrives. It is understood that if I am not entirely satisfied at the end of 30 days you will refund my money.

Name _____

Address _____

If you prefer, enclose $1.00 cash or money order with this coupon. This brings your order sooner. C. O. D. Packages sometimes take longer in the postoffice.

Ah Sam's Stray

By Shirley Cookman Hayes

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IT was a late afternoon of the California August when Old Sam, his stock of vegetables sold out, started home along the main tree-embowered street of the mountain village. He was comfortably reckoning up the probable value of his small store of gold-dust, the day's earnings tied up in his old buckskin bag, when he heard a running staccato of pistol shots from the group of malodorus red-ticketed shanties which composed the village Chinatown Prince questioned with a pair of attentive ears, continuing betimes his quiet, long-limbed stride. The pack-animal in the rear flung his head up sharply, listening. Old Sam spoke to him encouragingly, letting out the lead-rope and giving him a moment to reassure himself. He was young and nervous, but after planting his feet stiffly and giving one or two snorts, he consented to go on, while Sam chirruped to Prince, and marveled at the Chinese and their ways.

A tong war had been in progress for several months. More than one Chinese miner belonging to gangs working the diggings along the river had silently dropped out of sight. Similar reports kept coming in from most of the mountain towns strung along the ridge on both sides. The Chinese were killing one another without compunction, and the Sheriff and his deputies continued unsuccessfully their search for the murderers.

Queer they ain't never willin' to keep the peace, Sam thought. His own attitude toward life was different. Tonight he felt tired and rather lonely, but when he and Prince and the pack-animal had wound back and forth for an hour down the zigzag trail to the river and he could see his own house, like a big bird's nest in its lace-work of roses and climbing vines, perched on the bluff opposite, Old Sam's spirits rose. Over there was the peace of home,—a peace guarded by his two dogs.

When they reached the flat sand of the riverbed, he dismounted and tied the pack-animal's rope to the pommel of Prince's saddle.

"Go 'long!" he rumbled, giving Prince an affectionate slap on the flank. "I'm a-goin' down to the smoke-house for some bacon." The saddle-animal, used to confidences, obeyed, stepping carefully into the water, and Old Sam waited until he heard the wet click of horseshoes against the hidden stones of the river as the horses splashed across, following the ford; then he turned back into the steep trail up the bank. He was powerfully built, with a forceful agility that carried him quickly up the rocky slope towards his "kerridge." This was a tiny suspended box, moved by small wheels rolling on a cable high above the river. Tonight as he neared it, where it hung fastened to a young pine, the weather-beaten lines round his eyes contracted them to narrow slits. There was a shape in his "kerridge"—a shape something like a bundle of mountaineer's blankets set up on end. Old Sam, one hand on the rope, cautiously stepped into the oblong box, peering at the strange object which stirred uneasily under his gaze.

This time he saw its aspect more distinctly. It was that of a small Chinese girl about nine years old; a little girl with a pair of slanting, frightened black eyes in a small face.

"By gum!" he ejaculated. "Who on airth be you?"

There was no answer. Old Sam had had too many dealings with her countrymen to waste any more time in futile questioning. He sat down in the shaking little car, untied the rope, and began his hand-over-hand pull across the river. The bundle opposite continued to eye him solemnly. Half way across, when for a moment he held the box suspended while he rested his arms, he leaned, as usual, over the side and looked down to the pale glimmer of the water below.

The bundle made a move as though to approach. "Look out, honey," he warned. "Don't fall out."

The child spoke for the first time.

"I am no have 'fraid," she answered, very deliberately, and sat up straighter, holding to the sides with smooth little brown hands.

Arrived at the other side, she clambered out first and stood waiting, a queer-enough little figure in her trousers and brass-buttoned blue blouse. Sam secured the "kerridge" and, as he came towards her, she took one hesitating step and slipped one small hand into his big one.

"I am liking you," she announced, with halting spaces between the words, and placidly held onto his hand all the way up the trail to the smoke-house

Two collies were waiting at attention as they stepped up on the rough porch of his dwelling. They sniffed the new guest over with friendly curiosity and wagged their great plumes of tails in a tentative offering of fealty. She placed a timid hand on each. Sam lifted her upon the high porch bench and left her there with a collie on each side, her short, purple-trousered legs dangling contentedly.

As he cut great slices from his home-made bread and fried the bacon for supper, he wondered. The child must have wandered away from the camp of Chinese miners just below. He resolved to go that way and ask, the next morning.

When everything was ready he called to her. There was a gentle thud as she dropped from the bench, and then a light slap, slap of small Chinese shoes on his porch as she appeared in the doorway, accompanied by the dogs.

"What's your name?" he smiled.

"Ah Luen," she answered, and unexpectedly put to him a counter question, in careful syllables: "What am it yours?"

He was somewhat taken aback, but laughed deeply, tossing out of his eyes, as he did so, his heavy locks of iron-gray hair.

"I guess you c'n call me Sam, for short," he chuckled. "Come in now, honey, 'n get some supper."

She looked at him, her black eyes snapping for the first time with merriment.

"All light, Ah Sam; I come."

She became quite gay and talkative over the meal. The two dogs lay down near the door, watching expectantly, but too well trained to beg. She did her best to manipulate the three-pronged fork, strange to her Chinese hands; her host decided to whittle out for her a pair of chopsticks.

When they had finished and the dogs were fed, he returned to the kitchen. Ah Luen had preempted a small three-legged stool, and was gazing round with serious black eyes at the walls hung with pans and kettles, which reflected dull lights from the single small lamp on the shelf.

"What made you want to get into the kerridge, little one?" Old Sam began, rather at a loss.

She stared at him in silence.

"When I found you tonight, where was you a-goin'?"

There was a pause.

"I not am remembering," she answered, very slowly.

"Was you lost, 'in tryin' to get back to your father 'n mother?"

At the word "father" her face unaccountably darkened. "No; I not am want!" she announced, with surprising vigor of tone.

"For the land's sake! You ain't rememberin' where you was a-goin', or wantin' any father, at present writin! Still, I guess," he added, half to himself, "I'd better ask at the Chinese camp."

She caught the import of his last words.

"No, no; *not not!*" she begged, and straightway burst into a tempest of sobs interspersed with muttered Chinese words, her queer little figure doubled over and rocking back and forth on the three-legged stool.

Old Sam's heart melted at sight of her grief. He strode over and lifted her to his knee.

"There, there, honey," he soothed, "if I'd a' known you was a-goin' to take on so, I wouldn't 've bothered you with questions. Guess you're pretty tired, poor little soul. You just put your little head down there, on my shoulder 'n forget all about it."

She could not stop all at once, but with an evident desire to smother her cries, she buried her flat little brown nose into Old Sam's rough wool shirt, while her body shook. After a little the convulsive shaking of her sobs became less and less frequent; her body a drooping weight in his arms, unaccustomed to such tender burdens, and when he looked down at her face against his shoulder, he saw that the black-flower eyes had long since closed up for the night. Sam rose, tiptoeing across the creeking floor to the one spare room in the front, facing the river, and placed the child very softly in an empty bunk. After wrapping the blankets round her, he stood looking down at her a moment, his rugged face very tender, before he softly closed the door and went back to the kitchen fire.

He thought it probable that she might be the child of some Chinaman already fallen prey to the fighting tongs. As yet, however, he had observed no trace of any struggle on either side of the river near the house. Everything had been peace in the blue haze of mountain-dust; the trails undisturbed, except for the morning tracks of his own horses.

He resolved to give her time to become better acquainted and less afraid; perhaps she might then confide in him voluntarily. It might be several days before she could be transferred to her rightful owners. The thought brought a glow round his heart. He would, of course, in the end have to give her up, but how he wished he could keep her! It would be mighty fine to come home at sundown, after a long day's peddling of vegetables, and see her standing with the dogs on the porch. In fancy, he could already see her small trousered figure waiting for him, and hear her flute-like voice calling out the Chinese mountain-welcome: "Ho loo-oom—ah, Ah Ah Sam!" He could even imagine just the way the thin echoes would float and return from the mountain across the river. Having her there would make a real home out of the big bird's nest he loved. The collies were almost human, but a little girl was rather more so. Perhaps, too, she might not be unwilling to stay. It was evident she had already made friends of the collies, in whose estimate of character Ah Sam had immense faith, and besides the dogs there was the garden and the climbing roses, of which he was justly proud, for had he not carried the soil in basketfuls up the rocky trail all the way from the river?

"Well," he muttered at last with a sigh, knocking out the ashes from his pipe and rising to blow out the light, "I've got no right even thinkin' 'bout it. She's lost, that's plain, 'n what I've got to do's to find her father'n mother."

Before he left, the next morning, he gave the dogs stern orders to guard the house and Ah Luen. They understood and he saw them watching him seriously until the bend of the trail hid them from sight.

At the Chinese camp none of the miners could or would acknowledge having lost a little girl. Old Sam inquired cautiously, in a language incorporating a few words of real Chinese into its pidgin English.

"No savvy," was the same response in various shades of mockery from each yellow workman of the group. Sam was forced to continue on his rounds without finding the owners of his stray. He was hardly sorry. The scattered householders of the mountain mines gave him an even more cordial welcome that day, he thought, although they always appeared glad to see him coming. Today, his kindly, weather-beaten face was lighted with an inward satisfaction which they all noted as they bargained for turnips and carrots, or his fine white potatoes.

The days followed one another into weeks and the weeks into a month of unaccustomed happiness for Ah Sam, for the little girl persisted in the name. No one had come to claim her, and he began to rejoice comfortably in the thought. He had long ago given up attempts at questioning. Gay and confiding, in an ever increasing trustful comradeship, she would lapse into Chinese impenetrability the moment he tried to discover her origin. To make her feel more at home, Ah Sam called into service his small vocabulary of Chinese, augmented by an occasional new word she would shyly venture to teach him, breaking into irrepressible ripples of merriment over his awkward attempts at pronouncing it. They two had become great friends.

One bright Sunday morning they went down to the barn, hand in hand, the dogs following. Ah Sam began to hammer up a loose board or two, torn free by a storm. Ah Luen wandered over to Prince's stall and climbed up to look into the manger under the horse's very nose. All at once she began to shriek excitedly:

"Ah Sam, Ah Sam! Come, heap quick! Mieu got lil' mieu!" By the time he reached the stall, she was already flattening her small body over the manger rail, and desperately fishing for the kittens with the end of her long black queue.

"Jus' you wait a moment, little honey. You'll fall in 'n old Puss'll scratch you. Let me get there." She obediently slid down and stood waiting, her blouse held up to receive the kittens, while Old Sam carefully lifted out Tabby, who was purring triumphantly, opening and shutting her yellow eyes in a sleepy transport of satisfaction.

"How ol' lil' mieu?" she inquired, regarding the kittens with curious and delighted black eyes, as she and Ah Sam, with the two dogs, formed a returning procession to the house.

"'Bout two weeks, I guess. Be you a-goin' to teach them Chinese?" he queried, with assumed anxiety.

She gazed at him with serious eyes, unable to decide whether or not he meant to tease.

"Lil' mieu know Chinese, *now*," she answered, with half-offended dignity. "Big mieu know, all mieu know," she finished, positively.

Another three weeks went by. One night after supper she suddenly slipped down from her three-legged stool and trotted to the door.

"Look—see, Ah Sam," she said, mysteriously, opening it, and began a strange summons into the dusk in wierd, nasal-voweled Chinese, her flutey voice projecting its tones to float and carry. She paused; the echoes took it up; she repeated it. The echoes, like distant ghost-music, were still returning it, when old Tabby appeared, followed by her three kittens. Ah Luen broke off a small twig from a laurel branch in the wood-box and Tabby entered the doorway with a slow and languorous grace, seated herself in the middle of the kitchen floor and curled her long striped tail round her like a train. The kittens took up stations about her in a sort of semi-circle.

Ah Luen fixed her look with a queer intensity of expression on the kitten nearest the door, and pointed her wand. He returned the gaze as though fascinated, keeping his recently-opened blue eyes on hers, and emitted a little squeaky "mieu." She turned her gaze on the next, pointing the stick. He answered her look and recited his own lesson, perfectly learned. The wand passed on to the third kitten, whose thin little "mieu" was in ludicrous contrast to the deep contralto of his mother's "mia-au-ow," when it came her turn.

Old Sam clapped his hands in hearty delight. At the noise all three kittens scampered out of the open door, followed more leisurely by their mother.

"Well, I guess you was right 'bout the Chinese!" he said. "How long was you a-teachin' them?"

"I show him every day." Ah Luen's eyes sought the floor. "You like him?"

"Well, I should say so! I just 'bout guess they're the smartest little cats this side of the ridge!"

A shy smile crept up the corners of her mouth, but she continued to look down, rather overwhelmed with his praise.

"By gum! I come mighty near forgettin'! Your little cat-school 'most drove it out of my head!" He rose and from a corner of the kitchen took down a bulky newspaper bundle from the shelf.

"See here," he began, watching her exultantly over its top as he began to untie it on the kitchen table. There were three blouses and as many pairs of Chinese trousers, all of fresh blue gingham. He shook them out before her eyes, while she stood by solemnly watching him, unable at first to realize that they were meant for her. All at once she gave a quick gasp, burst into a rapturous babble of Chinese, and flung both arms round his neck.

"Oh, Ah Sam, *dear!*" she cried. "You a *great deal* good! I am stay here so very happy!"

"I guess we're both happy." He patted her smooth black head. "Look at this, too." He held up an oblong buckskin bag and made her feel the weight of its contents. "Seems I've made 'nough this season to get a man to help me do a good piece o' gold-washin' afore it gets too cold. Guess I'll go down tomorrow 'n see how the old riffles look."

She flashed at him a strange look half of fear, the smile fading from her face, which took on the inscrutable expression of the Oriental. He felt vaguely disappointed, stared at her a moment in silence and rose to go out to smoke his after-supper pipe on the porch overhanging the river. The brush and trees on the mountain opposite were purplish-green in the soft dusk. Below, where the canyon bent the river's course, the water was caught in eddies round the shoulders of big smooth stones whence it sent up a confused tinkling murmur of voices. From attentive listening Old Sam had figured out the whole human gamut. There were the cries and silver laughter of babies; women's talk; the roar of men's fury. Once in a long while the male voices stopped to listen to the children, or a woman's sweet pleading; but more often these were drowned as though frightened by the deadened bass thunder from the rapids below.

This evening the rugged charm of the mountain somehow failed to hold him; the river-voices he did not even hear. He was worried about Ah Luen and her strange attitude when he had mentioned his intention of remaining at home to work his river sand-bars. He had looked forward eagerly to it; it would put an end to having to leave her alone all day with only the dogs for company.

A horse's sharp squeal, and the dull sound of hoofs pounding against boards of the barn, roused him. Prince was expressing an ancient grudge against the pack-animal. Old Sam rose precipitately and strode off the porch, his one idea being to stop it before they knocked the barn to pieces.

Half trotting down the trail round the house he nearly ran over Ah Luen, just issuing from the kitchen door, her hands full of bread and cold meat. At the unexpected sight of him she started, dropped the food on the rocky ground and stood staring at him helplessly, trembling the while with evident fright.

"What's the matter, little one?" he joked. "Where be you a-goin' with all that bread? If it's for the dogs, you'd better put some gravy on it."

She was silent, and sank down shamefacedly on the kitchen steps, her eyes on the ground. He hurried on down to the trail to the barn, more puzzled than ever.

The next morning as he was pulling himself across the river in the "kerridge," ready to begin work on a river-bar, it occurred to him to take a look at a small empty shack close to the water on the opposite side, almost underneath his set of riffles where they stood high on thin, spidery trestles. Arrived at the other side, he tied up his movable bridge, shouldered his picks and shovels and descended the trail to the river, intending to leave the tools he did not need in the cabin for safe keeping. He walked up and opened the door, casually looking round.

The shack's one room, empty, spoke in half-a-dozen ways of having been recently occupied. There was a piece of Chinese matting stretched tightly across a wide board, and a faint odor, unmistakable to his nostrils, pervaded the place.

"Opium," he mused. "Queer I ain't seen you," he remarked to the residue of his uninvited tenant, and was about to close the door, when he noticed an object on the floor near the improvised bunk. He walked over and took up a piece of crust, crumbling it in his hand. He had made that bread, and more than that, it was still fresh.

Ah Luen and her bundle of food flashed across his mind. Had his Chinese tenant been forcing her to feed him during the long days of his absence? If so, how had the man managed to evade the dogs? The Chinaman's influence must have been a strong one to frighten Ah Luen into silence, Ah Luen, who now began her babbling, happy confidences at the least encouragement—Old Sam made a grimace as his thoughts brought up with a jerk. After all, he had never been able to persuade her to tell him whence she had hailed. His gentle inquiries had produced nothing better than unfathomable silence, or a storm of passionate sobs.

He went on about his preparations for the gold-washing, cleaning out the caked mud from between the riffles, and mounted to the big flume to turn on the water. Returning, he selected a promising piece of pebbly sand near the river and began to feed it in great shovelfuls into the open mouth of the washer. It was some time past noon when he ceased work and began slowly to mount the trail towards his "kerridge." He had crossed the river and was climbing the trail to the house when his eyes caught a quick-moving flash from the mountainside he had just left. The sun was glinting on the rifle-barrels of three black-clad Chinese, who were trotting down the trail, single-file, their wiry, shuffling bodies bent almost double. Old Sam paused, half-concealed as he was, behind the trunk of a cedar and waited until they had splashed through the ford and begun to climb a lower trail leading to a mountain town on his side, several miles above the river.

With the Chinese well out of sight, Ah Sam when close to the house gave the Chinese mountain-call for Ah Luen. The plaintive notes floated across the river-canyon and returned to him, thin and melancholy, from the mountain. The dogs heard, and came bounding out, but for the first time Ah Luen was not with them. The collies, usually self-contained, were whining restlessly, trotting back up the trail and returning to him—proof that something was wrong. Sam took the rest of the trail in leaps, forgetting any weight of years. The house was empty.

He hoped that she might be down in the raspberry patch, or in the stable, holding a conversation with Prince in Chinese. But she could not be found, and after an hour of anguished indecision, he saddled Prince and started up the trail in the track of the mysterious Chinese.

If some Chinaman, hiding from the guns of a fighting tong, had been waiting in the old shack to watch his chance and steal her, well—— He grasped the heavy old-fashioned revolver that hung at his belt, and urged Prince forward.

After a half-hour of steady climbing, he emerged from the narrow trail, walled on both sides by its thick hedge of manzanita, into a clear wagon-road which wound round and up through flattened hills covered with bear-brush, with here and there a scattered pine. Ahead of him, on the left, stood out a clump of thick bushes. As he approached it Prince's ears began to move in sudden alarmed interest. Sam had barely time to note the horse's warning when a dark-clad Chinaman broke out of the brush and fled across the road. He was followed almost instantly by three others in pursuit. There was the crack of a pistol; the first figure dropped; and the three, after turning in alarm evil yellow faces towards the man on horseback, slunk off silently into the brush of a ravine parallel with the road. It was the final tragic act of some highbinder quarrel.

Old Sam dismounted to examine the prostrate body. The man, lying with extended arms in the red dust of the mountain road, was already dead. As Sam bent over him, he heard from behind a muffled cry. He came up from his stooping posture. Ah Luen was stumbling towards him, her clothes dusty and torn; her face, covered with angry red scratches from the rough underbrush, was tracked with tear-stains.

"Ah Sam, Ah Sam!" she sobbed, with a stream of Chinese in which one word, whose meaning he strove to recall, kept recurring. "Come, hully up, Ah Sam, heap quick!" In an agony of fear, she splashed on through the dust and with one last bound of failing strength, fell into his arms, panting. Her own arms flung round his neck almost choked him from the violence of her embrace.

Old Sam's heart was full. Ah Luen was restored to him for a moment; nothing else mattered, though in fancy he saw the three about to rise out of the gulch to claim her. Involuntarily he tightened his arms about the child, pressing her head down on his shoulder to shut out the sight of the body. But she kept struggling to look, repeating, in a transport of horror:

"Hully, Ah Sam, *hully up!* I go 'long you now, *now!*" Then would follow the Chinese babble, with its same puzzling word, like a refrain.

All at once a light broke upon him.

"Honey," he began, very tenderly, "which one o' them did you say was your daddy?"

He felt her small body, pressed against him, begin to quiver.

"He lie down, now," she quavered. "Hully, Ah Sam! You wait, he get up!"

"No," he comforted, his heart smiting him while it rejoiced; "don't be skeered, honey, just you shut your eyes a minute."

A quick swing and she was seated upon Prince. Ah Sam turned the horse and held the stirrup for himself. But Prince, used to his practiced leap into the saddle, had, with his master still in mid-air, already pushed forward with long, satisfied strides down the mountain towards home.

Friends no Longer

Miss Thomas for some years worked in the post office where Mr. Watrous was in charge and it was then that the friendship which will be concluded at the altar Thursday night began. —*Waukegan, Ill., Sun.*



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Special new SCOTCH yarn, superior quality, direct from mill prices! Only 14½c. per oz. —in 4 oz. skeins only for 58c. each. 100 samples of Peace Dale Yarns sent free. Peace Dale Mills, Dept. 162, 25 Madison Ave., New York.

THIS KNIFE FREE for selling 8 boxes ROSEBUD at 25c each and remitting $2.00. Knife has best steel blades, we put your name on. Order Rosebud soaps.

ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., Box 292, Woodsboro, Md.

HINDU FORTUNE TELLING BALL

Will answer any question you ask. MYSTERIOUS—FASCINATING.

Send 50c. and receive Ball by return mail.

BOU-BALL-ETTE CO., 175 5th Ave., N. Y. C.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not relating to the special departments elsewhere in the paper, will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address but we will print only initials if so requested.

W. P. M., Worland, Wyo.—In tempering steel the effect is to reduce somewhat the results of previous hardening. The method is to re-heat hardened steel to a temperature lower than red-hot and then cool suddenly. For tempering steel for use in coiled springs about 550 degrees Fahrenheit is the proper temperature to which the steel should be raised in burning charcoal or other special furnace arrangements. The steel is cooled by placing it in a tub of water or oil.

G. S., Indianola, Okla.—Copyright upon songs, stories, etc., which may be sold by the author are generally obtained by the firm doing the publishing, unless in certain cases where the author has the printing done at his own expense and plans to have title of the published product vest in himself. To copyright a song or story will cost you a fee of one dollar. For application forms and further particulars you should address the Register of Copyrights, Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.

A COMFORT LOVER, West Virginia.—As a young woman arriving alone in a strange city where you have no friends, you would do best to go directly to the branch of the Young Women's Christian Association in that city. You can secure accommodations and information there, or the secretary will direct you to investigated places where you can secure proper board and lodging. Do not accept the advice or direction of strangers when arriving at a large city railroad terminal, but secure your necessary addresses and aid from a police officer or other responsible attendant or official. Many large railroad stations have detailed representatives from the Travelers' Aid Society whose duty it is to look out for and help arriving strangers like yourself.

L. L. T., Cameron, Texas.—Any date may be placed upon a violin and we regret that we must tell you this is often done. A flourishing trade seems to be carried on in fraudulent "old violins" of which COMFORT readers seem often to fall victims. Of course there is the barest possibility that your instrument is a genuine Stainer and made in the year 1754, but we regard the possibility as very bare indeed. No one but an expert could pass upon your violin's value, although any music dealer or musician of common sense and intelligence should be able to judge if the instrument was actually made in the year stated.

MRS. A. C. H., Baltimore, Md.—The poem, "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight," was almost a fixture in old school readers and we remember it well. It is there you should search for it. We are keeping your address and if any kind COMFORT reader sends in the old verses we will forward them to you.

CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER, Mt. Vernon, Ill.—The origin of the phrase, "to be gyped," that is, to be cheated in a deal or purchase, is supposed to have arisen from the reputation of gypsies as horse dealers. These roadside dwellers, less frequent now, had ways of doctoring up injured or useless animals so that they might be traded off or sold to advantage—that is, to the advantage of the gypsy and not the buyer who was "gyped." The word would be regarded as slang.

T. M. S., Okla.—While we have no particular information injurious to the companies your letter mentions, we can state, as a general rule, that all oil stocks are uncertain and speculative. They are not a proper investment for a widow. Keep your savings nearer home and consult your local bank officials as to investments. Other COMFORT readers please take notice. Prospectus promises are easier to pay than dividends.

C. A. B., Edna, Ind.—See reply to L. L. T., Cameron, Texas, in this issue.

W. D. W., Knoxville, Tenn.—Genuine Strads are very scarce. All are considered to be known to experts who claim that there are but some thirty-odd of these rare violins now remaining in existence. But violins bearing spurious Strad inscriptions are many and we believe your instrument is one of these. No one but an expert could pass upon its true value and age. See reply to L. L. T., Cameron, Texas, in this issue.

MRS. A. W. D., Haskell, Okla.—Roses are one of the most difficult plants to keep free from insect pests. What you call "mold" is a collection of aphis or plant lice. Examination under a magnifying glass will prove this, we think. When the first leaves appear upon your bushes in the spring, begin spraying with a soapsuds solution. If this fails to help, try a spray made from one of the various nicotine commercial solutions which you can obtain from seedmen or hardware stores. Many fail to obtain results with sprays bcause they do not repeat often enough. And in spraying to control any pest, it is the early spray that catches the worm—or bug. After they are well established control is difficult.

MRS. C. P. G., Virginia.—We have never heard of the company you mention and if you have also failed to hear further from them we think you can consider that your share receipt is worthless. But it will have value if it teaches you to not trust savings to "developing companies" who are usually interested in developing the pockets of stock subscribers. We are always sorry to hear of any reader of COMFORT who has been thus victimized. Invest your money near at home where you can know something of the men and methods of the corporations whose shares you hold. It is always best to ask your local bank officials concerning any investment you may be tempted to make. They are interested in seeing you make money. Far off "developing companies" are often only interested in making money for themselves.

MRS. W. H. H., Arthur, Nev.—You should be able to obtain grafting wax from any store dealing in seed supplies or farm implements, or should be able to tell you where you might send to obtain it. We would not know the nearest dealer to your town who might have this wax for sale, although it is not a rare commodity.

MRS. S. E. M., Grey Rock, Wyo.—You are wrong in thinking there are more women in the U. S. than men. The census of 1920 gives the total male population as 53,900,431. The female, 51,810,180. (2) Nature has her own mysterious ways of balancing the proportions of boy and girl babies who are born, in this country and all over the world, so that over a term of years they nearly equalize. If in one year the percentage of female births is excessive, the next year will usually show a percentage of decrease. It has long been a matter of record that after disastrous wars, the afflicted countries who have suffered a large loss of man power are compensated by an excess of males in the birth rate. At the present time the males are in excess in this country by about three per cent. Despite many efforts, scientists have as yet been unable to establish any system of control whereby sex can be determined in advance.

MISS J. S., Texas.—Although beseeched in various ways at various times to take such action, Congress has not yet decreed any "National Flower" for Uncle Sam to wear in his buttonhole.

PATTY-JO, Missouri.—Cherokee means "upland field," and these Indians were upland dwellers. The Cherokees constituted the most important tribe of the eastern U. S. In some far past descent they are connected with their more northern neighbors, the Iroquois. The Cherokees formerly inhabited the mountainous sections of Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama and the Carolinas. In these places they had many well-built villages and raised corn, beans and pumpkins in the rich soils. It was De Soto who first mentions these Indians in 1540, and from that time on your aboriginal ancestors figure largely in the history of the Southern States. During the Revolution they sided with and aided the British, but in 1785 they concluded a treaty with the U. S. Becoming what we choose to term civilized, the Cherokees by 1820 were ready to adopt a constitution and called themselves the Cherokee Nation. Misfortune began to descend upon the tribe through the discovery of the white man's lure—gold—in their lands. Pressure was brought to bear for their removal. In spite of the opposition of almost all of the "Nation," as the tribe was then called, a treaty was made with a small faction. This bound the tribe to remove within three years beyond the Mississippi River. The Cherokees rather naturally chose to repudiate this minority-made document and in 1838 they were removed by force. Several thousands died on the march, but the gold left behind remained uninjured. Since then, by successive acts of Congress, the freedom of the surviving Cherokees has been curtailed until hardly a vestige stands. About 20,000 of the race remain today. In western North Carolina several thousand still dwell—the remnant of those Indians who fled to the mountains and escaped removal. (2) There are many musical Cherokee words of equally melodious meaning. Toccoa means "beautiful." Hiawassee is "pretty flower." Nacoochee signifies "evening star," and Chattahoochee, "flowered rock." These Indian names have been much used in the christening of towns in Georgia and other states that once formed the happy hunting ground of the now vanishing red men. We cannot tell you what "wonota" means. Possibly a Cherokee subscriber can.

MRS. J. L. J., North Carolina.—The present head of the new German Republic is Fredrich Ebert who holds the office of president. (2) The catastrophe known as the Charleston Earthquake occurred on August 31, 1886. The disturbance was felt from central Florida northward to southern New England and affected an area 800 miles wide by 1,000 north and south. We are glad you find COMFORT helpful.

Large Food Value of Peanuts

Peanuts are high in food value, says the United States Department of Agriculture, but there is no foundation for the recently circulated report that peanuts promote the growth of hair. Investigation carried on in the Bureau of Chemistry with regard to the chemical and nutritive properties of the proteins of the peanut have demonstrated that, aside from the oil, which is easily digested and which furnishes a large amount of fuel or energy, the shelled peanut contains about 20 per cent. of protein of a high nutritional quality. Peanut protein is rich in the amino acids which are lacking in the proteins of corn and grain, and for that reason peanuts are an excellent supplement to a cereal diet.

Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.)

wearing off. This nest can be built in series if desired, and it can be put under the dropping boards or on the walls of the house. When the nests are placed on the wall, a sloping cover should be put above them to prevent the hens from roosting on the nests. To make it convenient for the hens to reach the nests, a board four inches wide should be placed along the front of the nests. Care must be taken that the board is not placed too high. The upper side of the board should be at least two inches below the opening into the nest, and a space of two and one-half inches left between the board and the front of the nest. For nesting material use planer shavings, sawdust or similar fine material. Long hay or straw may eventually get piled up in such a manner as to interfere with the action of the trigger. To remove the hen, simply turn the screw hook and swing the door outward; or, if you prefer, turn down the point of the trigger and swing the door backward toward the top of the nest, thus permitting the bird to come out that way. Of course, the nest may be set in a partition with a back door through which the hen may be removed. If the poultryman cannot attend to his trap nests except at noon and at evening, he may arrange rear doors like the front doors of the nests. The hens can thus, after laying, push their way through the rear doors into little yards of the width of the nests and several feet in length. Here litter and small grains may be scattered to keep the hens busy until they can be released.

W. C.—Feather pulling is a bad habit. Give the birds free range if you can. If not, feed small grain in deep litter, so that the birds are kept busy most of the time scratchng for their food. Nail up a piece of salt pork or bacon rind in the chicken house for the birds to pick at, and smear the feathers around the places where they have been picking with bitter aloes.

S. G.—The hens need lime and grit, probably. If they are on free range, dump a supply of coal ashes on the ground near the chicken house. If confined, put a pan in their yard, filled with ashes, air slaked lime or oyster shell, and another pan full of sharp grit.

V. N.—Nothing for thirty-six hours; then hard-boiled egg, chopped fine, shell and all, and sour milk to drink. Give only a pinch at a time, and feed at least five times a day for a week, and then you can go to chick feed and one mash a day, either egg or mixed grain, with a little animal meal added, and sour milk all the time.

Win $5,000

19 year old Samie Ross, Hackensack, N. J., who won $5,000 in last Reefer-Contest.





Mrs. B. R. Young of Girard, Pa., is another winner of a $5000 contest prize.

Each Won $5,000 Will You Win This Time?



Big Picture FREE On Request

Can You Find More Than 15 or 20 Words in This Picture Beginning With Letter "R"?

There is Road, Rake, Rope. How many more can you find? Write them down and send them in as soon as possible. See how easy it is! Everything is in plain sight. No need to turn the picture upside down. This is a game of skill. Effort will help you win.

Costs NOTHING To Try!

Just send in your list of "R" words. If the judges decide your list is the largest which correctly names the visible objects beginning with "R", they will award you first prize. If your list is the second best list, they will award you second prize, etc. Get started RIGHT NOW!

Win the $5,000 Prize!

You do not have to buy any Vimogen Yeast Tablets to enter this contest and win a prize.

If the judges decide your list of "R" words is best and you have not ordered any, you will win first prize $50
(See column 1 of prize list)

If you send in an order for one $1 package, and your list is awarded first prize, you win $750
(See 2nd column of prize list)

If you order two $1 packages and your list wins first prize, you get $1,500
(See 3rd column of prize list)

And if you order five $1 packages, and you are awarded first prize, you get $5,000
(See 4th column for prize list)

$11,500 in Prizes	If no Reefer's Yeast Tablets are ordered	If one $1 pkg. Reefer's Yeast Tablets is ordered	If two $1 pkgs. Reefer's Yeast Tablets are ordered	If five $1 pkgs. Reefer's Yeast Tablets are ordered
1st prize	$50	$750	$1500	$5000
2nd prize	35	375	750	2500
3rd prize	25	200	400	1250
4th prize	25	125	250	600
5th prize	25	75	150	400
6th to 55th prizes, each	2	4	8	25
56th to 105th prizes, each	1	2	4	10

No goods bought in this contest are subjected to exchange, refund or approval.

And besides there are 104 other big cash prizes. Second prize in column 4 is $2,500. Third prize $1,250, etc. Just think of it—105 chances for you to win.

$600 Extra for Promptness The last day for mailing your solution to win any of the above prizes is November 15, 1922. But for every day ahead of that date that your order for goods is received, a special extra prize of $10 for each day will be added to any first prize you win. You can send your order today Then any time before November 15th you can qualify this order by sending in your solution. $600 extra is to be awarded in this manner for promptness. Try to get this extra $600. In case of ties, duplicate amounts will also be awarded.

Win All You Can! Be sure to send your order for $5 worth of Yeast Tablets if you wish to quailfy your list of words for the $5,000 first prize and the other prizes in the 4th column of the prize list. Don't delay sending in your order. Get the extra prize for promptness. Send your order today.

OBSERVE THESE RULES

1—Any one excepting our employees and their relatives may enter this contest. There is no entrance fee of any kind.

2—All word lists must be received through the mail by E. J. Reefer, 9th & Spruce Sts., Philadelphia, Pa., and envelopes must be postmarked by post office closing time, November 15, 1922.

3—Contestants who have sent lists or orders before November 15th will be qualified for the higher prizes provided orders for Yeast are received through the mail, postmarked on or before November 30th.

4—Only English words will be counted. Obsolete, hyphenated or compound words will not be counted. Only the singular or the plural of a word will be used, but both singular and plural will not count. Each article or object can be given only one name. Single words made up of two separate words or objects, such as teaspoon, teapot, or teatime will not count. Webster's International Dictionary will be the final authority. Where several synonyms are equally applicable to an object shown in the picture, a person submitting any one of such synonyms will be given credit for one word only.

5—The largest list of words which correctly name visible objects beginning with the letter "R" will receive first prize, and so on down the list of 105 prizes. The winning list will be made up from among the words submitted by the contestants, and not controlled by any predetermined list of words selected by the judges as being the "correct" or "master" list.

6—For each wrong word a percentage will be deducted from the total number of correct words.

7—Two or more people may co-operate in answering the puzzle. However, only one prize will be given to any one household or any one group.

8—If a contestant sends us more than one list under an assumed name or premarried name, then all lists of such contestant will be disqualified.

9—You must use only one side of paper. You must number each page and object in a consecutive rotation. Your full name and address must be written on each page in the upper right hand corner. It will aid the judges materially if you will arrange your words alphabetically, and if you will use paper size about 6 in. by 9 in. Failure to do so, however, will not count against you, nor will neatness or handwriting affect your score. Typewrite your list, if possible. An enlarged picture will be furnished free upon request.

10—The final decision will be made by three judges entirely independent of and having no connection whatever with the E. J. Reefer Company. They will judge the answers submitted and award the prizes at the end of the contest. Each participant entering this contest agrees to accept the decision of the judges as final and conclusive, without argument or question. All answers will receive full consideration, whether or not merchandise is purchased. At the close of the contest, when all lists have been graded, the list winning first prize and the names of the prize winners will be published, and a copy of such list and prize winners' names and addresses will be sent upon request to any participant who sends us a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

11—An additional prize of not over $600 for promptness, as specified above, will be awarded.

12—In case of ties for any prize offered, each tying contestant will receive full amount of the prize so tied for.

Yeast Tablets!

The greatest of all yeast products. Something entirely new. A wonderful scientific tablet that embodies all three natural vitamines. Enables your body to derive proper nourishment from the food you eat. Helps build up vitality, strength, endurance. Most all people are undernourished, though many don't know it. Try this scientific way to bring back the springy step, the buoyant freshness of youth, or the youthful natural complexion that all women long for. Think how wonderful life would be without that continual "tired feeling", with plenty of energy to work hard and play hard. Take this opportunity — find out what Reefer's Vimogen will do for you.

Start Today—Now!

Send today for Reefer's Yeast Tablets and qualify also for the biggest prizes. $50 or $5,000 which do want?

FREE Everyone sending for a large size picture will receive, fully prepaid, a package of a world famous, exquisitely scented, high priced Complexion Powder. Send for your free package today sure.

E.J. Reefer, Dept. C304, 9th and Spruce Sts. Philadelphia, Pa.

BIG MONEY IN SPARE TIME
Tailoring Agents wanted. Spare time will do. Big pay. Easy work. No experience needed. We furnish everything FREE. Only two sales a day gives you $30.00 a week. You get our manufacturing cost—direct to you.
Suits $13.50 Made to Measure
Dress in latest style at lowest price today for new big sample book and examples and latest styles. Write it.
$1.00 Sample Book
Can use a few more good men.
BANNER TAILORING CO.

This Beautiful Sleeping Doll
You can have this Beautiful Doll. She has closing eyes, movable arms and legs, turning head, real hair. Dressed as you see her in this picture. Dress can be taken off and put on. She also wears socks and baby bonnet. We will send her free, all charges paid, for selling only 12 packs of Perfumed Sachet at 10c per pack.
Jones Manufacturing Co.
Dept. 10 Attleboro, Mass.

AGENTS Attention!
and $5 to $10 a Day in Cash
We have territory open for willing workers—men or women—all or part time introducing our nationally advertised Pure Food Household Specialties. Over 100 articles. Every home a prospect. Many make $5 to $10 a day. Fred Jones made $18 in 4 hours. Write today for our liberal cash commissions.
American Products Co. 7001 American Bldg.

GIVEN
Real American Watch, 7 jewels, 20 year case, looks and wears like gold. Given for selling 4 boxes Mentho-Nova Salve (Ointment). Return the $2.00 and we send watch or choice of 147 premiums.
U. S. Supply Company, Dept. 1

VIOLIN GIVEN
This special sweet toned Violin given for selling two lots of 20 pictures at 10c each. Other pictures and premiums as low as 1c each. This real violin today. Write also offers to earn Ring and Watch. Send no money.
RAY ART CO., Box 1

14½¢ per oz.
Special new compound that will prevent Flies, Mosquitoes—Do it at once. Write today for Free Sample and Agents Offer. Yetter Mfg. Co., Box 1, Ave., New York

THIS KNIFE FREE
For selling 3 boxes ROSEBUD at 25c each and premium. Fine steel blades, pearl handle. Send your name and address today.
ROSEBUD PERFUME CO. Dept. 1

HINDU FORTUNE TELLER
Will answer any question. Send 50c. and receive by return mail MYSTERIOUS HINDU FORTUNE TELLER.
BOU-BALL-ETTE CO.

Rabbit Book FREE
Illustrated. Facts about the easy, profitable home industry—growing domestic hares for meat, fur, fancy. Little space—cheap equipment. Big demand. We buy all you raise at $7 to $18 per pair. Turn your spare time into cash. Book free—write now.
STANDARD FOOD & FUR ASS'N
405-A Broadway New York City

BABY CHICKS
hatching every day in every week. Three Million for 1922. Twelve popular breeds—8c and up. We deliver by parcel post anywhere east of the Rockies. Catalog Free.
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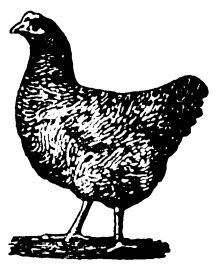
RAISE GUINEA PIGS
For us, big profits, thousands needed. We pay our raisers as high as $1.75 pair. No experience needed. Particulars, contract & book free.
LABORATORY SUPPLY CO., 2841-H Ridge Ave., Phila., Pa.

Fish Bite like hungry wolves, any season if you bait with Magic-Fish-Lure. $1 Box Free to introduce our new fish and animal traps. Write us today.
WALTON SUPPLY CO., R-13, St. Louis, Mo.

LADIES EARN $6-$18 doz. painting pillow tops at home; experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. TAPESTRY PAINT CO., D104. LAGRANGE, IND.

Egg Records Smashed by Hens Fed Vitamines

New Discovery of Science Makes It Easy for Every Poultry Raiser to Double His Profits.



EGG records are being smashed by common, ordinary hens that were not worth their feed a short time ago. A series of experiments, made with 90 hens, at an Indiana Experimental Station, increased the yearly average from 57 to 189 eggs per hen. This three-for-one increase was accomplished merely by giving feed enriched by properly blended Vitamines.

Listen to this: A California man who had raised poultry for 45 years had this experience; By giving his hens food containing the proper amount of vitamines he secured a 70% increase in only 20 days. Just think of that.

Science has proved that you MUST feed vitamines to your chickens in order to get all the eggs your hens can lay. Ordinary feeds contain so little of these vital elements that it is no wonder that the average hen lays less than half the eggs she ought to lay. But now Science has made it easy for you to supply your hens with these vitamines. Furthermore, you supply them in the exact proportions necessary to produce the largest number of eggs per hen.

How to Feed Vitamines

There are three of these vitamines and all three are needed. To get them all in the proper proportions which should at once increase the egg-laying powers of your hens use "Tablated Vitamines for Poultry." These wonderful tablets not only help produce more eggs but also help develop your pullets so that they reach the egg-laying period very early.

Make up your mind that you are going to get a yearly average of at least 189 eggs per hen. Try to make 200-egg layers of some of your hens. By using "Tablated Vitamines for Poultry" you keep your hens in prime condition and quickly give them egg-laying powers greater than you ever thought possible.

A $2.00 Package for $1.00

30 Days Trial—Send No Money

Just mail the coupon. A $2.00 package of "Tablated Vitamines for Poultry" will be sent you by return mail—ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL. When it arrives deposit with the postman the special introductory price of only $1.00, plus the few cents postage. Then count for yourself the extra eggs you will get. Then if you are not thoroughly delighted with "Tablated Vitamines for Poultry," return to us, within 30 days, what is left of the package and your money will be refunded instantly and without the slightest question. You are to be the sole judge. The guarantee of the million dollar State Bank of Philadelphia, insuring the refund of your money if not satisfied, goes with every package of "Tablated Vitamines for Poultry." Act today before this special price offer is withdrawn. Mail the coupon this very minute.

POULTRY VITAMINES CO., Dept. 18,
269 So. 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Poultry Vitamines Co., Dept. 18,
269 So. 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Without money in advance, send me a $2.00 package of "Tablated Vitamines for Poultry." When it arrives I will deposit with the postman the special introductory price of only $1.00, plus the few cents postage. Although I am benefitting by this reduced price, I have the privilege of returning what is left of these tablets within 30 days, and you agree to refund my money. I am to be the sole judge.

Name .....

Address .....

Town ..... State.....

(You may send $1.00 cash, if you prefer)

Stella Rosevelt

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

He laid his hand on Ralph's arm, and the young man felt it tremble with the emotion which thrilled him.

"Come with me," he said, in a low, earnest voice, "where we can be by ourselves, and I will talk this matter over with you. There has been a terrible mistake, and my two names have been the cause of it all. I loved Star Gladstone devotedly; I love her today. I have done her no wrong, as I will explain to you, and nothing would have kept me from her side if she had not hid herself from me. Come."

He linked his arm familiarly within Ralph's, and drew him from the room to a small antechamber leading from the hall, and shut the door, while the young man was dumb with astonishment at what he heard, and began to feel as if he had got himself into a very unpleasant predicament by his rashness.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MUTUAL EXPLANATIONS.

"Have I made a mistake? Have I wronged you?" Ralph Meredith asked, when the door was shut, while he gazed blankly at his companion, and feeling convinced in his heart that no man could show the emotion which Lord Carrol manifested at the mention of Star, and wilfully betray her.

"If I were not confident that you had made a mistake," his lordship returned, drawing himself up with dignity, though he was still very pale and deeply agitated—"if I did not believe that you share in the misunderstanding which has been the cause of all Miss Gladstone's trouble and my own exceeding sorrow, I could not pass lightly over the disparaging imputation which you have cast upon me tonight. I am no traitor, Mr. Meredith. I have never willingly wronged Miss Gladstone, for I have loved her, and I do love her today, with a deathless love. My plurality of names, as I have told you before," he went on, with a wan smile, "has been the cause of it all; and if Star has unconsciously been made a victim on account of it, I also have suffered in no small degree. Sit down, Mr. Meredith, and let me tell you all about it;" and he motioned him to a chair.

"Not until I have apologized for my rash words to you, my lord," Ralph said, in a manly, straightforward way, and, advancing to him, convinced now of his honor, and that he had never intended Star even a thought of harm. "Miss Gladstone," he continued, "confided the story of her grief to me only a short time before I sailed for Europe, although she did not enter into particulars very minutely. I think she had not the slightest idea that I should ever meet you, but I had made up my mind at the time that if I ever did come in contact with 'Archibald Sherbrooke,' which was the only name by which she designated you, that I should make him answer for the wrong which I believed he had done her. I saw you today with a lady in the chapel of Henry the Seventh, at Westminster Abbey. I heard her call you by the name that I remembered only too well, and was convinced I had found Miss Gladstone's recreant knight. I resolved at once to remain in London beyond the time I had originally intended, look you up, and call you to account for what you had done. You were at the concert in the Albert Hall this evening, but I had no thought of meeting you when I came hither, at the invitation of my friend Alden. You can imagine, perhaps, something of the shock which I experienced when he introduced you as Lord Carrol. This will explain why I refused your hand, and why I addressed you in the way I did."

"I cannot blame you in the least, under the circumstances," Lord Carrol returned, smiling.

"Your words, however," Ralph went on, "regarding the young lady in question, convince me that you are entirely guiltless, and have been as great a sufferer from an unfortunate misunderstanding as herself. I trust you will accept my explanation, and also my hand with it," he concluded, extending his hand to the young peer.

Lord Carrol grasped and shook it warmly.

"I have no right to harbor any ill will toward you for espousing so gallantly the cause of one who is very dear to me," he said, cordially; "and perhaps, after all, this meeting, which at first promised to end in a stormy manner, may be the means of restoring happiness to two very unhappy people."

"I feel assured that such will be the case," Ralph answered, but there was a keen pain in his heart, notwithstanding.

He gave Lord Carrol a history of Star's life during the last year, telling him of her success as a young authoress, and of the happy change in her worldly circumstances as the acknowledged ward and heiress of Jacob Rosevelt, the millionaire. He spoke also of the admiration which her grace and beauty had excited during the past season at Newport.

"I am glad," Archibald Sherbrooke said, earnestly, and his lip trembled as he spoke,—"that her life has been made so much brighter during the past year, and I shall always be grateful to Mr. Rosevelt for his kindness; and yet I am almost selfish enough to wish that I could have been the one to raise her to a more congenial sphere. I shall go to the United States at once. I must seek her and set myself right with her as soon as possible. Will you be so good as to give me Mr. Rosevelt's address?"

"With pleasure," Ralph responded; but you will not find them in New York just at present for they, with my sister—who is a very intimate friend of Miss Gladstone's—are traveling in the far West, and will not return under three or four months."

Lord Carrol looked thoughtful and disappointed at this intelligence.

"I must wait, then," he said, with a sigh, "until their return. The time will seem very long, although I am greatly needed here just now, and it would be much to my own disadvantage were I to leave before my affairs are in a more settled state; but I should let no pecuniary consideration deter me from going to Star if I were sure I should find her. However, I must submit to the inevitable; and now, Mr. Meredith," he concluded, with a genial smile, "what can I do to make your stay in our city pleasant? I am at your disposal for any length of time."

"Thank you, my lord. My business will not permit my tarrying much longer just now; but I intend to return to London in the course of three or four months, and shall hope to meet you again then," Ralph answered.

"I shall most certainly see to it that we do meet again," Lord Carrol returned; "and now, if you have no engagement for tomorrow, will you do me the honor to dine with me?"

"It will give me great pleasure to do so. I have no other engagement," Mr. Meredith returned.

He was growing to admire Star Gladstone's handsome lover exceedingly, notwithstanding the fact that he was his own rival.

"Thanks. Now come with me and let me introduce you to my mother and sister, who are both her at Stamfield House; and, Mr. Meredith," the young lord added, grasping his hand again, and speaking with emotion, "I cannot be sufficiently grateful to you, for you have put new life and hope into my heart tonight."

CHAPTER XXXV.

MRS. RICHARDS' GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

The following day Mr. Meredith, according to his promise, went to dine with Lord Carrol at his mother's elegant mansion, near Belgrave Square.

After the meal was over, and the other guests comfortably disposed of, Archie took his friend up into the "sanctum," as he called it, for a smoke and quiet talk.

If Lord Carrol suspected anything of the feeling which Ralph had entertained for Star, he gave no sign, but confided to him, as they sat there together, more of his hopes and plans for the future, and spoke with much more of freedom regarding Star than he had done the day before.

When they had finished their cigars, Lord Carrol arose and said:

"Come inside, Mr. Meredith, and I will show you one of my treasures."

He went back into his "sanctum," followed by Ralph, and passing by all the beautiful paintings, drawings and engravings which hung upon the walls, he walked to an easel which stood in a corner, and, removing a cloth that covered it, stepped back for his friend to look.

Ralph Meredith gave one look, and then exclaimed, in unfeigned surprise:

"Star!"

"Yes, it is Star," Lord Carrol said, with a tender smile as he looked upon the portrait. "I am glad you recognize her, for I should be sorry if she had changed so much that you could not. This is a picture which I love, and which I keep for myself alone. It is very seldom that I show it to any one, and I have never told its history to any living being until I told it to you last night. As she stood there that morning in her modest beauty, severing that tress at my request, I began to love her with a love that will never die while I live. I have that little lock of gold here now, Mr. Meredith," he said, touching the diamond-studded locket which hung from his watch chain, "and untold wealth could not purchase it from me. Here is the cameo also which I gave her in exchange, and of which I told you, too, last night," and he held up his left hand, on the little finger of which gleamed the ring that Josephine Richards had made of it. "Ah, he added, with a sigh, "it is hard to think that she could believe me so false—so treacherous and cowardly, as to win her love and then cast it aside as of no value."

"Yet it was very natural for her to think so, under the circumstances," Ralph returned, thoughtfully.

"I suppose it is not strange; but, oh! if she would but have given me one minute, I could have convinced her of her mistake, and all the sorrow that has followed might have been avoided," sighed the young lord, as, with another fond glance at the picture, he covered it again and turned away.

"You will be more successful when you go to her again," Ralph said, cheerfully.

"Yes," Archie returned, with firmly-compressed lips, "Miss Gladstone will listen to me when I go to her again. It is but right that she should hear my justification, whether she receives it favorably or otherwise."

"I have no fear of the result," his guest returned, smiling; "for Miss Gladstone acknowledged to me that, in spite of her belief in your unworthiness, her affection for you remained the same."

A flush of joy shot over Lord Carrol's face at this.

"Did she tell you that?" he asked, eagerly. "Then I will doubt no more; and I have you to thank for bestowing such happiness upon me as I never expected to know again."

They spent half an hour longer looking at other pictures, then, seeking the fair Vivien's side, Ralph Meredith spent a most delightful evening, the memory of which clung to him for many a week afterward.

The next morning he left London for a three months' tour through Scotland, Ireland and the Continent.

* * * * * * *

Mrs. Richards sat in her handsome boudoir one morning a few weeks later, reading a newspaper.

Something had evidently gone wrong with her, for her face was overcast, an angry red glowed in her cheeks, and her eyes gleamed with a sullen fire.

The reason for this was the flat refusal, on the part of Mr. Richards, to accede to her immoderate demand for five hundred dollars, to purchase for herself and Josephine new dresses for the coming winter, and she had just returned to her room after the stormy interview.

"I cannot let you have a dollar," he had said, with a gravity almost amounting to sternness, "for I haven't it to spare."

"Not a dollar, George!" she retorted, with a scornful laugh. "Whoever heard of anything so absurd?"

"It is true, nevertheless," he answered, gloomily. "Two months ago I expected that today would find us all beggars."

"What do you mean?" his wife gasped.

"Just what I say; and but for the appearance of a friendly hand just when and where I least expected it, I should have been obliged to fail, overwhelmed with debt and disgrace, and everything we have—house, furniture, horses and carriages—would all have had to come under the hammer of the auctioneer."

"I cannot believe it," Mrs. Richards said, growing pale.

"That does not alter the fact, however," her husband replied, laconically.

"Why did you not tell me?"

"I did tell you. I kept writing to you when you were at Newport, Ellen, that I could not long endure such a drain upon my purse as you were subjecting it to, and that you must curtail your expenses; but you paid no heed to me, launching instead into greater extravagances."

"But I never dreamed that things were so serious as you represented," she said, a guilty flush mounting to her forehead, as she remembered

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

just eighteen of us, ten boys and eight girls and my mother and father are still living. They have seventy-eight grandchildren and four great grandchildren. You may wonder how they made a living but the older ones always took care of the younger ones and there was always plenty of help. Some were married before I was born.

I am twenty-four years old, black hair and black eyes, five feet, four inches tall and weigh one hundred and thirty pounds. I have been married seven years, have no children but one of the best of husbands.

I hope some of the sisters will write to me.

MRS. GEORGE MANIS.

ARTHUR, NEBRASKA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

The many letters are so interesting and contain so many good ideas that I, for one, always enjoy reading them. May I try to return the many favors I have received by offering a few ideas to those who are interested in earning money at home?

I have saved clippings on this subject, but a neighbor gave me a new one the other day that may be as new to others. She has been raising sheep for several years, selling lambs and old stock for meat. But the new idea—she took some of the latest cut off wool, and after many washings, carefully carded it and offered it in three pound lots as filling for comfortables, at $1.00 per pound. She also tied the wool into cheesecloth for a dollar extra.

Another friend who wanted to make a gift for a little boy, that was just a little different, made a quilt for his crib, using pages from washable linen books, set together with alternate blocks of unbleached muslin. His little friends all wanted one like it and so far she has had all the orders she could fill.

How many boys and girls that live near the woods know that the pine needles sell for a good price? And baskets can be woven of so many, many different materials to be had just for the gathering, and sell readily to city folks, especially when filled with home-made confections, such as candies, cakes and apples. Or filled with dainty little ferns are a delight to those not privileged to be out in the woods.

With best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and all the sisters,

Yours very truly, MRS. JESSIE R. TILLINGHAST.

Mrs. Tillinghast.—Your suggestions are very good. Come again with more.—Ed.

STUDA, PA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I note your request that I send the catarrh remedy mentioned in MAY COMFORT to you for publication. I would have sent it before but didn't get my Comfort until late and will thank you very much because I have so many letters I cannot answer all for some time. Their number is close to 900 now. Many request an immediate answer but that is out of the question. As many as 63 or 78 and once 86 in a day and that is more than "Oliver" and I can both answer. If you print it the writers will get their answer sooner than I can get to their letters. I will answer all that have come.

Now for the main part of my letter. At night and in the morning I washed throat and nose with warm salt water. But don't make the mistake of using it too strong at first as this only irritates instead of heal. Begin with weak solution and increase in strength then put a bit of mentholatum in each nostril.

At mealtime I ate a piece of *plain* vaseline about pea size until I became accustomed to the taste then increased to hickory nut size.

Plenty of fresh fruits and vegetables in season, fresh air day and night; summer and winter, Bedroom window always open. And lots of water, both hot and cold, outside and in.

Someone has said we need water "externally, internally and eternally." They were right.

That good friend salt water has a thousand uses. Watch and see how many things you can use it for. To stop falling hair is only one of them; to cure poison ivy rash is another.

This will give the friends a chance to start if they wish or wait for a more detailed explanation in my letter to them.

Many ask if they can return the favor. Nothing is expected. "Freely we have received; freely we give." Our duty is to help the poor "groaning creation" in whatever way we can.

I would like to hear from some brother who was a member of the "12th Aero Squadron" while over seas. I have learned that many of the brethren read the Sisters' Corner and thought perhaps someone of that outfit may be a reader. I think most of them were Western boys. Or if any of you know the address of some of them please send it to me.

Will tell you how to make a homemade shower bath then I will leave. After being accustomed to it one misses a shower when in the country where they do not happen to have running water in the house. Just take the little clothes sprinkler to be bought in any five- and ten-cent store and after removing the hard rubber pipe from a fountain syringe put the sprinkler on the hose and your shower is ready. Of course after you put the water in. It's no trouble to put together and take apart.

Good night. Love to you all.

MISS I. L. EMLEN.

EL PASO, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a subscriber of COMFORT for some time and have enjoyed reading it as well as the Sisters' Corner. I have found the sisters' letters particularly interesting, and this is the first time I have ever written.

Foreigners, what does Wild Rose think she is? Were her ancestors Indians? They are the only true Americans of which I know. I don't think the foreigner is worse than the Wild Rose. She seems to be from the Wild Mountains.

Foreigners, indeed! We are all foreigners, that is if we are from the Old World. Perhaps her ancestors are from the New World. Who knows?

I wonder if Wild Rose thinks that there are too many marriages between the Wild Roses and the Foreigners, especially among the working people and the middle classes. I hope she didn't marry a foreigner herself.

This is my opinion of our American girls marrying foreigners. What is yours?

A FOREIGN.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

I have found this successful in killing flies without using poison, so dangerous to use when there are children in the home. Fill a dish with syrup and leave where the most flies are and you will soon have more flies prisoner than would be killed by poison. Be sure the dish is full so as to give no resting place for the flies.—MISS LILLIAN STENSBY, Cheyenne, N. Dak.

Always put the sugar used in a pie in the center of the fruit, not at the top, as this makes the crust sodden.

When filling cake pans let the mixture come well to the sides of the pan, leaving a slight depression in the center. The cake will then be level when baked.

Cover the skin lightly with glycerine before applying a poultice and it will not adhere.—MRS. LIZZIE LAWLEY, West Frankfort, Ill.

Keep chips, cobs and splinters soaking in a small bucket of coal oil and you will have no trouble in starting the fire.—JEANNE, Bearden, Ark.

To remove iodine from fabrics: Wet the spots with gasolene and wet in suds as usual.

To boil cracked eggs: Add a little vinegar to the water. This will prevent the whites from boiling out.

For cleaning screen doors: Dip a stiff brush in kerosene and go over the door. It will look like new.

Put several layers of newspapers under the tablecloth and when liquids are spilled the moisture is absorbed by the paper and stains come out more readily.

For a floor oil, boil some used motor oil and when cool add a little turpentine. Polish with old woolen socks.

Make underwaists for the children out of empty sugar sacks. Put strong tabs on the sides for the supporters and when washing them starch them slightly and they will wash easier.

Checked gingham edged with colored or white rick-rack braid makes attractive curtains for the kitchen.

Pad your comforters with old blankets. They are warm and wash easily.

Use a little bluing in the water you use for window washing. It makes them clearer.—MRS. HARRIET B. SCHADE, Beaver Falls, Pa.

Remedies

If you have corns, quarter an onion and soak in strong vinegar until pickled. Bind fresh piece to corn for three nights and it will remove the soreness and the corn.

For boils, nail wounds or inflammation of any kind make a poultice by stirring buttermilk and flour to a very thick batter, cover cloth with this and bind to inflamed part. I have used a little paregoric in it for bone felons.—JEANNE, Bearden, Ark.

Mash common garden beets to a pulp and apply cold to blood poisoning which will quickly effect a cure. Also if blood poisoning should be drawn to a head in order to lance, there is no better remedy for this than common wormwood (Jerusalem oak) made into a tea with cornmeal added to form a thick paste. Apply a generous poultice of this warm, to affected part and replace when cold.—MRS. GLADYS EVERLY, Cassville, Missouri.

COTTON SEED SALVE FOR BURNS.—One pint of cotton seed parched real brown then beaten to a powder and fried out in lard or fresh butter. Then strain through a cloth and put away for use. Put on a burn and tie up so the air is excluded. It stops the pain almost instantly. I used it for my babies and am now using it for my grandchildren.—MRS. DORA V. RUSSELL, Rowden, Texas.

CHAFING.—I find that powdered bismuth will heal chafing on baby in a few hours. Sprinkle on cloth or powder puff, have all parts dry, and dust lightly.—MRS. H. GRISWOLD, Oakville, Wash.

Requests

A. Cochran, Cowden, Ill., would like to get copies of papers from Evansville, Ind.

How to make a plush coat, that has been rained upon, look like new?

Mrs. W. C. Bentley, Tuskegee, Ala., would like song, "My Name Is Charles Guiteau."

I have a raincoat that has become stiff so that it cracks whenever it is bent. Have had it for some time but have not worn it much. How can I make it soft and pliable?—MRS. C. B., Salem, Wisc.

How to remove grease from wall-paper.

I would like to get the number of COMFORT containing butterfly design for a little girl's dress. Write first.—MRS. J. S. STEPHENS, Dos Cabezos, Box 16, Arizona.

The following would like back numbers of COMFORT. Write first in all cases.

E. C. Vaage, York, R. R. 2, N. Dak., April, 1922.

Mrs. W. A. Suanman, Duluth, 725 East 11th St., Minn., July, August, September and October, 1921.

A. E. Thurston, Greenville, 304 Anderson St., So. Carolina, Dec., 1921; Jan., 1922.

Miss L. Horn, Chetopa, R. R. 1, Kans., February, March and April, 1922.

Mrs. Fred V. Profitte, Hendrix, R. R. 1, Okla., January, February, March, April and May, 1922.



Conducted by Cousin Marion

In writing this department always sign your true name and give your address; if not, your letter will receive no attention. Name will not be published.

GIRLS, this extremely hot weather is slowly but surely melting me, and instead of resembling two nice fat, friendly parentheses "()" I'm beginning to look more like a very thin letter "l." Wouldn't it be an awful thing if I should lose the good nature that belongs to fat people? But if I do I won't be cross to the girls who write to me. If I must be disagreeable I'll pick on the person who rings my doorbell by mistake after I've gotten nicely to sleep, or the careless automobile driver who splashes my white dress with muddy water, or the well-meaning person who tells me what I want to do. There are others but no more capital "I's" in the linotype machine and I positively refuse to be indicated by a small "i"—unless it's a red one. Now for the letters:

PEARL, Montana.—Your letter didn't get the personal answer you requested for I knew if a certain young lady of Montana had made up her mind to become better acquainted with a certain young man, they were already the best of friends. Montana girls are quick workers, I'll bet. If I had answered personally I'd probably been conservative and told you to wait until he showed that he wanted to become better acquainted with you, but if he was worth knowing better he was worth going after, I suppose, and inviting him to join your Sunday School class was a good, moral beginning.

There was a pretty young girl of Montana
Who carried a Sunday School banner.
She brought new members to class,
That ambitious lass—
Only pretty girls can save souls in this manner.

I hope you weren't disappointed after knowing him better. It is much nicer to think we'd like certain people than to meet them and find we don't care for them at all.

JANE, La.—I haven't the slightest way of knowing whether he cares as much for you now as he did when he asked you to marry him. That's something you'll have to find out for yourself, only don't drift on two years longer before finding out.

RED-HEADED TEXAN.—There was nothing in your letter to cause him to feel hurt or offended. Forget him. He isn't worth winning. If he had been worth while don't you suppose his first wife would have hung onto him instead of divorcing him?

BAFFLED, Utah.—To be popular with "everyone" would be the most tiresome thing in the world. There's no set rule for being popular, and a girl's popularity depends more upon her good nature rather than her good looks. Look around you at the most popular girls you know and study the secret of their popularity. Nine times out of ten they are not the best looking ones or the best talkers. Chances are they are the kindest and jolliest and the best listeners. Try being popular with a few people at first and gradually increase the number if you still feel that you want to be popular with everyone.

NOBODY'S SWEETHEART, Ga.—See answer to Baffled, Utah. (2) I should think it would be all right to sign love songs though some of the present day songs are silly things.

MILDRED, La.—It is only natural that you should wish to be friends with all the boys and it would be unwise to confine yourself entirely to one. He is fair enough in promising to give up all other girls and if you were older and cared more for him I'd say he had the right idea, but at sixteen you shouldn't commit yourself to a promise you may not feel like keeping later on. Maybe he has known so many girls that he is glad to give them all up, but he shouldn't object because you want to know a few more boys. That's the trouble with men, they sow a wonderful crop of thick, wild oats and then begrudge a woman one little weak wild oat.

S. B., Ind.—It has been proven that tobacco is injurious to the health. Lots of smart men smoke cigarettes but I contend that they were smart men first and cigarette smokers later. If your sweetheart didn't have will power enough to stop smoking he wouldn't have made much of a husband. On the whole, you are better off at school. A good education is much better than a poor husband.

LOVESICK, N. C.—If I were thirty and very much in love with a youth of twenty-three I suppose I'd be fool enough to marry him, provided he cared as much for me but that doesn't mean that I'm advising you to do it. It all depends upon yourselves. I'd about as soon be made unhappy by a young man as an older one.

BLONDIE, Mich.—If there isn't a teacher of dancing in your community go to a girl friend, or boy, and ask her or him to give you lessons, always, of course, with the permission of your mother. But don't take dancing seriously for a while yet for you'll need all your energies for your studies. I do like to do this work, truly.

BLUE EYES, Ind.—The boy who drank moonshine because you refused him must certainly love you. Greater love hath no man than he who drinketh hooch—or else he's a plain durn fool. Either way, you'd better forgive him, seeing as how he has repented and joined the church. You wouldn't be showing a very Christian spirit if you didn't. I've found out why so many Christians have such a beautiful, shining Christian spirit all the time—they use it only on Sunday. For week days they have an old, uncharitable, faded out spirit that they use. Yes'm, somebody's dog bit me.

CHARLEMAGNE, La.—Of all the cuckoo letters, yours was the cuckooest. Indeed I won't pray that your parents allow you to have a beau. I've got more important things to pray about. And you write so nicely, too! One would really think you had brains.

MRS. G. W., Texas.—If I could truthfully give you any encouragement I'd be very glad to do so, but the short-story road is a hard one to travel. If you ever wrote to an "Edator" that you were the mother of "to" children and that you were sending him a "tipe" written story—he'd throw a fit, most likely. I don't want to hurt your feelings but I'm sure you do lots of things much better than you spell. Look around you and see what there is need of and what you can do well and easily and do it. If it is cooking, make good things and charge a good price, rather than sell something not so good at a lower price.

BLUE EYES, Mo.—It may be that he is careless rather than stingy. Why not talk to him (don't write it in a letter) and tell him how you feel—that knowing he thought of you meant more than the money value of any present he could ever give you. Tell it in a nice way so as not to hurt his feelings. He is probably just careless but that's a bad quality for a husband to have.

FRENCHIE.—If I "kinda" liked a nice boy and my mother didn't want me to go with him, I'd say to myself, "Mother knows best," and I wouldn't go with him. That's what I would do and that's what you had better do.

ADA, Ga.—Goodness me, Ada, if your father won't buy you any clothes I should think you'd want to stay home. You are liable to be arrested if you don't. Seriously, I am sorry you do not have a happier life but think how much worse you would feel if it were your mother instead of your father who was unkind to you. Tell your girl friends why you can't visit them and I think you'll find them willing to visit you, and your mother, for you should include her in such pleasures as come your way. Really, she is more to be pitied than you are for she's known your father much longer than you have. Just because he is unkind doesn't mean that all men are, but enough are so that a girl should not marry hastily. Did you every try being very nice to your father, sort of kidding him into thinking he is a wonderful father, and all that sort of thing? It might be worth trying. Perhaps he feels that you care more for your mother than you do for him and his unkindness may be a form of jealousy. Be very nice to him and see what happens. Ask him to take you and your mother to "preachings" and "singings" and tell him he is the best bass singer in the community. Men love to be complimented, just as much as women.

BROWN-EYED JANE, Texas.—Find out why your father objects to the young man. Maybe you'll want to stay single then. If his objection isn't serious, marry him, but wait a year or two just to be sure.

DISTRESSED, Ill.—If you haven't backbone enough to stop caring for him when his actions prove that he doesn't care for you, then I can't give you any of mine. In fact, my backbone is in constant use.

GERTRUDE, Texas.—I don't know much about divorces but it seems it should have been an easy matter for him to have gotten copies of his divorce papers to have shown you. There would be less unhappiness if all girls would take the precaution you did. If he cared very much for you he would come back.

BESSIE, Colo.—Ask your teacher about the different grades.

Be good and have a good time.

COUSIN MARION.

The Old Clothes Problem of the Rich

By Frances L. Garside.

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"WHAT," I asked of a multi-millionaire's wife, "do you do with your old clothes?"

It was a question apparently without point, for wives of multi-millionaires never have old clothes. But it was a question that every woman, consciously or unconsciously, asks when she reads of the priceless gowns worn by the wealthy.

"What do I do with my old clothes?" she replied; "I do not have what are really old clothes, but I dispose of all that I no longer care for in various ways.

"We are denied one avenue open to those who do not spend so much on dresses; that of giving to our maids. For instance, I have a pale blue velvet evening dress that I have appeared in several times this season. Suppose I gave it to my scullery maid. Can you imagine her trailing down to light the fires in the morning wearing that gown? Or, can you picture the pantry girl in a white silk trimmed with jet beads? Yet I have both dresses right now that I would give to these girls and give gladly, if they could make use of them.

"But as they can't, I will donate them to some Jumble-In sale. A Jumble-In sale is a way of disposing of cast-off garments that attracts many donations from the wealthy and those who follow the stage for a profession. These clothes are bought by second-hand dealers, and what they bring is turned over to some worthy charity.

"I do not doubt that often, in the hands of some clever seamstress they appear looking prettier than when new. I recall on one occasion an old rose satin that I wore a few times. It was a gorgeous affair, but I did not like it, and I donated it to a Jumble-In. It was a garment I had bought in Paris, and I had never seen the exact shade in any store in this country, and you know shopping is my pastime.

"A few weeks after I had sold it I saw it worn by a young girl at a dance. I inquired her name, and found that she had arrived only the day before from Chicago. I grew interested, sought her acquaintance, and remarked to her that I had never seen such a beautiful shade and texture before. She very ingenuously told me that her mother bought it of a second-hand dealer in Chicago, and made it over for her. Perhaps it was her freshness, her youth, her beauty; I do not know what, but the dress looked prettier than when I had worn it. She added that it cost her mother seventy-five dollars. I refrained from saying that she got a bargain, for it had cost me over ten times that amount. Growing more interested, I inquired at the Jumble-In, and found that it had been sold to the second-hand man for thirty dollars, so he made a big profit on it.

"On another occasion, I sold a white satin trimmed with a peculiar pattern of beaded lace. I originated the pattern, and had it made to order so that I could not be mistaken when, after selling the dress direct to a second-hand dealer I saw it on one of my best friends. She sat in the box next to mine one night at Grand Opera. I asked her where she got her handsome gown, and she replied that she bought it in London.

"Do you know that I admired her for her economy when I saw that she had it on, but my admiration was lost when she made that reply. Not that I blame her, for I might have evaded the truth under similar circumstances.

"I have four children; their clothes go direct to a church society that makes a business of collecting cast-off clothing and making it over for the poor. As I dress my children very plainly, there is nothing incongruous in one of their gowns falling to a child living in a tenement. I think you will find, if you investigate, that all the wealthy dress their children plainly. It is the middle class who seek to make little fashion figures of the children with an over-abundance of embroideries and fussing and feathers. Of course, it is not pertinent to the subject, but we also have our children live simpler. My children—the oldest is seven—never have meat or cakes. Oatmeal, milk, vegetables and fruits comprise their diet, and my boy, who is the oldest, never saw a buckwheat cake till he went home last fall with his governess. Her nephews, all younger than my son, have them every morning, soaked with butter and syrup. My boy also tasted his first sausage there, and came home feeling that we had never fed him well."

Her private secretary took me to the third floor of the house and into a large room that seemed at first to be hung with ghosts, row upon row of them, perhaps a hundred all told. I found that every ghost was one of Madam's gowns wrapped in soft white silk as a protection. Another room was devoted to her furs, the latest addition costing fifty thousand dollars, and from there I was escorted to a room lined with glass shelves, and on every shelf there rested a hat, all that season's, and every hat the perfection in taste and representing what would be the average wage earner's monthly salary. There was another room devoted to shoes, and the disposal of these articles proved as interesting as that of the dresses, for every shoe is given away.

"Madam," said the secretary, "has a very narrow foot and a very high instep. It was part of my work three years ago to compile a list of women in moderate circumstances whose feet were like hers. There are seventy-three on the list, and it includes women in all the eastern states. Every month I send shoes to them, and as it is not advisable to send one woman a dress shoe this month, and a dress shoe next, when a street shoe is needed, I keep books on them.

"Madam is very generous. I have been with her nine years and in all that time I have never known her to turn down an appeal for aid. I know there are thousands of women who envy her her handsome clothes. I know whereof I speak when I say her clothes are a task to her, and that she would be happier if she had only a few garments. She feels that she has to appear at her best; her husband demands it, but she dislikes the whole proceeding so much that I have known her to beg her husband not to insist on more new dresses for her, and on several occasions she has taken goods to her dressmaker, and then, losing interest, has forgotten they are there.

"It is not a big heart, nor a big mind, that can find contentment in a new feather or a piece of lace. 'It is handsome,' said Madam one day when we spread out for her inspection a dress costing several thousand dollars, and which her husband had ordered from Paris; 'It is handsome, but it *is* not satisfying. Fine clothes never are.'"

Presents For The Whole Family



They Cost Nothing But Your Time

Reward No. 8581.



Reward No. 7417.

Reward No. 8581 Three beautiful Ferns — The Roosevelt, Boston and Ostrich Plume, strong, healthy and well rooted, ready to pot as soon as you receive them, guaranteed to grow or we will replace them free of charge. Sent to you free and prepaid for only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50c.

Reward No. 7417 Premo Camera with one film pack and instruction book, takes a picture 2¼x3¾ inches, leather covered, with view finders, will take either snapshots or time exposures, can be loaded in daylight. Sent to you free and prepaid for seven one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.

Reward No. 76610 Handsome Dinner Set, consisting of 6 Cups, 6 Saucers, 6 Cereal or Fruit Dishes, 6 individual Butters and large Meat Platter, decorated with clusters of purple wood violets, surrounded with rich green foliage and bordered with lovely tracings of gold. Sent to you free by express collect for ten one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.



Reward No. 76610.



Reward No. 7796.

Reward No. 7796 Pure white with a fine smooth finish, this handsome Comb, Brush and Mirror Set equals in appearance the finest French Ivory. Heavy beveled French glass mirror. Comb has both coarse and fine teeth, brush has the finest stiff bristles. Can be cleaned with soap and water just like French Ivory. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.



Reward No. 75110.

Reward No. 75110 This Lady's Wrist Watch is the stylish octagon shape, only 5-16 of an inch thick and one inch in diameter, with high-grade, jeweled Swiss movement, pure white dial with Arabic numerals. Bracelet is of fine black silk ribbon with rolled gold catch and slide. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for ten one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.



Reward No. 9942.

Reward No. 9942 This handsome Bonbon Dish is used for candy, nuts, salted peanuts, popcorn, etc., is five inches wide and two inches deep, heavily silver plated outside and gold lined inside. A handsome ornament for the sideboard and a splendid Christmas or birthday present for any woman or girl. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.



Reward No. 8084.

Reward No. 8084 Sweet Grass Basket, eight inches in diameter and three inches deep, close-fitting top, just what every woman wants for her sewing and fancy work, scissors, buttons, thread, etc. The delightful fragrance of this basket is practically everlasting. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.



Reward No. 9972.

Reward No. 9972 Give the boys and girls one of these Writing and Drawing Outfits—they will be delighted with it. Fine leatherette case, 10½x2½ inches, containing three pencils with erasers, pen-holder with pen, combination pencil, pencil sharpener, rubber eraser, ten-inch ruler and aluminum collapsible drinking cup. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.



Reward No. 7635.



Reward No. 9482.

Reward No. 9682 Six beautiful nickel-silver teaspoons in the new popular "Avon" design, full size, six inches in length, will wear for years and give entire satisfaction. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for a club of two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.

Reward No. 9482 A box of fine Writing Stationery is always an acceptable gift. This one contains two dozen sheets finest white linen letter paper, beautifully embossed in colors with any monogram initial you desire, and two dozen envelopes to match. Be sure to mention initial wanted. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.



Reward No. 8814.

Reward No. 7635 Comb, Brush and Mirror Set in a handsome black ebony finish. Mirror and Brush have silverine shield on the back. Mirror is 4½ inches in diameter, the seven-inch Comb has both fine and coarse teeth, the Brush is nine inches in length with firmly-set white bristles. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.



Reward No. 5561.

Reward No. 8814 A handsome Silver Salt and Pepper Set in the new fashionable "Colonial" design, quadruple silver plated, three inches in height with broad bases so that they cannot be easily overturned and spill salt and pepper on the table-cloth. Finely finished and polished and equal in appearance to sterling silver. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for a club of four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.



Reward No. 8104.

Reward No. 5561 More than one hundred pieces of Silk Remnants in all shades, sizes and colors, carefully trimmed, just what every woman wants for making quilts and tidies, pillow tops and crazy patchwork. Five skeins of embroidery cotton, instruction book included free. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50c.

Reward No. 8104 Stylish House Dress of high-grade percale in all the popular patterns, including checks, plaids and stripes, both light and dark shades. It is shirred around the waist, opens down the front, with sash and two roomy pockets. Be sure to mention pattern and color desired. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.



Reward No. 1132.

Reward No. 1132 Leatherette Needle Case containing 142 needles—75 sewing needles, 15 silk darners, 15 milliner's needles, 15 embroidery needles, 3 tapestry and 3 chenille needles, steel stiletto, steel tape, 2 steel crochet needles, one bodkin, one punch-work, 10 fine and medium cotton and wool darners. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.

Address All Orders

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine



Send Birthday Greetings To Your Friends!

12 Beautifully Engraved Colored Birthday Cards **FREE**

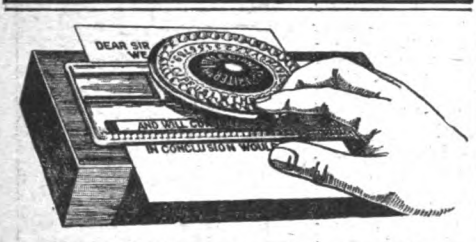
REMEMBER your friends on their birthdays with these handsome, refined greeting cards, a card for each month of the year, each card with an envelope to match, twelve cards and twelve envelopes in all, put up in a nicely decorated birthday box. They vary in size from 3 1-2 to 4 inches by 4 1-2 inches and are **steel engraved** with different floral designs emblematic of the months, including Poppies, Violets, Forget-me-nots, Roses, Iris, Wild Rose, Bachelor Buttons, etc., all beautifully tinted in the **natural colors** of the flowers. The verses are in Shaded Old English and Script and convey to the recipient some tender birthday sentiment and message of good will. The finest of cardboard, known as "kid finish wedding stock," is used for these cards and the envelopes also are of the highest quality in keeping with the cards.

Remember these are nothing like the ordinary birthday "post cards" but the best steel-engraved cards made, the same that are used by people of the very highest social standing. They are cards that you will be proud to send and your friends will be proud to receive and they will cherish them for years as souvenirs of a happy birthday anniversary.

We will send you this fine birthday box containing twelve beautiful birthday greeting cards, with envelopes to match, exactly as described above, if you will accept the following special offer.

Given To You! For only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50c, we will send you this box of twelve steel-engraved, colored birthday greeting cards with envelopes, free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8691.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

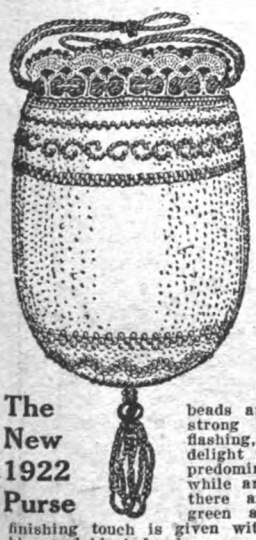


Little Giant Typewriter

A REAL machine that **writes very distinctly.** Has every letter in the alphabet, all the numerals from 1 to 10 and punctuation marks. Uses any size letter paper up to 5 inches wide. For correspondence, making out invoices, statements, addressing envelopes, etc., this machine will do the work well. It is very easy to operate, in fact, a child can write on it after a little practice.

Given To You! For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Typewriter free and prepaid. **Reward No. 8853.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Beaded Coin Purse

Reward No. 8224

For A Club Of Four

ONE of the leading styles this season is this handsome beaded purse with black crocheted top which closes with a draw-string made of black twist. It is about seven inches deep and five inches wide when lying flat. The beads are sewed directly to the strong poplin lining and their flashing, iridescent colors are a delight to the eye. Blue is the predominating color of the beads while around the top and bottom there are three rows of gold, green and amber beads. The finishing touch is given with a three-inch tassel of blue and black beads.

A leading New York concern showed us this purse and it pleased us so well that we decided to include it among COMFORT'S club rewards. You can have one of these stylish and handsome beaded purses if you will accept the following special offer.

Given To You! For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this beaded purse free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8224.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

More Than 400 New Designs Illustrated And With Full Instructions For Working



If You Are A Woman Who Loves Crochet And Tatting Here Is A Set Of Books You Will Be Delighted To Own!

ANY ONE of these books is a veritable **treasure house** of the newest, most beautiful designs. The fifteen books combined form a **complete library** in which you will find any pattern in crocheting, tatting and knitting you could possibly ask for. You will fairly revel in the many handsome designs shown. The illustrations are **actual photographs** of the finished work and show every thread so plainly that they are almost as good to work from as the directions themselves. The directions are adapted for either beginner or expert. They tell **stitch by stitch** how each pattern is worked, also the quantity and size of material required and the correct sizes of hooks to be used. Each book is **8 by 11 inches** in size and most of them contain 32 pages. Following is a brief description of what you will find in this wonderful library. When ordering please give the **number** of each book wanted.

Volume 33 Twenty-one new, beautiful designs in Cluny laces, including lamp shades, curtains, bungalow sets, hats, yokes, collar and cuffs, pin-cushion, door panel, flower basket, baby cap, bib, doily, pillow-case, corset-cover, boudoir cap and corners and edges for handkerchiefs, napkins, etc. 32 pages.

Volume 34 Fourteen handsome crochet yokes, camisoles and corset-covers in medallion pointed wheel, Irish rose, shell, poinsettia, cupid, wheel, Grecian, spider, small shell and novelty braid. 32 pages.

Volume 35 Fifty-three different crochet edges for every purpose—children's clothing, handkerchiefs, towels, doilies, scarfs, etc., etc. 32 pages.

Volume 36 How to crochet beautiful Cluny laces — thirty-two different designs for library scarfs, curtains, yokes, sofa pillow, centerpieces, collar and cuff set, combination, doily, boudoir caps, corset-covers, combing jacket, novelty braid and towel edge and ends. 32 pages.

Volume 37 Thirty-six new, original designs in tatting. Edges, insertions and motifs for yokes, handkerchiefs, towels, luncheon sets, piano scarfs, curtains, cushions, medallions, etc. 32 pages.

Volume 38 Twenty-eight lovely designs in crocheted centerpieces, lemonade sets, doilies, luncheon sets, lunch cloths, etc., etc. One of the very latest books to be published. 32 pages.

Volume 39 Twelve beautiful designs in crocheted yokes for slip-overs, corset-covers and nightgowns. Large, magnificent, full-page illustrations showing every stitch with complete directions for making and kind and quantity of material required is fully explained. 16 pages.

Volume 40 A continuation of Volume 39, showing twelve more exquisite yokes for corset-covers and nightgowns. Full-page illustrations. Full directions. 16 pages.

Volume 41 Crocheted bags are now all the style and this book shows twenty-nine beautiful designs for hand bags, party bags, afternoon bags, work bags, laundry bags, opera, evening and vanity bags and coin purses. 16 pages.

Volume 42 Tam sport hats and tab collars in crochet, knitting and tatting —twenty-nine designs and every one a beauty. Illustrations show large-sized finished work as well as being worn by living models. 32 pages.

Volume 43 Twenty-nine lovely silk sweaters and sport hats in crochet and knitting, including the Delmar, Pershing, Rosedale, Kingsbury, Waterman, Westminster, MacPherson, Hamilton and many others. Every design is shown on a living model. 32 pages.

Volume 44 Art needle work for baby and the children. Forty-four beautiful designs in crochet and tatting for sweaters, yokes, bonnets, hats, caps, booties, filet jackets, buggy covers and pillows, bibs, dresses and leggings. 32 pages.

Volume 45 Crocheted nightgown yokes — thirteen handsome designs in clover medallion, Cluny scallop, pansy medallion, filet and spray, butterfly spray, daisy spray, iris in cross-mesh filet, poinsettia and wild rose spray. 32 pages.

Volume 46 Twenty-one designs in miscellaneous crochet including many novelties not found in other books, pillow cases, portieres, Cluny door panels, tray-cloths, crochet ball holder, tumbler doilies, and edges and medallions for scarfs, tea or luncheon cloths, napkins and pillow cases. 12 pages.

Volume 47 New ideas in crocheted edges and insertions suitable for handkerchiefs, underwear, dresses and a multitude of other uses—forty-eight different designs in all. 12 pages.

Offer No. 8681. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you any **four** books free and prepaid. Be sure to mention **numbers** of books wanted.

Offer No. 1172. For two one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each we will send you any **nine** books free and prepaid. Mention numbers of books wanted.

Offer No. 9103. For three one-year subscripions at 50 cents each we will send you the **complete library** just as described above—**fifteen volumes in all,** handsomely bound, printed on high-grade paper and containing more than **four hundred beautiful photographic illustrations** of all that is new and pretty in crochet, knitting and tatting with **complete directions** for working. **When ordering please be sure to mention number of each book wanted.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Send Only Three Subscriptions For This Cut Glass Sugar and Creamer—Or Two Subscriptions For The Pickle Dish Or Spoon Tray!

WE want to ask our women readers—did you ever see or hear of a more remarkable offer?

Just think of the small number of subscriptions required to earn any one or all of these beautiful cut glass pieces.

And it is **real** cut glass—of good weight and thickness—clear, brilliant, crystal glass, exquisitely hand cut in a new and beautiful design. Each piece is full size with the same handsome floral pattern that twines completely around the outside in graceful curves, while on the bottom of each piece is a heavily cut, many-pointed star. The rim of both sugar and creamer is deeply notched.

Do you wonder how we can make this offer? A certain factory, realizing that we shall probably use thousands of these sets, has made us an unusually low price. That's the whole story. And the result is we can give you your choice of this rich genuine cut glass absolutely free in return for the easiest half hour's work you ever did.



We Prepay Charges And Positively Guarantee Safe Delivery

Any or all of these pieces can be safely mailed by parcel post. We pay all postage and guarantee safe delivery to your home. If by chance a piece should become broken (something that rarely happens) we will replace it **free of charge.**

We know that every woman that receives one or more of these rich cut glass pieces will be amazed and delighted with the bargain she has obtained. It is easily the greatest value in a premium that we have ever been able to offer. We will give you your choice of the Sugar and Creamer, or the Pickle Dish, or the Spoon Tray absolutely free on the terms of the following special

Club Offers. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you the Sugar and Creamer by prepaid insured parcel post. **(Reward No. 8883).** Or for two one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you your choice of **either** the Pickle Dish **(Reward No. 9402),** or the Spoon Tray **(Reward No. 9412).** Or we will send you the complete set of all four pieces free and prepaid for a club of seven one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each. **(Reward No. 7457).**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Sizes 38 To 46

All The Season's Popular Colors

Stylish Shirt Waist

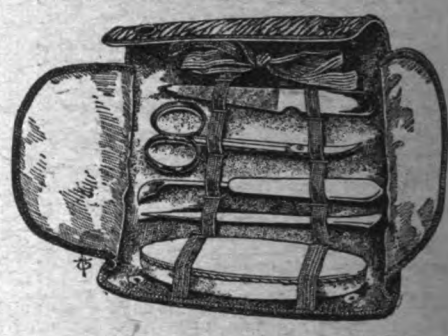
We Have Purchased a Quantity of These New Model Waists Especially for the Benefit Of Our Woman Readers! Send For Yours Before They Are All Gone!

BY buying direct from the manufacturer we are able to offer our women folks a real **bargain** in these handsome and serviceable shirt waists. They are of absolutely fast colored madras shirting with a neat pocket of the same material, a white repp roll collar and elastic waist-band. The colors are unusually pleasing, consisting of blue, black, lavender and green stripes on white ground. Three large white pearl buttons add a last distinctive touch to this waist which really is pretty enough to wear anywhere. When ordering be sure to mention size and color desired. The sizes run from 38 to 46 inclusive.

Given To You! For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you one of these attractive shirt waists free by parcel post prepaid. **Please state size and color preferred. Reward No. 8184.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

French Ivory Manicure Set In A Roll-Up Leather Case



Given For A Club Of Four!

A PRACTICAL and beautiful Set, containing everything necessary for the proper care of the nails. It consists of a 5-inch flexible polished steel nail file, a pair of 3½-inch polished steel curved nail scissors, a 4-inch cuticle knife with French Ivory handle, a 4-inch French Ivory nail stick, and a 4½-inch nail polisher or buffer with French Ivory Top. All these articles are neatly contained in a moire-lined, **genuine leather case,** measuring 5½ inches wide and 6 inches from end to end when opened. The case rolls up as shown in illustration, and fastens with two snap clasps. In this form it resembles a miniature pocketbook, and is just as convenient to carry, as it measures only 5½x2 inches and only 1 inch in thickness.



Although we offer this Manicure Set for an unusually small club, please understand that each and every piece is strictly high grade and regulation size. We know that every woman and girl who accepts this offer and earns one of these splendid Sets will be more than delighted with it. It is free on the terms of the following offer.

Given To You! For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this splendid French Ivory Manicure Set in a roll-up leather case free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8124.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

38-Piece Fishing Outfit



BOYS—no need for you to wait until you have money to buy that fishing outfit you want—we will **give** you this dandy Outfit **absolutely free.** It contains **everything** you see in the above illustration—**in all 38 different pieces.**

There are **Two Dandy Fish Lines,** one of them on a fine **Wood Winder** equipped with **Hook and Sinker** all ready for business, and the other is a **Special Braided Line.** Then there are **25 Assorted Fish Hooks, of all sizes** for all kinds of fishing. **6 High-Grade Snelled Hooks, 1 Adjustable Cork Floater or "Bobber",** and **1 Ringed Sinker**—38 pieces in all. When you get this splendid Outfit you will have all the fishing tackle you need with exception of fish pole to do all kinds of fishing with, as the lines, assorted hooks in different sizes, etc. are adapted for **brook, river, lake or pond fishing.** And remember that we **guarantee everything in this Outfit to be** good quality.

We will send you this splendid Fishing Outfit, if you will accept the following offer:

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this 38-Piece Fishing Outfit, packed in a good strong box, free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 9422.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Complete Crochet Outfit Given



THIS offer is for the woman and girl who "loves her crocheting" and insists upon having the **best of everything** to work with. In this outfit we give you any desired quantity of **Dexter** Cordonnette "Silko" crochet and tatting cotton, and three of the highest grade crochet needles There is no better crochet and tatting cotton than **Dexter** "Silko"—a fact already known to thousands of our women readers. It is made of the best Sea Island cotton with a twist that makes it lie flat, is highly mercerized and actually improves with washing. It is smooth to the fingers and will not kink. With **Dexter** "Silko," crocheting is more easily done—and the finished pieces are far more beautiful and useful than if made with cheaper grade cotton. **Dexter** "Silko" for crocheting comes in all the popular colors—white, ecru, pink, rose pink, light blue, delph blue, king blue, sapphire and sea green, and in sizes 3, 10, 30, 50 and 70. The tatting cotton comes in the same colors and of the size always used for this work.

The three steel crochet needles are the finest made, 5 inches long, nickel plated, perfectly formed and balanced, with flattened finger hold, and a nickel cap that slips on over the end, protecting it when not in use. This cap also prevents the sharp point from doing any damage when carried in the pocket, handbag or work basket. We give you three different sizes of needles—8, 10 and 12.

We believe that our crochet workers will appreciate this offer, as it means a considerable saving to be able to secure such an outfit as this without expense. We will send you this complete outfit, also additional quantities of the crochet and tatting cotton free upon the terms of the following special offers.

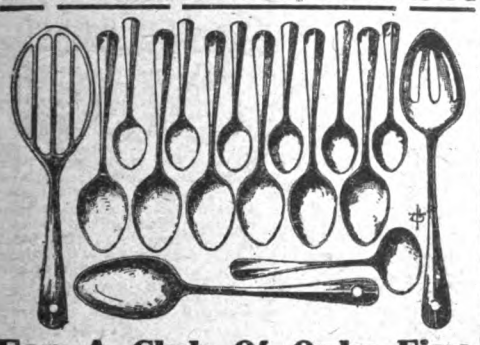
Offer No. 8563. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you the three crochet needles, one ball of **Dexter** "Silko" crochet cotton and three balls of **Dexter** "Silko" tatting cotton free by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to give color and size wanted. Reward No. 8563.

Offer No. 8251. We will furnish you with extra balls of the crochet cotton at the rate of two balls for one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, sent by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to give color and size wanted. Reward No. 8251.

Offer No. 8261. We will furnish you with extra balls of the tatting cotton at the rate of four balls for one one-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, sent by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to mention color wanted. Reward No. 8261.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

16-Piece Aluminum Set



For A Club Of Only Five

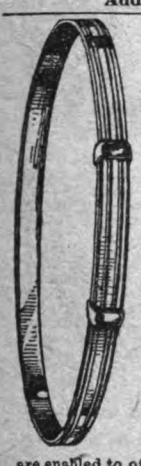
TO describe the many virtues of this splendid Aluminum Set seems unnecessary. Every good housewife knows what it means to have her kitchen utensils made of this bright, handsome, light-weight, sanitary metal that is so easy to keep clean, that never "peels," rusts or corrodes **and never wears out.**

As shown in our illustration, this big-value Kitchen Set consists of the following named pieces, all pure aluminum—16 of them in all: **Six Teaspoons, Six Tablespoons, One Whole Mixing Spoon, One Ladle, One Slotted Mixing Spoon and One Cake Beater.**

Please bear in mind that each and every piece is full standard size for every-day use in the home and the set as a whole is in every way equal to those sold at high prices in the retail stores today. We buy direct from the manufacturer, however, and in large quantities, thereby securing the lowest factory price. As a result, we can afford to give away this set for a very small club of subscriptions.

Given To You! For a club of five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this genuine Aluminum 16-piece Kitchen Set, free by Parcel Post, prepaid. **Reward No. 7615.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Rolled Gold Bracelet

Reward No. 9852

For A Club Of Two

THIS style of Bracelet has always been a great favorite because it is adjustable. It can be made to fit the arm of either woman or growing child. It is made of **rolled gold,** absolutely guaranteed for ten years, is very light and dainty, measuring only 3-16 of an inch in width. It positively will not tarnish or change color as do the cheap Bracelets, but, being genuine rolled gold, it will always retain its bright, handsome appearance.

By purchasing these Bracelets in large quantities, direct from the factory, we are enabled to offer it for a ridiculously small club of subscriptions. Just read our free offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this guaranteed, rolled gold Bracelet, free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 9852.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

MRS. E. M. W., West Union, Ill.—To a certain extent the acceptance of any written invitation is governed by the form in which the invitation was made—whether informal or formal, by whom sent, etc. Your inquiry does not quite give this information, but we suggest that a note like the following should be reasonably correct enough to answer your purposes in replying to the organization which has asked you to become a member: "I appreciate your letter inviting me to membership in your Club. I regard the invitation as an honor and I take great pleasure in accepting it. Very sincerely." You should see that this note bears superscription and address of the secretary, committee or club official from whom the invitation came.

A MISSOURI GIRL.—If this boy dines at your house at your invitation or that of your parents, it is certainly pleasant to believe that he would be most pleased to sit next to you. We suggest that he sit at your mother's right and that you occupy the next seat.

MRS. A. A. S., Watertown, Wisc.—Surely you would not want to wear a Canton crepe or other dress of such type on a trip by train. A plainly tailored suit of light-weight tweed or other mixed goods that will not show soil is the proper frock for traveling purposes. English homespuns make suitable goods for the purpose you wish.

TEXAS MAID.—In any ordinary street costume it would be perfectly correct for you to wear your hat while staying a day at this hotel. If you came down to dinner at night, planning to go to the theater, for instance, and were wearing any dress or semi-dress frock, it would be better to leave your hat in your room. In the morning you may come to breakfast dressed in the way in which you plan to take your train after the meal and so you would, of course, be wearing some close-fitting hat suitable for traveling.

A. A. B., Alpha, Wash.—It is rather a hard task to compare the difficulties offered in learning either vocal or instrumental music. Generally stated, we think it would require more time and application for you to become a good organist or pianist than it would to cultivate your voice. You must remember that in such a comparison as you suggest the question of native talent enters. One may become a fairly good player on either the piano or organ by constant application and practice, but without a voice of good range and quality to build upon, no amount of vocal culture can give results. Consider this and inventory your gifts and ability and act accordingly.

J. A., Connerville, Okla.—You would not wear a hat with your white satin wedding gown. Whether you wear a veil or not is a matter of choice. Most brides find a veil an attractive and conventional addition. We do not agree with your fiance concerning pink satin. White or ivory is the more suitable color and you will find it more becoming. (2) Your blue serge, plainly tailored, will be sensible and correct for you to wear as a going-away gown.

NELL, Georgia.—Unless this Christmas gift you mention was rather valuable, we do not think you need feel compelled to return it to this young man with whom you have broken friendship. You say that you gave him a present at the same time. (2) You could not be justly angry if this boy was unexpectedly compelled to leave you after arranging to escort you home. He was undoubtedly as sorry as you were concerning the occurrence. If he tells you this, it is sufficient apology and you should accept it accordingly.

BLUE EYES, Alexandria, Mo.—When this boy is introduced to you it is sufficient to offer your hand with a nod, a smile and a "how do you do." No set phrases are needed and conversation may follow as it may.

RUTH OF WILLOWBROOK.—COMFORT'S League of Cousins was organized to be one Big and Happy Family by Uncle Charlie and it is both proper and friendly for letters to be exchanged by members of the League. (2) Do you quite mean what you say when you ask regarding games you wish to play on Sunday afternoons? Walks, music, veranda talks and light refreshments we think would be the best Sabbath ways of entertaining your young friends.

B. E., Lake City, Fla.—It is a natural right of censorship which a mother has over the correspondence of a young girl of sixteen. The best solution of your difficulty is to see that the boys who write you letters are the sort whose missives might be read and enjoyed by your family as well as yourself. A girl of sixteen should not receive "love letters" or correspond with any boy or young man to whom her parents object. (2) You would not rise when a boy was introduced to you, although you would if you wished to show respect in the case of the introduction of an older man.

BILLY, Kansas.—Exercise is good to reduce weight but diet is better. And both together are best. Continue your exercise and begin to cut all starches and sweets from your meals. Eat plenty of green vegetables, acid fruits, lean meats and toast, and let these form the bulk of your food. Avoid fat meats, milk and cream, and all the cake, candy, ice cream, etc., which are consumed in rather plentiful quantities by most of the girls we know—and if they are fat girls they can never be thinner when these too-nourishing sweet things are eaten. (2) It must be some unusual nerve sensitiveness of the skin that continues your "goose flesh" into warm weather and after careful treatment. Perhaps it is not "goose flesh" but something more difficult to handle which affects your arms. Why not let a physician look at the trouble and prescribe treatment?

B. J. S., Spokane, Wash.—If this young man is not your escort and boards the street car after you have entered, he would not be expected to pay your fare. However, there is nothing wrong in his paying this small sum for you and the matter would not be worth conversation or insistence upon your part. Say "thank you," and let it go at that. If he were escorting you, however, he would be expected to pay this fare and it would be incorrect for him not to do so. (2) Surely you may "keep company" with this young man who has proved himself so much of a gentleman in so many ways. Your mother's chaperonage is careful and correct and the gossip of your neighbors can be safely ignored. Gossip is never "right," but we regret to say there is always plenty of it, particularly when love, courtship or marriage can be imagined and discussed by the gossipers.

LEOTA, Texas.—When your boy caller says he "must go," if you are willing that his call should cease you can rise and say, "It's too bad you have to go so soon," or something else which is pleasant to speed the parting guest. And if you really wish him to remain longer, say so, although most of the boy callers we hear about are the ones who stay too long. Boys who say they "must go" are much easier to deal with than those who show no tendency whatever toward departure even though the clock keeps striking every thirty and sixty minutes. (2) To have those we like like us is not always easy and neither friendship nor love can be chosen in this way. But if a boy likes you a little the best way to have him like you much is to be sure you keep on being just the same girl he has learned to care for a bit. Do not change unless you want him to change too.

B. W., Oilla, Texas.—A girl of fifteen should wear her hair in simple schoolgirl fashion and in a manner in accordance with the styles in vogue for girls of her age in the section in which she lives. Do not try to be "grown-up" too soon or to adopt any fashion of dress or appearance which will make you unduly conspicuous.

MRS. G. A. B., Collinville, Ala.—The length of time to wear mourning is governed by the relationship to the person lost and mourned. This you do not state. As a general rule, we say that mourning is worn for a much shorter period than in past years. For instance, a widow would satisfy convention by wearing black for twelve months.

M. E. B., North Carolina.—The solution of your invitation problem is to ask your guests to your combination picnic and party by telephone. This will enable you to explain clearly and informally the interesting length of pleasure which you have mapped out for your lucky young guests. You would find it hard to do this by letters of invitation and some misunderstandings might arise. Yes; you may tell intimate girl friends that they may bring along certain boys whom you do not happen to know.

Stella Rosevelt

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26.)

that all her lavishness had been to outshine Star. "I never thought you were really embarrassed, or I would not have asked for so much."

"Well, then," he answered, in a gentler tone, "show your consideration for me now, for you and Josephine will have to wear your old clothes this winter. My trouble has been tided over for the present through the kindness of a friend, but it will require great care and calculation on my part to keep my head aboveboard even now. I shall have to begin cautiously, or I shall be back again in the slough of despond."

"But I do not see how we can get along without some new things," began Mrs. Richards, selfishly.

"You must; that is all there is about it," returned her husband, positively. "If you can't go into society and wear what you have, then you must stay at home this winter; and I do not think it would do you any harm for once, either."

Mrs. Richards flushed angrily. When she saw her husband in this mood, she knew there was no turning him, and she would be obliged to submit to his edict.

"I'm sure I do not see what can have happened to make you so penurious all of a sudden?" she said, sullenly.

"Penurious! Oh, Ellen!"

He looked at her yearningly for a moment.

"My dear," he went on, after a moment, "why cannot you comfort me a little—give me a little sympathy in my trouble? My burden has been very hard to bear alone, and the worst of it has been that I was obliged to refuse your requests. You know that I am not penurious—that I never denied you anything that I could possibly grant you. Ellen, I wish you could be a little more kind to me than you have been of late."

"I do not know anything about business matters; I could give you very little advice or comfort in that way," she replied, coldly; and then she left him feeling very miserable, and in anything but a comfortable frame of mind herself, and not a little startled to know that they had been so near the brink of ruin as he had represented.

She returned to her own room, picking up the morning paper, which lay upon the hall table, on her way. Sitting down, she ran her eye carelessly over its columns, while her mind was busy planning some way to get along without her accustomed full purse, and "keep up appearances."

Suddenly her glance was transfixed by a paragraph which sent sharp, prickling pains throughout her body, and every nerve quivered with excitement as she read:

"The heirs, or nearest of kin of Sir Charles Thornton, late of Halowell Park, Devonshire, England, will find it to their advantage to communicate at once with Compton & Bailey, No. 54 Lincoln's-inn-fields, London."

Just below this advertisement was a notice of the sudden death of the young baronet from diphtheria.

Mrs. Richards sat like one overcome by some violent shock for a few moments after reading this account. Then, springing to her feet, and taking the paper with her, she went back in hot haste to her husband, her cheeks crimson, her eyes glowing with agitation.

"If what I suspect should prove to be true, the dream of my life will be realized. Sir George and Lady Richards would sound very well, indeed," she murmured, as she went.

Her husband looked up as she entered, and she was startled as she noticed how pale and careworn his face had become; but she was too eager to communicate her news to pay much heed to it.

"George," she said, eagerly, "read this!"

She laid the paper before him as she spoke, and pointed to the paragraph which had excited her so.

"Well, I have read it, but I do not understand it; I do not know anything about Sir Charles Thornton," he returned, indifferently.

"What are you thinking of, George Richards?" cried his wife, impatiently. "My mother was half-sister to Sir Charles Thornton's mother. Sir Charles had no family; there are no other relatives to be found on either side, it seems, or his lawyers would not have advertised thus, and I believe that I am 'the nearest of kin.'"

"Nonsense, Ellen, don't get such a wild idea as that into your head, for you will surely be disappointed," Mr. Richards answered, skeptically.

"I don't know about that. But one thing I have long known, and that is that the Thornton branch of the family is nearly, if not quite, extinct. It is evident that no heirs are to be found in England, or Compton & Bailey would not have advertised in the United States papers," she returned, feeling more and more sure in her own mind that her first impressions had not been at fault.

"That is a good argument, truly," Mr. Richards said, with sudden interest, and then began to question his wife, and to examine more closely into the matter.

The result was that the next steamer bore a long letter to Compton & Bailey, No. 54 Lincoln's-inn-fields, stating Mrs. Richards' relationship to Sir Charles Thornton, of Halowell Park, Devonshire, together with proofs of what they asserted.

A month passed, and they had begun to think they had been nourishing a chimera, when, one day, there came an answer from Compton & Bailey, saying that they had faithfully studied the chronological tables of both sides of the Thornton family, and had arrived at the conclusion that Mrs. Richards was undoubtedly the nearest of kin to the late Sir Charles.

They stated that they had been advertising for a long time in English papers, and no one had presented any claim. They had then concluded to publish a similar notice in the American papers, and as it had met with no other response, they would undoubtedly decide the matter in favor of her.

However, they suggested that she come to London at once, as they could conclude better what to do after a personal interview.

"If it should prove a 'wild-goose chase,' as I fear it will, I can ill afford the expense of the trip," Mr. Richards said, when considering the question.

But his wife was all enthusiasm, as well as very sanguine regarding the result, and it was at length decided that they should sail as soon as practicable, and preparations were at once begun for the voyage.

TO BE CONTINUED.



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For A Club Of Only Four



27 Colors.

Fine Camel's-Hair Brush

NEARLY every boy and girl, and many grown people too, like to paint pictures of flowers, animal life, bits of scenery, etc. To get the best results, however, you need a good set of colors like the one shown here. The box is 8½ inches long, 3½ inches wide, made of black enameled metal. It contains **eleven** regular colors in pans and **sixteen** moist colors in tubes, including Light Red, Yellow, Light Yellow, Violet, Ultramarine, Green, Light Green, Cobalt Blue, Prussian Blue, Carmine, Warm Sepia, Vermilion, Black, White, Yellow Ochre and Orange. There is also a good quality camel's-hair brush five inches long. Anyone who has a talent for drawing or painting should have one of these outfits because it is of good quality throughout and we know it will give the greatest satisfaction. You can have this Paint Box complete as described upon the terms of the following special offer:

Given To You! For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this fine Artist's Paint Box free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 7994.**

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Fountain Pen

For A Club Of Three



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Club Offer. For a club of only three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed self-filling fountain pen free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8873.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



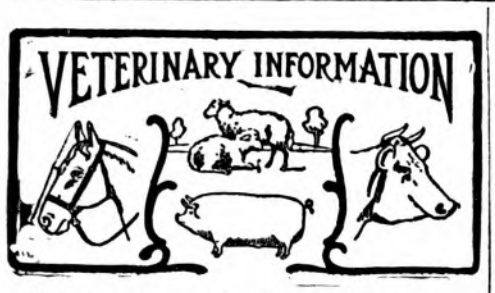
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Both Stamped On Good Material

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Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

Removing Extra Teats

ADDITIONAL or supernumerary teats often grow from the rear of the udder or back teats of the cow and cause a lot of trouble at milking time. In some instances they are large and close to the normal teats so that two may be milked as one. Such teats are sometimes united to the normal one and if the web of tissues connecting them is quite thin it may be snipped through with scissors when the animal is dry It is best in all cases to examine the udders of the young, growing heifers before they are bred and remove by operation any extra teats that will be sure to prove troublesome. As a rule, not more than two have to be removed, but cases have been met with where a heifer had five supernumerary teats. Some of these teats connect with little milk secreting glands and yield some milk which is a nuisance at milking time It is not only necessary to amputate such a teat but also to obliterate the secreting gland. This is done by cauterizing it with nitrate of silver or with a red-hot knitting needle or veterinarian's thermo-cautery, after removal of the teat.

The method of amputating an extra teat is as follows: Restrain the cow. Cleanse and disinfect the udder and teats. Have an attendant pull upon the normal teat to stretch it and also on the extra one. Then snip off the extra teat with sterilized curved scissors, as close to the base as possible and making the smallest possible wound. The wound is then to be swabbed with tincture of iodine. If an opening is seen where the teat was removed that should be well cauterized by burning or inserting a small pointed stick of caustic and twisting it round a few times to cauterize the lining membrane and obliterate the duct. Where an extra teat has been yielding milk the veterinarian has to dissect out the secreting gland, after amputating the teat. When a veterinarian cannot be employed the teats may be got rid of, when the heifer is quite young, by ligating the base of each very tightly with a fine cord.

SCRATCHES.—My mare suffers with scratches, her ankles swell and the affected part discharges pus. Could you give me a good remedy? R. J. D.

A.—The term "scratches" is applied to a sore and chapped condition of the skin of the back part of a horse's legs between the heels and fetlock joint. There is no marked discharge. If there is a foul-smelling discharge in the case in question, the disease is grease or grease heel instead of scratches. One has always to make sure that farcy, the skin form of glanders, is not present, as that disease is not only incurable and contagious in horses and mules but communicable and fatal to man. Have the mare examined by a qualified veterinarian. If it is a case of scratches, poultice the parts for two or three days with hot flaxseed meal and bran; then wash clean and twice daily apply freely a mixture of one part each of spirits of camphor and compound tincture of benzoin, two parts of flowers of sulphur and eight parts of unsalted lard. Do not repeat the washing. Write again, giving full particulars if it does not prove to be a case of simple scratches.

LICE ON CAT.—Please tell me what is the matter with my cat and what to do for him. He has something on him that looks like chicken mites. They are small and a yellow looking color. He has scratched and bit himself so much that the hair is off on some parts of his body. MRS. H. F.

A.—Lice or fleas no doubt infest the cat. Clip off the hair and then rub in a 1-to-500 solution of chinosol, or wrap the cat for 10 minutes in a towel on which spirits of camphor have been freely sprinkled. The vermin will then migrate to the towel which should then be plunged into boiling water. Repeat the treatment as often as is seen to be necessary. Provide the cat with a new clean bed. Flowers of sulphur sprinkled in the end helps to keep down lice and fleas. It may be added that some of the vermin can also be got rid of by use of a fine-toothed comb.

ENTERITIS.—Please tell me what ailed my horse. He was taken suddenly ill one morning with something like colic. He would sit up like a dog and then lie down again. He breathed hard and groaned continually. At the last his breath had a bad odor, and he seemed to smother to death, dying about ten that night. C. A. K.

A.—Stoppage of the small intestine by feed, a calculus (stone), gut-tie or hernia of the bowel, cause inflammation (enteritis) and death. A post-mortem examination should have been made to determine the exact condition present. Pint doses of raw linseed oil and dram doses of fluid extract of nux vomica should have been given at intervals of three or four hours. Gut-tie and hernia cannot, however, be remedied by giving drugs.

URINARY DIFFICULTY.—I have a puppy that urinates in her sleep every time she goes to sleep. I have also noticed her when she was standing on her hind legs with her front paws on the window-sill. Little white flat worms have passed from her. She seems to tire easily and is out of doors when she cares to be. MRS. E. P. C.

A.—Worms are the probable cause of the weakness described. Give her 15 drops of syrup of iodide of iron in a little water twice daily for two or three consecutive days a week. Increase the dose if it seems to be necessary. Stronger worm medicine may irritate the bladder. Let the dog live outdoors and have one small meal a day. Do not feed sweets, potatoes or corn meal in any form. Keep the bowels active.

FITS.—I wish you would give me some idea what ailed my dog. Three or four months ago she had running fits. She would be out playing and, all at once, a fit would strike her, and she would turn around and around as though she were trying to catch her tail, bawling and howling at the same time, then running under or into the house. She would come out all right, but seemed nervous and excited. She had six of these spells in three weeks. MRS. W. O. C.

A.—An irritant may cause such fits but in most cases indigestion or worms induce the trouble. Treatment should consist in withholding feed for 24 hours and then giving the dog, for every 25 pounds of body weight, one dram of fluid extract of male shield fern and 20 grains of powdered areca nut in one tablespoonful of simple syrup. Repeat the dose in four or five days. Burn the dropping. At time of fit give the dog 20 grains of bromide of potash in a little water and repeat the dose in 20 minutes, if seen to be necessary.

DEPRAVED APPETITE.—Our milk cows want to eat everything within their reach—harness, horse blanket, ropes, cloth, in fact anything they can chew. We have them in a corral all the time, feeding them plenty of hay and they have salt. Can anything be done to break them of the habit? M. C.

A.—The cows crave ingredients of a complete or balanced ration not present in the hay ration. If you can allow them free range on grass, that may suffice. Usually it is necessary to feed bran, oilmeal and grain. Bicarbonate of soda dissolved in the drinking water or bonemeal mixed in the feed daily may help. Start with a tablespoonful of either and increase the dose gradually, if that is found necessary.

FISTULA.—Can you tell me what to do for a fistula on the shoulder of a horse? Several have seen it, but do not know how to treat it. MRS. J. C. H.

A.—You should have described the condition present. If you mean that pus is discharging from sinuses (pipes) in the withers at the top of the shoulders, each pipe and pocket should be laid open to secure free drainage for pus and at the same time dead or diseased cartilage or other tissue should be cut out. Then swab the wound with tincture of iodine and pack the cavity with a rope of teased oakum saturated with a mixture of equal parts of turpentine and raw linseed oil. Renew the packing daily. If you cannot have this done, then use a proprietary fistula cure according to instructions given by the manufacturer. You can buy it at a drug store.

WARTS ON TEATS.—I have a Gurnsey cow that has warts on two right side quarters. They grow out long and get hard and dry. I pull them off when they get long but they grow back again. I tried lard and linseed oil, but nothing I try will do them any good and when they grow out long annoy the cow and she kicks. Can you tell me something that will cure or help them? T. D. C.

A.—Snip off the long-necked warts with scissors, a few at a time, and then apply tincture of iodine. Masses of small warts may be got rid of by immersing the teats for five minutes or so night and morning in water containing all the bicarbonate of soda it will dissolve when hot. Then dry the parts and in the evening apply a thick paste of cold-pressed castor oil, salt and sulphur.

STIFF NECK.—I have an eight-year-old mule that holds head and neck nearly straight out from shoulders and will hardly put his head to the ground to eat when he has the harness on. He walks as if he were sore. What is the trouble and remedy? MRS. I. C.

A.—If the stiffness described has come on recently we suspect that it is due to tetanus (lockjaw), although that disease does not always lock the jaws. If tetanus is present the "haw" or membrana nictitans from the inner corners of the eyes will protrude part way over the eyeballs as a pink mass when the mule raises his head. Treatment with tetanus antitoxin has to be given by a qualified veterinarian in this disease and he may also inject a solution of carbolic acid and glycerine into the muscles. Poll evil might also cause stiffness or it might be due to rheumatism. Give full particulars if you write again and cannot employ a veterinarian.

LUMP ON JAW.—My Jersey heifer has a hard lump, about the size of a turkey egg, on her throat, between the two jaw bones. When I first noticed it she would begin slobbering when she tried to eat. It doesn't seem to bother her any, although the knot is there and sometimes it swells up as large as a quart cup. Is it safe to use her milk and what can I do for her? D. A.

A.—If you have not examined the mouth that should be done at once as such a lump or enlarged gland may be caused by a cyst under the tongue which should be opened to liberate its fluid contents. Actinomycosis of the tongue ("wooden tongue") may also cause such a condition. The swelling should, however, always suggest the necessity of having the tuberculin test applied by a veterinarian as tuberculosis often causes such enlargements and is not only contagious and incurable but makes the milk dangerous for use by man or animals. We should not advise using the milk unless the heifer has been tested and proved free from tuberculosis. Until a qualified veterinarian can be employed to apply the test, paint the lumps with tincture of iodine every other day. Write again if we can help.

FLEAS.—Please tell me what remedy will rid my dog of fleas. E. M. S.

A.—Tub the dog in a warm 1-to-100 solution of coal tar dip, which you can buy at a drug store, or follow instructions given by the manufacturer. Repeat the treatment when seen to be necessary. When bathing cannot be done, dust pyrethrum powder on the infested parts of the body. Sprinkle flowers of sulphur in the bed.

Poems Requested

The following poems have been requested by readers of COMFORT and sent for publication.

"Ship Drives East"

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

One ship drives east, and another west
With the self-same winds that blow;
'Tis the set of the sails
And not the gales
Which decide the way to go.

Like the winds of the sea are the ways of fate
As we voyage along through life;
'Tis the will of the soul
That decides its goal,
And not the calm or the strife.

A Love Song to Nature

I love thy streams that gently flow,
Thy rosy sunset splendor,
Thy evening skies that softly glow,
Thy golden moonbeams tender.
Thy waving grass, thy whispering trees,
Thy happy birds that twitter,
I love thy soft and balmy breeze,
Thy twinkling stars that glitter.

I love thy cool and shady dales,
Thy mighty, towering mountains,
Thy noble hills, thy peaceful vales,
Thy sparkling, foaming fountains.
Thy summer's heat and winter's cold,
Thy bleak and stormy weather,
When sheep come bleating to the fold,
From off thy downy heather.

I love thy raindrops, falling light,
In sweet, refreshing showers,
Thy fairy snowflakes soft and white,
Upon thy trees and bowers.
I love thy flowers along the way—
Thy brightly blooming flowers,
That breathing fragrance all the day,
Make glad the fleeting hours.

I love thy night that closing down,
Shuts out the daylight splendor,
And guarding, lets not sight nor sound
Come through my open window.
And when the day comes back again,
I love its morning beauty;
Dear Nature may thy sweetness win
My life for love and duty.

—*Marion Richards.*

Where the Flag Is Full of Stars

BY DR. HENRY VAN DYKE.

'Tis fine to see the Old World and travel up and down
Among the famous places and cities of renown,
To admire the crumbly castles and the statues of the Kings,
But now I think I've had enough of antiquated things.

Chorus

So it's home again, and home again, America for me!
My heart is turning home again, and there I long to be,
In the land of youth and freedom beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

Oh, London is a man's town, there's power in the air;
And Paris is a woman's town, with flowers in her hair;
And it's sweet to dream in Venice, and it's great to study Rome,
But when it comes to living, there is no place like home.

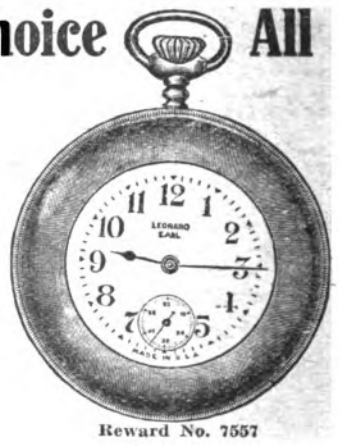
I like the German firwoods, in green battalions drilled;
I like the gardens of Versailles with flashing fountains filled,
But, oh, to take your hand, my dear, and ramble for a day
In the friendly Western woodland, where nature has her way.

I know that Europe's wonderful, yet something seems to lack;
The past is too much with her, and the people looking back,
But the glory of the present is to make the future free,
We love our land for what she is, and what she is to be.

Last Chorus

Oh, it's home again, and home again, America for me!
I want a ship that's westward bound to plow the rolling sea,
To the blessed Land of Room Enough beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

Earn Your Choice Of These Splendid Rewards All Given Free For Small Clubs To Comfort


Reward No. 7557


Reward No. 8621.

Reward No. 7557 The "Leonard Earl" Gent's Watch, thin model, nickel-silver case, 12 size, open face, antique bow and flat crown. Guaranteed American-made movement, stem wind, pull-out, pendent set, white dial, Arabic numerals. Looks like a $25.00 watch and will keep just as good time. Sent to you free and prepaid for seven one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.


Reward No. 8214.

Reward No. 8621 Peggy is the name of this cute, lovable Doll. She is nearly one foot tall and wears a pretty dress with sash. A New York manufacturer in order to keep his help busy during the dull season sold us these Dolls at a greatly reduced price. We are, therefore, able to send you "Peggy" free and prepaid for only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50c.

Reward No. 8214 New style Hand Bag 6½x4¾ inches in size, made of genuine leather, color black. It has two large pockets, mirror pocket with mirror and special money pocket which fastens tightly together. Sent to you free and prepaid for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.


Reward No. 9093.


Reward No. 7944.

Reward No. 7944 Premo Camera made by the Eastman Kodak Company, adapted for either snapshots or time exposures, uses the regulation roll film cartridge, can be loaded in broad daylight, takes a picture 1¼x1¾ inch size. Not a toy but a real Camera. So simple that a child can use it, yet it produces fine pictures. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.

Reward No. 9093 Just what every woman wants—a three-piece Scissors Set in a handsome leatherette case. Set consists of one pair of six-inch scissors, one pair of five-inch scissors and one pair of four-inch scissors, made of the best steel, highly tempered and handsomely nickel plated. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.


Reward No. 7638


Reward No. 9882.

Reward No. 7638 Beautiful Ivory Clock for sleeping-room, living-room or desk, 3½ inches high with a 3¾-inch base, American movement, fully guaranteed. This makes a splendid boudoir clock as it matches the different French ivory toilet articles possessed by most every woman. Sent to you, free and prepaid for eight one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.

Reward No 9882 Fifty-four inch Pearl Necklace—full opera length—made all of pearls of uniform size, of perfect finish and luster, equal in appearance to some necklaces sold at a high price. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.


Reward No. 1142.

Reward No. 1142 Latest style Crystal Bead Necklace, 30 inches in length, made of brilliant crystal cut beads, alternating with seed beads, with long oval and round bead ornamentations and tassel. You can have your choice of Topaz, Amethyst, Emerald and Sapphire. Be sure to mention color wanted. Given to you, free and prepaid, for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.


Reward No. 9982.

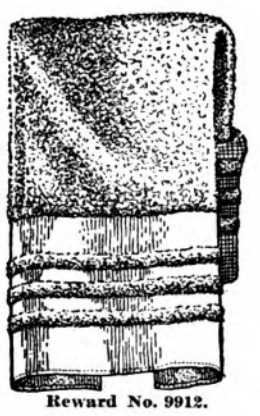
Reward No. 9982 A good grade Toilet Set that pleases every woman. We have given away thousands of them. Set is finished in the new popular "Malachite" green, brush has silverine shield on the back. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.


Reward No. 1152.

Reward No. 1152 The latest Vanity Case, handsomely embossed, silver finished, thin model and very light weight, weighing only two ounces. Inside the case is a fine little mirror and two dainty powder puffs. All the rage of the big cities. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.


Reward No. 9952.

Reward No. 9952 A handsome Jewel Box of oxidized silver which never tarnishes. Illustration shows the beautiful design which is heavily embossed. It is silk lined and of just the right size for small articles of jewelry trinkets, etc., that every woman loves to count among her treasures. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.


Reward No. 9912.

Reward No 8194 Antique Wall Clock, patterned after a European clock of the eighteenth century. Has a hand-colored face, brass chains with weights and brass pendulum with regulator. A good timekeeper as well as a novelty. It is made to hang in any desired position on the wall. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.


Reward No. 8194.

Reward No. 9912 A pair of Turkish Towels, 16x32 inches in size, of good weight, well made and finished. Just the right towel for everyday use in the home. Some families send for a dozen pairs at a time. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.

Address All Orders

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine

You Can Make The Most Beautiful Purses, Bags, Chains, Necklaces, Belts, Etc. With The

Kanibas Bead Loom

Thousands of Beads and Complete Outfit

Full Instructions Show You How—You Cannot Possibly Fail



For a Club of Four

BEADWORK is all the rage again. And here is a wonderful yet simple **Bead Loom** with which any woman or girl can take up this fascinating work at home and easily make the handsomest bags, chains, necklaces, purses, bracelets, belts, collars and cuffs, dress trimmings, shirtwaist sets, slippers, watch cases, fob chains, card cases, pocketbooks,—in fact there is no limit to the number and variety of exquisitely colored bead work articles that can be woven on this Loom.

Anybody can use the **"Kanibas" Bead Loom**—it is very easy to understand as everything is fully explained in the instruction book sent with the outfit.

Everything you need to work with is included **free** with the Loom, so you can begin making the articles at once.

In the outfit you will receive one **"Kanibas" Bead Loom**, five packages of **beads** in assorted colors of black, white, blue, green, pink, etc., one dozen special **bead needles** (very long and slender with an unusually long eye), one spool of specially prepared **waxed bead thread**, and a **44-page instruction book** containing more than seventy-five photographs and designs of popular bead work, together with easy, detailed instructions on just what color of beads to use and how to work them.

This book shows how to make different styles of bags, chains, necklaces, purses, belts, collars and cuffs, shirtwaist sets, slippers, watch cases, fob chains, card cases, pocketbooks, dress trimmings, any letter in the alphabet, any numeral, etc., etc.,—giving full directions for all designs. The popular secret order emblems can be worked with great effect in beads for fob chains, bracelets, card cases, etc., and this book illustrates designs for Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Knights of Columbus, Elks, Royal Arcanum, also Christian Endeavor, Epworth League and others.

Any woman or girl will be delighted with this practical Loom Outfit because she can make so many pretty things not only for her own use but to give away as presents and to sell. While the beads themselves cost but little, the finished work brings a high price so that there are big profits in the business, if one desires to sell the articles after they are made.

Special Club Offer. For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you the "Kanibas" Bead Loom and Outfit free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 8234.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Crystal Beads



Topaz Amethyst Emerald Sapphire

Given For A Club Of Two!

THESE Crystal Beads are the latest thing out and so beautiful are they we could not refrain from buying a quantity to give as club rewards to our young lady readers. The Necklace is 24 inches in length, with a strong, durable gold-plated clasp; the beads are graduated, the largest ones measuring ⅞x⅝ inches and the smallest ⅝x¼ inches in size. They are real cut glass—not pressed glass—and their flashing prismatic colors are a delight to the eye.

For summer wear, with low-neck dresses, nothing could be more stylish than one of these handsome new necklaces and we are delighted to think that we are able to make this offer. Be sure to state color desired when ordering. You can have your choice of Topaz, Amethyst, Emerald and Sapphire.

Given To You! For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these handsome and stylish Crystal Bead Necklaces free by parcel post prepaid. **Please be sure to mention color wanted. Reward No. 1052.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Gate Top Mesh Purse

THIS is the new "Gate Top" mesh purse with a ten-inch wrist chain, handsome, stylish, and **perfectly safe for the carrying of money and other valuables.** A slight pull with the forefinger of each hand instantly opens the purse, a gentle pressure with thumb and finger closes it. Our illustration shows the purse closed. When open the top is as large as the bottom, or in other words, two inches in diameter. When closed it leaves an opening only three-fourths of an inch wide over which the brightly polished German silver cover snaps down tightly so that the contents of the purse cannot possibly become lost. This dainty purse is now extremely fashionable so we have purchased a quantity for the benefit of those of our lady and girl readers who like to be up-to-date in these little accessories. You can have one of them free by taking advantage of the following



Club Offer. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this handsome and stylish Gate Top mesh purse free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Reward No. 7833**

Reward No. 7833

Reward No. 7883

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort's Home Lawyer



Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from our eminent legal adviser on all questions of law except divorce matters.

Address Home Lawyer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

MRS. G. R., Iowa.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that an administrator of a ...t's estate can be compelled to file a final acc... ...thin three years from the time of his appoint... ...nless his time for such an accounting has been ...ued by the court; we think you should serve a d... ...d for an accounting upon the administrator of t... ...state you mention, and if he refuses to account you should bring a proceeding against him in the court from which he received his appointment to compel him to do so.

Y. J., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child nor descendant, but leaving a surviving widow and brothers and sisters as his only heirs at law and next of kin, the widow, after payment of debts and expenses, would receive all of the community property and all of his separate personal property and one-half of his separate real estate absolutely.

MRS. H. A. M., Florida.—Under the laws of Georgia, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, after payment of debts and expenses, his surviving widow is entitled to a child's part of his estate, unless the shares exceed five, in which case the wife takes one-fifth and the children or descendants of children share the balance equally per capita as to children, per stirpes as to descendants of children, but should the wife choose to take dower of a one-third interest for life in his real estate, she would be barred of her absolute interest in such real estate; we think any of the children can compel the partition of the real estate, or the sale of the same and a division of the proceeds of sale in the proper partition action brought for the purpose.

MRS. V. F., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving no child nor descendant, and leaving a surviving widow and other kindred, the surviving widow, in addition to her exemption, is entitled to receive the real or personal estate or both to the aggregate value of five thousand dollars, and, if such estate exceeds in value the sum of five thousand dollars, such surviving widow shall be entitled to the sum of five thousand dollars absolutely to be chosen by her from real or personal estate or both and in addition thereto shall be entitled to one-half part of the remaining real and personal estate.

F. E. S., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child nor descendant, his surviving widow, after payment of debts and expenses, would be entitled to receive the whole of the personal estate and one-half of the real estate, the balance of the real estate going to descedants' heirs, depending upon who is left; we think his estate would include any property left him by an ancestor in which he had an absolute vested right at the time of his death, even though such property had not been divided at the time of his death.

MRS. A. H. B., Louisiana.—We do not think you can now recover the property awarded your ancestor for his services in the Revolutionary War.

MRS. F. L., Kansas.—Under the laws of Maryland, we are of the opinion that adverse possession gives title to real estate after a period of twenty years.

MRS. W. M., Kansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that any married person may devise one-half of his or her property to other persons than the husband or wife.

MRS. J. W. J., California.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that all property, both real and personal, of either husband or wife, owned before marriage, and all acquired afterwards by gift, bequest, devise, or descent, with the rents issues and profits thereof, is separate property, and may be sold, conveyed, mortgaged or assigned without the consent of the other spouse; but that all property acquired after marriage, except in the manner stated above, is community property, and that upon the death of the husband the wife succeeds to one-half of the community property, after payment of debts and the expenses of administration. We think that upon the death of a married man the court of your state having jurisdiction of his estate may, upon petition therefor, set apart to the use of the surviving widow, or to the minor children of the decedent, all property exempt from execution, including the homestead selected, designated and recorded, provided such homestead was selected from the common property, or if such homestead is selected from the separate property of the decedent, provided such decedent joined in the selection thereof. Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a widow and two or more children, the widow would receive one-third of his separate estate, but that her share of the separate property can be reduced by will.

F. E. S., Kansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a parent cannot be compelled to support children who are able to support themselves.

MRS. H. A., Wisconsin.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child nor descendant, his surviving widow would receive the whole estate after payment of debts and expenses. (2) We can form no opinion as to the disposition of your mother's estate in case of her intestacy without knowledge of her place of residence.

MRS. C. H., Mississippi.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, his property, after payment of debts and expenses, would all go to his surviving widow and children, the widow taking a child's part of the estate.

MRS. M. N. S., Montana.—In order to impress a lien for the amount of your claim against the property sold by your debtor, we think it will be necessary for you to substantiate by the proper evidence that the property was sold for the purpose of avoiding the payment of your claim and that the purchaser thereof had such knowledge at the time of making the purchase.

MRS. J. K., Oregon.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, his widow would be entitled to receive dower of a one-half interest for life in his real estate and to one-half of the personal estate, absolutely, after payment of debts and expenses, the balance of the estate going in equal shares to his children, the descendants of any deceased child taking their parent's share. (2) We think the surviving widow is entitled to be appointed administratrix of the estate unless the court finds some good reason why she should not be appointed. (3) We do not think the dispute between the decedent and his daughter during his lifetime would affect her inheritance rights in his estate, unless he left a will reducing her share therein.

G. S. G., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child nor descendant, such of his real estate as was acquired by him by onerous title and all of his personal property, after payment of debts and expenses, would go to his surviving widow absolutely; but that her share of such of the real estate as came to him by descent, devise or deed of gift from an ancestor would be limited to a life estate, and that both real and personal property coming to him from a former deceased wife would go to the children of such former deceased wife.

W. E. G., Michigan.—Under the laws of Indiana, we are of the opinion that children may be disinherited by will, provided the will is legally drawn and executed, and provided the testator possessed testamentary capacity at the time same was executed, and provided no undue influence was exercised upon him in connection therewith.

G. O. B., Montana.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving a surviving widow and three children by a former marriage as his only heirs at law and next of kin, his widow, in addition to certain small allowances, and after payment of debts and expenses, would receive one-third of the real and personal estate, the balance going in equal shares to his children; we do not think the widow's child by a former marriage would receive any interest in his estate, unless some provision was made for such child by will, and except, of course, such child will in turn receive a share from the mother's estate, unless cut off by will.

W. G.—Kansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that males and females attain majority at twenty-one, but a married person over eighteen is considered of age as to contracts, property rights, and liabilities, and capacity to sue and be sued.

MRS. H. S., Montana.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving no child nor descendant, his widow, after payment of debts and expenses, and in addition to certain small allowances, and homestead rights, if any, would receive one-half of the estate, the balance going to his parents, brothers and sisters or their descendants, depending upon who is left; if none such, the widow would receive the whole estate.

MRS. H. E. B., Wisconsin.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a surviving widow is entitled to a share of her husband's estate which cannot be diminished by will, but that there is no other restriction as to a man's right to dispose of his property by will in any manner he may see fit, except that the court will make certain small allowances from his estate to his children under seven years of age; we think that in order to make a valid will the testator must possess testamentary mental capacity, the will must be legally drawn and executed and must express the testator's true intent, and that the testator at the time of making the will must not be under the undue influence of any other person, or persons.

A. K., Pennsylvania.—We think you should make a complaint to your local or state board of health against the owner of the property who pipes his sewerage in the open stream running through your village, and that, if the board of health delays action in the matter, it may be necessary for you to commence an action against this property owner to compel him to abate a nuisance.



The Family Doctor

The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be taken to your local doctor.

Address, The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

MRS. A. P. W., Whitesville, R. I.—One of the best remedies for goiter is iodine in some form. Take ten drops of a saturated solution of iodide of potassium, well diluted, after meals. Also avoid excitement of all kinds.

MISS E. C., Weldon, Ark.—For his lumbago have your husband take ten-grain tablets of salicylate of sodium, well diluted, after meals. Also iron the hip with a hot iron. Apply the iron to several thicknesses of flannel wrung out of mustard water.

MRS. D. M., South Point, Ohio.—For lameness and soreness of your back, which is muscular, have your back ironed with a hot flatiron. First apply to the back several thicknesses of flannel wrung out of mustard water then apply the iron as indicated. For the bladder trouble have the bladder washed out with permanganate of potassium—a teaspoonful of saturated solution of the potassium to a pint of hot water. Also take after meals, a five-grain tablet of urotropin.

MRS. C. C., Utica, Kansas.—There is no cure for cancer. Operation in some cases will effect a cure. Serum has been tried but without avail. Radium is now used with success in some cases.

MRS. J. J., Stillwater, Okla.—For your hay fever take a teaspoonful of pertussin after meals. You will not have tuberculosis in any case.

MISS H. M., Minot, N. Dak.—You have nervous dyspepsia. Take a five-grain pill of asafœtida after meals. Avoid sweets of all kinds.

MRS. V. W. L., Nashville, Tenn.—Your weight is not excessive. If you want to reduce, try living, on the alternate days, on one quart of skimmed milk in divided doses. On the other days avoid starchy foods of all kinds.

MRS. D. A. B., Indianapolis, Ind.—Your husband's trouble is bleeding piles. Have them operated on at once.

MRS. W. R., Elkton, Mich.—Take a five-grain tablet of asafœtida after meals. You have a nervous heart action and this remedy will help you.

MRS. M. K., Hamptonville, N. C.—For the eruption on your face, steam the face daily and apply lotio alba, which lotion you can obtain at any good druggist's.

MRS. G. H. H., Wingate, N. C.—For your throat trouble gargle the throat with Dobell's solution. Take Basham's mixture in tablespoonful doses, as a tonic, after meals, to build you up. You are run down.

MRS. C. O., Hastings, Mich.—Your child has a form of rickets. Have him take codliver oil in teaspoonful doses after meals.

MR. H. C. A., Lone Oak, Texas.—You might try, for the neuralgia above the eye, a tablespoonful of Warburg's tincture, well diluted, after meals. Apply, locally, also a solution of equal parts of chloral hydrate and camphor. Rub this solution well into the painful part. Mixing these drugs makes a solution without the addition of any diluent. As the sight of that eye seems to be failing you may have a disease of the eyes known as glaucoma; if so, you should consult an eye specialist at once as delay is dangerous and complete loss of sight may supervene if this is the case. One of the symptoms of glaucoma is seeing "colored rings" around a lamp in a subdued light.

MRS. J. B. D., Duane, Okla.—Probably you have a chronic bronchitis. Better have the sputum examined and find out the exact condition. In the meantime you might take some good emulsion of codliver oil.

MRS. P. Q., Tennsville, Mich.—You should have the urine examined at once, as the swelling looks like an acute Bright's disease. If so, you should have active treatment by your local doctor to anticipate trouble later on. You can wear the corset as usual, and take exercise in the open; but have the kidney condition looked into at once.

MRS. D. H. L., Pennsboro, West Va.—"Pinworms" are best cured by an enema of white oak bark, or normal saline solution. Piles, if troublesome, must be operated on to effect a permanent cure.

MRS. F. H. K., Smithville, Texas.—You will have to keep a diaper on the baby for the present and wait until she is older to correct the bed-wetting. Two eggs are too many for a child of the age mentioned. Even one should not be given daily.

MRS. L. B. W., Caddon, Colo.—You may have been torn during confinement and need the parts restored to normal again by operation. Your headaches may be due to the need of proper correcting lenses. Have your eyes examined for glasses.

MISS L. D., Roanoke, Va.—Take, for the stomach trouble, a compound bicarbonate of soda tablet after meals. The leg swelling may be due to some kidney disease. Better have your local doctor look into the matter for you. You may, in the meantime, bandage the legs during the day and remove the bandage at night.

MRS. S. M. R., Odon, Ind.—For your anemic condition take a tablespoonful of Basham's mixture, well diluted, after meals.

MRS. F. W., Fairbank, Iowa.—The trouble may be chronic malaria. Have your husband take a tablespoonful of Warburg's tincture after meals, well diluted. Also have him bathe the entire body in a strong solution of sage tea, before retiring.

MRS. M. M. C., Los Angeles, Calif.—There is nothing authentic that will cure the appetite for liquor. Have the man quit the drug and take a 1-60 gr. tablet of strychnia sulph., after meals, as a substitute and for the nervous system.

MRS. M. C., EDSON, Alta., Canada.—If the gallstones are small enough to get through the common duct they will pass into the intestines and pass out in the feces. If, however, they remain in the pelvis of the duct they must be removed surgically in every case.

MISS M. D. A., Naples, Ky.—The pain in the chest is probably due to an intercostal neuralgia. Take a teaspoonful of Warburg's tincture, well diluted, after meals.

MRS. R. C., Middleton, Ga.—Have the boy take a prolonged nap in the afternoon and give him a very sparing meal at night. If he takes a good nap in the afternoon he will not sleep so soundly and the reflexes will not be so numbed that he will not awake when he desires to urinate.

MR. J. B. S., So. Richmond, Va.—The blood pressure can be helped if your father will avoid sweets and pastries of all kinds, drink plenty of water, and take, after meals, ten drops of a saturated solution of iodide of potassium, well diluted. Of course, his case should be watched by some good physician and changes made in his diet and medicine from time to time.

Wrist Watch

Reward No. 75210

For Men And Boys



For A Club Of Only Ten

THE Wrist Watch is no longer considered effeminate or a "fad." Men and boys in all walks of life now wear them. The millions of American soldiers who went to France—from general down to dough-boy—wore them. It is a practical, common-sense method of carrying a watch.

The watch shown here is the "Leonard"—designed especially for farmers, lumbermen surveyors, miners, campers, hunters, fishermen, etc. It is 6 size, fitted with high-grade American movement, stem wind and pendant set in strong, dust-proof, silver-nickel case with a thick, heavy crystal that cannot easily be broken.

The strap is made of goat skin, of good width, very tough yet pliable and easy on the wrist. It fastens with a nickel-plated buckle which does not come in contact with the skin. This strap may be adjusted to fit the wrist of a small boy or a full-grown man.

This also makes a splendid wrist watch for the women and girls on the farm. It is just what they need when engaged in outdoor work and to wear on motoring trips and on all occasions where it would not be advisable to wear a more expensive watch.

Remember—this watch is fully guaranteed to keep good time. If it fails to do so or proves defective in any way within one year we will either repair or exchange it free of charge. It is yours free on the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For ten one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this fine Wrist Watch exactly as described free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 75210.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

26-Piece Table Set



Given For A Club Of Only Five

WE have made many offers of table-ware, but this is the first time we have been able to offer **a complete set of 26 Pieces** in return for so small a club. And please don't think that because we are giving this set on such liberal terms that it is plated on a brass base and consequently will change color and have that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. On the contrary, it has a **white metal base**; therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will not show signs of wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration, there are 26 pieces in this set—**6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, Sugar Shell and Butter Knife.** Each piece is **full regulation size** for family use, the handles are handsomely **embossed** and the blades of the knives and the bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and **bright polished.** It is only because we buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a reward for so few subscriptions. It is by far **the greatest value** we have offered and we **guarantee every set sent out for a period of five years.** We will send this 26-Piece Table Set exactly as illustrated and described to any address upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For a club of five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this 26-Piece Table Set free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 7625.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Whose Little Girl Wants ME? I Am The Cutest, Sweetest Baby Doll In Toyland and You Can Have Me FREE!

Look At Me! I Have Curly Hair



I'm All Dressed Up!

YES, **this beautiful curly-haired doll is free** to any little girl and on such **liberal terms** that we expect to give away **thousands of them** during the next few months. Don't think she is so small as she looks in the picture for she stands nearly **a foot high.** She has **a strong, durable, stuffed body,** and an indestructible head. You can make her **stand up, sit down in a chair and assume all sorts of natural positions.** Her beautiful brown hair hangs in **luxuriant curls,** her eyes are **blue as the sky,** she has on a pretty lace trimmed dress with sash, and **taken altogether she is certainly the cutest and sweetest baby doll** in all toyland. **Fathers and Mothers**—just look at this beautiful doll as she sits **smiling** with arms outstretched waiting for someone to pick her up, **hug her, kiss her and take her out to play.** Don't you think your little **girl would** just love to have **her for her own? We will send** her to you **free, packed in a strong box so she** cannot possibly get broken, **if you will accept the terms of the following special offer.**

Given To You! **For a club of two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT** at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome Doll, **exactly as described, free by parcel post** prepaid. **Reward No. 9872.**

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

business so long that they have forgotten such beautiful and happy places as Loveland exist, and their eyes have grown so red and sore from the smoke of the Hateburg money mills and grudge factories that they would not be able to find their way to Loveland unless some guide, a little child, for instance, took them by the hand and led them all the way. But the saddest thing is that they would not want to start, would not believe how beautiful Loveland is, Mary, and would be quite content to stay in Hateburg for the rest of their smoky days.

Mary, you say you don't like history, but some day when you have the mud cleaned all off your boots and your lessons all done, sit down and write us a History of Loveland. If you have lived there for seven years you ought to know a lot about it. This will be a history everybody will be glad to study.

I don't wonder you have never been to Estes Park, Mary. There is no park, no matter how famed its scenery, that could tempt me out of Loveland if I lived in such a happy place at the lucky age of sweet sixteen.

CAMDEN, R. R. 5, SOUTH CAROLINA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

Why do I never see any letters from this state? Surely there can be none better than our South Carolina. I have been reading with interest the cousins' letters in COMFORT ever since I was a boy. Now that hasn't been long; in fact I'm a boy yet. I'm only thirty-eight and hail from the old Palmetto State. I am one of Uncle Sam's boys—a rural mail carrier driving a flivver every day over twenty-five miles of country road to carry to the homes of rural people the news of the busy world as well as many packages of merchandise and the hundreds of letters which, in great part, are messages of love and friendship.

I have on my route about 675 people and they are all my friends. It is interesting to study them and their lives day after day as I pass by. It is interesting to watch the correspondence of new acquaintances; to watch it, often, as it develops into friendship, then into love, and to see them later link their lives together and, with love as a foundation, begin to build that highest and holiest earthly institution called home.

I am ten miles east of the historic old town of Camden. Many people from the Northern States spend their winters here. We are in the sand-hill section separating the Piedmont, or hill country, from the coastal plain. This is the land of cotton and corn, the home of the long-leaved pine and good old Southern hospitality. Our winters are mild and our summers filled with bright, sunshiny days, silvery moonlight nights and a panorama of wild flowers and song birds. So you see I have much to make for happiness; but there is one thing I have not told you: I have just bushels of love for a little miss of five summers, with blue eyes and dark, curly brown hair. Because her mother is dead she is living with her grandparents nearly two hundred miles away. So you see I have something to make me lonely, too; and that is why I am looking forward to getting lots of good friendly letters from the cousins and will promise to answer as many as I can—for my work on the route only requires three hours of my time each day and I have plenty to spare.

Your nephew, ARTHUR H. ARNOLD.

You write in the vein of a poet, Arthur, and while many people could not make a Pegasus out of a flivver or find poetry in driving every day over the same twenty-five miles of road, you have had vision enough to look beyond the bare facts of your job and discover its human elements. And in doing this you have found, of course, new interest and happiness. To be able to say that the 675 people along your route are all your friends means that you have been a friend yourself to the 675 of 'em—which is a good record as everyone who has adventured in friendship will know.

It is too bad that you who have brought so many lovers together must now be separated so far from your own tiny sweetheart. We can be lonely in being away from somebody we love, Arthur, but think of the utter loneliness of those who have nobody to love! Better a two-hundred-mile sweetheart than none at all, and I know you are wise enough to agree.

You'll gets loads of "good friendly letters," Arthur, you may be sure of that—more than even you ever delivered in one day's ride of your Cupid-flivver. Our Big Family is a friendly one if ever there was one, and curing loneliness and delivering cheer is something we accomplish by mail sacks and wagon loads. Arthur, those 675 friends of yours are going to be increased considerable in the next few months. Wait and see.

INDIAN SPRINGS, TENNESSEE.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

As I am not at school today I will write to you for my first time. We take COMFORT and think it just fine.

I am in the seventh grade at school. My teacher says I am doing fine. I joined the Girls' Canning Club the other day and hope to make a success.

I will describe myself: I am a girl thirteen years old, fair complexion, and have light curly hair and blue eyes. We live on a thirty-two acre farm. It is rocky, too; but I would rather live here than in Kingsport or in any other of your towns. Wouldn't you?

I have four sisters and one brother and I am the oldest of them all. Well, I will close. Give my love to all, but keep a big lot for yourself.

Your niece, RUTH MCCONNELL.

You flatter me, Ruth, when you suggest that I am the owner of Kingsport and other Tennessee towns—even if you do say that you would rather live in Injun Springs than in Lishaville, Uncleton, or any such other towns with which you might credit me as owner. Ruth, although it may disappoint you—and I know it does me—I have to confess that I do not own a square foot of Sullivan County—not even a space large enough to furnish pasturage for a Leghorn yearling critter. If I ever do buy a town I'll let you know, and then you can try living in it and see if it suits as well as Injun Springs.

I don't see why in the world you Tennessee girls have formed this Girls' Canning Club, Ruth. I think the nice, fresh garden variety of girl is far more tasty and better flavored than any preserved product—no matter how successfully the canning may be done and the seasoning put in. And, anyway, Cousin Jack Wilcox and Cousin Gus Trick have tried their best to "can" the girls and find it's hard to do. Just leave the Tennessee girls alone, Ruth, my dear. Let them ripen well and be picked fresh—or left to wither on the bush according to time, seasons and suitors. There is nothing worse than a girl who is "well-preserved."

MARSHALL, NORTH CAROLINA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

I am just a little dried-up—I mean a big fourteen-year-old, red-cheeked, healthy girl (but it isn't paint that makes the red cheeks). I live in a part of North Carolina where grapes, peaches, apples, cherries and all good eating are common things.

Now I don't want to be changing the subject so quick, but I want to ask Uncle Lisha and all of you if you like to go to parties? I do. I am going to give a lawn party next Friday evening and I am extending a cordial invitation to all of you who would like to be present.

Say! How many of you girls ever put on a pair of riding pants or overalls and go 'possum hunting with your brothers? I have several times, but it was in the night-time, of course.

Carl, I can sympathize with you and Ted about your curls, for I wore my hair down in curls for a long time until everybody began calling me "Curls," and then my hair went up on my head and it stays there, too, unless I decide I want to see my curls again.

All right, Isabel, you think you can beat me making fudge, but you just send Uncle Lisha a box of yours and when he comes to my party on Friday evening I'll give him a box of mine—then he can award the prize to the one who has the best candy.

Uncle Lisha, did you like to go to school when you was a little girl—I mean a little boy? I have gone to a nine months school since I was six years old. I have been going to a high school for two or three years and will take the tenth grade next year.

Most girls like boys best, but here's one who wouldn't give a cent a thousand for them. But Ted, I would like to have you here to teach me to ride a "wild western" pony. I can ride a horse well and I think you would find me an apt pupil.

If I don't stop I will have writer's cramp. I just must close by saying I will accept all letters I receive with a "kind word and a pleasant smile"—and I will promise to answer all I can.

If any of you wish to know who you are corresponding with, just clear out your brain cells and place in your mind the picture of a girl five feet tall, a medium fair complexion, a fluff of dark brown hair (sometimes curly), a pair of dark brown eyes, a small nose with a few little brown freckles spotted on it—and you have the picture.

I know I will have to come to a close as this is my last sheet of paper, so I will say,

Au revoir. GEORGIA HELEN RECTOR.

Georgia, I certainly will be at your party Friday night if I can arrange things so I can get away on the Owl Express of the Seaboard Line tomorrow evening. You need not meet me at the station; I'll have a local flivver bring me up and drop me off at the first house where I smell chocolate fudge being cooked. I do like parties, especially when they are given by a hostess who, like you, has the proper ideas regarding "good eating." I am strong for good eats, Georgia, and to prove it I always eat good. So please see that they serve my strawberry ice cream with a soup ladle when you see me edging up to the table for the fourth time. I remember going to a New England lawn party where all they served was lemon ice cream and Uneeda biscuit. And some of the guests were so famished they ate up all the paper lanterns and I found a candle end in my vest pocket when I got home. But I know this won't happen at your party, Georgia, and the fudge will be as delicious (I don't dare say *more* delicious) as the dry goods box full that Isabel sent me by freight from Michigan.

G. Helen, you offer a rather low bid for boys. Some of 'em aren't worth much, that's sure; but yet a cent a thousand will hardly buy damaged seconds, badly raveled and tobacco stained. Perhaps two or three years from now, if your cheeks stay just as red and your hair as curly, you may decide to raise your offer a little—say to a cent apiece. Or perhaps you won't have to pay that much. Yes, Georgia, I'm willing to bet my second best pair of suspenders (the pair with the safety-pin in the right shoulder) you will have all you want offered you for nothing—and F. O. B. Marshall, N. C., too.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for August

"Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these you have done it unto Me."

Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Every month brings to me many letters which disregard this simple and necessary rule. Appeals unaccompanied by the references required will be destroyed.

Mrs. J. M. Perkins, Deer Park, R. R. 2, Wash. This poor woman has three children, the oldest four years of age, and will soon have a fourth mouth to feed. She is unable to work because of a late operation. Clothing will help, but cash will help more. Lafayette Swanson, Boomer, R. R. 2, N. C. Helpless as a baby for the past twenty years, with a devoted and failing wife as the only aid. Asks that cheer and comfort be sent him for his birthday of August 4th. Moriah Ledwell, Lassiter, N. C. This is a woman of fifty, afflicted with fits, who is supported by a half-sister who is unable to give her complete care. Clothing or money will be helpful joys to this struggling household. Mrs. James A. Whipkey, Jamestown, O. With a husband almost blind and unable to work, this mother has to fight to support herself and two children of nine and seven years and a baby of seven months. A well-recommended and most worthy case. Fulton R. Lowe, Sheppards, R. R. 1, Box 33, Va. Bedridden for 37 years and dependent on the outside world for aid. This man's condition is pitiful in the extreme. Miss Emma Adolf, Sandusky, R. R. 4, Mich. Unable to walk because of a spinal injury, this shut-in asks for letters of sympathy and cheer to aid in passing lonely hours. Mrs. Martha Clark, Spring Hill, R. R. 1, Box 92, Tenn. A widow of 69 years who has been for ten years afflicted with rheumatism. She asks for money to aid in buying necessary medicine, and also for books or magazines to cheer her shut-in hours. Mrs. Hollie Honeycutt, Stanfield, R. R. 2, Box 141, N. C., care of Mrs. G. Travis Burris. An old lady of 79, blind and helpless. Asks any help, particularly money and clothing. An appeal like this should open all hearts.

The best of summers, the most bountiful of harvests, cannot bless those who are shut away from the sunlight and unable to work to earn their own bread. The help for these shadowed souls and broken bodies can only come from those free from the burdens of sickness and poverty. If any measure of happiness, of surcease from pain is to be granted the sufferers whose appeals appear for our League's consideration, it must come from a picturing in mind of the sad conditions outlined—and then by glad and free giving of the much-needed help.

Lovingly,

Uncle Lisha

What A Joyful Surprise For Some Little Girl In Your Home!

Won't She Fairly Dance With Glee When You Give Her This Big, Beautiful Sleeping Doll And Carriage—All For Her Very Own!



OF course she will—no girl could help being delighted with this big, beautiful dolly which is even more beautiful and lifelike than she appears in the illustration. She is sixteen inches tall and jointed in such a manner that her arms, hands, legs and feet will stay in any position you place them. Her dark brown hair falls in bewitching curls, she has real teeth, her eyes are as blue as the sky and she opens and shuts them and goes to sleep like a real baby whenever you want her to. And she is always smiling and showing her pretty white teeth in a truly lifelike manner.

As shown in our illustration, she wears a very becoming hat trimmed with a large ribbon bow and a dress of the very latest style, with cute short sleeves, handsome figured lace and button trimmed waist and short skirt and she has on real stockings and slippers with silveroid buckles. You can undress and dress this doll as often as you please and you can take off her stockings and slippers and put them on again just as you do your own.

Her Arms Hands Legs And Feet Will Stay In Any Position You Place Them

You Can Take Dolly To Ride In Her Carriage

YES, we are also going to give you this fine doll carriage which is plenty large enough to hold dolly comfortably. It is two feet high, almost a foot wide, made entirely of metal and leatherette—in fact is just like a real baby carriage in everything except size. It is finely finished and lacquered a rich glossy black. What fun it will be to take dolly to ride in her carriage out in the yard and up and down the street. Other girls may have dolls—but how many of them have a **real doll carriage?** You will be the envy of all the other girls in your neighborhood when they see you with this beautiful doll and carriage too.

She Opens And Closes Her Eyes, Has Real Teeth, Curly Hair And A Pretty Dress With Hat, Real Stockings And Slippers With Buckles

For A Club Of Eight!

FATHERS and mothers—don't you think your little girl would just love to have this doll and carriage for her very own? Of course she would—and you should take advantage of this offer at once.

You can surely find eight neighbors who will be glad to subscribe to COMFORT at the present low rate of 50c a year. Send us their names and addresses and the money ($4.00 in all), and we will send you this beautiful sleeping doll and doll carriage exactly as above described, each packed in a strong box, free by parcel post. **Remember there will be no expense to you whatever.** Your mail-carrier will deliver the doll and carriage right to your door without charge. Start your club today and please mention **Reward No. 7648.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C.," a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

How to become a Member

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

Missing Relatives and Friends

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT reopens the "Missing Relatives' and Friends' column.

To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will secure only one new yearly subscriber to COMFORT at 50c. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column by securing only one new subscription at 50c. If a longer notice is required send one 50c subscription for each additional seven words.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of William Clinton Ponder, last heard from in Cardiff-by-the-Sea, Calif., 1918, please notify his sister, Rosa Ponder, Beach, Ga.

Wanted: To find my brother and two sisters, Ely, Betty and Perliney Smith, of Patrick Co., Virginia. Were parted when children. Please write me. Your sister, Mrs. Mattie Smith Kyker, Strawberry Plains, R. R. 3, Tenn.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Arthur Moore, who was in York County 40 years ago, kindly write Mrs. A. Burdick, 320 14th St., Portland, Oregon.

Will anyone knowing the address or any information about Smith Tompkins or any of his people kindly write to R. V. Smith, Tecumseh, Box 455, Okla.

Wanted: Information of my half-brother, Marion Annonjump; 66 years, December 16; white hair. On way to old Mexico 10 or 12 years ago. Would like to find him.

To Canada readers: Herman Hilger left Streator for Indiana in 1895. Never have heard from him since. Twenty years ago he was living in Canada on a cattle ranch. Anyone knowing his whereabouts, please notify his parents. Address, Mrs. William Hilger, Streator, 704 South Bloomington St., Ill.

If any reader knows the whereabouts of Marion Garrett or Frank Nichols, last heard of in Tyrola, Okla., kindly write to Maud Flinn, Hartman, Ark.

More is paid for a mutton chop in New York hotels than for a sheep in Colorado, according to reliable reports.—*Dearborn Independent.*



Gent's Watch and Chain

Reward No. 7696

For A Club Of Six!

A WATCH that any man or boy may feel **proud** to carry, and an excellent timekeeper. It has a handsome polished **nickel case;** the movement is **American made, stem wind and stem set,** the dial is pure white with **large plain easily read figures.** We have already given away thousands of these watches and they never fail to please and satisfy. Now is the time for you to secure one of these guaranteed watches before the price of them goes up still further as it is pretty sure to do in the near future. We will send you this watch exactly as described, **together with a chain,** if you will accept the following

Club Offer. For a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed watch, also a handsome chain free by Parcel Post, prepaid. **Reward No. 7696. Address COMFORT Augusta, Maine.**



Shaggy Teddy Bear

EVERY little boy and girl wants a Teddy Bear and here is an opportunity for every father or mother who reads COMFORT to get one without expense. "Teddy" is a plump, shaggy fellow, 10 inches tall, made of brown plush, carefully stitched and finished, and his head and legs are jointed in such a manner that you can place him in almost any position. He will stand up, sit down, stand on his head, walk on all fours, in fact he gets himself into all kinds of positions, so comical and lifelike that it makes the children scream with delight just to look at him. Teddy is so well made that he cannot easily become broken, and with ordinary care should last for years. We will send you Teddy free if you will accept the following special offer:

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Teddy Bear free and prepaid. **Reward No. 9002.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Don't Wear a Truss



C. E. Brooks, Inventor

We Guarantee Your Comfort

with every Brooks' Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful. No obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions. **Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb.** No salves. No plasters. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Never on sale in stores. Don't be fooled by imitations. Look for trade mark signature of C. E. Brooks and his picture on every appliance. None other genuine. Full information and booklet free.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., 157 R STATE ST., MARSHALL, MICH.

"DON'T SHOUT"



"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. 'How?' With the **MORLEY PHONE.** I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in, myself, only that I hear all right. "The **Morley Phone** for the

DEAF

is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it." Over one hundred thousand sold. Write for booklet and testimonials.

THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 766, 26 S. 15th St., Phila.

The Bee Cell Supporter



A BOON TO WOMANKIND

Made from the purest, softest rubber. Six cups or faces render misplacement absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Send us $2.50 and we will mail you one postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Write for descriptive circular. It's FREE.

The Bee Cell Co., Dept. 168 White Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.



The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities



Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents Wanted to advertise our goods and distribute Free Samples to consumer. 90c per hour. Write for full particulars. American Products Co., 5820 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio

We Start You In Business, furnishing everything; men and women, $30 to $100 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories" home anywhere. Booklet free. W Hillyer Ragsdale, Drawer 5, East Orange, N. J.

Agents—Write for big soap offer. Quick Seller, Big Money Maker. Ho-Ro-Co, 131 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

We Start You without a Dollar, Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes—Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., Dept. 131, St. Louis.

Agents—Make a Dollar an Hour. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 452-B, Amsterdam, N.Y.

Agents: A Brand New Hosiery proposition for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free All styles, colors and finest silk hose. You can sell at less than store prices. Write for samples. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 619, Dayton, Ohio.

Greatest Sensation! Eleven-piece soap and toilet set, selling like blazes for $1.75 with $1.00 dressmaker's shears free to each customer; other unique plans all repeaters. 100% profit. E. M Davis Co., Dept. 505, Chicago.

Big Money and Fast Sales. Every owner buys Gold Initials for his auto. You charge $1.50; make $1.35 Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 64, East Orange, N. J.

Agents—$15 a day—Easy, quick Sales—Free Auto—Big weekly Bonus—$1.75 premium Free to every customer. Simply show our Beautiful, 7 piece, Solid Aluminum Handle Cutlery Set. Appeals instantly. We deliver and collect. Pay daily. New Era Mfg. Co., 803 Madison St., Dept. 32-B, Chicago.

Agents—$5 to $15 Daily Introducing New Style Guaranteed Hosiery—latest modes and shades—Nude, camel, silver, etc. Big Profits. Repeat orders bring you regular income. You write orders—We Deliver and Collect. Experience unnecessary. Outfits contain all colors and grades including silks. Mac-O-Chee Mills Co., Desk 548, Cincinnati, O.

300% Profit: Easy Seller. Kleanrite. Washes Clothes Without Rubbing. Samples Free. BesteverProd. Co., 1945-W IrvingPark, Chicago.

Sell Minitmend For Tires And Tubes—cost 2c repair; surpasses vulcanizing, saves 500%. Every auto and accessory dealer buys. Profits amazing. Shaw made $21 first day. Hart $155 first week. Particulars and free sample. The Colonial Rubber Co., Dept. 96, Philadelphia, Pa.

Large Shirt Manufacturer wants Agents to sell complete line of shirts direct to wearer. Exclusive patterns. Big values. Free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

Agents! A sale in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks and General Yard Goods. Quick sales! Big profits! Large book of nearly 1000 handsome fabric samples. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. 24X, 573 Broadway, New York.

If You Sell Hosiery, if you have sold hosiery, if you want to sell hosiery, write for our attractive proposition. Nomis Knitting Mills, 34 So. 17th St., Dept. C, Philada., Pa.

Ladies, Self-threading Needles save time and Eyesight, 10c. Agents wanted. L. P. Miller, Box 1250, City Hall Station, New York.

$195 Earned by Schleicher in first twelve hours. Self-selling proposition establishes new money-making records. Automatic hot or cold running water bath equipment without plumbing or waterworks, only $7.50. Exclusive territory. Investigate. Send no money. Terms Write today. Allen Mfg. Co., 685 Allen Bldg., Toledo, O.

Free Samples Rolly's Washday Wonder—New Chemical Dirt Solvent—Harmless—No Rubbing $100 weekly—enormous profits repeat orders. Rolly Co., D1, Hastings, Nebr.

AGENTS WANTED

Be successful Agent! Free sample outfit—worth $2.25. "Quality" beauty preparations. Make big money. Extensive line. Established 50 years. Lynas Co., 200 Logansport, Ind.

Agents—New Invention. Harper's Ten-Use brush set and fibre broom. It sweeps, washes and dries upstairs windows, scrubs and mops floors and does 5 other things. Big profits; easy seller. Free trial offer. Harper Brush Works, Dept. A, Fairfield, Iowa

Wonderful Seller. 96c profit every dollar sales. Deliver on spot. License unnecessary. Sample Free. Mission Bead Factory C, 2421 Smith St., Detroit, Mich.

A Business of Your Own—Make sparkling glass name plates, numbers, checkerboards, medallions, signs; big illustrated book Free. E. Palmer, 504, Wooster, O.

Agents—Best seller; Jem Rubber Repair for tires and tubes; supersedes vulcanization at a saving of over 800 per cent.; put it on cold, it vulcanizes itself in two minutes, and is guaranteed to last the life of the tire or tube; sells to every auto owner and accessory dealer. For particulars how to make big money and free sample, address Amazon Rubber Co., Philadelphia, Pa., Dept. 508.

Sells like hot cakes. New ironing wax pad and asbestos iron rest. Clamps board. Perfumes clothes. Working outfit 10c. Yankee Manufacturers, 380 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Your chance to make Big Money silvering mirrors, auto reflectors, metalplating. Outfit furn. Write for particulars. International Laboratories, Dept. D6, 309 5th Ave., New York.

We pay $8 a day taking orders for Inside Tyres. Guaranteed to prevent punctures and blowouts. Double tire mileage. Any tire. Tremendous demand. Low priced. Write quick for agency. American Accessories Co., B320, Cincinnati, Ohio.

House-to-House Distributors write Joy-Jel Company, Dept. J, Saint Joseph, Mo. Joy-Jel "jells" any fruit juice like magic. Sensation of the century.

Sales Agents. Men or women. Year round position. No layoffs. Take orders for Jennings New Guaranteed Hosiery. Must wear and give satisfaction or replaced free. Write for outfit. Jennings Mfg. Co., Dept. 123, Dayton, Ohio.

Men's Shirts. Easy to sell. Big demand everywhere. Make $15.00 daily. Undersell stores. Complete line. Free Samples to workers. Chicago Shirt Co., 9 So. Clinton, Factory 202, Chicago.

Gold Sign Letters for stores and office windows. Photo Pillow Tops, Portraits, Frames, Sheet Pictures, Medalions, Waterproof Aprons, Novelties. Samples, catalogue free. Thirty days credit. Jas. C. Bailey Co., Desk H-8, Chicago, Ill.

Agents the Christensen Double Cone Mop Wringer rubs, scrubs, mops clean. Sold by H. K. Christensen Mfg. Co., Ft. Atkinson, Wis.

Ambitious men, write today for attractive proposition, selling subscriptions to America's most popular automobile and sportsman's magazines. Quick sales. Big profits. Pleasant work. Digest Pub. Co., 2525 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

Agents wanted big profits territory free sample $1.10 postage paid. Wendell Washer Company, Galesburg, Ill.

Tailoring Explosion! Competition knocked out! One price Line, $50.00 All-Wool suits at $29.75, including a good profit for you. You get your profit the minute you take the order. Big Swatch Line—80 different fabrics in handsome carrying case. Salesmen make $100.00 a week. Can use a few more good men. Write fully, state experience. Park Tailoring Company, Dept. 340, Chicago.

FARM WANTED

Wanted To hear from owner of good farm for sale. State cash price, full description. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

FARM LANDS

Productive Lands. Crop Payment or easy terms—along the Northern Pacific Ry., in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. Free literature. Say what state interests you. H. W. Byerly, 14 Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

MISCELLANEOUS

Remnant Store, 1510 Vine St., Cincinnati, O. Greatest Dry Goods Bargains on Earth. Agents and Storekeepers supplied.

Don't buy a Bicycle Motor Attachment until you get our catalogue and prices. Shaw Mfg. Co., Dept. 3, Galesburg, Kansas.

Switches made from combings. The new way. Write me. Mrs. E. Vandervoort, Davenport, Iowa.

Hemstitching and Picoting Attachment, works on all sewing machines; easily adjusted. Price $2.00 with instructions. Ladies Art Sales Co., Box 71-G, Hamtramck, Mich.

Send Name and address and a one dollar bill for my book exposing methods of brokers and others to get your savings on false stock schemes, chapter on mortgages valuable to those who have their homes mortgaged. E. C. Kornhoff, Garfield, N. J.

Hemstitching and picoting attachment; superior device; fits any sewing machine; attaches firmly, easily adjusted. Price $3.00 delivered, with complete instructions and samples of work. Orders filled promptly. Superior Hemstitching Attachment Co., 509 Starr St., Corpus Christi, Texas.

Twenty popular songs, all different, words, music complete, postpaid $1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. Longs Music Shop, San Bernardino, Calif.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

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Three Wheel Chairs in July

649 Is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The three July wheel chairs go to Mrs. M. A. Hazel, R. F. D. 4, Warsaw, Mo.,



ALVERLINE LOGAN ENJOYING HER WHEEL CHAIR.

116; Mrs. Annie E. Wright, Anadarko, Okla., 98; Lillian Atchley, Delta, Colo., 84. The figures following their respective names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends for them.

Mrs. M. A. Hazel, age 69, has suffered from rheumatism the past four years, and for more than a year has been helpless from the effects of the disease. She is a widow and lives mostly with her son who is also a cripple.

Mrs. Annie E. Wright, age 76, has been crippled the past six months due to a broken leg and dislocated hip which have not only disabled her but cause her great suffering. She is a widow living with and dependent on her son. Mrs. F. F. Davis and Miss Emma A. Robright, her two friends who procured the subscriptions for her, were desirous of obtaining the chair as soon as possible because, as they write me, "the weather is very warm for an invalid in bed."

Lillian Atchley, age 17, has suffered from rheumatism and Bright's disease since 1919, which have reduced her to the state of a chronic invalid unable to walk and almost helpless. The chair will in part relieve this unfortunate girl's suffering and be a great help to her mother, who obtained the subscriptions, in caring for her.

It is now vacation season for those fortunate enough to have the means and and leisure to spare for a holiday, and most people manage to get at least a few days off for a change of scene and recreation. But there is no vacation for the crippled shut-ins; so don't forget this month to do something to help our Wheel-Chair Club to make the sad lot of these unfortunates more endurable.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT,

Publisher of COMFORT.

P S. For the information of our many new subscribers, let me explain that for each and every 150 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 50 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscriptions, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Well Satisfied with Her COMFORT Wheel Chair

Reginald, La.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

After so long a time I have had my picture taken and I am sending it to you in the hope that you will print it in COMFORT to show how I enjoy the wheel chair you were so kind to send me. I am well satisfied with it, and I thank you and all others for their kindness in helping me to get it. I am

Yours truly,
Alverline Logan.

Much Pleased with His COMFORT Wheel Chair

Whitney, R. 2, Texas.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

I am sending you a snap shot of Jack Simmons enjoying his wheel chair. The chair arrived in good condition and he is so pleased with it he says "it is the grandest chair in the world." He wishes me to thank you and all the good friends who helped to get it for him.

Sincerely your friend,
(Mrs.) Parrie Hullett.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dollar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions or amount of cash sent.

Mrs. Mary Atchley, Colo., for Lillian Atchley, 86; Mrs. I. L. Smalley, Ala., for John Oliver Smalley, 41; Florida Pratt,



JACK SIMMONS ENJOYING HIS WHEEL CHAIR.

Mo., for Mrs. J. P. Kerr, 30; Miss Eula White, Miss., for Mrs. Kittie White, 22; Mrs. Mike Robb, Mo., for Mrs. M. A. Hazel, 16; Mrs. Herman Olson, N. D. for Mrs. Ruth Williams, 16; Mrs. Conley Joyner, Ark., for own Wheel Chair, 16; Mrs. Fannie Quick, Mo., for Mrs. M. A. Hazel, 13; Mrs. M. L. Johnson, Kans., for Mrs. M. A. Hazel, 12; Robert Louis Dickerson, Mo., for Mrs. M. A. Hazel, 8; Mary Linn, Ark., for Conley Joyner, 6; Mary Nell Williams, Okla., for Mrs. Kittie White, 5; Mrs. E. M. Dervishian, Calif., for general, 5; Mrs. G. C. Huizinga, N. Dak., for Alice Mae Huizinga, 5; James Adair, Wyo., for Bertha Adair, 5; Rebecah Lodge, Mrs. F. F. Davis and Miss Emma Robright, Okla., for Mrs. Annie Wright, Okla., 58 subs and $7.75; Mrs. W. F. Martin, Tenn., for Mrs. M. A. Hazel, 3 subs and $1.00; Miss Irene Kochel, Mo., for Vertice Borders, $3.00; Mable Graham, Mo., for general, $1.00; Miss F. Parnell, for Neoma Derebery, $1.00.

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"I would hardly say that," replied the young lawyer. "The cat does not belong to you, as I understand."

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"Ah!" exclaimed the light of the law, "then I think you have a perfect right to tear down the fence!"—*London Ideas.*

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VOL. XXXIV
NO. 11

SEPTEMBER
1922

The Hope Chest Girl



See article, "The Hope Chest Girl" on page 10.

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With All Other Prospects Bright and Promising, Strikes, only, Are Barring the Road to Prosperity.

IT was less than a year ago that the country was facing with dismay an alarmingly large unemployment of labor caused by general industrial and business depression attendant on readjustment of conditions that had been dislocated and demoralized by war. Although it is now known that the reports, which at that time variously estimated the number of idle laborers wanting work at from two to five millions, were grossly exaggerated, the situation was sufficiently grave to warrant the President's action in calling a conference of prominent business men and labor representatives to devise means of relief. Of the several plans that were suggested none was practicable, and after much discussion and deliberation the conference finally adjourned without having accomplished anything except to make it apparent that the trouble was due to causes whose operation could not be commanded at will, not even by the magic wand of legislation, and therefore must be bided until it should work itself clear through the action and reaction of natural processes.

But even while the conference debated (that was early last winter) conditions began to improve through normal development. Business was reviving on a sound basis and in a perfectly healthy manner, unaided by any extraneous boosting or artificial restorative the stimulating effect of which at best is but temporary and always followed by a depressing reaction. As explained in our April issue, it was the bettered condition and brighter prospects of the agricultural interests that gave the general business of the country its upward start last winter, for about half our population lives by farming which is the back-bone of our national prosperity. The general business situation had been so far clarified that this upward movement continued, broadening to every line of industry as it progressed, until by midsummer, instead of millions of idle men seeking a job, employers were advertising for help. There was, and at the present writing still is, every indication that the coming autumn will usher in an era of great national prosperity, except only for the cruelly destructive barriers raised by the striking union coal miners and railroad shopmen and by the threatened strike of the railroad maintenance-of-way men—obstructions which, unless immediately leveled, will not only paralyze commerce and industry, throwing millions out of employment, but also cause a food-and-fuel famine awful beyond imagination in its consequences.

Among the many factors in the combination which gives assurance of good times, provided only that the railroad and coal mine strikes be ended *speedily* and *right*, the following are significant: harvest prospects are reported good; our foreign commerce is growing, our imports in June having exceeded in value those of May by eight million dollars, while our exports in June overran those of May by twenty-seven million dollars, and the notable feature of it is that the exports gained nineteen million more than the imports; growth of business activity is reflected in bank figures which show that in June money used in business outside of New York increased nearly six hundred million dollars over May; increased activity in the dry goods market is reported for June; automobile production increased eleven per cent in June, while in auto-trucks the production exceeded that of May by 2,100 machines; the weekly increase in the freight-car loadings through the spring and summer up to July, when the shop-men's strike crippled the railroads, is undeniable proof of the general improvement in business up to that time.

Public Has Rights and Interests at Stake Which Must Be Protected

The present situation in which the people are harrassed by two strikes, each of which is an appalling national menace, makes it painfully evident that in labor conflicts of this class the public has vital interests at stake which give it the right to demand protection through governmental intervention to bring about a settlement not only speedily but on such terms as shall do justice to the community at large which directly or indirectly, visibly or invisibly, in various forms and ways has to pay all the expenses of operating the railroads and coal mines and profits to the owners, too.

Urgent as is the need for an immediate ending of these two strikes in order to avoid the impending calamity of a food-and-fuel famine, even more important and transcending all other considerations is the necessity that they be ended right, by which is meant: not by any sacrifice of sound principles, nor by a concession of the just rights or proper interests of the public, nor by a temporary compromise that would leave the door open for a future tye-up of the country's industries and transportation service by a railroad or coal miners' strike, but by an exercise of governmental authority in such manner and to such extent as to end these two strikes on terms equitable to all concerned and also to effectually prevent a future recurrence of such peril.

Strikes and threats of strikes by railroad employees and coal miners have grown to be public nuisances which the American people will not and can not tolerate. Public sentiment is rightfully demanding legislation to compel laborers in these occupations to settle their wage and other controversies with their employers by some means that will not freeze or starve the people. With intent to abolish railroad labor strikes Congress, in 1920, created the Railroad Labor Board and gave it full authority as a special court to decide all questions and disputes as to wages, hours of labor and working rules and regulations affecting railroad employees, but did not confer on the Board or on any other department of Government any power to enforce the Board's decisions. Because of this one weak spot, the neglect to invest the Government with the requisite power to compel obedience to the decisions and orders of the Board, the law has failed of its purpose of safeguarding the country against the calamity of a railroad strike.

Government Needs Power to Enforce Railroad Labor Board's Decisions

Now that this fatal defect is apparent Congress should immediately rectify the deficiency by prescribing penalties for disobedience and by authorizing the President to exercise such power as may be necessary to enforce the judgments of the Railroad Labor Board. Otherwise the Government may as well save expense and avoid further humiliation by abolishing this Board whose decisions are contemptuously disregarded and whose authority is defied with impunity.

The present attempt of the striking railroad shopmen to tie up the railroads is a strike, not against the railroads, but against the Government, the law and the people, and amounts to a rebellious effort to nullify the recent decision of the Railroad Labor Board reducing the shopmen's pay by cutting off a part of the wage increase awarded them by the same Board more than two years ago. They are trying to force the nation and the Government to yield submissively to their will under threat of inflicting a food-and-fuel famine on the people, and in furtherance of their policy of frightfulness this strike has been attended in many places by outrageous acts of violence against persons and property, including the ditching of locomotives, attempts to wreck trains, assaults and the infliction of bodily injuries on fellow workmen who refused to join them in the strike or took the jobs that they had quit, and on railroad officials. In some places their riotous lawlessness has been such as to require the pacifying services of the National Guard.

We have not space at this time to discuss the merits of the Railroad Labor Board's decision against which the strike is aimed. But it should be borne in mind that this Board is composed of nine members, of whom three represent the railroad interests, three are railroad labor men, and the other three are prominent citizens chosen to represent the rights and interests of the public which ultimately has to pay the railway wage bill in the form of freight and passenger rates. The decision was objected to by the three labor members, but was approved by the other six including the three disinterested and unprejudiced representatives of the public.

In fact the railroads are subject to governmental control to such an extent that they have little if any voice or power in the matter which is the cause of the strike, for the wages that they must pay are determined, not by their own managers but by the Railroad Labor Board, while the freight and passenger rates that they may collect are fixed by the Interstate Commerce Commission which, of course, has to take into consideration the wage cost. The several raises of railroad wages have necessarily been followed by compensatory raises of transportation charges resulting in the present high freight and passenger rates. Following the Railroad Labor Board's reduction of trainmen's wages last year the Interstate Commission ordered a corresponding reduction in transportation rates which, nevertheless are still excessively high and burdensome to the public. The Railroad Labor Board claims that, compared with wages paid for like work in other employments, and considering the decline in the cost of living, the cut which it recently made in the wages of the railroad shopmen, clerks and maintenance-of-way men is fair to them and no more than justice to the public requires. No man or body of men should be permitted to decide his or their own case, especially when the controversy involves such dire consequences to the community.

The Coal Strike Problem

By virtue of the authority conferred by the interstate commerce clause of the U. S. Constitution Congress unquestionably has the power to regulate (as it does effectually through the Interstate Commerce Commission) the transportation charges and operation of the railroads, and to prevent railroad labor strikes, which it has attempted, though ineffectually, through the Railroad Labor Board. This defect can and should be remedied, as previously explained. But the application of governmental control to prevent strikes in the coal mines and consequent calamity of a nation-wide fuel shortage presents a more difficult problem. However it is believed that "in order to promote the general welfare", which is specified in the preamble of the Constitution as one of the purposes of the powers conferred on the Government, Congress has the power to establish such regulation of coal mining as to insure an uninterrupted supply of fuel requisite to the "general welfare."

But this does not imply necessity or justification for the Government to take over the ownership or assume direct management of the railroads or coal mines as proposed by Socialist and Communist propagandists. The demoralizing influence of politics and the inefficiency, wastefulness and graft characteristic of governmental conduct of business were so prominent in the Government's administration of the railroad, express, telegraph and telephone lines during the war as not to invite a repetition of that experiment. Private ownership is far more efficient and economical, but a certain degree of governmental regulation of big business is necessary to check abuses on the part of owners or workers or both (neither is free from fault) by which the public is made to suffer. And above all, the resort to lawless acts and threats as a means of aiding or promoting the interests of a strike must be promptly and severely dealt with.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

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Stella Rosevelt

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



"I do not see, Madam, anything to prevent you from taking possession of the property."



"With this ring I wed thee and all my goods endow thee."



"You'll have to dance the first quadrille with your bride."

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CHAPTER XXXVI.

JOSEPHINE'S AMBITION.

MRS. Richards' vision of magnificence bade fair to be realized; for, upon arriving in London in November, she and her family were most courteously received by the firm of Compton & Bailey, who assured her that her credentials and proofs of her relationship to Sir Charles were incontestable.

"I do not see, madam, anything to prevent you from taking possession of the property," Mr. Compton said, in his most affable tones. "Your identity is proved beyond a question as to the cousin or half-cousin of Sir Charles, and, so far as we have been able to learn, you are the only living relative. Lord William Thornton—Sir Charles' father—had a younger brother, but he left his home years ago to go as a missionary to the heathen, and has never been heard of since; so it is reasonable to suppose that he also is dead, and, as he was unmarried, of course left no issue. It will take a month or so to get things in order for you, and if at the end of that time everything remains as it is now, you can then take possession of your estate, and I am very happy to offer my congratulations upon your good fortune."

Mrs. Richards' face glowed with pride and happiness; Josephine was jubilant, while Mr. Richards was too astonished to be able to really appreciate this sudden turning of fortune's wheel in their favor.

The rent roll of Halowell Park was fifty thousand pounds or more per annum; then there was a fine residence in London, and a seaside resort at Cowes.

It was, indeed, a fortune, coming just at that time of need, calculated to turn one's head, so to speak.

"It is too good to be true," Mr. Richards said, with a doubtful shake of the head. "Ellen, we don't deserve any such good fortune," he added, remorsefully, as his mind went back to their treatment of Mr. Rosevelt and Star.

"Nonsense, George!" she retorted, scornfully. "We deserve whatever we can get, and I mean to enjoy this windfall to the utmost. I reckon that jade will find it hard work to outshine us after this, and Uncle Jacob's grand airs won't trouble me in the least in the future. I shall go down to Halowell Park this week, see for myself what kind of a place it is, and what repairs and improvements are needed on the estate," she concluded, ready to spend money with her accustomed energy and lavishness.

Accordingly, in a few days they repaired thither, and were charmed with the grand old place.

On their return to London they visited the late Sir Charles' town house, and found that in keeping with the estate in Devonshire, and surely their prospects appeared to be as bright as they or any one could wish.

One evening Mr. Compton, the lawyer, who was one of the first among his profession in the city, invited them to his mansion to meet some of his friends, and they were introduced to a number of people who frequented the highest circles in the great city.

Among others, they met Lady Sherbrooke and her charming daughter, Vivien, and who, they were not long in discovering, greatly to their joy, were the mother and sister of Lord Carrol.

Mrs. Richards was exultant over this piece of good luck, as she deemed it, and tried to make herself very agreeable to her ladyship, while Josephine sought to ingratiate herself with the younger lady.

"I had the pleasure of meeting your son, Lord Carrol, when he was in America," Mrs. Richards remarked, during her conversation with the young lord's mother.

"Indeed!" she said, looking interested at once, for her children were an all-absorbing topic at any time with her.

"Yes; we first met him at Long Branch, a fashionable watering place, and he afterward favored us with a visit of a few days at our country seat, in Yonkers."

Mrs. Richards was determined to make the most out of the advantages she had enjoyed.

"Ah, yes, I believe he has told me something about it," the lady responded, while she thought that if such were the case she must arrange in some way to return the compliment thus paid to her idolized son.

If they were successors to Sir Charles Thornton, they would occupy no mean position in the social world, she reasoned, and it would be no more than right to cultivate their acquaintance, while she could but acknowledge that Mrs. Richards was quite a superior appearing woman, and Josephine possessed beauty of a very brilliant type.

The half hour that she spent conversing with Mrs. Richards only served to strengthen the good opinion she had at first formed, and before they left Mr. Compton's she had arranged with them to spend a portion of the following week at their estate in Cheshire.

This was more than Mrs. Richards had expected, but she plumed herself upon her tact in managing things so cleverly, and looked forward to the visit with no small amount of interest.

The next day, through Lady Sherbrooke's influence, she received cards for a grand reception at Lady Tukesbury's, who resided in a palatial mansion in Piccadilly, and she felt assured that they were now fully launched upon a brilliant career.

Of course they accepted the invitation, she appearing in black velvet, point lace and diamonds, while Josephine was resplendent in rich white silk and scarlet verbenas.

"Who is she? Where did she come from?" was whispered on all sides.

"An American. Ah! that accounts for her brilliant style of beauty, then. Inherit Sir Charles Thornton estates, do they? In that case they will be quite an acquisition to society," were the opinions expressed and the conclusions arrived at by people who were careful in such matters; and then seekers for introductions—and seekers for fortunes—pressed forward for an introduction to the beautiful young heiress.

But not withstanding Josephine enjoyed herself, and felt no small degree of pride at receiving these attentions from lords and baronets, she found herself looking everywhere for one familiar form, one dark, handsome face, which she had never forgotten, and which she knew she should recognize anywhere and under any circumstances.

"Mamma, I wonder if Lord Carrol is here?" she whispered, when once during the evening they happened to be together.

"I don't know; I will ask Lady Sherbrooke if I have an opportunity," she replied.

She managed to get near her ladyship soon after, and asked:

"Is your son out of town, Lady Sherbrooke?"

"No; he is not out of town. He had another engagement tonight, but he said he would drop in in season to take us home," Lord Carrol's mother returned. "Ah! there he is now," she added, as she saw him approaching, and her face lighted with both pride and pleasure.

He appeared to be greatly surprised to find Mrs. Richards there, but greeted her politely, although she felt the restraint in his manner which he could not quite conceal.

She beckoned to Josephine, who was not far distant, and presented her, with a feeling of pride in her brilliant beauty that she did not try to hide.

He shook hands with her, though his face flushed as he remembered the awkward position in which she had placed him at Yonkers by misrepresenting the motive of his visit there.

"You did not come to see us again before leaving America, after all," she said, in tones of playful reproach, when they had exchanged greetings.

"No; my time was so fully occupied that I found it impossible to make any calls," he returned, a shade of sadness coming into his fine eyes as he thought of how his time had been employed and the unhappiness it had caused him.

"You received my little package, I perceive," Josephine said, glancing at the cameo upon his hand, and with a flush rising to her cheeks.

"Yes; did you not receive my acknowledgment of it?" he asked, in surprise.

"No; I have never heard anything from you," she answered, with downcast eyes.

"But I wrote, thanking you. You must have thought me lacking in courtesy," Lord Carrol said, regretfully.

"No—but—Lord Carrol, there has been a misunderstanding about that jewel from the first. I really do not know what you believe regarding it, for your note was somewhat ambiguous, and I trust you will allow me to explain more fully to you some time how I happened to have it," Josephine replied, with an appealing glance at him from her brilliant dark eyes.

He bowed somewhat coldly in return. He could not forget that his darling had said that she stole it from her—that one little treasure which she had prized more than anything else in the world, and there could be no excuse for, no explanation of, an act so cowardly and cruel, he thought.

"I little thought that day at Long Branch, when Mrs. Richards was telling me that you were relatives of Sir Charles Thornton, that you would eventually become his heirs," Lord Carrol remarked.

"Mamma thought of it, however, although she did not really expect anything of the kind. Do you remember her asking you if Sir Charles had any family?"

"Yes."

"Well, she knew that there were very few relatives, and she did wonder then who would inherit the estates if he should die childless. But it seems like some romantic tale to me. I can scarcely realize it even yet."

"I should judge," he said, smiling, "if I could form any opinion from the court which I saw you holding as I entered, that you would be considered quite an acquisition in London circles."

He did not say that he should consider her such, and a thrill of pain shot through her heart at his indifference; but she appeared to take it as a personal compliment from him, and answered, with a shy look:

"Thank you; I find it very pleasant to be here, at all events."

Her tone, her glance, and the emphasis which she threw into that last sentence, would have turned half the heads in that room, but they did not move him in the least.

He was constantly thinking of a fair, sweet face, framed in gold; of azure eyes, with white lids and long, curling lashes, and smiling coral lips, with the gleam of small white teeth between; of his bright, beautiful Star—the light of his life.

Josephine kept him at her side for half an hour or more, and then she was obliged to release him, and fulfill an engagement to dance.

But her heart was full of passionate longing to win his love; he had never appeared so grand and manly to her before; and as she stood before her glass that night, after her return from Lady Tukesbury's reception, and removed the flowers from her hair and bosom, she said, while she set her small white teeth resolutely together:

"I will move heaven and earth to win him; I will bend all my energies to become Lady Carrol. A whole year has passed and he has not married; there was not even any one present tonight to whom he paid particular attention, and it cannot be possible that he is still grieving for that milk-and-water beauty, Star Gladstone. No; I have the field clear to myself, and I swear I will yet be Countess of Carrol."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE MOCK MARRIAGE.

When Lady Sherbrooke informed her son that she had invited Mr. Richards and his family to spend the following week with them at their country residence, and to help them make merry with a number of their friends, his face clouded instantly, and she saw that he was not pleased with the arrangement.

"Have I done anything wrong, Archie?" she asked, much disturbed. "I thought you would be pleased. They spoke of your spending several days with them when you were in America, and I supposed you would be glad to return the civility."

His lips had curled slightly when she mentioned that they had told of his visit to Yonkers, He thought they should have preferred to keep it to themselves, rather than boast of it in order to get a return, under the circumstances.

But he said nothing of this, and answered, as brightly as he could:

"No, mother, dear; you have done nothing wrong, and I will try and make myself as agreeable as possible to your guests. But I must confess that neither Mrs. nor Miss Richards is agreeable to me."

"Why, Archie?"

"I would prefer to say nothing just now, since they are coming to visit us. Perhaps some time I can tell you why," he answered, thoughtfully.

"I am sorry," Lady Sherbrooke returned, regretfully, while she studied her son's face wistfully. "I wish I had known of this in season to have avoided anything so extremely unpleasant. But they were so profuse in their praises of you that I supposed of course that you reciprocated their friendliness."

"Never mind," he said, lightly; "a week will not be very long. No doubt Miss Richards—who, I admit, is a very brilliant girl—will be a great addition to your party, and I would not have any little whim of mine mar it for the world."

"Archie, did you ever——" began his mother, with a startled, rueful glance at him, as it suddenly came to her that there might be a more serious reason for this than she had dreamed.

But he interrupted her with a laugh.

"No, mother; I never did," he said, with an amused gleam in his eyes. "And now ask me nothing more at present, please; but when your guests are all gone, I have a little story for your ear, and shall want a share of sympathy and counsel from your wise head and great heart."

Cheshire House, situated about a dozen miles out from London, was filled to overflowing during the following week, and everybody appeared to anticipate a season of intense enjoyment.

The hospitable hostess and her lovely daughter, assisted by Lord Carrol, spared no effort to make it a memorable one; and when, right in the midst of it all, Ralph Meredith came by special invitation, one, at least, of that merry number, felt that everything was complete, and nothing more to be wished for.

The last night of their stay there had been set apart for a great time.

The evening was to be spent in games, private theatricals and masquerade until twelve o'clock, after which hour they were to "trip the light fantastic toe" as long as they liked.

Vivien Sherbrooke and Josephine Richards were declared by each and all to be the belles of the evening, notwithstanding they were entirely different in the style of their beauty.

There could not be much doubt regarding Josephine's sentiments toward his lordship, for, as they stood for a few moments together beneath an arch of evergreen which had been erected at one end of the hall, her face was raised to his, as she listened to what he was saying, with a tender, almost rapt expression, and her eyes were humid with the love which filled her heart for him.

He thought that she had never appeared to so much advantage as now. During all her stay at Cheshire House she had been more kind and gentle, more womanly than he had ever seen her before; and now he lingered by her side, realizing how very beautiful she was, and feeling almost as if he had wronged her in the past by judging her so harshly, and his manner involuntarily became more gracious and friendly toward her.

She saw it, and it made her heart bound with a wild hope, and she became so radiant, so fascinating and bewildering, that he wondered if he had indeed been nourishing an unjust prejudice against her.

Lady Sherbrooke saw them standing there, apparently oblivious of everything and everybody else, and an anxious look shot into her face, for she had studied Miss Richards during her unguarded moments the past week, reading her character like an open book with her womanly intuition, and she knew that she would never make a good man happy.

Suddenly one merry sprite appeared to be possessed by a novel idea of some kind, and went flitting about the room, whispering, laughing and making signs at the pair under the evergreen arch.

The company, who were mostly young people, appeared to join in with her proposals, whatever they were, and at length she danced gayly up to Lord Carrol and Josephine, saying, eagerly:

"Archie"—she had known him all her life, and being intimate in the family, felt privileged to address him thus—"Archie, we have been arranging such capital fun, and we want you to agree to help us in it."

"Certainly I will assist you. You know you are to do exactly as you like tonight, and get all the enjoyment you can out of this occasion."

"Oh, you are perfectly delightful! Isn't he, Miss Richards?" returned the merry girl, with a glance at Josephine, and the look which that young lady shot at him, half startled but wholly admiring, together with the flush which leaped into her cheeks, answered the question better than any words could have done.

"Well, granted that I am all that," Lord Carrol said, laughing, "what next?"

"We are going to have a mock marriage—everybody has agreed that it will be something new under the sun, and we're just in the mood for a wedding or any event equally exciting. It is almost on the stroke of twelve, and it will be just the thing to wind up with before we begin our dancing."

"Don't you think it will seem like trifling with a serious subject?" Lord Carrol asked, rather gravely.

"Oh, no. Of course we do not mean anything wrong; it is only for a little fun, and we do so want a bride to lead off in the dance," replied the thoughtless girl.

"Well," the young man returned, lightly, "anything you like, only do not let the ceremony be too tedious, for I am ready for my dance, and I believe I shall ask you to be my first partner, Minnie. But who are you going to have for victims?" he concluded, unsuspicious of the trap he was walking into.

"Oh, you're to be the groom, and Miss Richards the bride. She is the only one in the room who is dressed all in white, as a bride should be, and this green arch is just the place for the ceremony to be performed."

Lord Carrol felt anything but comfortable over this arrangement. He glanced at Josephine to see how she would take it. But she stood with downcast eyes, looking the picture of lovely confusion, a beautiful color in her face, while he noticed that the hand which held her fan trembled visibly.

Lord Henderson said he would play parson and "pronounce the banns," the merry child rattled on, "and he is so portly he will make a first-rate one. Now, Archie, you and Miss Richards go into the anteroom yonder, so as to come in like a real bridal party. Wait, there is that lovely lace shawl of Lady Orton's; she will lend it, I know, for a veil, and it will be just the thing. Now don't stand there like a pair of bashful lovers, for it's only play, you know," she added, saucily.

"Well, Miss Richards, Miss Shelton intends to have everything her own way, and I do not see but what we shall be obliged to help her carry out her plans," Lord Carrol said, trying to speak lightly, and to make the best of a very—to him—disagreeable situation.

"You certainly do resemble a bride in your dress," he added, "more than any one else in the room, and, if agreeable to you, we will assist at the little piece of folly just to please the children."

If he could but have known of the tumult that was raging within her at the mere mention of such a ceremony in connection with him, he would not have called it that—it would have been sacrilege!

She was trembling like a leaf, and she knew that that marriage service, though but the meaningless freak of a wild girl, would seem as solemn to her as if he were really to make her his wife.

He offered her his arm, and they retired to the anteroom together, and Lord Carrol could not help perceiving the strange thrill which pervaded the girl's whole frame as her hand came in contact with his arm.

But they were not left long alone, for Miss Shelton soon came tripping in with an exquisite point lace shawl hanging over her arm.

"Everybody is on the *qui vive*," she said, breathlessly, "and we must not keep them waiting. Sit down, Miss Richards, on this divan, and let me pin this shawl on your head; it will make a lovely bridal veil. There, Lord Carrol, don't she charming?" she asked, after she had dexterously arranged it in graceful folds. "Doesn't she look like a real bride?"

"I think your efforts have been eminently successful to make her appear like one," he answered, smiling; and certainly Josephine was as lovely as it was possible for any one to be.

Lord Carrol felt very uneasy, but he offered his arm to Josephine again, and her hand fell upon it, white and soft as a snowflake.

They passed out into the great ballroom and paused under the green arch, while murmurs of surprise and admiration greeted them from every side, for the addition of the lace shawl to Josephine's already charming toilet had greatly enhanced her appearance.

Two or three young girls, led by Minnie Shelton, advanced and took their station by her side to act as bridesmaids, and then Lord Henderson, clad in a long white robe improvised for the occasion, came forward and read the marriage service.

When the ring was called for, the gay girl who had planned all this reached behind the bride and tucked one into Lord Carrol's hand.

He was strangely impressed, a feeling of awe, a chill, creeping over him as he felt it and thought of its significance. But he took it and put it on the finger of the mock bride, repeating "with this ring I wed thee, and all my goods endow thee," feeling as if he were going through a mock ry almost too horrible to endure.

Josephine, too, trembled visibly, while the hand that he held was as cold as ice.

She would have given the world to have been able to control herself, for she feared that the company would suspect something of the truth in her heart, but she could not.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

IN order to use more letters than usual, shorter ones have been selected and these have been cut down to even shorter lengths. This gives a greater number of readers the opportunity of joining in the conversation as no one sister would wish to monopolize the conversation were we to meet in person, a short letter in this instance does as well as a longer one. Forgive me if I make your letters sound like telegrams.—Ed.

A young sister, Edna Warren, of Shepherdsville, Ky., sends in the poem that is printed below. It's worth reading and thinking over.

If with pleasure you are viewing any work a man is doing,
If you like it or you love him, tell him now;
Don't withhold your approbation 'til the parson makes oration,
And he lies with lilies o'er his brow.
For no matter how you shout it, he won't really care about it,
He won't know how many teardrops you have shed;
If you think some praise is due him,
Now's the time to slip it to him,
For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead.

More than fame and more than money is the comment, kind and sunny,
And the hearty, warm approval of a friend;
For it gives to life a savor and it makes you, stronger, braver,
And it gives you heart and spirit to the end.
If he earns your praise, bestow it;
If you like him, let him know it;
Let the words of true encouragement be said.
Do not wait 'til life is over and he's underneath the clover,
For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead.

CONESUS, N. Y.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
I am the mother of five children, three boys and two girls, so you see why I enjoy the sisters' letters.
We came from Washington the first of the year. While we were living in the West we bought our flour in cloth sacks and when these sacks were washed and bleached I made many pretty and useful things from them. Six sacks, joined together with rickrack braid made a good table-cloth for everyday use. A friend of mine had a pretty luncheon set and apron to match made of the sacks. The luncheon cloth had a teapot, tip and saucer embroidered in bright colors in each corner, and the six napkins had a cup and saucer embroidered in one corner. The apron was embroidered with the same design. She also had pillow slips made of the unbleached muslin, with the hems of pink gingham and a rose of the pink put on with the short-and-long stitch in white embroidery thread.
I had a lovely pink primrose but small flies got in the roots. I put a small amount of wood ashes around the plant and it not only killed the flies but made it much stronger.
Love to Mrs. Wilkinson and the sisters.

MRS. FLOYD WESTER.

Mrs. Wester.—Your letter came almost not getting printed this month. I was strongly in favor of saying it until later, to be printed with some other Christmas suggestions I have been accumulating from time to time. If anyone has any ideas for homemade Christmas gifts, now is the time to send them in. Don't put it off any longer.—Ed.

INDIANA.

DEAR COMFORT READERS:
Do not censure the "steps" too much. Their life isn't an easy one. I know whereof I speak. A woman entering the home in the capacity of stepmother with outsiders talking to the children, has lots of thorns in her path. I have three steps and one of my own and now husband and I have another sweet boy. We get along better than some families that are not so mixed up. My own youngster lives mostly with my parents but the children here write to him and talk about the good times we will have when brother comes to see us. My stepdaughter is twelve and small for her age. She helps me with the work and I am trying to teach her all that a good girl should be and know. She is also learning to do all kinds of housework, but not all at once. Instead of saying "Do this," or "You must do that," I say, "Which would you rather do," or "Would you like to try this today?" She almost invariably takes the choice of some new work, thereby learning one more thing. She hates to wash dishes and if possible I always help her. Her little brother, five years old, can dry the dishes and pick things up from the floor. He enjoys helping me and when I was sick he said to me, "If I don't help you, you might die like my other mamma." When I bake cookies or bread he always bakes too. I tell him if his hands are clean he can help me. You should see him fly for the wash basin.
The worst trouble is outside talk. Their grandmother talks to others and in a roundabout way it gets to the children, that I make them work too hard, that they won't grow, etc. Their father does not allow them to visit her but they hear it. Why won't people mind their own business when others are trying to do the best they can?
To the Mother of Two Children, I'd say, if you are willing to give and take you can be as happy with another man but I would not advise you to marry a man that has children. There is too much strife and contention, and it require a lot of patience to get along, especially if he happens to be of a jealous disposition. My husband and I had an understanding about the children before we were married. When one corrects the other keeps still and they almost always come to me when in trouble rather than go to him and I have most of the correcting to do.
May I come again?

B. W.

SEVIERVILLE, TENN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:
I find it nice to get COMFORT and turn to the Sisters' Corner with its many helpful letters. Those who do not take COMFORT do not realize what they are losing in life.
I am an ex-soldier's wife, twenty-eight years old. Am five feet, two inches tall and weigh 160 pounds. I have light hair and a fair complexion. I live on a farm and have a real good husband.
I have a son twenty months old who shows an ungovernable temper and is stubborn. He seems to understand almost everything I say to him but he doesn't talk much. He is obedient at times and at other times it is almost impossible to do anything with him. He will get fighting mad and throw something into the fire or break it. Can anyone help me?
Wishing you happiness and prosperity,
Your COMFORT Sister, MRS. LEVATON OGLE.

MT. OLIVE, N. C.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
Descriptions seem to be in order so I will give you a brief picture of myself. I am nineteen years old and have been married two years. Have blue eyes, dark brown curly hair and am about five and one-half feet tall. My baby girl is four and one-half months old and weighs eighteen pounds and has one little tooth. Don't you think that is doing well?
I have read several articles on Better Kitchens but I never read one that appealed to me as much as Clara Huntington's article in the March number. My husband and I are planning on building our house this fall if we have good luck, and I intend having my kitchen fixed up that way as I know the value of a cozy, warm kitchen on cold winter days.
I want to pass on to you a little advice that has helped me. Do you, when making a cake, ever pay any attention to the terms, "folding," "beating" and "stirring?" And have you ever thought how wrong stirring and putting together will cause a cake to be heavy and soggy? "Creaming" is another term which means to measure out the sugar and butter (or shortening) and cream it together; a good way to do this is to take the back of a spoon and mash the sugar and butter together until well mixed and creamy. Then add required number of eggs and beat. When the flour is put in it must be "stirred" which is a rotary movement, to prevent destroying the air cells caused by beating, then the whites of the eggs must be beaten to a stiff froth and folded in with a gentle motion of taking the batter in the spoon and folding over and over until the whites of the eggs cannot be seen. If you will follow this plan of putting a cake together you will be rewarded with a light, fluffy cake.
Love to all.

G. H. K.

MALVERN, IOWA.

HELLO EVERYBODY:
I have read lots of discussions on children but have not read anything as to whether it is best to rear one child alone. I would like to have this discussed in this corner. I have one child, a little girl, three years old. I was married young. I enjoy keeping my house clean, making garden and best of all, raising chickens. I love to work out of doors. I make my spending money from chickens.
I am going to get some dotted muslin and make curtains and bedspread to match, trimmed with linen lace. They will be nice and not expensive.
We moved again this spring. We have a six-room house and a good place to raise chickens. This makes our second year of farming. We moved six times in three years so I'm getting to be an old hand at the game. If any of the sisters need help, just call on me.
With love and best wishes,

JEFF.

Jeff.—Yes, and why not give us the benefit of your experiences in moving. You must be more or less of an authority on the subject by this time and able to find the things you need when you want them instead of being obliged to wait patiently until they turn up of their own free will. That's been my experience in moving. I always say, "I hope this will be the last time."—Ed.

NORCATUR, KANS.

DEAR COMFORT FAMILY:
The top o' the morning to yez. I thought if I started early I might get in so here I am at 7 A. M. Some family we have. Mrs. Wilkinson's middle name must be Patience, else how can she watch over such a bunch.
Country Reader, if you enjoy using a saw and hammer as much as I do I don't wonder you lathe. I truly wish I were a carpenter.
Daisy Whiteman, I agree with you about the movies. There are pictures, to be sure, that are all wrong. Others are all right and that is the kind the children and I go to occasionally. If there happens to be some part that doesn't seem just right, just be thankful it's no worse.
I am wondering why so many think it just the thing for Molly-Joe to marry. Hasn't the dear girl had enough trouble for a while? Here's wishing her good luck in whatever she attempts.
Sarah, no wonder you are delighted with the promised visit of your mother. What a glad time it was for me when my dear mother was coming. The very softest bed, the easiest chair and the very best "eats" I could fix up were all for her. After her visit was over how lonely I was.
To the sister who asked how to make plants bloom through the winter I would say give them lots of love (did I hear someone laugh?), and plenty of water and sunshine. I have many blooming now. Primroses are great winter bloomers.
Two widths of unbleached muslin put together with a three-inch border around it makes a very neat and durable everyday table-cloth. I prefer dyeing some of the muslin for the border as one is more apt to get a good bright, fast color that way.
Two flour sacks, dyed some bright color and made into a dress for a child is pretty and wears like gingham. If it is finished with some design of the now popular applique in contrasting color it looks real nifty.
I take delight in making pretty somethings out of nothing. Maybe it is because I have always had to.

WHISTLING RUFUS.

BLACK RIVER, MICH.

DEAR SISTERS:
I didn't knock but walked right in. I hope you will ask me to take a chair among you. I think COMFORT is like a nice warm fire on a raw, chilly day. There's something about COMFORT that I cannot describe, something friendly, but all of you know what I mean. Every letter is like meeting a new person.
I have been married six years and have two lovable children, one four years and the other two months, both girls.
Now let me give you a few helps in return for the many I have gotten from you.
If you have plenty of wheat and only a little money, try browning the wheat and crushing it slightly and using it as a substitute for coffee. It makes a delicious and healthful drink. If desired, a little real coffee can be put in with the wheat when nearly browned and grind or crush all together. Keep it in an airtight can.
If butter is too hard to serve do not melt it but fill a bowl with boiling water and let it remain in it until the bowl is thoroughly heated through. Pour the water out and turn the hot bowl over the butter. This will soften it but none will be wasted.
I hope to hear from some of the sisters as I am alone much of the time.
Good luck to all.

MRS. CLARENCE DECKETT.

Mrs. Deckett.—You said the nicest thing ever about COMFORT when you likened it to a warm fire on a cold day. Thank you.—Ed.

RIVERDALE, MICH.

DEAR FRIENDS:
I have been a reader of COMFORT for six years. It surely is deserving of its name. I read the Cubby Bear stories to my children at bedtime. How many mothers have your children take afternoon naps? I have a boy of six and a girl of four and I don't believe they have missed half-a-dozen naps since they were born. It is a rest to the mother and children learn to look forward to it.
How many of you enjoy out-of-door life? I do and help my husband on the farm sometimes.
I am five feet, four inches tall and weigh 160 pounds. Have brown hair and eyes. My motto is, "Do as you wish to be done by," and you will have scores of friends if you follow this rule.

MRS. O. F. MACK.

TENNESSEE.

HOWDY FOLKS:
Just thought I'd drop in to see what you were doing and to hear the news. I know most of you for I'm an old reader. If Mrs. W. turns me out I can pat myself on the back for having nerve enough to try anyway and I always try to be a good loser as well as a good winner.
How many of you girls are troubled with a stubborn temper? I know you don't like to admit it but I'm going to 'fess up that I am and that it purty nigh gets the best of me sometimes. When I get real angry I repeat this poem and it helps me cool off:

"Keep a watch on your words, my darlings,
For words are wonderful things;
They are sweet like the bees' fresh honey;
Like the bees, they have terrible stings.
They can bless like the warm, glad sunshine
And brighten a lonely life,
They can cut in the strife of anger
Like a cruel two-edged knife.

"Keep them back if they are cold and cruel,
Under bar and lock and seal;
For, the wounds they make, my darlings,
Are always slow to heal.
May peace guard your lips forever,
From the time of your early youth,
May the words that you daily utter
Be the beautiful words of truth."

How many try to see something good or beautiful in everyone you meet? I think there are good traits in almost everyone if we would only take the trouble to look for them. When we see one of our companions fall by the wayside, let's stop and try to give him a lift. Give him a kind word and a smile and encourage him to do better. That's better than going to some of your friends and telling them what you saw and heard. You don't know how much this help means unless you have had the bitter experience of having fallen by the wayside. I want to say here that I once was almost friendless, through a great mistake I was led to make by one whom I thought was my best friend. A kind word and a smile was worth dollars to me and if it had not been for the loving kindness and friendly advice of some of my good Christian friends I shudder at the thought of what I might have been today. I am striving to move onward and upward instead of sinking lower. As Emerson says, "I find the great thing in the world is not so much where we stand as in the direction we are moving."

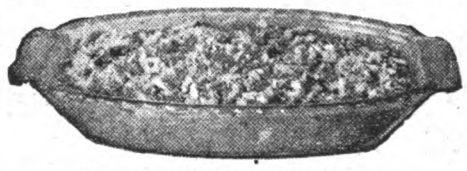
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

Fall Pickling

FOR a long time I have thought of every COMFORT Sister as possessing a large and particularly active sweet tooth, judging by the cake, pie and pudding recipes that were sent me. I used to wonder if you didn't have an occasional beef stew or boiled dinner and have a haunting suspicion that I said something like that to you. My humble apologies, and my thanks for the pickle, marmalade and catsup recipes below. Most any of the pickles would "go" well with the Spanish beef, in center illustration, and any left-over marmalade could be used as filling for the tarts, though the apricot filling that is given is very good.—Ed.

EGGPLANT BAKED WITH TOMATO.—Slice and peel one eggplant and let it stand in strongly salted water 20 minutes. Pile the slices, cover with an inverted plate and on top place a weight to press out the water. This process makes the eggplant much finer in flavor and texture. Butter a baking dish, place a layer of

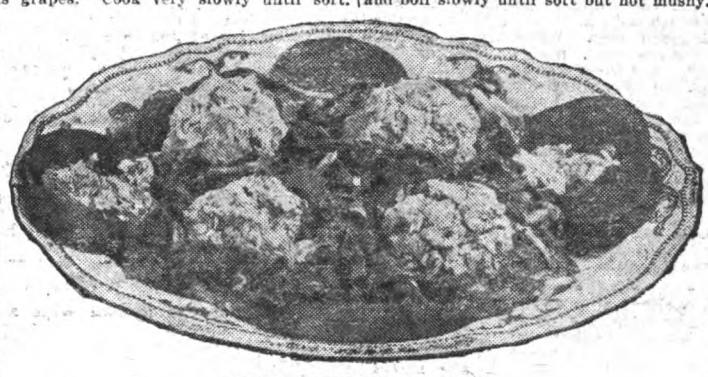


EGGPLANT BAKED WITH TOMATO.

eggplant, then a layer of sliced ripe tomatoes, and top with grated cheese, bits of butter, a little salt and pepper. Judgment is necessary in the matter of seasoning, it depending on the salt already in cheese and eggplant, and the "bite" of the cheese. Repeat layers until all is used, then sprinkle with fine cracker-crumbs and bake until tender. The dish should be covered the first 20 minutes.

SPANISH BEEF AND SPINACH.—Dice meat left from another meal. Add one onion, salt, pepper, paprika, green peppers, parsley, celery seed, garlic and savory. Simmer this concoction in a little meat stock. Form into balls, surrounding it with cooked spinach and slices of beets.—MARY HARROD NORTHEND, Salem, Mass.

FRUIT BUTTERS.—Sound fruit, though small and imperfect, may be used for butters. Prepare it carefully, discarding the poor parts. Cut fruit such as pears, apples and quinces in pieces. Add water barely to cover for hard fruits and as little as possible for juicy fruits, such as grapes. Cook very slowly until soft. Rub through a sieve to remove skins, seeds and cores. Reheat the pulp to evaporate the water until it is thick. A double boiler may be used or the kettle set in a pail of water to prevent burning. If cooked by direct heat, constant stirring is necessary. Add spices, ground cinnamon and clove if desired. Pour while hot into sterilized jars, adjust rubbers and covers. Place jars in a boiler of water and let remain twenty minutes, timing the sterilizing from the time the water boils over the jars. Then lower the clamp to seal and invert. Grape or apple syrup may be added to the pulp when boiled down, giving a richer product. The blended flavors are often an improvement and less sugar need be added later.—*United States Food Administration.*



SPANISH BEEF AND SPINACH.

MIXED PICKLE.—Two quarts string beans, two quarts lima beans, two quarts sugar corn, two quarts tiny onions, two quarts tiny cucumbers, two quarts cabbage, cut fine, two quarts green tomatoes, two bunches celery, one head of cauliflower, one dozen sweet red peppers, all cut fine, two and one-half pounds of sugar, one-quarter pound mustard seed, one-eighth pound celery seed, three tablespoons salt, one ounce tumeric and vingear to cover. Cook string beans and lima beans in salt water until tender, drain and add to other mixture. Cook all twenty minutes then seal in airtight jars. —MRS. A. WILLIG, Glenarm, Md.

PLUM SHORTCAKE.—Sift together two cups of sifted flour, two tablespoons of sugar, three-fourths teaspoon of salt, and two teaspoons of baking powder. Work in two tablespoons of butter. Beat one egg very light and mix in one-half cup of sweet milk, and add this to the dry mixture. Beat hard. Without kneading, spread the dough evenly in a greased round tin Bake in a quick oven until brown. Split, and butter gen-

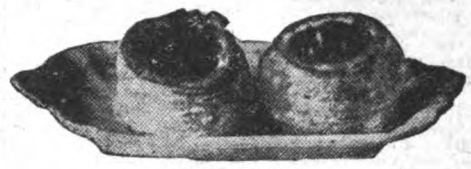


PLUM SHORTCAKE.

erously, and cover with plums previously prepared as follows: Remove the stones by cutting open lengthwise at one side. Drop into a boiling heavy syrup and simmer until the skins are tender. Remove the plums which should retain their shape, boil down the juice, add a little butter, grated orange peel and a pinch of cinnamon, and pour over the shortcake when cool.

INDIA RELISH.—One gallon green tomatoes, four large onions, three red peppers, three green peppers. Chop all fine and mix with large handful of salt. Let stand over night. In morning drain well. Add three cups brown sugar, one tablespoon each of black pepper, cloves and allspice, three tablespoons of mustard seed, two tablespoons of celery seed, two pints good vinegar (more if too dry). Cook about half an hour, being careful it doesn't scorch. Seal in jars or bottles.

APRICOT TARTS.—Make puff pastry and roll thin. For the bottom crust cut the pastry whole, but for the rings cut out the center to within half an inch of the



APRICOT TARTS.

edge. Between rings, moisten with a little cold water. Bake in a very hot oven.

FILLING.—Soak apricots in cold water about one hour, or until the skins will easily slip off. Cover with fresh cold water and soak over night. Cook hard about fifteen minutes, then put through a colander. Sweeten to taste. Take about two cups of the mashed apricots, bring to a boil, and add one level tablespoon of butter mixed with one tablespoon of corn-starch. Cook five minutes and then pour the mixture over two well-beaten egg yolks. Beat, return to fire and cook two minutes. When cold, fill pastry shells.

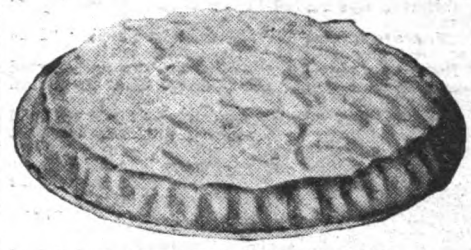
PEPPER HASH.—One dozen red peppers, one dozen green peppers, three large onions. Chop all very fine. Cover with boiling water and let stand ten minutes. Drain well. Cover again and let come to a boil. Set aside ten minutes and drain well again. Add three tablespoons salt, one pint vinegar, one cup of sugar and cook fifteen minutes. Put in jars and seal.

CARROT PICKLES.—Select carrots of uniform size, to fit into jars. Cook until tender and let cool. Prepare a liquid as follows: One cup sugar, two tablespoons mixed spices, and one quart of vinegar. Boil five minutes. Pack the carrots in sterilized jars, pour the boiling liquid over them until jar is full, clamp on the lid, loosely, and boil fifteen minutes. Put on fresh rubbers and tighten lids.—MRS. WALTER LAMAN, Delphos, O.

PICKLED PEACHES.—One gallon of peaches (with seeds), one cup of sugar, one-half cup of vinegar, and one-half cup of water. Put sugar, water and vinegar in pan with one teaspoon cloves and two teaspoons of cinnamon and let boil a few minutes; then add peaches and let cook until tender. Remove with fork and put into jars. Let syrup boil a while longer then pour over fruit and seal.—MRS. H. MOYER, Lesterville, Mo.

TO PICKLE SMALL ONIONS.—(Requested.) Select onions about as large around as a half dollar. Peel and boil slowly until soft but not mushy. Boil together vinegar, sugar, salt and spices, enough of the latter added to vinegar to suit taste. Some prefer very sour pickles. If vinegar is too strong, weaken with water. Drain water off onions, pack into jars, pour boiling vinegar mixture over them and seal. String or wax beans can be pickled in the same way. Choose beans that are from three to four inches in length, clean as for table use but do not break into smaller pieces. Cook until tender, and then cover with boiling vinegar mixture and seal.

ONE-CRUST APPLE PIE WITH CREAM.—Line a deep pie plate with pastry and shape the edge the same as for custard pie. Fill with early tart apples sliced fairly thin and over the top put three-fourths cup of sugar that has been mixed with two level teaspoons of flour.



ONE-CRUST APPLE PIE WITH CREAM.

Season with a little cinnamon and nutmeg, and dot with bits of butter. Place in a hot oven for ten minutes, then reduce the heat and bake 50 minutes. Let cool, and just before serving spread with whipped cream. Peach pie is made the same way, omitting the spice and using orange juice and a little water.

TO CAN STRING OR WAX BEANS.—The easiest and most certain way that I have found of canning string beans is as follows: Pick new, tender beans, string and break into halves. Put to cook in cold water over steady fire. Bring to boil, as soon as water begins to boil add to it one and one-half cup of vinegar to every gallon of beans in kettle. Boil for fifteen minutes; can in steaming, airtight jars and they will be sure to keep. When ready to use on table, pour off all juice, cook for twenty minutes in water to which a little soda has been added then finish cooking in clear water (have it hot when beans are cut into it) and season as desired.—BROADWAY ROSE, Maryland.

APRICOT MARMALADE.—Take equal parts of apricots and grated pineapple and add enough sugar to sweeten. Boil until thick.—MRS. OLON MAKADANZ, Ocheltree, Kansas.

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The Winning Gamble

By Alice L. Whitson

PART II.

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JUST for a moment Bonnie hesitated, then slowly she extended her hand.

"I accept your proposition," she said hoarsely. "When shall it be?"

"Nothing like the present for doing things," answered the man. "What do you say to right now?"

"The sooner the better," answered Bonnie carelessly. "I'm ready."

Justin pressed a button near at hand, and almost immediately James appeared.

"This young lady and I are to be married right away, James," he said pleasantly. "You will arrange the matter for us."

James' mouth flew open in astonishment, but a motion from Justin caused him to remain silent.

"You," he said, turning to Bonnie, "will please step into the adjoining room and make yourself comfortable until I call you."

When she was gone James hastily crossed the floor to Justin's side.

"I hope you are doing nothing foolish, Justin Hall," he said slowly.

"So do I," Justin answered, "but you see, that little fortune of Uncle John's will come in handy for us, and she won't bother us with her presence long."

"Oh, I see," said James with a smile, "sort of a *buy*, is it?"

"I wouldn't call it that," answered Justin quickly, "but we've agreed to get married and separate immediately."

"Will you change your dressing-gown for the occasion?" asked James.

"Certainly I will," retorted Justin. "A man doesn't get married often; he should look his best under any circumstances. Here, give me a shave and fix me up like a real groom."

In the next room Bonnie stood at the window that overlooked the flower bed on which Justin Hall was gazing when she entered his room, but instead of flowers, Bonnie was mentally visualizing her wedding as it would have been with Lawrence Trabue. All the Lathrop women who had preceded her had been married on the big veranda at Elmwood; in no instance had the rule been broken—she it was who was setting a new example for the rare old name. The name Bonnie Lathrop, she plainly visualized on the front page of a newspaper, wedded to Justin Hall, the noted gambler—the thought maddened her—then remembering the invalid at Elmwood, she crossed the room to a quaint little mirror and began making herself as attractive as possible.

When this was done she walked about the room until she was summoned to appear before Justin Hall.

With firm step she answered his summons and slowly advanced towards the man she was to marry. Her heart beat with excitement when her eyes fell upon Justin arrayed in a black velvet dressing-gown and snowy collar; he looked quite different from the man she had first beheld; in fact, he was extremely handsome—she wished with all her heart he wasn't the noted Gambler of the South.

"Come, little one," said Justin tenderly, "the minister will be here presently. "I just wanted to know whether or not you would be married under your own name."

Bonnie drew herself up proudly.

"I am a Lathrop," she said softly, "its women were never known to do anything shady."

Justin heaved a sigh of relief; he much preferred to be married to Bonnie Lathrop under her own name.

Presently the minister, followed by James and the gardener, entered the room, and Bonnie almost smiled in spite of herself at the ludicrous situation.

"We will be married by the ring ceremony, Rev. White," Justin said as he took from his pocket a slender golden circle and held it up for Bonnie's inspection.

"It was my mother's," he whispered, as Bonnie bowed her head over it. "Will you wear it?"

Bonnie nodded her head in the affirmative, and immediately the ceremony began. When it was over, the minister gave them his blessing and departed, and no sooner than the door had closed upon him, Justin presented Bonnie with a check for forty thousand dollars made payable to the bearer.

"You are indeed very kind," Bonnie stammered when she saw it, "and I am a most grateful girl."

"Don't bother about that," answered Justin, "just remember had it not been for you I would have lost that fortune, and I'd gambled on getting it, too."

"I'm glad, after all," responded Bonnie, "that it wasn't altogether generosity on your part that caused you to make that proposition to me."

"Well, you see, a gambler will gamble on anything," answered Justin, "and so far in life I've never lost a deal."

"You—you wouldn't gamble on me, would you?" Bonnie asked presently.

"I'm not so sure that I wouldn't," Justin declared as his eyes rested on the lovely face before him. "Just suppose," he went on joyously, "that I'd wager ten thousand dollars that I'd win your heart for my very own within five years."

"I'd say that you would know what it felt like to be a loser," answered Bonnie icily.

"You would?" laughed Justin. "Well, I'd like to know the feeling—what say you—how much shall we bet?"

"Since you'd have to pay the bet any way," answered Bonnie indignantly, "why not just keep it in the first place and gamble with yourself?"

"Good idea," chuckled the man. Reaching for a piece of paper on a nearby table, he hastily scribbled a few lines across it and handed it to Bonnie.

"Put that away," he said jokingly, "and keep it for your fifth anniversary, if I'm not with you."

"Thanks," said Bonnie. "I shall enjoy it."

"Don't be too sure," Justin responded. "You know Dr. West could be mistaken."

Bonnie looked down at the eager face before her, and the anguish in her own melted into a friendly smile.

"So far as that is concerned," she said softly, "I hope he is, for a man who would do what you have done today deserves a second chance—now I must be going."

Justin caught her slender hand in his and for an instant he gazed lovingly at the ring on her third finger. Bonnie, too, gazed at the circle, though to her it was a band of mockery. Suddenly their eyes met.

"When will you and your father be leaving?" the man asked eagerly.

"Immediately," answered Bonnie. "I should say within a few days at most."

"And I shall see you no more?" asked Justin slowly.

"No," responded Bonnie, "this is good by—for——ever——"

"Forever is a long time," Justin answered with a merry twinkle in his eye, "but taking it for granted that it is good by, I wonder if you'd mind kissing me just once."

Bonnie drew back perceptibly, but something in the eyes of the man seemed to hold her fascinated. He looked so thin and frail, so helpless and lonely. Bonnie's heart ached for him.

"You have been very kind to me," she said gently. "I think I wouldn't mind one kiss from you."

Stooping down, she allowed the man the coveted caress, then immediately she started towards the door.

At the entrance she turned back, and after one long, lingering look, she smiled.

Bonnie's smile sent the hot blood rushing through Justin's heart as nothing else had done since he had been hurt.

"Just add an additional five hundred to that last bet of mine," he called boyishly as Bonnie passed through the door.

When the girl had gone, Justin rang for his man, James.

"Old man," he said, when James entered the room, "you have been the best friend and secretary any man ever had—and now——"

"What now?" interrupted James laughingly. "Shall I steal back the bride you have let go?"

"No," answered Justin, "I wouldn't want her—that way. What I want you to do is to go to the court house and set a seal of silence on the clerk's lips. No matter what his price is, James," continued Justin as he laid a signed check in his secretary's hand, "buy it."

"Then we will mail the certificate of the marriage to your attorney," said James.

Justin picked up the certificate and eyed it carefully. The thing he held in his hand presented to his attorney would bring a small fortune which otherwise would go to a children's hospital; it would announce to the world his marriage with Bonnie Lathrop also, and she had wished her marriage might be kept a secret. For certain reasons of his own, he, too, preferred the marriage to be kept a secret.

"This, James," he said thoughtfully, "will go to the young lady."

"You mean you'll lose the money?" asked James in astonishment.

Justin nodded. "What does a few thousand dollars mean," he said falteringly, "to a man who already possesses plenty of money—and only six months of life?"

"But, Justin," said his old friend, "don't you think that's a very foolish act?"

"Perhaps," answered Justin, "but, James, for once in my life I'm foolish; I had as well admit to you now as well as later that it was love at first sight, and when I saw a chance of getting her I—I took it, that's all. You will deliver the certificate to her, won't you?"

"Yes, old Top," answered James laughingly, "I'll do anything in the world for you." And picking up his hat, he started on the first requested errand.

When he was alone again Justin picked up the certificate; with the name of Bonnie Lathrop came a mental vision of the beautiful young woman whom he had just married.

He remembered the slight pressure of her hands on his, the tears in her eyes and the gentle caress she had given him. Suddenly he looked down at the useless legs, and a peculiar expression came over his face. Then, straightening up in his chair, he began an exercise with his arms; with a bit of pride he noticed the muscles in them, also the chest expansion he was able to make. Then again his eyes traveled down his body to his useless legs; desperately he tried to move them but to no avail.

"There!" he exclaimed, suddenly giving his knee a sound blow, "you've got to move—you've got to learn to feel again—there's a reason for it—do you understand! Six months to live, eh? Well, we'll see! Anyway, I've got somebody to leave my fortune to, that's some consolation."

* * * * * *

Flushed with excitement over the thing she had done, yet beaming with joy over the money in her possession, Bonnie Lathrop brought her car to a standstill before the old home for which she had sold herself. To her surprise, she found Lawrence Trabue waiting for her on the steps.

Bonnie gave him one freezing glance and would have passed on, but he blocked her progress.

"I have reconsidered, Bonnie," he said earnestly, "and have come to tell you that I will assume your obligations and marry you."

"Perhaps you've decided that the plantation coupled with my social position is worth it," answered Bonnie icily.

"Anyway, I know you need money," answered Trabue, "and I've come to offer it to you."

Bonnie's lips curled in scorn at the man before her.

"You are mistaken," she said haughtily; "I do not need money—nor you—good morning."

Before Lawrence could answer, she had darted past him and swung the massive door to behind her.

For an instant Lawrence stood as one stunned by a heavy blow, then smiling cynically he went slowly down the steps.

"Just one of her little tempers," he said sneeringly. "She'll come 'round all right when time for the mortgage to foreclose comes due."

Colonel Lathrop, to the distress of his nurse, was becoming very restless, when Bonnie came bounding into the room. Dropping down beside her father, she gave him a loving caress.

"I was worried over your long absence, Bonnie," he said wearily.

Bonnie laid a silencing finger on his lips.

"You mustn't worry about me, Daddy dear," she said sweetly, "I am the one in this family to do the worrying now. What you want to do is to rest and grow strong so we can go on a long, pleasant journey—and you, Nurse, may slip out for a bit of sunshine."

"Tell me, Dear," said the old man as soon as the nurse had disappeared from the room, "what has happened? How did you raise the money?"

"Who said I had raised any money?" asked the girl smilingly.

"Your expression, my dear," answered the old man, "gives you away."

"Then, if you must know," answered Bonnie hesitatingly, "where I have been I would say that I had been to my safety vault in the bank, and have credited the savings of a lifetime to a checking account."

Bonnie was a truthful lassie and it hurt her to tell a falsehood, but the one being in the world that she loved above everything else was ill, and any sacrifice, any falsehood was permissible in her sight for his sake.

"You had more than you thought, Bonnie?" the old man questioned eagerly.

"Much more," answered Bonnie cheerfully, as she displayed to her father the little bank-book on which appeared the figures of her deposit.

The astonished expression on her father's face when he saw the amount accredited to her frightened the girl for a moment, then the old man smiled happily.

"I knew I had been generous with you, Bonnie," he said feebly, "but I never suspected you had saved that amount from your allowance."

"Money speaks for itself," said Bonnie with a sigh of relief, "and now that you have nothing to worry over," continued the girl, "just when can I depend on you having strength enough to travel?"

"With money enough to meet our obligations," exclaimed the old man gleefully, "I will soon be well again."

The next few days Bonnie veritably lived in the old library, unearthing and paying bills. First on the list she had written a check to Kerrin Realty Co. that would clear the estate of mortgage; then one by one she cleared the slate, and when the last bill was accounted for she realized she had a balance of ten thousand dollars to her credit.

This, she surmised, would take care of her father for some time to come; of what might happen after that was gone she refused to think.

Believing that Bonnie's thriftiness had saved them from utter ruin, Colonel Lathrop's health improved rapidly—so rapidly that at the end of ten days Dr. West pronounced him able to travel.

Like a gay butterfly Bonnie flitted about the old house, setting it in order for her departure. The thing she had done to obtain money for her father's sake had not oppressed her in the least, though time and again as she busied herself about the house, the wistful face of Justin Hall had come to keep her company.

Nothing was changed about the old home. Old Dorothy would have entire charge of things while she was away, as she had always done; there was only one thing left to do, and that was pruning the rose hedge; this Bonnie decided to do herself. With a pair of pruning shears she set to work, but scarcely had she begun when she saw a big car slowing down in the main road. Instantly she recognized the driver of the machine as Justin Hall's secretary.

Her blood seemed to freeze in her veins as she watched him approach. His polite bow, however, assured her that she had nothing to fear.

"I have been driving here for ten days," James Adams explained as he reached her side, "trying to catch a glimpse of you alone in order to give you this." Thrusting a package into Bonnie's hand, he quickly retraced his steps and moved rapidly away.

Bonnie watched him disappear 'round the bend in the road, then turned her attention to the package. Opening it, she found it to be her marriage certificate accompanied by a note.

"Wife of Mine:" the letter ran, "The enclosed will prove beyond all doubt your claim to my property in case of my death while you are away, and during your absence your own account will be secretly accredited from month to month, by a man with lots of money and only six months of life."

A thoughtful expression came over Bonnie's face as she stood looking at the document in her hands, then thrusting it back into the envelope, she made her way to the house.

In the library she paused, then crossing the room she opened the secret panel in the wall which revealed a hidden safe. She put the certificate in, then took it out and gazed fixedly upon it.

Just as Justin Hall had caught a vision of her when he read her name, the girl got a mental vision of the man when she beheld his name on the certificate that made them man and wife.

Clearly she called to mind the comfortable rooms of Justin Hall, the artistic arrangement of the furniture, the book-lined walls, the little flower garden upon which he had gazed with such wistful eyes. Surely, thought the girl, there must be something good in a man who loved the beautiful things in life as his surroundings showed him to, even though he were a gambler.

There should be some way, too, by which she could show her appreciation of the kindness he had shown her. Her eyes wandered about the rooms in which she now sat so contentedly; the books she loved, the grand piano, the rich carpets, the pictures on the walls were hers through the generosity of Justin Hall.

Suddenly the thought dawned upon her that she was a Lathrop and no woman of the race had ever been known to accept a kindness without returning kindness. It was up to her—she must in some way show her appreciation of what he had done.

Folding the certificate and the note which accompanied it together, she smilingly hid them in the folds of her gown, then turning to her desk, she picked up a piece of paper on which she hastily scribbled a few lines.

"I'se jes' been lokin' fer youse, Miss Bonnie," interrupted old Dorothy from the doorway, "to find out fo' ce'tain whether I is or is not to be de boss 'round here while you and Marse Will'm is away."

Bonnie eyed the woman with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes.

"I'm leaving things in your hands, Aunt Dorothy, but remember, you must rule with love and kindness instead of force."

Old Dorothy made a movement displaying the muscles of her strong arms and the activity of her feet, then she grinned broadly.

"Don't yous worry, Honey," she said, coming a bit closer to the girl, "your Aunt Dorothy will rule dis roost one way or 'tother."

Bonnie smiled at the old negress, then looking up into her face earnestly, she said:

"If—if a gentleman and his secretary should come for a visit in this house while we are away, Aunt Dorothy, won't you promise me that you will do everything you can to make their visit pleasant?"

Old Dorothy scratched her head reflectively, then she grinned broadly at the eager face of the girl.

"Yes, Miss Bonnie," responded Dorothy, "but youse ain't 'spectin' nobody, is you?"

"Not particularly," Bonnie answered, "but in case they should come, you will make them comfortable."

Old Dorothy promised to do her best, and went away wondering what sort of notion Miss Bonnie had up her sleeve.

The next day amid tears and laughter from a few friends and the old servants, the Lathrops left home, and in the afternoon of the same day Justin Hall received a short note that caused him considerable pleasure, especially the last few lines which ran:

"In case you desire a change of location you will find a welcome for yourself and secretary at Elmwood.

"Gratefully yours, BONNIE."

* * * * * *

Surrounded by luxury and comfort in a cosy little cottage overlooking the sea, Colonel Lathrop and his daughter lived in perfect contentment. Each day Bonnie could see an improvement in her father's condition, and 'ere long they were seen on the beach together, he in his comfortable rolling chair, with Bonnie beside him. His old acquaintances sprung up and new ones followed; the cottage became a rendezvous for young people. Never had the beautiful Southern girl received so much attention; morning, noon and night she was pursued by admirers, but to all their devotion she paid not the slightest attention—her one thought in life was the comfort of her beloved father.

* * * * * *

Old Dorothy was putting the finishing touches to the front veranda one hot spring morning when the "honk-honk" of an automobile at the steps startled her. At one glance she saw the car contained a couple of gentlemen, but her heart immediately went out to the one on the back seat, his wistful face appealed to her motherly old soul.

"Good morning," said the man at the wheel as he lifted his cap, to which Aunt Dorothy courtesied in her best fashion.

"Did Miss Lathrop leave any word concerning the coming of a couple of visitors in her absence?" asked the man politely.

"Yas, sir," responded Dorothy quickly, "is you him?"

"I'm one of them," responded the man laughingly, "and the one on the rear seat is the other."

"Get right out and come in," said old Dorothy in true Southern style, "while I go fotch a few chairs."

While she was gone James Adams got out of the car, hastily lifted a folded roller chair from the back compartment and bodily brought forth Justin Hall from the back seat and deposited him therein.

"Fo' de lan' sakes!" exclaimed old Dorothy when she returned and saw the invalid, "is everybody crippled?"

"Oh, no," laughed Justin, "I'm just down for a little while, Aunt—Aunt——"

"Aunt Dorothy," supplied the old negress, "dat's my name—and yours——?"

"Mine," said the man, "is Justin Hall, and my secretary, Mr. Adams."

"Come in an' welcome," said old Dorothy, leading the way.

But Justin begged that he might be allowed to rest on the beautiful porch while James made ready his room.

* * * * * *

Happiness ruled supreme, seemingly, in the cottage by the sea; Bonnie was the center of attraction wherever she happened to be. Her popularity pleased the old Colonel immensely; he liked to see his daughter sought as she was, but sometimes he wondered at her indifference towards the many suitors who came wooing her.

Calling her to his side one lovely sunny morning, he asked her frankly if she had never given matrimony a serious thought.

Bonnie winced at the question, then smiled up at her father.

"I hardly think I have, Daddy dear, though I think it might be interesting."

"There's never been a spinster in the Lathrop family," the old man reminded her.

"True enough," answered the girl, "but no Lathrop woman ever had such a wonderful excuse for remaining single as your daughter has."

Colonel Lathrop patted Bonnie's hand affectionately, but the serious expression still remained on his face.

"I can't help but wish you were settled, Bonnie," he said slowly, "I would feel better satisfied at leaving you."

"Leaving me?" exclaimed Bonnie in a frightened tone of voice as she hastily scanned his face. "You mustn't think of such a thing."

"I don't often," Colonel Lathrop admitted, "but sometimes I feel that I would be happier were you safely married. You know women can wait too long to decide this question."

"But I," laughed Bonnie, "am still young enough to be sought—just watch me."

"Watch 'em seek me, Daddy," she chuckled as she gave him a parting kiss and went running down the white beach.

In his rolling chair at the corner of the porch the old man watched her make her way along the wave-washed shore. Scarcely had she reached the bottom step leading from the cabin until she was joined by a group of admiring friends.

"Young enough," chuckled the old man, "to still be sought—perhaps so—but, anyway, I wish she were safely married."

Nevertheless, with a sigh of relief, he picked up a new magazine and began reading.

* * * * * *

In the Lathrop home with his faithful secretary's assistance, Justin Hall felt very comfortable, and his kindness among the servants soon won for him a place in their hearts forever. In his rolling chair he made the rounds of the house, bobbing up at the most unexpected places and taking his scolding from Aunt Dorothy like a spoiled child, for getting into places he couldn't get out of.

From the house he learned the way to the orchard and the meadow, and it was while making this tour of inspection one day that a great inspiration came to him.

In his imagination the old storm-swept orchard suddenly became a mass of white blossoms; the hillsides became the loafing grounds of thoroughbred sheep, hogs and cattle; the barren fields were suddenly converted into fields of cotton.

Stern reality brought him out of his dreams, but the spark was there, and as the day passed he talked it over with James.

"No doubt it would be a paying proposition," said James Adams when Justin laid bare his plans, "but it would mean a considerable investment."

"If it would make her happier," said Justin.

"Her——" muttered James indignantly, "she can do all that after you are dead."

"But I'm liable to live ever so long, James, now that I have something worth living for."

"Have it your own way," answered the old friend. "Whatever you do I am with you in it."

To think with Justin Hall was to act, and before another night came he had called in Hankins, the overseer of the plantation, and had a heart-to-heart talk with him, which resulted in the promise of Hankins to reconstruct the old place to its former beauty and value. But Justin didn't stop at that; he also extracted a promise of secrecy from Hankins as to where the money came from for the work.

The work of bringing the old plantation back to its former state so thrilled the overseer that he would have agreed to anything, and immediately he got busy.

Each day from his rolling chair beneath some great tree about the place, Justin watched the transformation take place; but Justin's eyes were not the only ones that watched the restoration of the old Lathrop plantation. Lawrence Trabue also saw what was taking place, and vainly did he try to make friends with Justin.

"Anybody would think you owned this place," Lawrence remarked sneeringly one morning as he listened to Justin give Hankins orders concerning the orchard trees.

"It's just my way of showing my appreciation for the courtesy extended me for the use of the house in their absence," Justin answered pleasantly.

"Some courtesy, I must say," retorted Trabue, "and unusual."

"Maybe it is unusual," laughed Justin, "but rather fortunate for me."

"Ah, come off your perch," called Trabue rudely, "you can't put anything over me—the Lathrops are under obligations to you some way or else they'd never have consented to have a man of your reputation in the house."

"My reputation in the South isn't anything to be proud of, answered Justin, "except, of course, every man who gambles hasn't the distinction of being a winner in all cases, as I have."

"Go 'long with your gambling, Sonny," said Trabue mockingly, "but don't ever let your thoughts revert to the mistress of this estate."

Justin felt the blood in his veins turn hot and his fists clinched unconsciously.

Trabue, noticing the action, laughed fiendishly and walked away.

"If my legs would hold me up," Justin called after him, "I'd have more than the reputation of a mere gambler in the Southland."

"But they won't hold," retorted Trabue as he crawled into his car and moved off.

Trabue's taunt left Justin angry through and through. Presently he threw back the light rug from over his lap and looked in disgust at his splendid but useless legs; again he struck his knee a sound blow and a queer expression came over his face, then a cry that brought James running from the veranda to his side.

"What's happened, Justin?" his secretary asked anxiously.

Justin laid a hand on his friend.

"I'm afraid to say it, James," he said slowly, "but I—I've got feeling in my legs."

Thrilled with excitement, Justin begged his friend to pinch him, and a whoop of joy went up from his lips when he realized that he actually could feel.

"Pack up, James," he exclaimed happily, "we are going to New York in the morning."

* * * * * *

Through a letter from Hankins, Bonnie learned that the old place was undergoing a change; that the cotton crop was wonderful, and there would be a good dividend after all expenses were paid. This pleased Colonel Lathrop and his daughter immensely, but it was a line from old Dorothy that set Bonnie's brain awhirl with excitement, for at the end of a badly scribbled letter she found this postscript:

"Mars Justin done gone to New York to get his laigs to walking, and ef he do he's gwine to be de walkinest man in dis world."

Bonnie felt hot and cold by turns; to think of Justin Hall, the gambler she had married, being well and strong was something she hadn't bargained for.

Leaving her father on the porch of their cottage, Bonnie went for a walk on the beach. Seating herself upon a boulder along the shore, she threw back the folds of her gown a little golden circle. For the first time since it had been in her possession she discover there was an inscription on the inside. Carefully, painfully she raised upon the letter until she could read them clearly.

"*Thine Forever*," she read slowly—that was

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

MODERN TABLE APPOINTMENTS

By Violet Marsh



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MODERN ideas regarding table furnishings will be welcomed by the woman who would follow the most economical and labor-saving plan. The oilcloth table cover is by no means a stranger in many homes where one r of hands must do all the work, for as much the good housewife wishes her table could al-ys be covered with snowy white linen, she st substitute the oilcloth, which can be kept ning and sanitary with a small cost of time. low fashion says we must really use oilcloth es if we profess to follow its dictates, when fact is that we are living in an era that is ting a higher valuation on the time and ength of our women.

o popular has the use of these oilcloth doilies centerpieces become that the manufacturers e made a special material for them, called bble" oilcloth, but the plain found at all gen-l stores is just as ful. The edges are ally decorated with and, or several done arying widths in dif-nt colors. Often the ies are cut oblong to ommodate the plate, s, cup and saucer. single flower or a gay furnishes fur-decoration. Oil ts for this particu-purpose come in s. Along with the loth has come the e for using paper kins, another scheme taking the "blue" of Monday.

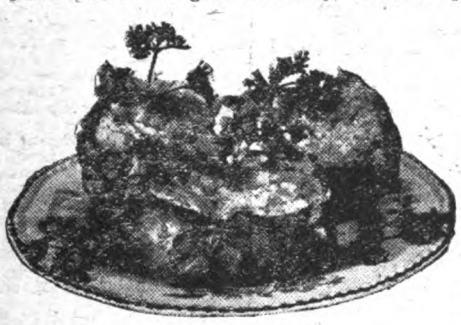
he center of the e is decorated with ttractive basket into which may be slipped a ed plant or a bowl of flowers, the basket ealing the plant pot or flower container. Be-n times the basket can be filled with nuts pples.

s economy of time and labor may enter into particular way we plan our cooking, I am ng the following suggestions will prove of e to our busy housewives.

Cooking Discoveries

is often very difficult to unmould a dessert delicate consistency without breaking, even ugh the edges have been started with a knife. ntine desserts are successfully removed by dip-the mould into hot water a few seconds, placing the serving dish firmly over the d and quickly turning it over. Care must aken not to heat the mould too long.

hile the fresh vegetables are tender they are cooked by steam. Young carrots, squash, toes, corn and pumpkin are among those that e better med than ed. A col-er that a tight-ng cover fits close-to a ket-makes an ellent mer for purpose. e crust be made day in ance if ed in a l and ed in the barrel



STUFFED POTATOES.

meringue is placed in too hot an oven it puff up quickly and brown before the in-is firm enough to hold its shape, and con-ently will fall as it cools. The meringue on mon pie or pudding should not begin to n before seven minutes.

nely-rolled cracker-crumbs give a much bet-flavor than flour when used to thicken rhu-or berry pies.

hen chopping raisins or candied peel by hand, tle salad oil rubbed on the chopping knife prevent sticking.

ncemeat is always improved by the addition anned fruit, jelly, jam or fruit juice, even gh the recipe does not call for it. Orange , sweet or very sour, gives an excellent flavor. hip half a cup of sour cream with two table-as of mayonnaise and try it with shredded age.

making a cut-up salad from canned pine-e, make a neat pile of all the slices to be then each time cut down through the whole. his way the salad will have a uniform ap-ance which is worth the trouble.

fter drop-dumplings the stew soup, see the kettle r fits close-nd do not ve it until dumplings cooked. ix griddle-batter in itcher and the cakes it instead pooning. or a change en making ins, put a teaspoon of er in each then in the er of each shed and pitted date, then the remainder of er e double boiler for cooling food rapidly, fill-the under part with cold water and changing equently hen using uncooked frostings, spread while ake is quite warm. t the serving dish before turning out the ine mould, then if it does not happen to fall in the center, tip the dish a little and it slide into place. Jelly making, add the sugar hot because the juice has to remain over the heat that much longer if sugar is added cold. Heat the sugar in the oven, stirring frequently. The best quality of jelly is obtained when all the cooking-down process is done before adding sugar. Jelly that has to be recooked is always a little leathery and cloudy.

When a little of the yellow of an egg breaks into the white, pick it out with a piece of the egg-shell as it readily clings to the white which adheres to the shell.

In steaming, better results are obtained if the water under the food is kept low, because a little water gives a bigger "head" of steam and the food cooks in less time. Care must be taken that the kettle does not boil dry.

Add a slice of lemon to the water in which the celery, parsley or other salad greens are being kept and see how much better they keep.

Never wash the cut sides of meat. If it seems necessary, either scrape or wipe.

Bacon rind or a boiled ham bone and rind make a good flavoring for pea or bean soup.

Spread a little butter over the top of the cornmeal mush that is to be fried the next day, as it prevents a crust forming. A little sugar added to the mush while cooking gives a rich flavor and assists in frying a golden brown.

Try a piece of breakfast bacon instead of salt pork in your baked beans for a change. A small onion put into the bottom of the pot gives a fine flavor, and many also like a scant teaspoon of dry mustard to one quart of dry beans.

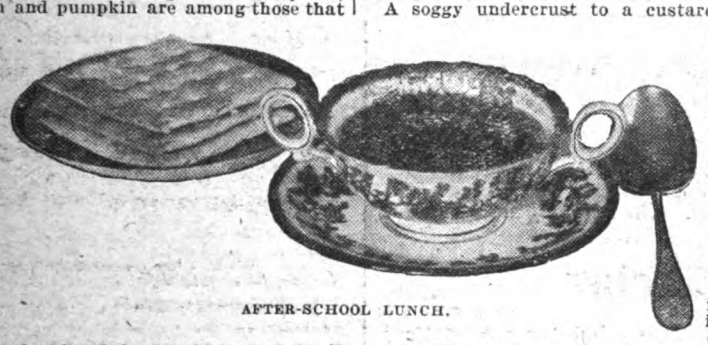
When making juicy pies, trim the under crust one inch longer than the plate. Fill, and lay on top crust trimmed even with the edge. Moisten a little around the edge and fold over the under crust. Press together, and if a fancy edge is desired, crimp by rolling the fine cutter from the food chopper lightly over the edge.

After putting potato through the masher, set it over a hot cover, make a large hole in the center and into it pour the milk or cream and let it get hot before beating together. Hot milk makes much lighter potato than cold.

When boiling a pudding, line the bag with paraffin paper as it gives the pudding a better surface and aids in retaining the flavors.

Breads and cakes require air in their composition. Therefore beating gives better results than stirring when mixing the ingredients together. In beating, as the spoon lifts a portion of the dough it takes a certain amount of air back with it.

A soggy undercrust to a custard pie can be prevented by brushing it over with unbeaten white of egg before filling, and putting the pie into an oven having a quick bottom heat.



AFTER-SCHOOL LUNCH.

If a pie is to be transferred to a serving plate from the one it is baked in, before laying the under crust, place three strips of muslin across the plate with ends hanging over, which may be used as lifters, and thus prevent all chances of breaking the pie.

When only the whites of eggs are used and there is no immediate use for the yolks, put them in a bowl, cover with cold water and set in a cool, dark place.

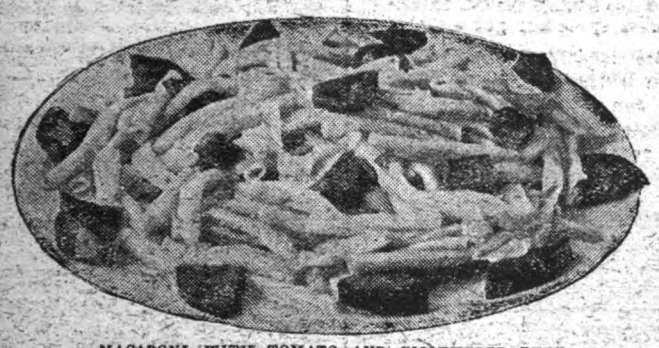
In creaming butter and sugar for cake in cold weather, add one tablespoon of boiling water and the work will progress more rapidly, and in no way injure the quality of the cake.

For variety, use a cup of cold cocoa made with half milk when making gingerbread.

Instead of straining honey, cut from the wooden frame into an earthen dish and set into a very slow oven. The comb will melt and rise to the top where it will remain and harden when the dish is set in a cool place. This process gives clear honey, and a solid cake of pure wax is obtained.

Recipes for Fall Food

SPANISH CHICKEN.—Skin a good-sized chicken, cut into medium-sized pieces, add a little boiling water and a teaspoon of salt, cover closely and cook until tender. Try out some of the chicken fat, and in it fry two large onions sliced, and two sliced green peppers. When half done stir in about four rounding teaspoons of dry flour and continue cooking. Stew four large tomatoes and strain. Cut in thin slices, the corn from six large ears, then scrape the milk from the cobs. Put a little of the chicken fat in the bottom of a deep baking dish, then add the corn and lightly sprinkle with salt. Add the chicken which has been removed from the bones, then the tomato and fried ingredients in layers. The different ingredients are seasoned before putting together. Bake in a hot oven until brown.



MACARONI WITH TOMATO AND SMOTHERED BEEF.

MACARONI WITH TOMATO AND SMOTHERED BEEF.—Slice three onions and fry slowly in fresh

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)



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Cubby Bear Cheers Brownie Whippoorwill

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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CUBBY Bear and Bunny Rabbit were taking a stroll in the Pleasant Forest one warm summer evening. The full moon, round and bright, gave a soft light. Bunny Rabbit was dragging the Bunny Babies' cart after him, and every Baby Bunny was fast asleep.

"Wh-wip, poor Will! Wh-wip, poor Will!" came a mournful call, from somewhere in the shadows.

"There is Brownie Whippoorwill! How sad he sounds!" said Cubby Bear. "I would like to do something to make him happier."

"He is a strange bird," said Bunny Rabbit. "He seems to have no friends at all, but always hides away by himself. Speak to him, and see if he will answer."

"Good evening, Brownie Whippoorwill," called Cubby. "Will you come for a walk with us?"

"Thank you kindly," replied Brownie, sighing deeply, "but I cannot. I must make my plaint, till the moon goes down."

"Why are you so sad?" asked Cubby. "And please, would you mind telling us why you always say 'Whip poor Will'? Who *is Will*, anyway, and why do you not want him to be whipped?"

"I fear I cannot tell you much about it," answered Brownie Whippoorwill, "but I know my parents always told me that, as I grew up, I must take up the family call. I do not like it—I do not know who Will is, but I should be as sorry as anyone to see him whipped."

"Is that why you say *poor* Will—because you are sorry for him?" asked Bunny Rabbit.

"I say what was taught me," was Brownie's reply, and then went on with his old cry of "Wh-wip, poor Will! Wh-wip, poor Will! Wh-wip, poor Will!"

"Now that is strange!" mused Cubby Bear. "I wonder if *anyone* knows why Brownie's family want Will to be whipped!"

"I saw Wise Owl's great eyes back a little way," said Bunny Rabbit. "He is so wise, perhaps he can tell us."

They found Wise Owl sitting at the door of his house in a hollow tree.

"Please," began Cubby, "will you tell us, Mr. Wise Owl, what is the meaning of Brownie Whipporwill's endless song?"

Wise Owl sprang to the ground with a suddenness which quite startled them.

"Wh-what?" he screamed angrily. "You need not come here to jeer at *me*, Cubby Bear!" Wise Owl's feathers were rumpled, and his great eyes glared.

"We—we only wanted you to tell us Brownie's story," faltered Cubby timidly.

"Be off with you!" cried Wise Owl, hopping up and down in a rage.

Bunny Rabbit and Cubby Bear hurried away, hurt and puzzled.

"What ailed him?" asked Cubby. "I never saw Wise Owl so angry before!"

"I do not know," answered Bunny Rabbit, his long ears all a-tremble.

"Here, here, you folks!" spoke up a shrill voice. "Look who you're running over!"

It was Tillie Turtle, whom they had not noticed in their hurry.

"Oh, I am so sorry!" said Cubby. They begged Tillie's pardon, and told her about Wise Owl's strange behavior.

"Perhaps you can tell us what we want to know, you are so old, and know so many things the rest of us do not, Tillie Turtle," said Bunny Rabbit. "Why does Brownie Whipporwill make his strange, sad call all through the summer nights?"

"I have heard the story," answered Tillie. "It is a legend of the forest. I will tell it to you as my mother told it to me. For long, and long, the Whippoorwills have called for the same punishment."

"Let us ask Brownie to come with us and hear the story, too," said Cubby. So they went to the hemlock tree in whose branches the bird was hidden.

"Hush, Brownie Whippoorwill!" called Tillie. "I am going to tell your family story, and you may hear it, too. I wonder your parents did not tell you all about it before charging you to keep up the call."

Brownie came, and all four of them sat down comfortably on a soft, mossy bank, side by side.

"Well, once upon a time, my mother said——" began Tillie.

"Please, what was your mother's name?" asked Cubby.

"Samantha Turtello," answered Tillie, "and a fine name it is. Though I prefer my own plainer one, and she did, too, or she would not have given it to me.

"Long ago, there was a bird named Will. A helpful, willing creature as ever lived. Always, he was saying so kindly, 'Y-yes, I will! W-will, I will!' And everyone who went to him for a friendly turn was sure to get it. Of course, Will was a favorite with nearly everyone. But there was an Owl, Ornery Owl, his name was, who did not like Will. Perhaps he was jealous, I do not know. He was a crabbed, unpleasant creature—oh, much, much more so than Wise Owl is, and he could not bear to hear Will calling so pleasantly, 'Y-yes, I will! W-will, I will!' 'Some day, if he doesn't stop it, there'll be trouble!' said Ornery Owl. And at last, the trouble came, as I've noticed trouble generally does come when we're watching for it.

"There was a Downy Woodpecker who had been sick, poor thing, and was weak and hungry; too weak to go pecking at the trees to find worms and bugs to eat. Will took pity on him, and showed him a soft, rotten log, lying on the ground, all full of beautiful white worms. Downy Woodpecker was a thankful bird, but it seemed that Ornery Owl thought he owned that log, and was going to have an owl party, with the log for a dining-table, and no trouble to get supper. My, but he was in a rage! He flew at poor Will, and pecked at him, and beat and whipped him with his great wings.

"Will's family got together to see what could be done about it. They couldn't undo the whipping, but after talking it over among themselves, they went to Ornery Owl and told him what they had decided to do to punish him. Wherever the Owl should go, up and down and back and forth, there would be a member of poor Will's family, telling aloud, that all might hear, how he had whipped poor Will."



"WELL, ONCE UPON A TIME MY MOTHER SAID——"

"Oh—Wise Owl must know about it—that is why he was so cross and snappy when we asked him to tell us the story!" this from Cubby Bear.

Tillie chuckled.

"Yes, indeed!" she replied. "To be sure he knows. A funny thing it was for you to ask him, of all people, to tell you about it. Well, from going about in the forest by day, the Owl took to flying by night, so in the night the Whipporwills have told the world of Will's unjust whipping."

"Strange I never heard the story before," said Brownie Whippoorwill. "I thought I was asking for someone to be whipped, and wanted to keep hidden from sight. I did not like it, for I am kind at heart. So it all happened a long, long time ago?"

"Yes."

"But, Tillie," put in Cubby Bear, "Mr. Wise Owl is not to blame for what happened then, is he—what another Owl did long ago?"

"Not a bit," answered Tillie.

"And Brownie Whippoorwill has not been telling about poor Will's whipping to shame Wise Owl, for he knew nothing about it?"

"No, indeed!"

"Then why need he keep it up—that dismal call of his—and why need Wise Owl be angry?"

"All very needless, and very foolish."

Cubby Bear laughed in delight, and gently patted the sad bird's wing.

"Cheer up, Brownie Whippoorwill," he said. "You hear what Tillie Turtle, daughter of Samantha Turtello, has said. You need not keep on with your sad plaint—you need not hide away from everyone—you may be cheerful and happy, playing among the other forest people. And I will be your friend!"

"But Wise Owl will never like me——" began Brownie.

"I will see Wise Owl myself," offered Tillie, "and explain matters to him. I am not afraid of Wise Owl! He shall hear what I have to say, and if he flies in a rage and wants to peck out my eyes I can draw myself into my safe shell and talk to him from there. This thing may as well be settled now as ever." And Tillie Turtle slid off the mossy bank, starting for Wise Owl's hollow tree.

Cubby Bear, Brownie Whippoorwill and Bunny Rabbit waited long before Tillie came back.

The Bunny Babies stirred uneasily in their sleep. The little cart was a small bed for so many of them. One woke and began to cry, which disturbed the others, who set up a fretful wail.

"Dear, dear!" sighed Bunny Rabbit, as he tried in vain to soothe them, "I ought to take them home, but I do so want to hear what Tillie will have to tell us!"

"This bank is soft and mossy," said Cubby Bear. "We can lay them here, and perhaps they will go to sleep again."

When the last Baby Bunny had curled in comfort, and all were sleeping once more, Tillie Turtle came crawling slowly back. Ricky Coon was with her.

"I have settled it!" Tillie told them proudly. "It took a long time, and I was afraid you would all have gone home before I came back. Wise Owl was angry, and would not listen at first, but after a time I made him see how foolish it all was. 'Let other Owls and other Whippoorwills, in other places,' I said to him, 'keep up the trouble if they want to; but let us have peace and happiness and friendliness here in our own Pleasant Forest!'

"He is coming here as soon as he smooths his feathers a bit," she went on, "and Squilly Porcupine is coming with him. Perhaps we can find two or three others to join us, and have a little party here for Brownie."

"I hear Wise Owl coming now," said Ricky Coon.

"O-o-oh!" shivered Brownie Whippoorwill, "I feel sort of scared!"

"Never a bit!" Tillie encouraged him. "Shake claws prettily when you are introduced, and then we will perhaps play some games!"

So it came to pass that moonlit night, that Brownie Whippoorwill, instead of making his doleful call, hidden away from sight, was learning to sing with the others, while they played the lively game of "Chippichoo:"

"Chippy, chippichoo we sing,
Wave your paw or flap your wing,
Left hop, right hop, count one, two,
Playing chippy, chippichoo."

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OCTOBER COMFORT

Our big Harvest Number for October will be loaded with interesting and instructive matter including fine stories and special articles of timely interest. Also it will contain the thrilling first installment of "A Forgotten Love," by Adelaide Stirling, which will run in COMFORT as a serial story through the fall and coming winter. The following are some of the

Special Features for October

"Judson's Auction" A near tragedy of a one-man farm, but has a romantic ending; written in Joseph F. Novak's best style.

"Mr. Jack O-Lantern Winks" A cute Hallowe'en tale that elucidates a curious old tradition.

"Famous Strong Men" Describes famous strong men and their wonderful feats, comparing present-day giants with those of olden times.

"Grandfather's Ghost" Grandma receives a Hallowe'en visitor in the form of the ghost of her long deceased husband who has something to say about their grand-daughter's sweetheart.

"Late Fruits and Vegetables" How to cook them fresh and various ways of preparing them to keep for winter and spring use.

"Table Linen and Its Care" Describes imported and American linens and imitations; how to select, use and care for them.

"Cubby Bear's Hallowe'en" Cubby Bear and his friends go out to enjoy the Hallowe'en sport but get a scare.

If the number over your name on the wrapper on this magazine is 407 it means that your subscription expires with this present issue and that you will not receive October COMFORT unless you renew your subscription at once—we can not send you a single copy, after expiration, until you have renewed. Don't miss October COMFORT.

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September, 1922.

Crumbs of Comfort

Be glad.
Courage counts.
Harbor no grudges.
Glory is expensive.
Watch against anger.
Difficulties add to results.
No prison can shut out God.
Peace feeds and war wastes.
Letting go always means a fall.
Opportunity is the cream of time.
The path to power is through service.
Occupation teaches us life's realities.
Sincerity is all that is right and best.
In the heart begins the way to happiness.
We never rightfully get more than we give.
Youth is a period of probation for old age.
Whatever we do in kindness we do unto God.
The greater the light the stronger the shadow.
It helps when we are hopeful to be also "helpful."
Do one thing at a time and labor within your powers.
Patience is a flower that does not grow in every garden.
The slow path of patience is the swiftest road to results.
We should crave truth at least as much as we do ice cream.
We do well to keep money in our heads but not in our hearts.
The plain truth always brings us out of the tightest places.
Good intentions are never enough without good acts to follow.
Love is a sweet rose that all would gather in spite of the thorns.
The best benevolence is that which comes from hidden sources.
Blessedness was promised the peacemaker and not the conqueror.
A photograph is a portrait painted by no less an artist than the sun.
If you are not loyal to others, there will be few who will be loyal to you.
The shrewdest reasoners are often the most unreasonable themselves.
Learn to judge the difference between the important and the unimportant.
The mind of the wise is like glass; it admits the light of heaven and reflects it.
Those who have much wealth to give have sometimes taken much from others.
The smallest children are nearest to God, as the smallest planets are nearest the sun.
Man would live exceedingly quiet if the two words, mine and thine, were taken away.
Little acts of kindness are like bags of lavender and serve to sweeten every object around them.
Happiness, like the blue of the sky, cannot always last; for as the earth needs rain to yield its fruits, so man needs tears to estimate life at its true value.



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE LISHA

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 55 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

CROWD around, all of you, and let me see how the summer sun has browned your faces and brightened your eyes. I hope you have all put a happy vacation behind you—a full summer made up of work, play and rest properly mixed and taken in three delicious installments of June, July and August. My own mountain vacation seemed far too short and the weeks passed like twin sixes. Probably this plaint of mine could be echoed in thousands of voices by those of you who read this. And now the first month of autumn takes many of you back to school desks and laid-aside books. Well, I go back to a desk, too, but in a classroom I like to think I shall ever play scholar while the term lasts. For if all the world is a stage, as Cousin Shakespeare once told us, it is perhaps more certainly a big school—presided over by Old Professor Experience, handing out cracks with his ruler and making us review our lessons several times when we have been particularly dunce-like. In days in grammar or high school, it is sometimes possible to dodge recitations (if we have any such wicked cousins in the Family!), or perhaps our turn does not come. Sometimes unpreparedness may be camouflaged or a too-confiding teacher fooled. But there is no getting out of the lessons that have to be learned in the School of Life. We each have our turn and we each have to line up during the course with Professor Experience's old and keen eye coldly upon us and his ruler ready in his hand. The Professor is especially hard on poor spellers. If anyone misses words like "industry," "honesty" or "faithfulness"—crack! goes the ruler and the crestfallen and stupid ones have to take their spelling books back to their desks and prepare for another try. I once knew a light-hearted chap who several times carelessly missed a simple word like "duty," and the Old Professor kept him after school *for several years* just for that one error!

In mathematics, too, the School of Life has a course which, if it does not go into "trig" or the higher calculus, has yet some simple points that Professor Experience, backed by volumes of wise and ancient teachers, insists must be thoroughly learned before any promotion can come. The Professor tells his classes again and again that too much time is spent upon addition and subtraction, while division—the most important branch of Life mathematics, is almost wholly neglected by some of the best "math" experts. He places simple sums before students and says: "Do these first"—and when we fail it helps us nothing that we can add into nine or ten figures and subtract in a deft and dozen ways. The Professor only shakes his head sadly, while his eyes gleam a little sternly behind his Time glasses. Perhaps he takes down a favorite textbook and says: "How many times have I read you this rule of simple division: 'Give, and it shall be given unto you'? I want no more addition and subtraction papers handed in until you have done the sums in division already before you." And unfortunate scholars are again kept after school for many, many years.

In geography, the Professor is quite as exacting and demands that we learn our own limits and boundaries, our own climate, products and resources, before we spend time studying those of our neighbors. He insists that when he is ready to ask, for instance, "What is the capital of Man?" we should have become wise enough to answer promptly, "Heart, Professor," and not "Stocks, Bonds and Mortgages," as one fat stupid fellow did and went to the foot of the class in jig time. This poor chap tried to excuse himself by saying: "Why, I thought it was the same place, Professor, for the textbook says, 'Where your Treasure is there will your Heart be also.'" But, as you may guess, Professor Experience did not find this excuse satisfactory and there was one more fat fellow added to the long list of stay-after schools.

I could tell you a lot more about what I have found about Professor Experience's methods since I have been a student in the School of Life. Of his strange way of teaching history, for instance, and what he has to tell about physiology and hygiene—his lessons in these subjects being often quite different, it seems to me, from what the doctors quote. But I do not want to have you think that I am one of the Professor's bright scholars or a "teacher's pet." No, indeed; I, too, you may be sure, have been cracked with the ruler and kept after school many a time. Yet I think I always knew that the Old Professor was right in his rather harsh discipline, and that when I could finish with disobedience and stupid blundering I might really enjoy his course. And most assuredly I might as well prepare to enjoy it anyway, for there is no playing truant from his desks. Mine is pretty well whittled and scarred—some ink stains and one or two tear stains—but I believe I am finding each term new ways to keep my books neater and less dog-eared, and to get through my daily recitations more easily and with better marks.

Thinking of all this, I know there is one thing sure for all of you who have to troop back to your schools this month: the better you handle your classroom tasks now, the easier you will find the post-graduate course that Old Professor Experience will have ready for you when you matriculate into the School of Life. Every habit of attention and application gained now is a crack of the ruler avoided later on. Every willingness to work, all love of knowledge for its own sake, will mean just so much more kindly treatment from the Professor and fewer poor marks when he makes up your report cards at the end of the long term before you.

Dear Uncle Charlie, whose birthday we will all remember this month, was one who had sat long and diligently at a hard desk in Life's great school. How he profited we all know. I remember I told him this once and he answered: "Lisha, my boy, how I used to get my knuckles cracked before I learned to sit up straight and keep an eye on Professor Experience when he was *talking*! He is a bird of a teacher, Lisha, but there's too many of us think we know it all and can afford to loaf instead of plugging away at the lessons he sets us every day of our lives."

Uncle Charlie did profit by his lessons in the School of Life. Although they were hard ones, indeed kept "plugging away." And lovingly earnestly he divided all he learned from the Professor among those of our Family who not yet enrolled in the larger school. As I sit at my desk after my vacation and read all of your letters, I can accomplish my tasks better, more wisely and happily, because of much that Uncle Charlie told me of Professor Experience's methods. So, in my turn, I say these things this month about what the School of Life may mean a little later on to all of you. I know it is an emptier classroom to me since my friend left it for his great promotion these almost two years ago.

And now for the letters:

ZAMORA, BOX 64, CALIF.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

This is my third attempt to have a letter of mine appear in COMFORT, so I am kind of doubtful about this one. But then they say the third time is a charm, so here goees!

I guess you would like to know what I look like: Well, I am five feet, one inch short, have blue eyes and medium brown hair, and I weigh 118 pounds. I am fifteen years of age.

I live on a farm of about 178 acres. We raise barley, hogs and alfalfa. These three are our main standbys, although of course we raise cattle, chickens, etc. We have a small dairy consisting of six cows and about 75 hens. We hope to go into the chicken and dairy business heavier later on.

We have a big pumping plant to irrigate the alfalfa, orchard and garden. It pumps from 900 to 1,000 gallons of water per minute. Going some, eh?

How many of you like to swim? I sure do. I don't swim much, but nevertheless I could just live in the water. I ought to be a mermaid, shouldn't I? I hope to be able to swim pretty well at the end of this summer as we go swimming all summer long.

I have two brothers and one sister. I am next to the youngest. I think our family is real nice—just two boys and two girls.

Zamora is not a big place, the population is only about 400; but just the same she is up and coming. I am not going to say it is the best place on the map (even if I do think so) because they all say that about their home town and you can't blame them, can you, Uncle? I know I can't.

Won't some of the cousins please write to me? I would just love to hear from you. I will answer all letters that I receive.

I will give Billy a great big dish of ice cream if he will not eat my letter. We made ice cream today and I'll make a whole freezer full especially for him.

Your loving niece and cousin,
BEULAH MAY CLOVER.

I'm glad you think your family is nice, Beulah. Some folks don't like their families a bit and it makes things most inconvenient, particularly when they go around telling other people about it and just what is wrong with their especial family. Probably your family is so nice because it is a lucky one—the two boys and two girls making it a four-leaved Clover. This is the sort of joke Billy hates, and if he reads it there is going to be trouble in *my* family. I know I shouldn't say it, Beulah, but much as I dislike to confess it I must tell you confidentially that one-half of my family is not "real nice." I don't have to specify, of course, that this means the four-legged half.

You write that you have "a dairy of six cows and 75 hens, Beulah May. I was much interested in this remarkable statement. You must find the hens the best milkers because you keep so many more of them than you do of cows. You did not say what breed of hens you have found to produce the most butter or if you think it best that Leghorns should be dehorned when kept for dairy stock. We would all like to hear more about your hen dairy. It must be hard to keep pin-feathers out of the pail at milking time.

Beulah, you seem to have a happy life, with nothing to do but swim "all summer long." You really should be careful that your ten pink toes do not turn into a tail and you become a Zamora mermaid. For I don't imagine being a mermaid is all fun. You have to sit on a rock a lot and keep combing your hair and singing like a victrola. Anyway, that's what all the mermaids do I ever heard about. Now when you're a slippery mermaid, to sit on a wet rock and comb wet tangled hair is no singing job and not as easy as it may sound. And mermaids are particularly slippery and have slathers of hair. Don't turn into a mermaid yet, Beulah. Take my word for it, you won't like it. If you see your toes getting fishy, dry them well in the sun and sprinkle them with salt.

ST. MARIES, IDAHO.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

It was Uncle Charlie got me into the League and now it is you who will have to help me. For heaven's sake get this letter past Billy, for it is important, very important, that it be printed. I know goats are stubborn, for I had to deal with a goat once; but get Billy quiet and I'll tell you what I want: I have got so many letters from cousins that I cannot answer them all and I want to thank them all through dear old COMFORT. I am depending on you and dear COMFORT to relieve me of my troubles now. Cousins, I appreciate and love all your letters and was glad you wrote to me, but I'll tell you I have received forty letters in one week and I will answer them as soon as I possibly can. I thank you all for sending the songs I wanted. Why it would bust John D. Rockefeller up in business if he had to buy postage stamps for me. The only way I can see to answer all these letters is to put a mortgage on my house and lot to buy postage stamps, but I will write to you all at the earliest possible minute.

Now some asked about Idaho. It is a swell country, beautiful scenery and good wages now. There is plenty of work at present, but living is high yet.

I had some write to me about my being engaged to Alvina Ziena. I say do not think of such a thing. Not saying that Alvina is not a nice girl, for she is; but I'll settle that question, for Alvina got married about two months ago—but not to me. For those who wish to write to her, I'll say her address is: Mrs. Al. Hopez, 346 E. Lodi Avenue, Lodi, Cal. Now, cousins, don't get jealous of me, for you know I would not marry a girl 22 years old the 21st of February and I only 18 the 30th of January.

Augustus Trick, did I hit you a hard blow in my last letter? I'll bet if I were close to you, you would hand me over to the undertaker. But, Gus, take my advice and do not run the girls so. They are human, the same as you.

Well, Uncle, I will have to close or it will take all of COMFORT to publish this, but I do not want the cousins to think I am not going to answer their letters.

From your loving nephew, ARCHIE GILLARD.

P. S. Cousins: I am not going to California now. Alvina is married, so it will be dangerous to visit there now. I might be filled with shot when I return, if I returned at all. I am going to visit Wisconsin, Minnesota and Illinois instead. Love to you all, from

A. G.

Archie, I'm glad you wrote to clear up this matter about Alvina. Well, you furnish statistics proving a complete alibi. It must disappoint some of the cousins who were baking wedding cake and buying rice, but it can't be helped, I suppose. However, I do think your first letter encouraged us to think you were going to put a California housekeeper in your Idaho house and lot. So you must not blame us for feeling a trifle flat when you tell us the whole scheme has been busted by one Al Hopez. Archie, you did not get to California in time. The race may not be always to the swift, but the odds are a darn sight in their favor.

I'm sure, even if they have to wait for replies, that none of the cousins will want you to swap a mortgage for any two-cent red stickers. Why not send 'em all a St. Maries postcard and only put on half a mortgage? After so deceiving and disappointing all of us about Alvina, you should have the penalty of having to write forty or fifty postcards a day to the cousins whom you leave without any chance to extend congratulations. But who can tell what sharpshooting may be done by the blind little god of love as you travel through Wisconsin, Minnesota and Illinois. Archie, unless you put a stovelid over your heart, we may get a chance to send you a few thousand felicitations yet.

WEST FORK, ARKANSAS.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

I thought I would write as I never have written you before. I live ten miles from the railroad track, where they raise the razorback hogs, out in the good old mountains of Arkansas, 20 miles from Fayetteville, the county seat. I have to go one mile to school. The name of my school is Dripping Springs but my school is out now. I was promoted to the sixth grade last term. I have six brothers and two sisters. I would be glad to hear from all the cousins who care to write, and I will answer all who send a stamped envelope.

I will close by giving a description of myself: I am four feet, ten inches tall, I have black hair, black eyes, and am a reader of dear old COMFORT.

With love from your niece, ETHEL RUSSELL.

Ethel, why in the world do they want to raise razorbacks on a railroad track down in Arkansas? It is inconvenient both for the hogs and for the trains. The conductors and brakemen of the St. Louis & San Francisco must get tired chasing the hogs off the track and if they miss many the rails must get horribly greasy. Of course, it is an advantage for the dining cars to be able to get all the fresh pork chops they want right along the roadbed, but all the same I should think there would be a great deal of waste involved. I can't see any real sense in the thing at all, and I think the hogs would be much happier and less razory if they were penned somewhere else than between switches. Ethel, you have the Fayetteville Hog Growers Association consider this matter. It needs attention.

I was sorry to hear your school had temporarily gone dry, Ethel, and had stopped drinking. Probably the September rains will start the springs going again so that you and other scholars may quench your thirst for knowledge. It is the best kind of spring at which to drink and you should use the largest possible cup.

Ethel, you have a bunch of brothers and I hope they do not boss you too much. Brothers are pretty bossy at times. If they get too bad, you can send them away to chase the razorbacks off the track before the 2-15 is due at Fayetteville.

PASKENTA, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

I am a little boy eleven years old and I live in Sunny California. I have light hair and blue eyes and I am about five feet tall. And I ride bulls at every round-up and I have never been disqualified and I get boys' money.

I have a brother, his name is Clair. He can ride them straight up and rake them down the shoulders. We are good riders up this way.

We have a round-up almost every month.

Well, as I have written a letter, I think I will quit.

Truly your nephew, GEORGE BOTKIN.

You must be good riders up your way, George, if you can ride bulls as you say you do at every round-up. A bull must be a very difficult creature to ride. Most bulls that I have seen are fidgety animals and have a nasty way of shaking their heads and looking at you out of the corners of their eyes in a disagreeable manner. And I never liked their voices, either, or the style in which they wear their horns. Any bull that I ever ride, George, will have to have a sofa cushion securely tied over each horn before I swing into the saddle. I think this would help a lot about my getting disqualified. But you did not say why you choose to ride bulls, George, instead of a nice freckle-spotted California pony. Perhaps you have some particularly clever bull who is fast on his feet and uses his horns to help in the round-up.

And, George, I think it is wonderful about your brother Clair who can ride bulls that stand straight up on their hind legs. I suppose he hangs on to their horns with his rake to prevent slipping off. I would sure hate to slip off a bull, George, with nothing but a rake handy as protection. When I am around bulls I want to be right on my feet and with a five-bar fence not too far away.

Billy, who has been in California and who knows everything, anyway, says that I am "making a complete fool" of myself (which were exactly that wicked Goat's words) about this bull-riding business. Bill says I don't know at all what a round-up is and how the rounding-up is done. Well, that may be, George, but I certainly know what a bull is, and when there is any riding of bulls to be done I am going to be somewhere else. Bill can talk all he wants to; I think he needs rounding-up himself!

SOMEWHERE IN THE HILLS OF VIRGINIA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

I've been listening to the confessions, accusations and cross examinations of the League for a pretty good

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

"A FORGOTTEN LOVE; or, Love's Cruel Awakening"

By Adelaide Stirling

The subtitle better fits this fascinating novel which exemplifies the fact that the flame of true love, once kindled, is never forgotten, for even though cruelly extinguished it leaves an indelible scar.

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The Hope Chest Girl

Old-Time Marriage Chest Comes Back as Hope Chest of Today

By Hester C. Cunningham

See front cover illustration.

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THE store of linen which a bride took to her husband upon her marriage was a matter of great importance back as early as the 15th century. It was then that the mothers and grandmothers, in their wisdom born of the necessities of their day and generation, began the practice of each year laying by pieces from their own looms, and often from their own treasure store of family laces and jewels, for their minds dwelt upon the future of their daughters who according to custom, were expected to marry at an early age. The domestic chest was an important piece of furniture in those times, and the one to hold the daughter's marriage linen was known as the marriage chest, and by the 17th century was so glorified, with inlay of ivory, ebony and precious woods, as to be considered a marriage coffer. Of all these, probably the Italian chest was the most gorgeous. The chief characteristics of the English chests were panelled fronts and ends, with feet formed from the side posts. Frequently names and dates were carved on the panels. These old marriage chests have been handed down through all these generations, and there exists in this country a great number and variety of true English type and origin.

Leaving the subject of chests for a little, let us turn to the maids of old New England, who at a very tender age began to receive instructions in the art of spinning and weaving. Theirs became a thorough knowledge of the vast amount of work that preceded the needle and thimble in the making of garments in those days. As in time fingers and mind became more and more skillful, these maids were taught to make counterpanes with exquisite applique patchwork and fine quilting, bed hangings and chair cushions. To make a perfect buttonhole was an accomplishment always insisted upon, as well as a knowledge of other stitching, such as drawnwork, cross-stitch, crewelwork and feather-stitching.

These Colonial mothers often had but the crudest conveniences, but their sturdy resourcefulness and capable hands achieved what we recognize in present-day needlework as a "take-back" to these very times, for we have developed no art that compares with theirs in genuineness of expression.

There are no files of newspapers or magazines from which to get a glimpse of the intimate side of life between mother and daughter in those stern days when the dictates of the husband and father were never questioned, but from many a letter long yellowed with age, and from the religiously kept diaries, we know there was a precious heritage of love of home, and the Good Book was the mother's guide in her teachings of thrift and industry, in faith and purity, and in a fine sense of duty.

"That "all the world loves a lover" was as true then as now, and Cupid's dart was just as busy. Who could say that these maids of old New England, set to the task of weaving fine linen for their own marriage chest, did not indulge in romancing, and with the soft hum of the spinning-wheel dream what they hoped would come true. If, "she hath much laid by for her wedding," David was encouraged by his mother to find favor with Prudence. Reared in the expectation of marriage, accomplished far beyond her years, should David happen to be her heart's desire, will Prudence reveal her secret at the first approach of David, or will she modestly withdraw "and let her own works praise her in the gates" according to the spirit of her times?

The Hope Chest of Today

There is a great assurance that the girls of today have as strong a domestic side as did the maids of Colonial days. I hear some dissenting voices, but when you consider how many-sided is necessarily the life of a modern girl, and her dream that sometime she will be mistress of her own home is never crowded out, to me is proof positive that our girls are as sweet and promising as ever. Probably the toilsome days of our Colonial maids were very irksome at times, and we feel they were deprived of much that belongs to youth by natural inheritance.

Today we hear little of the marriage chest of our ancestors, but in place the modern girl has given us the Hope Chest, a change of name which implies all and even more than did the marriage chest of earlier times. Hope shapes the dreams of youth; hope diminishes with the increase of years. In the very adaptaton of the name Hope, we have even greater proof that our girls are lovers of home. With the girls of long ago, the marriage chest was filled through compulsion, and was considered a dowry, while in the freedom of today, bed linen and comforts, sets of doilies, pretty covers, bags, pillows and many other articles are made during leisure hours to be used in her own home, if her dream comes true.

And then there are the girl friends, all of whom seem to have started hope chests, and such gifts as are given in exchange are usually of a domestic nature and intended for the hope chest, whether the presentation occasion be Christmas or birthday. What with educational pursuits, church work, club canning, club bazaars, more travel, I mention but a few of the things expected of the modern girl, and when she plucks the petals from the daisies, and whispers, "He loves me, he loves me not," her dream still rings true.

The Colonial Note

Girls, often alluded to as "little women," instinctively love "purple and fine linen," and the hope chest girl pays tribute to the maid who filled her marriage coffer with treasures that endured the rigor of wear, and in the following generations became precious heirlooms to be willed to sons and daughters. In recognition of the magic wrought from their threads of worsted, homespun and linen, old blankets, sheets, capes and other pieces are being sought from which to fashion various hope chest articles. In the marvelous counterpanes, quaint embroidery effects, linen undergarments done in rare stitchery, besides the tapestry and samplers, we feel gratefully that,

"Not for their hearths and homes alone,
But for the world their work was done."

What an Ingenious Girl Can Make for Her Hope Chest

Piles of gleaming, white bed linen, rose-blue comforts, snowy table-cloths and napkins, dainty, elaborately embroidered towels and the innumerable other things that go with them—the sofa pillows, bedroom sets, rugs, quilts and the commoner kitchen things. It would take quite a bit of money to buy them, more, perhaps, than you realize. And you know you simply couldn't get along without them in that lovely dream home!

Let me whisper you a secret, you proud possessors of the growing hope chest! There are literally dozens and dozens and dozens of those pretty, yet very necessary "home" articles which you can make yourself, with hardly the expenditure of a penny—providing you have been wise enough to save every bit of cloth, whether it be oilcloth, silk, wool or cotton, every scrap of ribbon, boxes, tin cans (yes, really), that are bound to accumulate in every home.

If with the calm certainty that they will all come in use some day, you have rescued the above named apparently impossible things, to you go my secrets. And let me remind you again, that to buy these articles ready-made or to purchase the material with which to make them, will mean considerable expense, and in the end they will not be one whit prettier than those fashioned from the ragbag.

Sofa Pillows

First on the list come the sofa pillows. And here you may wander all over the ragbag, picking your material at will, for sofa pillows, nowadays, are made of everything from burlap sacks and unbleached muslin to the finest, sheerest organdies and silks. Their shape, too, is quite as varied as the material with which they are made, for they may be square, round, oblong, oval, triangular, diamond, fan and the "bolster" varieties.

They may be finished of all one material and one color, or both may be combined very effectively. And the modes of finishing and trimming are innumerable—ruffles, embroidery of every description, ribbon, cord and tassels, flower ornaments, lace and "patchwork" figures.

One very attractive square pillow, simple to make, was fashioned of pink organdie. A two-and-a-half-inch ruffle, gathered through the center, was sewed around the edge, and a large French knot design in black and bright Copenhagen blue was worked on the front of it. If you do not embroider, use the new "patchwork" flowers and leaves—circular pieces of cloth with a small dark piece for the center as flowers and green material for the leaves. Arrange these attractively and sew to pillow with contrasting color, coarse silk thread.

If you plan to have a window-seat in the new home, this set might interest you. It consists of two blue pillows, made of rep, each cut eighteen inches long and ten inches wide. A two-inch strip of the material was folded and sewed in with the seam, finishing the edges. Then a strip of filet lace two inches wide was sewed on three inches from the end of each pillow. No further trimming was needed for, indeed, the result obtained was quite novel. You'll probably find lots of odd strips of cloth this width from which you can fashion several sets if you wish.

Square pillows of gay cretonne rarely need any extra trimming at all, but the very plainest ones can readily be made to look really charming. Burlap sacks can be dyed greens and browns, even shades of rose and yellow, and, after made into pillows, dressed up with "patchwork" flowers. You will like them just as well as your silk ones—and they're much more durable.

Again, square pillows of subdued shades can be made colorful with squares of bright ribbon or cretonne—five in all. Sew one in each corner and one in the center, and make them deep enough so that the most extended point of each of the corner squares meets the points of the center square. You can determine this by measuring the pillow.

Round pillows, quite popular now, are finished in various ways and made of various materials. I have seen some very pretty ones made of unbleached muslin. To make the simpler ones, cut two circular pieces thirteen inches in diameter, and a strip three and a half inches wide an inch longer than the circumference of the circular strip. Sew the round pieces onto the narrow strip, leaving an opening for the filling. If you have only material enough for the top and side piece, make the back of something else. Combined colors produce pretty effects, and the pillows may be finished with applied flat flowers, ribbon, silk and cotton ornaments and ruffles, sewed with the upper seam.

Other round pillows are a bit fancier but no harder to make. By using a combination of colors and materials, one kind can be made out of cloth that otherwise would be too scanty for a pillow. To make this, cut the top circle smaller than the back one. Then combine strips of different colors, one, usually, like the top, so that when sewed together the strip is about nine inches wide and considerably longer than the circumference of the larger circle. Gather one side of the strip to the small top circle, and the lower side of the strip to the larger back circle, leaving sufficient space for filling, in all cases.

There is a stunning diamond-shaped one, too, which can be made of anything from black voile to black velvet. A tassel dangles from each point and the center of the pillow is adorned with bright rose and yellow "patchwork" flowers. And fir pillows, always so fragrant, are made square, usually, and of some firm material like cretonne and chambray. They may or may not be embroidered. A very new round pillow is a combination of black oilcloth and gay cretonne or gingham.

Light Shades

No matter how your light may be furnished, you certainly will want some of those lovely light shades for your living-room, dining-room and sleeping-rooms. But, my! It nearly takes your breath to price them in the shop windows! However, if you will get out your odds and ends of silks and cottons—the rather long, narrow strips—a bit of wire and ribbon, shellac and tape, you may have as many of them as you want.

With very little expense you can procure the frames, which come in all sizes and shapes. There is, indeed, a wide range of material with which to cover them, chief among them being the cotton and silk crepes, taffeta, satin, organdie and voile, gingham, cretonne, linen, poplin and pongee.

If the frame is covered with thick material no lining is used, where, if the outer covering is thin, a lining and sometimes an inter-lining is added. Generally, the material is gathered onto the frame, top and bottom, and finished with tape, braid or fringe. Ribbon bows, ruching, ruffles, flowers or embroidery may be added. Colors may be plain or combined, the outer covering of one color and the lining another.

Unusual shades are covered with bright wallpaper, shellacked and bound with colored tape or flat braid. Another frame is first covered with some very bright material, after which pictures cut from magazines are covered with ink and pasted on. This is the rather new "silhouette" shade. Nymphs, fairies, etc., make the most pleasing figures—also birds and trees.

Rugs

You'll find it fun to make rugs—the braided and patchwork ones, so much in favor all over the country, and suitable for every room in the house. Gather up all the fragments of silks, woolens and cottons and dye them different shades. Then braid them into rugs, letting your fancy hold sway in the fashioning of them.

Quilts

There's no need of sighing for those expensive comforts—so long as the ragbag holds out, my dears! You don't know what really lovely ones you can make until you have tried it. Like rugs, the center part may be made of a large square or circle of a firm material. If it is flowered or figured, let it be as it is; also, if it is a bright plain color, it needs no trimming—but if it is of a sober shade, dress it up with "patchwork" and cut-out flowers.

I saw a charming quilt, whose center was a square of rose chambray. Small yellow and bright blue squares sewed together completed the rest of the top part, the rose color being repeated in a narrow binding around the edges. No comfort could have matched it!

Calico or silkaline make a very good lining for the batting-filled ones. But listen, you need not fill them with batting! Worn blankets or an old quilt answer the purpose wonderfully, and, if a flannel lining is used, you'll find them plenty warm on the coldest nights, while the thinner ones are just the thing for summer.

Pin-Cushions

Pin-cushions can be made in any shape, in plain or combined colors, and, like pillows, in many materials, especially cretonne, the firmer silks, crepes, and fine cottons, like voile, organdie and muslin. The most of them, I notice, are trimmed with ruffles. A novel one of lavender pongee, trimmed with ruffles, flaunted a bouquet of silk flowers and ribbon, not in one corner but in the very center of the cushion. Embroidery is especially pretty, and lace over bright silk is charming.

Clothes-Hangers

You wouldn't suspect that really dainty clothes-hangers could be made out of wooden barrel hoops. Seventeen inches is the best length. Cut them off where the curve is uniform and make a hole in the center, through which draw a strand of wire twisted into the shape of a hook and fasten. Cover with silk or cretonne. If the hoop is an inch wide, cut two strips an inch and a half wide and nine inches long and two strips the same way, and embroidery adds to their beauty. strips onto the shorter ones, turn and draw on over hoop. Cover seams at center with ribbon. Flowers may be added.

Doilies

Every hope chest has its array of doilies and, like many other things, pretty ones can be made from the ragbag. Merely a circular piece of crash or linen stitched an inch and a half from the edge all the way around, and then fringed, has its simple charm. Square ones may be made the same way, and embroidery adds to their beauty. Colored rickrack braid applied to the round ones lifts them out of the ordinary.

A dear dresser set, consisting of two round and two oval doilies of lawn, was worked with French knots around the hem, after which torchon lace was applied. Another one was made of circular strips of tan and blue crash, edged with cream lace. A round piece of cretonne, combined with material of contrasting color, needs no further trimming and is just the thing for the den. These are only suggestions. With your material before you, innumerable "doily ideas" will pop into your head.

Covered Boxes

If you find toilet sets quite high, as you undoubtedly will, get out your boxes and make them yourself. Cover them with the finer silks and cottons or with the cut-out figures pasted on and shellacked. For the hair receiver, choose a large round box and cut a round hole in the center of the cover before covering the box. Make cardboard partitions for the hair-pin box and cover them with gilt. Handkerchief and powder puff boxes and jewelry cases, if covered with silk, may be puffed prettily about the sides or the covering may simply be drawn smoothly across the box, following the shape of the latter. Ribbon and flowers, of course, may be added.

Plants in tin cans or shabby pots may be slipped into one of those tall, round cardboard cereal boxes, which has been decorated with ever-useful cut-out designs, and made to appear very attractive.

Miscellaneous

Chief among the miscellaneous articles are the holders. They can be made of any cotton material. Color doesn't matter, and you can use one material or you may piece bits of gingham or cretonnes together if you wish. Shape is either round, oval or square. Padding may be any thickness, yet not too stiff material or flannel and underwear is very good.

A doily case will keep your doilies flat and smooth. Cut two circular pieces of strong cardboard about fourteen inches in diameter. Cover with any material and bind; join two pieces on the machine and close with snap or ribbon strings.

To make a silver case, cut a large square of cloth and line with flannel, velvet or soft silk. Sew "pockets" on machine to fit pieces of silver, leaving tops open. Make these at each end of the case, then sew across center so that it will fold readily. Fasten with cord.

Laundry bags, generally a foot-and-a-half wide and two-and-a-half-feet long, are easy to make. Make a wide hem at top and stitch again half an inch from hem for gathering string. Make a couple of eyelets at each side. Darning bags can be made in the same way, with pockets for thimble, thread and scissors added.

A clothes-pin bag is made of a twelve-inch square of muslin, across the bottom of which a strip six inches wide is sewed—for holding the pins. Two wire hooks, one in each corner, are added for hanging on the line.

Gather white flannel onto an embroidery hoop or a piece of wire the right shape for a convenient jelly bag.

Slender sticks for supporting potted flowers are painted dark green. The tops of them are decorated with birds, squirrels and butterflies cut from magazines and pasted onto cardboard. These are really very pretty and when the design on the top matches those on the cereal box "pot holder" the effect is positively bewitching, to say nothing of the novelty.

Have you still got a few small pieces of checked cloth left? Hem them and use them for dish-towels and dish-washers.

And of course you'll want some table mats, which may be round, oval or square and different sizes to fit the "hot dishes". Make them of linen, rep, white or colored, and pad them with flannel. Bind with contrasting material or regular tape. Mats for flower pots or the kitchen are cut from oilcloth and bound with the same material. Doilies work well on them but they are often used without it. If you are using them for table pads, to protect the enamel from scratching, they need not be bound. Pads for this purpose may also be made from old rubber hot-water bottles.

I think you will be as interested in the new home-made book blocks which a girl showed me the other day as I was. They are bricks covered with bright cretonne. They're unusual and very satisfactory, especially since you can work them to your color scheme by determining the covering.

I almost forgot to mention the brush-broom holder (you may use it as a home for the fly swatter if you wish!). Simply take a strip square of cloth and sew a narrower strip across the center of it, leaving both ends open. Bind with cloth or tape, binding the crosspiece before sewing on. A striking one was tan, bound and embroidered in red.

I don't believe there is need of making any more suggestions for, even after mentioning only a long list of possibilities I feel sure that the faithful old provider, the ragbag, is far from the stage of exhaustion. You'll discover lots of other ideas yourself. And here's hoping that you and your hope chest will profit by them.

The Winning Gamble

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

the emblem by which she had sold herself. The memory of her wedding day came flashing through her mind, the sweet, earnest face of the man she had married—but Justin Hall the invalid and Justin Hall in good health were two different people in Bonnie's eyes; suppose he should follow her up and claim her for his wife.

Vividly she caught a mental vision of such a scene, then suddenly she smiled, and raising the little golden circle to her lips, she kissed it reverently.

"You may be a gambler in the eyes of the whole world," she said aloud, "but to me you have been an angel of mercy, and if you keep your promise in the future as you have in the past, I shall keep mine."

Feeling better after the little meditation on the cliff, Bonnie made her way happily back to the house. One glimpse at her father's face, however, robbed her heart of joyousness and sent her nimble feet flying up the steps.

"You will take me home, Bonnie?" the old man begged eagerly when she reached his side. "I want to see Elmwood before I die."

"Yes," father," cried the girl anxiously, "I will take you home immediately, but not to die—not that—not that surely!" cried Bonnie as she entered the house to give orders for the packing.

* * * * * * *

In a private ward of a big hospital Justin Hall lay flat on his back enthusiastically wiggling his toes.

Beside him sat his faithful friend, James Adams, scribbling rapidly as Justin dictated.

Suddenly Justin's hand went out to that of his friend and stopped his writing.

"It's a great world, James," he said pleasantly, "a great world to live in."

"It's great to know you are going to walk again, Justin," answered James. "Nobody will be so glad as I to see you on your feet again."

"I wonder," said Justin slowly, "if She—will be glad."

James laughed. "I'm sure your wife, Justin, is not proud of your gambling reputation."

Justin smiled feebly.

"Anyway, James, she was worth gambling on—just you wait till I'm walking again."

And again Justin began a wiggling exhibition of his bare toes, and again James began writing.

* * * * * * *

It was winter at Elmwood, and Bonnie in a close-fitting robe of black sat before an open fire in the old-fashioned living-room mechanically weaving a wreath of green leaves.

"It's snowing, Miss Bonnie," interrupted old Dorothy as she entered the room with a heavy cloak, "you better stay in."

Bonnie shook her head, then slipping into her coat, took up the wreath and passed out.

Slowly she made her way across the snow-clad orchard to the family burying ground and there with the snow falling upon her she placed the green wreath on a newly-erected stone bearing her father's name, uttered a prayer for his soul and retraced her steps.

When she entered the living-room again Lawrence Trabue was there to greet her.

She made an effort to pass him, but he held out a detaining hand.

"I will not wait any longer to see and talk with you, Bonnie," he said sternly, "you *must* listen to me, and now——"

Bonnie motioned him to a seat on the long sofa and sat down beside him.

"It's of you, Bonnie," the man said presently, with a great pretence of feeling, "that I am thinking—in this hour of grief you need a man to rely upon. I know now that I have always loved you and want you to marry me."

Bonnie smiled pitifully. "You still want the old plantation, Lawrence," she said slowly, "but I—I can't accommodate you."

"Then you are in love with the gambler!" Trabue exclaimed, "and I've a notion it's his money that's been paying your bills lately."

Bonnie rose to her feet, gave Trabue a stinging blow across the face and ordered him to leave the house.

Scarcely had he made his departure when Dr. West made his appearance in the doorway.

"Look, Bonnie," he cried excitedly, "that poor chap you left in your house while you were away has turned the tables on us."

Bonnie reached for the paper Dr. West held out to her and her eyes grew wide with excitement when she beheld the likeness of Justin Hall on the first page. Below the picture in heavy black letters she read:

"Justin Hall Parks, famous author, is rapidly recovering from a stroke of paralysis caused by an accident while he was in the South twelve months ago, gathering material for his latest novel, "The Winning Gamble."

The paper fell from Bonnie's nervous hands and she turned to her old friend with a little heartbreaking cry.

"Don't cry, my child," said the Doctor comfortingly, "no doubt your part in this thing will furnish considerable material for his book."

"Yes," admitted Bonnie, "I've an idea it will."

When the Doctor was gone Bonnie snatched up the paper and crushed it to her heart.

"You blessed dear," she cried excitedly, "to have put such a thing over on me—I'd be glad to own you before the whole world."

"But you were ashamed of the man, Bonnie Lathrop," Conscience reminded her, "so long as you thought him a gambler—and you are indebted to him, besides."

All night long Bonnie sat beside the fire in the old Elmwood library trying to fathom out how she could repay Justin Hall Parks for his generosity. Common sense convinced her that his generous act to her had been a sacrifice on his part; she must in some way repay that kindness, and above everything else, set him free.

With the early morning hours she reached a satisfactory decision, and calling Hankins she asked him frankly what the estate would bring if it were offered for sale.

"Around a hundred thousand," answered Hankins quickly, "considering its present condition."

"You will put it in the hands of an auctioneer immediately, Hankins," she said slowly. "We are going to sell out."

Hankins never argued anything with the mistress of Elmwood, but within a few hours time he had placed the sale of the ancestral Lathrop home in the hands of Attalis's best auctioneer; from there he went directly to the telegraph office and wrote out a telegram which read: "Mr. Justin Hall, Morning-side Apartment, New York City. The place is for sale Feb 1st.

"HANKINS."

* * * * * * *

The first day of February dawned clear and cold, and Elmwood had never looked more so. The widely-heralded auction had brought an eager crowd of spectators to the old home; they stood about in groups admiring the fine thoroughbred livestock, the wonderful young orchard and the elegant old home.

Bonnie from a sheltering nook within looked out upon the scene through tear-dimmed eyes, not until the place was sold would she open the doors of her old ancestral home to strangers.

With aching heart she heard the auctioneer put up and sell the livestock, then the entire crop, then came the place. Bonnie shrugged her shoulders when she heard him call it out; to her surprise, Lawrence Trabue started the bid, and she smiled faintly.

"You may be master of Elmwood, Lawrence Trabue," she said thoughtfully, "but you will have to pay for it if you are."

By leaps and bounds the price went soaring upward until it stood at the call of ninety-five

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)

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The Gods Arrive

by Maud Mary Brown



"Very well. Go ahead with your arrangements. And here's my blessing."



Marcia recognized the woman with the flying veils beside him as Mrs. Archer.



The girl's face dropped into her hands "His wife!" she murmured.

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PART I.

UNABLE to control her impatient curiosity, Marcia Rand, a smile curving her sweetly-modeled lips, followed softly to the library where Harkness had sought her father.

She paused at the door and bent her head to listen to Mark Rand who was speaking in a voice new to her.

"Have you considered, Harkness, what it would mean to Marcia to leave a home like this to live on the salary of a chemist?"

"I understand, sir, and I think Marcia does, too," was the reply.

Marcia heard the tap of her father's *pince nez* which signified impatience.

"Don't start with that premise, Harkness. No inexperienced woman knows what it means to be hag-ridden by poverty. Haggling over the price of beefsteak and compromising on a cheap cut! Shivering through the winter in a thin coat and pluckily declaring herself warm! Staring into seductive shop windows and walking on! It's hell, Harkness. And I know, because I saw my wife—as sweet and fresh as Marcia is now—fade and die before I perfected the invention which made me rich.

"Success, Harkness, so often comes too late for men's wives; they sow but they do not reap. From the abundance of my experience I say that no decent man would ask a woman to share his poverty."

Marcia could endure silence no longer and she walked into the room, her pupils dilated till her smoke-gray eyes looked black.

"I heard that nonsense, dad," she began coolly, "and I want to ask you what you think would become of a race mothered by cowards. Do you suppose mother was afraid of poverty? I'll wager she wore it as a badge of courage."

The men had risen at her entrance and they stood regarding her gravely.

"Besides,"—her face relaxed into a smile—"Jim isn't going to stay poor; are you, Jim?"

Mr. Rand shifted his gaze to the man. "You're right there, Marcia," he said. "If I am any judge, he'll go up, but he'll exact toll on the way and I don't want him to collect from you."

"It's all settled, father," said Marcia, crossing to Harkness's side. "I go with Jim."

It was a tense moment. Marcia, her gray eyes blazing to black; Harkness, his pride touched, a trifle defiant; the man, his unyielding eyes traveling between the two.

Finally, very slowly, as if weighing every syllable, he spoke. "I will give my consent to this marriage provided, in order to keep my love and companionship, you will both renounce all claim to my estate."

He waited a moment for his listeners to catch the full significance of his monstrous terms.

"Or," he resumed deliberately, "you can, of course, marry without my consent. In that event, you, Marcia, will retain your inheritance. Which alternative do you choose?"

Marcia spoke, her head up-flung in a gesture of pride. "That isn't fair, father, and you know it. However, since you ask me to choose between you and your money, I'll do it. I choose you, unhesitatingly. We don't need your money; we have the youth and the brains to make our own; but, father, we do need you."

"I knew you would say that, Mark," his pet name for his daughter. "How about you, Harkness?"

His honor questioned, Harkness spoke stiffly. "I decide with Marcia," he said.

"Very well. Go ahead with your arrangements. And here's my blessing, children; may you keep your ideals. That's the best wish I have for you. Happy, Marcia? Good night, my boy. I suppose you'll be eternally under foot from now on." He flashed them a singularly genial smile and reached for his book.

In the living-room, Marcia turned distressed eyes to her lover. "Don't mind him, Jim. His early life was bitter. He was cheated and robbed of his patents till he lost faith in everybody."

Harkness's cheek was against the red-gold of Marcia's hair. "I know, honey."

"And my sister, Gladys, married unhappily—against his wishes. She deserted after a year, leaving an infant daughter. She died, later, alone in Europe. All those things have warped father."

"All I'm afraid of, dear, is that he's darned right."

A look of fear shot into Marcia's eyes but was instantly routed. "You aren't trying to get into reverse, Jim?" she smiled.

He held her closer, his honest eyes on hers. "You know better, sweet. I only want to shield you from your own dear inexperience."

"Then it is all settled." She dragged him forthwith to a davenport from which vantage point they began to plan.

Later, Harkness went to his boarding house, treading on air.

He had come to Oldham a few months earlier as chemist in the huge plant which made the town famous. Almost the first evening in town, he had fallen in love with Marcia Rand, whom he met at the country club, where he had been piloted by a Tech classmate.

"Go slow in that quarter," his friend advised when they had reached Harkness's room. "Her old man is dangerous, as every single man in Oldham knows."

"No peppery dad can scare me," defied Harkness. "I've noticed a few girls in my brief but checkered career, Arnold, but I'll tell the universe that she's the prize winner among them all. Ever notice her hair? Or the pure oval of her face?"

Arnold had shied a pillow at his friend's head. "Go write a sonnet," he had advised blithely.

That had been seven months earlier.

"I've won!" Harkness exulted as he floated home. "Hands down. Who cares for money? Besides, the old man was undoubtedly bluffing."

He paused on the doorstep, gesturing expansively to the world. "I thank you," he said whimsically, and went in and softly closed the door.

Late the next afternoon Mark Rand rose from a chair in his lawyer's office. "That'll hold, Seymour?" he asked.

"It will hold, Rand, but, unprofessionally, I call it a damnably insulting will."

"D'ye call assaying insulting, Seymour?"

"Of course, if it's only a test..... But even so....."

"Don't assume anything, my friend."

"I'd hate to endure the canker of your suspicion, Mark."

"You want to remember that I was once as credulous as Marcia is now. At least three men fattened on my ideas and rode in automobiles before I could afford a go-cart for Gladys. Sometimes, Seymour, I'm glad she ducked poverty."

"I know better than that, Mark."

"Anyway, I'd give a big slice of my fortune to get possession of her daughter. Sure you've done everything possible, Seymour?"

"Perfectly. And I rather think the Reeces deserve Anita as a salve to their pride. You couldn't do more for her yourself than they have done since they found oil on their Texas ranch."

"I'd like to see the little beggar," mused Mr. Rand wistfully. "But at least I have Mark."

He had reached the door when Mr. Seymour's voice halted him. "Sure you want that will to stand, Mark? What if you should pass out suddenly?"

"Don't worry, old man. I never felt more fit. Between you and me, I rather like that young Harkness. He has brains and breeding. I just want to make certain that there isn't a streak of yellow in him."

"Well, I'm only warning you that Fate might call your bluff."

"I'll stand the hazard." And he hooked his cane over his arm and left his lawyer frowning.

Within forty-eight hours, Mark Rand was dead. Never a skillful driver, but unwilling to admit it, he had motored up the side of the mountain to a quarry in which he was interested. On the way down, he lost control of his car and toward evening he was found beneath its upturned body, crushed and scarcely breathing.

As gently as possible, they carried his shattered body to the hospital, but he never rallied. Harkness came with stricken Marcia, awed and rather awkward in the tragic presence of death.

The evening after the funeral Marcia, her hand crushed in Harkness's, listened dully to the reading of the will which stripped her of her wealth.

Briefly, the estate was placed in the hands of a trust company for a period of ten years, after which it was to be turned into channels as directed and amplified upon in a sealed letter which was to remain unopened until that time. Every detail was planned, even to the selling of the house and its furnishings.

Mr. Seymour laid down the document, his eyes misty. "He never meant that to stand, Marcia," he said.

"It's all right," replied Marcia. "We agreed, didn't we, Jim?"

Harkness nodded and after a few awkward moments, the lawyer left.

"Do you care, Jim?" she faltered when they were alone.

"Only for you, dearest."

They were a long time silent. Then, "Honey," Harkness began, "I'm afraid I'm wasting my time here. I am a mining engineer, and if you consent, I'm going to get into line. I've recently heard, through Professor Lowe, of a good opening in Arizona. Its possibilities are limited only by my ability. In ten years I should be a consulting engineer with position and authority in the technical world. But the interim, dear, would be hard on you. I hate to ask you to go, but—are you game?"

"When can we start?" was Marcia's reply.

Harkness proved, in the years which followed, that he had not over-estimated his power. In less than nine years after going West, he was half-owner of a mine, without capital, however, to develop it, and a New York syndicate had tempted him East with a definite promise of assistance in the event of his making good with them.

His brief career read like an epic, but Marcia's was less heroic. She had cooked and washed and scrubbed. Before her two children had reached school age, she had opened a school for those of the miners. She had been her husband's advisor, and her sure instinct had guided him safely around several *impasses*.

Marcia had been happy, but she had paid the toll. She had no leisure for grooming and she wore mail-order clothes. In her busy life, something had to be tossed overboard, and she had never once wavered in her choice of what that should be. When the time came to say good by to the adoring miners and their families, she felt a bitter tug of pain.

"We've arrived, honey," Harkness exulted on board the East bound train.

Marcia glanced up from the pictures with which which she was amusing little Jim. "I believe I prefer to keep going," she said simply.

He laughed. "We're on our way, then," he said. "I will have you pleased."

Although Marcia would have preferred a quieter place, Harkness obeyed the firm's suggestion and took his family to a smart hotel. It was not till they were located and a nurse had been secured for the children that Marcia had time to observe what her married life had done to her.

Jim, she saw, carried himself with distinction. He had about him that aura of authority which comes from handling successfully big issues.

But herself! She studied the women about her with frightened eyes. Many of them, she felt, must be far older than her thirty years, but the lines which she wore unblushingly had been skillfully erased from their faces.

She and Harkness were lunching in the public dining-room one day when they had been in town a fortnight. Nothing escaped his alert eyes and the novelty of the situation, after comparative exile, intrigued him.

Marcia had been covertly watching a woman at a nearby table. Presently, perhaps drawn by Marcia's appraising eyes, she turned toward their table and with a surprised lift of the brows, she flashed Harkness a smile as she bowed.

Marcia's quick glance caught in her husband's face the fatuous look of a man of nearly forty who has neither conceded admiration to many women nor received it from them, but who suddenly finds it agreeable.

"That is Mrs. Archer," he explained in a low voice. "The firm is trying to interest her in a mining venture. I see her in the office frequently. Widow, I believe, with a pot of money. Stunning, what?"

"Very."

"You must meet her. And I say, Marcia, you'll have to see to your clothes."

"My things are mostly new, Jim."

"May be—but wrong. And you'd better go to a beauty place—whatever that may be—and get some of the effects of Arizona sun and water out of your skin. Finished? I won't go up, if you don't mind."

Marcia most certainly did not mind. For the first time she parted from him with a positive sense of relief.

Once in their suite, she sent the children out with the nurse and sat down in front of her mirror.

With dismay she saw that fine lines had centered about her eyes and mouth, that her skin was brown and parched and that a few gray hairs were ambushed at her temples. Her beauty was gone. And Jim, working as hard, had improved under responsibility.

"It isn't fair," she cried passionately. "Women are always the losers. I wish we hadn't come East. I hate it!"

She endured a bitter afternoon.

At seven Harkness came home to find Marcia dressed and waiting for him. He looked her over, his eyes clouding.

"Is that the best you can manage, Marcia? I'm afraid it won't do. Palmer and his wife and Mrs. Archer are below and they've asked us to join them. They're dressed to the nines."

Marcia controlled her voice with difficulty. "It's the best I have, Jim. Two months ago we thought it rather fine."

He frowned at the offending dark blue taffeta. "I asked you to see about clothes," he reminded her.

"An afternoon isn't much time. Besides, Jim, I— haven't any money."

"We'll remedy that, my dear," he said heartily; "but that doesn't relieve the situation tonight, does it?"

"I could plead a headache and not go down."

Her breath was suspended as she waited for his reply and when she saw his face brighten she could have cried aloud.

"Clever girl! That's a brilliant scheme."

He bent and kissed her. "My dinner clothes ready? Darn' lucky I got them last year when I went to the Coast."

He chatted gayly as he dressed and apparently did not notice her silence.

At two the next morning, he entered their suite, jubilant.

"Corking evening, honey. It needed only you to make it perfect. You shouldn't have sat up for me. We went to a show and had a bite to eat afterwards and then I was elected to taxi Mrs. Archer up-town. I tell you, this is the game, Marcia. I'm where I belong at last."

He thrust nervous hands into his pockets and paced the floor. "If only we weren't so poor! It's a damnable shame you didn't get your inheritance, Marcia. With that we could have splurged a little even here. As it is, I'm at the beck and call of the firm till I make good and they redeem their promises."

"Jim," Marcia began bravely, "I want to talk seriously to you. Until we came here I knew every detail of your business; now I don't even know your salary. Is it enough to keep us in a hotel like this and to clothe me as the women you were with tonight are clothed? I must know."

"It certainly is not. We'll have to get an apartment right away."

"Yes, Jim."

"And as for clothes—I've been thinking this evening, honey, that I don't care to have my wife mixed up with the business side of my life."

"I see."

"Just as soon as I can, I'll fix you up a checking account. I know you'll be patient, Marcia. My personal expenses are going to run high. I've got to have a car—in fact, I ordered one today. At that, it's cheaper than taxis."

"It will be fun to drive again."

"Don't count on it, Marcia. I don't want my girl mixed up in the New York traffic."

He yawned frankly. "Lord, but I'm tired! You understand, honey, that in a year or two I'll be able to house and clothe you with the best. I shall feel a bounder spending money on myself, but it's business. Just tread water a little longer, dear, and we'll swim out together. Now let's get to bed."

Harkness groaned a few days later when he saw the apartment which Marcia had chosen.

"A hundred and fifty a month for this cracker box! We had more light and space in Arizona for twenty."

"Let's go back," suggested Marcia hopefully.

"I should say not! I'm built for speed, old girl. By the way, the Palmers want to meet you but I put 'em off. My girl is for home consumption only."

Neither then nor later in the season did Marcia meet Harkness's new friends. Not that he was consciously ashamed of her; rather, he told himself, he was ashamed of his inability to clothe her fashionably and to give her a proper home.

Marcia was cruelly hurt, but she buried herself in her home and her children and for recreation she attended free lectures and recitals.

On returning home from such an excursion one day, her husband passed her in his smart roadster and Marcia recognized the woman with the flying veils beside him as Mrs. Archer.

He spent one of his infrequent evenings at home that night and Marcia waited in almost unbearable suspense for him to speak of Mrs. Archer.

At last, loathing herself, she said, "How's the fascinating widow, Jim?"

He looked up sharply. "Who?" he questioned.

"Mrs. Archer."

"Oh! I don't see much of her. Play something, Marcia."

That night Marcia's fear became settled conviction.

More and more Harkness remained away from home and gave his business as his excuse. The children no longer interested him. In checking up his statements, Marcia detected slight variations from the truth.

He swaggered somewhat, and grew stouter, and the flesh of his cheeks reddened and sagged. Watching the daily disintegration of his spiritual fiber was as sad and nearly as hopeless as watching the lowering of a coffin in a newly-made grave.

But she kept silent. He frequently conveyed his growing resentment at her father's will.

It had been unjust, she admitted to herself, and her tolerance and love and all the faith she could summon were all that she had with which to pay the debt of injustice, but spendthrift as she was in that coin, affairs between them grew steadily worse.

It was the spring of their first year in New York when, in answer to a determined ring of her door-bell, Marcia one day admitted a beautiful girl to her living-room.

The stranger's eyes studied every detail of the room and finally settled on Marcia.

"Are you James Harkness's wife?" she asked at last in an emotional voice.

Marcia nodded. "Sit down, please, and tell me what I can do for you."

The girl's face dropped into her hands. "His wife!" she murmured. "Oh, how can I tell you! I shouldn't have come! I should have left you to your innocent happiness. I'll go at once."

She lifted her face and her lips fell into the lines of deep distress while tears started to her hauntingly familiar gray eyes.

Marcia, quelling by sheer will the panic which was turning her icy with fear, forced herself to study the girl. She observed the magnetic quality of her undeniable beauty—the richness of her costume which by a narrow margin escaped being bizarre.

While she was studying her, the girl fell on her knees beside Jim who, intuitively aware of his mother's troubles, was having difficulty in holding his baby lips steady.

The girl had her arm about Jim and Mark and in spite of their reluctance was drawing them to her.

"There are children?" she faltered. "Are these your children, Mrs. Harkness?"

Marcia had forgotten that the children were observers of the unwelcome tableau.

"Run along to the kitchen, chicks," she managed through stiff lips, "and tell Mary to give you some cookies."

She watched them go and then turned to her unbidden guest.

"They *are* my children," she said. "Now will you be so good as to explain what errand brings you here?"

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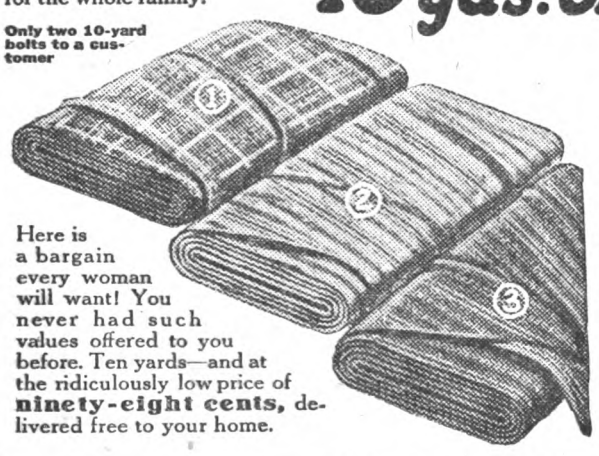
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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

An Eyebrow or Two

THE question of eyebrows seems not a very important one, but all girls know that eyebrows have much to do with beauty. And for that reason, alas! they often do more tampering with their eyebrows than is quite wise.

"How shall I trim my eyebrows?" asked a young girl the other day. And the only proper answer to that is, "Don't trim them at all." Trimming hair makes it grow in many cases, and trimming eyebrows would be apt to result in shaggy irregular brows anything but beautiful to look upon. I presume what this young girl had in mind was the plucking of her eyebrows, for there has been an epidemic of plucked eyebrows until it began to look as if eyebrows would vanish from the face of the earth altogether, for each girl seemed to vie with all that had gone before in an effort to get rid of even more hair from the eyebrow line.

People with very heavy shaggy eyebrows may be permitted to pull out a few to bring their brows nearer to the accepted quantity, but most girls have none too heavy brows and when they begin to experiment with tweezers the result is disastrous. Haven't you seen girls and women



A HEAVIER EYEBROW WOULD BE MORE BEAUTIFUL.

with so little eyebrow as to look almost like bald-headed men?

It is permissible to shape uneven brows by the use of tweezers. Sometimes little hairs stray away from the regular line and plant themselves over the bridge of the nose or up on the forehead or a little too close to the eye, and such hairs can be carefully and painstakingly removed by using tweezers, catching the hair close to the skin and with one firm jerk pulling it out by the roots. Other hairs may take its place later, and the tweezers will again have to be called into action. It is wise to draw the skin firm and tight with the fingers of one hand while wielding the tweezers with the other.

Eyebrows which meet over the nose have been called by the Persians "the bridge of love," but few women care to possess them as they are apt to give the brows a lowering appearance. Therefore in this case, also, tweezers are permissible. Too many hairs should not be pulled out in one spot at a time, or the skin is apt to become not only irritated but sore. It is a good plan to rub a little zinc oxide into the skin after using tweezers for more than a hair or two.

With these uses the function of the tweezer in relation to eyebrows should cease. The girl who attempts to pluck her brow into a particular shape or a thin line is entering upon a hazardous undertaking for nine times out of ten she keeps taking out "just one more" until she looks like a picked chicken. It is difficult for the amateur to do such a job neatly. Beauty shops pluck one's eyebrows more or less successfully. That is, they leave an even line, but it is apt to be scarcely more than a line and this too extreme a fashion to be attractive.

The eyebrows should be as carefully cared for as the rest of the hair, yet many people merely include them in the bathing of the face and grant them no more of a toilette. They should not only be washed but carefully brushed. They should first be brushed toward the nose with a small eyebrow brush which can be bought at any drug-store for ten to twenty-five cents. This will remove any dust, dandruff, etc., as brushing against the "grain" of the hair dislodges whatever dust may have settled there. After this, the brows should be brushed away from the nose, and in a careful arch—not just a hasty brushing but a thorough one until the hair is glossy and satiny-smooth. This treatment is not only good for the appearance of the brow but for its health as well. A little attention to this one feature of our appearance will add to the beauty of any face.

Answers to Questions

L. L.—Oh, my dear, imagine having such a lovely color that people accuse you of painting! And, also, imagine, girls, if you can, L. L. asking me how to make them "not so rosy." My dear, thank the gods for your privileges, and let your pink cheeks stay pink. Suppose people do say you paint? Rub a damp handkerchief triumphantly over your cheeks and show them that it is Nature's own coloring. When one thinks of the tons of rouge that are sold each year just to help women simulate the color that has come to you naturally, doesn't it seem foolish to try to get rid of it? Also, my dear, it can't be gotten rid of. That is, unless part of it is due to a little irritation of the skin. Sometimes women use soap on their facial skin and irritate and redden it. Do not use soap on the face—that is, do not rub it directly on the skin. Use it at night in the water with which you wash the face, and have that water very warm, rinsing in warm water thoroughly, and finally in cool and cold. But during the day use no soap, only water. It is perfectly all right to rub off the skin with a little cold cream and a pad of cotton—this will remove all soil without at the same time removing the oil of the skin which helps to keep it soft. Any good cream of standard make is satisfactory.

JANET.—Yes, my dear, you need to reduce. You are fairly well proportioned, for if your bust is 41 inches, your waist should be 31, and your hips 41. Your hips at 43 inches are out of proportion to the rest of the body. I presume you wear some sort of corset? If you do, be careful in putting it on. Never put on a corset which is already laced. Loosen the strings at night before taking off the corset. And in the morning slip on the corset with the lacings very loose indeed. Settle the corset at the proper waist-line, hook up the front, fasten front, side and back garters (you need at least three pairs of garters on a corset), then draw the corset strings at the waist-line until it is properly adjusted to the figure, leaving the top of the corset loosely laced but the waist-line snug. Then draw the corset strings a short distance from the bottom of the corset—and a full figure needs a long corset—and tie that snugly. However, at your age you shouldn't be wearing corsets, and I only mention this for fear because of your full figure you have been indulging in corsets, in spite of your age. The fact that you have pimples and blackheads as well as this excess of weight shows me that you are eating wrongly. All your troubles come from that. You probably eat many sweets, too much of everything, and are fond of what we call the fat-building foods. Stop right now, my dear, before you become a grossly fat woman. Eat carefully, properly and never overeat. It is not only fatal to your figure but is an unlovely habit, and makes you slow of mentality as well. So let us see how you can make yourself over in the next few months. First, cut out *all* sweets. After you have gotten yourself down to a reasonable weight, you may eat sweets again but only in moderation. If I were you I should try to reduce myself to 118 or 120 pounds. For breakfast, eat an orange or grapefruit, with scarcely any sugar—in fact, eat the orange without any. Or eat melon, which is a good fruit. You should have plenty of fruit, for your complexion's sake, but do not eat sugar with it. It is all right to eat berries, peaches, apples, etc., so long as they are in their natural state, unsugared. Then omit all cereal, cream, sugar, milk, but eat a couple of soft-boiled eggs. Eggs give you energy and strength without fat. One thin slice of crisp toast with the tiniest bit of butter is all that you should have in addition. Drink plenty of water during the morning. For dinner eat vegetables such as spinach, asparagus, turnips, string beans, beets, etc., but little or no butter on them or in them. Lean meat is permissible, but no fat meat such as bacon, salt pork, etc. For desserts stick to unsugared fruit. You can't have anything better than apples, oranges, peaches, melon. The same sort of food for your lunch, and you will soon begin to lose in weight. But you must also exercise, vigorously. You should walk at least half an hour at a time, each day, not a slow saunter along the streets of your town, but a brisk tramp out into the country, shoulders dropped and back straight, chin up, breathing as deeply as you can without effort or too much thought given to it. In addition you should give at least half an hour a day to indoor exercise, five or ten or fifteen minutes at a time. Here are three good exercises; practice each of them at least twice a day for fifteen or twenty times—as long as you can do so without getting over-fatigued. Take a good body bath daily, even if you must do so standing on a folded towel and bathing a portion of the body at a time with sponge or wash-cloth. Friction the skin well with a bath-towel. Keep the bowels open daily, not with cathartics, but with proper food, fruit and vegetables, enough water and exercise. Cut out potatoes, macaroni, rice and all but a tiny thin slice of toasted white bread. White bread is both fattening and constipating. Also avoid all cereals, and do not use cream or milk for a time, while your allowance of butter should be almost nothing. Certain foods, as you know, build fat, while other foods do not contain fat-building properties. It is easy to see that for a time at least you should eat not at all of foods which will add fat to your figure. Now, my dear, take this seriously. You are only fifteen, and can make your figure almost what you will. If you keep on, however, as you have been doing, you will be a grossly fat woman, unlovely to look at and unwieldly to yourself. This is totally unnecessary; regulate your appetite so that you never eat too much, and regulate your diet so that you avoid foods that build fat. With just a tiny bit of perseverance on your part, you will find the pounds slowly slipping away and you will develop a figure that will be attractive, graceful and one of which you will be proud to own.

Exercise to Reduce Abdomen and Promote Elimination

Lying on the back on the bed or on the floor, in a loose garment without anything to bind, and without garters or bands (a nightdress is best or a bathing or gym suit), raise the right leg to a perpendicular position without bending the knee. The arms should lie along the sides, and the back should be flat on the bed. If it is not possible to bring the leg perfectly upright, bring it as far as possible, but the knee must not be bent in any case. Now lower the leg as slowly as possible, again without bending the knee. The more slowly the leg is lowered, the more benefit is derived from the exercise, because the muscles of the abdomen are exercised to hold the leg from falling. So let the leg down the tiniest fraction of an inch at a time. Repeat five or ten times; then practice the exercise with the left leg then with both legs together. You may have to rest between these three divisions of this exercise. While you may not be able to bring the leg to perpendicular for some little time, because of unused muscles, in time you can do this.

Exercise to Reduce Abdomen

Standing erect, chin up, chest out, shoulders dropped, heels together and toes turned out slightly, raise the arms over the head, palms facing forward. Now bending only at the waist, keeping both knees and elbows rigid, throw the arms forward and down and attempt to touch the floor with the tips of the fingers. Inhale as you raise your arms, exhale as you throw them down. Practice five, ten or fifteen times at one practice. Eventually you will be able to touch the floor, but probably not at once. However, you are young enough to have limber muscles and so may be able to do this at once. Practice it, in any case, every day twice.

Exercise for the Waist-line and to Promote Digestion

Standing erect, hands on hips, fingers forward and thumbs back, chest out and chin up, turn the body at the waist as far to the left as possible. Do not alter the position of the head but let it be carried around with the upper part of the body. Now turn the body at the waist as far to the right as possible. Make a big effort each time to move it even a little further than the last time. Practice ten or fifteen times.



USING TWEEZERS TO SHAPE THE BROWS.

If you will practice these three sets of exercises, twice a day regularly, you will be surprised at the change it will make. Remember the object of an exercise is to train certain muscles to do certain things. If you practice three days, then omit practicing for two, you are right back where you were to begin with; the only way to get real good from exercises is to practice every day regularly. Suppose you were training a dog in certain tricks. He would never learn if you showed him how one day, then did nothing for two more days, then took up the training again. You need to keep right at it. It is so in training your muscles and remodeling your body. Every day you omit the work you have gone back from where you started. Keep at it until you have accomplished the results. One thing about exercises, which most people forget, is that what is good to reduce fat is also good to build up muscle; so while I am giving you these exercises to reduce your weight, and while they will surely do it, a thin person could take them and gain in weight. The reason for this is that the exertion of the exercise wears away your fat while at the same time stimulating the digestive and eliminative organs to action; while as there is no fat to get rid of on the thin person and as no exercise will wear away the muscles, the thin person develops those muscles so that they add size to the body while at the same time the digestive organs being stimulated, more nourishment is secured from the food, more impurities eliminated from the body, and the thin person is as much benefited as the person over weight.

ONE OF MY FRIENDS.—If your complexion is muddy and pimply, that means your little stomach is not working properly and that you are probably not treating that useful organ just right. From your weight, it is evident either that you do not eat enough nourishing food or that your stomach does not assimilate it. You need advice just the opposite of what I gave "Janet." As soon as you get up in the morning, drink a glass of water; after you have finished dressing, drink another. In winter it is a good thing to drink hot water instead of cold; it stimulates the stomach and gets it into condition to digest its breakfast. Do not drink water with your meals, because that dilutes the gastric juice which has the work of digestion to perform and of course never take liquid into the mouth while there is food in it. The food should be thoroughly chewed until it is practically liquid before being swallowed; if you drink while food is in the mouth, it softens the food and you swallow it; but liquid of this kind does not have the digestive properties of the saliva which is put in the mouth for this purpose, so while the food is softened it is not acted upon chemically as it should be. Certain elements of food are digested almost entirely in the mouth; if you swallow such foods without proper chewing, they are only partly digested. Starchy foods, such as potatoes, rice, macaroni, white bread, many cereals, are digested almost entirely in the mouth. It is really a very important thing to be well and strong, and one cannot remain so if conditions in the body are such as to produce pimples and muddy skin. So get to work, my dear, and make up your mind to be as nearly a perfect woman as possible. Do not eat between meals, do not eat great quantities of sweets, such as candy, preserves, cake, pie, etc. Eat plenty of good wholesome food. Your breakfast should consist of fruit, berries with sugar and cream, or melon, or peaches and cream, a baked apple and cream, a dish of prunes soaked over night then cooked slowly a couple of hours, etc., etc. Any one of these is good for you. It wouldn't hurt you to eat prunes every morning for awhile—a good big dish of properly cooked ones—for it would help your elimination. After your fruit, you should eat a big bowl of cereal and cream, with buttered toast, and you should have in addition a soft-boiled egg or a poached egg—soft, of course. You can eat bacon, lamb, mutton, roast beef, steak, fish, chicken, duck, goose. Avoid veal and pork because they require so much work to digest, and it is evident your digestive apparatus is not working just properly. Eat potatoes, rice, plenty of green vegetables. Always have one fresh vegetable with lunch and dinner—a lettuce salad, sliced tomatoes, string beans, spinach (very good for you), creamed carrots, buttered beets, etc., etc. If you are constipated do not eat much white bread, but if your bowels operate freely once or twice a day, then eat bread and butter, chewing it until it is liquid. Drink milk with your breakfast and your lunch. Never drink coffee or tea. Practice the exercises I have given "Janet." They will stimulate all your organs to action and do you worlds of good. Soon your complexion will be as clear as anybody's. Don't forget the daily bath—a good thorough one, too.

INDIANA.—I am sorry that the rules of this department do not permit of my answering inquiries by mail, but here is a reply to your letter. You gave no nom de plume so I have invented one for you. Part of your trouble with superfluous hair no doubt comes from the use of depilatories. You are wise to discard them, but a little late. The peroxide and ammonia treatment which you are using is the best home treatment. If you are near a big city, and can manage to get there for an electrolysis treatment at the very best beauty establishment in town, you could have the hairs on your lip removed by electric needle. Probably it would not cost you more than $5, perhaps not so much. The rate is usually $5 per hour, but many hairs can be taken out in even fifteen minutes. It hurts, of course, but it is worth the effort. In the meantime stick to the peroxide; you can see for yourself that the hairs are not very noticeable after this treatment. How long it will take to kill your hair which has been so stimulated by the application of various compounds, I cannot say. New hairs come in from time to time, in any case, and you will have to be ever watchful. Since your hair has been so stimulated, there is no harm in using the tweezers as you have been doing. Be careful, always, however, to clasp the hair right next the skin and pull it out with one quick jerk, bringing the root with it. As for the hair on your arms, leave it alone, except for the peroxide and ammonia. Usually people subject to a growth of hair have more vitality than those who are not, so comfort yourself with that. You should have quite a magnetic personality.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

I found a great stack of old COMFORTS the other day and spent one whole day, nearly, in cutting out the Cubby Bear stories and making them into a book which will be attractive after the pictures have been painted.

I am twenty-nine years old and unmarried. I would like to hear from some of the sisters.

Lovingly, SUE

TEXAS.

DEAR MOTHER WILKINSON, SISTERS AND BROTHERS:

Did you see that smile on Mrs. Wilkinson's face? I just knew she liked the name "Mother."

I've come to talk about little folks for I love children. They have been discussed in different ways but I've never yet heard anything about children telling lies. Mothers, be careful. If you give your little girl a plate of food and she upsets it onto the floor and you know that she did it, don't go to her and say, "Who did that?" How easy it is to tell a lie then. Ask her why she did that and it won't be so easy to tell a lie then. I hope you understand what I mean.

How many girls in their teens have to do all the housework? I cook, sew, wash and iron and do nearly all the housework. My dear mother has been sick with rheumatism for a long time and is not able to do much work.

I am trying my hand at turkey raising this year.

I am a country lassie, five feet, four inches tall, weigh 150 pounds and have greyish brown eyes, a light complexion and dark brown wavy hair. If the woman who wanted the song, "St. Peter at the Golden Gate," will write to me I will send her a copy of it.

I've looked and looked for a letter from Pearl Vesey and Nelle Fischer. Where are they?

I am leaving my address with Mrs. Wilkinson. The first of September is my birthday (I will be nineteen) and I'd like to have a postcard shower.

HOME LOVING LASSIE.

Home Loving Lassie.—As long as you told no deep, dark secrets of your life, don't you think you should have given your name and address? You'd have gotten more postcards if you had. People are going to read your letter and say to themselves, "I believe I'll send her a card, she seems like a nice little girl," and they'll hunt up a view of Main Street or the Library or a "Happy Birthday" card and get out the pen and ink and hunt around for a stamp and then—they'll discover that you didn't give your name or address. "Humph," they'll say, "I guess she doesn't care much whether she gets any cards or not, not giving her name. I'm not going to bother with her." That's what will happen to you and what would have happened to several others in this issue whose requests were not published because they didn't give their names, or rather because they asked to have their names and addresses withheld.—Ed.

AMHERST JCT., WISC.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND ALL:

I live in a small village. My husband is a potato buyer. We have been married nearly five years and have a sweet baby girl, two and one-half years old.

I want to tell you about my scheme for filing recipes. I take the cards from the Shredded Wheat Biscuit packages. These are 3½x7⅜ inches, though cards of any dimension would do. I clip from COMFORT and other magazines the recipes I want to keep and paste them on these cards, putting one subject on a card or cards. For instance, I paste all cookie recipes on one card or on several cards and put an elastic band around them, and the same with the cards having cake recipes. This is better than a book as I can arrange them in alphabetical order.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

FREE! Hearth Rug FREE

WITH 9 x 12 FT. Seamless Brussels Rug



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$1 WITH ORDER

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A Prize to the Prompt

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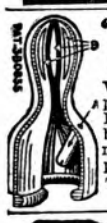
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(1)



Through the columns of this department our Doctor's advice regarding maternity and child welfare will be given free in answer to questions by our subscribers. Address Mother and Baby Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and be sure to give your full name and address. Names will not be published.

Intestinal Influenza

DURING the last three months in our talks we have taken up some of the most common summer diseases of babies, and given the symptoms and simple treatment. We have also given some suggestions in regard to preventive measures, and these are the things to bear in mind and follow out.

There is an old maxim or saying, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and this certainly is true in the care of babies.

If by a little special care in regard to exposure, drafts and clothing, we can prevent baby from taking cold, it is far better than to know how to treat the cold.

If by carefully looking after the food, the digestion and bowels we can prevent the sensitive intestinal mucous membrane from becoming irritated or inflamed, we will save baby and mother a lot of suffering and worry.

No line of talk or advice one could give is applicable to all cases, at all times under the different surroundings that must be met, but one must take into consideration the general ideas expressed and so far as possible apply them to your own individual case, and by so doing I think you will get help.

A nursing mother would like to eat the food the rest of the family are eating, but she must consider the fact that she is eating for two people, and food that gives her but slight indigestion may cause baby a serious intestinal disturbance.

If it is a bottle-fed baby we must bear in mind the dangers, especially in hot weather, of the unclean bottle and nipple, also be sure that the cow is healthy if you are giving modified milk. The first two years of a baby's life is most certainly a trying time as it eats what is given it with a natural tendency of putting in its mouth and swallowing everything within its reach.

If a baby persistently vomits its food you may be certain that it does not agree with it, and if it is modified milk or prepared food look for the cause.

Dilute it a little at a time and see if you cannot find a strength that it can take without vomiting. If it is a nursing baby, it may be nursing too fast, or too often, or the mother's milk may not agree with baby.

Mothers must take all these conditions into consideration, find the cause in their special case and remove it.

I wish to call your attention to a new disease that is called intestinal influenza. When we speak of influenza, we at once think of the great epidemic of 1918 that swept all over the world and caused millions of deaths.

This form of influenza appears in milder form in different parts of the country, but as in 1918 attacks the lungs and heart with more or less complications.

INTESTINAL INFLUENZA, so-called, is an entirely different disease and seems to attack the organs of digestion, and the most characteristic symptom is gas, with severe pain of a colicky nature. The baby or older child may seem to be well, but is suddenly taken with a severe pain in abdomen with more or less vomiting and diarrhea.

On examination you will find that the abdomen is very much distended, and this does not seem to be relieved by vomiting or the diarrhea. The attack comes on so suddenly, especially in a child old enough to walk and play around, that the mother thinks the child must have injured itself. In one case I was called to see a little boy four years old, who was playing and suddenly began to cry out and press his hands on his abdomen. Symptoms of this kind at this time of year make us think of green apples, but in this case the mother assured me there were no green apples eaten, but thought the boy might have fallen and received some serious intestinal injury or hernia. Scientists who have investigated this disease claim that it is caused by a germ, a gas bacillus that seems to thrive in an acid medium.

In some sections of this country there has been quite an epidemic, and while there have been few, if any, fatal cases, there is a great deal of suffering and the little patients become very weak and thin.

The most important part of the treatment is to stop the pain and this has to be done with some opiate. In older children minute doses of morphine, in babies two to five drops of tincture of opium, dose depending on age, in teaspoonful doses of castor oil. The opium stops the pain, checks the irritability of the bowels, and the castor oil relieves the gas. Externally, hot turpentine stupes should be applied all over the abdemen. These are made by putting one tablespoonful of turpentine to eight ounces of hot water, wring out cloths as hot as possible, then cover with dry flannel. The diet must be very simple, avoiding all acids. It may consist of equal parts of vichy water and milk, lime-water and milk, diluted beef juice. For the thirst give small pieces of cracked ice if patient is large enough to suck them; if not, swab out mouth often and give small sips of water.

The patient usually responds to treatment, and with careful diet there will be no complications.

Subject next month, *Glandular Enlargements of Children.*

Questions and Answers

SORE NAVEL.—My 16-months-old baby boy has had trouble with his navel ever since he was born as it never healed up. It is red and wet all the time and sometimes a bloody-looking water oozes out of it.

MRS. L. M., Armathwaits, Tenn.

A.—It would seem better that your baby had the personal attention of a surgeon, but if this is not possible would suggest that you bathe navel with one per cent. Dakins' solution once a day, and touch up any unhealed parts with nitrate of silver stick, then dusting on some precipitated sulphur powder.

WEANING BABY.—Should the mother of a six-months-old baby wean it if she becomes pregnant, and what should she feed it? MRS. H. B., Marcus, Ia.

A.—Yes, she should wean baby at once, giving it modified milk, also oatmeal gruel.

SWOLLEN NAVEL.—What can I do for my 17-months-old baby whose navel swells? She also has a yellowish discharge that irritates and inflames her.

MRS. W. R. H., Greer, S. C.

A.—Should press the navel back into place and hold it with button and adhesive straps. Take button size of silver quarter, cover with soft gauze or cotton, with the rounded on concave side pressing inside on navel, and hold it there with strips of adhesive plaster, wearing this for some months, changing gauze and adhesive often enough to hold the navel in place. For the yellowish discharge, should bathe the parts with Dakins' solution, also should give baby two drop doses of tincture of chloride of iron, three times a day, in water or simple syrup.

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ENLARGED GLAND OF NECK.—I have a baby one month old that has an enlarged gland on the right side of its neck and am writing to find out what I can do to remove it. MRS. G. K., Kaufman, Texas.

A.—Should try applications of Iodex, on clean gauze. If you get no relief from this, would suggest that you consult a competent surgeon, but do not hurry about this as baby is rather young for surgical treatment.

FOOD FOR BABY.—Will you tell me how to fix modified milk for baby nine months old who has two teeth? I am all run down, myself, weigh but 88 pounds; wish you would sugget help for me.

MRS. E. B., Salem, Oregon.

A.—I should wean baby at once, putting it on one part water to three parts of milk, teaspoonful of sugar of milk and tablespoonful of lime-water to each six-ounce feeding, giving this every three hours during the daytime; soon the baby ought to be able to take the milk without the addition of water. You can also feed the baby oatmeal gruel, stale wheat bread toasted, graham crackers. For yourself, weaning the baby will help you, but should take some preparation of iron, Gude's Peptomangan, or Neoferrum. Get out in the open air all you can and take, every three hours, a tablet containing one grain each of valerianate of iron, quinine and zinc.

WEANING BABY, WOOL SHIRTS.—I have three girls, baby is seven months old. She never cries, only when it is time to nurse her, but how can I break her of nursing in the night? Should I give her food? Do you advise wool shirts and stockings?

MRS. K. I., Mapleton, Ia.

A.—Do not nurse seven-months-old baby during night; if she wakes up, give her water to drink. No, I should not give her food if she is gaining, as mixed feeding is not ideal. Yes, I think wool shirts and stockings are best to wear.

CONSTIPATED BABY.—What can I do for my six-months-old baby, bottle fed, who has always been slightly constipated? Sometimes the stools are streaked with blood. She has no teeth. Why do they not come? MRS. E. S., Tillamook, Oregon.

A.—Give teaspoonful doses of milk of magnesia often enough in her food to keep bowels freely open, graham crackers, molasses cookies, plenty of water to drink will also help relieve constipation. The exact time that a baby's teeth should arrive is uncertain and there are many normal healthy babies a year old without a sign of a tooth.

BREAKING OUT ON BABY'S FACE.—My five-months-old baby, who is bottle fed, has at times a breaking out on his face. Can you tell me the cause, and what to do for it? MRS. R. E. B., Castlewood, S. D.

A.—Without much doubt, the breaking out is caused by indigestion, and I would suggest that you dilute his food a little with water, also give tablespoonful of lime-water to each six-ounce feeding. Give teaspoonful doses of milk of magnesia often enough to keep bowels open.

SLUGGISH LIVER.—My 17-months-old baby is having trouble with his bowels and liver. The bowels move too often and stools do not look right, and at times he has a swarthy look, and I think he needs something for his liver as the bile does not seem to be right.

MRS. R. J., Texarkana, Texas.

A.—If the bowels are too free, give baby, three times a day, a tablet containing Bismuth Subnitrate, three grains, and Pepsin Sacch, two grains. I am a little confused as to what causes you to think that the liver and bile are at fault, but if you mean by the swarthy look to the skin that the baby is jaundiced, give baby every three hours a tablet containing one-fourth grain each of calomel and soda, for a few doses. Do this once a week, or whenever this condition shows up.

PAINFUL URINATION.—My five-months-old baby girl at times cries out when urinating. What is the cause and what can I do for her? I am all the time craving starch and chalk, and will these injure baby, as I am nursing her? MRS. E. H. M., Gilford, Mont.

A.—Without much doubt, the baby's urine is highly acid, which would make it irritating and painful. Would suggest that you take alkalies in the form of lime-water, vichy water, and avoid acid foods. The craving for chalk and starch would seem to me to be rather a morbid longing, and I do not think I should indulge myself, although I do not see how it would injure baby.

WEANING BABY.—When should I wean my 10-months-old baby, and what can I feed him? He is healthy and has six teeth. MRS. C. C. S., Texarkana, Ark.

A.—You should wean baby when he is 11 months old. His diet should consist mostly of milk, but you can give him oatmeal gruel, custards, stale wheat bread toasted, graham crackers, beef and chicken broths, coddled eggs, one per day.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

I am an ex-teacher and not a good cook. That is why I had to fix some device for recipes.

I have just finished a bedspread of unbleached sheeting, and appliqued an original wildrose design of my own.

I would not teach children the alphabet before sending them to school. It does not help them. Let the little ones cut out the numbers that are on the sheets of a large calendar. Give them another sheet that is not cut and let them arrange the numbers in order, looking at this sheet. I think six years the best age to send children to school. My greatest difficulty was that children were sent to school when they were too young. If I start to talk school I won't stop!

Best wishes to all. MRS. BERNIE JOHNSON.

WISCONSIN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I am a farmer's wife and like farm life in most ways. My chief objection is that there is usually no provision made for the farm women going away from home unless taken by some of the men, and this isn't always convenient.

How many of the sisters have clean-kept lawns? In the spring see that the lawn is put in good condition and plant some new shrubbery, vines and flower seeds. Where do you discard such rubbish as cannot be burned? I have a barrel set a little way from the house and put tin cans, glass, etc., in it. When it is full it is easy enough to have it carried somewhere and dumped. So many farmers have so much work to do on the farm that they neglect their yards. When I am tired I like to look out upon a freshly mowed lawn and especially in the moonlight with the shadows of the trees upon it.

I do my own housework and sewing with the exception of the very best, raise chickens and take care of the garden and help care for the lawn. I have help mowing it as it is large and there are twenty trees on it.

I would like the sisters to each tell a couple of helps or short cuts in housework for it would help so many. I will begin it.

1. I never stand to do any ironing. I sit on my kitchen stool and am not tired when through. It is a medium high stool and I soon learned to iron this way.

2. Don't use a piece of soap after it gets thin and small enough to be bothersome, but put it in a pail kept especially for such things and after there is enough pour hot water in pail and use for washing machine or scrub water.

My family consists of my husband, little daughter, not quite three years old, a hired man and myself.

Jackie, I am glad to hear you have a "Better Baby." Mine was not but is next thing to it. She is a fine, healthy girl. If there is ever another it will be a real "Better Baby."

A CONTENTED FARMER'S WIFE.

WISCONSIN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT READERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for over fifteen years.

How many of you sit down while doing your kitchen work? Use a stool made for this purpose or an old organ stool, turned up to the desired height. It works fine. Mother uses one and it saves her a lot of trouble with her feet.

Have your children bow legs? My little girl had and I always tied her legs together above the knee with an old stocking. I did this every night. She never fussed when I did it and always reminded me of it when I forgot it. Her legs are nice and straight now.

Mrs. Vernon, I believe in buying good things that wear longer instead of buying cheap goods which soon look shabby.

I am twenty-five years old and have been married five years. I have a dear husband and two children, a girl three and one-half years old and a boy fourteen months. A FLOWER LOVER.

SO. CHARLESTON, W. VA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have always been so interested in COMFORT that I could hardly wait from one month to another for its arrival. You don't know me so I will tell you about myself. I am twenty-five years old, five feet, two inches tall and weigh at present one hundred and five pounds. I have dark brown hair and eyes. We live in town, our own home and have one dear little boy, almost four years old. I am sending his picture which I hope to see in COMFORT whether my letter is printed or not. His name is Albert McCray. He likes to have me read the Cubby Bear stories to him and he knows his alphabet and can recite several poems. He is an industrious little fellow and wants to help me do the housework so. I shall teach him housework just as though he were a girl. He has everything he wants to play with and enjoys himself even though he is alone. We take delight in fixing things to please him. Just now he is with his grandmother as I have been sick and am unable to care for him. I long for the time to come when I can have him with me. I have a good home and husband and I love him and my home and baby. Could one ask for more of this world's blessings? I wish every sister who writes a letter to this Corner could say the same.



ALBERT MCCRAY.

Good wishes to each sister and dear Mrs. Wilkinson.

MRS. C. W. MCCRAY.

PARK RAPIDS, MINN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND ALL THE SISTERS:

I want to join your happy circle and hope I can be worthy of wearing a Sisters' Pin. I have been wanting one for years.

I love COMFORT and I couldn't think of being without it.

I've had many helps through this corner and now that I've succeeded in one of my own attempts lately I will tell you about it. I have three dear little ones, a boy nine years old, a girl seven and another boy of two. My oldest boy and girl would never be as good friends as I wished them to be and though they seldom actually fought they were always quarrelling and tattling, "Mamma, brother this," and, "Mamma, sister that." It got to be a habit, this whining voice of his, until it got on my nerves. I don't believe in much spanking so I told him if he would stop whining I would give him a nice present, but that every time he tattled or whined I would mark an X against his name and the more X's he got the smaller his present would be. Every time after that that they would cry, quarrel or tattle I would mark an X under their name. Now they are the most loving children I ever saw and they enjoyed the game themselves. When they hurt themselves they would rub the hurt place and laugh as hard as they used to cry. If one hurt the other I would mark the one that cried as well as the one that did the hurting. That kept them from crying for nothing and giving the other an X.

I would not teach my daughter dancing, no matter how graceful it would make her. I danced and not a little either but I know better now. I am sure all actors are not bad but the stage is not safe and it is a risky place to send your daughter.

I am, your admiring TORA-ANNE.

GREENWOOD, S. C.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I hail from South Carolina to chat with you all. I'd like to sit where I could hear Pearl Vesey talk for she simply radiates sunshine with her optimism. All



GWENDOLYN HAZEL BRIDGES.

would get more out of life if they looked for the silver lining of the clouds in their lives.

At present we are living in Greenwood, S. C., having moved here from Georgia, near a little place called Cobbtown. I've always lived on a farm so it is only natural that I miss the things connected with it. I like the people whom I've met but I miss the dear folks from down home.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)

Saving Garden Plants for Winter Cheer

By Eveline Vance

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SUMMER is waning and all lovers of garden flowers begin to dread the approaching season when pinching frosts will lay waste the floral splendor that is their joy and pride, and they wish it were possible to carry indoors all, instead of a chosen few, of these cherished friends. Adapting outdoor plants to indoor conditions is no small undertaking, but the one who succeeds in growing a window full of healthy, vigorous plants is well rewarded. For those who have had little or no experience, a few simple instructions will give a start in the right direction.

A southern exposure for flowering plants is necessary, and if there is a bay window to catch the extra light and the morning and afternoon sun the situation is ideal. Swinging or stationary brackets on the sides, shelves across the front, with perhaps a hook in the ceiling for a hanging plant will utilize full capacity. In deciding upon the number of plants it must be remembered that they will increase in size and must not be crowded. All arrangements for the care of the plants should be made before they are taken from the ground, and the earlier in the fall this is done the better, for the chilly nights are injurious to most plants. By taking the plants in early they have a chance to gradually recover from the shock of transplanting before the fires are started and the doors and windows closed. All plants require moisture in the air, and for this reason they usually thrive in kitchen windows unless exposed to cold drafts from outside doors. If there is no source of moisture for the plants, a dish of water must be kept on the stove or register, otherwise lice, red spiders or mealy bugs are likely to appear. Bad air and coal gas is as injurious to plant as to human life.

Window plants should be turned a little every day so that each side will be equally exposed, otherwise they will be one-sided, for they always grow toward the sun and light. Room must be given for drawing the shades at night as a protection from the cold window glass. In placing plants, those requiring the most heat are put at the top of the window where the temperature will be much higher.

Decorative Accessories

In recent years we have been following more and more the Japanese idea of making all things decorative that have to do with flowers and plants. The parrot sitting on his perch at the top of the page, and the canary which appears above the grapefruit plant are called bird-sticks, typically Japanese, and are used to give support to such plants as may need a prop.



ENGLISH IVY.

These birds are very simple to make, in fact, children who draw can do them. Make an outline of the bird on a thin piece of wood such as a cigar box cover. Then jig it out or cut with a sharp jack-knife. Paint in bright colors and mount on a small stick which is best painted leaf green.

The painted watering-pot is another testimony to our love for making things about us attractive. It is small and oval and is first painted inside and out to prevent rusting. Field daisies are painted on one side, which makes it so pretty that leaving it out of place gives no offense.

Painted flower-pots are receiving considerable attention, and with a very little practice one masters this method of decorating. Designs from wall-paper or cretonne can be copied on a dark foundation. The design on the grapefruit plant-pot is dark green with a yellow scallop at the top. The jardinieres have been considerably displaced by the home-decorated pots.

Potting-Soil and Fertilizers

It is only in a general way that a rule for plant soil can be given, as the character of the soil in different localities varies so greatly. If leaf-mold, rotted sod, sand and old manure are available, excellent results with all ordinary house plants may be obtained. If you have rich garden soil that contains considerable clay, it should be mixed with charcoal or sand and leaf-mold. If the soil is very sandy, it requires rotted sand and manure. A very thorough mixing of the different ingredients that go into the making of the soil is necessary before potting begins. In a wooden box spread the materials in layers, then turn the whole mass over and over with a shovel until mixed and fine. Never attempt to use earth that is so wet that when taken in the hand moisture can be squeezed from it. Spread and nearly dry, so that when mixing is completed the whole mass will be of a crumbly consistency. If the soil is made too heavy, or too rich, it will cause the roots to rot.



PAINTED FLOWER-POT

Sand or charcoal makes the best soil drainage for plants that are likely to remain in the pots for a year or more without repotting. Use a clean sand such as masons use for making mortar. Charcoal also prevents souring of the soil.

You can easily make your own charcoal. First, start a hot fire with plenty of wood, and when this is about half burned out, push it into a compact, level pile, and closely fill the stove with hard wood and let it burn down to a bed of solid coals with all drafts closed. Take out the charcoal, extinguish any fire that lingers in it, and when cold place in a bag and pound with a wooden mallet until well broken; then sift out the fine to mix with the soil, and return the coarser for drainage in the bottom of pots.

Liquid fertilizer made from cow manure is the best for house plants and has the advantage of being available in most sections. When made from horse or sheep manure the danger of burning is greater. All manure shuld be at least one year old. One and one-half peck of cow manure to 12 gallons of soft water is a safe proportion, but when made from sheep manure use only three quarts, or from horse manure six quarts to the 12 gallons of water.

On an average, plants do better not to mix



DECORATED WATERING-POT.

fertilizer into the potting soil, using the manure solution instead whenever the plants require feeding. With well-rotted sod and leaf-mold the plant will find nourishment enough for a considerable length of time. Under-fertilizing produces better results to house plants than over-fertilizing which causes many plant troubles. With proper soil to start with, care in watering, fairly even temperature and sun, plants will usually thrive throughout the winter without being disturbed unless they are attacked by plant lice which suck the sap from the plant and cause loss of vitality. These tiny insects will be found on the under side of the leaf, and a weak tobacco tea, or soap-suds applied with a small bulb syringe seems likely to be the only effective way of exterminating them. The first application is not likely to reach them all and must be repeated.

Sometimes a plant will suddenly take on a sickly yellow appearance, which indicates some insect has attacked the roots. First press the earth back from the sides of the pot in several places and pour in some of the weak tobacco tea, at the same time pouring some into the saucer where it will be taken up through the soil. If this fails, the plant must be taken from the pot, the soil removed and the roots washed. The best way to do this is to remove the plant, as described in this column, then set it in a pail of tepid soap-suds that just cover the soil. In a short time the soil will have loosened from the roots until it will rinse away with little disturbance to them, and at the same time the roots have been cleansed. Whale-oil soap is excellent for this purpose, but ordinary soap is usually effective. Rinse the roots in clear tepid water and put the plant into fresh soil and a clean pot. In doing this, with the left hand hold the plant in position, and the roots so they will mass as little as possible.

In most communities will be found a store that



POTTED GRAPEFRUIT TREE.

sells plant remedies with directions for their use, also plant foods and fertilizer. If your local store does not carry them, they will be found listed in seed catalogues from which you can order by mail.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)



Wonderful Clay Brings New Beauty to Every Skin!

SCIENCE is giving new complexions for old through a marvelous discovery! Dull, blemished skins are being transformed into exquisite softness and smoothness almost at once. Years of scientific research and experiment have finally revealed the elements which, when combined in certain exact proportions, clear the pores of every impurity, and leave the complexion as clear and charming as a child's.

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What Users Say:

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Mrs. A. B. Scott, Geneva, New York.

I think your Complexion Clay is wonderful and no woman should be without it, and you can tell anyone who wants to write to me regarding it. I used it twice and my friends say I am looking fine. I want to thank you for letting me know of your wonderful preparation.
Mrs. A. Pothe, 137 N. 7th St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

I received the Complexion Clay, and it is a pleasure for me to recommend it. I used it several times and it has done more good for my skin than anything I have ever used.
Mrs. D. Smith, Manville, N. J.

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This is the greatest bargain ever offered. The suit consists of a tuxedo jacket, which can be worn as a separate coat or sweater, and a plain circular skirt to match, both for the remarkably low price of $3.98. This suit would retail for about $10.00.

$3.98



The material is a knitted ratine jersey cloth of excellent weight, which will give wonderful satisfactory wear. Most stylish material ever designed for sport clothes. It is a copy of the fine all wool eponge which sells for $6.00 a yard.

The jacket is designed with tuxedo front, cuffs and sash belt of brushed yarn. Has set-in sleeves and serviceable pockets. Cut full. Unlined.

The skirt has elastic waistband and two patch pockets. Cut full and roomy.

This suit can be worn for all occasions. Our price is ridiculously low.

COLORS: Heather blue, gray or brown Sizes to fit misses 14, 16, 18 yrs; women, 32 to 44 bust.

Don't Send 1 Penny

Just send your name and address—no money. When the postman delivers this suit at your door, pay him $3.98 for it. We have paid the transportation costs. If for any reason whatsoever, it is not better than you expected, return it at our expense and we will cheerfully refund your money. Could anything be fairer? Order by No. 39.

Walter Field Co., Dept. T1077, Chicago

Pretty House or Porch Dress PATTERN— Absolutely FREE!



Because **Betty Gordon** wanted to give something as a compliment to her hundreds of thousands of women customers and to make many thousands of new friends, she designed this very wonderful **House or Porch Dress Pattern** which she is going to send **ABSOLUTELY FREE** to every one who asks for it. Remember, there are no strings to this **Free** offer! Just send your name, address and size pattern you want on a postal card and **Betty Gordon** will mail you at once the **Free** pattern and will send you at the same time a copy of her great **FALL BARGAIN BOOK.** You are under no obligation whatever—you send your name and size and you get the pattern—that's all there is to it. Illustration shows this fine house dress pattern which comes in **sizes 36 to 46 inches, bust measure**—be sure to state your size when writing for this **FREE** pattern.

Pattern is regular 50c pattern with cutting and construction chart. Remember—SEND TODAY—NO MONEY—No obligation. Just your name, address and size. Just say "Send my apron dress pattern, size (?) and your great Fall Fashion Book." THAT'S ALL. Send for yours now!

BETTY GORDON COMPANY

Gordon Bldg. Dept. 7507 Chicago

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O'Sullivan's Rubber Heels on Every Pair

Positively the world's greatest bargain in women's footwear. Think of it—only $1.75 for these latest style oxfords with genuine O'Sullivan's cushion Rubber heels attached. Made of extra quality brown or black kid finished leather. Perforated in a stunning square wing tip effect. Stylish Cuban heels. Flexible leather soles. Sizes 2 to 8.

Order Brown No. 6C295.

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Sale Price Only $1.75 POST PAID

Send only $1.75 or pay your postman when parcel arrives, whichever is more convenient for you, but don't delay your order—this offer is for a limited time only.

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JENNINGS MFG. CO.

Hose- 336 Dayton, Ohio

Thrift in Home Dyeing

By Ella Gordon

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TO increase the service of materials made into wearing apparel, only those of a good quality should be purchased. In other words, by adding but a fraction more to the price of a yard of cloth, it will do double service, for the higher-priced materials are made of longer staple which gives wearing quality, and being wider will require less in length from which to cut a garment. All materials worth the labor of making into wearing apparel, whether woven from linen, cotton, silk or woolen, are washable. Science has given us many substitutes for the pure thread which has its own rich finish, but many of them will not stand the test of washing without undue shrinkage, cockling and breaking, to say nothing of the artificial finish which disappears at the first tubbing. So if, after reasonable service, there still remain portions of garments fit for further service before doing duty in floor mats, they must be made of genuine materials.



LABEL THE BOTTLE.

Often used fabrics are worth remaking but the color has faded and must be renewed. Dyeing was a tedious process in olden times when the "gude" wife must gather the wild bark, nuts, blossoms and various leaves from which to "steepe" the color for all her household dyeing. Compare such laborious effort to spending but a few cents for a package of powder that will give most any color or shade, and comfortably preparing it with little labor, the present-day housewife may count her task an easy one.

There are two types of package dyes, the choice depending on the nature of the fabric to be dyed. One is called general dye, and dyes all kinds of materials. The other is called specific dye, and of this there are two kinds, one kind is for silk or wool, and another for cotton or linen. As package dye is distinctly marked as to the purpose of its contents, no mistake can be made. There are also printed directions for mixing and setting the dye which must be carefully followed for satisfactory results.

Still another class of home dyeing is done with dye soaps, which are very satisfactory in restoring ribbons, silk waists, faded cotton or linen materials to their original color.

Preparing the Material and Selecting Colors

Thorough cleaning before dyeing is necessary. If not done, all spots and stains will take the dye unevenly. Cleansing by ordinary washing is sufficient for most materials, with especial care that all soapy water be rinsed out. If a garment is to be recut, it is best to rip it apart, remove all fastenings and rip out hems before washing.

Wash silks can be dyed satisfactorily, also the China and Japanese silks, foulards, georgette and crepe de chines, but the cheaper silks which have been treated to a mineral solution to make them look heavier and better, make results doubtful. This treatment of cheaper silks is called "weighting" and can be easily detected by applying a lighted match to a small piece of the goods; if the material flames and curls into a small ball it is not weighted, but if it does not burn with a flame, but chars and retains its original shape, it is weighted.

In selecting the desired color it must be borne in mind that the very darkest shade of the material has to be "covered." For this reason, the professional dyer will only guarantee the darker shades. To obtain as light a shade as the original or lighter, all color must first be removed from the fabric, and as this is done with powerful bleaches, it is not an advisable undertaking. Cotton or linen can be boiled in a solution of washing soda, using two tablespoons to each gallon of water. This should be rapidly done, and the soda water boiled out through several waters.

Another reason for selecting dark colors is that in dyeing garments whole, the seams, hems and other thick places will not take the dye as evenly as one thickness, and often require redipping.

Preparing and Using the Dye

In using the package dye the easiest method is to dissolve the entire contents of the package. The label will state color and whether the dye is general or specific. Dissolve the dye in one quart of hot soft water; rain water is preferable. Strain the dye through cloth thick enough to catch the undissolved particles before bottling. If you have some liquid glue at hand, it is well to glue the part of envelope containing directions onto the bottle. When the dye is prepared in this form, quite frequently it is useful in coloring rinse waters. For example, if some dark brown dye is added when rinsing khaki colored shirts, blouses, trousers or girls' dresses, they will keep an even color.

The dye bath may be prepared in a tin, granite or agate-ware kettle. Weigh material to be dyed, as the package usually indicates a certain amount of dye to every pound of material. If you have less than a pound, do not use all the dye.

Put garment or material into kettle and cover with soft warm water, work through the hands until thoroughly wet, then wring out. Two things are thus accomplished; the material must be wet in order to have the dye penetrate evenly, and the amount of water necessary to cover the material has been ascertained. Now add to the water about half the amount of dye called for in the directions, and the material for setting color, which is properly called the mordant. The most commonly used household mordants are salt and vinegar. Shake out the wet material and lay into the dye bath, stirring with a wooden stick and slowly adding more dye until the desired shade is reached. Stir almost continuously so that the material will not stick to the bottom of kettle.



PREPARING THE DYE BATH.

In dyeing linen, cotton or silk, bring the dye solution slowly to a boil and simmer for 25 minutes. In adding more dye, remember that the shade looks darker when wet. In dyeing wool keep the dye just at the boiling point to prevent undue shrinking. If, however, the dye runs excessively in the rinse water, the material must be returned to the dye kettle and boiled, else it may "crock" when worn.

After dyeing, the garment or material must be rinsed until the dye ceases to run, which will require several waters. Many get better results by allowing the garment to first dry, and then wash and rinse.

In dyeing a cotton and wool mixture, it may be necessary to use both the specific dyes, one for cotton and one for wool, in order to obtain an even color. Do not mix, but dip from cotton dye into the wool dye.

Modern Table Appointments

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

clear beef fat until soft and brown. A little hot water can be added from time to time. Add one pint of rich strained tomato, a little salt, white pepper and paprika. Set on the back of stove and slowly cook two hours, adding a little boiling water if necessary. This makes a thick sauce. Cut beef in small squares, sear in beef fat, add a very little hot water, cover closely and bake in a moderate (slow) oven two hours. Drop half a pound of macaroni into boiling salted water, boil hard 25 minutes, drain and plunge into cold water. Drain, and add to tomato sauce, bring to a boil and turn onto serving dish over the smothered beef.

AFTER-SCHOOL LUNCH.—Children invariably return from school hungry and unless it is time for their night meal it is a mistake to give them cake or pastry as it remains long enough in the stomach to interfere with the regular meal, thus causing dreams and wakefulness. A cracker, or a slice of light bread, together with a little milk or broth, is quickly digested, and should be given sparingly. A child requires something, but it should be selected with care. Fresh fruit is also an ideal lunch between meals. Most children like tomato, which is easy to have on hand. Cook some rice in plenty of water, with a little onion and celery or celery salt, adding tomato 15 minutes before it is done. Serve with the addition of a little sugar and butter. Even cold, this is delicious.

STUFFED POTATOES.—Plunge well-scrubbed potatoes into boiling water and cook ten minutes. Drain, place in hot oven and bake until tender but not overdone. Make a cross with a sharp knife on one side of the potato, then carefully turn back the corners and leave them in this position. Scoop out the potato, mash and beat light with hot milk, butter, salt and paprika, and return to jackets. Set in hot oven thoroughly heated and serve at once.

STUFFED PEPPERS.—Take six whole medium-sized fresh green peppers, slice off the tops, remove seeds, and save tops to replace. Soak in cold water to which two tablespoons of salt have been added to each quart of water. Drain, press in the filling, and replace the top, holding it in place with toothpicks.

FILLING.—One cup of chopped cold chicken, one tablespoon of chopped parsley, one tablespoon of chopped onion, two tablespoons of melted butter, one cup of oven-toasted bread-crumbs, one-half teaspoon of salt, one-eighth teaspoon of pepper, and one egg slightly beaten. Mix very thoroughly.

CAULIFLOWER LEAVES.—It is not commonly known that the large rib of the cauliflower makes a delicious dish. Cut the ribs from the remainder of the leaf, cut into inch lengths and soak twenty minutes in lightly-salted cold water. Drain, drop into boiling water and cook until tender with cover partly on the kettle. Season with butter, salt and paprika, or with a white sauce.

PUMPKIN CUSTARD.—Peel, cut pumpkin into small squares and slowly cook until quite dry, which may require several hours. Stir frequently. Into a double boiler put two cups of the cooked pumpkin, two cups of milk, one-fourth teaspoon of grated nutmeg, one-half teaspoon of cinnamon, about one-eighth of a teaspoon of ginger, the grated rind of half a lemon, and one-third teaspoon of salt. Stir and cook about 20 minutes after the boiling point is reached. Beat three eggs until well broken and mixed, but not until light, stir in one and a half cup of sugar, and over it pour the pumpkin mixture. Pour into a shallow baking dish, set in a pan containing a little boiling water and bake in a slow oven until firm.

PUMPKIN PUDDING.—Put one-half cup of sugar into a stew-pan and set where it will slowly melt and turn brown, or caramelize. Soak one and a half cup of stale fine biscuit-crumbs in three cups of milk for two hours, then add it to the sugar together with one cup of cooked pumpkin, one-half teaspoon of cinnamon and the grated rind of half an orange. Stir and cook about 20 minutes, or until well mixed. Beat three eggs slightly, pour over the above mixture and bake slowly until firm. Serve with an orange sauce made by boiling for five minutes two cups of water with one cup of sugar, then thickening with three heaping teaspoons of corn-starch wet with a little cold water. Cook ten minutes, then add half a cup of orange juice, one tablespoon of lemon juice and one tablespoon of butter.

GOOSEBERRY MARMALADE.—Wash and drain the berries without stemming or removing the brown tops. Crush a few to start cooking and slowly bring to a boil. The fruit will not require as long cooking if the addition of water can be avoided. Cook until the seeds have separated from the pulp, then press through a fine sieve. Measure the strained pulp, allow an equal amount of sugar, then simmer together about 30 minutes. Pour into jelly glasses. This is exceedingly wholesome in winter.

CRAB-APPLE JELLY.—Wash and quarter fruit, and cover with cold water in a preserving kettle. Cook rapidly until the fruit is well separated and soft. Pour hot into a bag made from one thickness of cheese-cloth which will allow the juice to quickly run through, removing the coarser parts of apple. Then drain through a thicker bag. More juice is obtained in this way. Measure about three-fourths as much sugar as there is juice. Boil the juice hard for ten minutes and skim. Add the sugar slowly which has been heated in the oven. Pour into jelly glasses and cover with melted paraffin when firm. The very small crab-apples make the best jelly, and they must be used while very hard.

Crab-apples are so rich in pectin that they make a firm jelly even when combined with other fruits or berries that contain little pectin, while the flavor harmonizes and imparts richness. Where berry juices are added, it is safer to cook down the strained apple juice somewhat before adding sugar and other juice.

SPICED BLUEBERRIES.—Make a small cloth bag and tie into it one tablespoon of cinnamon, one scant teaspoon of allspice and one-half teaspoon of cloves. Into one cup of strong vinegar put the bag of spice, one pound of brown sugar and two pounds of granulated sugar. Slowly simmer for about 15 minutes then add the blueberries and cook until soft. Seal.

The Winning Gamble

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

thousand. Then Bonnie noticed with a bit of excitement in her face that there were only two bidders left, Trabue and a strange gentleman who flourished a heavy walking stick occasionally over the heads of the spectators.

Finally Trabue, turning an angry face towards the stranger, called him out as winner.

Slowly the crowd disbanded and the gray headed stranger, now owner of Elmwood, made his way towards the house.

"I would like to settle this matter with Miss Lathrop alone," he said when he reached the porch.

Aunt Dorothy let him in, and the auctioneer went back to the scattering crowds who were claiming their various purchases.

In the library the purchaser of Elmwood met Bonnie face to face. He noticed with one swift glance that her eyes were wet with tears, but Bonnie brushed them away and made a faint effort to smile.

"You will have a beautiful home here," she said calmly as she held out her hand—I—I love it."

"I think it's a beautiful old spot, too," answered the man, "but would you mind telling me why you offered it for sale?"

"No," Bonnie answered slowly, "nothing matters now. I had as soon tell you as not—I was heavily in debt, and there was no other way for me to pay."

"You little silly!" the stranger cried as he snatched the grey wig from his head, "did you think I'd let you do a thing like this?"

"You?" gasped Bonnie as she recognized Justin Hall—"but how did you know?"

"That's all right how I knew," answered Justin, "the thing that pleases me is that I just did make it here in time to save you."

"Don't you realize,' Bonnie said presently "that it was to pay you—that I offered the place for sale—you don't think I'd try to keep my promise after I learned what you really were did you?"

"Surely you don't hold that against me," murmured Justin. "Am I not a perfectly nice gambler?"

"You—you—gambled on me," stammered Bonnie with quivering lips.

Presently Justin's arms closed about the little woman at his side and for a moment they stood in silent ecstasy.

"What you say, Sweetheart," said the man softly as he raised her face to his, "shall our gamble stand as fiction or fact?"

"How did it end?" the girl asked softly.

Justin drew her a bit closer to his heart.

"Why, just as it should," he answered tenderly, "both the hero and heroine admitted they had loved each other from the moment of their first meeting, let their marriage stand as it was and lived happily ever after. Now," he said slowly, "shall it stand?"

Bonnie gave his eager face one loving glance then nodded:

"Yes."

Clears Skin of Pimples

Remarkable Action of Stuart's Calcium Wafers in Ridding Face of Pimples, Boils, Rash, Blotches, Etc.

You know what a tiny pinch of saleratus does when added to milk and acid. Its stops curdling, and this is comparatively the same influence that takes place when you add calcium sulfide to the



blood. It is a refining influence. Calcium is the principal agency in Stuart's Calcium Wafers and exerts a peculiar stimulus to skin repair. Pimples, blackheads and other such evidence of localized skin sluggishness are replaced with new material and soon the skin renews itself with firmer, healthier tissue. This makes the beautiful complexion so much admired. No use to hide pimples with cold cream and lotions. These blemishes either come from within or become localized if the calcium influence is lacking and they keep coming until such an influence as calcium is supplied by the blood.

Let nature clear your skin through the influence of Stuart's Calcium Wafers which you can obtain in any drug store at 60 cents a box. These wonder wafers are used by thousands of women who have learned from experience their remarkable influence to make the skin beautiful and keep it so.

SEND NO MONEY

12 in. long



Manufacturer's Sensational Introductory Offer

Here is the very latest Metropolitan hit DIRECT FROM THE FACTORY—a handsome new Combination Shopping-Hand Bag with interior purse pocket; made of Dupontex, the new leathery, waterproof material that will not spot and wears like iron; can be dipped in water and washed inside and out and yet its soft, leathery, Dupontex lining in a variety of fascinating colors, including red, brown, blue, green, gray, gold, white, etc., will remain as soft as silk and more pliable than the finest leather.

79c

Just send your name and address—SEND NO MONEY—when bag arrives, pay the postman 79c which includes postage. Money cheerfully refunded if you're not delighted with this wonderful bag at its sell more wonderful price.

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SECCO SALES CO., Boston, Mass.

The Secret



Sally was a pretty girl, but in spite of this she was a wall-flower at parties. When men were asked why they didn't dance with her, they just said, "Sally don't dress like the other girls. When I dance with her, I feel like apologizing for her clothes."

Then, one day, a married sister told her of this.

Ten weeks later, at a house dance, Sally astonished her friends by saying, "Why, I made that gown myself. Otherwise, I could not afford to have it. I took up the Franklin Institute system and after 10 weeks' fascinating spare time work, I can now design and make my own gowns, waists, skirts and suits. I am now making an evening dress for mother.'

Over 13,000 women and girls have, like Sally, learned Dress Designing and Making at home, and are much better dressed at one-third the former cost. Sign and mail the following coupon—at once. This two cent stamp may save you hundreds of Dollars and make you better dressed than ever.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE

Dept. H 656 Rochester, N. Y.

Send me free sample lessons and full information about your Dress Designing, Dressmaking Course.

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Address .....

LADIES EARN $6-$18 doz. painting pillow tops at home; experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. TAPESTRY PAINT CO., 9144, CANTON, ILL.



How to Make Money at Home in Spare Time!

Every Wife or Self-Supporting Girl Can Use Extra Money for Clothes.

Why Not Make it Yourself---Right at Home, This New Way?

IS THE more-money problem worrying you? Does it seem as if the rent comes due oftener, that the children's clothes wear out quicker, the family bills pile up higher than before?

Does it seem as if the dollars simply will not stretch to meet the bills and still get the things you need and want?

Think what it would mean, then, to be able to earn at home the extra amounts you need for the little luxuries you desire. Think of having always at hand a means of turning your spare hours into money!

If you are ambitious, if you want more money, if you have some spare time each week, plus the will-to-work and a degree of adaptability, you CAN turn your spare hours into dollars by knitting Olde Tyme All-Wool Socks at home on the Auto Knitter.

Miss Eunice A. Fox, a New Hampshire woman who is the only support of her aged father, was becoming really alarmed about her financial affairs. Then an Auto Knitter advertisement showed her the way to make extra money without giving up her little Gift Shop business. Nearly five years ago she secured a machine, learned to use it and soon began to clear up the burdensome debts that had accumulated. She has used her Auto Knitter earnings to put electricity and new plumbing in her house and to paint and paper it; to pay a large doctor's bill; to buy rugs; and to purchase necessary clothing for her father and herself. All with money earned in the privacy of her home, in spare time.

Mrs. Banghman, a Kansas housewife, wanted to make extra dollars for some of the labor-saving home conveniences she had long wanted. When she heard of Auto Knitting she felt sure she had found the right way—and so it proved. After working with the machine about a year, Mrs. Banghman has realized many of her desires, among them a kitchen cabinet costing $60, an electric vacuum cleaner and a sewing machine motor. Her spare time work with the Auto Knitter paid for all of these, and in addition has brought her several hundred dollars in cash.

Five years ago Mr. W. M. Irving, of Missouri, was having a hard time making both ends meet. Then he found out about the spare time money he could make with an Auto Knitter. He secured a machine and has used it regularly ever since to add to his income. Auto Knitting has enabled him to give his family many comforts and conveniences—such as a set of library furniture, a typewriter, clothing and shoes. He has also used his earnings to make payments on the home where he now lives, and to build a satisfying bank account.

These are but a few of the many people who are turning spare hours into cash with the Auto Knitter. Many workers whom we prefer to class as exceptional report much larger earnings than those we mention. The earnings vary with the amount of time devoted to the work and the speed of the individual operator, but whether the amount be large or small it is most welcome and helps to make the lives of these workers easier and happier.

Guaranteed Price for Standard Products

You are given a signed Work Contract, guaranteeing you a market for every pair of standard Olde Tyme Socks you produce, and fixing a definite price which you will be paid for your work, in addition to which you will be furnished with yarn to replace, pound for pound, that which you sent us in the form of socks.

You can work as much as you please or as little as you please—and the standard product you complete can be disposed of promptly and profitably to the company. You are not compelled or obligated in any way to send any part or all of your work to the company unless you wish. You can make socks and sell them to your friends, neighbors and local trade. But if you prefer not to canvass or do any selling, then it is always your privilege to send your standard socks to us and receive our fixed rate of payment, together with replacement yarn.

More Than $100,000.00 a Year Being Paid to Workers

To workers who are taking advantage of the Work Contract, we are now paying earnings at the rate of more than $100,000.00 per year. In addition to this, we are shipping workers more than $625,000 worth of fine Olde Tyme Wool Yarn.

From these workers, we are receiving Old Tyme Wool Socks at the rate of more than a million pairs per year. This does not include the large numbers made by workers and sold to their own trade. This immense number of pairs are received at the factory, where they are sorted and shipped to more than 9,000 dealers in all parts of the country, including department stores, men's furnishers and general stores.

Yet out of this large number of socks received, from novices as well as experts, from new workers as well as old, less than 5% have to be laid aside and returned as being below the standard set for Olde Tyme All Wool Socks.

Positive Proof of Success

The large volume of socks received shows that Auto Knitting is not an exclusive accomplishment, confined to the abilities of the few, but a profitable home occupation that can be successfully entered by the average individual.

Do You Want a Share of This Money?

Would you like to receive checks in your mail, paying you for spare time effort at home? Would you like to have a portion of this money that is being paid to Auto Knitter workers? Would you like to be one of the successful Auto Knitter owners who have banished their more-money worries and who have always at hand a means of turning their spare moments into money?

Send for Fact-Stories and Full Information

If you have the slightest desire to earn more money—if you want to turn your spare hours into cash, then send the attached coupon today for full details of our offer, with stories of success telling what others have done and how you can get into the work.

Don't delay. Send for the coupon today. Get the facts. Then decide for yourself. You do not want to postpone the day when you can have extra money—so don't postpone sending the coupon. Resolve to do now as others have done. Make up your mind to let your own spare hours solve your money worries. Get the coupon in the mail this very day.

THE AUTO KNITTER HOSIERY CO., INC.
Dept. 109 630-638 Genesee St., Buffalo, N. Y.

THE AUTO KNITTER HOSIERY CO., INC.
Dept. 109, 630-638 Genesee St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Send me full particulars about making money at home with the Auto Knitter. I enclose 2 cents postage to cover cost of mailing, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

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.....

Comfort 9-22

PILLOWS & TOWELS

Pattern for Sheets, Pillows and Towels

Morning Glory Yoke with Sleeves

MATERIALS: No. 50 white mercerized crochet cotton; No. 13 steel hook.

Work is begun for this yoke by making a straight band, with two morning glories meeting in the center, which is used for the back of the yoke.

Begin with 106 sts. First three rows 33 spaces each.

4th row—7 sps, 1 blk, 25 sps, ch 5.

5th row—22 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, ch 5.

6th row—6 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 15 sps, 1 sp, 1 blk, 5 sps, ch 5.

7th row—4 sps, 1 blk, 15 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, ch 5.

8th row—7 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 3 blks, 7 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, ch 5.

9th row—4 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 4 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, ch 5.

10th row—6 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 6 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, ch 5.

11th row—4 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 7 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, ch 5.

12th row—5 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, ch 5.

13th row—6 sps, 5 blks, 5 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, ch 5.

14th row—6 sps, 7 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 7 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, ch 5.

15th row—9 sps, 2 blks, 6 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 6 blks, 6 sps, ch 5.

16th row—5 sps, 6 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 11 sps, ch 5.

17th row—15 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 5 sps, ch 5.

18th row—6 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 16 sps, ch 5.

19th row—16 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 7 blks, 7 sps, ch 5.

20th row—8 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 6 blks, 5 sps, ch 5.

21st row—7 sps, 5 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 3 blks, 9 sps, ch 5.

22nd row—10 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 4 blks, 8 sps, ch 5.

23rd row—9 sps, 5 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, ch 5.

24th row—10 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 4 blks, 10 sps.

25th row—9 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 10 sps, ch 5.

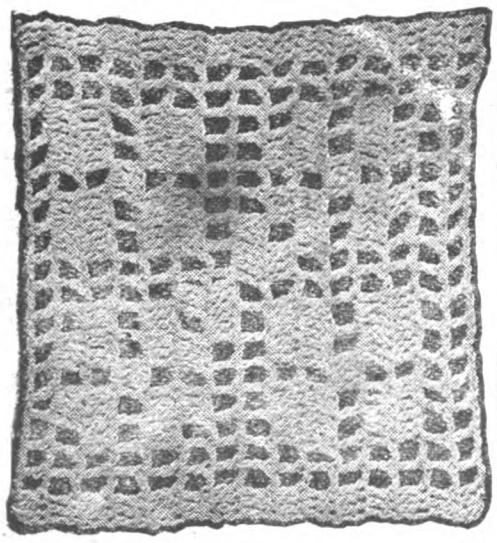
26th row—11 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 14 sps, ch 5.

27th row—12 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 8 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, ch 5.

28th row—8 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 8 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 12 sps, ch 5.

29th row—9 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 3 blks, 9 sps, ch 5.

30th row—7 sps, 4 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 8 sps, ch 5.



FILET INSERTION NO. 1.

31st row—8 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 5 blks, 6 sps, ch 5.

32nd row—4 sps, 6 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 8 sps, ch 5.

33rd row—9 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 4 blks, 5 sps, 5 blks, 3 sps.

34th row—13 sps, 3 blks, 5 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 8 sps, ch 5.

35th row—8 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 12 sps, ch 5.

36th row—11 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 3 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps.

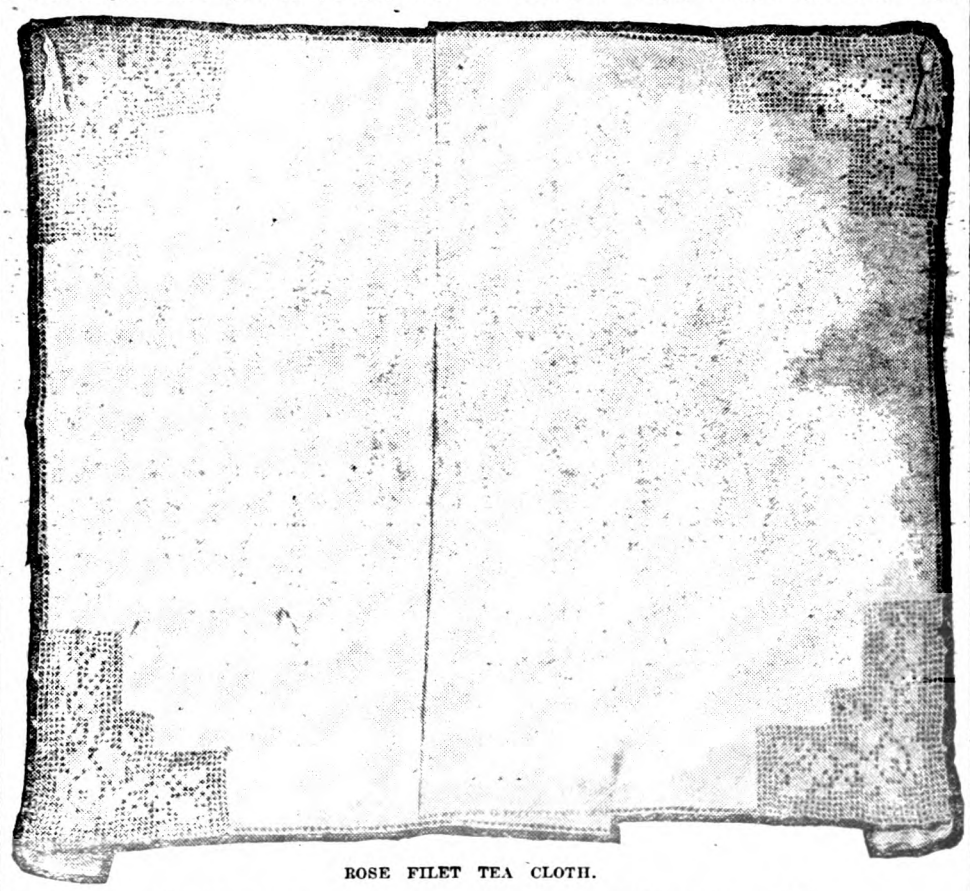
37th row—10 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps.

38th row—3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 7 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, ch 5.

39th row—15 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 5 blks, 4 sps.

40th row—4 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 3 sps, 5 blks, 4 sps, 3 blks, 7 sps.

41st row—6 sps, 6 blks, 1 sp, 6 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 2 sps, ch 5.



ROSE FILET TEA CLOTH.

42nd row—4 sps, 9 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 4 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 3 sps, ch 5.

43rd row—3 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 4 sps, 5 blks, 1 sp, 8 blks, 5 sps, ch 5.

44th row—5 sps, 9 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 4 sps, 6 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5.

45th row—5 sps, 4 blks, 5 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 5 sps, ch 5.

46th row—6 sps, 5 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 5 sps, 2 blks, 6 sps, ch 5.

47th row—8 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 7 blks, 6 sps, ch 5.

48th row—6 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, ch 5.

49th row—5 sps, 5 blks, 3 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 8 blks, 7 sps, ch 5.

50th row—8 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, ch 5.

51st row—3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 7 blks, 9 sps, ch 5.

52nd row—10 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5.

53rd row—3 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 6 blks, 11 sps, ch 5.

54th row—12 sps, 6 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, ch 5.

55th row—11 sps, 8 blks, 14 sps, ch 5.

56th row—16 sps, 6 blks, 11 sps, ch 5.

57th row—12 sps, 3 blks, 18 sps, ch 5.

58th row—33 sps. This is center of pattern.

59th row—33 sps.

60th row—Same as 57th row.

61st row—Same as 56th row. Now repeat every row back to the first row.

For Shoulder

Turn work and along the side work four rows of 32 sps each.

5th row—8 sps, 1 blk, 23 sps, ch 5.

6th row—10 sps, 1 blk, 11 sps, 2 blks, 8 sps, ch 5.

7th row—8 sps, 2 blks, 11 sps, 1 blk, 10 sps, ch 5.

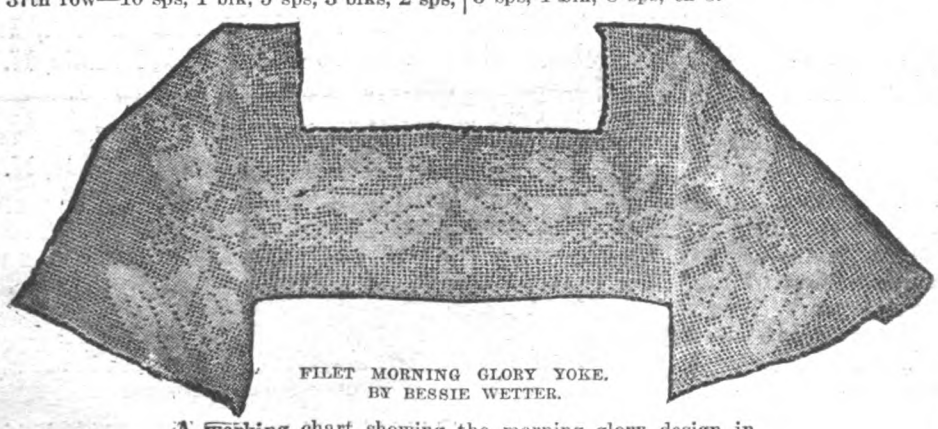
8th row—10 sps, 2 blks, 9 sps, 3 blks, 8 sps, ch 5.

9th row—9 sps, 3 blks, 7 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps.

10th row—10 sps, 3 blks, 5 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, ch 5.

11th row—8 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 10 sps, ch 5.

12th row—10 sps, 4 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, ch 5.



FILET MORNING GLORY YOKE.
BY BESSIE WETTER.

A working chart showing the morning glory design in detail will be mailed upon receipt of ten cents.

13th row—6 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 11 sps, ch 5.

14th row—11 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 13 sps, ch 5.

15th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 10 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 10 sps, ch 5.

16th row—11 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, ch 5.

17th row—4 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 12 sps, ch 5.

18th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 10 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 10 sps, ch 5.

19th row—11 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, ch 5.

20th row—4 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 12 sps, ch 5.

21st row—13 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 2 blks, 5 sps, ch 5.

22nd row—7 sps 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 3 blks, 6 sps, 3 blks, 6 sps, ch 5.

23rd row—5 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 sp, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, ch 5.

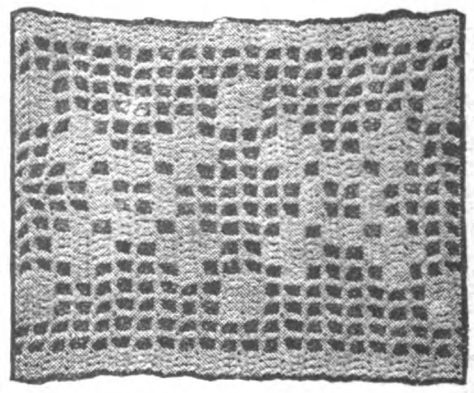
24th row—8 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, ch 5.

25th row—5 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 6 sps, ch 5.

26th row—5 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, ch 5.

27th row—6 sps, 6 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, ch 5.

28th row—2 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 4 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, ch 5.



INSERTION NO. 2.

29th row—10 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 3 blks, 10 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, ch 5.

30th row—11 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5.

31st row—4 sps, 5 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 11 sps, ch 5.

32nd row—11 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 12 sps, ch 5.

33rd row—11 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 10 sps, ch 5.

34th row—10 sps, 3 blks, 5 sps, 11 blks, 3 sps, ch 5.

35th row—10 sps, 3 blks, 7 sps, 3 blks, 9 sps, ch 5.

36th row—9 sps, 3 blks, 7 sps, 3 blks, 10 sps, ch 5.

37th row—10 sps, 2 blks, 9 sps, 3 blks, 8 sps, ch 5.

38th row—7 sps, 3 blks, 10 sps, 2 blks, 10 sps, ch 5.

39th row—10 sps, 1 blk, 11 sps, 7 blks, ch 5.

40th row—7 sps, 2 blks, 12 sps, 1 blk, 10 sps, ch 5.

41st row—23 sps, 2 blks, 7 sps, ch 5.

42nd row—7 sps, 1 blk, 24 sps, ch 5.

43rd, 44th, 45th and 46th rows, 32 sps each.

Begin opposite shoulder by working in 32 sps from other side of the back. Then repeat directions for shoulder from first row.

Front of Yoke

Work ch 147 sts and join to first shoulder. Break thread and, beginning at the edge, work 32 sps across each shoulder and 49 on chain between or 113 spaces in all.

Make four rows of 113 sps each then the morning glory pattern which was worked crosswise on 33 spaces for the back, is repeated but worked lengthwise or across the front of the yoke.

5th row—36 sps 1 blk, 39 sps, 1 blk, 36 sps, ch 5 at end of each row before turning.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)

Rose Filet Corner Inserts

For a table cover of linen use No. 50 white mercerized crochet cotton and a suitable steel crochet hook.

Begin with ch 96 sts, turn.

1st row—30 sps, ch 5, turn.

2nd row—6 sps, 3 blks (10 d c), 10 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 5 blks, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

3rd row—4 sps, 4 blks, 4 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

4th row—3 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

5th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

6th row—2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 5 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

7th row—3 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

8th row—2 blks over 2 blks, 1 sp, 6 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 blks, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

9th row—2 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 7 blks, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

10th row—3 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 15 sps. Break thread. Turn work.

11th row—Over 15 sps from end work 4 sps, 3 more sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 2 sps, ch 5, turn. This makes 16 blks and sps in a row instead of 30 as before.

12th row—2 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.

13th row—1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.

14th row—6 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

15th row—8 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

16th row—2 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

17th row—2 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

18th row—4 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.

19th row—3 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

20th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 4 blks, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

21st row—2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 4 blks, ch 5, turn.

22nd row—2 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

23rd row—2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

24th row—1 sp, 3 blks over 3 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

25th row—2 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

26th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

27th row—1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, ch 5, turn.

28th row—4 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

29th row—10 sps. Fasten off.

After inserting the filet in the corners finish the entire edge of the cloth with one row of spaces, then one row of singles over chains and one picot over each space.

Simple Filet Patterns

These can be used in many ways and the cotton used in making depends upon the purpose for which the work is intended.

Either of the wide insertions are suitable for towels, scarfs or chair backs.

Insertion No. 1

Ch 57 sts, turn.

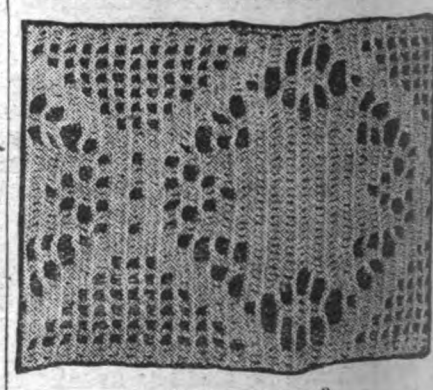
1st row—1 d c in 4th st from hook, ch 2, sk 2, 1 d c, repeat, making 16 sps, 4 d c, ch 3, turn.

2nd row—1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

3rd row—1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

4th row—1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

5th row—Same as 3rd row.



INSERTION NO. 3.

6th row—1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

7th and 8th rows—1 blk, 6 sps, 2 blks, 8 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

9th row—Repeat pattern in reverse order from 6th to 2nd row.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)



Alphabet for Cross Stitching



Table Linen Filet

The filet hot rolls cloth has four inserts all of the same size as the word fresh.

The edge is finished with one row of spaces and picots and the corners with tassels.

The three squares at the bottom of this page are designs for dust protectors. Working designs for the words are also shown.

As the complete alphabet is given above, directions only for one word will be given.

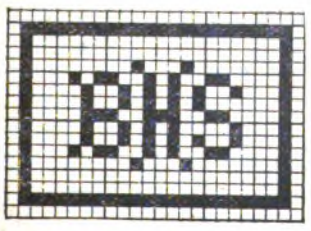
Filet Word Fresh

Of No. 50 crochet cotton ch 56 sts, turn, 1 d c in 9th st from hook, * ch 2, sk 2, 1 d c in next st, repeat 15 times, making 17 sps in all.

2nd row—1 sp, 15 blks, 1 sp.
3rd row—1 sp, 1 blk, 13 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
4th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
5th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
6th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
7th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
8th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
9th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 10 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
10th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp.
11th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 10 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
12th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 13 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
13th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp.
14th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp.
15th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp.
16th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
17th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp.
18th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
19th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 11 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp.
20th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 13 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
21st row—1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
22nd row—1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp.
23rd row—1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
24th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
25th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.



26th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp.
27th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
28th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 13 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
29th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
30th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
31st row—1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp.
32nd and 33rd rows—Same as 31st row.
34th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk. 2 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
35th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
36th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 13 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
37th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp.
38th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
39th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp.

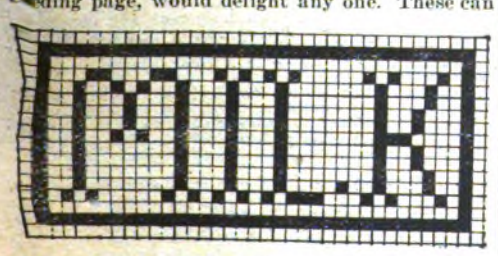


40th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
41st row—1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp.
42nd row—1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
43rd row—1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp.
44th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 13 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
45th row—1 sp, 15 blks, 1 sp.
46th row—17 sps.

Filet Crochet Straps for Linen

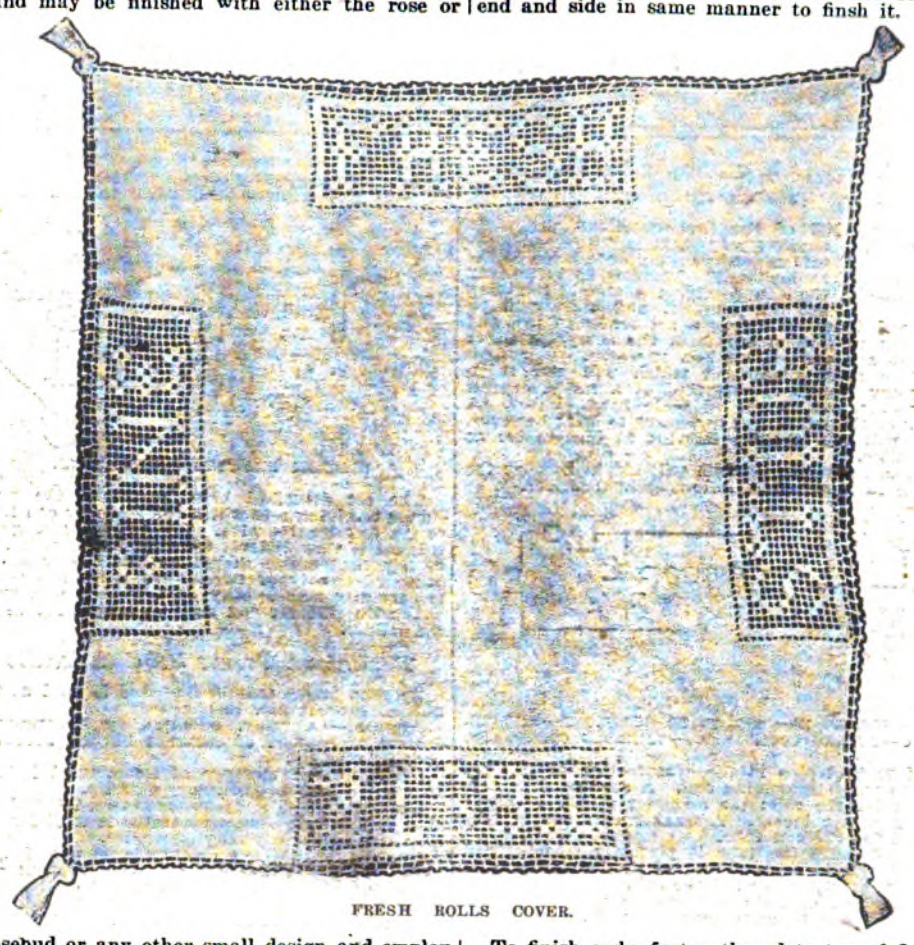
Almost without number are the dainty, useful articles which can be fashioned with a ball of cotton and a crochet hook. For Christmas or bope chest gifts, the designs shown this month are especially appropriate and lovely.

A set of filet straps for household linen, of which two working designs are given on preceding page, would delight any one. These can



be made for sheets, napkins, etc. Two each being needed for pillow cases, and bath or guest towels. Finish the ends with rosettes and ribbon for tying or mount the filet on a ribbon-covered elastic band.

These straps are 18 spaces wide as shown, and may be finished with either the rose or rosebud or any other small design and employ any sort of lettering.



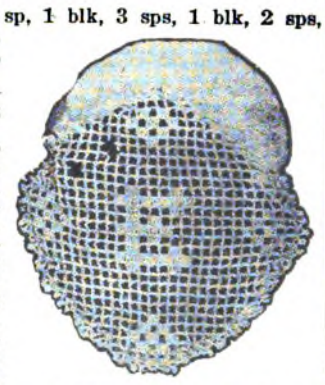
FRESH ROLLS COVER.

Filet Sachet

Use No. 50 white crochet cotton.

Ch 56 sts, turn. 1 d c in 9th st from hook, ch 2, sk 2, 1 d c in next, repeat 15 times.

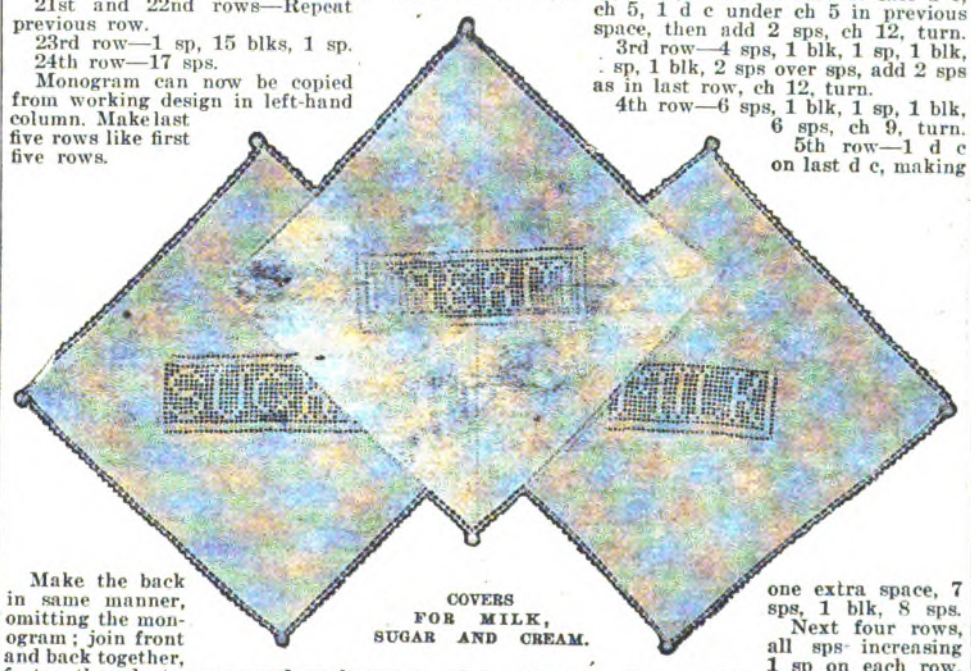
2nd row—1 sp, 15 blks, 1 sp.
3rd row—1 sp, 1 blk, 13 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
4th and 5th rows—Same as 3rd row.
6th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
7th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 5 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
8th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
9th row—Same as last row.
10th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
11th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.



POWDER PUFF CASE.

12th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 7 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
13th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
14th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 7 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
15th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
16th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
17th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
18th row—Repeat previous row.
19th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
20th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 13 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
21st and 22nd rows—Repeat previous row.
23rd row—1 sp, 15 blks, 1 sp.
24th row—17 sps.

Monogram can now be copied from working design in left-hand column. Make last five rows like first five rows.



COVERS FOR MILK, SUGAR AND CREAM.

Make the back in same manner, omitting the monogram; join front and back together, fasten thread at corner and work across end, * ch 3, p, ch 3, sk 2 sps, 1 s c, * repeat 3 times, ch 2, p, ch 2, sk 1 sp, 1 s c, * ch 3, p, ch 3, sk 2 sps, 1 s c, repeat three times.

To join side together, ch 3, p, ch 3, sk 2 sps, 1 s c, repeat 23 times. Work around other end and side in same manner to finsh it.

To finish ends, fasten thread to top of first picot, ch 3, p, ch 3, 1 s c in top of next p. Work across end in this manner, omitting the center picot, ch 3, turn 1 s c in top of p, ch 3, p, ch 3, 1 s c in top of next p, ch 3, p, ch 3, p, ch 3, 1 s c in top of next p, * ch 3, p, ch 3 * repeat from * to * 4 times, sk 1 p, 1 s c in next, ch 3, p, ch 3, p, ch 3, 1 s c in top of next p, ch 3, p, ch 3, 1 s c in top of next picot.

Border on Sides

From outside edge, 9 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

2nd row—1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.
3rd row—3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.
4th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.
5th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.
6th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp. 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp. ch 5, turn.
7th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.
8th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.
9th row—3 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.
10th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.

Now copy pattern, making figure on the opposite side as shown.

Powder Puff Case

Of No. 50 crochet cotton ch 21 sts, turn.

1st row—5 sps, ch 12, turn.

2nd row—2 sps, on ch, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, 1 d c in base of last d c, ch 5, 1 d c under ch 5 in previous space, then add 2 sps, ch 12, turn.

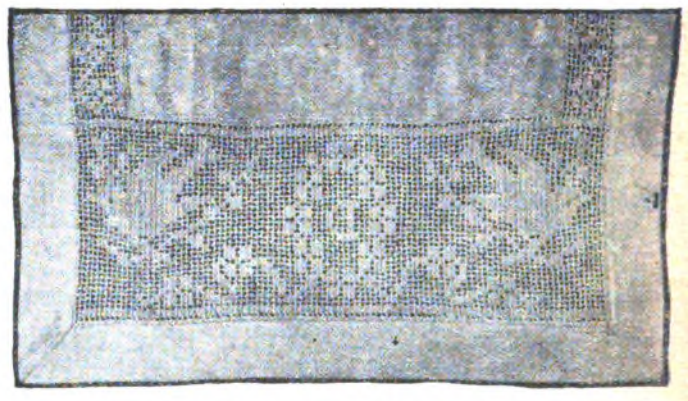
3rd row—4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps over sps, add 2 sps as in last row, ch 12, turn.

4th row—6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps, ch 9, turn.

5th row—1 d c on last d c, making one extra space, 7 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps.

Next four rows, all sps increasing 1 sp on each row.

10th row—10 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 10 sps, ch 5, turn.
11th row—9 sps, 7 blks, 9 sps, ch 9, turn.
12th row—2 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, ch 5, turn.



BIRD AND WREATH SCARF IN FILET CROCHET

13th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.
14th row—2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 5 sps, 5 blks, 7 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

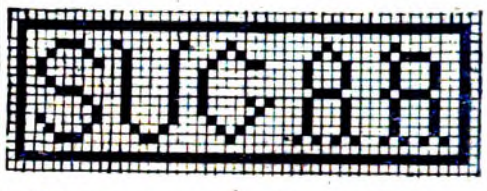
This is center row; now copy work, decreasing as one increased. Finish with picot edge. Such a case as this, lined with silk and fitted with a puff, makes a dainty little gift.

Scarf in Filet Crochet

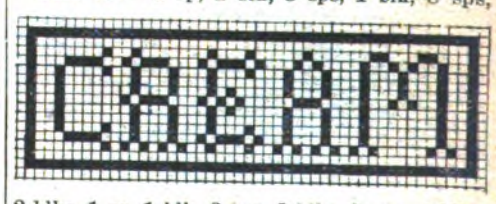
This beautiful bird and wreath pattern may easily be widened if one wishes to omit the hem by added spaces, then one block and one space to each end.

For the pattern as shown, using No. 50 crochet cotton, begin with ch 56 sts, turn.

1st row—1 d c in 9th st from hook, 3 d c in next 3 sts, 33 sps, 1 blk, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 5, turn.
2nd and 3rd rows—1 sp, 1 blk, 33 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp. ch 5, turn.
4th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 20 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, always in turning.
5th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 20 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
6th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 19 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
7th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 4 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 12 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
8th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 11 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
9th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 8 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 6 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 11 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
10th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 9 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 7 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
11th row—1 blk, 1 sp, 5 sps, 2 blks, 5 sps, 6 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 9 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.



12th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 10 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
13th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 8 sps, 12 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 10 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
14th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 11 blks, 7 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
15th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps, 12 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 9 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp.
16th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 9 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 13 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
17th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 5 sps, 13 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 7 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
18th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 8 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
19th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 8 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks,



2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 2 blks, 5 sps, 4 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
25th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 12 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
26th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 13 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 12 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
27th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 12 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 14 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp.
28th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 3 blks, 10 sps, 1 blk, 14 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.
29th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 8 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 10 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp.
30th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 9 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 8 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)

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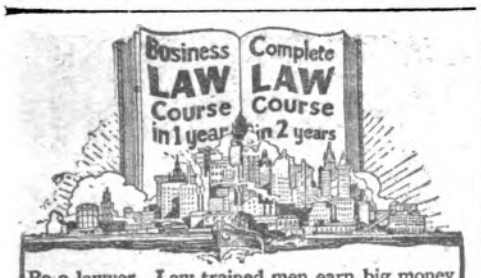
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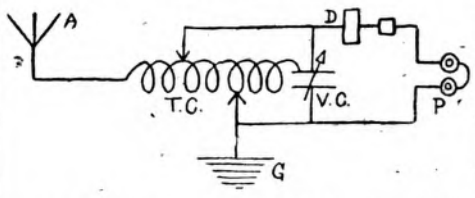


How to Make a Simple but Efficient Radio Receiver

ONE of the first questions the radio novice always asks is, "How can I obtain a good working knowledge of the radiophone?" There is no better way than to construct a simple receiving set for yourself, and more will be gained than by buying a set ready to use and trying to fathom out from the complication of wires and connections how it works.

The most simple set which will give satisfactory results is composed of a tuner, crystal detector and a pair of radio head phones. A few of the parts it is necessary to buy; however, we will try to make this set as inexpensive as possible.

The following diagram will aid in keeping the plan in mind while following instructions.



A—AERIAL. D—CRYSTAL DETECTOR. P—PHONES. T C—TUNING COIL. V. C.—VARIABLE CONDENSER.

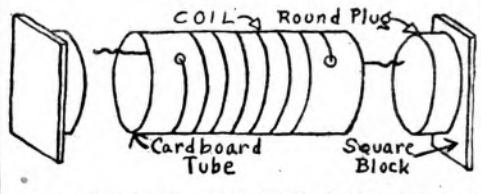
The first step in the construction of this set is to wind the tuning coil. A cardboard tube is used for the coil; the diameter should be about four or five inches. A Quaker oats box is very good for the coil tube.

Make sure the tube is perfectly smooth, and it is well to apply a coat of shellac to the tube before starting to wind the coil.

The coil consists of from 60 to 90 turns of No. 22 double cotton-covered wire. Bare copper wire may be used if a thread is wound between turns to prevent their touching each other.

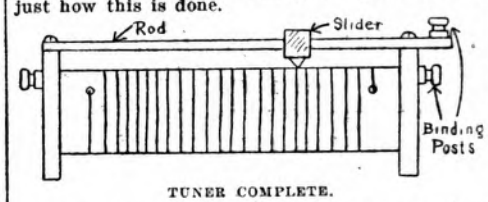
One end of the coil should be left long enough for an outside connection. Shellac the entire coil after winding, and pierce a small hole in the tube at each end of the coil and pass through the ends of the wire through the holes so the leads will be on the inside of the coil.

The coil should now be mounted on two wooden end pieces. A neater piece of work will be obtained by having two round plugs made to fit the ends of the coil. These plugs should be mounted on two square end pieces and the tube may be tacked or stuck onto the finished end piece.



A small hole should be made in the center of each end piece to allow the leads to be brought out. These leads should be attached to two binding posts mounted on the end pieces.

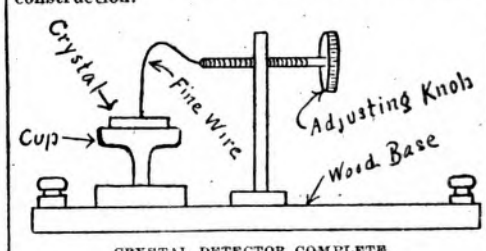
The next step is placing the slider on the coil. The following diagram will give a good idea of just how this is done.



TUNER COMPLETE.

In the above diagram it is easily understood that by sliding the slider from one end of the coil to the other, a variation in the number of turns takes place. The coil should be scraped bare at the point where the slider makes contact. This is done by using a piece of emery cloth on a block of wood. The slider rod is made of a piece of square brass rod and the slider itself may also be of brass. As it is very difficult to make the square hole in the slider, it is a very good idea to purchase the slider. The rod may also be bought for a small sum. Observe that a binding post has to be soldered to the end of the brass rod.

The tuner is now complete and we must next have a detector. The detector is very simple in construction.



CRYSTAL DETECTOR COMPLETE.

In the above diagram, a small metal cup is mounted on a wood base and a piece of brass drilled and tapped is mounted close by. The cup is filled with babbit metal and a piece of galena crystal is placed in the heated metal. When it cools, the galena is firmly connected to the metal.

A small brass rod is threaded and a knob fastened to one end. This rod is screwed through the brass upright and a fine stiff wire soldered to the end. The stiff wire is bent into such a shape that it will rest lightly on the crystal and may be moved by the adjusting knob. The base of the metal cup is attached to one binding post and the base of the brass upright to another. By closely observing the diagram, there should be no difficulty in constructing this detector.

The other instruments used in this set are the variable condenser and the head phones. These are easily obtained from any radio dealer and the reader will find it much cheaper to buy than to try and make these instruments.

The construction and erection of the aerial was taken up last month so we have left the connecting of the various instruments. For the benefit of those who do not understand the diagram at the beginning of this article, the following will give a more comprehensive idea of the connections.

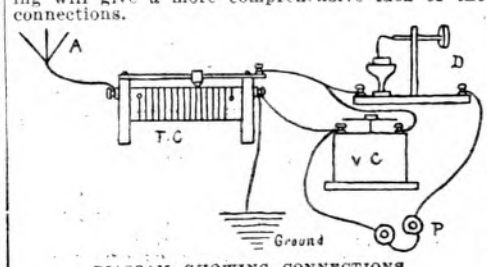


DIAGRAM SHOWING CONNECTIONS.

The set described here is one of the most simple receiving sets which the beginner can hope to get any results with. The receiving range of this set is very difficult to estimate but it is safe to say that music should be heard over a distance of twenty or twenty-five miles if the set is carefully made. Any good phones will work well with this set and may be bought for about six dollars.

Technical Terms Used in Radio

AMPERE is the unit of flow and is used as the unit of current flow in a circuit.

AUDION.—A relay, operated by electrostatic control of current of currents flowing across a gaseous medium.

COUPLING.—A measure of the mutual inductance between two oscillatory circuits.

DIELECTRIC.—The insulator between the plates of a condenser. Every insulator is a dielectric, even the rubber covering of a wire.

FUNDAMENTAL WAVE LENGTH is the wave length which the aerial and ground alone, without any added inductances or capacities, will send out.

GRID.—The thin frame of wire placed between and insulated from the plate and filaments of an audion tube.

LOOP AERIAL.—One similar to a frame aerial having several turns of wire wound in series on a frame, which form a closed circuit, part of which may be the ground.

OHM is the unit of resistance which an electric circuit offers to the flow of an electric current.

RECTIFIER.—A device for converting alternating current into pulsating direct current.

STATIC CHARGE.—An electric charge at rest on the surface of a body.

STOPPING CONDENSER.—A small low-voltage condenser used in the detector circuit to store up small impulses of current in a wave train and then give this energy out in one discharge to the telephone receivers for operating the diaphragm.

VACUUM TUBE.—Name usually given to a glass tube exhausted of air and grid inside used for detectors in radio work.

Questions relating to the radiophone, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Radio Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, free, in the columns of this department.

Questions and Answers

Q.—Are there any broadcasting stations working on long wave length? R. L. G., Pa.

A.—Yes. Bedlow's Island, N. Y., works on 1400. This is a U. S. Signal Corps station.

Q.—Is a loop antenna good for a crystal set? A. D. F., Tenn.

A.—No. You will probably get no results at all on a crystal using a loop antenna.

Q.—Does Arlington broadcast music or speech? F. D., Va.

A.—We have no data on a broadcasting station at Arlington. All of the broadcasting at this station is by telegraph. Rumors have it that Arlington will soon have a broadcasting station.

Q.—What is the approximate cost of parts for making a receiving set with a detector tube, including batteries? J. F. L., Mo.

A.—The writer built such a set and the cost of material was $52.60. We are able to receive music from stations 800 miles away with the set.

Q.—Is it possible to transmit voice by using an arc instead of a tube? R. L. D., Ohio.

A.—Yes. This method of telephony was used long before the tube came into operation but is not as satisfactory as the tube.

Q.—Which of the large broadcasting stations started first? J. M., Mich.

A.—K.D.K.A., at East Pittsburg, was the first real broadcasting station. This station was nearly a year in operation before the others opened.

Q.—What loud speaker is best for a large hall? W. R. T., Md.

A.—The Western Electric loud speaker is the best but very expensive. A Magnavox will give good results and is much cheaper.

Q.—Has the new Armstrong super-regenerative circuit been successfully used by the ordinary amateurs? C. B. U., S. C.

A.—Yes. Varying results have been obtained but as yet this new circuit is not practical for the average amateur.

Q.—Will COMFORT give a complete plan for a regenerative receiver in "Radio Flashes"? D. S., Colo.

A.—Yes. In an early fall issue we shall start an article with complete instructions for making a long-range regenerative receiver.

Q.—How long does it take to learn to read the wireless code? M. P. O., Kans.

A.—It all depends upon the person. In the radio schools it generally takes four to six months to learn to read at a speed of 20 words per minute.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

spell now, and I come myself with a few words and facts in behalf of the farmer and farm. I live on a farm with my parents in a rather sparsely settled part of Virginia. My dad runs a general truck, dairy and stock farm. My mother has active interests in all kinds of poultry. We have a pretty good-sized family and operated all through the war, and up to a short time ago, without hired help. Common labor has been so high in comparison with the prices we received for our products that we long ago cut out hiring any labor at all. And what I speak of is not what I have heard some one else say, or what I have read in a book, but I speak from actual experience of hard work and long hours on the farm. And I know what I am talking about when I say that the farmer is of a class of people that scratch the longest and hardest for a few dollars. Any sudden downward fluctuation in the market is felt first by him. Any sudden upward turn of labor, clothing, implements and general commodities is felt earliest, keenest and longest by none other than the farmer. What difference does it make? says the public. He's only an ignorant, free and easily rode sort of a guy anyway. So that's how it goes, Uncle Lisha, from the national benefactors(?) in Washington down to the common laborers bumming along the highway. They all have a kick and a knock for the farmer.

But, Uncle Lisha, old dear, there's going to be a reaction some day, and to my way of thinking it isn't so far off. The farmer is tired, truly tired, of being knocked about. In a great many sections of the country he has become unconcerned about the rest of the world and only just produces what is necessary for himself and family. Let the rest do the same, he says. No, Uncle Lisha, the farmer is not really selfish. It is their greatest ambition to till the soil and watch it produce food to supply the nation. But the farmer has become hardened and unconcerned because of the scanty bit of appreciation and consideration that he receives from all sides. By and by, when food is scarce, and the country is in an outcry, the farmer will be called upon to make explanations. Believe me, he will smile when he says: "Why did you bite the hand that was willing to feed you?" The people will fuss and fume and fret, but food will be lacking and it will take months to sow and reap a crop. Meanwhile many will have opportunity to look with regret upon their big mistake.

Another thing, Uncle Lisha: money is always scarce with the farmer. It takes a lot of money to prepare for a season's work. It takes about all one can make from one season to get ready for the next. Not only that, but it takes hard work, long hours and a lot of figuring in one's few brains to make ends meet. Some of our city cousins may not believe it, but at the time I am writing these lines to you, Uncle Lisha, we are working fifteen hours each day. And by the time the cousins read this, if you see fit to put it in print, we will be working seventeen and eighteen hours. Let me tell you, Uncle, that the thought of getting down and after those fifteen and eighteen hours' work is the one little thing that drives our lads away from the farms to the cities. Yes, Uncle Lisha, they shirk while the wages are high and the work easy and leave old dad and mother to keep things going as best they can. But when things are dead and dull in the cities, as many of them are now, then these same lads come sliding back home. They claim that the desire for experience, where life is brighter, calls them away from home and the farm. But, Uncle, I feel sure that many have learned before this that all is not gold that glitters.

Show me the lad that thinks nothing more remains to be learned about the country at the ripe age of 18 or 20, and I can tell him he is mistaken. The trouble is with him, not the country, for he hasn't his eyes half open. Perhaps he has still in them some of that sand that got there when he was a little toddler playing hide and seek. This when he travels off to the city makes him an easy mark until the crooks and dead beats open them for him. So finally he travels back, praising the wonderful country and the clean womanhood therein. Brother, things have not changed a particle since you left. They were always just as beautiful, but you could not see them.

So boys and girls, all of you that are thinking to leave the farm to go where life is easier, happier and brighter, change your mind. You'll change it some day and you'd best do it now. Every day that you are away from home makes more for the rest of us to do, and more work as well as worry for mother. Help her while she is here. When she is gone you will realize you have lost your best friend.

Well, Uncle Lisha, I hope I have not worried you too much with this long letter. I'd be ever so glad to have you come and visit me this summer. I would show you real farm life, I am sure we could be good friends, for if I am not missing my guess mighty bad you are a wee bit Irish. I am Irish even to my name. I am five feet, eight inches tall, with brown hair, blue-grey eyes—you couldn't call me pretty, for I'm just

A small Irish spud, MIKE.

To read your letter, Micky, is to know it comes right from your warm Irish heart and your farm-calloused hands—which last do not seem to be so banged-up but what they can do a good job on the typewriter. I'll say your dad is lucky to have a girl like you—straight-thinking, true-acting and hard-working. You must know from what I have often written here, and particularly in COMFORT'S issue of April past, how well I understand just those conditions that your letter pungently outlines. Admitting these conditions on the farm, these financial handicaps and troubles of labor and of labor-hiring, the only chance for the farmer to change these things is to organize and to fight his cause collectively. All the agencies through which the farmer deals with the world are organized successfully and tightly. Labor is certainly well organized; the manufacturers are organized; the merchants through their chambers of commerce and other ties are organized, and the doctors and lawyers have their societies and associations constantly on the lookout for their interests and fostering all favorable legislation and fighting that which is adverse. Knowing that the farmer must wage his fight in this communal method, it is a satisfaction to learn that a beginning is being made—results of which are already seen in Congress, where the demands and interests of farmers are meeting with more attention and respect. Necessarily the movement has started in the West amid the larger acred and more heavily capitalized farms, but that organization will spread eastward is certain and it will reach even to "somewhere in the hills of Virginia." Then you may yet gain redress and reward, Mike, you little fighting spud.

While labor has gained and is gaining reduced hours of work, the 15- to 18-hour days you write about continue on the farm. Like yourself, I know these things, Micky, my dear, not from books or hearsay, but from actual experience. I have plodded around farm buildings up to nine and half-past nine of summer nights, lantern in hand—and have been up at five the next morning to start the round over again. To feed yourself, your family, your animals and the outside world with the work of your hands and the sweat of your brow is not an easy task, but it is a noble and natural one deserving of noble and natural rewards.

I don't quite agree with you, Mike, that it is the hard work that drives boys off of the land. The hardest labor and the most severe living conditions have been always endured by man when the financial return has fitly compensated. There has not been enough money gained on the farm, and the boys have chased the golden lure city-ward—where the chasing is also hard, you may be sure! But the farmer does not get enough of the dollar he produces. His share must be increased. I should like to go down to the Old Dominion and talk with you and your dad about how to do all these things, Mike, but I have got a 15- to 18-hour-a-day-job on my hands now. No, Mike; I'm not Irish, although your sort of letter makes me wish I were!

RAND, COLORADO.

DEAR UNCLE AND ALL THE COUSINS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for a long time and it suits me just right. I live in the great Rocky Mountains, the paradise of all true out-of-door lovers. Great pine forests and many small streams abound with game and fish. I have been in many countries and my first choice is Colorado. For several years I was what you call a "globe-trotter." During that time I visited twenty-one foreign countries: England, France, Italy, Egypt, India, Japan, Spain, China, Siberia, Russia, Philippine Islands, Guam, Hawaii, New Zealand, Australia, Alaska and the Fiji Islands. I also visited several ports in South America. I have stood on the Great Wall of China and have been to the top of the Pyramids, but I found India and China the most interesting of all the countries. Both of these countries are lands of mystery. China has as many, if not more, ancient curiosities as any Oriental country. In the walled city of Shanghai, China, can be seen many things just the same as they were 3,000 years ago. Much is so old that all records have been lost. One can spend many days in these ancient corners of the world and always find something different.

I can speak four foreign languages but Chinese is beyond me. It is said that nobody but a Chink can learn to speak it and to write one single dialect in a lifetime. Foreign travel is a great education, but it takes money.

Well, my mudhook has dropped, so I will close, but I will come again perhaps. If any of the cousins care to write, I will try and answer some of them at least. Wishing you all success, I am,

Your nephew, EARL W. ACE.

Earl, as a wanderer you are surely the ace and the high card. That you have come to rest in Colorado and like it best of all is a tribute that should make other states take notice—those proud Missourians, for instance, and the high-headed, sunkist Californians. Yes, indeed, Earl, your great pine forests must, as you say, make a paradise for out-of-door lovers. It is not everybody, of course, who does their loving out of doors, and some pick out a sofa behind the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38.)



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30x3 1-2	7.95	12.95	34x4 1-2	13.95	22.35
32x3 1-2	9.25	14.95	35x4 1-2	14.45	23.95
31x4	10.45	16.75	36x4 1-2	14.65	24.45
32x4	11.85	17.85	36x4	14.95	25.45
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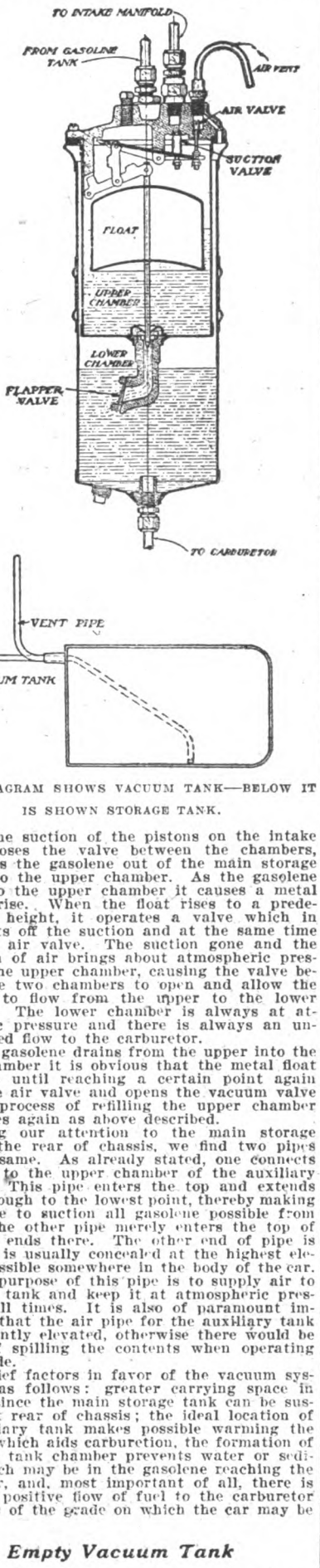
Automobile and Gas Engine Helps

Questions relating to gasolene engines and automobiles, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Auto Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, free, in the columns of this department. Full name and address is required, but initials only will be printed. That we may intelligently diagnose your trouble please state the year in which your car was made.

Vacuum System Explained

SEVERAL systems widely different in principle have been used on automobiles for supplying gasolene from the main storage tank to the carburetor, the vacuum being extremely popular at the present time. This system is an arrangement whereby the gasolene is transferred from the main tank, usually suspended at the rear of chassis, by suction created by the engine to an auxiliary tank located under the engine hood and sufficiently elevated to permit a gravity flow to the carburetor.

Let us first direct our attention to the auxiliary tank which consists of two chambers, as shown in the sketch. The upper one is the filling chamber and the lower one, the emptying chamber. Between the two is a partition in which is placed a valve. As explained in previous articles, the pistons in the cylinders create a vacuum and therefore this agent is harnessed to deliver the fuel from the main storage tank. By referring to the sketch it will be noted that from the upper chamber one pipe leads to the intake manifold, and another pipe to the main storage



UPPER DIAGRAM SHOWS VACUUM TANK—BELOW IT IS SHOWN STORAGE TANK.

tank. The suction of the pistons on the intake stroke closes the valve between the chambers, also sucks the gasolene out of the main storage tanks into the upper chamber. As the gasolene flows into the upper chamber it causes a metal float to rise. When the float rises to a predetermined height, it operates a valve which in turn shuts off the suction and at the same time opens an air valve. The suction gone and the admission of air brings about atmospheric pressure in the upper chamber, causing the valve between the two chambers to open and allow the gasolene to flow from the upper to the lower chamber. The lower chamber is always at atmospheric pressure and there is always an uninterrupted flow to the carburetor.

As the gasolene drains from the upper into the lower chamber it is obvious that the metal float will drop until reaching a certain point again closes the air valve and opens the vacuum valve and the process of refilling the upper chamber commences again as above described.

Turning our attention to the main storage tank at the rear of chassis, we find two pipes entering same. As already stated, one connects the tank to the upper chamber of the auxiliary member. This pipe enters the top and extends down through to the lowest point, thereby making it possible to suction all gasolene possible from same. The other pipe merely enters the top of tank and ends there. The other end of pipe is open and is usually concealed at the highest elevation possible somewhere in the body of the car. The sole purpose of this pipe is to supply air to the main tank and keep it at atmospheric pressure at all times. It is also of paramount importance that the air pipe for the auxiliary tank be sufficiently elevated, otherwise there would be danger of spilling the contents when operating down-grade.

The chief factors in favor of the vacuum system are as follows: greater carrying space in the car, since the main storage tank can be suspended at rear of chassis; the ideal location of the auxiliary tank makes possible warming the gasolene which aids carburetion, the formation of the lower tank chamber prevents water or sediment which may be in the gasolene reaching the carburetor, and, most important of all, there is always a positive flow of fuel to the carburetor regardless of the grade on which the car may be operated.

Empty Vacuum Tank

Should the gasolene in the vacuum tank become entirely consumed due to exhaustion of fuel in the main storage tank, the vacuum tank can be readily filled after pouring gasolene in the main storage tank by closing the engine throttle fully and turning the motor over a few times with the spark off. Ten seconds is claimed to be sufficient to create enough suction to completely fill the auxiliary tank.

Providing the auxiliary tank has been allowed to stand empty for a considerable period and does not fill readily when the engine is turned over as above described, the difficulty might possibly be due to a particle of dirt or other foreign matter under the flapper valve between the upper and lower chambers. Still, on the other hand, it may be that the valves are dry. Removing the plug in the top of the tank and squirting gasolene into the tank will wash away the foreign matter; also wet the valves and thereby cause the tank to perform satisfactorily. There is a likelihood at times of the flapper valve becoming pitted with black carbon which naturally would have a tendency to prevent the valve being sucked tight to its seat. Scraping the valve with a knife will correct the difficulty.

What to Do in Case of Fire

Due to the numerous losses by theft and fire, insurance companies are investigating conditions very closely so that if possible they may continue to do business without necessitating raising the premium rate. One authority who has specialized on the fire menace has advanced the following suggestions on extinguishing fires:

1. The most important thing to remember in case of fire is to keep cool. A few seconds lost in panic at the start may result disastrously.
2. At least one small fire extinguisher should be carried on every car. It should be placed where it is readily accessible in an emergency. The small extinguisher is indispensable in handling a gasolene fire, and is also useful in fighting any other kind of blaze about the car.
3. In the absence of a distinguisher dirt and sand can be used. These agents are injurious to the mechanism, however, and should only be used in cases of absolute necessity.
4. Do not use water to extinguish a carburetor or other gasolene fire. Water is heavier than gasolene and only has a tendency to spread the fire.
5. Should the engine back-fire and catch the carburetor, turn the motor over quickly by means of the electric starter, as it may be possible to draw the flame into the intake manifold. Failing to check in this manner, use the extinguisher.
6. If the fire reaches the under-pan beneath the engine, extinguish that fire first. Fire travels upward, therefore always start at the lowest point.
7. A small electric spotlight can be used in a number of ways without the danger of causing fire. Never invite disaster by holding a lighted match over the filler cap of the gasolene tank in an endeavor to determine the amount of fuel in the tank.

Answers to Correspondents

LEAK IN WATER JACKET.—Can you tell me how to stop a leak in a water jacket caused by freezing? The break is about six inches long and leaks quite badly.
E. F. S., Driscoll, Wis.

A.—From the tone of your letter we take it that you have reference to the outer water jacket. If such is the case our suggestion is that you have the job inspected by a reliable mechanic who uses the oxygen-acetylene method of welding. It may be just possible that a durable repair can be effected without damage to other parts. On the other hand, due to the length of the crack and perhaps to its location the intense heat produced by the oxy-acetylene torch would be likely to warp the inner cylinder wall.

ENGINE KNOCKS.—After being run about 1,000 miles the rear cylinder of my new Ford car has begun to knock or rather make a clicking sound. Otherwise the car runs smoothly and seems to have plenty of power. Can you suggest the cause and remedy?
L. A. R., Wheelersburg, Ohio.

A.—Remove the cylinder block and examine the No. 4 piston. It may be that the piston is a trifle undersize causing a slap in the cylinder. If such is found to be the case, try to find a piston that is slightly oversized. Look at the wrist pin for the No. 4. piston. It may be of a loose fit.

KEROSENE AS FUEL.—Is there any means or appliance by which I can use kerosene as fuel in my car? It is a four-cylinder machine, bore three and seven-eighths, stroke five inches, r. p. m. 900, valve-in-the-head type machine. O. R. H., Chandler, Ind.

A.—Kerosene is not a suitable fuel for automobile engines. Much difficulty is at present encountered in the vaporization of the low grade of gasolene, it being almost impossible to generate sufficient heat to bring about this end. It is obvious, therefore, that steps would have to be taken in order to insure the necessary heat to vaporize kerosene. Because of its present lower cost, every motorist is of course interested in the substitution of kerosene for gasolene as a fuel for the automobile. The chief difficulty in the way of bringing about this end is that it is practically impossible to start a cold motor on kerosene, unless some complicated preheating arrangement be used. From time to time several types of combination (kerosene-gasolene) carburetors have made their appearance only to disappear in a very little time with absolutely no profit to their makers. In view of the fact that many automobile engineers have given much attention to using kerosene as a fuel for automobile engines and to date have been unsuccessful, our advice is that you abandon the idea of using kerosene and purchase only the best grade of gasolene available.

LOCATION OF CUT-OUT VALVE.—In installing a cut-out valve in a Ford car how far from the muffler should it be placed? How large should the V hole in the exhaust pipe be? T. H., Evansville, Minn.

A.—It matters not how far from the muffler the cut-out be placed, the only requirement being that it be placed somewhere between the engine and the muffler so that the exhaust gases can be passed through the opening instead of the muffler. The size of the V hole cut in the exhaust manifold depends upon the kind of cut-out used. The manufacturer of whom you purchase the cut-out will be only too glad to give you the information desired.

CARBURETOR OVERFLOWS.—The carburetor of my Ford car does not leak when the engine is running, but as soon as the engine is stopped the gasolene leaks out of the carburetor; the leak is slow but continual when engine is not running. G. H., Mound City.

A.—An intelligent answer is impossible for the reason you have failed to state the year in which your car was manufactured or the make of carburetor used. You cannot go wrong, however, by removing the carburetor from motor and subjecting it to a thorough cleaning. It may be possible that a piece of dirt has become lodged btween the inlet needle and its seat or that the needle is pitted or corroded. Make certain that the float is free to act, is not gasolene soaked and that the gasolene level is not set too high. Believe that a letter to the maker of the carburetor will bring complete descriptive literature on the care of the instrument.

TO LOOSEN STUCK PISTONS.—My Ford car has a cracked cylinder head caused by connecting-rod bolt giving way. The engine appears not to be damaged except for cylinder head and broken piston and ring, but the car has stood out in the rain and now I cannot turn the motor over with the crank. Is it possible that rust has tightened it up? What can I do to loosen it?
E. S. W., Sutton, W. Va.

A.—I would suggest that you pour in each cylinder a large quantity of kerosene and oil. Allow this mixture to remain in the cylinders from six to 12 hours and if you are then unable to loosen the pistons by exerting pressure on the hand crank, try jacking up a rear wheel and engaging the low gear. Rock the jacked wheel backwards and forwards. In this manner you can exert more pressure than with the hand crank and you should be able to break the pistons away from the cylinder walls.

TIMER MAY BE WRONG.—What is the direction of the current flow generated by the Ford magneto? Is it possible to put a Ford timer on wrong? Would burning two 18-24 volt headlight bulbs and one 18-24 volt spotlight bulb injure a Ford magneto?
MRS. G. S., Wyat, Mo.

A.—The magneto on your car generates low tension alternating current. The ignition current is therefore alternating current and has no general direction of flow.

It is possible to install your timer improperly. The rotor may be installed a half turn out of place. Providing the wiring has been removed it is possible to change the firing order by not connecting the cables to the proper posts.

I doubt if the magneto would carry the load except at high engine speeds were you to use the lights as you describe. I do not think it would injure the magneto, but doubt if the light would be satisfactory at ordinary speed.

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32x4	13.95	1.45	33x5 26.50 2.15
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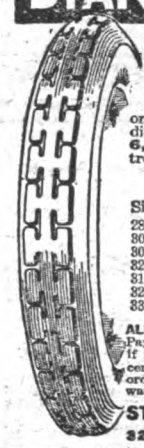
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32x3½	6.20	1.50	35x4½	9.15	2.60
31x4	7.00	1.60	36x4½	9.35	2.70
32x4	7.40	1.85	35x5	9.65	2.80
33x4	7.70	2.15	37x5	9.65	2.90

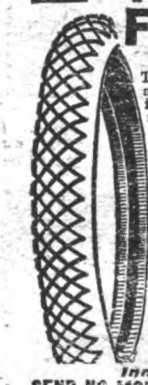
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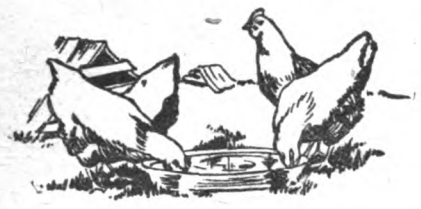
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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

The Laws of Breeding

I HAVE received so many letters lately asking about the principles of breeding of thoroughbred birds that I have decided to make it the subject of this month's talk, for there is no branch of the poultry industry so interesting or profitable, and every poultry man or woman should thank the clubs and fanciers who have successfully established shows all over the country. They arouse general interest in good birds, which bring the very cream of profit to the breeder industrious enough to study the standard, and develop, point by point, until a near approach to perfection is reached.

How is this to be accomplished?

Of course, there must be some thoroughbred birds, of whatever kind you intend to devote your energies to, as a foundation on which to work.

Many people seem to think that a thoroughbred means show specimens—a great mistake. You may have a bird hatched from an egg laid by a champion, but which develops a wry tail, comb, wattles or ear-lobes out of all proportion, or numerous other faults which disqualify for show purposes. These are the birds that sell for a dollar or a dollar and a half. They are, in all probability, from the best of stock, and judicious mating may enable you to rear winners. "Blood will tell" is nowhere more positively demonstrated than in bird or animal culture. It is better to buy faulty birds of a celebrated strain than a perfect "accident," for its progeny is nearly sure to show some, perhaps all, the mongrel of its ancestors.

The law of improvement demands a study of faults and shortcomings as well as good points. The meeting of extremes forms a perfect whole, and this suggests the line to follow. Further to exemplify: A hen with legs too short and a comb too large should have for a mate a bird whose legs are a little too long and comb a little too small, rather than a perfect specimen who would have no tendency in these directions to counterbalance the hen's weakness.

Again, you should have a fairly good lot of hens to select from. Commence by picking out the very best; study her closely; find the fault or faults, and select four or five others from the same pen with similar shortcomings, so that in considering the cockerel to be yarded with them there will be a general benefit. Naturally, if you can afford to start with a trio of prize winners, much time and labor will be saved.

The beginner is usually convinced that two perfect-looking creatures of any kind or sort will produce their like, but unfortunately such is not the case. A bird's ancestors have almost more influence on its progeny than the individuality of the bird itself. For that reason it is necessary to know the characteristics of the ancestral progenitors of the bird that you desire to cultivate, so that the signs of reverted heredity can be recognized at once, and intelligently combated by the next season's mating.

As Plymouth Rocks were the first American creation in poultry to achieve recognition by the public, we will consider them first.

The amateur who tried to breed Plymouth Rocks twenty years ago had to fight the legacies bestowed by the original mixed ancestry. Sometimes it would be the feathered leg of the Cochin; sometimes the black coloring or red feathers and poor breeding of the old-time hawk bird. Years of careful breeding have almost entirely eliminated such troubles in up-to-date stock. But allow a flock of originally good birds to mate indiscriminately for three or four seasons, and they will gradually lose their special Rock individuality, and reproduce in bleared form many traits of the birds from which they sprung. To militate such tendencies and keep up the standard, he amateur must be thoroughly familiar with the form and color of the ideal Barred Plymouth Rock type.

Until recent years male birds have been much lighter than pullets. Now the ambition of the club is to have males and females match as nearly as possible, and experienced breeders discovered long ago that to accomplish this feat it was necessary to keep two distinct families, each specially mated, to produce males and females.

When I commenced to read up on the subject, "line breeding" and "double mating" were my stumbling blocks. I read dozens of articles in different poultry papers before I was able to grasp the true meaning of either. Two perfect birds who match and have won first prize in a show-room will, if mated, invariably produce light or dark birds, and as invariably will the indiscriminate mating of two distinct blood lines of bred varieties produce blurred or imperfect markings. So the only way to get exhibition birds is to mate standard color males to slightly darker females who were sired by the same father. In other words, mating a bird to his half-sister, of a slightly darker color than himself, and the male progeny will almost surely resemble the father, while the females will be like the mother, strongly-marked birds, but too dark for show-room requirements. For blue-ribbon females, standard-color pullets must be chosen and mated with a male of lighter color, belonging to the mother's family—father or brother or son—it is immaterial so long as the relationship is on the mother's side. You will probably say, "Why, that is inbreeding," which, of course, it is; but as only the best-shaped and generally perfect specimens are chosen for such propagating, it is not likely to cause any trouble. Periodically it is well to procure a cockerel from some branch of the same family, which has been outbred, and make an experimental mating with one or two pullets. If the progeny of either sex are good, keep them and infuse new blood into the breeding pens, but always remember to keep the matings to standard color on the sire's line for males, and the mother's line for females. And also remember that shape and vigor are as important as plumage. Though I started my thoroughbred pens with prize birds, I had quite a difficult fight to get the bars to run straight across the feathers. They were good to the tips, but there they either mixed on the black line or conformed to the round of the feather. After two seasons I sent to the person from whom I bought the original trio for a very dark cockerel from the same females and mated him with quite light pullets. The first season I succeeded in getting two cockerels out of the chicks reared, which had perfectly straight bars and were all right in general color. The following season, straight bars amply repaid us for all the trouble and time.

From Barred Rocks I skipped to buff varieties. Cochins and Wyandottes, trying both the same season, and fortunately for the prosperity of the farm, I discovered that it was a mistake to try all sorts and kinds of birds, and returned to my original love for the White Wyandotte, from which I have never since deviated, so the following hints on buff matings are mostly gleaned from other people's experience and condensed as follows:

Study the male bird first; select the very best you can get, then carefully note each point and compare them with the demands of the standard. The best bird will be lacking in some respects, so choose the pullets to counterbalance his weaknesses. Should he be too large, have too large a comb, legs too long, or some other point of formation over accented, let the pullets be correspondingly weak in that special point. Don't lose sight of the fact that type should come first in selection. Time and judicious mating will eventually correct color faults.

"Breeding in and in" is a term which signifies the breeding together of animals of close consanguinity, but the closeness of blood relationship is not defined. The idea is to fix and concentrate any desired quality by breeding together closely-related animals possessing that quality. It is always easier to find one or two animals possessing the desired character in a marked degree than to find a whole flock possessing the same quality, e. g., every pen of birds has its "best bird."

If, then, we would seek to develop a family, flock or breed possessing the properties desired, we can most quickly secure this object by interbreeding the few individuals possessing the properties, with their offspring which have inherited the same qualities.



PRIZE ROSE COMB WHITE LEGHORN COCK.

Carefully and intelligently prosecuted, this process may result successfully. Ignorantly or injudiciously carried on, the result will probably be disastrous. It is a principle in stock breeding that coupling two animals possessing the same good quality, defect or disease, will tend to intensify that good quality, defect or disease in their offspring.

Two essential conditions must invariably attend successful inbreeding, viz., sound constitution and perfect health. With these as a foundation, close interbreeding may be practiced with the best of results, as is shown by the breeds thus produced and perpetuated by successful stock breeders.

The qualities of fattening easily and quickly, of early maturity, of enormous egg production, all have been brought to the highest perfection in individuals and families which have resulted from close interbreeding. Mr. Bates' rule in cattle breeding was, "Always put the best animals together regardless of any affinity of blood." One of the most valuable practical advantages of careful interbreeding is in the imparting of the quality of prepotency in males. The thoroughbred stallion, bull or cock-bird is bred to many females of his kind, and thus greatly influences the quality of numerous offspring on the farm or in the neighborhood where he is kept. A male which has inherited the concentrated virtues of a long line of interbred ancestors will stamp those qualities most certainly upon his offspring.

Cross-breeding as a farm practice may be defined as breeding together animals of different breeds or families.

Cross-breeding is of vast importance in improving the wool, muscles, meat, milk, eggs, or other marketable product of common or native stock. The common animals generally have good constitutions and good health; but are often inferior in their yield of valuable market products. The purebred animal, possessing the qualities desired and the power of strongly and surely transmitting them is crossed upon the common stock, and the result is usually great improvement. The prepotency of the purebred animal gives him power of affecting the qualities of the offspring to far greater extent than his mate.

Note how rapidly the pure blood increases, if in the process the offspring of each generation are bred with pure-bloods each time.

The first cross has ½ pure blood.
The second cross has ¾ pure blood.
The third cross has ⅞ pure blood.
The seventh cross has 127-128 pure blood.

With the second cross comes the question of interbreeding, i. e., the breeder must decide whether he will breed the daughter to her sire, or make use of another male of the same breed as the sire.

When by crossing with superior animals we have improved our stock, we must also provide improved conditions. The climate, the food and the care must all be as good as the superior purebred animals have previously enjoyed, else the improvement cannot be maintained.

In nature changes come slowly. It may be necessary to secure the desired changes by gradual steps. If the animals to be crossed are too disproportionate to each other, "reversion" will probably occur, and bring disappointment. "Violent crosses" are, therefore, to be avoided. Do not attempt to cross animals of distinct breeds having opposite characters. Never cross-breed animals simply for the sake of crossing.

Breeding between crosses is merely guesswork, and yields haphazard results, because usually crosses have not fixed hereditary characteristics. How fast the pure blood may become diluted by crossing out and out is shown by the fact that in the tenth generation the descendant would possess only one ten hundred and twenty-fourth part of the original purebred ancestor.

However desirable it would seem to be able to determine what qualities the father and mother each transmit to their offspring, the conditions of breeding are so complex and intricate that it is very difficult to establish proof of any theory as to this subject.

We are safe in asserting that the parent which has the greatest prepotency and an ancestry bred for the longest time, in a certain line, will most strongly affect the progeny.

We may sometimes overcome the transmission of a defect or blemish of one parent by coupling with such animal a mate possessing very prepotent excellency in the point where the other is deficient.

It seems not so much a question of sex as of individuality. We may hence learn what individual parents may do, and by use of that knowledge and with close regard for accompanying conditions, bring about desirable or avoid undesirable results. The relative influence of parents is further affected by purity of blood, by constitution, and by physical vigor. The age of a parent may thus have much to do with the question. Lack of bodily exercise may tend to lessen the proportion of influence. Excessive use in breeding will cause diminution of power to transmit qualities.

Pedigree

From the study we have made of the principles of breeding we must conclude that the ancestry of our breeding animals is of very great significance in determining results. The development of the best breeds of farm stock has been in very striking degree the fixing of the desirable and prepotent characters of a few ancestors upon numerous descendants.

The pedigree of an animal is his line of descent, his list of progenitors; in short, his *ancestry*. In stock breeding, the term is often applied to signify the statement on record of the ancestry of an animal. An animal's pedigree may be good or bad, according to the worth or worthlessness of the ancestors included in it. It may be complete or incomplete, according as it includes all or only a part of the names of the individuals composing the animal's ancestry back to the formation of the breed.

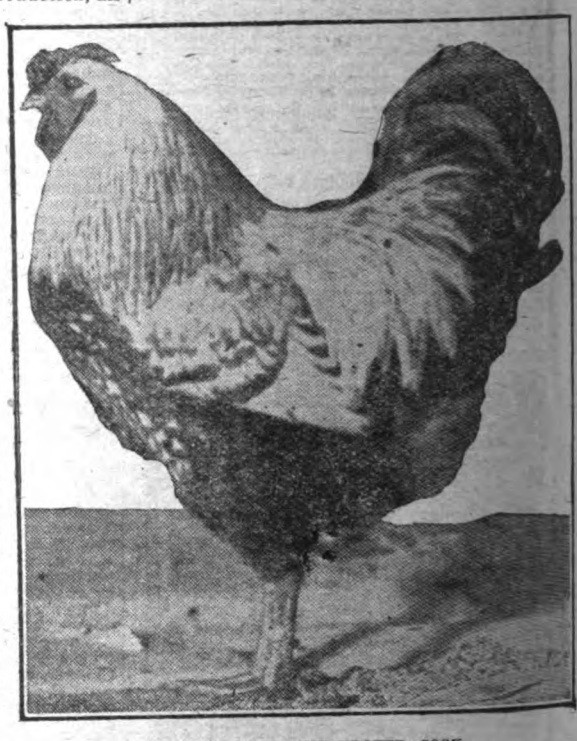
The perfectly prepared pedigree of an animal shows the foundation stock of the breed that enters into his line of ancestry, and then step by step exhibits the different links in the chain of life, indicating to what extent the foundation stock and their progeny re-enter the pedigree, the closeness of interbreeding, the outbreeding, the use of unknown, doubtful or undesirable sires or dams. In fact, all the blood relationships of which the animal is the result.

With the pedigree should be studied the records, so far as obtainable, of the animals listed in the pedigree. In actual investigation of the ancestries of animals, it is almost and oftentimes quite impossible to ascertain the whole of the ancestral history of a given individual, owing to the completeness of the records of the past; only those animals which have developed peculiarly strong and valuable characteristics having been considered worthy of historical recording. Especially is this true in poultry breeding.

This subject of pedigree is a most emphatic illustration of the importance of the principles of heredity. It may serve to explain atavism, showing to what ancestor an offspring has reverted. It emphasizes the value of prepotency, since it often serves to show how the prepotent power of an ancient ancestor has stamped his descendants, even to the extent of a whole breed, with his qualities. It may further show the power of pure blood or of a cross in causing variation, or negatively exhibit the effects of unfavorable conditions in overcoming inheritable qualities, comparing expected and realized results.

The breeder should very thoroughly study his breeding animals as individuals, and by the senses of sight and touch learn to judge of their qualities, and especially to associate the visible form and the feeling of the conspicuous parts with the correlated unrevealed qualities.

We all like to see what we call beauty and symmetry in our fowls and other farm animals, but the practical breeder should learn to understand what form of symmetry is best adapted to and associated with the purpose which he has in view. A study of the characters of the different distinct breeds of farm animals shows us that different forms and characteristics attend upon varied qualities and powers, and that certain forms, colors and proportions become so well fixed that a bird does not strongly resemble the true type of its breed is rejected from the breeder's list of breeding stock. The breeder having ascertained as much as possible by the study of his animal's ancestry through pedigrees and records, next seeks to understand further qualities by the study of individual conformations.



SILVER LACED WYANDOTTE COCK.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

R. H.—Hold the hen's feet and shanks in warm soapy water for a few minutes to soften the hard scales. Then scrub with a soft brush and plenty of white soap. Wipe with a clean, soft rag, and while still soft and moist, rub with carbolic vaseline or a mixture of flour of sulphur and lard. Repeat the treatment three times, allowing three days after each. Clean and thoroughly disinfect perches and henhouse. Scaly leg is caused by a tiny insect which lives and breeds in old, dirty wood.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)



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The MODERN FARMER

September Garden Work

FOR the gardener and farmer September is the month of the big red harvest moon, the month during which Nature's early-season promises are realized bulging haymows, well-filled granaries and corn-cribs, and rootcellars swept clean and ready to receive a wealth of fruits and vegetables for winter storage. The days are still hot, reminiscent of August just past, but the nights are cool or even crisp and chilly with perhaps a touch of frost to warn the laggards that many "chores" still await early attention in the garden.

Though September is hardly to be considered as a planting month, some planting is to be done after autumn rains make prompt germination and rapid growth a certainty. For cabbage, cauliflower and lettuce that is to be pricked out in cold frames later on, sow seed between the 15th and 30th of the month. If sown earlier these plants will make too extensive a growth, and will be likely to run to seed when set out next spring. Later planting gives insufficient time to grow before cold weather; consequently the plants are small and frail, and may not survive the winter. Therefore the correct time for planting in any region depends to a large extent upon the gardener's own experience, for in the final analysis *experience* is by far the best teacher.

Late cabbage intended for sale or winter storage may not yet be ready to cut, but it will need a bit watching. Heavy rains and "open weather" are likely to cause unusually rapid growth that may result in split heads. If cabbage heads begin to crack, bend them over so that the root is broken on one side. This limits the amount of moisture that will be allowed to come up from the roots, and assures good sound, marketable heads. By the way, don't throw away the cracked heads; save them to hang up in the chicken house where poultry can reach them only by jumping. In this way the flock gets necessary exercise that will show to advantage in improved condition and increased egg production.

Celery should be banked for blanching or bleaching ten days or so before it is to be marketed or used. If left longer it is almost certain to turn rusty or spongy or become hollow. Be careful that dirt does not get into the hearts of the plants. Top dress asparagus beds lightly with well-rotted manure, and if new beds are to be set out now is the time to do it. Harvest onions when the tops are dead and brown, leaving them to lie upon the ground for several days in the sun to dry out thoroughly before storing them in the cellar, then winter them in a cool, dry, airy part of the cellar. Avoid the use of barrels for onions; best place them on flat open trays or in shallow slatted crates where the air can circulate freely.

No month is better than September for starting or renewing a lawn, for young grass makes strong, rapid growth before cold weather and is ready to begin as soon as snow melts in the spring. Small shrubs, but particularly evergreens of all kinds, should be transplanted now. If pines, firs, spruces or cedars are being handled, see that the roots are not exposed to air and sun; if this is allowed the resin in the roots "sets" and trees are more likely than not to perish. Nurserymen make a practice of taking a good-sized "clod" of earth up with the trees, and wrap it immediately with burlap sacking, then soaking thoroughly with water. Peonies, iris and other perennial plants may be set out now with good results.

Since September is the harvest season of the year, now is the time for the gardener to observe closely the results of his season's work, make note of his successes or failures either in his head or better yet in his pocket notebook, and compare the results obtained with the many varieties of vegetables he has grown. Some have done better than others; give them the preference next year. Make the lessons learned today serve you tomorrow—yes, and forever after.

Lending a Helping Hand

In the pioneer days of forest clearing and prairie breaking settlers had to help each other in every possible way. Indians were a constant menace and, self-preservation being at stake, community organization for defense became imperative. A spirit of pioneer Christianity pervaded every settlement and governed men's actions in those trying times before selfish aggrandizement had become the rule. And as a relic of the pioneer's splendid cooperation and brotherly love there remained for many a long day the kindly custom of lending a helping hand when sickness, death or disaster made such assistance necessary on the farm.

It is a misfortune, surely, that in the present struggle for existence and greedy dollar-getting and money-hoarding, even the farmer, who of all men most needs community cooperation to insure and maintain the welfare of himself and neighbors, is forgetting the golden rule lessons of pioneer times. Would that those good old customs were revived and practiced in every farming district! Then once more there would be "plowing bees" on the farm of the widow left without men-folk to put in the crops. Then would the young chaps gather again for a cornhusking contest on the neighbor's farm where sickness had incapacitated the help and the crop was in danger of being lost. We used to do those charitable things in the old days, and well do we remember that when thieves stole the village doctor's horse and buggy the generous neighbors "chipped in" and bought him a new and better outfit. One seldom hears of such kindly acts today, nor does it seem to be the fashion to speed the parting guest with dinner and present, or to welcome the newcomer with help in getting settled.

Let us see if, by discussing these things in the churches, schoolhouse meetings and conferences of the district, a stronger sentiment of mutual helpfulness cannot be aroused among farmers of the community and lead to the return of Christian cooperation and generous acts. It was Pope who said, "In Faith and Hope the world will disagree, but all mankind's concern is charity." That once was true, no doubt. Now, alas, it has largely been forgotten, and needs once more to be revived.

Every man, woman and child in a farming community, as well as the ministers and schoolteachers, may render splendid service by working earnestly for the betterment of community harmony and helpfulness, resting assured that no effort of this sort, humble though it may be, ever fails entirely to have a good effect. Results not apparent today gradually take form and finally attain magnitude, yet they owe their initiation to some small beginning. As sound passing out of our hearing vibrates on and on into the ether of space until, perchance, it meets vibrations of kindred tone and augments in volume until it peals forth in thunderous notes to be heard afar, so may we believe that every kindly word of pure quality strikes a kindred appreciative chord in some receptive heart or mind and in so doing creates cumulative force for good in all things pertaining to life and the world's work.

Silo Filling Suggestions

If possible cut corn when the kernels are well dented and set on the cob, for at this stage the crop contains the maximum amount of nourishment and sufficient moisture to guarantee good silage if correctly handled. If corn must be cut while still green and underripe, allow it to lie in the field and wilt for two or three days. This will remove much of the excess moisture or juice, a common cause of wet, sour silage if it is not dried out. If allowed to lie in the field and dry, however, there is little danger of poor silage even with immature corn.

If corn is overripe it must have water added for good results. Add water at the rate of from one-fourth to one-half the weight of the corn. There is little danger of adding too much water; in fact, the real danger is that insufficient water will be added. Perhaps the simplest plan is to run a steady stream of water from a hose into the blower while silage is being cut and elevated into the silo. If corn has been frosted it should be cut as soon as possible, for it dries out very rapidly. If it is not cut at once, add water to the chopped corn as advised in the case of overripe corn.

Thorough Tramping Is Important

Tramping silage is a very tiring, laborious task, and for this reason it is frequently neglected or indifferently done, but it is extremely important. Loosely-packed silage is almost certain to sour or mold. Keep a man in the silo throughout the filling process, preferably a strong, heavy fellow who does not object to the dirt. A man who will conscientiously sweat his way through the job, carefully spreading and tramping around the walls as well as the middle, will certainly earn more than his wages. Spread silage evenly as it falls from the blower; if this is not done all the heavier parts such as chopped ears and thick stalks will fall directly under the blower in one place and the lighter leaves will scatter more widely. By rights the mixture of cut ears, chopped stalks and leaves should be uniform throughout, and this desired end can be attained only by careful spreading.

See that silo doors or door boards fit securely to prevent leaking. This can be prevented if noticed while filling is in progress, but little can be done after the silo is filled. Soak down the top of the newly-filled silo with water thoroughly, tramping daily for several days after filling. If this is overlooked or indifferently done the top three to six feet often molds or "fire fangs" because it has not been tramped securely enough to exclude air. Refill if possible to make up for settling, then top off with a covering of straw well soaked and held down with heavy planks. If silage is not to be used for some time, it is a good plan to sow oats which will sprout and grow to make an almost airtight covering that can be quickly and easily removed when the silo is opened.

Beware of Posion Gas

Leave top or ventilator open until fermentation or curing is completed to allow gas to escape. Speaking of gas, always take a lighted lantern into the silo while silage is curing. Carbonic acid gas is formed in this process and as it is heavier than air it may be present in dangerously large quantities where ventilation is not provided. If this is the case the lantern will go out. Unless the farmer does likewise, and that *promptly*, he may be speedily overcome. Especially is this likely to happen in the deep pit silo, but fatalities have frequently occurred in common silos where a free circulation of air was not permitted. Better be safe than sorry.

Profitable Orchard Management

Productiveness of orchards could be greatly increased if horses and cows were not allowed to pasture among the trees, according to a statement recently issued on the subject by Prof. F. R. Gifford, horiculturist of the Wisconsin College of Agriculture.

Horses and cows pastured in orchards eat the nourishment that should rightfully go to the trees. The animals do not give back enough fertilizer to pay for what they take. Then, too, horses frequently injure trees by eating the leaves, tearing off the bark, or pulling down and breaking the lower branches. Cows also cause damage in the latter manner.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)

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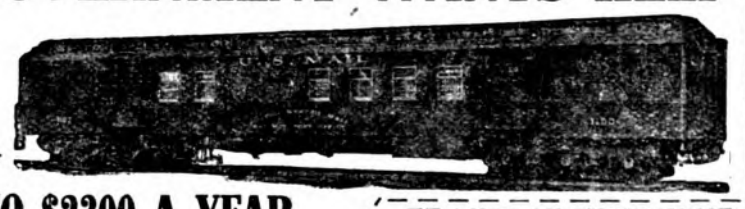


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The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.)

It is a good practice to allow poultry the run of the orchard, but it is a mistake to have the orchard in the chicken yard, however. Chicken manure is too rich in nitrogen. Isolated trees in chicken yards, where they are grown mainly for shade, frequently will make phenomenal growth, but will produce very little fruit.

With proper care apple trees will bear for many years. Old trees, the rotten portions of which have been cleaned and filled with cement, can be made to bear satisfactory crops by "suckering." Severe pruning and liberal use of fertilizer will induce suckering. Some of the suckers are then left to form a new top to the tree, and old growth is removed. When this is done the new branches will bear in three years. This plan has been successfully carried out in Wisconsin and adjoining states where many old, neglected orchards have been rejuvenated and are now bringing in money each year.

Spraying is one of the primary essentials for producing good fruit. If farmers feel that they cannot afford to do this alone they should form a "spray ring," several members purchasing necessary machinery and materials together and using them cooperatively.

New Things About Insect Pests

The *satin moth*, so-called on account of its white and satin-like appearance, is a dangerous enemy of willows and poplars that has recently made its appearance in Eastern States. This insect is common throughout Europe where it does great damage to both poplars and willows. It was reported present in this country in 1920 north of Boston, Mass., where it is thought that it had been established for several years. Though it is impossible to definitely determine the source of its introduction, it is quite probable that the insect was brought in with some importations of willows or poplars.

The satin moth hibernates as small larva, webbed over and concealed in crevices in the bark, so hidden and inconspicuous as often to escape the most careful inspection. While the pest is looked upon as not yet of prime importance, it is a very serious enemy of the plants it attacks, and the prevention of its further distribution in the United States is highly desirable. At present it is known to have spread to cover a considerable area extending from Boston into southeastern New Hampshire and involves some 63 towns in Massachusetts and seven in New Hampshire. It is proposed that quarantine restrictions shall be limited to the areas within these states actually determined from time to time to be infested.

BLISTER BEETLES NOW HARMFUL.—The disappearance of the variety of grasshopper which caused historical damage in Kansas a generation ago has removed the one excuse of blister beetles for living in that region. A study of these insects and measures for their control is reviewed in a recent publication of the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

The larvæ of blister beetles eat grasshopper eggs. When, in the language of the Scripture, the grasshopper was a burden upon mankind, these beetles were good friends of the Kansas farmer. The species of grasshopper responsible for a large share of the injury, and the one that stands today an insect bogy to those of limited entomological knowledge, has now disappeared from the scenes of its former activity so completely that specimens of it are curiosities to the new generation of entomologists.

But as friends the blister beetles are, after all, comparative failures, for they are found to destroy large acreages of sugar beets, alfalfa, beans and peanuts. On beans, peanuts and locust trees, and to a large extent on alfalfa, these beetles usually destroy only the petals and pollen of the flowers. On potatoes, sugar beets, and to a lesser extent on the Russian olive, however, they commonly strip the plant clean of its leaves.

A Paris green and quicklime spray, one pound of each to 25 gallons of water, and a zinc arsenite spray, one pound to 20 gallons of water, have been found most effective against these pests.

LEAD ARSENATE FOR HUSK-MAGGOT.—Experiments in the control of the walnut husk-maggot, a serious enemy of the black walnut, have been conducted with success by the Department of Agriculture. The habits and life history of the insect have been determined sufficiently to allow the study of control measures which have been conducted in two groves.

A lead arsenate spray was used in both instances with the result that in one grove a count of the nuts showed that four per cent. had been attacked by the maggots, compared with 60 per cent. destruction the year before. In the other the condition was estimated as 75 per cent. better than during the previous season. Flies confined in roomy wire-screen cages fed freely on sweetened water, to which sufficient lead arsenate had been added to give the liquid a milky color.

The Benefits of Lime

While it is seldom necessary to apply lime solely for plant food, there is frequent need of it to correct the acid condition of the soil. Many crops, particularly legumes, cannot thrive in acid soil. When clover does not grow well it is usually because the soil is acid or because drainage is poor. Some weeds, such as horse-tail rush, wood horse-tail, smart-weed and sheep sorrel, indicate that soil is sour or acid. To verify this indication the litmus-paper test can easily be made with blue litmus-paper purchased at any drug store. Take a lump of moist soil, break it apart, insert a piece of litmus-paper, squeeze it tightly together again, and allow it to remain for half an hour. Then take out the paper; if it is pinkish, or shows pink spots, the soil is acid and should be limed.

For best results apply two tons of finely-ground limestone, or one-half to a ton of burned lime every four or five years. If coarsely-ground limestone is easily obtainable at a low price it may be used, but more is required per acre. Apply limestone to the surface soil with a lime spreader, or with the manure spreader in which coarse manure and lime have first been mixed, then harrow in when land is being prepared for crops. It may also be applied to grass several months before sod is to be plowed under, but in this case more lime is required for quick results.

Hints for Hog Raisers

There are a number of "odd jobs" that in the rush of farm work may be overlooked unless the hog raiser makes it a point to "get them out of the way" before cold weather arrives. Now is the best time to scrape together the accumulation of manure about yards and pens, load it into the manure spreader, and spread it upon the meadow, stubble field or fallow where it will quickly decompose and work into the soil before fall plowing commences.

Rake scattered corn-cobs into piles, set them afire, and blanket them slightly with earth to prevent rapid burning. Choose a day when the wind is not too strong, however. In this way unsightly rubbish is quickly and easily converted into wholesome and health-giving corn-cob charcoal. Leave it where the pigs can have ready access to it at all times. There is no danger that they will do themselves harm by eating too much; the greatest danger, on many farms at least, is that they will not receive enough of it.

This is the season when lice and other parasites and vermin, both internal and external, seem to multiply most rapidly, perhaps because animals have been somewhat weakened by hot weather, scant pastures, poor water supply, or unsanitary conditions in hog houses or lots. Old hog breeders say, "Where lice abound look for disease also." No doubt where we find both vermin and filth, we may safely look for disease also. Consider lice as visible warning. If dipping has been delayed or overlooked entirely, attend to it now, then give houses, feed troughs, feeding floors and runways a thorough cleaning followed by a liberal coat of whitewash.

Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from the eminent specialists and experts of our Agricultural Staff on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying.

Address Modern Farmer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Questions and Answers

LOGANBERRIES.—I have read about the Loganberry and wondered if it could be grown here. Please tell me through Modern Farmer what this crop is like, how to grow it and will it grow here.

T. W., Dowagiac, Mich.

A.—The Logan blackberry, or Loganberry, is a trailing type that resembles the dewberry in its habits of growth and in forming new plants by the tips of the canes sending roots into the ground. It is a very strong grower, sometimes producing canes 20 feet or more in length. For garden use, set the plants in the spring six feet apart in rows six to eight feet apart. Let the canes trail on the ground for the first season. During the second spring either drive a strong stake beside each plant or build a trellis with two or three wires. Tie the canes to stakes or wires with soft twine or strips of rag that will not injure the bark. After the fruit is picked, cut out the old canes and tie up the new ones. If new canes grow too long, cut them back to any desired length and give the same general care as for blackberries. Loganberries are grown extensively in the mild sections of the Pacific Coast, and it is unlikely that they will survive cold winters elsewhere, though they might well be tried. We do not know of anyone who grows them in your region.

Morning Glory Yoke with Sleeves

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

6th row—32 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 6 sps, 3 blks, 11 sps, 3 blks, 6 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 32 sps.

7th row—7 sps, 5 blks, 19 sps, 2 blks, 5 sps, 5 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 5 blks, 5 sps, 2 blks, 19 sps, 5 blks, 7 sps, ch 5.

8th row—6 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 10 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 17 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 10 sps 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, ch 5.

9th row—13 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 5 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 13 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 9 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 13 sps, ch 5.

10th row—13 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 2 blks, 7 sps, 4 blks, 3 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 11 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 3 sps, 4 blks, 7 sps, 2 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 13 sps.

From here on one should be able to copy the pattern from the completed back or our chart.

Any initial copied from the alphabet illustrated this month can be worked in the center of the front or omitted as preferred. The last three rows of front of yoke shown are as follows, making a block border:

3rd row from last—1 sp, * 1 blk, 3 sps, repeat from *.

2nd row from last—1 blk, 1 sp, repeat.

Last row—1 sp, * 1 blk, 3 sps, repeat from *.

For Sleeves

Ch 66, join to back of yoke. Work two rows all 2 sps. Copy morning glory pattern given for back, making one design on front and one on back of each sleeve. In third and fourth rows, narrow 1 sp under the arm; fifth row without narrowing; fifth and sixth rows narrow 1 sp each. Repeat until one has narrowed 20 or more spaces according to size desired.

Finish edge of neck and sleeves with three single and 1 p in every other space.

Simple Filet Patterns

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

Two or more rows, as one prefers, of blocks on either edge and spaces between before beginning to repeat the pattern.

Insertion No. 2

Ch 57 sts, turn.

1st row—1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 8 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

2nd row—1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

3rd row—1 blk, 4 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

4th row—1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

5th row—1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

6th row—Same as 5th row.

7th row—Same as 4th row.

8th row—Same as 3rd row.

9th row—Same as 2nd row.

10th and 11th rows—Same as 1st row, repeat pattern from 2nd row.

Insertion No. 3

Ch 66 sts, turn.

1st row—1 blk, 6 sps, 7 blks or 22 d c, 6 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

2nd row—1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

3rd row—Same as 1st row.

4th row—1 blk, 5 sps, 2 blks, ch 2, sk 2, 2 d c, ch 2, sk 3, 2 d c, ch 2, sk 2, 2 d c, ch 2, 2 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

5th row—1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, ch 2, 2 d c in sp, ch 2, 1 d c in sp, 2 d c on d c, 1 d c in next sp, ch 2, 2 d c in sp, ch 2, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

6th row— 1 blk, 3 sps, 2 blks, ch 3, 4 d c over 2 d c worked as in last row, ch 2, 2 d c, ch 2, 4 d c, ch 3, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

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7th row—1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, ch 3, 2 d c under ch 3, ch 3, 4 d c on d c, 2 d c under next ch, ch 2, 6 d c, ch 3, 2 d c, ch 3, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

8th row—1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, ch 3, 2 d c on 2 d c, ch 3, 14 d c, ch 3, 2 d c, ch 3, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

9th row—3 blks, ch 2, 3 d c over sp, 2 d c on d c, 3 d c in next sp, 14 d c on d c, 8 d c over sps, ch 2, 3 blks, ch 3, turn.

10th row—2 blks, ch 5, sk 2 d c, 1 d c on each st until within 2 d c of end, ch 5, 2 blks, ch 3, turn.

11th row—1 blk, ch 5, 2 d c, ch 5, sk 2 d c, 1 d c on each st until within 2 d c of end, ch 5, 2 d c, ch 5, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

12th row—1 blk, ch 3, 4 d c over 2 d c, ch 3, sk 2 d c, 1 d c on each st until within 2 d c of end, ch 3, 4 d c, ch 3, 1 blk, ch 3.

13th row—Same as 11th row.

14th, 15th and 16th work same as 10th, 9th and 8th, only increase doubles, forming star in the center in the same manner as work was decreased.

Then make the next rows the same as the first eight rows, and repeat the pattern.

Scarf in Filet Crochet

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

31st row—1 sp, 1 blk, 9 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 8 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.

32nd row—1 sp, 1 blk, 8 sps, 1 blk, 10 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.

33rd row—1 sp, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 14 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.

34th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 13 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.

35th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 19 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.

36th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 8 sps, 1 blk, 24 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.

37th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 24 sps, 2 blks, 7 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.

38th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps, 2 blks, 25 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.

39th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 26 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.

40th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 29 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.

41st row—1 sp, 1 blk, 14 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 12 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp.

42nd row—1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 12 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 14 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.

43rd row—1 sp, 1 blk, 7 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 sp.

44th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 7 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.

45th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.

46th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 9 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.

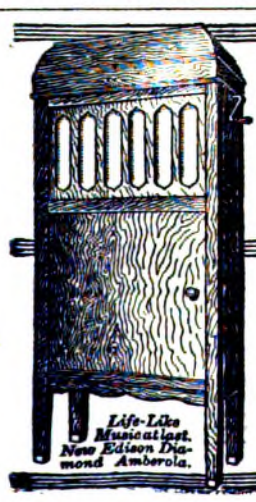
47th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 9 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.

48th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 25 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.

49th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 19 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.

50th row—Same as last row.

51st row—1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 23 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.



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Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24.)

D. A.—The hen must have met with some accident which has hurt her back. I can't think of any cure except the humane one of ending her misery with a sharp axe.

M. C.—As the majority of your young chickens are growing and doing well, the trouble must be hereditary. Possibly you have some old hens which are too fat, or hens which have suffered from roup or cholera in the past, and their eggs produce chickens wanting in vitality, and with roupy tendencies. Are you quite sure that the brood coops are free from lice? Sour milk could not have caused the trouble; it is one of the best feeds for poultry at all times.

S. P.—If you are keeping Leghorns, or any of the lighter breeds, one rooster to every fifteen hens, but if you are keeping any of the heavy varieties, such as Plymouth Rocks, Orpingtons or Wyandottes, it is not safe to keep more than seven hens with each rooster. I think the heat must have run up or down in the incubator. You have not given me any information about the way you operated the machine, or if any accident happened during the term of incubation, so it is impossible for me to say the exact cause of the trouble.

J. D. E.—The little turkey had what is commonly called blackhead, which is really a disease of the liver and intestines. When young birds once get the disease, doctoring is of very little avail. The only help is along the lines of prevention. You must have some old bird, turkey or ordinary chicken, which has the disease in a mild, chronic form. Next month I will go into the subject of the turkey disease, and my own experience in putting old birds into condition for the next year's breeding season. A hen which has had cholera may recover from it and in time go to laying again, but she will always be susceptible to cold, and her eggs should not be used for hatching.

E. W.—The lice were undoubtedly responsible for the chickens being dumpy. As you are sure that you have got rid of them, conditions will improve. Better put a little tincture of iron or nux vomica into the drinking water, or if you are not near a drug store, put a few rusty nails into the water. It will help to tone up their appetites. (2) If a considerable number of roundworms are found, the remainder of the flock should receive appropriate treatment. The remedies which are used to dislodge these parasites should be given when the birds are fasting. They should have a light feed at night and should be given the medicine the following morning. Two or three hours after giving the medicine they should have a purgative, which may be Epsom salts, 40 grains for each adult bird, thoroughly mixed with a small quantity of moist mash, and so distributed that each bird will get its share, or they may be given two or three teaspoonfuls of castor oil. An hour later a light ration may be given. One of the best remedies is oil of turpentine, which may be mixed with an equal quantity of olive oil and 20 to 30 drops of the mixture given at a dose. This is followed in two hours with two to three teaspoonfuls of castor oil. Thymol is especially active in the case of roundworms, and one grain of it may be made into a pill with a little bread and butter and given to each fowl. It should be followed by a purge, as in the case of other remedies. Santonica or worm seed in doses of seven or eight grains is also successfully used to combat this class of worms.

I MACG.—It seems as if the birds must have eaten some very stimulating or irritating food since you moved to the new place. Have you been using bone fertilizer or any such thing on the farm? All I can suggest is to give the whole flock a mash made of bran and middlings, moistened with castor oil, to clear out the intestines. Then cut down on food, giving only wheat or oats scattered in deep litter, and don't give them any egg powders or food specially prepared for stimulating egg production. Anything that forces egg production, whether it is an overfed condition or stimulating powders, invariably ends in malformed or rotten eggs.

MRS. L.—Please read answer to J. D. E. in this issue.

A COMFORT READER.—As you are located in California, there will be no trouble about June birds developing.

A. T.—I am sorry to say that I can suggest no treatment for the fowls, for I can't understand what the trouble is, as you have only nine old hens left. You had better kill and burn the carcasses and start in with fresh stock next year, after thoroughly cleaning and disinfecting the house, and purifying the yard and surrounding land by growing some crop on it.

C. S. G.—You have not given me sufficient information about the conditions, or the way you feed and care for the birds, to enable me to form even the faintest idea of what the trouble is, so it is impossible for me to suggest any treatment.

G. E.—When hens have suffered from roup it is not safe to use their eggs for hatching, no matter how thoroughly they may seem to have recovered, for chicks hatched from such eggs are never profitable, and as these have developed the disease, doctoring would be only a waste of time. Better kill them and clean up the premises.

W. C.—From your description, and from the way the joints swell, break open and discharge a watery fluid, I fear the bird has tuberculosis. Better kill and burn all affected birds at once, for the disease is spread through the droppings of an ailing bird, so one bird can contaminate an entire flock in a very short time, and what is more, the eggs of diseased birds frequently contain the bacilli, as has been proven by the inoculation of and transference of the disease to rabbits and guinea pigs. The young chicks hatched from such infected eggs are diseased when they leave the shell, and, of course, soon infect the poultry with which they run. Pigs, cats, rats and mice are especially liable to be infected with fowl tuberculosis from eating the carcasses of birds which have died, and these animals serve to keep up the contagion and may communicate it to other fowls. Even calves and colts are sometimes found suffering from this form of tuberculosis. Symptoms are generally not observed in the internal tuberculosis of fowls until the disease has reached an advanced stage of development. They begin with gradual loss of weight, wasting of the muscles, paleness of the comb and, toward the end, dullness, sleepiness and diarrhea. Very often there is at the same time a tubercular inflammation of the joints and of the sheaths of the tendons, which is revealed by lameness, swelling of the joints and legs, and sometimes by the formation of hard, external tumors of considerable size. Occasionally the skin over the swollen joints breaks, the interior of the joint ulcerates, and a small quantity of pus containing large numbers of tubercle bacilli is discharged. Swellings and bony enlargements of the joints with fowls are invariably suspicious, and their nature should always be investigated by killing the bird and examining the liver and spleen to determine if these have any whitish or yellowish spots on their surface which when cut into prove to be tubercular masses. There is no treatment that will cure fowls which have been attacked with tuberculosis. When the disease is discovered the effort should be to eradicate it at once by killing off the whole flock and thoroughly disinfecting all the houses and runs. As the great majority of the birds will probably be more or less affected, the chances are that any which are saved will have diseased livers and intestines, from which the bacilli will escape and keep up the infection of the flock and the runs. The danger of this is so great that no attempt should be made to keep any of the fowls that have been exposed to the contagion, no matter how valuable they may be. The bodies of the birds which have died or are killed as well as all the accumulated manure, sweepings and scrapings of the poultry houses, should be completely destroyed by fire.

G. F. G.—Yes, sour milk is very good for little chicks. Give them nothing for 36 hours after they hatch, then fill a pan with the whey from clabbered milk, and put into the brooder. Pick up a few of them, dip their beaks into the whey to teach them to drink. When a few commence, the whole brood will soon follow suit. When you think all have had a taste, take away the pan, and two hours later give them their first feed, which should be hard-boiled egg, chopped, shell and all, and mixed with an equal quantity of stale bread-crumbs. From January through the spring months, I always devote our space to incubation, brooding and the general care of young chicks. I don't know of any practical book that will give you just what you want. You had better subscribe to one of the good poultry magazines. I take pleasure in helping our readers with their poultry; beginners appeal to me especially, so please feel at liberty to write me for any advice you may want. I have raised poultry on a large scale for the last 17 years, and practical experience has taught me a good deal of useful knowledge, which I am glad to give to our COMFORT readers.

"I understand that you prefer charges against this man," said the judge.

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Stella Rosevelt

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

However, when the ceremony was over, the gay crowd came forward, brimming with mirth, and in the jollity that followed, these impressions in a measure passed away.

There were laughter and compliment on every lip, shaking of hands and congratulation on every side, until at length Minnie Shelton put a stop to it by coming forward and saying:

"The musicians are all ready, Lord Carrol; you'll have to dance the first quadrille with your bride; I'll claim you for the second. Hasn't it been a lovely wedding, though?—just as if it had been real, you know—and we've had all the fun without any flurry. My!" perking her restless head on one side and eying Josephine out of her bright eyes like some pretty bird, "don't I hope I may make as charming a bride when somebody comes to marry me!"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"I HAVE BEEN MAD."

When that first dance was over, Lord Carrol led Josephine to a seat, and, bowing before her, said, in as light a tone as he could command:

"Thank you, Miss Richards. I suppose our part in this little farce closes now. Allow me to congratulate you upon having assisted in carrying it off in the most perfect manner. I must confess," he added, a slight shade falling over his face, "that it does not strike me as just the thing to make a mockery of sacred subjects; but since Minnie Shelton, who is a veritable witch, and our guests have enjoyed it, perhaps I should not preach about it."

Josephine looked up at him with a strange glitter in her eyes, while her face was crimson.

Oh, if he would but utter one fond, tender word to her—if he would but give her a sign even, to show that his heart had been thrilled like her own while they were standing there side by side!

He noticed her heightened color, and thought she looked at him queerly, but he never mistrusted the storm that was tearing her heart asunder.

"I fear you are very warm," he said, kindly. "Shall I get you an ice?"

"Thanks, no. I shall do very well," she answered, constrainedly.

And then, with another bow, he excused himself and left her.

A convulsive sob broke from the girl's lips as she watched him pass down the long room and out at a lower door; then she, too, arose and glided through the window near which she had been sitting.

She sped along the wide piazza until she came to the end, where a flight of steps led down to a little arbor, or cluster of small trees which inclosed a great piece of statuary.

She fled within it, and sinking down upon the granite base which supported the marble group, she gave vent to her misery in a burst of passionate tears.

Lord Carrol, too, as he passed out of the ballroom, was more deeply moved than he would have liked to betray, and not very well pleased either with the part he had been compelled to play so much against his inclination.

Had his companion been any other than Josephine, perhaps he would have felt differently; but he could not forget that he had once been represented as her lover, and something in her manner tonight warned him that she would not have regretted it had that farce been a *bona fide* marriage service instead, and he was exceedingly annoyed over the affair.

He met his mother as he was going through a hall, and she detained him by gently laying her hand upon his arm.

"Has anything disturbed you?" she asked, looking up into his clouded face.

"No, mother; nothing but that farce which has just been enacted. I do not like such things; they seem too much like sacrilege," he returned.

"Neither do I like them, Archie," she said, gravely. "We have no right to make light of any subject so serious as marriage; but Minnie is a wild, thoughtless girl, intent only on the excitement of the moment, and did not stop to consider. I must say, though, that Miss Richards helped to carry it off splendidly, and appeared the blushing, modest bride to perfection. She is a fine-looking girl."

She said this to sound him, regarding him searchingly all the time that she was speaking.

"Yes; she appears to attract considerable admiration," he replied, indifferently, and then passed on.

He went out at the great hall door upon the veranda, which Josephine had just a moment or two ago traversed, and followed almost in her footsteps, until he came to that little circle of shrubbery, when, instead of going within it, he went around it.

He could not shake off the unpleasant sensations that were upon him; everything in his nature had suddenly seemed to become out of tune, and he wished to get way from even the sounds of the gay revelers within the house while his thoughts turned wistfully toward the new world and Star.

He was getting very impatient to go to her, and he had intended to be on his way thither before this, but circumstances had recently transpired by which he would be detained another month, and the time seemed very long to him.

He paced back and forth in the moonlight for some time, his footsteps making no sound on the velvety turf; but all at once, as he passed that evergreen circle, within which Josephine still sat, a sob fell upon his ear and startled him. He stopped to listen, and heard the sound repeated. With his usual energy and decision, he passed around to the entrance and approached the group of statuary to ascertain who was there.

At first he could see no one, for just then the moon was hidden by a cloud, and Josephine's dress being white, her form blended with the marble and could not be distinguished, while she was so absorbed by her own emotions that she was not aware of Lord Carrol's presence until he touched her on the shoulder and said:

"Pardon me, you are grieving; is your trouble anything that I can help?"

She sprang to her feet instantly and confronted him, her cheeks blazing hotly, her whole form trembling from the touch of his hand.

"Miss Richards!" he exclaimed, in surprise, as he recognized her, while involuntarily he recoiled from her, so unexpected and disagreeable—in his present frame of mind—was this meeting.

"I thought," he added, "that you were in the ballroom enjoying yourself with the other merry-makers."

She noticed the coldness of his tone, as well as his unconscious shrinking from her, and it cut her to the heart, while at the same time it aroused her anger.

"Enjoying myself!" she repeated, passionately and unguardedly; "the evening is spoiled for me; everything is spoiled—the world and my life. That mockery through which we have just passed has made me miserable."

It was strange, he thought, that they should both feel thus.

"I regret that anything should have occurred to make you so unhappy," he returned. "I hoped while you were the guest of my mother that nothing would transpire to mar the pleasure of any one. But," he added, more cheerfully, "you must not allow that farce to oppress you thus. I do not, as I have said before, approve of making light of such serious things, and marriage, to me, seems like a sacred ordinance. But no harm was done, I trust; our friends were amused for half an hour; and really, Miss Richards," he continued, smilingly, "if, when you come to be married in earnest, you make as charming a bride as you did tonight, the happy man will be one to be envied."

"Don't, Lord Carrol," Josephine cried out, in a sharp tone of pain, and laying her hand appealingly on his arm; "don't say such things to me!"

She was trembling like a leaf, and he saw that she was terribly excited, while the piteous tone in which she had just spoken went directly to his kind heart. He took her hand and drew it under his arm.

"You are nervous," he said, kindly. "Come and walk with me a few moments until you are calmer—the night is almost like summer—then I will take you back to the company."

His tone was so sympathizing, his touch on her arm so gentle, while it thrilled every fiber of her body, that it was more than she could bear.

She was going tomorrow, and this man whom she loved with a passion almost amounting to idolatry, would be beyond her reach. She would not meet him again for months, perhaps never, and this thought, added to her other pain, broke her down completely.

She grasped his arm with both her white hands, her heart was beating like a frightened bird's, there was a choking sensation in her throat, and bowing her graceful head upon her clasped and trembling hands, she burst into a fresh fit of weeping, which was like a tempest.

The young lord found himself in a very awkward position. Those shaking hands, that bowed head lying so near his heart, that lithe, quivering form, those tears and sobs, told him but too plainly what caused this deep emotion.

"Miss Richards—Josephine," he said, unwittingly using her first name in his embarrassment, "let me take you in. You will make yourself ill. What can I do for you?"

But she could not control herself. She had abandoned herself too entirely now to her passion to conquer it readily, and she sobbed on, conscious only of how she loved him, and that she was near him.

Oh! if he could but have returned her love, she would gladly have given the best years of her life. There was no sacrifice too great, she thought at that moment, for her to make in exchange for the prize she wished to win.

"What can I do for you, my friend?" he asked again.

"Love me!" burst most unconsciously from her trembling lips.

He started violently. He had not imagined that she would dare to give utterance to such words as these; while she knew, the instant that they were spoken, that instead of gaining his affection, she had forfeited even his respect.

There was a moment of awkward silence. Then Lord Carrol said, very gravely, but still very gently:

"Miss Richards, you have become so excited over what has transpired, that I think you are hardly conscious of, or responsible for, what you have said. Shall we go in now?"

"No!" she answered, lifting her head, proudly, and stifling her sobs, although she still clung tightly to his arm, as if she could not let him go. "No; I will not go in yet. Having said so much, I must say more. You are right. I am not responsible for the words which I have spoken. I did not mean to speak them—they escaped me unawares; but since I have spoken them, I cannot recall them, and my secret is mine no longer. Oh!" she continued, with a heart-breaking sob, "pity me, have compassion on me, forgive me!"

"I have nothing to forgive," he said, kindly; "and, believe me, I am very sorry that your nerves should have been so overtaxed tonight; but," and his face flushed, "perhaps it will be better for both of us if I tell you that, however much I may esteem you, my heart could never respond to the wish you have expressed; it has long been given to another. I thought you knew this; I thought you knew that—I loved your cousin, Miss Gladstone."

Her hands dropped from his arm as if they had been burned, while keen, quivering pains shot all over her body at this avowal.

Her head came up with a haughty gesture, her eyes blazed with sudden anger, her red lips curled with bitter scorn. She had humiliated herself—she had bowed her proud spirit to the dust to win him, and now he dared to tell her this—dared to tell her that he loved the girl whom she hated, whom she had triple cause to hate in that she was far her superior in every way—she had won the heart of the only man whom she had ever loved, and had laid her under an obligation which she could never repay.

"I believe I have been mad!" she whispered, fiercely, through her tightly shut teeth, which shone like lovely pearls in the moonlight. "Yes, I must have been mad," she went on; "some spirit of evil must have possessed me to make me tell you what I have; for—hear me, Lord Carrol—I do not love you; I hate you! If I ever had any love for you, it has turned to hate now, and I detest the girl whom you profess to love, and for whom you have dared to confess your affection, knowing how I hate her."

She pressed her hands wildly to her temples, with a low moan. It was not so easy as she thought to hate where she had loved so passionately.

"Do you think it is a light thing?" she asked, hotly, "for a girl to reveal the secrets of her heart, as I have revealed mine tonight? Do you think there has been no sacrifice of pride or modesty on my part to tell you what I have told you? My heart has been burning to ashes while standing here by your side, and you have pitilessly tortured me still further by telling me that you love Star Gladstone—that girl who has only crossed my path to mar my every prospect in life. I thought half an hour ago, when I stood beside you during that mock ceremony and spoke those sacred words, that if they could only have been real—if I could indeed have been made your lawful wife, it would have been like the happiness of heaven for me. If you could have but called me by that fond name only once—if you had looked tenderly into my eyes and owned me yours, I could have asked no greater bliss in life. But, heavens! when I break every barrier down, when I forget my womanhood and modesty and tell you how I idolize you, you coolly inform me that you love the girl I hate. Beware! you have made me an eternal enemy to you both, and I will ruin both your lives, as you have ruined mine, if I can."

She would have dashed wildly by him after uttering those last fierce, revengeful words, but he placed himself directly in her path and would not let her pass.

He saw now that all his sympathy and kindly feeling had been worse than wasted. He had read her character aright from the first; she was totally selfish, and her love—if an unreasoning passion like hers could be called love—would have made any true man miserable, for her ambition would never be satisfied.

He did not wonder now that he had not had more faith in her, and his sympathy and sorrow for her at once turned into contempt.

"Miss Richards," he began, in a stern, cold voice, and looking down into her angry blazing eyes with a glance which cowed her in spite of her passion, "what respect I may have entertained for you heretofore, what pity or compassion I may have experienced for your apparent suffering tonight, and the only emotion which ever made you appear really womanly or gentle in my eyes, has wholly vanished during those last vindictive words of yours. I had begun to hope that you had learned lessons of charity and kindness during the past year—that you had come to realize there was something more required in life than a continual seeking after pleasure and the gratification of pride and ambitious desires; but I perceive that I was mistaken, and I am sorry, for you will be the greatest sufferer. Your declaration of hatred, and your threat that you will ruin Miss Gladstone's and my life, are but idle words; for our love is something that malice can never touch, and a month hence I shall be on my way to America to make her my wife."

Josephine uttered a cry of mingled pain and anger at this, and made another effort to leave him, but he would not let her go even yet.

"I have not quite finished what I wish to say, Miss Richards," he continued, "and we may as well come to a full understanding at once. I have been told of the change in Miss Gladstone's fortunes. I have, indeed, learned much regarding her life while she was with you that has both pained and surprised me. I know, too, of some things which occurred this year, when you were both visitors at the same fashionable resort. You are, it appears, to remain a resident of England, and we may meet occasionally in society; but let me tell you I shall never allow any such indignity to be heaped upon the future Lady Carrol as that of which you were guilty this summer at Newport."

He saw her start as he said this.

"What do you mean?" she demanded, haughtily.

"I do not think you are so ignorant of my meaning as you appear," he returned, his handsome lips curling with scorn; "but if you wish to be reminded of the fact that you publicly twitted Miss Gladstone last summer of having once performed the duties of a chambermaid in your family, I can do so. But do not let it ever happen again, or I shall feel it my duty to make all the facts of the case public."

"Who has told you this?" she demanded, angrily.

"That does not matter," he replied, coldly; "it is sufficient that I know it."

"Ralph Meredith has told you," she cried.

"Mr. Meredith is my friend—but that is a point we need not discuss, I think," he answered, quietly.

"Perhaps you do not know that he played the *role* of devoted lover to Miss Gladstone this summer," she sneered, hoping to make him jealous.

Lord Carrol flushed.

He had mistrusted something of this from what Ralph had told him. He did not believe that Star would have confessed what she had to him, except to convince him that she could never entertain feelings of affection toward any one save the man who, as she supposed, had wronged her.

"Miss Gladstone is my affianced wife," he replied, proudly, feeling that he had a perfect right to regard and speak of her as such, knowing that she still loved him, and that his explanations to her would re-establish their former relations. "But," he added, as he stepped aside now to allow her to pass, "it is useless to prolong this interview; only let me caution you, Miss Richards, to remember that while you show proper respect for me and mine, I shall also tender you the respect belonging to a lady."

She was as white as her spotless dress now. He could see by the moonlight that she had grown perfectly ghastly, but there was a wild, fearful light in her eyes.

"My hate will follow you both," she said, hoarsely, "and I tell you I will ruin your lives if I can."

She dashed by him and disappeared from his sight, leaving him standing there wonder-stricken that a creature so beautiful to look upon could possess so depraved a nature.

TO BE CONTINUED.



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Forty-Mile Trap-Line

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CHAPTER ONE.

LON Baker paused in the act of stooping to fasten the snow-shoe harness tighter on his feet, and warning a companion with an almost inaudible "Hist!" to "freeze" in his tracks, he reached for a trim-looking .30-30 carbine reposing underneath the straps of the well-loaded toboggan.

There was no pulling and tugging in releasing the rifle; Lon was too good a woodsman not to look after the accessibility of his rifle while in the woods. In quicker time than it has taken to write this, the young woodsman had lined the sights accurately onto a half-hidden target, and in another half second the report rang loud and echoed and re-echoed against the lofty mountains among which the travelers were lost to the civilized world.

"Ah! attaboy, up to your usual reputation as a second Deerslayer, Lon," enthusiastically exclaimed the young lad who was holding to a "gee-pole" fastened to the hindermost strap of the toboggan that was lately being drawn over the frozen snow by the hero of this narrative.

The speaker was obviously a lad not used to the ways of the big woods; in fact, he had only lately emerged from a famous down-state college, where he had put in four years' hard work struggling with classics and higher sciences. Around his home village, he answered to the name of "Tubs" Johnson; but at home on Sundays when polite company was around, his mother called him Percy.

Percy Johnson had been promised a place in his father's business, but like so many businesses just after the war, just about the time Tubs got through the school, his father's business went into bankruptcy and there was little left after the creditors were paid. This calamity to the family circumstances threw Tubs on his own resources; fortunately he had a considerate father who appreciated initiativeness above all desirable qualities in a young man. Despite Tubs' rotund figure, the family physician insisted that he was physically run-down as the result of prolonged indoor studies. The result was that Tubs was sent to the family camp on Racquette Lake with the instructions to put in a month of hard paddling and fishing. During the summer's vacation, Tubs met Lou Baker, a local Nimrod of considerable renown, and the two had formed a great liking to each other. As Tubs was alone in the rather spacious lake-shore camp, he invited Lon down to stay with him and act as guide on fishing and hiking excursions in return for board and a moderate wage. Nothing suited Lon better, for, as he said, his home was wherever his hat hung, and the log bungalow was vastly more comfortable than his father's shack at the foot of Bear Mountain. Lon's father was a foreman for the Santa Clara Lumber Company.

Before the summer was over, Tubs' weakened body had undergone a remarkable change. The soft flesh had hardened into muscles, and instead of a pale, shallow complexion, he now wore a sun-tanned, ruddy countenance that would do justice to an Indian. But long with the improved health came an ardent desire to remain out in the great open, at least for a year or two. The family fortunes would not permit him going on to the higher universities with his education, and now with so many soldiers returned from service in the Expeditionary Forces, jobs were few and far between. Most big companies were loyal to their old employees, and Tubs could well appreciate that his late schooling would not give him priority rights to a position over an ex-service man and former employe. Besides, positions were few in the small town where his people lived.

After talking the matter over with his parents of taking a job, they did not insist that he look for one immediately and even objected to his suggestion of going to a larger city to find employment. So when Lon opportunely flashed a news circular from a big fur house on Tubs at the Racquette Lake camp one day, the discussion readily turned to furs and the opportunities of making money trapping fur-bearing animals.

"It's going to be a big fur year, Tubs," Lon had said; "the signs are good. Muskrats are building their houses unusually early and the beavers are working over-time. Already the geese are wending their way in long strings toward Southern climates. It means a long, hard winter is coming. Cold weather will make people buy furs, and the fur dealers are now anticipating a big season. This report says that practically all the big city markets are cleaned out of old stock. This indicates the season will start off with lively, competitive buying, and almost invariably such a lively demand for furs reflects to the trappers in soaring price-lists. I've seen it happen before, Tubs. In fact, one winter I made more money trapping than Dad did at hard labor for the lumbering outfit. Me for the old trap-line this fall."

"I'm with you," emphatically declared Tubs, who had learned to put a great deal of confidence in any proposition made by the native Adirondacker. If he could make good money, even better than wages or a clerk's salary, at trapping, a healthy, enjoyable occupation, what could be better, was Tubs' decision.

Now the boys were actually in the big woods, alone, far from the sound of train whistles and the smell of factories. They were following a snow-shoe trail to their well-stored log cabin on the shore of Moose Lake. During the fall months they had stocked the camp with provisions and other necessaries, blazed two sets of trap-lines, built a considerable number of cubby pens and otherwise prepared for a busy trapping season. At the moment the trappers had halted to take a shot at a passing game animal, they were enroute to the camp with the last toboggan load of odds and ends that had been forgotten or omitted from their check-list.

"Hold, Lon, give him another soft-point, quick, he's going to get up," excitedly exclaimed Tubs, as he glimpsed through the bush the struggles of a buck deer to escape from an unknown danger. Almost simultaneously with Tubs' remarks, Lon mercifully sped another death-dealing soft-point bullet straight to the heart of the victim.

"I didn't shoot the second time because there was a possible chance the deer would escape," explained Lon. "A down buck is as good as your meat; but I don't like to see 'em wounded like that, with a broken back. Ah! a fine young spike-horn, Tubs, the best kind of eating you ever touched a tooth to," he continued, coming up to the now quite dead buck. Yet, though the eyes were looking glassy-like, Lon didn't dare walk up carelessly to stick it with his drawn hunting knife. He had too much respect for the menace of the deer's sharp knife-like hoofs, which are often wielded murderously in the last death struggles. Walking around to the animal's head, the young hunter grasped one of the horns and properly stuck the deer.

The boys now worked industriously to make a safe cache for their valued prize. Only a few days remained of the open hunting season, and they would need plenty of meat for the camp larder. Each one had a right to a buck, besides an extra one for camp use, and they had a special permit to keep the venison in camp several months after the season would close. Getting a buck so soon was rare luck of the Red Gods, for it would save so many days from hunting which could be applied profitably to the trap-line. However, owing to the heavily-loaded toboggan and the several miles between themselves and camp, it would be necessary to cache, or "hang" the deer for future use. This they did in the following manner:

First the boys turned the deer on its back, feet up, and with the keen-edged hunting knife ripped down the belly and removed the paunch and entrails. The heart and liver were strung on a stick to be taken to camp, while the carcass was swung up by a rawhide thong to a lower limb of a balsam. As soon as the carcass was cleared off the ground about three feet, the thong was tied and the meat was thus left swinging out of reach of small varmints like the skunk which might eat off it. The man smell would suffice to keep larger animals away. The meat would soon freeze solid and keep in perfect condition. This is why woodsmen speak of their outdoor coolers. Later the boys would come back to the cache and cut off such portions of the meat as they might need in camp, instead of attempting the strenuous task of dragging or tobogganing the carcass to camp whole.

The boys reached camp at dark and, as was to be expected, first put the deer heart and liver to cooking smothered in a liberal measure of onions. When the plain but wholesome "grub" was set on the board table, the boys declared they never tasted anything quite so good; and Tubs declared that he had never had such an appetite in his life.

There was a great deal to do to fix up the camp into an inhabitable shape, and by the time everything was arranged in order to suit the fastidious Lon, the boys eagerly spread blankets over the balsam in the bunks and immediately lapsed off into the sleep of the weary.

"Hey, yo-ho, where do you think you are—in your mother's Restwell instead of the balsams, Tubs? Hey, you, Tubs, hit the floor, I say. We've got a big day ahead with the traps," were the next words Tubs heard after his first night in camp. Dreamily he turned over and imagined he glimpsed his partner, Lon, bending over a box-stove turning buckwheat pancakes and frying bacon, then it turned into a dream in which he was shooting at a whole flock of bucks with horns like parlor rocking-chairs. Now he wounds one, which charges him, and the next moment he is bolstered head-foremost into the snow.

"Holy socks and cold Christmases, this is a nice way to wake a fellow up, you big sour-dough," exclaimed Tubs, crawling out of the wind-beaten snowdrift in front of the camp where he had been so ignominiously pitched by his husky partner.

"Didn't I yell at you for a half hour, and tell you I'd wash your face in snow if you didn't get up? What do you think this is, a sanitarium? I can see you've had a healthy sleep, but I'll tell you by the time you put in a week following me around these mountains with a trap pack, the odor of frying bacon in the morning will sure as Mike wake you up," replied Lon, seating himself at the table without further ceremony.

Tubs, who was fully awake by now, suddenly decided he had an appetite, and hastily washed without waiting to melt the ice around the sides of the pan.

An hour later the trappers were back to the scene of the killing of the day before, fully dressed for the trail, with rifles and a pack of traps.

"Now, Tubs, you just watch your Uncle Lon close, if you would learn the trapper's art. First we'll take a circle around these entrails. Ah! just as I expected, see these tracks?"

"Yes, looks like a small dog's tracks," replied the greenhorn Tubs.

"Well, they're not, but were made by a pair of foxes. See, the tracks vary slightly in size; takes close observation to notice it. They danced all around here last night, I suppose wondering what in the sam-hill had been going on in these peaceful woods; but they were scared to approach the leavings closer on account of the man smell. If we leave the entrails here, the foxes will come around every night, gradually getting closer until after a few nights, when the man smell isn't strong, they will come up to feed off them," Lon explained to the less experienced trapper.

Lon now proceeded to set a line of traps around the bait, at varying distances away up to a hundred yards, on the knolls and in trails between trees and stones where the animal would naturally be guided into the trap. The traps were No. 2's, lately boiled in balsam tea to kill the foreign odors, and were set with gloved hands. They were clogged to poles and to bushes cut at a distance from the sets.

"This is a sure set, Tubs," informed Lon, "if worked right. We won't come to the place for a couple of days; there will be no use. Then we only approach to within a hundred yards or sight to see if everything is right. If a clog is moved or gone, then we will investigate closer; otherwise leave without having made a human scent trail to the traps. Of course, if it should snow heavy, we'll be out of luck and will have to reset the traps; on the other hand, if it snows lightly, we stand a fine chance of making a big catch soon. Now we will tie a rawhide thong to the paunch and drag it around a few of these hills, which will make the best fisher line you ever saw. You take the buck's head and make a drag out of it. When you get around on the other side of this hill, look for a hollow snag, and leave the bait in it, setting one of the No. 2's in the entrance. Cover the top over with balsam to keep out the snow. Preferably the hole should be about two or three feet off the ground, with a pole leaned up to it; the fisher can readily walk in, and the snow will not drift over the set in the winter months to come."

Tubs had heard Lon describe the universal cubby pen set so often he felt no further instructions were necessary, and after being cautioned to blaze a few trees as he went along, and shoot twice when he got to the other side, where Lon was to meet him, the junior trapper started out to establish his first trap-line. Lon started in the opposite direction with the paunch of the deer, which was bait enough for about six sets.

Lon proceeded slowly, dragging part of the bait, and carrying the remaining portion in his waterproof packsack, keeping his eyes peeled for suitable hollow snags; besides, he spent much time in skirting windfalls and bogs and in observing fur signs. Ordinarily the trip around the hill would consume an hour's time, but with the necessary delay in making the sets, Lon was about three hours in getting to the point where he was to meet Tubs. There had been an abundance of fisher, marten, fox and raccoon signs to attract his attention, and he had even stopped to follow up some of the trails a distance to the best set locations.

When Lon reached the side of the ridge opposite the deer carcass, he was surprised not to see Tubs anywhere in sight. Then he began to wonder that he hadn't heard any shots, which on first thought Lon had dismissed by merely assuming that Tubs was saving his ammunition. Since Lon had six sets to make to Tubs' one, and the distance favored Tubs, if either, Lon began to worry about his missing partner.

"Surely a blind pig could find its way around a little ridge like this, I'll just shoot off this carbine and wait awhile," reasoned Lon, as he sighted over the barrel at a saucy red squirrel. Boom! "Another marten bait and one less pest in the woods," exclaimed Lon, picking up the mangled remains of a most energetic robber of birds' nests, camp chinkings and trappers' baits and camp food.

After a half-hour wait, and no appearance of Tubs, or any sound from him, Lon became actually worried. The sun was now getting low, and the atmosphere was dropping fast toward the zero mark. It would undoubtedly be the coldest night of any past.

Suddenly Lon was startled. Were his ears playing him a trick? No, there could be no mistake. This time it was repeated and alert ears caught the unmistakable sound of Tubs' gun being fired rapidly, one——two—three——four—five times, so far distant the shots were only distinguishable from the usual woods noises by close listening of acute ears. Only one shot remained. Then after perhaps fifteen seconds' pause, the remaining shot in his rifle was fired. Then deathly stillness reigned in the darkening woods. Even the wild life seemed to have heard with apprehensive forebodings the menacing shots, and hushed their noises.

Lon jumped to his feet. What could it mean? Surely Tubs would not unintentionally have wandered that far away, for if would have taken fast walking to reach that distance. Then he would not so suddenly empty his gun merely to inform the silent woods that he considered himself lost. No, Lon decided, even the non-experienced Tubs had had too much summer camping on the edge of the wilderness to act so rashly. There were no more shots; perhaps Tubs had ran into close quarters with a bear. Anyway, something must be wrong, he decided, and firing his gun twice in the air, Lon started off at a steady lope into the deepening shadows of the woods to reach his partner.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



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Saving Garden Plants for Winter Cheer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

Potting and Re-potting Plants

Many people do not understand why they lose their plants after repotting. They simply know they become sickly and die, not realizing they have interfered with the resting period of the plant life. Foliage plants, in particular, always sustain more or less of a shock when repotted, and if not done at a time when the plant is putting forth new growth, there is no energy to withstand the shock. Authority on plant growth tells us that April or May are the best months for repotting. A little more latitude is possible in the repotting of soft-wooded plants such as heliotrope, geraniums, fuchsia, etc., but even with these, when repotting in winter is for the purpose of putting into larger pots, it is safer to feed with liquid fertilizer.

Another important point to be considered is the size of the pot. The amateur who has the idea that the more soil the healthier the plant, is working on the wrong principle. Too much root space is not conducive to vigorous growth. In selecting pots, use a size that prevents the appearance of top-heaviness, and for slips use a very small size and do not repot until the pot is filled with roots, and even then increase the size a very little for rapid growth.

Frequently it is years before a plant may require repotting if top fertilizing is understood, the necessity then arising from the soil becoming sour, and growing a surface moss. This condition will soon develop worms that will eat the roots.

In selecting garden plants that will give satisfactory results during the winter months, choose only those that are stocky and appear to be entirely healthy in color. Dig from the ground about six hours after the soil has been thoroughly wet, as it is then less likely to injure the roots. Place coarse charcoal in the bottom of pot and then a layer of prepared soil. Hold the plant in place and fill the pot to the rim.

In repotting, have the soil moist, hold the stem of the plant firmly between two fingers with the pot upside down. Now strike the edge of the pot against something wooden and the soil and plant will slip out in a whole mass. Carefully remove all old drainage from the roots, and replace with new in the fresh pot. Remove sour soil from the roots so far as it is possible without disturbing them too much. In repotting, tamp the soil well around the roots to prevent spaces through which the water and fertilizer will run. After potting, spray the plants from a watering pot and keep them out of doors in a shady place two or three days, bringing them into indirect sunlight for a few hours each day. Weather conditions will vary the process of acclimating the plants to indoor life, but the important point is, that all changes must be gradual until the roots have taken hold. It is well to sprinkle the leaves each day, which can be done by covering the soil with paper, but while out of the sun the moisture will evaporate slowly from the soil, and too much water will be harmful.

Growing Plants from Slips

Most house plants of the soft-wooded varieties may be started from slips which are cut from the mother plant the last of August or early in September, or any time before the nights become cold enough to chill the plants. But for winter blooms, they should be started fairly early. A stocky, well-grown stem end makes the best slip, and should be cut off with a sharp knife just below a leaf. Carefully cut away all the leaves except one or two at the very end. These leaves will usually fall anyway, and it is better to remove them as they retard rooting. Do not bruise stems while cutting. If sand is available, the slips can rapidly be rooted. Make a box deep enough for six inches of sand and the height of the slips. Bore a number of holes in the bottom and then put in a layer of coarse charcoal for drainage. Fill in the sand which should be wet and solidly packed down. It is a good plan to have the box of sand all prepared before the slips are cut, as any drying retards or may prevent rooting. Set the slips about one inch into the sand, first drilling the holes with something larger than the slip, then press the sand around them. Cover with glass and set in a warm place out of the sun. If the room chills at night, the box should have something thick wrapped about it. When the slips are well rooted, transplant to small pots filled with soil which is about one-third sand. Have the soil well pulverized. Hold the plant in the left hand in the center of pot, and with the right fill in the soil, settling and lightly firming the soil as you work.

Watering House Plants

A small-sized watering pot is necessary for spraying to wash the dust from plant leaves, as dust chokes the pores and prevents "breathing." All of this water used in spraying should not fall onto the soil as in time it will cause souring. Take the plants to the sink or over a tub. Cover the soil with a heavy paper cut in a circle large enough to hang well over the edge of the pot. Slash to the center and cut a round hole that will fit as closely as possible to the plant stem. Now spray thoroughly with tepid water, turning the plant from side to side. Many large foliage plants, such as ferns, are difficult to manage, but with assistance they can usually be placed on their side and sprayed in the sink. Glossy thick leaves can be washed separately with a sponge, but this is tedious. It is well to avoid raising a dust where winter plants are kept, so far as possible.

Too much watering of the soil causes a great loss of house plants; also the manner in which they are watered. Too much or too little water will cause the leaves to yellow and fall. As climate, temperature, location and atmosphere control evaporation of moisture from the soil, no rule for watering can be given, but over-watering is the most to be avoided. If the soil has become very dry, never water from the surface, but set the pot into a pail or tub of water and let it soak until the air bubbles stop rising. If water is given to the surface of very dry soil, it will usually make courses between the pot and soil, and run out through the opening, leaving the center dry. It can readily be seen how destructive this would be to the life of the plant.

Where the soil is kept evenly watered, giving it to the surface is satisfactory, providing the frequency and amount of water required has been determined. Never allow water to stand in the saucer as it prevents circulation of air and thus causes root-rotting. When plants are kept in jardinieres the pot should be set onto something that raises it from the bottom.

In potting plants use only clean pots as they contribute to the health of the plant. If they have already been used, scrub inside and out before using again. Soak new pots over night to prevent the dry pottery absorbing the moisture from the new soil.

Ferns and Vines

Of all the foliage plants most commonly grown, ferns require the most intelligent care. The fact that the natural abode of most ferns is in shady, damp places has led to a general idea that they should be kept very wet by daily watering, and it is through this error that many fail in growing them. If one were to hunt the woods for ferns they would always find them in loose, aerated soil, either damp or wet, but always well drained.

Soil composed of two-thirds sandy loam and one-third sand is the best for ferns. They will not thrive in heavy soil, neither must they ever become entirely dry. The most favorable exposure is a window where they will get plenty light but no direct sun rays. Under these conditions they will require a thorough wetting about every third day. Never give them "a little water for luck" as it hardens the top soil. It is a very good idea to occasionally water ferns by setting them in a pan of tepid water until the soil is moist, then drain. No water must ever stand in the saucer. Use liquid fertilizer about every two months.

If the air of the room in which ferns are kept lacks sufficient moisture, they are likely to be attacked by the red spider which attaches itself to the underside of the fronds. This fern is so minute in size that its presence is often overlooked until the upper side of the fronds show numerous tiny yellow spots. Thorough syringing with tobacco water on the underside of the fronds once a week will be found effective.

On page 17 is pictured a plant grown from a grapefruit seed, which has a thick, dark green, glossy leaf, almost rivaling the rubber tree as a house plant. The seed is planted in a small pot of sand, covered with glass and kept warm. As it begins to put forth leaves, give a little liquid fertilizer, but do not put into a larger pot until the small one is well filled with roots.

Ivies make beautiful vine plants which can be trained over a simple trellis, and then along strings until the effect is quite tropical. On page 17 is pictured an English variety, an old-time favorite, which is not oversensitive to moderate changes of temperature and will stand more or less neglect.

If one has a very warm sunny exposure, nasturtiums can be successfully grown indoors, and their cheerful beauty gives bounteous reward for the effort.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINTED FROM PAGE 16.)

I'm especially interested in child training for I have two sweet little girls to instruct and it is my aim not to do or say anything before them I wouldn't be proud if they said or did the same thing. I have three little ones in Heaven and the two little girls living are Gwendolyn, two and one-half years, and Obinelle, four months old. I am sending Gwendolyn's picture. Would like to see it in the corner. I find from my own experience that the more you praise the wee tots' efforts, the harder they'll try to please and you all know what a pleasure it is to see their little faces light up with smiles for a word of praise. I let my little girl help me brush. Of course she brushes trash and dust in all directions but she's so happy "helping Mamma." It is teaching her a lesson in Domestic Science.

I crochet in my spare time and enjoy it but I would rather sew, especially for children, for with two or three scraps of cloth the sweetest little garments can be made for them.

Irish, I imagine your little boy is of a nervous temperament. I would suggest serving his supper early and of food that is easily digested, and I wouldn't have him told fairy tales. It tends to make them nervous and I believe causes them to lose confidence in their elders.

I feel like I'd be lost without COMFORT for every department is interesting and helpful. The cooking recipes are unexcelled anywhere.

With love and best wishes to the whole family,
MRS. J. D. BRIDGES.

MONTANA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I think COMFORT the best ever. I couldn't do without it.

Rosemary, I think the same as you do. I believe in growing up with my children. Often when I am playing with mine a stranger drives into the yard and says, "Little girl, is your father at home?"

Sisters, next time that husband of yours gets out of sorts and scolds, just keep still until he is his sunny self again, and then laughingly tell him what you think or ask if he never makes mistakes. I waited once after what would have been a serious quarrel had I joined in, then when he was quite happy I reminded him of a trait he possessed that was as bad as my fault and asked him why he didn't scold himself as he scolded me. He took me in his arms and kissed me and we have been much happier since. If you just can't keep still, say, "Well, I know I'm not perfect but I'll try and do better next time if you won't scold too much," or words to that effect and see how it works.

I am five feet four inches tall, have dark eyes and an abundance of dark hair. A MONTANA IMP.

CARIBOU, MAINE.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Will you admit a sister from Maine?

I am married and have one of the best husbands ever. I teach school some of the time, and I expect to this fall.

Sada, teach your children the sounds. Teaching the alphabet first is fifteen years behind the times. He will learn those when he spells as I will explain later.

We use the Beacon Progressive and Educational readers for the first two grades. We teach the Progressive first by having him learn fifty or more words from the cards before he is given the book. You can make those cards yourself by printing the words on cardboard, large enough to be read across the room. We also print a word of two or more letters on the board for spelling. Not more than three letters for the first half year. We ask the children to spell this word frequently and take the words from their reading lesson. When it is time for their spelling the word is erased and they spell from memory. In this way they learn the letters rapidly although they do not associate them with reading. After a child has learned a few letter sounds to make a beginning, we teach the families for blend work, beginning with the easier ones, as "at, in, on, an, ake, ike," etc. With the sounds he has already learned we try to have him blend words that end in these endings, like "man, pan, cake, bake." If he can't seem to think of words, ask him questions to bring out these words: "What is papa?" "Man." "What do I wash dishes in?" "Pan." We do not print these words as they are for sound instead of for sight. Later he will find them out for himself.

But we do print the families and letter sounds, constantly keeping them before him until mastered. I put the new family in colored chalk usually.

My second grade this year were very quick to find out words of four and five syllables for themselves if I separated them as I wrote them on the board.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 37.)



Conducted by Cousin Marion

In writing this department always sign your true name and give your address; if not, your letter will receive no attention. Name will not be published.

HELLO, girls: You won't get scolded this month because I am on my vacation and not in a serious or scolding mood. Vacations are not supposed to be serious, you know. Running true to vacation form you will, doubtless, hear from me like this: "While on my vacation I met a handsome young man of 86 with a beautifully varnished wooden leg and a wonderful brown glass eye. How can I tell if he loves me?" Or, "He gave me three peppermint wafers, doesn't that prove that he loves me?"

Now see what your letters have done to me. I need a vacation.

MERLE, W. Va.—You are rather young to contemplate marriage but circumstances have much to do with it. Perhaps it would be well for you to marry, but wait until he can buy a home for you instead of just promising to buy it. Promises are all very well but very poor shelter.

OPAL, Missouri.—If he doesn't love you, he doesn't and that's all there is to it. Renewing a dead love is rather a hopeless task. Forget him and you will be much happier.

OHIO FLOWER, Ohio.—A Christmas gift of a box of chocolates from a boy to a girl is no indication of love. It's largely a habit. Don't give him a present next Christmas. It will look too much like "paying back."

MAUD, Michigan.—Why do you think people are looking at you and watching your every move? You may be quite important but not so important as that. Before you appear in public be sure there is nothing the matter with your personal appearance, hair, clothing, shoes, etc., and then forget about yourself. (2) Read what has been said to bobbed haired girls elsewhere in this column and profit by their experience. Of course if your hair is very thin it might grow better if it were bobbed. Talk it over with your father and don't go against his wishes. Fathers, after all, are entitled to a certain amount of respect and obedience.

ROSEBUD, Paradise, Kans.—Guardians are guardians and unless yours is cruel to you you can do nothing, and I don't believe that keeping a girl of sixteen from dances could be called cruelty. There's plenty of time for dances. If you have beautiful long hair you should be glad that they won't let you comb it in hideous ear puffs. It will look much better combed back in a simple manner, besides, ears are in style once more.

AUBURN HAIR, New York.—What do I think of your marriage? I think it is a terrible mistake or else a big fib. Rather inclined to think it is the latter. A girl of fourteen married to a man of thirty-eight does sound a bit unreasonable, and in New York, too. You read too many novels.

BROWN EYES, Oklahoma.—It was quite proper to ask if he received your letter but don't do it the second time. If you feel the least bit piqued at his behavior, don't call him up next time you are in the city, or else call a short time before your train leaves when there will be no time for him to see you. That will be a blow to his pride.

BERTHA, Nebraska.—If girls with lovely long hair are so foolish as to have it bobbed they've just got to wait until it grows again and I've read somewhere that hair grows at the rate of half an inch a month. Figure it out for yourself.

TWO MADCAPS, Mississippi.—Two more bobbed but sorry misses. My dears, if I knew how to make your hair grow real fast and curly I'd have the swellest hairdressing establishment ever and spend my spare time clipping coupons and figuring out my income tax. I've never tried it but I should think a diet of corkscrews ought to make the hair grow curly, and corkscrews are so cheap now. You try it first and tell me how it works. (2) You are too young to have boy callers unless they come during the day to play tag with you. No evening parties or dances for you, either, though I don't object to you having freckles.

WILMA, Oklahoma.—I can't tell you how to regain the love of a man, and if I could, would you really want him back again? If, as your fiance, he is so ready to believe false stories about you, he'd be a poor sort of a husband. A husband should have the utmost faith in his wife, just as a wife should have faith in her husband.

ADAH, N. Y.—Your letter reminds me of the fleas:

"So, naturalists observe, a flea
Has smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
And so succeed ad infinitum."

Sweetheart No. 1 gets cross and jealous because No. 2 walks home with you from a dance. No. 2 gets cross and jealous because No. 3 walks home with you from the village, and doubtless No. 3 wouldn't like it if No. 4 should smile at you, and so ad infinitum—like the fleas. No. 1 really had the most cause to be jealous, since he was your "steady," but if you don't care for him, why bother with him any longer? I expect, though, you'll marry him and then write me a pitiful letter telling me of your jealous husband. Don't expect sympathy from me then.

DEWDROP, Texas.—Write to ask him to call and bring your letters and photo and get his in return.

MARY, Kentucky.—Legally you are entitled to a divorce. I know what I'd do in your place, but you'll have to decide for yourself.

TWO RUBES, N. Y.—It seems to you very smart to deceive your parents and then adopt as a motto, "What they don't know won't worry them," but take care you don't have to revise it to, "What you do know will worry you."

FOXY, Minn.—Lots of girls would be glad to have a home and a father to protect them even if they did have to work and weren't allowed many privileges. There's plenty of time yet for pleasures. It isn't as if your good time automatically stopped when you were 20, or 30, or 40, or even older. I expect to go on enjoying myself just as long as I live; in fact, I have a much better time now than when I was eighteen. It's a wonder I'm not roundshouldered from the responsibilities I insisted upon carrying then. Now I realize that the world managed to get along before I brightened it by my presence and that it will continue to roll along after I've departed hence—wherever that is—so I enjoy each day as it comes.

BLUE EYES, Ga.—Wait seven years before asking my opinion of your marriage. By that time you'll know enough to decide for yourself, if you are ever going to know enough.

VIRGINIA, W. Va.—I shouldn't wonder a bit if the seventeen-year-old boy really does love you. Children so often form sincere attachments for older persons.

O. N. WOOD, Maine.—Ever so many girls of sixteen think they are in love with men of thirty. Mine was thirty-two and I thought he was the only man in the world. It's a stage we all have to go through, like having measles and mumps and wanting to do your hair up (or have it bobbed) and usually no more dangerous. By and by when you are thirty-five and older you'll be falling in love with boys of twenty, so there you are. We are a funny proposition, we women, 'most as peculiar as the men. Be in love if you want to, but don't marry him.

M. B., Mo.—If you are deceiving your father you are doing wrong.

THELMA, Virginia.—If you love him "too much to give him up" in spite of his unfaithfulness, probably you will marry him and hope for the best. But I hope that if you do marry him you will continue to love him too much to be made wretchedly unhappy by his known faults. Consider well and be sure you won't regret it, before you take the fateful plunge.

Next month I hope to have heaps of interesting experiences to tell you.

Good by. COUSIN MARION.

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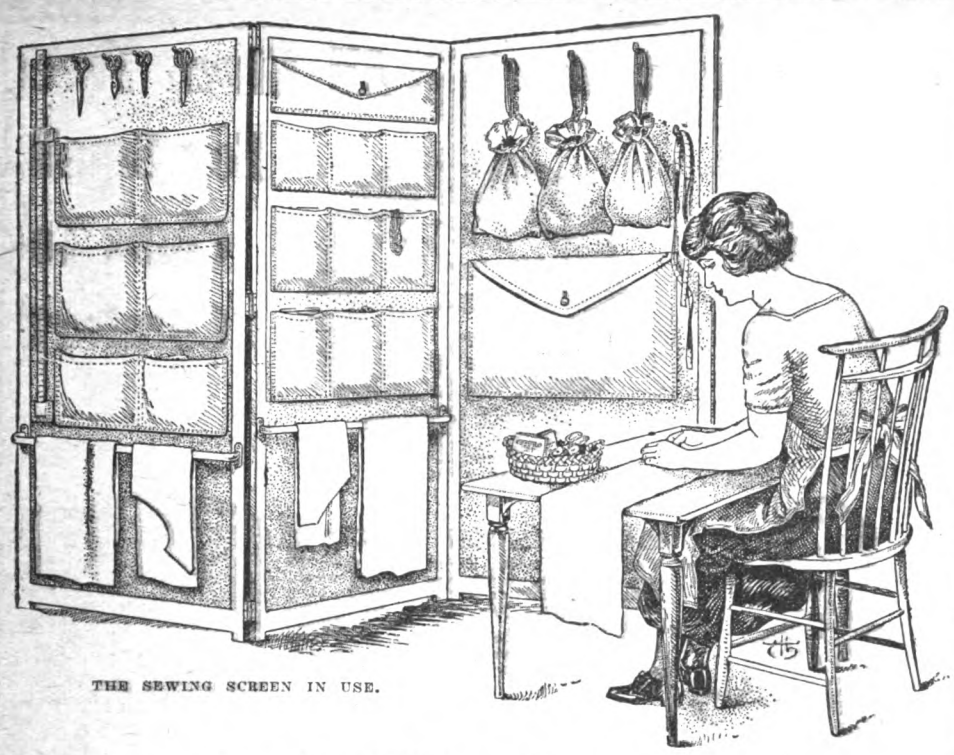


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THE SEWING SCREEN IN USE.

Planning Clothes for Fall and Winter Wear

By Clara Huntington

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WITH the fall sewing piled high, the children to make ready for school days, the house to be cleaned of summer dust, fall pickling, the three meals a day and the care of baby, besides the "regular" house work, what if mother should join the union with Saturday half holiday and Sundays off? Well, mother must stay by her 16-hour daily job, for the future prosperity of her family is the dearest thing in life to her, and her work can never be called done just because the "shutting down" hour has arrived, or because her remaining strength tells her she has worked hours enough.

But even if mother doesn't strike, don't overlook the fact that she must have assistance. The family sewing and mending adds evening hours of work to an already full day, and both boys and girls must make it their job to help. Boys can patch their chore clothes, sew on buttons, and mend stockings, and it will teach them consideration. Girls can take the finer stitches and should learn how to cut and put a simple garment together. When they help mother about the sewing they are also learning to help themselves.



CAPE AND HAT FOR SCHOOL WEAR.

September seems to announce the commencement of all kinds of work, with the sewing uppermost. No matter how carefully plans are made, school days seem to catch us with dresses rather faded and outgrown, and with suits and blouses that son doesn't feel just right in when it comes to a matter of wearing them to school. Shoes look a little kicked out and stockings tell tales of tree-climbing and briers.

As the first day of school is rather a dress-up occasion, let us take time by the forelock and decide what can be done with the worn garments, and what among the new things it is most desirable to buy.

There are several weeks in the fall when ginghams for the girls and khaki for the boys provide ample warmth with a sweater to slip into during the cooler parts of the day. If I could have my own way, the outer garment for girls in the schoolroom in winter time would be an attractive tire with long sleeves, the teacher setting the fashion. Cut with round necks and finished with Dutch collars and tied back with half-sashes, all made as nearly alike as possible, a group of girls wearing such tires would make a lovely picture. They could be made from small figured calicoes and worn over a simple woolen dress that would last all winter. Boys would be less fortunate, for we can't put tires on young America.

Fabric and color combinations will offer some relief in trying to prolong the usefulness of ginghams during the remaining warm weather. Where the fronts of plaid or checked gingham waists are worn or stained, and the skirt is good, match some color in the gingham to plain material and put on a new waist, using collar and cuffs cut from parts of the old waist. Often a dress must be lengthened at the waist-line, leaving a space that shows the dress is somewhat faded. Cover this by using a sash made of different colored gingham in a dull shade. The sash material may be introduced into the collar and cuffs. Straight dresses that have faded fronts can be saved by setting in a broad, straight, panel front and back. On the shoulder seams it may extend to within one inch of the armhole, and from there straight to the bottom. These same ideas may be carried out in new materials.

Khaki for both boys and girls can be restored by washing and then rinsing in first a clear water, and then in a water colored with prepared dark brown dye. See preparation of dye in another column. If khaki is patched or too badly worn, it is economy to buy new and keep the old garment to slip into after school and mornings. Just for school use, a new suit will look well a long time.

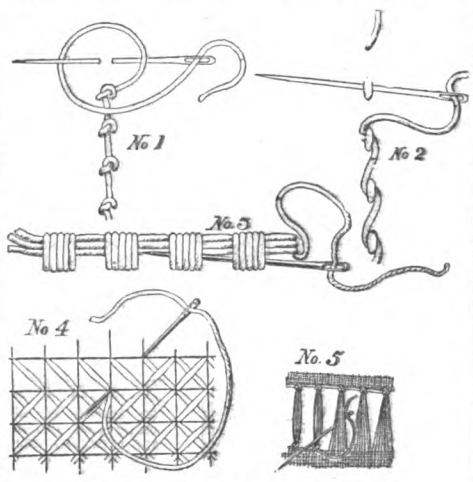
It is not at all a question of spending a lot of money on school clothes, but rather a matter of sewing and good taste. Fortunately, frilly things have about disappeared for the present at least. Where a short time ago collars and cuffs were edged with lace, we now see bound edges, and, if anything more, coarse embroidery stitches. The style of children's dresses has changed little, if any, and one can safely follow these three fashions: the straight dress which hangs from the shoulder, and the one with a long waist attached to a gathered straight skirt, both designs being loosely confined at the waist with narrow or wide sashes, the narrow ones being in favor to wear under outside garments. The third style is the blouse and skirt, often made with blouse of plain color and skirt of plaid, which offers an excellent opportunity for making over. The blouse is cut with round, high neck finished with Dutch collar, and opens down the back just far enough to get into. The sleeves are long, either close fitting with smooth cuffs, or slightly loose and gathered into a narrow wristband, which may be decorated with cross-stitch in bright colors. Serge, as usual, is used for practical school dresses. Jersey cloth is also durable and stylish, and is trimmed with the same in contrasting colors. Petticoats have been practically displaced by bloomers which are made from heavy mercerized black cotton cloth. The colored bloomers are worn over knitted underwear and do not require frequent washings. All school dresses must be made with pockets.

Gray mixtures and brownish tones are the most durable colors for boys' winter school suits. Dark blue is becoming for dress-up wear.

Boots and shoes are often a source of wasted money because ill-fitting footwear will not give satisfactory results. Few dealers know much about fitting the foot, and if the shoe does not pinch anywhere they call it a fit. Shoes that are too short and wide, and do not fit the arch, have caused much suffering, not only to the feet but to the whole nervous system. A child is not supposed to know when a shoe is a misfit, but if the child answers "no" to the salesman's question, "Does it hurt?" parents are too likely to buy the shoes without personally seeing to it that the shoe hug the arch, that the widest point of the sole comes directly under the ball joint, that the toes spread when the child stands, and that the shoe be one inch longer than the foot, provided the toe is rounding. The width will usually take care of itself if the other points of fitting are assured. Shoes will frequently "grow" short after being worn a few days. This is because they do not fit, and therefore must be discarded, for they greatly affect a child's nerves, and, consequently, disposition. Children have frequently acquired the habit of turning in their toes because their shoes were too short. This kind of a misfit will cause shoes to break out at the side. If the ball joint of a child's foot becomes red and tender, throw away his shoes, for it is the beginning of a thrown-out joint from which he will suffer all his life.

Capes for School Wear

Capes are much in vogue for all ages, and are particularly useful for fall wear. Later on they must be worn over a heavy sweater or medium-weight coat, as they are sleeveless and cannot be relied on by themselves for warmth in cold weather. On this page is pictured one of the popular models which can be cut from description. Cut a shallow yoke from a high-necked waist pattern. Cut the bottom part of cape straight and about two and one-quarter yards wide. Plait or gather the top edge. Pin the yoke on the child. On holding the gathered edge to the yoke it will be found that a little more length is required on each side, which is allowed by bringing the yoke edge a little over the gathered edge, front and back. The fullness is about evenly distributed, except that a few inches is left ungathered at the center back. Line the yoke and hem the bottom. In cutting the armholes be sure they are not too low for if too low the cape will pull up from the bottom when the arms are used. Also be sure they are cut well forward. Instead of a collar, the neck is finished with a straight scarf eight to ten inches wide, which is made from a plaid material, lined, and finished with a wool fringe at the ends. Make the scarf, leaving the lining unfastened for the neck-length at the center of one side. Slip the neck edge of the cape between the outside and lining of scarf and sew both sides in place which makes a neat finish.



SOME STITCHES THAT TRIM.

The hat worn with the cape has a brim to match the scarf, and the crown is made of the cape material. It is not difficult to make one of these hats. Cut a strip of cloth long enough to go around the head, measuring well over the forehead and back of the head. The strip is wide enough to extend to the top of the head. Sew the ends together, gather the top edge to a point, and finish with a covered button. Cut a heavy cotton lining just the same, except that it is one inch narrower. Join the ends, gather the top edge and sew it to a circle of the material measuring two and one-half inches across. This makes a flat lining under the button. Cut two bias strips slightly circular for the brim, one of plaid and one from the plain material. Line the plain one with soft buckram, baste well and stitch in parallel rows one-half inch apart. On the buckram side sew small-sized, pliable hat-wire crossways about four inches apart. Put the crown on, roll the brim by the wires, place it around the crown and decide on depth. Trim outside edge, turn ends of wire back one-half of an inch. Trim the outer edge of the plaid facing to match the edges of the plain part, but it should be left a little wider to allow for roll. Sew the two outer edges together. Baste the plain side to the crown with seam inside, holding edges even, and stitch. Join ends of inside and outside parts of brim in a straight seam from crown to outer edge. Open seam and press flat. Turn outer edge together and baste evenly. Baste the two parts of the brim together, beginning just back from the outer edge. Make several rows, always working from the outside. Sew the inside edge of plaid seam to seam with the crown, then turn under the edge of the lining and fell evenly. Press outer edge and stitch just back from the edge. Long-wristed woolen gloves are worn to match the cape.

For the Infant

Our talk on clothes for children would not be complete without mentioning the garments to be prepared for the expected stranger, and what not to do is as much to the point as things to be done, because all the superfluous lengths and fullness, ruffles, fluting and tucking have been eliminated from the modern layette. In the days when an infant's dress was supposed to reach the floor as it laid in arms, no consideration was given to the dragging weight of long dresses and petticoats, and often both these garments were marvels of handwork such as is seldom seen nowadays, unless done by the convent-taught workers. In paying respect to the little one, you were supposed to give due attention to its dress.

All this, however, belongs to the past, and for some years considerable attention has been given to garments that allow full freedom for unrestricted movement of body and limbs. When once the changes and modifications began, the pinning blanket and tiny crocheted socks were discarded for the fine cashmere or silk and wool stockings that come well over the knees and are pinned to the diaper, for baby must be kept warm and still have a chance to kick. The tight belly-band which prevented rupture in case baby cried long and hard, was in itself found to be the source of tears, and certainly they must have hurt the tender muscles. In its place is worn the jersey band which slips on over the feet, providing warmth, physical comfort, opportunity for development of abdominal muscles that prevents rupture, and results in a marked decrease in throwing up milk. There is another style of band which has shoulder straps and is put on over the head. Over this is worn the long-sleeved shirt which should be amply large, of fine texture and partly made of wool. Bands must be pinned to diaper if at all inclined to slip and lie in ridges, which seldom happens if made of all or part wool and plenty large. A six-inch wide strip of flannel holds the navel dressing in place and should be pinned just tight enough for this purpose. After the navel is entirely healed, this band is discarded. It must always be remembered that infants are in a reclining position and subject to colds and drafts; also that they must have plenty fresh air, so judgment must be used according to weather and climate. For the first month baby needs only its band, shirt, diaper, stockings and outside plain slip, the latter not being really necessary. This month is only a matter of eating, sleeping and keeping warm with baby, but later on when she becomes a little more self-assertive, the petticoat and slip will be necessary, also an outside sack or wrapper if the house is cold or unevenly heated. The petticoat is a plain sleeveless slip which opens at both shoulders, and is gored under the arms. Wool or outing flannel is suitable material. The slip is a plain affair made of fine soft material, with a narrow lace edge at neck and sleeve-bands.

Bird's-eye cloth makes excellent diapers as it is soft and absorbent and does not crease when wet. The 24-inch width cut into squares with narrow hem allowance is a convenient size. Old soft table-cloths, or two old napkins sewed together, make the very best first diapers. Outing flannel is another material much favored. The number that should be made depends entirely on the facilities for frequent washings. Do not pin diapers tightly, and in putting on, place the folded diaper in position and roll the infant onto it, rather than lifting by the heels and placing the diaper under. Observation of a large number of cases has proved that lifting an infant by the heels may injure the soft spine and cause complaints later on when the child gets on its feet.

An ordinary clothes-basket makes all to be desired as the foundation for a bassinet. It is covered inside with some material to keep out drafts; the outside may be covered or not, de-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 35.)



Scientist Discovers Skin Laxative

WOMEN, give thanks to Mr. McGowan—an English scientist, scarce out of his twenties. His discovery means that a beautiful skin is now a mere matter of personal cleanliness; made beautiful while you wait!

The element he has found physics one's skin. Its action is gentle, but positive. Its use is delightful, for it is applied outside. Put it on; slip into your easy chair; in less than an hour the skin pores *move*. Impurities clogging your facial pores are instantly banished; even the pores themselves are contracted and rendered invisible. The new bloom of color and velvety texture of skin are simply marvelous.

Cleanses Pores and Beautifies Any Complexion in Forty Minutes!

The scientific name of this new element is Terra-derma-lax. It is blended into a soft, plastic clay of exquisite smoothness. Place it on the face like a poultice. Soon, you feel this laxative working on every inch of skin. In half an hour wipe off with a towel—and with it every blackhead, pimple-point, speck and spot of dirt. That's all. Terra-derma-lax must be fresh, so every jar is dated and shipped direct.

AMAZING OFFER! NO LABORATORY CHARGE FOR FIRST JAR!

Prescription cost of this marvelous beauty clay has been $5. But so all may try it, just one jar (full size) will be sent for $1.95—the bare cost of materials, plus postage! See offer below:

With each jar (two months' supply) comes McGowan's own directions. Pay postman the small, actual cost charges of $1.95, plus the few cents postage on delivery; or if you expect to be out, $2 bill enclosed will bring jar prepaid. In either case, anyone whose skin and complexion do not receive instantaneous and astonishing benefits, may have money back.

DERMATOLOGICAL LABORATORIES
329 Plymouth Court, Chicago

Please send two-months' supply of freshly compounded Terra-derma-lax. I will pay postman $1.95 plus postage. My money to be refunded unless results delight me within five days. [173]

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

SEND NO MONEY



$6.75 POST PAID

Sensational Watch Offer

This beautiful high grade ladies' small size, 10-year guaranteed, seven jewel wrist watch and bracelet ($15 value) now only $6.75. Stem wind and set, beautiful case, splendid movement, accurate timekeeper. For a short time only—with every order we will give

FREE Extra Silk Ribbon Bracelet With Initial Letter Desired

Watch and two bracelets sent in attractive velvet and silk lined case. Make excellent gift. Send No Money. Just write clearly name and address and initial letter wanted on bracelet. Pay postman our low introductory price $6.75 on arrival. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send Now.

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KAY ART CO., Dept. 48, Chicago, Ill.

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Free Booklet and Special Offer will be sent, if you write at once. State Mr., Mrs. or Miss; also age.

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each box containing 7 cakes fine Toilet Soap and with every box, give as premiums to each purchaser all of the following articles; a Pound of Baking Powder, Bottle Perfume, Box Talcum Powder, 6 Teaspoons, Pair Shears and Package Needles, and this artistically decorated Dinner Set is Yours. Many other equally attractive offers and hundreds of useful Premiums or large Cash Commission for your spare time.

EXTRA PRESENT FREE—GRANITE SET

As an inducement we give a High Grade Granite Kitchen Set, consisting of 10-qt. Dish Pan, 4-qt. Preserve Kettle, 3-qt. Sauce Pan and 3-qt. Pudding Pan FREE of cost in addition to the Dinner Set, if you order promptly. You advance no money. We trust you. You risk nothing. WRITE TODAY for our BIG FREE CATALOG and full information for taking orders.
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Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from our eminent legal adviser on all questions of law except divorce matters.

Address Home Lawyer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

E. L. W., Kentucky.—We do not think the laws of any of the states of the U. S. prohibit marriages between second and third cousins; some of the states have laws prohibiting marriages between first cousins, but we do not think the laws of your state prohibit such marriages.

MRS. E. D. S., Iowa.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if the husband survives his wife he is entitled to receive from her estate one-third in value of all the legal and equitable estates in real property possessed by the wife at any time during the marriage, which have not been sold on execution, or other judicial sale, and to which the husband has made no relinquishment of his right, and that he cannot be deprived of this right by will. We think an examination of the instruments executed by yourself and husband would be necessary to determine whether he has legally released his interest in your real estate.

M. E. M., Georgia.—We do not think your will can be probated during your lifetime; we think it can be filed for safe keeping, but the usual practice is not to file a will until after the death of the testator.

C. W. G., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man or woman, leaving no will, and leaving more than one child, the surviving husband or wife, in addition to homestead rights, if any, and certain small allowances, is entitled to receive one-third of the estate, after payment of debts and expenses, the balance of the estate going in equal shares to decedent's children, the descendants of any deceased child taking the parent's share.

MRS. M. V. W., North Carolina.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of an unmarried man, leaving no will, and leaving no lineal descendants, his estate, after payment of debts and expenses, would go to his collateral relations, being of the blood of the first purchaser, whether such decedent derived the estate from the ancestor by descent, or by gift, devise, or settlement, but where the person last seized is the first purchaser, or the blood of such purchaser is extinct, then the estate would go to the collateral relation capable of inheriting the estate whether of the maternal or paternal line, with collateral relations of the half blood inheriting equally with those of the whole blood.

MRS. G. P., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that children have no interest in their parent's property during the lifetime of such parent, they, of course, have inheritance rights in their parents' estates upon the death of such parents, unless cut off by will; we do not think they acquire any interest in their father's property upon the death of the mother.

MRS. J. W. B., North Carolina.—If the present owners of the land you mention in Georgia went into possession of the same a long period of years ago, we think they could hold same by adverse possession in case there was a defect in their original deed to same, as under the laws of that state we think adverse possession gives good title to real estate after a lapse of 20 years, except as against the state and as against persons under disability.

N. F. P., Pennsylvania.—We do not think that the laws of Alabama, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Georgia, Kentucky, Maine, Massachusetts, New Mexico, New York, North Carolina, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Texas or Washington prohibit marriages between first cousins. (2) We think the consent of parents is necessary for the marriage of females under 18 years of age in the above named states except Kentucky and Rhode Island where such consent should be procured if the female is under 21 years of age.

R. B., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if your adoption was a legal adoption under the proper judgment or decree of a court of competent jurisdiction, you should receive a child's share of your adopted parents' estates unless cut off by will, but if your adoption was not a legal one, we do not think you would have any inheritance right in their estates, unless some provision is made for you by will.

MISS M. J. C., Virginia.—We are of the opinion that the laws of your state require that the witnesses to a will be present at the time of the execution and that they sign as witnesses in the presence of the testator and in the presence of each other, but that they need not be informed as to the terms of the will nor are they required to have any knowledge whatever as to the disposition of the property provided for by its terms.

MRS. V. S., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child nor descendant, his surviving widow, after payment of debts and expenses, would be entitled to receive the real or personal estate, or both, to the aggregate value of five thousand dollars, in addition to her exemption allowed by law, and if such estate exceeds in value the sum of five thousand dollars, the surviving widow would be entitled to the sum of five thousand dollars absolutely, to be chosen by her from the real or personal estate, or both, and in addition thereto shall be entitled to one-half of the remaining real and personal estate, it being provided by the intestate act that these provisions as to said five thousand dollars shall apply only to cases of actual intestacy, entire or partial, and not to cases where the surviving widow shall elect to take against the will of the deceased husband.

MRS. J. L., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the signature of the husband is necessary for the conveyance of the real estate of the wife.

MRS. H. McG., Arizona.—If your debtor refuses to pay your claim against him, we think it will be necessary for you to bring a suit against him to enforce payment of the same; if, however, he has no property, it will be difficult to collect your claim.

MRS. R. C. McM., Iowa.—If, as you state, you have executed and delivered a warranty deed for your interest in the real estate formerly belonging to your deceased father, we do not think you can now recover your share of the property, unless such deed was procured from you in some illegal manner.

R. W., California.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving widow and more than one child, his widow, in addition to her community rights and exemptions, would be entitled to a one-third interest in his separate estate, after payment of debts and expenses.

F. L., North Carolina.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that children may be disinherited by will, provided the will is legally drawn and executed, and provided testator possesses testamentary capacity, and provided no undue influence is exercised upon him.

MRS. O. C., Alabama.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the payment of the note you mention can be enforced against any property the maker or endorser of said note may own except such property as is exempt by law from levy under execution, but that such payment cannot be enforced against the property of others, even if such property is in possession of the debtor, provided the owner of such property can clearly establish his claim to the property by the proper evidence; we think that if the wife of the maker of the note also signed same, she would be liable for the payment in the same manner as her husband.

W. T., Pennsylvania.—We think that if the organizers of the company you mention conspired to defraud the stockholders thereof, they would be liable to punishment for their acts upon the proper conviction of such conspiracy charge; we think they would also be liable for civil damages in the proper action brought for the recovery of such damages.

L. B., Wisconsin.—We think that if the contract under which you purchased the books you mention provided that you should have the privilege of returning same without any charge for same to you in case you elected to do so, you would be relieved from payment for same, in case you returned the books within the time specified and in all other respects fulfilled your part of the contract; we think, however, it will be necessary for you to fully establish these facts in any action brought against you to enforce payment for these books.

M. R., Illinois.—We think that if the executor of your brother's estate refuses to pay your claim, it will be necessary for you to file same, and bring an action against the estate to enforce the payment thereof; we think you should employ a local attorney to attend to this for you.

MRS. E. C., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if your uncle left no will, and left no child nor descendant, the real estate which came to him by descent from an ancestor would go to his surviving widow for the term of her natural life, with remainder over to his brothers and sisters of the same blood as the ancestors from whom he inherited such property or their legal representatives, whether such brothers and sisters be of the whole or half blood of the intestate. We do not think the expenses of the widow's last sickness would be a charge against this remainder interest in such real estate.

MRS. O. S. P., Washington.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a wife has no interest in her husband's separate real estate, if the same is not used as a homestead, during his lifetime.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not relating to the special departments elsewhere in the paper, will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address but we will print only initials if so requested.

B. R., Ottumwa, Iowa.—To copyright a short story will cost you the sum of one dollar. Write to the Register of Copyrights, Library of Congress, Washington, D. C., and ask that an application for copyright and other particulars be sent you.

M. D., Cardenas, N. C.—It is not education that will get you into the movies so much as some dramatic ability or training, and the possession of features which will register well on the screen. Probably you know people of whom it can be said "they do not take good pictures"—well, it is just people of this kind who are forever barred from motion picture stardom. One must photograph well, and beauty of form or feature is not as essential as is the type of face that will register clearly and the type of temperament which, either through training or natural development, is capable of depicting emotion of various sort in the silent drama of the screen. To "get into the movies" means that if you first have the qualities above described, you can get a start as an "extra" in some large production where a crowd, a mob or some busy street scene is necessary to be screened. These jobs as extras are obtained either through direct application to motion picture studios in the big movie centers, or by being hired through agents who in these same centers have the work of supplying any number of extras for any sort of screen drama upon demand. You will see, then, that the main requisite is to be on the spot and gain some elementary footing in a studio where, if you have the features and talent you may be noticed by a watchful director and pushed forward. This has been the past career of practically all the present stars except those who went to the screen from acquired reputations on the legitimate stage. Hollywood, California; Chicago, Illinois, and New York City and its outlying districts, are now the chief centers of motion picture studio activities. You can gain addresses of the leading companies, as well as much other information that should prove helpful to your ambition, from the advertising columns and news pages of the motion picture magazines. Read these carefully. You certainly cannot make a start in the movies while in North Carolina—and your first step will be to get on the trail of your nearest studio where you might get a chance before the camera.

W. K. P., Rougemont, N. C.—You would not attempt to build a house without tools, or to study medicine without a knowledge of anatomy, yet you wish to begin a course in short story writing before you have any mastery of the English language, its spelling and its grammar. Everything needs to be done in order and you would be but wasting money now in taking what you call a "corospondent" course in story "writeing." You can, we are sure, by home study and proper and persistent reading learn to spell correctly and write grammatical sentences. When you have accomplished this and so supplied yourself with working tools, it will be time enough to apprentice yourself to the story-writing game and to take a correspondence course in plot-building and development.

F. L. B., Tarboro, N. C.—Wrapping your ice in several layers of newspaper will retard its melting, although you must expect that this will also lessen its cooling power in your refrigerator. The placing of your ice box in a cool place, as in a cellar, will also help you save ice.

D. E., Norton, Va.—We think the training given in the electrical schools of the U. S. Navy to be a valuable one. It is possible for an apprentice seaman in the navy to obtain certain transfers, although these changes take time and are not always easy to obtain—depending upon conditions in the service. Changes are being made in the navy's recruiting requirements through reduction in personnel, etc., and we could not tell you definitely what the present shortest period of enlistment is, although we believe it to be two years. Write to the Navy Department, Washington, D. C., for further particulars and the address of your nearest recruiting station—which is doubtless Newport News.

H. D. D., Missouri.—A position as railway mail clerk would be obtained through the U. S. Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C. Write to this address for particulars regarding future examinations.

E. S., Washington, Pa.—The old rhyme about choosing a wedding day runs:

"Marry Monday for wealth,
Tuesday for health,
Wednesday the best day of all;
Thursday for crosses,
Friday for losses,
Saturday, no luck at all."

But we think the happiness of the "happy day" depends more upon the bride and groom than upon the day of the week. An article on "Wedding Superstitions" appeared on page three of the June, 1921, issue of COMFORT.

G. C., Bartley, Nebr.—In most of the hospitals of which we have knowledge your eighth grade certificate would register you as having sufficient education to be received as a "probationer." Various institutions have various rules regarding the entrance to training school of would-be nurses. You should apply to the superintendents of these different hospitals direct.

I. N. M., Peru, Ind.—The Bureau of Standards of the Department of Commerce, Washington, D. C., has lately reissued what the Bureau calls Circular No. 120. It is entitled, "Construction and Operation of a Simple Home-Made Radio Receiving Outfit." This circular describes the construction, from easily-procured materials, of a radio equipment which will receive communications on wave-lengths of from 200 to 600 meters and from high-power stations within fifty miles. The Bureau states that the total cost need not exceed $10. Copies may be obtained of this circular by sending five cents to the Sup't of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.

FRECKLES, Minnesota.—Surely a girl of fifteen may go to dances with her brother unless her parents object to her going to any dances at all. (2) It makes no difference who is the first to speak when you meet this young man on the streets of your town.

Earn Your Choice Of These Splendid Rewards All Given Free For Small Clubs To Comfort



Reward No. 7557



Reward No. 8621.

Reward No. 7557 The "Leonard Earl" Gent's Watch, thin model, nickel-silver case, 12 size, open face, antique bow and flat crown. Guaranteed American-made movement, stem wind, pull-out, pendent set, white dial, Arabic numerals. Looks like a $25.00 watch and will keep just as good time. Sent to you free and prepaid for seven one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.



Reward No. 8214.

Reward No. 8621 Peggy is the name of this cute, lovable Doll. She is nearly one foot tall and wears a pretty dress with sash. A New York manufacturer in order to keep his help busy during the dull season sold us these Dolls at a greatly reduced price. We are, therefore, able to send you "Peggy" free and prepaid for only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50c.



Reward No. 8214

Reward No. 8214 New style Hand Bag 6½x4¾ inches in size, made of genuine leather, color black. It has two large pockets, mirror pocket with mirror and special money pocket which fastens tightly together. Sent to you free and prepaid for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.



Reward No. 7944.

Reward No. 7944 Premo Camera made by the Eastman Kodak Company, adapted for either snapshots or time exposures, uses the regulation roll film cartridge, can be loaded in broad daylight, takes a picture 1¼x1¾ inch size. Not a toy but a real Camera. So simple that a child can use it, yet it produces fine pictures. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.



Reward No. 9093.

Reward No. 9093 Just what every woman wants—a three-piece Scissors Set in a handsome leatherette case. Set consists of one pair of six-inch scissors, one pair of five-inch scissors and one pair of four-inch scissors, made of the best steel, highly tempered and handsomely nickel plated. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.



Reward No. 9882.

Reward No. 7638 Beautiful Ivory Clock for sleeping-room, living-room or desk, 3½ inches high with a 3¾-inch base, American movement, fully guaranteed. This makes a splendid boudoir clock as it matches the different French ivory toilet articles possessed by most every woman. Sent to you, free and prepaid for eight one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.

Reward No. 7638

Reward No 9882 Fifty-four inch Pearl Necklace—full opera length—made all of pearls of uniform size, of perfect finish and luster, equal in appearance to some necklaces sold at a high price. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.



Reward No. 1142.

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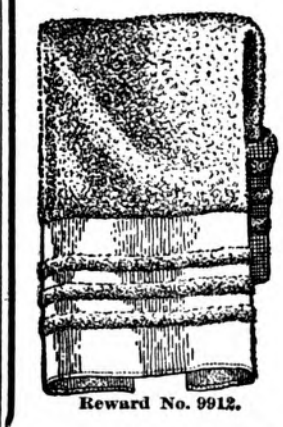
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HOT SCHOOL LUNCHES

By Estelle Garland

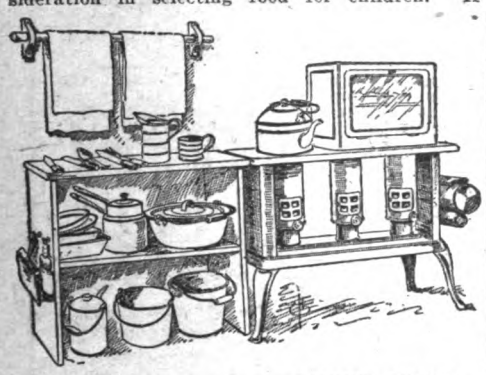


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MANY school children who live in rural districts are handicapped by eating a cold lunch for their midday meal. On the other hand, it is quite beyond the possibilities of most mothers to provide other than a cold lunch without cooperation from teacher and child. What to put into the school lunch-box has ever been a serious problem to mothers, and it will be a welcome relief to enter into some daily school program whereby so vital a requisite as a hot school lunch for her children can be gained.

It is sometimes argued that a hearty nourishing meal at night makes up for an unsatisfactory lunch at noon; but this is not so with children, for children in school are exercising both mind and body between the morning and night meal, and for this reason require more, instead of less, food. A properly nourished child is by far less likely to contract contagious disease, and if he does fall sick his chances for recovery are far greater than with the child who is undernourished.

Bodily requirements must be taken into consideration in selecting food for children. If



SIMPLE BUT SERVICEABLE LOOKING OUTFIT.

healthy, they have good appetites, but if they are allowed to eat the wrong things, the time may come when they cannot eat the right things. Growing children have certain special needs in the way of food. Like adults, they must be supplied with that which is necessary to sustain health and strength, but, unlike them, they should be given also that which is necessary for growth and development. No amount of care and good food in later years can make up for the lack of right food for the growing child.

What the Hot School Lunch Is

The hot lunch is that part of the noon meal which is prepared at school. Its purpose is to add something that will render the lunch brought from home more complete. If a lunch-box contains good bread and butter sandwiches, a baked apple to be eaten with a cookie or piece of sponge cake, the addition of a hot vegetable stew made at school provides a well-balanced meal. Suggestions for other combinations, and dishes that may be prepared at school are given in a subsequent section of this article.

Concrete Results of the Hot School Lunch

The advantages of a properly conducted school lunch are many and far reaching. A higher standard of school work is obtained through food that builds up muscles, carries on body processes and supplies heat and energy for work and play. The undernourished child does not maintain a high rank in scholarship, and far too frequently his deportment is affected by his physical lack. Every teacher who cooperates to introduce in her school the hot noon lunch finds in the improved scholarship, deportment and health of her pupils an ample reward for her extra effort, besides the consciousness of having rendered a mighty service.

As all schoolroom work is done by the tap of the bell, so will the pupils file in order from their seats when the lunch is ready, first by the table laid with the dishes where each one helps himself, and then to the table where the hot food is being served. After being helped, each pupil quietly takes his seat again, opens his lunch-box and waits until the tap of the bell announces that all are served and seated, and that eating may begin. In no event must any pupil commence eating before the bell taps. Here the teacher sets the example of slow eating and thorough chewing of the food, and under her supervision better table manners are encouraged. When the hot course is finished, at the tap of the bell the pupils begin their dessert, or the eating of whatever else they may have been provided with. There is no incentive to hurry, as no pupil is excused from his desk until all have finished. Mothers find that when a particular dish has been prepared at school from which all are served alike, that many peculiar food habits are overcome, for the group spirit allows no personal preferences. The hot school lunch is teaching self-discipline and self-control.

The teacher soon finds that the school lunch affords an enjoyment not found through any other channel, and together with the children senses a growing party spirit which is wholesome and lessens monotony. One of the most marked results has been a better school attendance. A certain amount of conversation and laughter stimulates digestion and prevents hurrying, and under the leadership of the teacher should be indulged in. A plan whereby each child may tell a story or repeat a joke once a week during the lunch period may be successfully worked out. Original rhymes and verse, prepared in advance, make excellent entertainment. "Table talk" of this character sharpens wits and encourages wholesome rivalry. Short stories of travel by the teacher, or any narrative which takes the children into unknown lands will serve as a basis for conversation and place the narrator in the light of a teacher-superior. However interested the children may be in the conversation, the time of bell tap for rising must not be extended, because it will take from the time to be spent out-of-doors. Days that are too stormy to play in the open would make them an exception to this rule. In case a narrative is too long for one period, it is left off at an interesting point in the story and continued the following noon.

If only for the educational value, the hot school lunch would be well worth the effort, for not only does it teach food values, practical working principles, punctuality and alertness, but it teaches that great lesson of service in the sense of assistance and kindness to each other. The hot school lunch gives an opportunity to develop the initiative in a child and to encourage competition.

Neatness is taught by example in many ways, such as clean hands, a square of oilcloth to spread over the desk while eating, so that nothing shall remain to soil papers and books. After lunch, the paper napkin may be used to brush the crumbs into an empty dish before folding the oilcloth away under the desk, where the lunch-box is also kept until time for going home.

Keeping tin food containers sanitary with plenty soap-suds and boiling water is a valuable lesson to both boys and girls. Rivalry in neat dish-washing will soon develop.

Children are very imitative and usually regard their teacher as one that can be safely followed in matters of form, and for this reason her manner of eating will become the standard for the schoolroom lunch. The teacher prepares her lunch at her desk the same as the pupils. She will eat slowly, taking care there is no clatter or noisy eating. Lunch is eaten in order, with the dessert last. Food is carried to the mouth with either a fork or spoon. Bread, cake or doughnuts are broken in small pieces before being carried to the mouth. As it is difficult to carry a cupful of water in the hand, the empty cups are set on the desk and two children are assigned to fill them. Water is taken as a drink, and not for washing down partly-chewed food.

Suggestions for Laying Out the Work

In preparing the hot lunch there is considerable detail to be worked out in which the teacher acts as organizer and leader. The workers may be formed into companies of soldiers with their teacher as captain. The change from study, the group work which may become contests at times, and the anticipation of the good lunch to come, makes helpers willing if not eager to take part in the work.

At the beginning of the week the helpers are appointed in small groups for the various duties, both boys and girls. Among the children will be found those who already have some knowledge of the work to be done, and they may be chosen to take charge of certain parts of the work with the younger or less experienced to assist. Each Monday morning will find the names of a list of helpers tacked in a conspicuous place where all may read, and it provides considerable fun to see who has been "drafted" into the hot lunch service.

Both boys and girls should be assigned to all parts of the work and in groups. Begin the preparation of vegetables or other foods necessary for the hot dish in the morning or forenoon recess. See that the cooking utensils are in order and laid out. Have the oil-stove ready for use and matches in place. Have the serving dishes, forks and spoons placed on the serving table and



COMBINED CUPBOARD AND SERVING TABLE MADE FROM DRY-GOODS BOX.

protected from dust by a cloth thrown over them. Paper napkins are folded and in a pile with dishes. Excuse such pupils as have to make the final arrangements a few minutes before the lunch hour so that it may be promptly served. Have plenty clean drinking water.

Have water and soap ready for the children to wash their hands. Each one has his own towel which hangs by a loop on a numbered hook. Children file by the serving table in the same order they are seated when studying, and at the tap of the bell when the lunch is finished, all rise, pick up their dishes, and in the same order file past the dish-washing table and deposit them to be washed. The children are here excused for the noon recess, except those who are "on duty" to wash dishes and put them away. Put all equipment in order for the following day. Carry the garbage where it can be buried so as not to attract flies. Care of schoolroom is assigned to the children physically fit to do it. The duties of each group are written on a sheet of paper and posted in a place convenient to their work.

In time, as the various details are mastered, a sewing class can be started for the purpose of making holders, dish-cloths and dish-wipers. Butcher's aprons, such as are worn by the girls in picture, can be made at school. Boys, as well as girls, will wear them in any capacity that brings them in contact with the food.

Equipment for the School Lunch

A modest beginning is the surest way to success in the hot school lunch, for the rural teacher with her many classes a day has not sufficient time to take on more work than she sees she can assign to others under her guidance. A cup of hot cocoa makes a practical beginning as it entails fire, hot water, cooking, serving, dish-washing and putting things to rights. A dish of hot oatmeal with milk may be the next step, and from this to cream or vegetable soups. A vegetable stew or a chowder, a large baking dish of custard, baked apples, pea and bean soups, or cooking prunes are some of the possibilities of advanced workers. Making molasses candy during a stormy noon hour is quite possible as is also popping corn.

Cooperation between parents and teacher is necessary for proper food equipment, and there are many ways of bringing it about. In some sections the school board finances the hot dish for the school lunch. In some communities interested patrons donate certain foods from their abundance. Another way is for each child to take home a list which states the kind of food required for the coming week, and also their proportionate share. Still another way is for each child to bring his or her share in cash which goes into a lump sum with which to buy supplies. Some schools have given community entertainments and used the proceeds for their school lunches.

A three-burner oil-stove with a one- and a two-burner oven is the largest outlay, but it will last for years with ordinary care. Each child brings the price for his individual cup, plate, soup bowl, large cereal dish, knife, fork, teaspoon and dessert spoon. Buying them all alike is better than each one bringing from home, as they "stack" better and give a neater appearance on the shelves. A teakettle, large double boiler for cocoa, cereals, etc., oven tins, large soup kettle, and other stew-pans, are necessary equipment. Large lard tins and cracker boxes with tight-fitting covers will keep the mice and dust from the food.

Dry-goods boxes make excellent tables for serving and dish-washing, and give the boys an opportunity to "show the world" what they can do. The girls will see that they are kept covered with clean papers until white oilcloth can be afforded, and they will make curtains to keep the dust from the shelves.

Food for School Children—Hot Lunch Recipes.

Fresh fruit is not obtainable through all the school year in many states, but so long as it is, a special effort should be made to make it a part of school lunch to be eaten raw. When fresh fruit is no longer to be had, a few cents a day will buy dried fruits such as raisins, prunes, figs and dates. These are washed at school and served uncooked in proper portions. The dried fruits must be thoroughly chewed, or not eaten at all. This rule also applies to nuts which are highly beneficial if properly eaten, and not too many at a meal. Neither meat nor cheese is eaten when nuts are served as they contain much the same food elements. Jellies made in season from fresh fruit juices are welcome donations and should be kept in tin boxes.

A sandwich made of good bread and thinly sliced cheese and eaten with a baked tart apple or tart jelly is wholesome and nourishing. Other combinations a child may take from home are thin buttered biscuits, a cup custard and cookies. Buttered bread, a cup of baked beans (which may be warmed in the oven), a little tart jam and sponge cake. Soft scrambled egg sandwich, baked apple and jelly roll. Fresh fish minced fine and mixed with a very little mayonnaise, thin slices of buttered brown bread or entire wheat bread, baked apple and cake. Meat sandwich, lightly pickled beets, gingerbread baked in muffin tins.

Fresh or dried fruit, vegetables, milk or eggs may always be added to the school lunch. Milk should always be a part of a child's daily food. If for any reason a child is obliged to go to school without his breakfast he should report to the teacher and be given milk or bread and milk before commencing to study. In many schools a special provision is made for children who arrive without having taken nourishment.

COCOA.—(Serves 12) Put two quarts of milk on to scald in a double boiler, or in a kettle set in a pan of hot water. In a smaller stew-pan stir together one-half cup of cocoa, one-half cup of granulated sugar and one-fourth teaspoon of salt. Add two cups of boiling water, stir and cook five minutes after it begins to boil. As soon as the milk is scalding hot, add the cooked cocoa and stir well. It is now ready to serve, or it may be kept hot in the pan of hot water, but must not set over the flame where it will continue cooking.

ROLLED OATS.—(Serves 12) Put six cups of rolled oats in the top of a double boiler, add three quarts of cold water and four level teaspoons of salt. Stir well, cover and cook three hours without again stirring. Put cold water in the under part of boiler, but not too much, as the less water the greater head of steam there will be. If there is no double boiler, prepare the rolled oats in a tin pail with tight-fitting cover, and set inside of another pail or kettle that will also cover tightly. Put about three small strips of wood in the bottom of the outside pail to keep the pail containing the oats from the bottom, and keep the water several inches deep. Serve with whole milk.

GRANULATED WHEAT.—Bring two quarts of water to a hard boil with one and a half teaspoons of salt. Very gradually add about two cups of dry granulated wheat, stirring constantly. As the wheat does not always swell the same, a little less wheat may be required or a little more water added. Stir until it appears to be well thickened and white; then add one cup of washed, seedless raisins, pour into the double boiler and cook one hour. Serve with whole milk.

SPLIT PEA SOUP.—(Serves 12) Pick over and wash three cups of peas and soak over night in cold water which should be as deep again as the peas are in the kettle. In the morning they are drained and covered with four and one-half cups of fresh cold water. Slowly bring to a boil, then turn the heat so the peas will only simmer until soft and dissolved, adding boiling water to make up for any that may have boiled away. The cooking will require all the forenoon. Rub through a strainer unless the peas have cooked very fine. Thoroughly cream three rounding tablespoons of butter with three tablespoons of dry flour, and slowly add it to the boiling soup with two and one-half teaspoons of salt, and two teaspoons of sugar. Cook fifteen minutes longer or until ready to serve, then add enough of either hot or cold milk to make the soup the right consistency. This dish is delicious and highly nourishing and should be eaten slowly and with bread.

VEGETABLE SOUP.—(Serves 15) In the morning prepare two cups of carrot, two cups of turnip, two cups of parsnip, two cups of onion, one quart of celery and one quart of potato by washing, peeling and cutting the vegetables into small pieces. Put three-fourths cup of butter in the soup kettle over a slow heat, and when it bubbles add the onion and stir constantly until the onion is partly cooked and lightly browned, then stir in two tablespoons of dry flour until butter and flour are smooth. Clean, sweet beef fat may be substituted for the butter. Add all the prepared vegetables except the potato, two teaspoons of sugar, and three slices of bread toasted brown and dry in the oven. Cover well with boiling water, bring to a boil, then turn the heat where the vegetables will just simmer all the forenoon. When half done, add the potatoes, one-half cup of washed rice and two even teaspoons of salt. Increase the heat until boiling again, then continue to simmer. Keep water at the desired point. Serve abundantly.

FISH CHOWDER.—(Serves 12) Do not undertake the use of fish unless you are absolutely sure it is fresh caught. Interest in the hot lunch is increased by the boys bringing their own catch. Skin and cut about six pounds of fish free from bones and into pieces about two inches square. Pare and slice very thin seven medium-sized potatoes and cover with cold water. Cut a two-inch square of pork into fine pieces and slowly fry out the fat, taking care the blaze is not high enough to cause smoking. Skim out the scraps, and add two sliced onions to the fat and slowly brown. Now add the potatoes, which have been drained, to the fat and onion, and enough boiling water to cover. Cook 15 minutes, then add three level teaspoons of salt and the prepared fish. When the boiling point is again reached, set the chowder back where it will simmer twenty minutes. The fish must not overcook. Add two quarts of hot milk and eight butter crackers broken into small pieces. Set into a pan of hot water until time to serve. More fish may be used. School lunch chowder should not be made from salt fish as it is hard to digest.

BAKED CUSTARD.—(Serves 12) Bring two quarts of milk to a scald. Beat 12 fresh eggs until they are well broken but not foamy. Stir into the eggs one cup of sugar, one level teaspoon of salt and vanilla or grated nutmeg to flavor. Pour into a shallow dish that will hold about three quarts, add the scalding milk and stir well. Set into a pan containing a little hot water and bake in a moderate oven until it thickens but is not hard. A good test is to occasionally insert a knife blade in the center, and as soon as it comes out clean the custard is done.

Asbestos mats should be part of the hot lunch equipment. When placed under a kettle food can be kept hot without cooking, and when cooking food will not catch on the bottom. They are necessary with an oil-stove.

Unclean Hands

Children will be impressed by the following extract, and teachers may find it advantageous to cut it out, paste on a sheet of paper and hang over the handwashing table.

Unclean Hands Are Dangerous

Hands washed in warm soapy water, by actual test and count showed 4,000,000 bacteria in a single washing in warm weather, says the Maine Department of Health; in cold weather this number was enormously increased to 240,000,000 bacteria to a single washing. The increased number in cold weather over hot is due to contamination from coughing and sneezing. Don't forget that dirty hands are not only filthy, but dangerous on account of these millions of germs they carry. Wash often!

An Electric Fish Stop

Up the land streams of the Pacific coast mother salmon rush to lay their eggs. The young salmon coming down enter irrigation ditches by mistake. These ditches are drained. Thus millions of salmon die. Mesh screens have proved futile for they become clogged with drift and waste and the water flowed over the top.

Across the head of the irrigation ditch was placed an electric fish stop. A small water wheel and a magneto furnished the power. Small iron bars were set four feet apart on the front of a device extending down into the water. By a system of wiring and a vibrator to regulate the current the water was charged with electricity for a distance of about four feet from the bass. Fish coming down-stream with the current struck this charged water and immediately whirled around and continued on their way instead of going into the irrigation ditch.

It is stated, the same device can be used to establish rearing ponds in any stream. It can be so placed as to make any size pond desired and the fish would be kept within the charged area. The invention is new and there is every indication that it is a success.



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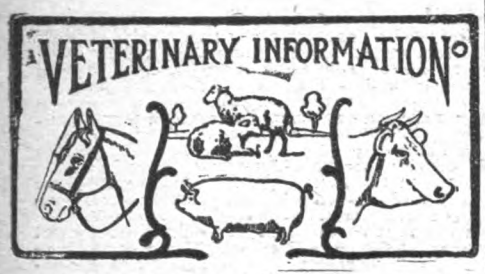
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No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

The Hard Milking Cow

SORES often form on the tips of a cow's teats and have to be picked off before milking can be done. This inevitably leads to infection which tends to spread and thicken the lining membrane of the teat so that the cow becomes hard to milk, or garget ensues and the quarter loses its function of milk secretion. The sores are caused by wet and filth from unclean floors and dirty yards, milking with wet hands without first cleaning the teats and effect of flies attracted by oozing milk. When sores start, immerse the teats for five minutes night and morning in hot water containing all the boric acid it will dissolve or in a hot 1-to-1,000 solution of chinosol; then dry the teats and apply a mixture of one part of compound tincture of benzoin and three parts of glycerine. A popular practice with some owners is to insert a new, clean clove in the orifice of the teat between milkings. Carbolized vaseline should first be smeared on the clove. Even then it will be likely to cause infection.

If a milking tube must be used when a cow proves difficult to milk it must always be sterilized by boiling for at least fifteen minutes and should also be smeared with carbolized vaseline before insertion else it will be sure to introduce germs and cause ruinous garget.

Teat plugs of lead, hard rubber or new, hard wood are employed to enlarge the openings of the teats of a hard-milking cow. These, too, must be carefully sterilized or they will infect the teat and make the condition worse or incurable. The best dilator is one of a glove-stretcher pattern which may be bought of any dealer in veterinary instruments. It is inserted in the teat two or three times daily and each time is opened part way, over and over again, to stretch the tissues and enlarge the opening or orifice of the teat. Each day it is opening a little farther until milking becomes easier. If that does not avail, the veterinarian inserts a sterilized teat slitter or bistoury and with it slits down through the stricture or obstruction in four different directions. Then a little milk frequently should be stripped out during the healing process.

RUPTURE.—I have a two-months-old male colt that has a navel rupture. It started small and is gradually getting larger. E. C. K.

A.—Colts, as a rule, outgrow rupture of the navel, but recovery may be hastened by applying tincture of iodine to the lump two or three times a week or keeping pressure upon it by means of a truss of sole leather kept in place by means of a harness partly made of suspender elastic to allow normal action in breathing. If the rupture continues to increase in size, a veterinarian should apply wooden clamps tightly to the sac and loose skin after returning the bowel to place. The clamps, if properly applied, cause sloughing of the enclosed tissues in about 20 days, leaving the breech closed.

OVERHEATED MARE: SUMMER ITCH.—What is wrong with my mare? She stopped sweating and will not sweat until she is in the barn, and not very much then. She has never been foundered or too hot and is in good flesh, (2) My mare rubs and scratches and little lumps come on front legs, and around lower part of neck and body the hair comes off where the lumps have been. G. W. D.

A.—Overheating or heat exhaustion is the common cause of symptoms such as you describe. The mare should do better if you have her clipped and then supply her frequently with drinking water while at work. Do not feed corn. Shade her head and lightly sheet her body if she must work in the sun. So far as possible work her in the cool of the morning and evening and never as the middle one of a three-horse team. (2) Clip the mare and wash clean with a 1-to-100 solution of coal tar dip. Afterwards, when dry, rub compound sulphur ointment into the sore parts as often as found necessary. You can buy the ointment at a drug store. Do not feed this mare corn, green grass or new hay or oats.

ABNORMAL MILK.—I have a cow that freshened last March. Her milk foams and seems all right until the cream forms and then there is a bad odor. Can you tell me the trouble? N. M.

A.—Give the cow at once, slowly and carefully from a long-necked bottle, one pound of Glauber salt dissolved in three pints of tepid water, adding a cupful of molasses. When this physic has operated mix in the feed twice daily a tablespoonful of a mixture of two parts of powdered wood charcoal and one part of granular hypopsulphite of soda. Perfectly scald all milk utensils. See that pure water is used for cooling the milk and washing the vessels. From the local creamery man procure a cream "starter" and take his advice regarding the best temperature at which to set, ripen and churn the cream. Do not feed cottonseed meal for a time, if it has been generously fed in the past.

KNUCKLING.—I have a mule that had one of the leaders cut in one of his hind legs just above the hoof. His foot has been a little bit stiff since then and for the last three months has been drawn so that he cannot straighten it. When he steps he only lets the front part of the hoof touch the ground. What will keep his foot from being drawn up? L. W.

A.—We fear it is too late to remedy the condition described unless you can have a qualified veterinarian perform the operation of tenotomy and direct the after-treatment. The foot and fetlock joint should have been kept in normal position by means of a special shoe and brace during the healing process.

LUMPY MILK.—I have a cow that gives lumpy milk out of one teat and when she does it is usually in rainy weather. She freshened about two months ago and gave five gallons of milk a day. She gives four and one-half now and appears healthy, though she looks rather poor. MRS. E. L. B.

A.—The cow has periodic attacks of mammitis (garget) in the affected quarter. They may be caused by chilling of the udder when the cow lies down on cold, wet ground. Keep her in a well-bedded box-stall in wet weather. At times of attack milk every two hours, massage the quarter well each time and in the evening rub in a mixture of one part each of pure turpentine and fluid extract of poke root and six parts of warm sweet oil or unsalted lard. Also mix in the evening feed, at times of attack, a tablespoonful each of powdered poke root and saltpeter. As tuberculosis is a possibility, it always is well to have the tuberculin test applied by a veterinarian.

POLL EVIL.—Is there any cure for poll evil? I have a four-year-old colt that had it all last spring, caused by striking neck against timber in stall. Her neck healed over and she looked as though she was getting all right. I worked her a day, her neck swelled and broke again. I haven't worked her for several weeks. B. H. W.

A.—Poll evil is a pus-discharging abscess located between and just behind the ears. Dead or diseased tissue is present in this condition and has to be removed by operation before permanent healing will take place. Have that done by a veterinarian. From your description we suspect that the abscess may be on the withers rather than the poll. That has also to be opened up and dead or diseased tissues cut out. Then the wound should be swabbed with tincture of iodine and the cavities packed once daily with a rope of teased oakum saturated with a mixture of equal quantities of turpentine and raw linseed oil. Let a tag of the oakum hang out of the wound and serve as a drain. Apply unsalted lard or cheap vaseline to the skin below the wound to protect it from the turpentine.

POLL EVIL.—I have a mare that has something the matter with her head and throat. Her throat swells just behind the jaws. After awhile the swelling leaves the throat and goes to the top of head, where a hard bone forms. After a time pus forms and discharges. The mare acts as though she could hardly hold her head up. She seems all right in cool weather but shows the above symptoms in the spring and summer, growing worse with every attack. MRS. J. N. L.

A.—We suspect from your description that the mare is afflicted with poll evil which heals for a time and then breaks out again. If so, it will be necessary to have a trained veterinarian operate, but we cannot prescribe the exact treatment necessary without examining the mare. Meanwhile, we should advise you to paint the lump or swelling with tincture of iodine two or three times a week.

GARGET.—I have had three cows with garget in the last three months. Is there anything to keep the remaining herd from taking it? C. H.

A.—You can get rid of the germs at once by isolating all affected cows then thoroughly cleansing, disinfecting and whitewashing the stable, including the floors and gutters. If the floor is of boards or dirt, a concrete floor should be put in as the other materials cannot perfectly be disinfected. For disinfecting purposes use a mixture of one part of compound cresol solution and 30 parts of water. Instantly isolate cow the moment anything goes wrong with her udder and have her milked by one who doesn't handle the other cows. Then cleanse, disinfect and whitewash the stall she has occupied. Cleanse the udder and teats of each cow before each milking. If a milking machine is used it must be sterilized before each milking as directed by the manufacturer. Immunization with mastitis bacterin may help. Consult your veterinarian about that.

CONGESTED UDDER.—I have a cow that will freshen in three months. One quarter of her udder is filled tight but not caked, the rest is just beginning to fill. There doesn't seem to be any injury of any kind. What can be the trouble and what the remedy? MRS. E. L. W.

A.—The condition described is often caused by calves sucking one another's teats when young. That should be instantly stopped when noticed. It is a common cause of garget when a heifer has her first calf. Twice daily strip away a little of any fluid you find in the swollen quarter of the udder. Also massage the quarter thoroughly each time and then rub in a mixture of one part each of pure turpentine and fluid extract of poke root and six parts of camphorated oil.

HEAVES.—I have a mare badly troubled with heaves and have not been able to drive or work her for the past six weeks. She eats well, but seems weak. G. S.

A.—Heaves is incurable when established but the distress may be relieved by letting the mare live on green grass, also feeding oats and bran and in each feed mixing one teaspoonful of a mixture of equal quantities by weight of powdered stramonium leaves and chlorid of ammonia. Do not give any bulky feed at noon if she has to work and do not work her immediately after a meal. In winter feed oat straw and corn-stover instead of hay. Wet all feed with lime-water.

CHOREA.—My dog, four months old, has spells when he doesn't have use of his forelegs in walking, and falling to the ground, his legs jerking. M. P. H.

A.—Chorea (St. Vitus' dance) causes the twitching and is practically incurable. It often follows severe attack of distemper or may be due to intestinal worms. Improvement may result in time if you have the puppy live an out-of-door life and feed it well. Give emulsion of codliver oil twice daily as you would to a child. If worms appear in the droppings or are known to be present, give, every other morning for three doses, two to four teaspoonfuls of a mixture of one-half an ounce each of fluid extract of spigelia, fluid extract of senna, simple syrup and syrup of licorice. This is for round worms of a dog of 40 pounds weight. Lessen or increase the dose according to size of dog.

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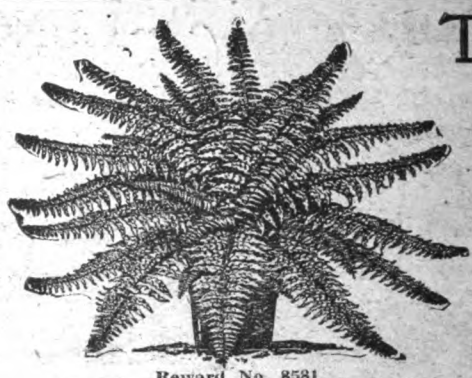
Offer No. 8563. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you the three crochet needles, one ball of **Dexter** "Silko" crochet cotton and three balls of **Dexter** "Silko" tatting cotton free by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to give color and size wanted. Reward No. 8563.

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Offer No. 8261. We will furnish you with extra balls of the tatting cotton at the rate of four balls for one one-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, sent by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to mention color wanted. Reward No. 8261.

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Reward No. 8581 Three beautiful Ferns — The Roosevelt, Boston and Ostrich Plume, strong, healthy and well rooted, ready to pot as soon as you receive them, guaranteed to grow or we will replace them free of charge. Sent to you free and prepaid for only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50c.

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Reward No. 7796 Pure white with a fine smooth finish, this handsome Comb, Brush and Mirror Set equals in appearance the finest French Ivory. Heavy beveled French glass mirror. Comb has both coarse and fine teeth, brush has the finest stiff bristles. Can be cleaned with soap and water just like French Ivory. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.



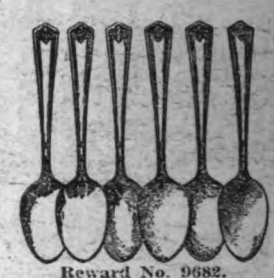
Reward No. 75110.

Reward No. 75110 This Lady's Wrist Watch is the stylish octagon shape, only 5-16 of an inch thick and one inch in diameter, with high-grade, jeweled Swiss movement, pure white dial with Arabic numerals. Bracelet is of fine black silk ribbon with rolled gold catch and slide. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for ten one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.



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Reward No. 9942 This handsome Bonbon Dish is used for candy, nuts, salted peanuts, popcorn, etc., is five inches wide and two inches deep, heavily silver plated outside and gold lined inside. A handsome ornament for the sideboard and a splendid Christmas or birthday present for any woman or girl. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.



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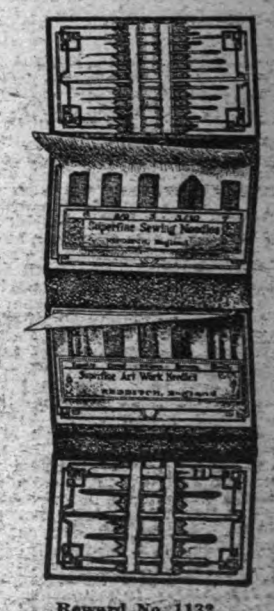
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Reward No. 8104 Stylish House Dress of high-grade percale in all the popular patterns, including checks, plaids and stripes, both light and dark shades. It is shirred around the waist, opens down the front, with sash and two roomy pockets. Be sure to mention pattern and color desired. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.



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Reward No. 1132 Leatherette Needle Case containing 142 needles—75 sewing needles, 15 silk darners, 15 milliner's needles, 15 embroidery needles, 3 tapestry and 3 chenille needles, steel stiletto, steel tape, 2 steel crochet needles, one bodkin, one punch-work, 10 fine and medium cotton and wool darners. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.

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"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

AN ANXIOUS WAITER, Nebraska.—Although there is nothing improper in your having met this escort of yours at the gate, and it would be better to let him call for you at your house when he plans to take you to a dance. (2) Yes; we think 3 A. M. is decidedly too late an hour for a young girl to return from a dance. Do not your parents say the same thing? They should.

B. P., Pueblo, Colo.—The appropriateness of flowers which are sent is often varied as much by season as occasion. For a sick room, it is best to avoid sending such flowers as have a heavy perfume. Daffodils, in their cheerful yellow, would make pleasant and suitable blooms to send in spring, as would yellow crysanthemums in the fall of the year. Carnations we have never thought particularly attractive blossoms and, of course, lilies should be avoided. Often a flowering plant of some kind is welcome in a sick room. You will find your florist will be able to aid your choice.

E. S., Oklahoma.—This man who is a guest at your home would pay for theater tickets, carfares, restaurant checks, etc., in all such cases when he served as your escort during his stay. It would be perfectly proper for you to suggest any entertainment which you thought it pleasant for you both to attend. Your parents, of course would meet other suitable responsibilities and expenses in entertaining this guest aside from the cases where he served alone as your escort or when you both happened to be out together. Of course there are certain courtesies of discretion to be observed—depending upon your guest's financial status and your degree of friendly relationship.

BROWN EYES, Ohio.—A man of thirty-two is not at all too old for a woman of twenty-five to marry. The difference in age is most suitable. (2) Your fiance's jealous tendencies will not be so bad, we think, after he knows he has surely won you and you are bound together "until death do you part." We do not think you need worry about "future trouble" from this feeling of jealousy if you are careful to give no excuse for its exercise. Why not suggest to your fiance the sort of engagement ring you would prefer or tell him that your friends are asking you why you are not wearing one? His love and jealousy together ought to be equal to the price of a most attractive ring. Probably a hint is all he needs and you should not hesitate to give this.

M. N., Concordia, Kans.—If this girl whom you have escorted home asks you to come in for a while, you may accept the invitation if you wish. If the hour is a late one, it would be the better part of courtesy to refuse with thanks. In no event would you enter the house with her unless asked. (2) Yes; if you are on "speaking terms" with this girl, you are entitled to speak up at any time and ask to be able to take her to any evening entertainment. You will never get "better acquainted" by keeping silent or hanging back. The other fellows will be pushing forward, you know, while you may be biting your tongue or making up appropriate phrases in the rear. Step up and get in the race.

A. M., Pueblo, Colo.—Courtesy demands that a birthday gift or one received at any other time should be acknowledged by either spoken or written thanks given as promptly as possible.

BLUE EYES, Ohio.—You have a difficult task if you wish to avoid being rude to your prying neighbor who disdains your hints and keeps "running in" upon you several times a day—and even at mealtimes. We suggest that you discriminate between rudeness (which really means consciously or unconsciously being unpleasantly discourteous) and a little plain speaking done with a smile. Tell your neighbor that when your old friends drive out from town to visit you, it would make you much happier to be able to talk with them alone, about old times, etc., without having her so often "running in" to make one of the party. Tell her, too, that it disturbs you to have her always enter without knocking and ask her to please always knock in the future. The picture you draw of your neighbor's character would indicate that you can expect relief only through firmness and plain speaking. Keep your manner as deliberately pleasant as your meaning is deliberately clear and make her understand, once for all, that you have a share as well as herself in establishing the degree of intimacy and privacy between neighbors.

E. B., North Carolina.—You may love and trust this boy, but we think your love and trust is misplaced if he has left town and you have failed to hear from him for two months. The possibility is very strong that he has found another girl to love and trust him. If you have written him a second letter and still receive no reply, we do not see that there is anything more you can do except give up loving and trusting him. This may be hard to do, but at eighteen it should not be impossible. There are boys who can be loved and not trusted—and others that can be trusted—and not loved. The right boy combination is not always easy to find, but this little experience should not be all loss, as it will help you in your search. (2) You should know best if you still want to "go" with a boy who has broken dates with you and made denials which you know are untrue—to refer to them pleasantly. A boy who breaks promises and the truth might also break a heart just as easily. You have had one experience in the uncertainty of boy lovers and promisers, and you should guard against another. Try to pick out a boy who will at least do what he says—or when he has failed to do this will not lie about it.

SEVENTEEN SUMMER SISTERS.—Why not pay the expenses of your party yourself without accepting this boy's offer? You want it to be your party, don't you? If you let this boy friend pay part of the entertainment's cost, you should let it be known that he is doing this, so that he gets proper credit as host. We think some one of your seventeen winters should have taught you that an intimate friend cannot be an "intiment" one. (2) A boy should not take his seat between two girls whom he has escorted to church. His place would be at the end of the pew nearest the aisle. (3) A crowded car should not excuse a girl sitting on a boy's lap. Let the boys crowd together as much as may be needed to give the girls seats.

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Planning Clothes for Fall and Winter Wear

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31.)

pending on the cost and amount of labor one cares to expend. A hair mattress, or one filled with layers of wool, is the most healthful for baby, but if it is necessary to use a pillow, cover it evenly with something firm, like a folded blanket, so that the body will lie straight and not sag downward at the hips. If it is necessary to keep light and wind from the head, arrange a large towel over the basket, making sure not to shut out the air. The covers must be lightweight, silkaline lined with a layer of wool; they are easily made and useful in many ways. The basket can be kept off the floor and carried from room to room and out of doors.

Plain nightgowns of light-weight outing flannel will wash easily and require little pressing. Petticoats and dresses must not be over 26 inches long when finished. Three bands, three shirts, three petticoats, five slips, three pairs of stockings, five slips and two dozen diapers make ample changes if washing is promptly done. A large square of rubber sheeting will be necessary for the basket, and a smaller square for the lap.

Spending and Saving at the Same Time

The one-piece dress has come nearer to standardizing dress for women and children than has any other style for a good many years. It began with the fitted waist lining and had the general appearance of a belted waist and skirt, but upon examination was found to be all hung together. Gradually the waist-line loosened and became longer, then the net waist lining was only used to hold the skirt evenly, to sew the sleeves into and for facings. Tunics were seen in most models and are still used, but the valued style of today is the straight, low-belted dress that slips on over the head. A glance at any fashion sheet will reveal the fact that no matter what the variations, the simple, straight lines are maintained. The waistcoat, a new name for the guimpe, is worn with the sleeveless dress, and it provides a way to wear out old shirtwaists. Often those of sheer materials may be closed at the front with an insert of lace and opened at the back, to be worn with dresses that open nearly to the waistline. The plain waists for children which button in the back and have long sleeves, round neckline with round turned-down collar are made of small checked ginghams to wear with sleeveless woolen dresses which may be entirely plain with faced or bound neck and armhole edges, which have the simple decoration of a line of fancy stitches done in brightly-colored wool or silk. Dresses with sleeves set in of the same material are generally a little flaring at the wrist which is gathered into a narrow band, or they are left bell-shaped, which is not so practical to wear under coatsleeves. Necks may be finished in almost any way that suits the wearer, and it is difficult to choose among them—the plain flat edge with its bright piping or fancy stitches, the square neck opening with long, narrow collar descending at each side to meet the straight-across top of the vestee, the plain round neck with decorated side front opening, the V neck with curved neckline collar that meets with pointed ends, or the high round neck with flat collar which, by the way, is so youthful as to be a little trying for grownups.

Among the variations most seen in the straight dresses are those with fullness let in over the hips for a distance varying from eight to twelve inches, with the lower edge measuring from one and a half to two yards. Sometimes the top of the dress is cut off at a long-waisted line and a straight lower part set on with gathers all the way around; but even with these, it is better to leave a plain space front and back. Another attractive style has a wide panel-effect front and back, with large square pockets, over the hips, which terminate at the front panel edge. The front is cut with a V neck extending down two-thirds of the distance to the waist-line. One side is decorated with covered buttons and the other side with simulated buttonholes. A vestee and collar are made of contrasting color.

With the straight-lined model as a foundation, more and more individuality is shown, bringing out new effects. It is no longer a question of how many dresses one has, but of how many ways one can wear the same dress by a change of collar and cuffs, a different vestee, or by different belts and sashes.

Dress for both women and children has been greatly simplified, and no matter from what angle you view it, there is a marked saving of labor. Shirtwaists and suits are unnecessary, and for outside wraps the long, loosely-fitting coats, and the long or three-quarter length capes answer all purposes for most people. Odd skirts require tailored waists, and many of the newest ones are made of pongee which washes as well as muslin and is ironed dry. With these skirts, which are straight and fulled into the belt, are worn the slip-on sweater which comes in all colors and weaves.

While counting the blessings brought to us through women growing less and less willing to follow the dictates of fashion unquestioningly, let us not overlook our release from high-heeled boots and shoes. One woman predicts that in three years from now one would be arrested for wearing them on the street, so great is the reform in this direction. While we do not have to accept this exaggeration, it is a fact that in fashionable window displays not a single pair of high-heels will be shown for street wear, and toes are wider as well.

Stitches That Trim

There is nothing new about all the fascinating stitches now used to decorate our waists and dresses, for they are simply a revival of old-time stitchery. If we could but sit at the knee of come Colonial dame, we would soon learn the "needle tricks" that produce such distinctive trimming effects on the gowns seen today.

Snail trail (No. 1) and the running whip stitch (No. 2) are used as finishing stitches for bound edges, or where it is desirable to make a line well defined. To make No. 1, hold the thread in a straight line, and at regular intervals take a short buttonhole stitch from right to left.

The group stitch (No. 3) is used where a heavier effect is wanted. Groups of stitches are evenly taken, and under them strands of a contrasting color. This is one of the prettiest stitches in use.

No. 4 is our old friend the cross-stitch popularly used on the hair-line checks.

No. 5 shows a section of double hemstitching on voile. This stitch is used on the fronts of waists, at the top of hems and in parallel rows in panel effects.

Sewing Screen

A sewing-room did not prove a practical arrangement when so far removed from other work that had to be going on at the same time; neither is it satisfactory to have the sewing kit scattered about in various drawers, bags and baskets. Hence the sewing screen which stands in one corner of the general living-room, and when not in use faces the wall and conceals the table-lap-board.

The frame should be made fairly heavy as it carries considerable weight at times. Oak staining was used on the frame. Heavy, light brown denim was used as a back for the pockets, while the pockets themselves were made of kiddie cloth, but any firm, heavy cloth will do. All three sections were entirely finished with pockets before the mounting was done, and then each section was tacked into place, care being taken that the side edges of the pockets were even with the frame. Over the denim is tacked a pretty piece of cretonne. The edges are covered with furniture braid which is tacked on with upholstery tacks. Across the top of each section of the frame is a strip of wood six inches deep. The hooks holding scissors and bags go into this strip, and on the face of the strip are good-looking brass hooks which are invaluable at times for holding various things.

A glance at the picture will show the arrangement of pockets which may be changed to suit individual requirements. The purpose of the shallow one is to hold knitting needles, crochet hooks, bodkins, tape needles, etc. Sheets of paper suitable for cutting out patterns are saved and kept in the large pocket. All patterns are kept in a box, as the screen pockets are valuable for things more frequently used. The bags are for buttons, cards of hooks and eyes, snaps, and others in small boxes that have been ripped from old garments, skeins of cotton and silk, etc. Other pockets meet present needs, and several small ones may be kept more orderly than one or two larger ones taking up the same space.

One of the best features of the screen is the use of curtain rods with curved ends, on which to hang cut-out work or partly finished garments. A place for the yardstick, scissors and tape-measure will be appreciated.

Tests of Floor Oils Show Their Darkening Effects

A study of the comparative darkening effects of different floor oils was made under the direction of the United States Department of Agriculture over a period of six months. Three types of mixtures were tested. The first consisted of equal parts of motor or engine oil and kerosene; the second was made up of one part boiled linseed oil to three parts of turpentine; the third was a widely advertised commercial oil. Separate mops, kept in separate wrappings, were used for the tests, and mopping was done about once a week. A five-room occupied apartment was used as the basis for the experiment.

The floors, which were of pine, were very old and dark from many coatings of shellac and varnish. Before the experiment was started, they were scrubbed with a strong solution of washing soda until they were of a light shade. After using different oils in different rooms it was found that the floor oil consisting of one part boiled linseed oil to three parts turpentine was the most satisfactory. This oil seemed to have a cleansing effect on the floors to which it was applied. It retained a high gloss and did not darken to any extent the floor on which it was used.

The commercial oil used in this experiment darkened the floor to which it was applied more than did the linseed-oil mixture, but retained more of a gloss than the mixture of motor oil and kerosene, which also darkened the floors.



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We will send a handsome Rainproofed, All-Weather Coat to one person in each locality who will show and recommend it to friends. Write today to The Goodyear Mfg. Co., 3167-R, Goodyear Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.—Advertisement.

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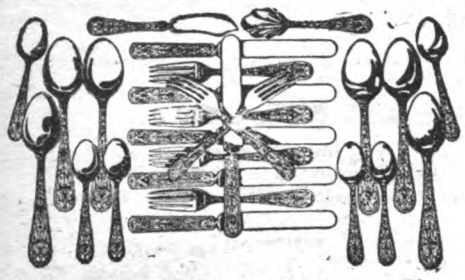
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26-Piece Table Set



Given For A Club Of Only Five

WE have made many offers of table-ware, but this is the first time we have been able to offer **a complete set of 26 Pieces** in return for so small a club. And please don't think that because we are giving this set on such liberal terms that it is plated on a brass base and consequently will change color and have that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. On the contrary, it has a **white metal base;** therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will not show signs of wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration, there are 26 pieces in this set—**6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, Sugar Shell and Butter Knife.** Each piece is **full regulation size** for family use, the handles are handsomely **embossed** and the blades of the knives and the bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and **bright polished.** It is only because we buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a reward for so few subscriptions. It is by far **the greatest value** we have offered and **we guarantee every set sent out for a period of five years.** We will send this 26-Piece Table Set exactly as illustrated and described to any address upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For a club of five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this 26-Piece Table Set free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 7625.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

What A Joyful Surprise For Some Little Girl In Your Home!

Won't She Fairly Dance With Glee When You Give Her This Big, Beautiful Sleeping Doll And Carriage—All For Her Very Own!



OF course she will—no girl could **help** being delighted with this big, beautiful dolly which is even **more** beautiful and lifelike than she appears in the illustration. She is sixteen inches tall and jointed in such a manner that her arms, hands, legs and feet will **stay in any position you place them.** Her dark brown hair falls in bewitching curls, she has **real teeth,** her eyes are as blue as the sky and she opens and shuts them and goes to sleep like a real baby whenever you want her to. And she is always smiling and showing her pretty white teeth in a truly lifelike manner.

As shown in our illustration, she wears a very becoming hat trimmed with a large ribbon bow and a dress of the very latest style, with cute short sleeves, handsome figured lace and button trimmed waist and short skirt and she has on real stockings and slippers with silveroid buckles. You can undress and dress this doll as often as you please and you can take off her stockings and slippers and put them on again just as you do your own.

Her Arms Hands Legs And Feet Will Stay In Any Position You Place Them

You Can Take Dolly To Ride In Her Carriage

YES, we are also going to give you this fine doll carriage which is plenty large enough to hold dolly comfortably. It is two feet high, almost a foot wide, made entirely of metal and leatherette—in fact is just like a real baby carriage in everything except size. It is finely finished and lacquered a rich glossy black. What fun it will be to take dolly to ride in her carriage out in the yard and up and down the street. Other girls may have dolls—but how many of them have a **real doll carriage?** You will be the envy of all the other girls in your neighborhood when they see you with this beautiful doll and carriage too.

She Opens And Closes Her Eyes, Has Real Teeth, Curly Hair And A Pretty Dress With Hat, Real Stockings And Slippers With Buckles

For A Club Of Eight!

FATHERS and mothers—don't you think your little girl would just love to have this doll and carriage for her very own? Of course she would—and you should take advantage of this offer at once.

You can surely find eight neighbors who will be glad to subscribe to COMFORT at the present low rate of 50c a year. Send us their names and addresses and the money ($4.00 in all), and we will send you this beautiful sleeping doll and doll carriage exactly as above described, each packed in a strong box, free by parcel post. **Remember there will be no expense to you whatever.** Your mail-carrier will deliver the doll and carriage right to your door without charge. Start your club today and please mention **Reward No. 7648.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Artist's Paint Box

For A Club Of Only Four

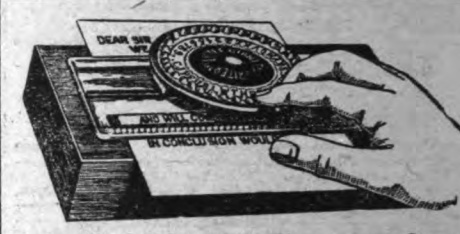


27 Colors.
Fine Camel's-Hair Brush

NEARLY every boy and girl, and many grown people too, like to paint pictures of flowers, animal life, bits of scenery, etc. To get the best results, however, you need a good set of colors like the one shown here. The box is 8½ inches long, 3½ inches wide, made of black enameled metal. It contains **eleven** regular colors in pans and **sixteen** moist colors in tubes, including Light Red, Yellow, Light Yellow, Violet, Ultramarine, Green, Light Green, Cobalt Blue, Prussian Blue, Carmine, Warm Sepia, Vermilion, Black, White, Yellow Ochre and Orange. There is also a good quality camel's-hair brush five inches long. Anyone who has a talent for drawing or painting should have one of these outfits because it is of good quality throughout and we know it will give the greatest satisfaction. You can have this Paint Box complete as described upon the terms of the following special offer:

Given To You! For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this fine Artist's Paint Box free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 7994.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Little Giant Typewriter

A REAL machine that writes very distinctly. Has every letter in the alphabet, all the numerals from 1 to 10 and punctuation marks. Uses any size letter paper up to 5 inches wide. For correspondence, making out invoices, statements, addressing envelopes, etc., this machine will do the work well. It is very easy to operate, in fact, a child can write on it after a little practice.

Given To You! For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Typewriter free and prepaid. **Reward No. 8853.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



SELF-FILLING

Fountain Pen

For A Club Of Three

HERE is a fountain pen that we can positively guarantee. Perhaps you have had some experience with fountain pens which never **would** write well and continually leaked ink all over your fingers. If so you will certainly appreciate this opportunity to secure a fountain pen that has none of these defects. Our illustration is of course greatly reduced in size. The pen offered you here is 6½ inches long, made entirely of hard rubber, finely finished, and the pen point is genuine 14-K gold. The feeding device is perfect, permitting a uniform flow of ink and **it will not leak.** Also please **notice that this is a self-filling pen.** You **can fill this fountain pen in less than 10 seconds** by pressing down the spring on the side, then placing the pen point in a bottle of ink, after which you release the spring and the pen is instantly filled with ink to its full capacity. If given proper care this pen should last anybody for years. If you will accept the following special offer we will send you one of these self-filling fountain pens with a positive guarantee that if it fails to prove satisfactory in any way you may return it to us and we will replace it with a new pen **free of charge.**

Club Offer. For a club of only three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed self-filling fountain pen free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8873.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Rolled Gold

Bracelet

Reward No. 9852

For A Club Of Two

THIS style of Bracelet has always been a great favorite because it is adjustable. It can be made to fit the arm of either woman or growing child. It is made of **rolled gold,** absolutely guaranteed for ten years, is very light and dainty, measuring only 3-16 of an inch in width. It positively will not tarnish or change color as do the cheap Bracelets, but, being genuine rolled gold, it will always retain its bright, handsome appearance.

By purchasing these Bracelets in large quantities, direct from the factory, we are enabled to offer it for a ridiculously small club of subscriptions Just read our free offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this guaranteed, rolled gold Bracelet, free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 9852.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Send Only Three Subscriptions For This Cut Glass Sugar and Creamer—Or Two Subscriptions For The Pickle Dish Or Spoon Tray!



WE want to ask our women readers—did you ever see or hear of a more remarkable offer?

Just think of the small number of subscriptions required to earn any one or all of these beautiful cut glass pieces.

And it is **real** cut glass—of good weight and thickness—clear, brilliant, crystal glass, exquisitely hand cut in a new and beautiful design. Each piece is full size with the same handsome floral pattern that twines completely around the outside in graceful curves, while on the bottom of each piece is a heavily cut, many-pointed star. The rim of both sugar and creamer is deeply notched.

Do you wonder how we can make this offer? A certain factory, realizing that we shall probably use thousands of these sets, has made us an unusually low price. That's the whole story. And the result is we can give you your choice of this rich genuine cut glass absolutely free in return for the easiest half hour's work you ever did.

We Prepay Charges And Positively Guarantee Safe Delivery

Any or all of these pieces can be safely mailed by parcel post. We pay all postage and guarantee safe delivery to your home. If by chance a piece should become broken (something that rarely happens) we will replace it **free of charge.**

We know that every woman that receives one or more of these rich cut glass pieces will be amazed and delighted with the bargain she has obtained. It is easily the greatest value in a premium that we have ever been able to offer. We will give you your choice of the Sugar and Creamer, or the Pickle Dish, or the Spoon Tray absolutely free on the terms of the following special

Club Offers. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you the Sugar and Creamer by prepaid insured parcel post. (**Reward No. 8883**). Or for two one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you your choice of **either** the Pickle Dish (**Reward No. 9402**), or the Spoon Tray (**Reward No. 9412**). Or we will send you the complete set of all four pieces free and prepaid for a club of seven one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each. (**Reward No. 7457**).

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Send Birthday Greetings To Your Friends!

12 Beautifully Engraved Colored Birthday Cards **FREE**

REMEMBER your friends on their birthdays with these handsome, refined greeting cards, a card for each month of the year, each card with an envelope to match, twelve cards and twelve envelopes in all, put up in a nicely decorated birthday box. They vary in size from 3 1-2 to 4 inches by 4 1-2 inches and are **steel engraved** with different floral designs emblematic of the months, including Poppies, Violets, Forget-me-nots, Roses, Iris, Wild Rose, Bachelor Buttons, etc., all beautifully tinted in the **natural colors** of the flowers. The verses are in Shaded Old English and Script and convey to the recipient some tender birthday sentiment and message of good will. The finest of cardboard, known as "kid finish wedding stock," is used for these cards and the envelopes also are of the highest quality in keeping with the cards.

Remember these are nothing like the ordinary birthday "post cards" but the best steel-engraved cards made, the same that are used by people of the very highest social standing. They are cards that you will be proud to send and your friends will be proud to receive and they will cherish them for years as souvenirs of a happy birthday anniversary.

We will send you this fine birthday box containing twelve beautiful birthday greeting cards, with envelopes to match, exactly as described above, if you will accept the following special offer.

Given To You! For only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50c, we will send you this box of twelve steel-engraved, colored birthday greeting cards with envelopes, free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8691.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Gent's Watch and Chain

Reward No. 7696

For A Club Of Six!

A WATCH that any man or boy may feel **proud** to carry, and an excellent timekeeper. It has a handsome polished **nickel case;** the movement is **American made, stem wind and stem set,** the **dial** is pure white with **large plain easily read figures.** We have already given away thousands of these watches and they never fail to please and satisfy. Now is the time for you to secure one of these guaranteed watches before the price of them goes up still further as it is pretty sure to do in the near future. We will send you this watch exactly as described, **together with a chain,** if you will accept the following

Club Offer. For a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed watch, also a handsome chain free by Parcel Post, prepaid. **Reward No. 7696. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**



Shaggy Teddy Bear

EVERY little boy and girl wants a Teddy Bear and here is an opportunity for every father or mother who reads COMFORT to get one without expense. "Teddy" is a plump, shaggy fellow, 10 inches tall, made of brown plush, carefully stitched and finished, and his head and legs are jointed in such a manner that you can place him in almost any position. He will stand up, sit down, stand on his head, walk on all fours, in fact he gets himself into all kinds of positions, so comical and lifelike that it makes the children scream with delight just to look at him. Teddy is so well made that he cannot easily become broken, and with ordinary care should last for years. We will send you Teddy free if you will accept the following special offer:

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Teddy Bear free and prepaid. **Reward No. 9992.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

12 Karat Gold Wedding Ring

New Oval Narrow Band Style

JEWELERS make a big profit on rings. When you pay the jeweler's price for a wedding ring, the chances are you get a ring that, so far as appearance and wearing qualities go, is no better than the one offered here. We buy direct from the manufacturer and add no profit—that's how we do it. This ring is the new popular narrow band style, made of **12-Karat Gold,** and we absolutely guarantee it **for 10 years.** As a matter of fact, it should last a lifetime. And please remember that it is a man's ring, as well as a woman's. This style is correct for both sexes and all ages. It can be had in all sizes from four to ten.



Reward No. 8933

If you want a handsome wedding ring—one that is absolutely right in quality and style and that you will have all your life—this is your opportunity to get it without a cent of expense. We are now giving these rings as a COMFORT premium and we shall send you one free and postpaid if you will accept the following special

Given To You! For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this guaranteed 12-Karat Gold Wedding Ring free by parcel post prepaid. **Please be sure to mention size wanted. Reward No. 8933.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Sizes 38 To 46

All The Season's Popular Colors



Stylish Shirt Waist

We Have Purchased a Quantity of These New Model Waists Especially for the Benefit Of Our Woman Readers! Send For Yours Before They Are All Gone!

BY buying direct from the manufacturer we are able to offer our women folks a real bargain in these handsome and serviceable shirt waists. They are of absolutely fast colored madras shirting with a neat pocket of the same material, a white repp roll collar and elastic waist-band. The colors are unusually pleasing, consisting of blue, black, lavender and green stripes on white ground. Three large white pearl buttons add a last distinctive touch to this waist which really is pretty enough to wear anywhere. When ordering be sure to mention size and color desired. The sizes run from 38 to 46 inclusive.

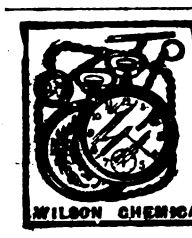
Given To You! For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you one of these attractive shirt waists free by parcel post prepaid. Please state size and color preferred. Reward No. 8184.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

MAKE MONEY AT HOME

YOU can earn from $1 to $2 an hour in your spare time writing show cards. Quickly and easily learned by our new, simple "Instructograph" method. No canvassing or soliciting; we teach you how, guarantee you steady work at home no matter where you live, and pay you cash each week.

Full particulars and Booklet Free.
AMERICAN SHOW CARD SCHOOL
238 Ryrie Building Toronto, Can



Watch and Chain Given This handsome GUARANTEED Watch, latest style GIVEN you for selling only 12 Boxes Famous White CLOVERINE at 25c. per box, returning $3. Large Beautiful Picture Free with each box. Our plan easiest and squarest. We are reliable. Established 28 years ago. Write today. We trust You. Be first.
WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. W510 Tyrone, Pa.



GIVEN this rich lustrous necklace of genuine Luxuria Pearls. Sell 12 boxes of Mentho-Nova. Return $3.00 to us and this beautiful necklace is yours. We trust you. Order today. Address
U. S. Supply Company, Dept. 14. Greenville, Pa.

Wear Absolutely Waterproof Steels



Cost less than leather, wear 3 to 6 times longer, are lighter, easier, stronger. Stop big shoe bills. Eliminate repair bills. Stop foot troubles. Prevent Colds, Rheumatism, Corns, Bunions. Keep feet warm and dry in snow, rain, mud, slush. Never change shape — comfortable always. Free Shoe Book Tells All. Write Today.
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STEEL SOLE SHOE CO., Dept. 34, Racine, Wis.

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If you wish to read intensely interesting stories send us a Postage Stamp with name and address for our pamphlet "Leaves of Fiction" containing excerpts of popular stories by popular writers. Simply send stamp. Address, F. G. WARNER CO., Inc., 68 Chambers Street, Dept. B, New York.

FLORIDA LAND. Orange, grapefruit, farms, chicken raising. Best land buy in United States. Ten acres $300, payable $10.00 down $10.00 per month REA BROS., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



The Family Doctor

The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be taken to your local doctor. Address, The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

MISS F. E. H., Atbol, Mass.—Electricity and massage would benefit you, if properly applied.

MRS. R. B. M., Makanda, Ill.—You can reduce your weight by dieting and exercise. On alternate days use one quart of skimmed milk, and on the other days avoid sweets and pastries and eat principally meats and those foods that are free from starch. Spray the nose with Dobell's solution and have the ears treated by some good ear specialist for the head noises.

MISS N. K., Brenham, Texas.—Oleo-resin of aspidium is the one best remedy for tapeworm. This remedy must be taken only under the advice and direction of your family physician.

MRS. B. D., Denver, Ohio.—In most cases sties are due to need of properly-fitting lenses. Better have your eyes examined under atropine by some good specialist and see if this will remedy the eye condition and the formation of sties. You can also apply to the lids at night a one per cent. ointment of yellow oxide of mercury.

MRS. J. S., Brookville, Ohio.—For high blood pressure take ten drops of a saturated solution of iodide of potassium, well diluted, after meals.

MRS. R. A. K., Columbus, La.—One of the latest remedies, and one of the most valuable ones, is succinate of soda tablets taken in five-grain doses after meals. This is probably the best medical treatment for gall-stones to date. You should also use all the olive oil you can digest with your meals.

MRS. L. L. O., Grandview, Wash.—The only way to be sure you have a tapeworm is to see a portion of the worm in the stools. If you find out in this way that you have a tapeworm, a remedy will be recommended for getting rid of the same.

MRS. I. O., Gonzales, Texas.—There is no known cure for tuberculosis. Change of climate, full diet, the use of some good arsenical preparation, and general hygienic conditions, are all that can be done in a given case.

MISS H. C. M., Richmond, Va.—Kindly give full name and address, if answer is expected in this department. Headaches, if due to functional disturbance, can be relieved by taking five-grain tablets of bromide of sodium after meals, keeping the bowels free, and eating only such foods as one has found will not cause formation of gas in the intestines. Headaches mostly are due to eyestrain. Have your eyes examined for correcting lenses.

MISS A. M., Aland, N. C.—The only remedy for the enlarged bones of your feet, due no doubt to faulty footwear, is to have some shoes made to order and thus avoid irritation and pressure due to poor-fitting shoes. Locally, you can apply, at night, a twenty per cent. ichthyol ointment.

MRS. A. M., Madisonville, Ky.—You got up too soon after being confined and are suffering from this indiscretion. You need a tonic. Take, after meals, well diluted, a tablespoonful of Basham's mixture. This tonic should help you in every way.

MRS. H. J., Glencoe, Minn.—Basham's mixture, which is indicated in your case, is an iron tonic that is very easily assimilated and has also a wholesome action on the kidneys. It should be made up fresh and kept on ice while being used, as it is unstable and easily sours. Cannot tell why doctors do not prescribe asafœtida pills, as they are very beneficial in all forms of nervousness, especially those due to "change of life." The name of ovarian substance will explain what it is. In two-grain capsules it is very useful in climacteric conditions.

MR. M. R. C., Woodville, Texas.—You have a chronic rheumatic condition. Keep the painful joints wet with a saturated solution of Epsom salts. Drink plenty of water, and take ten-grain tablets of sodium salicylate, well diluted, after meals.

MISS T. K., Healing Springs, Va.—The best and most satisfactory way of removing warts of any kind is by having them cauterized with the actual cautery. Trichlor. acetic acid will also remove them, but this remedy must be used with caution, as scarring may follow its use.

MISS G. C., Spiceland, Ind.—One who has goiter must avoid excitement of all kinds; rest in the recumbent position for long periods daily and take, internally, five drops of a saturated solution of iodide of potassium, well diluted. Of course the bowels must be kept free and only such foods eaten that are easily assimilated. Meats, and all protein foods, must be avoided also.

MRS. S. W. H., Chapala, Mo.—There is no sure cure for goiter. You might take a five-drop dose in water after meals, of a saturated solution of iodide of potassium for some weeks. Of course avoid excitement and rest in the recumbent position as much as possible.

MR. R. L. S., Starkey, Oregon.—Operation is indicated if the leg veins are very large and troublesome. In the meantime you can wear an elastic bandage during the day. Remove the bandage at night, always.

MRS. V. B. M., Mountain Air, New Mexico.—The heart trouble and the nervous jerking are both due to a nervous indigestion. Take, after meals, a five-grain asafœtida pill.

MRS. M. M. B., Kingston, N. Y.—Maybe you are asthmatic. If so, take a teaspoonful of pertussin after meals. Avoid sweets of all kinds and eat sparingly at all times. Also exercise in the open. Your other questions must be referred to other departments.

MRS. J. L. E., Daytona Beach, Fla.—To remove tapeworm, follow explicitly the following directions: The day before you take the remedy prescribed fast, eating only a small quantity of soup at night. Also take a good saline cathartic the first day. The following day take eight capsules of oleoresin aspidium as follows: four early in the morning and four one hour later. Be sure to remove the caps from the capsules before taking them. The quantity of the aspidium in the capsules should be sixty grains divided in eight capsules, or about seven grains to each capsule. Two hours after taking the capsules, take two tablespoonfuls of Epsom salts dissolved in a glass of hot water. If you feel faint, take a small cup of black coffee without milk or sugar. While undergoing the treatment you should remain in the recumbent position and also should have a nurse with you, or take the treatment under the direction of your family physician. This remedy and treatment will get rid of the worm in most cases.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30.)

Next year I shall have grades three and four, the same children that I had this year and I love every one of them.

Now for the rainy day. Why not have a Rainy Day Box for rainy days only? In it have material for carts made out of match boxes, hay wire, milk bottle tops or round pieces of cardboard; brads with two ends to bend back after putting into pasteboard. Also save walnut shells and glue onto cardboard that will bend but not break. When dry, show the children how to make dolls by painting faces with ink. Have clay pipes for soap bubbles. Make puzzles by pasting a pretty colored picture on cardboard and cutting into irregular shapes. Use putty for moulding objects. Fill a wooden box, six inches deep, with tight bottom, with sand. When this is dampened the boys like to make miniature farms like papa's, or a village, Indian wigwams, etc. Make the lake or brook of glass with blue paper under it.

I wish Worried Mother would read St. John, 8th chapter and 3rd verse to 13th, and First Cor., 13th chapter and put the word "love" in place of "charity."

I believe if we try to make someone happy every day that the blessing will be returned to us sometime. I especially like this verse:

"Cast your bread upon the water,
Ye who have but scant supply;
Angel eyes will watch above it,
You will find it by and by."

Best wishes to everybody.

MRS. MARGIE C. GOODRIDGE.

BAY CITY, MICH.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND THE COMFORT FAMILY:

I suppose I am in the wrong pew but I wish you would admit me for a few minutes.

If it wasn't that I was afraid of shocking the sisters of this corner I'd be tempted to use a few expressive words, after reading letter from Worried Mother.

Before going any further let me say if her son had been a man he would have married the girl and the mother would have accepted her as a daughter instead of giving her away to every reader of COMFORT. I'll wager quite a bit that her son was 95 per cent. to blame. A girl seldom goes wrong and then only on a promise of marriage and who wouldn't condemn the man that can't keep such a promise? If it wasn't for the wiles and ways of us men there would be few girls go wrong. I don't want the readers of this department to think that I am any worse than other men. Most of us are alike, if we would admit it, but if I made a promise I would make good at any cost.

A FRIEND TO THAT KIND OF A GIRL.

MAYBURG, PA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

We have had COMFORT in our home for a long time. This is my first attempt to write and I come for help.

I am to enter State Normal this fall and am puzzled as to what my wardrobe should be. I am fifteen years old, five feet, six inches tall and have a medium complexion.

I want something simple and serviceable.

No doubt some of the mothers who have daughters in school can help me. I will try and return the favor.

Sincerely, HAZEL HOGUE.

VERMONT.

HOWDY EVERYBODY:

May I step in for just a moment? I have been reading the letters since I was twelve years old (and that was ever so long ago) and this is the first time I have ventured to even knock.

I have just finished reading the letter by "Contented Wife" in March COMFORT and I felt that so long as I couldn't speak to her personally I should like to write my view on the question of teaching children at home before starting in school. By all means, do so! Tell them stories often. There are many good story books to be found. Teach them "Mother Goose Rhymes" and other good selections for little folks. Most children like Stevenson's "The Swing." Be sure they understand the meaning of this before they try to memorize it. As soon as the kiddies can handle scissors, help them to cut out pictures. This is a great help to secure control of the muscles needed later in writing. Tracing objects such as apples, flowers and animals helps to accomplish this also. If you start the children in reading, be sure to visit school first and acquaint yourself with the method being used and follow that one. It is confusing to the child to be started one way and then to be obliged to change. Personally, I prefer a phonic method. I think six years old is a good age for a child to begin school.

Parents, do you realize that your attitude towards the teacher has a great deal to do with the progress your child makes in school? Can you expect your child to respect a teacher whom you criticize in his presence? Even though you know she is wrong do not tell the child so.

Why do we not see letters from Vermonters? Surely, many must be able to tell us some interesting or helpful things.

Here's hoping Mrs. Wilkinson will not close the door in my face.

Most sincerely,
A friend and well-wisher of all,
"SCHOOL-MARMS."

KANSAS.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

I have taken COMFORT for years and always read every page of it. I find the recipes good and the letters interesting.

I wonder if the sisters can advise me in my trouble. I have been married seven years and have had happiness as well as trouble. My worst trouble is a disagreeable sister-in-law. She is one of those bossy women who thinks if things aren't done her way they aren't done right, unless the person happens to be well to do, then she is different. She has always tried to run our affairs and has practically told me, and told my husband, that I didn't know how to raise our children, a girl and a boy. They do many naughty little things and I try to correct them. Her child, a little girl, gets mad and rushes at the one with whom she is mad, scratching and kicking them, but her mother teaches her "not to let anyone put anything over on her," to use her own words. Everything I do is wrong and everything that happens is my fault and she has got my husband thinking the same way, therefore my life is becoming unbearable. I make mistakes, we all do, but there is never any excuse for me. If it weren't for our children I would leave. Sometimes I think it is because of the difference in religion. I am a Protestant and my husband and his folks are Catholics. We have had our children baptized and I attend church with him and keep their fast days with him but keep my own rights as to joining. That may not be the cause for my sister-in-law is disagreeable to those of her own faith unless they happen to have money. Friends and relatives have advised me to join her church but if I joined it would be for the sake of peace in the family and not because I believed and that seems like a sin to me. My husband and I have never had any quarrels over religion. I have tried to get him to move away but he won't do this. He thinks I should put up with it because we have a good home and it is near for his brothers to help him with his work. He doesn't see that it is ruining my life and the lives of our children. He and his people have endured her ways and have found it easier to give in than to assert their rights, but I think a woman should do as she pleases in her own home. I appreciate all his father and mother have done for us but I do resent his sister's interference. She always has tried to boss everyone's affairs.

I hope to receive some good advice from someone. Thank you for listening. TROUBLED.

HAWARDEN, R. R. 2, IOWA.

'LO EVERYONE:

A Southern sister opened the door real wide to come in so I skipped behind her.

COMFORT has been in our home for nearly twenty years and I read it from cover to cover and consider it a comfort indeed. Lately I've noticed that the critics (men writers) have been absent and I wonder why. Perhaps they've grown tired of criticizing the sisters. We must admit that they do criticize. Haven't I five brothers, and I ought to know.

In caring for ferns, water them only every third day, then the soil should be well soaked. Every six or eight weeks soak them with manure water.

To remove chewing gum from clothing, put a little kerosene in a basin of water, dip article in this until gum will roll up and come off, then wash in the regular way.

To remove indelible ink from cloth, put it in sweet milk and boil till all stain is removed, changing milk if necessary.

If you will launder your filet crochet inserts before sewing in material, they'll not pucker when the finished piece is laundered.

Now may I ask a favor?

I wish to hear from someone who can give me directions for making organdy flowers. Why not send them to be printed in COMFORT so all may see?

I am five feet, two inches tall, dark blue-grey eyes, medium brown curly hair and weigh 101 pounds and am between eighteen and twenty-two years of age.

A friend, MISS NAOMI LANSDOWNE.

EAST SUMNER, MAINE.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I am sure there is no other paper so good as COMFORT and I look forward each month to its coming.

I wish some of the sisters would write letters to our corner telling how they furnished their boy's room. I think boys should have a comfortable room of their own, where they can have their boy friends visit them and play as much as they like. I don't believe we can love children too much or be too good to them.

I am a little more than five feet tall and weigh 125 pounds. Have been married two and one-half years and am nineteen years old. We have a dear little baby boy, sixteen months old. He is all the world to us.

With best wishes to all,

MRS. ALICE J. RUSSELL.

MRS. RUSSELL.—Your inquiry should bring forth interesting letters for much can be written about furnishing a boy's room. The furniture should first of all be substantial and not so grand that scratches are regarded as a calamity. Boys can't remember to be careful and if they are obliged to have parlor manners all the time their room will lose much of its charm for them and defeat the purpose for which it was intended, that of making them happy and contented at home.—Ed.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

To remove iodine stains, wet cloth in cold water and hang beside fire until dry. The stains will have disappeared as if by magic by the time the cloth is dry. —MRS. M. B. BURKE, Rock Falls, Ill.

HOW TO WASH WOOL FLANNEL.—(Requested) Use lukewarm water, "neither cold nor hot." Use any good soap, make suds and wash as much as possible by dipping the material with the suds and squeezing with the hands. If very soiled and dirty I use the washboard and rub rather vigorously. Do not boil, but rinse thoroughly in clean, warm water without soap and dry indoors if in cold weather; otherwise, dry in air but out of direct rays of the sun.

HOW TO REMOVE SWEET PEAS OR GREEN FLY.—(Requested) Boil chewing tobacco in water and strain, dilute with about half water and spray the vines thoroughly with this tea. While vines are wet, sprinkle with soot from kitchen stove where wood has been burned. This acts as a fertilizer to a certain extent and there are a number of destructive insects that dislike it very much. This same treatment is fine for any plants or garden stuff.—MRS. GEORGE C. NEWMAN, Little Rock, Ark.

In packing cut flowers for shipment, line a cardboard box with several thicknesses of newspapers, dip flowers in water; wrap in wet paper, care being taken not to fold flowers or stems under, but use paper wide and long enough to fold over at ends. Place in box, cover with dry paper and they are ready for a long trip and will keep for days.

Mix a teaspoon of pulverized alum with stove polish to give the stove a high luster and one that will last a long while.

If the woman who wanted to know how to clean a velour coat will sponge it with borax and water, one teaspoonful of powdered borax to nearly a quart of water, she will be pleased with the result. Use a very soft sponge for the purpose.

To wash blankets, cut half a cake of soap into small pieces and dissolve in hot water. Pour this into enough cold water to cover the blankets, add two ounces of borax and let the blankets soak over night. In the morning squeeze the water from them and rinse thoroughly in cold water in which a little borax has been dissolved. Put through a second rinsing water, without borax, and then through bluing water.—N. R. BURDETTE, Reynolds Station, Ky.

Make extra money by learning to cut children's hair. —MRS. J. M. RILEY, Dunn, N. C.

Kerosene and salt are excellent for cleaning bathtubs and sinks.—MRS. E. A. SCHRADER, Springfield, 529 Homeview Ave., Ohio.

If feathers stick through the ticking, remove them and wash, starch and iron the ticking and note the results.—MRS. FANNIE MCCARROLL, Wilburton, Okla.

Shave a little laundry soap into the starch and the clothes will be easier to iron.—COUNTRY MISS, Elizabeth, W. Va.

Put a small piece of adhesive plaster on the finger when crocheting or sewing. This will keep the finger from getting pricked by the needle.—MRS. G. D. HAYNS, Sagerton, Texas.

Requests

I would like to secure a pattern for portieres in filet crochet.—MRS. OLON MAKADANZ, Ocheltree, Kans.

How to prepare barbecued meat and sauce.—MRS. ETHEL D. JOHNSON, Goodenow, Ill.

Wanted: To hear from people living in Idaho and Oregon, as to climate, work and whether there is a Salvation Army or Y. W. C. A. organizations MRS. FRANK BURKE, Philipsburg, Montana.

Will some reader of COMFORT please send me the poem, "Clock of Destiny," published in Richmond College Messenger about 1890.—MRS. ALICE HIDER, Milburn, Okla.

Will someone who has a copy of "Metcalf's Language Lessons, Part I," sell or loan it to me?—MRS. B. F. HARRISON, Webb, Box 181, Miss.

Different ways of preparing egg plant.

I wish to obtain all of John Esten Cook's and E. P. Roe's books, also "Barbara Heathcote's Trial." Write first.—MRS. JANET KIRKLAND, Savannah, 535 E. Broad St., Georgia.

Mrs. Hattie Bennett, Paris, Iowa, wishes postcard shower. Has been an invalid for three years.

I would appreciate old papers or magazines.—EMULA A. HENDRICK, Smithville, Ark.

To hear from someone who has taken a course in the American Showcard School.—ROSS ENDERS, Lebanon, Indiana.

Poem, "Training the Other Woman's Child."—MINNIE MANESSIER, Hamilton, R. R. 10, Ohio.

I would like to correspond with rural school teachers in other states, especially Tenn., W. Va., New Mex., Ariz., Mont., Colo., Wyo. and Idaho.—MISS JESSIE POWELL, Glasgow, Ky.

Will the COMFORT sisters please send me scraps of gingham for my COMFORT quilt.—MRS. MARY GORDON, Hale, Box 43, Mich.

The following wish copies of COMFORT. Write before sending paper.

Mrs. L. H. Crittenden, Eldorado, Ark., Dec., 1921, and January, 1922.

Mrs. E. Siebert, San Angelo, 232 S. Oak St., Texas, Jan. and Feb., 1921.

Miss Laura Blizzard, Emerson, N. C., Sept. 1921.

Louise Fuhrman, Manchester, R. R. 1, Iowa, February, 1921

Mrs. Clyde Londagin, Gentry, Ark. (Star Route), Dec., 1921, Jan., 1922.

Mrs. A. P. Horton, North Wilbraham, R. R. 1, Box 9, Mass., Jan. and Feb., 1921.

Mrs. Wilbur Marriott, Newtown, R. R. 1, Ohio, Jan., 1922.

Remedies

ASTHMA.—Steep a handful of wild plum bark in a quart of water. Boil down to one pint and add sugar to make a syrup. Dose: three or four tablespoonfuls during the day. This has cured me.—A LOYER OF COMFORT, Arcadia, Ind.

CORNS.—Paint corns with iodine to relieve soreness. —MRS. H. B. G., Stratton, Colo.

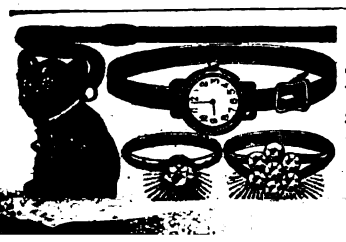
COLDS.—When you feel a cold coming on, take a teaspoonful of soda in a cup of hot water just before going to bed and another upon arising next morning. —MRS. C. H. JONES, Roseburg, Ore.

CROUP.—Shave or grate off one teaspoonful of alum and mix with two teaspoonfuls of sugar. Gives relief almost immediately.—MRS. RUBY ARTHUR, Huntington, W. Va.

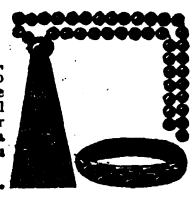
SNAKEBITE.—Beat or grind one large red onion to a pulp. Mix with one ounce of pulverized tobacco snuff and one teaspoonful of saltpeter. Place this on the bite made by the snake, and renew every two or three hours. Make a poultice of one pound of table salt, by putting salt in a bag and keeping it wet with water, and if bite is on feet or legs, apply between bite and body. Give the patient any kind of light nourishment that is easily digested. This has never failed to effect a cure for either man or beast. Apply immediately. —MRS. M. C. MCNABB, Terrell, Box 58, North State Hospital, Texas.



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This means just what it says. I don't want your money. This is a true offer and I positively mean what I say. I give the house FREE, and if you don't own a lot, I will arrange for the lot for you. This is your chance to free yourself from the landlord's clutches. Rush me your name and address quick for a big picture and full description and plans of the home. You risk nothing. PAY ME NOTHING NOW OR ANY TIME. Remember, I do not want any of your money. The house is FREE. Address
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30 Days' Trial Free

We will prove its value in your own case. There is no reason why you should not accept our offer. The photographs show how light, cool, elastic and easily adjusted the Philo Burt Appliance is — how different from the old torturous plaster, leather or steel jackets.



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Fitted at your home for less than half the old time price. No trip to the City or Optician. Can fit any one, so perfectly that no one need know you ever bought or wear an Artificial Eye. As different to the old style as daylight and dark are opposite. Write for booklet mailed free sealed. **Help others. Mail this ad to an eye wearer. It's a $50 favor to that person who might not see the ad.**

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We Guarantee Your Comfort

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Save Your Teeth Before It Is Too Late

Amosol—The New Scientific Discover, kills Pyorrhea germs and heals gums quickly. Guaranteed. Sore or bleeding gums and loose teeth, sure signs of dangerous Pyorrhea, lead to loss of teeth, Rheumatism, Neuritis, etc. Send for

Free Trial Treatment

Write Today. Thousands are sending. Stop Pyorrhea Now. Delays are dangerous. Simply send name and address and say:—"I want to Try Amosol."

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A BOON TO WOMANKIND

Made from the purest, softest rubber. Six cups or faces render misplacement absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Send us $2.50 and we will mail you one postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Write for descriptive circular. It's FREE.

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All Given

This stylish Wrist Watch guaranteed 5 years or this Big Real Eastman Camera given for selling two lots of 20 beautiful colored Art and Religious Pictures at 10c each. Order pictures today. This Gem Set Ring with firey brilliancy of costly Diamond also given as special extra prize for promptness.





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THIS AIR RIFLE FREE

For selling 15 pckgs. Bluine at 10c. a pckg. Life first-class in every way. When sold return our $1.50 and we will send rifle, all postage prepaid.

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AGENTS WANTED who wear Leg. Good Pay. FREE Fibre Sample. DESCRIBE STUMP TO
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MAKE MONEY SELLING GLASSES
Prescriptions filled — Broken lenses duplicated.
Send for Catalog. COULTER OPTICAL CO., Dept. B, Chicago

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

stove; but for anybody who likes the game of woodland lovemaking, Colorado, I'm sure, can furnish the best of home grounds.

I was sorry to hear you could not speak or read Chinese, Earl. I was going to send you a laundry check I have been patiently holding for fourteen years. This was given me by a wily Oriental in Hancock Street who disappeared overnight with three boiled shirts of mine, nine collars and some assorted socks. I thought the pink slip, if translated, might tell me his name and what part of China he hailed from. I would like to write him about this or see him if possible. He had a complexion resembling an unstarched and scorched neckband and eyes that ran down a slope of forty degrees into a nose like a window-wedge. His hair was black and rather stringy and he tied it up in back with a blue cord. You would recognize him by this description. Do you remember seeing a chap like this about the streets of Shanghai, Earl? I want to get track of him and argue a little about his rapid way of moving about.

I hope you enjoyed your view from the top of the Pyramids, Earl, and that you chatted a bit with the Sphinx. Well, you have a pretty good sort of a pyramid right to home now in Pike's Peak—and it is a darn sight cooler to climb. When you write us again tell us about the Fiji Islanders and if the girls there bob their hair. We expect good stories from our globe-trotting cousins to cheer our stay-at-home ears, Earl. So pick up your mudhook again and spin us a yarn or two.

STANWOOD, ROUTE 1, BOX 84 A, WASH.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Throw a ladder over the side and I will come aboard and spin my yarn. Sounds salty, does it not? When I said ladder I meant a Jacob's or accommodation ladder such as big ships have aboard.

It's best to describe myself as I am a new cousin. I was born in Norway 23 years ago, am five feet, ten inches tall and weigh about 175 pounds. Like the Vikings of old, I am blond with fair hair and have blue eyes. I speak, read and write the Norwegian language fluently. I would like to hear from cousins who write Scandinavian.

I have read COMFORT for many years. I may write again about my travels to Europe, the Hawaiian Islands or the Orient.

Who celebrates his or her birthday on the same day as myself—October 5th? I shall be 24 years old then, the oldest of six boys and one girl. Some yarn! Best regards to all from

Your new cousin, BERGER CHRISTENSEN.

Come right up on the bridge, Berger, and have a first look over our big ship, the U. S. COMFORT and her crew of Cousins. The Jacob's ladder is always down and we're always ready to listen to the spinning of yarns.

Yours is a sea-going race, Berger, if ever there was one and your Viking blood must be uneasy when you are living where the dust blows. Your native country has a glorious history of which too little is known, I think. That the Scandinavian countries keep out of the newspaper headlines today speaks for their own peace, happiness and prosperity. The governments of Norway and Sweden seem to think that people can live successfully without fretting about the ownership of oil fields, Russian concessions, chunks of China or the bossing of darker races. I believe our virile, self-contained people to be the healthiest and happiest of the European nations. So I say, "Skoal to the Vikings!"

You must sing us a saga or two some day, Berger, of your cruises in the Orient, to these south countries so far from your own northland in customs and tradition. I'll give you a good place on the bridge and gather all the crew about to hear.

VIVIAN, LOUISIANA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

I was just reading the COMFORT and thought I would write to dear old Uncle—or dear young Uncle, just either one. I don't care if you are 300 years old. I'm only just sixteen and I feel like 45 tonight.

I will describe myself to you: I have blonde hair, gray-blue eyes fair complexion and am four feet, nine inches tall. I weigh 125 pounds. So you can imagine I'm rather cute and attractive.

Uncle Lisha, we have taken COMFORT for six months and I sure like it.

I will tell you how this place looks: We live in front of the Bayou. Through the spring and summer the trees are always so pretty. I always long for the warm weather. I wish you would come to see me and we would walk over the mountain near the Bayou. Oh, we would have a nice time!

Now I will change the subject and tell you all about my school. Oh, I can't tell you much about school, for I've quit. I had to do all the work here and I wish you would come over and help me, for a girl only sixteen ought not to have anything to do at all. I sure hope my letter will be printed.

Your niece, DOLL S.

I think you are very unfeeling, Doll S. You may not care if I am 300 years old, but I certainly do. I don't want to be 300 years old at all and I'm sure you would not love me as much if I had put three centuries behind me and had to hobble lamely when we hiked over the mountain above the Bayou. Also I don't think it's fair for you to pick out any such advanced age for me and at the same time keep yourself down to such a comparatively juvenile number of years as forty-five. I have done my best, Doll, to imagine you as "cute and attractive" as possible, but it is hard for me to think of a forty-five year old doll as being real cute.

You did not tell us just what made you grow from 16 to 45 so quickly, Dolly, and why you picked out so grouchy and ancient an evening to write your letter. Perhaps it has all come about from this strange heresy of yours that a girl of sixteen should not "do anything at all." Of course I don't want you to work all the time or too hard, Doll, but there are plenty of useful and happy things a girl of sixteen can—and should do—besides looking out on the Bayou and the green trees and thinking of celebrating her forty-fifth birthday. Just let your hands keep busy and your heart will be lighter. You may not be so cute, but I'm willing to bet any sane Louisiana jury would declare you more attractive. I'm willing to go down and help you, Dolly, you poor little 45-year-old, but I won't agree to do all the work while you just naturally don't "do anything at all."

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for September

"Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these you have done it unto Me."

Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Every month brings to me many letters which disregard this simple and necessary rule. Appeals unaccompanied by the references required will be destroyed.

Henry J. Summit, Sims, Montgomery Co., Ark. This father of a large family has been crushed to poverty and overwork through serious illness of children and himself. A well-recommended case where second-hand clothing or cash will ease sick and burdened shoulders. J. M. Brown, Chattanooga, 1105 Market St., Tenn. Age and consequent ill health have made this poor old man an object of charity. He would support himself if he could. Let's help him now that he cannot help himself. Miss Callie D. Barefoot, Four Oaks, Box 66, R. R. 2, N. C. References testify that this poor woman has been confined to bed or a chair for thirty-five years. She has struggled hard to aid herself. Physically her case is hopeless, so aid her with cheer and financial hope. Mrs. J. L. Minter, Sandy Level, Va. Helpless day after day on a lonely bed of pain, this woman asks for help or cheer of any sort to make her lot easier. Walter Blackman, Imperial, Nebr. A crippled boy of nineteen years who seeks aid to get medical attention. If he can get help it should not be withheld from him. Mrs. Elizabeth Parlier, N. C. Her daughter struggles to support this worthy sufferer who asks that the "hard places be made easier" for her. Second-hand clothing or anything else will be welcomed. Mrs. Sadie Williams, Huntingburg, Ind. A widow supporting as best she can three small children—the oldest but seven. Any help that comes to this woman before winter sets in will aid her through the struggle she fears. Mrs. Bertha Mulliner, Grand Junction, Colo., sends an earnest letter expressing gratitude to all who sent help and cheer.

Again we have urgent calls and painful needs this month. Many of these poor sufferers send letters that would melt the hardest of hearts—even if we had any hard ones among our Big and Helpful Family. Give clothing, cash or cheer. Every word, dime or dollar you send counts—and just how much it may count we cannot really understand, we who are not in pain nor shut away from the happy workaday world.

Lovingly,

Uncle Lisha

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

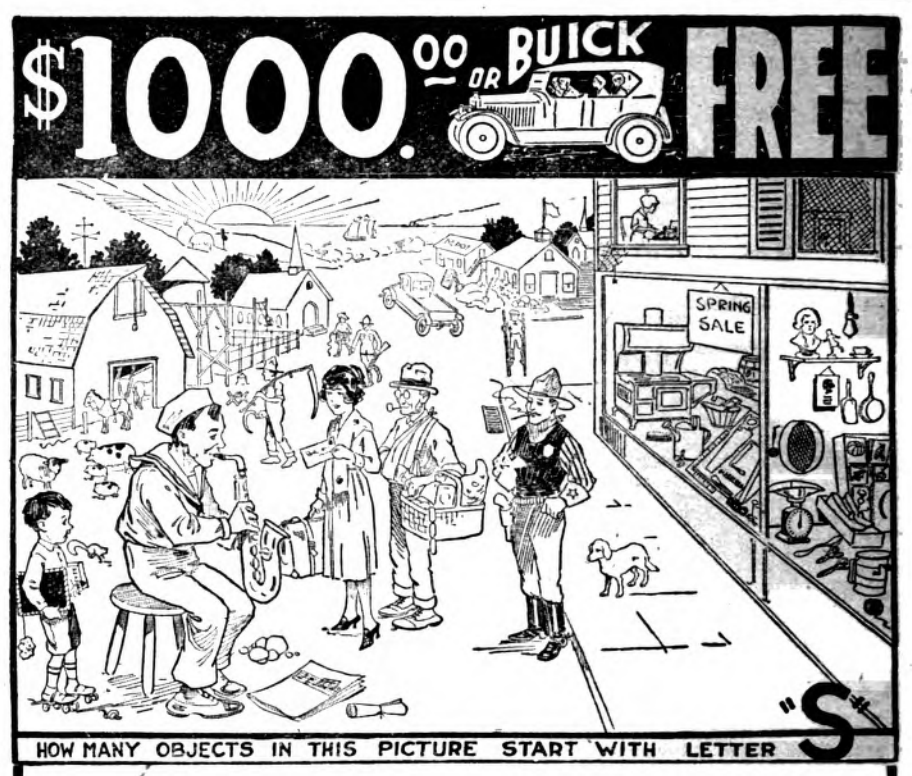
Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C.," a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

How to become a Member

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.



BARRELS OF FUN!

Try This Puzzle: Three $1,000 Prizes

How's your eyesight? Can you find more than a dozen objects in the puzzle picture starting with "S," like stool, sun, stove, etc? Get a pencil and paper and see how big a list you can make up. Send it in —YOU MAY WIN $1,000 CASH OR 1923 BUICK.

How to Win $1,000.00

There will be three $1,000 prizes. If your list of words is awarded first, second or third prize, and you have "qualified" under Class "A" by ordering two Silver or one Gold Pencil for $5 (introductory price) you will win $1,000; if you order only one Silver Pencil for $3 you would win $300; if no pencils have been ordered you would win $25.

These people each won $1,000: Mrs. Ella Phillips, Clifton, Col.; Mrs. Hiram Elliott, Lakemont, N. Y.; Walter Rice, Tenstrike, Minn.; Mrs. O. R. Steele, Kimball, Neb.; M. Gould, Blackfoot, Idaho; R. D. O. Johnson, Palmyra, N. Y.; Mrs. B. Bulfin, Milwaukee, Wis.; Edw. J. Kilkelly, Kenosha, Wis.

Memo Book Special Prize!

Each day during this advertising campaign a souvenir prize — a handy little memo book—will be awarded to the 5 persons sending in the 5 best "S"-word lists.

$4,000 IN PRIZES

Prizes	Class "A"	Class "B"	Class "C"
1st	$1,000.00	$300.00	$25.00
2nd	1,000.00	300.00	25.00
3rd	1,000.00	300.00	25.00
4th	300.00	100.00	10.00
5th	100.00	30.00	5.00
6th to 10th	25.00	15.00	4.00
11th to 15th	10.00	7.50	3.00
16th to 25th	7.50	5.00	2.00
26th to 50th	5.00	3.00	1.00

Class "A"—Prize if you order $5 pencil
Class "B"—Prize if you order $3 pencil
Class "C"—Prize if you buy no pencil
Prize Gifts on Deposit at Republic State Bank, Minneapolis

RULES

1. Whoever sends in the largest number of words which correctly name the objects shown in the picture starting with "S," will be awarded first prize, and so on down the list of 50 free prizes. One point will be allowed for each correct word, and one point deducted for each incorrect word or omission of a correct word.
2. In case of ties for any prize offered, the full amount of each prize tied for will be awarded to each tying contestant. The list winning the first prize will be published at the close of the contest. Enlarged copy of picture will be furnished on request.
3. Use only words found in Webster's International Dictionary. Your solution must not include hyphenated, obsolete, compound (words made up of two complete English words) or foreign words.
4. It is permissible to name either singular or plural, but both cannot be used. Synonyms and words of same spelling but different meaning will count only one, but any part of an object can be named.
5. All solutions mailed and postmarked September 30, 1922, will be accepted. Contestants may "qualify" up to midnight, October 14, 1922.
6. Write words on one side of paper only, numbering each 1, 2, 3, 4, etc.
6. Three prominent people of Minneapolis will act as judges. Their decision must be accepted as final and conclusive.
8. Anyone living outside of Minneapolis may compete for the free Prizes except employees or their relatives of the Henber Company.

Advertising Campaign for Henber Pencils

We want every man, woman and child to become acquainted with the Henber Silver and Gold Pencils, the most useful of all writing appliances. You will like the Henber Pencil, it is fully guaranteed. Henber Pencils make most suitable gifts for every occasion.

Lady's and Gent's Style The illustration above shows our Sterling Silver style of pencils (regular $3.50 now $3 or two for $5, Lady's or Gent's). The $5 gold (Lady's or Gent's) comes in Colonial Hexagon shape. The barrel is beautifully chase engraved. The Henber has many distinctive features: repelling lead device; safety clasp; non-clogging mechanism; lightness of pencil, etc.

You'll Never Win Unless You Try!

If you don't try, you don't win. There's $4,000 in prizes—50 IN ALL. Think how wonderful it would be to win $1,000 in a few weeks—to spend for fine clothes, traveling or just as your heart desired. Don't delay sending in your list of "S"-words—do it right away. You will never be sorry; this is your opportunity—ACT!

The Henber Co., Dept. 27, Minneapolis, Minn.

Missing Relatives and Friends

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT reopens the "Missing Relatives' and Friends' column.

To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will secure only one new yearly subscriber to COMFORT at 50c. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column by securing only one new subscription at 50c. If a longer notice is required send one 50c subscription for each additional seven words.

Information wanted of Calla White or Effa White, her daughter, last heard from at Brinkley, Ark., four years ago. They have an estate left them at Bokoshe, Okla., by their stepfather.

Anyone knowing Douglas S. Satterfield, light hair, blue eyed, tall, formerly of Nunnelly, Tenn., please write his daughter, Beatrice Satterfield, Beans Creek, Tenn.

Mrs. Neville Lindsey, Logansport, La., would like to hear from anyone knowing the address of her three children, John Abner, age 20, Carl Abner, age 18, and Loettie Abner, age 15. Last heard of John and Loettie they were at Herbert City, Texas. Anyone having this information will confer a great favor by writing to their mother.

Myrtle Reid (Smith) would like to know the whereabouts of her mother, Lavesta Smith, last heard from in Eagle Grove, Wright County, Iowa. Any information about her mother will be gratefully received by Muriel Sinclair, Monroe, Oregon.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Mrs. Katie E. Nash or son, Earl Nash, kindly write to Mrs. Frank Ellsworth, Gray, Ky.

Japanese Walnut Makes Valuable Tree for Shade

The Japanese walnut offers possibilities for landowners who are seeking to plant nut trees for shade or other purposes, say specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture. It is nearly as hardy as the black walnut and is by no means uncommon in Northern and Eastern States, where it is especially appropriate for farm and dooryard planting. For the present, seedling trees will have to be relied upon almost entirely, as very few budded or grafted trees are available.

This nut has been confused with the Persian or so-called English walnut, although the two are quite unlike. The Japanese is a dwarfish species, with dull green rough leaflets, often as many as 15 or 17 to the leaf, and bears nuts in racemes of a dozen or more.

The shells are thinner than those of the black walnut, but thicker than those of the better Persian walnuts. The flavor of the kernels is much like that of the American butternut.



The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities

Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.



AGENTS WANTED

Agents—90c an hour to advertise and distribute samples to consumer. Write quick for territory and particulars. Albert Mills, Gen. Mgr., 6821 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

We Start You In Business, furnishing everything; men and women, $30 to $100 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories" home anywhere. Booklet free. W. Hillyer Ragsdale, Drawer 5, East Orange, N. J.

Agents—Write for big soap offer. Quick Seller, Big Money Maker. Ho-Ro-Co, 131 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

We Start You without a Dollar. Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes—Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., Dept. 131, St. Louis.

Agents: $50 a week taking orders for guaranteed hosiery for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. All styles and finest line of silk hose. Write for sample outfit. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 219, Dayton, Ohio.

Greatest Sensation! Eleven-piece soap and toilet set, selling like blazes for $1.75 with $1.00 dressmaker's shears free to each customer; other unique plans all repeaters. 100% profit. E. M. Davis Co., Dept. 605, Chicago.

Agents—$15 a day—Easy quick Sales—Free Auto—Big weekly Bonus—$1.50 premium Free to every customer. Simply show our Beautiful, 7 piece, Solid Aluminum Handle Cutlery Set. Appeals instantly. We deliver and collect. Pay daily. New Era Mfg. Co., 803 Madison St., Dept. 32-C, Chicago.

$5 to $15 Daily Easy—Your pay in advance — introducing New Style Guaranteed Hosiery. Must wear or replaced free. No capital or experience required. Just show samples, write orders. We Deliver and Collect. Elegant outfit furnished. All colors and grades including silks and heathers. Mac-O-Chee Mills Co., Desk 549, Cincinnati, O.

300% Profit: Easy Seller. Kleanrite. Washes Clothes Without Rubbing. Samples Free. Bestever Prod. Co., 1945-W Irving Park, Chicago.

Sell Minitmend For Tires And Tubes—cost 2c. repair: surpasses vulcanizing, saves 500%. Every auto and accessory dealer buys. Profits amazing. Shaw made $21 first day. Hart $155 first week. Particulars and free sample. The Colonial Rubber Co., Dept. 96, Philadelphia, Pa.

Large Shirt Manufacturer wants Agents to sell complete line of shirts direct to wearer. Exclusive patterns. Big values. Free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

Agents: A sale in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks and General Yard Goods. Quick sales! Big profits! Large book of nearly 1000 handsome fabric samples. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. 24X, 573 Broadway, New York.

$195 Earned by Schleicher in first twelve hours. Self-selling proposition establishes new money-making records. Automatic hot or cold running water bath equipment without plumbing or waterworks, only $7.50. Exclusive territory. Investigate. Send no money. Terms Write today. Allen Mfg. Co., 685 Allen Bldg., Toledo, O.

Free Samples Rolly's Washday Wonder—New Chemical Dirt Solvent—Harmless—No Rubbing. $100 weekly—enormous profits repeat orders. Rolly Co., D1, Hastings, Nebr

Tailoring Agents—We've got a wonderful line of all wool tailored to order suits and overcoats to retail at $29.50. They're all one price. $20 cheaper than store prices. You keep deposits, we deliver and collect. Protected territory for hustlers. Write J. B. Simpson, Dept. 157, 831-843 W. Adams, Chicago.

Extra Money—Women or men sell widely advertised, guaranteed hairnet, in wonderfully attractive package; big profits; constant repeats. Send $1.50 for 2 doz. sample assortment. Money back if you don't sell. L. Seehof, Suite 309-C, 229 Fourth Ave., New York.

No Dull Times Selling Food—people must eat. Federal distributors make big money; $3,000 yearly and up; No capital or experience needed; guaranteed sales; unsold goods may be returned. Your name on packages builds your own business. Free Samples to customers—Repeat orders sure: Exclusive territory. Ask Now! Federal Pure Food Co., Dept. 51, Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED

Everybody uses Extracts. Sell Duo Double Strength Extracts. Complete line necessities. Write today. Duo Co., Dept. E 41, Attica, N.Y.

Wonderful Seller. 96c profit every dollar sales. Deliver on spot. License unnecessary. Sample Free. Mission Bead Factory C, 2421 Smith St., Detroit, Mich.

A Business of Your Own—Make sparkling glass name plates, numbers, checkerboards, medallions, signs; big illustrated book Free. E. Palmer, 504, Wooster, O.

Your chance to make Big Money silvering mirrors, auto reflectors, metalplating. Outfit furn. Write for particulars. International Laboratories, Dept. D6, 309 5th Ave., New York.

We Want Men taking orders for Insyde Tyres. Positively prevent punctures and blowouts. Give double tire mileage—any tire, old or new. Use over and over again. Old worn out casings give 3 to 5 thousand miles more service. Enormous demand. Low priced. Spare time or full time $6 to $12 a day. Write for agency. American Accessories Co., B-520, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Agents! Centuries Sensational Seller! Joy-Jel "jells" all fresh, canned or dried fruit juices like magic, summer or winter. Joy-Jel Company, St. Joseph, Mo.

Agents—Big money $8 to $16 a day. Aluminum handle cutlery set. Brand new. You display and take orders. We deliver and collect. Pay you daily. Sample free. Try it out. Jennings Mfg. Co., Dept. 1623, Dayton, Ohio.

Agents the Christensen Double Cone Mop Wringer rubs, scrubs, mops clean. Sold by H. K. Christensen Mfg. Co., Ft. Atkinson, Wis.

Ambitious men, write today for attractive proposition, selling subscriptions to America's most popular automobile and sportsman's magazines. Quick sales. Big profits. Pleasant work. Digest Pub. Co., 9525 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

Agents—New Invention. Harper's Ten-Use brush set and fibre broom. It sweeps, washes and dries upstairs windows, scrubs and mops floors and does 5 other things. Big profits; easy seller. Free trial offer. Harper Brush Works, Dept. A, Fairfield, Iowa

Agents: Big profits, no competition. Make $5.00 to $15 daily selling our beautiful Scripture Text Calendars. Agents now selling from 10,000 to 50,000 yearly. Write now. Messenger Pub. Co., Dept. 102, 314 W. Superior St., Chicago, Ill.

We Want Men And Women Who Are Desirous of Making $25.00 to $200.00 Per Week Clear Profit from the start in a permanent business of their own. Mitchell's Magic Marvel Washing Compound washes clothes spotlessly clean in ten to fifteen minutes. One hundred other uses in every home. Nothing else like it. Nature's mightiest cleanser. Contains no lye, lime, acid or wax. Free Samples make sales easy. Enormous repeat orders—300% profit. Exclusive territory. We guarantee sale of every package. Two other "sight sellers" and sure repeaters give our agents the fastest selling line in the country. No capital or experience required. Baker, Ohio, made $600 last month. You can do as well. Send for Free Sample and proof. L. Mitchell & Co., Desk 66, 1302-1314 E. 61st, Chicago, Ill.

Agents $3.00 to $5.00 an Hour. Full or spare time. Commissions in advance, no delivering or collecting. Turner $72 first week. Mrs. Thomas averages $35 week spare time. New line combination coats going great. Every man, woman and child prospect. Outfit and sample coat free. Write now. Liberty Mfg. Co., 120 Liberty Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.

Agents earn $10.00—$15.00 daily selling our attractive novelties and toilet articles Wonderful proposition. Write for samples. Lee-Jackson Co., Avondale 1, Cincinnati, Ohio.

General Agents. Something new. Whirlwind seller. "Repeat" washing powder. Washes clothes without rubbing. Women throw away washboards. Big profits. Exclusive territory. Write today free package. Kittredge Co., 2 Putnam St., Tunkhannock, Pa.

Territory Salesmen. First popular price Fire extinguisher ever made. Retail $5. Others cost $15. Every home, office or factory can be sold. One man sold 12,000 in Dayton. Peck cleaning up in Detroit. $90 a week. No capital. No experience. Territory going fast. Write Thurston Mfg. Co., 117 Foe St., Dayton, Ohio.

Agents: New Reversible Raincoat — Not sold in stores. Two coats in one. Guaranteed waterproof or money back. You take orders. We pay you daily. No experience necessary. Sample furnished. Parker Mfg. Co., 717 Rue St., Dayton, Ohio.

Make $50 to $75 weekly selling our complete line guaranteed hosiery and silk knitted neckties. Whole or spare time. Samples Free. Pennsylvania Hosiery Mills, 20 So. 17th St., Phila., Pa.

AGENTS WANTED

Be successful Agent! Free sample outfit—worth $2.25. "Quality" beauty preparations. Make big money. Extensive line. Established 60 years. Lynas Co., 200 Logansport, Ind.

Agents—Six new fast selling necessities, big demand, unique selling plan, makes dollar an hour, credit given, samples free. Consolidated Portrait Co., Desk H, Chicago.

Aladdin's Magical Polishing Cloth. New. Every home buys. Sales guaranteed. You cannot lose. Repeats. Big profits. Make $60.00 weekly. Free sample. Aladdin Mfg. Co., 9 S. Clinton, Dept. 60, Chicago.

Agents. Sell rich looking 36x68 imported Rugs, $1 each; Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 days, profit $57; you can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid, $1.39. E. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

Make $5000 every year—$2000 in spare time. You share profits besides. Show "Weather Monarch" Raincoats and Waterproofed Overcoats. Ask about "Duol Coats" (No. 999). Free raincoat for your own use. Associated Raincoat Agents Inc., C 444 North Wells, Chicago.

Cigar Factory Wants Salesmen. Full time of side line. Previous experience unnecessary, as we give complete instructions. J. H. Hargrave & Co., Chatham, Va.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

$6-$18 a dozen decorating pillow tops at home; pleasant work; experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 104, LaGrange, Ind.

Ladies—Earn Money Crocheting, Tatting, making aprons and caps. Material furnished. Patterns and plans 35c. Send remittance now. Returned if desired. Kenwood Pattern Co., 6238 So. Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.

At Once; 5 bright, capable ladies to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. $40 to $75 a week. R. R. fare paid. Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 82, Omaha, Nebr.

Women;-Learn Hair Dressing. Start Beauty Parlors. Sample lesson free. Write Franklin Institute, Dep't G792, Rochester, N. Y.

Earnest, refined women wanted to introduce Priscilla Fabrics, Hosiery, Underwear, etc. Easy, pleasant work. Good pay. Samples, instructions furnished. Write Fitzcharles Co., 404 Fitzcharles Bldg., Trenton, N. J.

Women wanted.—Government positions. $92 month. List positions free. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. H9, Rochester, N. Y.

Women—Girls. Learn Dress Designing. $35 week. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. H501, Rochester, N. Y.

Girls, women. Learn Millinery Designing-Making. $35 week. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. H800, Rochester, N. Y.

STAMPING NAMES

Stamp Names on key checks. Make $19 per 100. Send 25c for sample and inst. Either Sex. C. Keytag Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Photoplay Ideas Wanted By 48 Companies. $25-$500 paid. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Producers League, 311, St. Louis.

AUTOMOBILES

Automobile Mechanics, Owners, Garagemen, Repairmen, send for free copy America's Popular Motor Magazine. Contains helpful instructive information on overhauling, ignition wiring, carburetors, batteries, etc. Automobile Digest 525 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

$35.00 Profit Nightly. Small capital starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used, endorsed by Govt. institutions. Cat. free. Atlas Moving Picture, 471 Morton Bldg., Chicago.

POULTRY

Baby Chicks; 8c up. 1,000,000 for 1922. 12 Pure breeds. Catalog free. Booth Hatchery, Box X-98, Clinton, Mo.

STORY WRITERS WANTED

Authors:—Stories, poems, photo plays etc. are wanted for publication. Submit Mss. Literary Bureau, C4, Hannibal, Mo.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

Patents—Write for free Guide Book, and Evidence of Conception Blank. Send model or sketch and description for free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest References. Prompt Service. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 641 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Inventors—Desiring to secure patent should write for our book, "How To Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for opinion of its patentable nature. Randolph & Co., Dept. 112, Washington, D. C.

Patents—Send for free book. Contains valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for Free Opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service. (Twenty years' experience). Talbert & Talbert, 402 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Patents Promptly procured. Moderate Fees. Best References. Send Sketch or Model. George P. Kimmel, Master of Patent Law, 27-L, Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.

MALE HELP WANTED

All men, women, boys, girls, over 18, willing to accept Government Positions, $133, write immediately, Ozment, 104, St. Louis.

Be a Railway Traffic Inspector! $110 to $250 monthly, expenses paid after 3 months' spare-time study. Splendid opportunities. Position guaranteed or money refunded. Write for Free Booklet G-5. Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

Boys—men. Become Automobile experts. $45 week. Learn while earning. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. H410, Rochester, N. Y.

Government needs Railway Mail Clerks, $133 to $192 month. Write for free specimen questions. Columbus Institute, A-2 Columbus, O.

Firemen, Brakemen, Baggagemen, Sleeping car, train porters (colored). $140-$200. Experience unnecessary. 828 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

MICH. FARM LANDS FOR SALE

Good Farm Lands! Near thriving city in Mich. 20, 40, 80 acre tracts. $15 to $35 per acre. Easy terms. Write for Free booklet. Swigart Land Co., C-1246 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Chicago

MAIL ORDER BUSINESS

$30 A Week, Evening—I made it, mail order business. Booklet for stamp, sample 25c. I trust you for $3.00. A. C. Scott Cohoes N. Y.

FARMS FOR SALE

$500 Secures 105-Acre Farm, 8 Cows and heifers, horses, tools included; 8-room house, barn, poultry house. Only $2050, ¾ down. Page 298 Free Catalog. Strout Farm Agency, 150 BG Nassau St., New York City.

Want to hear from owner having farm for sale; give particulars and lowest price. John J. Black, Comfort St., Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin.

INVENTIONS

Inventions wanted on cash or royalty basis. Patented or unpatented. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 91 St. Louis, Missouri.

HELP WANTED

$92-$190 month. Men—women, over 17. Government Clerical Jobs. Steady. List positions free. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. H12, Rochester, N. Y.

Government Clerical Positions Open to men, Women, Girls 18, over, Postoffice, Railway Mail, Departmental. Other Positions. Good salary. Experience unnecessary. Examination soon. Full particulars Free. Write Columbia School Civil Service, 464 Pope Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Men, women, over 18, desiring Govt. positions, write immediately. Chicago Civil Service College, Dept. K, Kesner Bldg., Chicago.

Stop Daily Grind. Start Silvering Mirrors, Auto headlights, tableware, etc. Plans free. Clarence Sprinkle, Dept. 99, Marion, Indiana.

REAL ESTATE WANTED

Farm Wanted, Give full description and price. Will deal with owner only. R. E. Leaderbrand, B-460, Cimarron, Kansas.

PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES

Wanted—Men and women ambitious to make money writing Stories and Movie Plays. Send for wonderful Free Book that tells how. Address Authors' Press, Dept. 31, Auburn, N Y.

Big Money in Writing photoplays, stories, poems, songs. Send today for Free copy America's leading writer's magazine, full of helpful advice on writing and selling. Writer's Digest, 609 Butler Building, Cincinnati.

PHOTO FINISHING

Special Trial Offer. Your next Kodak film developed 5c. Prints 2c each. Moser & Son, 2122 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, O.

Better Pictures—Your kodak film developed 4c—prints 4c each. Remember—Satisfaction or money back. Cameron Photo Co., C-3418 Burch Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Kodak Finishing. Not the cheap way, but the most reliable. Our Quality Work insures best prints from every negative. Get particulars and List of Prizes. Send us your orders. Moen Photo Service, 15-A, LaCrosse, Wisconsin.

Kodak Prints: 3c, postcards 5c, development 5c. "Quality and service." Altine Photo Co., Dept. A, 1982 Kinney, Cincinnati, O.

Films developed 5c roll—prints 3c each. Not ordinary kind—special studio finished. Reliable Studio, Station D, Cincinnati, O.

Trial Order. Mail us 20c with any size film or six negatives for development and six velvet prints. 24-hour service. Get premium list. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 228 Bell, Roanoke, Va.

World's Finest kodak photo new art style. Entirely different, never seen before. Roll dev. 5c, prints 2c each. Malden Art Co., 5 Cin., O.

HELP—MALE & FEMALE

Earn $25 Weekly, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Press Syndicate, 451, St. Louis, Mo.

Government Positions Are Fine: $1400, $1600, $1800 at start, up to $2300 and $2600. Exams everywhere. Write Today for full information. Patterson Civil Service School, Box K, Rochester, N. Y.

SALESMEN WANTED

Only One Policy A Day Means $130 Per month profit; same on renewals. Policy pays $5,000 Death; $25 weekly benefit for injury or sickness. Premium $10 yearly. Full or spare time. Easy seller. Write quick for territory. Underwriters, Dept. F35, Newark, N. J.

Easy to sell Groceries, Paints, Automobile Oils, Roofing, Stock Food to consumers from sample—no capital or experience necessary, steady, profitable work. Commissions advanced. Satisfaction guaranteed; 50 years in business. Write for full particulars. Loverin & Browne Co., Wholesale Grocers, 1761 So. State St., Chicago, Ill.

MISCELLANEOUS

Remnant Store, 1510 Vine St., Cincinnati, O. Greatest Dry Goods Bargains on Earth. Agents and Storekeepers supplied.

Don't buy a Bicycle Motor Attachment until you get our catalogue and prices. Shaw Mfg. Co., Dept. 3, Galesburg, Kansas.

Switches made from combings. The new way. Write me. Mrs. E. Vandervoort, Davenport, Iowa.

Hemstitching and Picoting Attachment works on all sewing machines, easily adjusted. Price $2.00 with instructions. Ladies Art Sales Co., Box 71-G, Hamtramck, Mich.

Hundred Hounds Cheap. C. O. D. Trial. Photos. Write. Kaskaskae Kennels, Herrick, Ills.

Ladies, Self-threading Needles save time and Eyesight. 10c Agents wanted. L. P. Miller, Box 1280, City Hall station, New York.

Men buy your hats direct from the Factory, send for Style Book. Model Hat Mfg. Co., East Orange, N. J.

Trappers—Deadfalls, box traps, snares, trapping methods. Big blueprint list free Wee-Sho-U-Co., 41-M, West Market, Detroit, Mich.

One Wheel Chair in August

650 Is COMFORT'S Total to Date

Only one wheel chair do we send out in August. That is a regretable slump below the three that we sent out in July; but it is always the case that wheel-chair subscriptions and contributions dwindle to mere driblets in mid summer. Is it because the weather is too hot, or are people too busy or too much occupied with seeking out-door pleasure that they show so little activity in behalf of our Wheel-Chair Club at this season? But experience has established the cheering fact that with the advent of cool fall weather active interest in our wheel-chair work revives.



CLARENCE TUTHEROW ENJOYS HIS WHEEL CHAIR.

The one August wheel chair goes to Mrs. Joseph P. Kerr, 1341 N. Jefferson Ave., Springfield, Mo., whose good friends and neighbors have sent in 131 subscriptions for her. Mrs. Kerr is 45 years of age, and for the past four years has been confined to her bed, being crippled from her waist down by a nervous trouble. This wheel chair will mitigate her suffering and be a help in caring for her.

Don't forget that we have a large number of poor, crippled shut-ins on our waiting list who are suffering for need of a wheel chair, and as they can't get out and about to solicit subscriptions for themselves they are largely dependent on others to do this for them. Will you not do something to help the Wheel-Chair Club this month? Every little helps

The happy faces of the two crippled children whose pictures appear on this page express better than words the pleasure that their COMFORT wheel chairs give them.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT

Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 150 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 50 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscriptions, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

How Happy He Looks in His Wheel Chair!

Lincolnton, N. C., R. F. D. 2, Box 51,

Dear Mr. Gannett:

I am sending you a picture of my son Clarence in his wheel chair so that you may see how happy he looks in it, and I hope you will print it in COMFORT so that all his friends may see it. I want to thank you and all the good people who helped to get him the chair—it is so nice for him. I will get you some more subscriptions to help on the good work you are doing through COMFORT and the Wheel-Chair Club. With sincere gratitude, I am Very truly yours,

(Mrs.) Will Tutherow.

Her COMFORT Wheel Chair a Blessing

Cleveland, Wash.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

We wish to thank you and all who so kindly helped us in obtaining a wheel chair for our mother, Mrs. A. J. Walls. It is a blessing to her and a help to us in caring for her. Thanking you again we remain

Your friends,
Mrs. Laura Gabriel
Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Walls

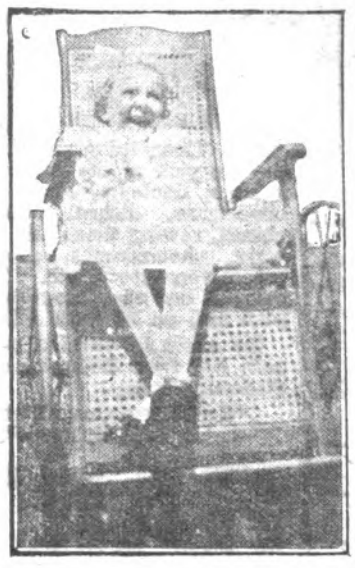
Happy in Her COMFORT Wheel Chair

Wimbledon, N. Dak.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

I am enclosing a picture of my little daughter, Alice Mae, in her wheel chair by which you can see how happy she is in the enjoyment of this comfort. I enclose $2.50 to pay for five more subscriptions to be credited to account of Alice Mae's chair. Thanking you and others who kindly helped me to obtain this wheel chair I am

Sincerely your friend
(Mrs.) G C. Huizinga



ALICE MAE HUIZINGA ENJOYING HER WHEEL CHAIR.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dollar or more in money to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions or amount of cash sent.

Florida Pratt, Missouri, for Mrs. J. P. Kerr, 48; Mrs. Mary Atchley, Colo., for Lillian Atchley, 26; Mrs. M. C. Peacher, Fla., for Mrs. Zonie Peacher, 25; Louise Jane Martin, Ga., for Jessie Lee Martin, 13; Mrs. M. L. Johnson, Kansas, for Mrs. M. A. Hazel, 12; Mrs. Rufus S. Nix, Ala., for Edith Jones, 10; Mr. Horace Mann, Ga., for Own, 7; Mrs. Herman A Olson, N. Dak., for Mrs. Ruth Williams, 6; Mrs. Willie Prather, Ga., for General, $1.00.

If No Use to Her Now

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Quarter-Sawed and Solid Oak Throughout

Send only $1.00 for this complete suite of library, parlor or living room furniture—seven splendid, massive pieces—so gracefully tapered in design. Use it **30 days,** on **free trial,** then, if you don't say that it is even more than you expected, ship it back and we return your $1 and pay transportation charges both ways.

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TABLE, solid oak with top 26x42 in. Has a shelf 7 in. wide. Height from floor, 29 in. ARM ROCKER, solid oak with quarter-sawed top panel and rounded arm rests; seat, 18x19 in. Width over all, 25¾ in. Height of back from seat, 21½ in. Bent elm runners. SIDE ROCKER, solid oak with quarter-sawed oak top rail; seat, 16x14 in. Width over all, 17 in. Height, 33½ in. ARM CHAIR, 37 in. high, and SIDE CHAIR, 36 in. high, with seat 16x14 inches. Table and chairs stand on **noiseless glides. Backs and seats upholstered** in durable imitation Spanish brown leather. Comfortable spring seats. TABOURETTE, 16½ in. high with 10-inch top, is solid oak. BOOK BLOCKS, heavy enough to support a liberal number of volumes. Shipped (fully boxed, "knocked down" to lessen freight charges) from factory in Central Indiana, Western New York State or Chicago warehouse.

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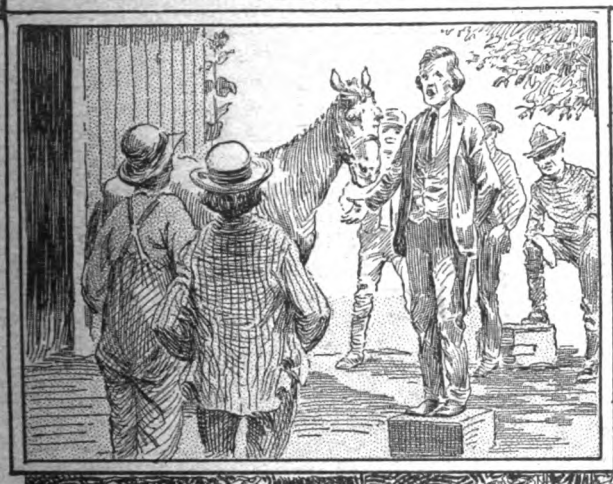
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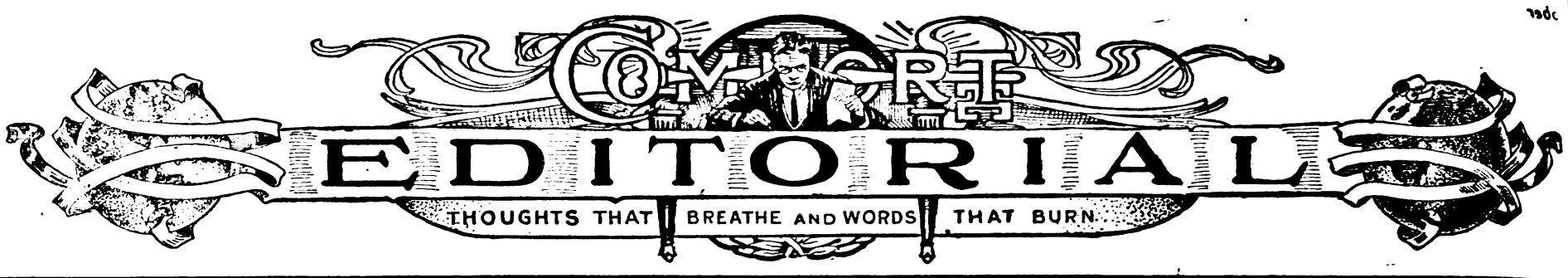




See story, "Judson's Auction" on page 12.

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Bumper Crops that Can't Be Marketed if the Railroad Labor Strike Continues

THE season is, at the present writing, so far advanced that the crop report recently issued by the Government may be relied on as a substantially accurate forecast of this year's harvest. According to information given out by the U. S. Department of Agriculture most of the principal crops are unusually large and some of them are record-breakers. Coming down to figures the Agricultural Department's estimates are: wheat, upward of 805,000,000 bushels; oats, 1,200,000,000; barley, 192,000,000; rye, 79,000,000, or more; sweet potatoes, 112,000,000 bushels; buckwheat, 13,000,000; rice 38,700,000; sugar beets, 5,080,000 tons; apples, 202,000,000 bushels; peaches, 56,000,000; peanuts 679,000,000 pounds; tobacco, about one and one-half billion pounds. For the fourth time in the history of the country our corn crop will exceed three billion bushels; our potato crop will be the second largest ever grown, while the hay crop is larger by more than a million tons than ever before.

Nevertheless in this great land stocked, as it is, with an abundance and even a superabundance of food there is grave danger that millions of our people may have to go on short food rations or even be subjected to famine conditions because of inadequate railroad freight service caused by the present railroad labor strike. Already have the railroads become so crippled by the strike that scores of passenger trains have had to be cancelled in order to give necessary preference to transportation of coal which is overstraining the diminished capacity of the great trunk lines; and yet the moving of the principal crops, which always puts the railroad freight service to the most arduous test, has not begun for this year. One needs no great degree of imagination or gift of prophesy to foresee a seriously aggravated situation when the chief food staples begin to contest with coal for preferential transportation privileges on the overburdened and strike-crippled railroads—it means, of course, a food-and-fuel famine in this land of plenty, unless the railroad labor strike should be ended very soon, and even so the business and industrial interests will suffer for some time after, as they are now suffering, no small detriment.

It is estimated that, *if trade, industrial ana transportation conditions were normal* so that this year's bumper crops could be marketed at present prices, seventeen of the leading crops would bring the farmers well over seven billion dollars and increase the farmers' purchasing power by more than a billion dollars. In commenting on what should be the beneficial effect of the present bounteous harvest in promoting general prosperity *The Wall Street Journal* remarks that "out of the soil Nature has taken and handed to the American people the first fundamental for good business", and the Minneapolis *Journal* pointedly expresses a well established truth by saying that "when the farmer prospers, all other forms of industry and business march to the same happy tune." But the trouble is that this rosy prospect hangs on that all-important and dubious *if* in the first line of this paragraph.

Trade and industrial conditions are far from normal and are daily growing worse because of partial paralysis of transportation which is becoming more extended and acute with each day's continuance of the railroad labor strike. Never, not even during the late war, has the need for the utmost possible freight service of our railroads been more pressing than now. The country being direfully short of fuel in consequence of the coal miners' strike, which has just ended, puts an unusual strain on the railroads to transport the millions of tons of the much-needed products of the mines that have resumed operations, for fuel is about as indispensable as food. There is no doubt that if the railroad strike continues its ruinous career it will be extremely difficult, if possible, to provide the fifty-two per cent. of our population which lives in cities and large towns with even a meager supply of necessary food, and added to this are the needs of millions of farmers in the Eastern States who raise little corn and no wheat and therefore depend on the West for flour, corn and cattle feed. Under such conditions what prospect have the farmers of being able to market their bumper crops which but for the railroad strike would spread prosperity throughout the land?

This year's production of foodstuffs in the United States, notably of corn and wheat, is considerably more than the American people could consume even under favorable conditions, leaving a large surplus that must either be sold in a foreign market or carried over unsold. Obviously the effect of the continuance of the railroad strike would be to reduce American consumption of foodstuffs, thereby increasing the surplus for export, and at the same time prevent this surplus from reaching a foreign market because of the inability of the railroads to transport it to the coast. With the supply of agricultural products exceeding the demand for domestic consumption and the foreign market for the excess cut off, another probable result would be a drop in the prices received by the farmers even though the famishing city consumers might have to pay as high or higher prices than at present—leave it to the middlemen and speculators to see to that. You see the importance of the *if*. If the railroad labor strike continues not only will the farmers and the country at large be robbed of the prosperity which the big crops should bring, but will be afflicted with business depression and discomforts too numerous and distressing to mention.

Government Acts to Stop Lawless Interference with the Railroads.

Assuming that there may be rational grounds for a difference of opinion as to the right of railroad employees to strike in defiance of the decision of the Railroad Labor Board, no person imbued with a sense of common decency, respect for law or regard for the rights of others will try to justify or excuse any of the very many acts of lawless intimidation and violence in the form of threats, assaults, bodily injuries, murders, destruction of railroad buildings, cars and engines and the wrecking of trains, and numerous unsuccessful attempts to blow up bridges, burn buildings and wreck trains, throughout the country, perpetrated or instigated by the strikers, their sympathizers or friends in furtherance of the purposes of the strike. This lawlessness is of three distinct classes, each aimed at the accomplishment of a definite object.

When the strikers walked out a considerable number of the railroad shopmen, although members of the union, refused to obey the strike order and stuck to their jobs, and under promised protection by the Government the places of the strikers were being filled at a rate that indicated that the railroads would be able to maintain their freight and passenger service without serious impairment, which, if permitted to go on unchecked, meant the failure of the strike. When this became apparent the lawlessness began, first in the form of threats, personal injuries to and murders of men who stuck to their jobs or took the places of strikers, the manifest purpose being to force them to join the strike and to frighten would-be applicants from seeking employment; next came ditching of locomotives, injury and destruction of cars, burning of roundhouses, repair shops and other railroad property, aimed at crippling the physical equipment of the railroads; then followed the wrecking and attempted wrecking of trains by pulling the spikes from rails and by tampering with signals, resulting in several deaths and intended to terrify the public. After the strike had run into the second month scarcely a day passed without tidings of one or more shocking crimes perpetrated, attempted or plotted in connection with the railroad labor strike.

Thus had the situation become intolerable when, on the first day of September, the United States Government, acting through the Attorney General, began a resolute effort to end this reign of terror and restore law and order for the protection of life, property, personal liberty and the right of the people to travel and have their goods transported in interstate commerce without molestation or threatened interference. It was only after President Harding had gone to the limit of propriety in his repeated endeavors to bring about a peaceful settlement of the strike and had reached the point where "patience ceases to be a virtue" and further forbearance would have been unfaithfulness to duty, that he directed Attorney General Daugherty to take the initial step by applying to the U. S. District Court in Chicago for an injunction commanding the strikers, their agents, associates and all persons acting in aid or in conjunction with them to abstain from in any manner interfering with, hindering or obstructing railroad companies, their agents or employees in the operation of their respective railroads in the performance of their public duties and obligations in the transportation of passengers and property in interstate commerce and the carriage of the mails, and from attempting to prevent any person from freely entering into or continuing in the employ of the railroad companies.

Judge Wilkerson, before whom the petition came for preliminary hearing, on facts and argument presented by the Attorney General, issued the injunction as a temporary restraining order to remain in force until September eleventh, which date he assigned for a full hearing to determine whether the injunction should then be dissolved, modified or made permanent, and he ordered all parties interested to be notified accordingly. On that day, which at the present writing is still in the future, the parties defendant and any and all other persons whose rights are affected will have an opportunity to appear before the Court in person or by attorney and object to the injunction and present such evidence and arguments as they may wish to offer in support of their objections. In presenting his petition to the Court at the preliminary hearing Attorney General Daugherty stated that he did not appear as the representative of the railroads, but representing the people of the United States. He asserted that the Government of the United States is not opposed to labor unions if they obey the law, and that the requested injunction was not aimed at, and would not affect, any labor union that limits its activities to legitimite acts and lawful pursuits.

Mr. Daugherty has since explained that the purpose and effect of the injunction are not to compel any man to work who does not wish to work, but to protect those who desire to work from any form of interference in the free exercise of their natural and legal right to work when, where and for whom they choose. And President Harding has added his assurance that "the injunction will not be used to abridge personal liberty, and that its only purpose and the only use that will be made of it will be to restrain violence and compel obedience to law and order."

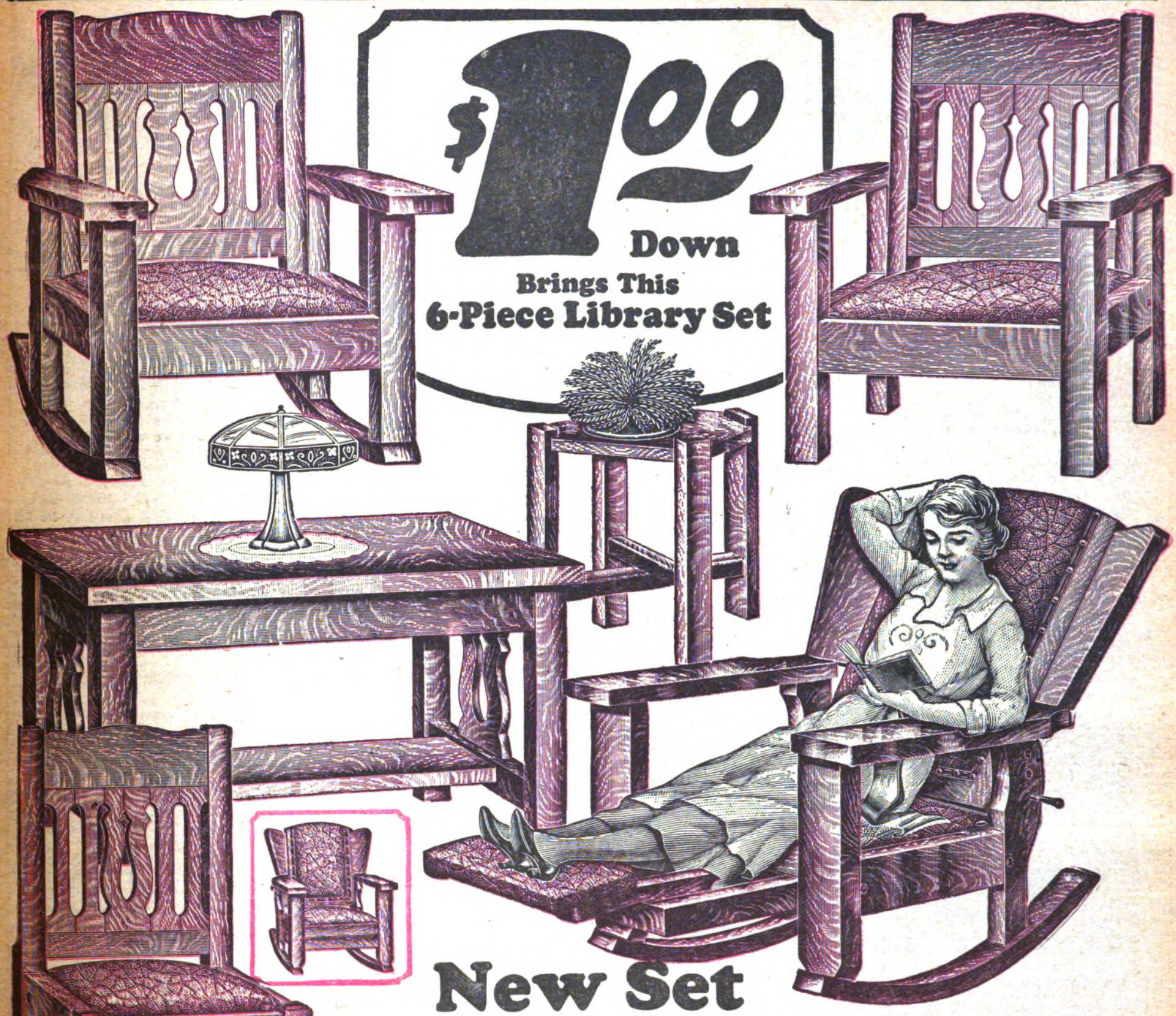
In reply to critics who denounce the injunction as infringing on the right of free speech and of freedom of the press Mr. Daugherty points out that in this respect it goes no further than to forbid what can not lawfully be spoken or published in print. To advise or instigate, in speech or in print, the commission of murder, arson or any other crime or transgression of law is unlawful and if uttered or printed in violation of the injunction would subject the author or publisher to a penalty—and why not? Judged according to moral standards the master mind that incites to crime is guiltier than his credulous satellite whom he induces to fire the shot, explode the bomb or apply the torch in execution of an atrocious villainy.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

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30 Days Trial—Only $3.00 a Month

When you get this magnificent 6-piece library set, put it in your living room or library and use it freely for 30 days. Before you pay another penny examine it thoroughly. Note the massive, solid construction, the beautiful fumed oak finish — the fine upholstery and graceful lines which lend character to all the pieces. Enjoy the solid comfort and rest that only a Morris rocker will give, with foot-rest and adjustable back extended, affording every possible comfort of a couch. Convince yourself that this beautiful set will make your home brighter, more beautiful and more luxurious. Compare it with anything you can buy locally at anywhere near the same price — **even for spot cash.** Then if not satisfied for any reason and convinced that this is a stupendous bargain — you alone to judge — return the set at our expense and we will refund your $1.00 at once, plus any freight charges you paid.

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This superb 6-piece set is made of selected solid oak throughout, finished in rich, dull waxed, brown fumed oak. Four pieces are padded, seats upholstered with brown Delavan Spanish leather, the best imitation of genuine Spanish leather known. The upholstering is of a rich brown color, and will give you the best possible service.

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Arm Chair is a roomy, dignified piece of furniture, comfortable and big enough for a very large person while not seeming too large for the ordinary occupant. Seat 19 x 17½ in. Height 36 in.

Arm Rocker is a massive, stately, comfortable piece with beautifully designed back, wide and shapely arms, and smooth, operating runners. Seat, 19 x 17½ in., height 36 in.

Library Table — a beautiful piece of library furniture. Has beautifully designed ends to match the chairs, with roomy magazine shelf below. Legs cut of 2-inch stock. Massive, dignified. Top measures 23¼ x 24 inches.

Reception Chair has beautiful shape to match the other pieces. Seat measures 17 x 17 inches, height 35 inches.

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Stella Rosevelt

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



Without sound or warning, she slipped from her chair to the floor.



"Miss Gladstone!" he cried approaching and holding out his hand to her.



She started as if some viper had stung her.

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CHAPTER XXXXIX.

A CRUSHING BLOW.

THE next morning when the company met at breakfast Josephine experienced a feeling of intense relief upon learning that Lord Carrol had been called away to London at an early hour on "important business."

After breakfast was over, and as Josephine was passing through the hall on her way to her own room, she espied the morning papers lying on the table.

Mechanically she took up one, glancing carelessly over the columns, when almost the first thing she saw was a notice of the arrival of a steamer from New York two days previous, with a list of the passengers below.

A lurid light shot into her eyes and an angry exclamation burst from her lips as she read; for, among the other names in that list, she read those of Jacob Rosevelt, Miss Star Gladstone and maid, from New York.

She took the paper and went upstairs to her mother's room and showed the notice to her.

"It seems as if that girl was bound to be the ruination of us. They are continually crossing our path, and I declare it is more than human nature can patiently bear. I wonder what has brought them to England?"

"I suppose Uncle Jacob thinks he must give his charming *protegee* every advantage possible," Josephine sneered, bitterly.

"Well, I'm sure we do not need to mind them now," Mrs. Richards said, with a sigh of satisfaction. "Even if she gets every penny of his money, your position will henceforth be far superior to hers."

"I don't know about that," the girl retorted, with a painful flush. "If Lord Carrol meets her, and they make up their quarrel, I shall still be rather in the background, I imagine."

"True; I had not thought of that," her mother replied, with a blank look. "I wish you could have managed to entrap him, Jo."

"Lord Carrol is a fool!" she said, passionately.

Her mother looked up at her searchingly, mistrusting that her daughter had more reason for her pale face and heavy eyes than she knew of.

"If only that marriage last night could have been a real one, I should have been the happiest woman in England this morning," she said, wistfully.

"With one exception," Josephine thought, with a bitter sigh and a hard glitter in her eyes; but she said nothing.

They did not leave Sherbrooke house that day, however. A sudden storm came on during the afternoon, too violent to admit of the departure of any one, and Lady Sherbrooke would not allow any of her guests to mention such a thing. And so the long, dreary day was spent in rest and quiet.

But the next day broke bright and pleasant, and just as the company were sitting down to the morning meal, Minnie Shelton came dancing into the breakfast room, her cheeks glowing, her eyes sparkling, and her lips parted in the brightest of smiles, while a paper fluttered in her small hands.

"Such fun!" she exclaimed, merrily. "Here is a description of your ball, Lady Sherbrooke, in the Cheshire *Gazette*—the mock marriage and all; and the best of the whole thing is, they have written up that event so that at a first glance any one would naturally suppose that a real wedding had occurred. Listen."

She held up the paper and read:

"MARRIED.—At the country residence of Lady Sherbrooke, on the 10th instant, Sir Archibald Sherbrooke and Lord Carrol, of Carrolton, to Miss Josephine Richards, formerly of New York, U. S. A., but recently reported to be the heiress presumptive to the Thornton estates in Devonshire. The fair bride was lovely in her bridal robes, not the least noticeable of which was the exquisite point lace veil, which was also of great value."

"There—isn't that too rich for anything?" the gay girl cried; "and do look at the mock bride's blushes!" pointing at Josephine, whose face was crimson from varied emotions; "what a pity it is that our handsome groom is not here to see them; and one would almost imagine she was a real bride by her confusion."

"Then there follows a long account of the ball, which explains everything," she added, laying down the paper; "but I'm so out of breath that I can't read any more, and you'll have to peruse it for yourselves."

There was an awkward silence for a moment after she had ceased speaking.

Josephine, watching her opportunity, when some of the guests were leaving, sought and found that paper, and slipped it unobserved into her pocket.

* * * * * * * *

In one of the rooms of a beautiful suite of apartments looking out upon St. James Square, a young girl sat by a window, looking out upon the passers-by in the street below.

It is our Star, fresh and beautiful as ever, but with something more of maturity and dignity in her bearing than when we last saw her.

She has been in London just one week, and is enjoying every day, despite the proverbial rain and fog, for she has returned to her native land ence more, and every inch of ground is replete with interest for her.

As she sits there in her handsome parlor, looking out upon the street, a door opens, and Jacob Rosevelt enters.

He looks younger and in better health than we have ever seen him before, while his face is animated and genial, as if life was at its brightest with him.

Star looked around as he entered.

"How quickly you have entered, Uncle Jacob," she said, rising, and going to meet him, and taking his hat.

"Yes; I knew you would be impatient for your letters, and, as there is quite a budget to be gone through with, I thought it best not to keep you in suspense."

As he spoke he drew from his capacious pocket half a dozen letters, and as many papers, which he had just received from the American Legation, and half of which he gave into Star's own hands.

She laid the papers, which, of course, were of minor importance, upon the table, and, sitting down in a low chair, carefully cut the ends of the envelopes, and was soon deep in the contents of her news from beyond the sea.

It took her nearly an hour to read them all.

After reading the letters she took up her papers in a listless way. But all at once she noticed that one was not a home paper; it bore the London postmark, and was addressed in a hand she did not recognize.

"It cannot be from Ralph Meredith," she said to herself, "for he does not know that I am here. Besides, it is not his handwriting. I wonder who could have sent it?"

She opened it with considerable curiosity, and yet with a feeling of foreboding at her heart.

The Cheshire *Gazette*, she read, as she espied the heading, and then her eye glanced down over the columns underneath.

Suddenly she started.

There is a paragraph marked.

Her eyes dilate—a look of horror comes into them; her lips grow pale, and she feels as if she is suffocating as she reads:

"MARRIED.—At the country residence of Lady Sherbrooke, on the 10th instant, Sir Archibald Sherbrooke and Lord Carrol, of Carrolton, to Miss Josephine Richards, of New York, U. S. A., and heiress presumptive to the Thornton estates in Devonshire, etc."

Could it be true? The paper dropped from her nerveless hands. Was the deed really done at last, and Archibald Sherbrooke lost to her forever?

She had not realized until that moment how much of hope had lived in her heart during all this time.

But these dreadful words had suddenly cut it down, as the sharp sickle cuts down the tender grass.

Had she really read them, or had her imagination played her some terrible trick?

Feeling as if she were turning to stone, she picked up the paper and compelled herself to go over the horrible sentence again.

"Yes, it was all true—it was as plain as print could make it. But what was this?

A new terror seized her—something that she had not thought of until now, she had been so stunned by the bare fact that her lover had married.

"Sir Archibald Sherbrooke and Lord Carrol, of Carolton!"

A mist comes over her eyes; her heart drops like a thing of lead in her bosom.

In an instant a suspicion of the truth flashed upon her.

Had she done her lover an irreparable wrong? she asked herself, with a feeling of despair. Had she driven him from her, taunting him with treachery and cowardice, and refusing to listen to his defense, when perhaps he had the best in the world to offer her?

Oh! if she had but heeded Mr. Rosevelt when he begged her to let him see him and learn the reason of his mysterious conduct. Oh! if she had only answered that advertisement and allowed him to come to her as he had entreated.

She had been cruel, unjust, wicked; and now it was too late to atone for it.

She felt as if bands of ice were being bound about her heart—as if coals of fire were heaped upon her brain, and branded upon it, in letters which would haunt her till her dying hour, those two names, Sir Archibald Sherbrooke and Lord Carrol, of Carrolton.

Familiar as she was with English customs, she could understand readily enough how he had become possessed of them, and it was so strange that she had never thought of it before.

In all her suffering upon learning, as she had supposed, that she had been betrayed, she had never endured pain like this; and, with her sight failing, her senses reeling, without sound or warning, she slipped from her chair to the floor, where she lay white and still in a lifeless heap at Jacob Rosevelt's feet.

CHAPTER XL.

STELLA'S MENTAL AGONY.

"Bless my soul! what does this mean?" Jacob Rosevelt cried, as, looking up from his own letters, in which he had been deeply absorbed, he saw the beautiful girl lying so white and still at his feet.

He rushed to the bell and rang it violently, then back again to Star, whom he lifted tenderly in his arms and laid her upon a sofa, where he began chafing her cold hands vigorously.

Mrs. Blunt soon made her appearance in answer to her master's summons, and looked as alarmed as himself to find the girl she loved so devotedly in such a critical state.

But Star's insensibility did not last long.

All too soon she awoke to a consciousness of this new misery.

"What is the matter?" she asked, as, opening her eyes, she found her fond friends bending anxiously over her.

"You had a fainting turn, dear; but you are better now," Mrs. Blunt returned, holding a glass of wine to her lips.

Star passed her hand across her forehead and sighed heavily, as she began slowly to gather up the broken threads of memory again.

"What was it, Starling?" Mr. Rosevelt questioned, with a troubled look at her white face; "did you have bad news in your letters?"

"No; there were no ill-tidings in my letters," she answered, avoiding his eye, and wishing to conceal, if possible, the cause of her swoon from him. "I read them through," she added, "and was opening my papers, when I began to feel queerly. I believe I never fainted but once before in my life."

But she shuddered as she remembered how Josephine Richards had been the cause of that ill-turn, also.

She sat up and tried to collect herself.

She still felt as if those icy bands were encircling her heart, and as if her brain was on fire; but she was anxious to get hold of that paper once more, and go away by herself.

She did not mean that Jacob Rosevelt should ever know that she had seen the notice of her lover's marriage; she meant to keep her secret locked close within her own breast, and not even let him suspect that she was still grieving for the man whose name had not been mentioned between them for over a year.

"I am afraid you are going to be ill," he said, noticing the great blue circles under her eyes with alarm.

"No; do not be anxious about me, Uncle Jacob," she returned, trying to smile. "I shall be all right again in a few minutes."

And she was, apparently.

She called all her will to her aid; she drank a full glass of wine, and soon felt much stronger, but oh! still so wretched and heartsick.

She arose after a while and began to move about the room, although both Mr. Rosevelt and Mrs. Blunt insisted that she was not able—that she ought to be still and rest all day.

But that paper was still lying upon the floor, with that marked paragraph staring her in the face.

She must get it and hide it, or they would learn all her trouble, and know how weak and foolish she was—how lacking in pride and self-respect to grieve thus after another woman's husband; and her lips curled with scorn at her own folly, while all the time the pain at her heart was growing more bitter.

Very quietly she gathered up her letters and papers, which had slipped to the floor when she fell.

With trembling fingers she folded that fatal sheet into the smallest compass, and tucked it slyly into her pocket; then laying the others on the table beside Mr. Rosevelt, she said:

"I do not think I will read any more now, Uncle Jacob; but perhaps you would like to look over these home papers. I will go and lie down for a little while, and try to sleep off my weakness."

He took her white face between his hands and looked anxiously into her eyes.

"My dear, my dear," he said, earnestly, "I hope you are not going to be sick; what should I do without you? You must take care of yourself for my sake, as well as for your own, my Star."

She smiled, and, taking one of the hands that held her face, touched her lips to it.

She was anxious to get away from his questioning eyes, and soon releasing herself from him, she sought her own room and locked herself in.

All day long she battled there with her tortured heart; all day long she fought with the love which she still bore Archie Sherbrooke, for it rose up stronger by a hundred-fold now that she had discovered that he was innocent of any wrong toward her, and realized her own cruel injustice to him.

If she had but opened and read more of that paper, she would have learned her error; but the moment she found herself alone, she took it from her pocket and threw it upon the glowing coals in the grate, and watched it while it burned to ashes. She was determined that Mr. Rosevelt should never see it.

All day long she lay upon her bed, and thought bitterly of Josephine as the proud and happy wife of Lord Carrol—as the mistress of his elegant home, the sharer of his position and title.

Oh! it was too cruel, when she had loved him so; when she knew that she could have made him so happy, while Josephine had only sought to win him from selfish and ambitious motives.

Five days they had been married.

It almost seemed as if she would have given as many years of her life to have saved him from such a fate as she believed would be his with that vain and heartless girl for his lifelong companion.

She had known nothing of the Richards coming abroad; that notice of Josephine's marriage had been the first intimation that she had had of it.

She wondered if she had not sent her that paper—if, having seen their names and address registered at the American Legation, she had not, from a spirit of cruel triumph, sent it to her to wound and humiliate her.

But she should never know how fully her vile purpose had been accomplished. She would hide her anguish deep within her own heart. Wherever she went she would appear with a bright face and smiling lips, and no one should dream that her heart lay like a withered thing in her bosom.

Mr. Rosevelt came in to see her several times during the day, and she always smiled and told him she was resting so as to be fresh for the evening.

Nine o'clock came, and Star Gladstone, a vision of bewildering beauty, entered the drawing-room of the United States minister's elegant residence, leaning on the arm of her distinguished-looking attendant.

There was a buzz of admiration as she crossed the threshold, as there always was wherever she appeared, for it was not often that even that place was graced by the presence of one so wondrously gifted with beauty.

"American ladies are noted for their beauty, I believe; but though I have met many, I have never yet seen a more exquisite face and form than that," said one gentleman to another, who stood leaning against the frame of the door through which Star and Mr. Rosevelt had passed but a moment before.

"You are right; but Gladstone, which is the young lady's name, sounds more English than American," returned the gentleman addressed.

"They are registered as Americans, however, and she has the peculiar beauty of one," said the first speaker. "They have a way of enhancing their charms, too, by their perfect taste in dress. Our English ladies, as a rule, do not understand the art of dressing well, though there are, of course, exceptions to the rule, as Miss Vivien Sherbrooke's charming costume over there testifies. By the way," he added, with more animation, "they say that that handsome young American—Meredith, they call him—is going to win our Cheshire beauty away from us."

He glanced, as he ceased speaking, across the room to where Miss Sherbrooke was sitting, while Ralph Meredith, in an attitude of devotion, was bending over her chair.

He was talking to her in a low tone, a smile on his handsome lips, a new light in his fine eyes, while she listened with drooping lids and flushed cheeks.

But chancing to glance up suddenly, Ralph started and uttered a low exclamation of surprise.

"Excuse me a few moments; I see friends," he said; and then leaving her hastily, he made his way quickly across the room.

"Miss Gladstone!" he cried, approaching and holding out his hand to her, his face all aglow. "I never was so happily surprised in my life! And here is Mr. Rosevelt, too! How does it happen that you are here? It seems almost like home to see home faces."

Star and Mr. Rosevelt greeted him most cordially, while Vivien Sherbrooke sat and watched them with wondering eyes.

"We hoped we should find you somewhere on our travels, for a familiar face makes the heart of the stranger glad, you know," Star said. "I received a letter from Grace today, and she writes: 'Be sure and hunt up Ralph, who is, without doubt, in London now.' But who is that pretty young lady across the room with the blush roses in her hair, and with whom I saw you talking as I came in?"

Mr. Meredith flushed again at this; but his eyes kindled as he glanced over at Vivien, and replied:

"Oh, that is an acquaintance that I have made since coming here. Come, and let me introduce you."

He purposely avoided mentioning her name, wishing to see how Star would receive the introduction.

"Miss Sherbrooke, allow me to make you acquainted with Miss Gladstone, a friend from beyond the sea; also Mr. Rosevelt. Miss Gladstone, Mr. Rosevelt—Miss Sherbrooke."

Ralph Meredith watched Star closely while he introduced and she exchanged greetings with Archibald Sherbrooke's sister; and although she might have appeared self-possessed to the casual observer, he noticed the quick catching of her breath as she heard the familiar name, and remarked the flush which leaped into her hitherto pale cheeks, and which, although pain had caused it, enhanced her loveliness tenfold.

"It is Archie's sister," Star said to herself, as their two white-gloved hands met, and a thrill of keenest pain shot through every nerve.

"How lovely she is!" she added. "Her eyes are like his in their expression, although not in color. Oh! I should have loved her, I know; and how rashly I have thrown all my happiness away!"

It needed all the power of her will to sustain her as she stood there beside Miss Sherbrooke, apparently so calm, and chatted with her for the next fifteen minutes; and Vivien never mistrusted the wild emotions which were surging in the heart of her new acquaintance, with whom she was exceedingly pleased.

"How perfectly charming she is!" she thought, as for a moment Star turned to speak to Ralph, and she studied her face more closely.

Then she started violently.

Surely she had seen that face somewhere before—those great, earnest blue eyes—that white forehead gleaming through a golden mist—that straight, delicate nose, and those beautiful red lips.

Yes, surely it was the face that her brother had painted when he was in America; only there was a look of pain in those eyes now that there had not been then; there were tense lines about the small, sweet mouth, and a seriousness about the whole countenance which told that the passing years since then had not been full of unalloyed pleasure.

It was the same, nevertheless, she felt convinced, and she resolved that she would find Archie, point Miss Gladstone out to him, and ascertain if she were right in her surmises.

"Perhaps," she thought, light suddenly break-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

FOR several months I have wanted to say just a few words on the care of cemeteries, neglected, country cemeteries, but, somehow, the opportunity never presented itself. It is rather a difficult subject to bring up. One can't say, "Speaking of cemeteries," for people seldom speak of them. They may be willing enough to talk about their neighbors or their appendicitis or tonsils operation or the fact that when they go shopping they just naturally select the best things, "before I even ask what they cost,"—you know the people I mean—but cemeteries are not on their conversation list. A letter from Mrs. Knapp of Cameron, N. Y., opens the way for a plea for better cemeteries. Read her letter. It is worth while. What has been done in her town can be done in any town, and a well-kept cemetery gives strangers a better impression of a town and its people. The burial of loved ones is something no one likes to think about but since it must be it is comforting to know that you can make their resting place beautiful for them with a monument of grass and flowers.—Ed.

CAMERON, R. R. 2, N. Y.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for many years and always turn to the Sisters' Corner first and read the letters from all over the United States but it seems to me there are more letters from the western states than from the eastern. I have never seen a letter from our town or any nearby towns, so will try my luck.

I want to tell you something of what the women in this place have done in the past year. As you drive through the country you will see so many cemeteries that are neglected, grown up to bushes, berries, etc. Well, that was just the way with our North Cameron cemetery, known as the French Cemetery, because in the first place it was part of a farm owned by a man by that name. Our ladies formed a society known as the Ladies' Aid. We went to work with a will and now we are known as The Work and Win Society. We meet the last Thursday in each month and serve dinner for fifteen cents each and in the last year we have done wonders to our cemetery. We hired a man to remove the wild rose bushes, berry bushes, weeds, etc., grade in and seed where needed and keep it mowed. We bought a lawn mower and this year it could be mowed with the lawn mower. We are proud of what we have done and what we have done others can do. We have good times at our dinners and good dinners so everyone is interested. At each meeting we have a grab bag and articles donated are worth five cents. We then pay five cents and grab. This furnishes a lot of fun. One man got a paper of safety pins and another a pair of earrings while one lady got a pipe and another a paper of tobacco and another a man's necktie. The money we get from the grab bag is put into our Sunshine Fund and used to purchase flowers, fruit, etc., for the sick. Our officers consist of President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer and we work together with a united spirit and that means success.

I live on a farm two miles from the railroad station. We have many hills here but they are beautiful. My health is not very good. I have been sort of an invalid for years though scarcely ever sick in bed. Would be glad to receive letters and cards.

Sincerely, MRS. MARY G. KNAPP.

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Comfort Sisters' Recipes

IT is the usual thing, I believe, in awarding a prize, to announce the conditions first and give all a chance to try for it, and that opportunity is now open to you, but for this month the prize, a COMFORT Sisters' Pin, goes to Mrs. Esther Miller, Belwood, Box 138, Nebr., for the best recipe. By "best" is meant the recipe that an inexperienced cook can successfully follow, the recipe that has the exact quantities given and minute instructions for putting together. Last month there was a recipe for pickles, giving correct quantity of tomatoes and spices and method of combining. That was all very well, then the writer went on, "add to cucumbers and onions," quite forgetting that she had not mentioned the required quantity of either. An experienced cook would just naturally know how much of each to use, but it isn't the experienced cook who uses this column the most. She doesn't need to, and for the benefit of the inexperienced cook everything must be as accurate and plain as possible. So many recipes have to be thrown into the wastebasket, or else tried out first in order to find out the correct quantity of the various ingredients, and all because the writer was a wee bit careless or perhaps she didn't understand the need for accuracy. Write your recipe as you would want it written if you didn't know a single thing about cooking. Who wins the pin next month?—Ed.

CREAMED BAKED POTATOES.—Take sliced potatoes, as for frying. Put a layer of potatoes in baking dish, sprinkle with salt, pepper and dots of butter, then more potatoes and repeat until dish is full. Cover with rich milk and put on top of stove until it begins to boil, then put in oven and bake. Stir occasionally. Bake until tender and then let brown on top.

MEAT BALLS.—If you have only a small quantity of meat, grind it with equal amount of crackers, add milk and beaten egg until soft enough to form balls. Fry. Leftover chicken can be used this way, and we like salmon and other fish prepared in this manner. —MRS. M. H. G., Illinois.

CHILI CON CARNE.—Cut one pound of round steak into very thin strips about one inch long and brown in beef fat. Skim out the meat into a baking dish, and add to the fat three small onions sliced thin, and cook until softened and slightly browned, stirring frequently. Add to the onion one can of tomato, two cups of stewed kidney beans drained from their liquor,



CHILI CON CARNE.

one scant teaspoon of salt and one-fourth teaspoon of white pepper, and pour it over the meat in the baking dish. Bake three hours very slowly, adding a small green pepper cut into thin slices half an hour before it is done. Cover the top with hot mashed potato, and return to the oven until it is well puffed. Serve at once.

BEET SOUP.—Take two large or three medium-sized red beets, peel, wash, slice and cook in two quarts of water to which one teaspoon of vinegar has been added. Remove beets. Beat one egg, add one tablespoon flour, one teaspoon salt, one tablespoon vinegar, and one-half cup cold water. Stir so there are no lumps, pour into the boiling soup and let cook one minute. Serve with a little sweet or sour cream. A soup bone or scraps of leftover ham may be used for foundation. This is especially good for weak people.—MRS. G. GERHARDT, Hesperica, Mich.

CANNED MEAT.—Late in fall when the weather becomes cold, or during the winter, a porker, beef or sheep may be butchered. A portion of beef may be kept fresh by allowing to freeze and remain frozen. This improves it for frying. Slice thin and roll in flour and fry in hot fat. To cut the meat, cut it into cubes of size to go into fruit jar. For one-quart jars fill but half full and add one teaspoon of salt and pepper to suit taste, then fill jar with meat. Place an old jar ring on while cooking is going on to avoid wasting a good ring as new ones must be put on after cooking. The cooking process renders the ring unfit to keep the meat. Turn on a cover, just so the jar isn't sealed tight and there is a little play as you endeavor to lift up by the top. If sealed too tightly the jar is likely to burst. Arrange enough jars into holders or onto rack to cover bottom of boiler. Now pour cold water into boiler until it comes within two inches of jar rings. This gives boiling room. Place boiler on stove, keeping a good fire. When boiling point is reached, time it. It requires three hours boiling and as water boils down, more boiling water should be poured into it from teakettle to keep the same amount of water. If beef is an old one, four hours should be allowed for cooking. At this time remove cover of boiler and cap of one jar. Test with fork to see if meat is tender. If not, replace cover and cook until it is. Take out one jar at a time, remove old ring, replace with a new one and turn cap and seal tight. When cold, fat will rise to top which keeps it air-tight. Wash jars on outside and place in cellar for future use. To serve, I simply open a jar and empty contents into pan and set it in oven to brown. It is delicious. It can be warmed in frying-pan on top of stove. For small family it is best to use one-quart jars. Two-quart jars are desirable if one can use up the contents immediately in hot weather. If beef and pork are butchered at same time a mixture of beef and pork may be canned together and all trimmings which are not too fat may be put into sausage. What is too fat for sausage can be cut up for lard. Season the ground sausage meat with sage, salt and pepper and mix well. Fry a sample to taste. If not seasoned properly add whateyer is necessary and mix thoroughly again. Make into little flat cakes and fry. Put these into fruit jars or gallon syrup pails. Pour the hot fryings over it and add enough more hot lard to cover all. Seal jars or cover pails closely. When cold, remove to cellar for future use. This sausage and canned meat will come in very handy in such busy times as harvest, threshing or when unexpected company arrives, and is very good.—MRS. ESTHER MILLER, Bellwood, Box 138, Nebr.



For Every Member of the Family

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CLEVELAND, OHIO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Have you room in your circle for a lonely sister from this large city? I can hear a sister from some lonesome farm exclaim, "How can you complain of lonesomeness when you are living right among people? What would you do on our farm, miles from anyone?" Well, little farm sister, I am ready to exchange places with you any time you are. My father is a farmer preacher and my husband a city preacher and all I ever get of the farm is about one month a year when I visit my folks and how I do enjoy that month, and I don't only visit either. I work as well.

But let's forget our troubles here and enjoy each other's company while we can. Let's give a cheer for Mrs. Wilkinson and our great paper, COMFORT. I enjoy it immensely and can hardly await its arrival, and my husband enjoys it too. And isn't it great to have a COMFORT Pin. Let's all have one.

I like to read letters from sisters, telling what they do. I help my husband by having a sewing school for girls from eight to sixteen years of age. My school now has an enrollment of eighty girls. Then I have a girls' club of twelve; they get religious instruction, learn music and we read good books together and usually surprise the church with an entertainment given by them (their ages ten to sixteen), and the money taken is used for benevolent purposes. And when these girls give an entertainment the church is always crowded. Then I have the Ladies' Aid, teach the choir and act as church organist, besides doing my own work and being mother to two baby boys. You may wonder why I have to do all this. It is because we are working with Hungarian people and we have to teach them everything. I learned the language (am German born) and I love the people. Pay us a visit some Sunday. We have a band that my husband directs, two cornets, two altoes, two slide trombones, one baritone, one bass and tenor drum. If it weren't for the work I'd be mighty lonesome but as I am kept busy I get lonesome only occasionally.

To the little lady who asks about love at first sight, I'd like to say an emphatic Yes! The second time I saw my husband was on our wedding day and there isn't a happier couple than we are.

To the sister who signs herself "Troubled" my heart aches for you. But my dear, be patient. Be a good mother to your children and I am sure you will be repaid some day. Have you ever tried to pray? I'm a firm believer in prayer and I am so sure if you pray in Faith your prayer will be answered. Don't let this make your life bitter, surely you can find some joy in your babies. And I don't agree with you on remarriage. I know that it is hard for you to see differently from your own hard experience. I know of many second marriages that are happy.

If Mrs. Wilkinson cares to have them I will send some good Hungarian recipes.

Love to you all. MRS. ELISA S. MATUS.

Mrs. Matus.—Such a busy, helpful person as you are surely has no time to be lonesome. We'd like ever so much to have the Hungarian recipes. Thank you.—Ed.

LESTERVILLE, MO.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

COMFORT Sisters' Corner is the most helpful, cheerful place I've found yet. It's just like a big family circle and reading the letters is like getting letters from home. Some of you won't like my letter but if we were all of the same opinion and wrote just the same the letters wouldn't be very helpful or interesting.

I like to have a neat house and I like real cleanliness and comfort. But we are not all situated so we

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

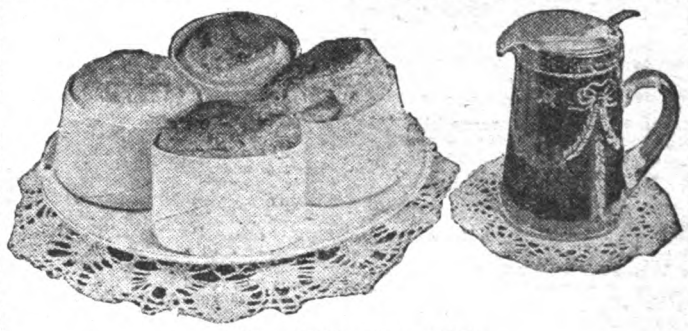
SALMON CHOWDER.—Mince fine one can of salmon. Have ready leftover potatoes, sliced thin. Put a layer of crackers, broken into small pieces, on bottom of pan, cover with a layer of potatoes, then a layer of salmon, salt and pepper each layer, until pan is full. Pour milk over until it covers salmon, dot with butter, and bake in hot oven one hour or more.—MRS. RIGGLE, Nebr.

TOMATO DUMPLINGS.—Put one pint of canned tomatoes in a stew kettle. Add one-quarter cup sugar, one-half teaspoon salt, butter size of an egg and a pinch of soda. Let cook while the dumplings are being made, while boiling drop the dumplings in quickly, place cover on kettle and do not remove it for twenty minutes. Have ready one teaspoon corn-starch dampened with milk and when dumplings are removed stir the corn-starch into the remaining tomatoes; when thick pour over the dumplings and serve while hot. Dumplings: one-half cup milk, a little salt, one egg, well beaten, one teaspoon baking powder and enough flour to make dough stiff enough to drop from spoon.—MRS. M. B. C., Arizona.

BAKED RICE PUDDING.—One-half cup rice, one-quarter teaspoon salt, one-third cup sugar, sprinkling of grated nutmeg and one quart of hot milk. Scald the milk. Wash the rice and put it with salt, sugar and nutmeg into a buttered baking dish and pour on the hot milk. Bake from three to four hours in a moderate oven or until rice is soft and pudding is creamy. Stir it with a fork every five minutes until the last half hour, then allow it to brown.—ERMA MORGAN, Sanford, Miss.

BRAN MUFFINS.—Two cups bran, two cups white flour, two teaspoons salt, two cups sour milk, or buttermilk, one-half cup sugar, one tablespoon shortening, one egg, one-half teaspoon soda, two teaspoons baking powder and one-half cup water. Beat shortening, egg and sugar together until creamy. To sour milk add the soda dissolved in hot water, then the bran, flour, salt, baking powder and the egg and sugar mixture. Mix thoroughly and put into buttered gem pans. Bake in hot oven for twenty minutes.

SUPPER PUFFS WITH SYRUP.—Measure one even cup of flour after sifting, add one quarter of a teaspoon of salt and sift again. Measure one cup of milk, add part of it to the flour very slowly and stir until a smooth paste is formed. Beat the yolk of one egg until a light yellow and then beat in the remainder of cup of milk. Lastly add the white of one egg which has been beaten to a stiff froth. Bake in hot buttered cups or gem pans in quick oven for half an hour, or until well puffed and brown.



SUPPER PUFFS WITH SYRUP.

SYRUP.—Melt one cup of brown sugar (granulated will do) with one tablespoon of water in a frying-pan, and stir until it becomes a rich brown color. Add one cup of boiling water and simmer three minutes with stirring. When cold add half a teaspoon of vanilla.

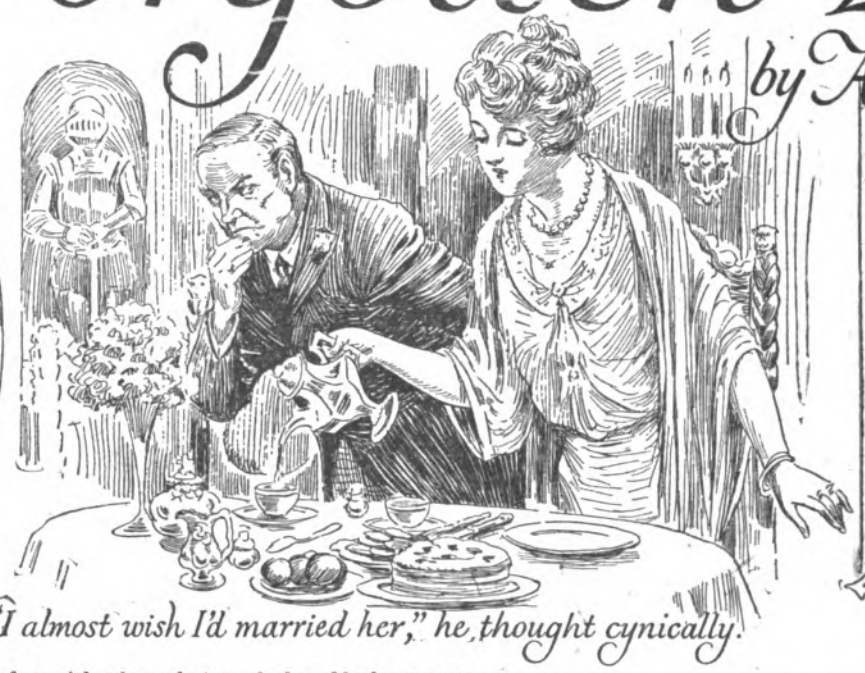
BAKER'S CUSTARD PIE.—Beat the yolks of three eggs to a cream. Stir thoroughly one tablespoon of sifted flour into three tablespoons of sugar; this separates the particles of flour so there will be no lumps. Add this to beaten yolks of eggs with pinch of salt and one teaspoon of vanilla, and a little grated nutmeg. Add next the well-beaten whites of eggs, one pint of milk, scalded but not boiled, then cooled. Mix the milk in slowly. Have ready a deep pie tin lined with pastry. Fill with custard and bake twenty or twenty-five minutes.—MRS. M. WIDMAN, Cleveland, Ohio.

A Forgotten Love

by Adelaide Stirling



"Gill," she cried, "tell me quick! Aren't you happy?"



"I almost wish I'd married her," he thought cynically.



For an instant he held her so, her face was level with his.

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CHAPTER I.

A PACKAGE OF LETTERS.

THE November storm drove hard at the shabby old house set in its few acres of sodden fields, which had been all the home the two motherless daughters of Tom Hamilton had ever known. Tom Hamilton, who had been born to a princely estate in the next county, and had died in the streets of London, drunken and in rags, having long ago turned over his two girls to the care of Miss Jane Archer, once a housekeeper at his father's house.

Miss Jane, as the children called her, did her best by them, having always idolized "poor Master Tom." She had money, and she spent it royally on her charges, sending them to school in Cheltenham, and teaching them in the holidays to make wax flowers and embroider handkerchiefs—poor accomplishments to face the world with—when death came suddenly for the old woman and left two grown-up girls to live as best they might.

For, at Miss Jane's death came a thunderclap. Her money had been sunk in an annuity; the very house that sheltered Tom Hamilton's daughters was only held on a lease that in two months would expire. All they had in the world was forty pounds a year, the last dregs of that great fortune which had been their father's. He had died before he could spend that, or they would have been beggared indeed.

The prospect was not a gay one, even for Jacqueline Hamilton, whom Miss Jane always considered indecently brave for a girl and unlikely ever to get a husband, since she had "no little confiding ways, such as being afraid of cows!"

As for Gillian, the elder girl by two years—the wiser by a terrible six-months' stay with her out-at-the-elbows father in London, when rheumatic fever had him by the heels—a terror of the future had overmastered her. It woke her up at night in a cold sweat of panic.

Two half-educated, wholly useless girls, and only forty pounds a year between them and the nightmare streets of London! Not nearly a pound a week to throw to those gray wolves of hunger and cold that would crouch sternly at their door. Night after night the girl thought desperately while Jacqueline slept calmly by her side. Day after day she walked the low, ugly valley by the river, where the cattle shivered in the autumn fields. And in one of these aimless walks a solution of her problem came to Gillian Hamilton; in the daytime she thought it fell from heaven, in the night she was not so sure.

She grew thin in those days, and got a queer look in her eyes. She said to herself that it was because her sister hotly and scornfully refused to have anything to say to the comfortable, easy life that had been offered them; that was quite enough to make you wake up crying every morning. But Gillian knew more of life than Jacky. When Mr. Marchmont, whom she had seen sometimes at her father's—a strange associate for that untidy wreck—had met her in the dripping fields and told her that he had bought her father's old home, Hamilton Place, and was willing and anxious to adopt both his daughters, the girl dared not say no.

Jacqueline said no outright; but in the conversation she let out that the desire of her heart was to go to London and learn indexing. There was a fortune in it, and she could live with a school friend who was at it already. That settled it for Gillian.

Jacky should have all their fortune, and she would go and live with Mr. Marchmont. It was not the comfort, nor the house, nor the money that decided her; but that was the only way she saw for her to live without dragging Jacky down to the awful poverty she had seen enough of in London to fear and dread. She thought of the presents she could give her little sister; the home that would always be open to her—once Gillian was installed in it—if the indexing plan failed.

As for Mr. Marchmont, fifty years old, intolerably well dressed and handsome in a small, old way, she thought of him as little as possible. It was out of the question, of course, for a girl to feel a hidden terror of a small, elderly man, with polished manners and a fashion of kissing her hand when he met her.

Tonight was their last night in the old home. Gillian rose from her packing of the fine, new dressing-bag which had been one of Mr. Marchmont's many gifts, and wondered why she had no pleasure in its silver fittings.

The room, as the girl looked round it for things which might have been forgotten, was almost empty. They had sold all the furniture by auction the day before, and most of it had been taken away. By this time tomorrow there would not be a stick remaining, but it did not matter; she and Jacky would be gone. One to hard work and scanty fare, the other to idleness and ease. Gillian for one moment thought that Jacky had chosen the better part; then she stamped her foot sharply.

"You fool!" she said to herself. "You know you can't work. Would you go and be a burden on Jacky? You dare not do anything but go with Mr. Marchmont. To refuse his offer would be madness—wicked, selfish madness!"

She moved hastily to the rattling, drafty window, where the last daylight was wan. There was one thing more to do before the old life should be dead and buried—only one thing.

She pulled a packet of letters from her pocket, and as she looked at it her strained, young face changed horribly, till it was the face of a woman bidding good by to love and life rather than that of a girl whom fortune had suddenly remembered. With both hands she crushed the letters to her lips, while tears poured down her cheeks.

"Oh, my love!" she cried sharply, under her breath. "Oh, my love!"

She read the notes through, as if she did not know them by heart, crouching in the rainy twilight. They were only notes; they might have been read on the housetops and a listening world would have laughed at the idea of their being love-letters. But to Gillian, who knew what was behind the everyday sentences, they were the round world and all that therein is.

She dropped her head on the window-sill, and was deaf to everything but the echo of a careless voice she would never hear again. She never stirred as Jacqueline came in and stood gazing at her.

"What are you doing?" asked a high, young voice full of wonder. "Tea's ready! I made muffins, because it was our last night, and—— Why, Gill, my Gill, you're crying! What's the matter?"

"Nothing," sobbed Gillian, but the old, old lie was useless in the sharp ears of Jacky Hamilton. She knelt down and got both her strong, young arms round those quivering shoulders.

"Gill," she tried, "tell me quick! Aren't you happy? Don't you want to go with that nasty, old man. For you shan't stir a step, if you don't want to. We'll go out and scrub sooner."

"Don't talk nonsense!" A sob seemed to tear at Gill's very heart. It isn't that. And how do you know he is a nasty, old man? You've never even seen him."

Jacqueline had obstinately refused to meet Mr. Marchmont on the two occasions on which he had visited their house.

"I have seen him," she returned slowly, unexpectedly; "I saw him through the crack of the drawing-room door the last time he was here, and I think he is a bad, horrid, old wretch. I don't believe in his kindness one bit! Why does he want to burden himself with you, if he has no need to? You aren't an heiress; you can't do anything for him?"

"He doesn't need it; he's rich," wonderingly.

"All the same, there's something behind his kindness," Jacky mused aloud. "I saw him look at you when your face was turned away, and I didn't like his eyes. You don't know anything about him, either! Oh, Gill! Think again. Don't go with him!"

"I must, now. And I do know about him. He used to come and see father——"

"Every disreputable man in London used to go and see father. You said so yourself."

"He wasn't like them. I wondered why he came always; and I know he is rich and has bought Hamilton Place, for it was in all the papers when he bought it. There isn't anything against him, Jacky, really; it's only that you don't like him."

"I hate him, and I wouldn't sit in the room with him! But if he turns out kind, and you like him, I'll go and see you, if he asks me. Anyhow, Gill, if you're not happy, you won't stay, will you? You promise me to send for me at once, or come to me? You won't let any nonsense about making me poor stop you? It isn't leaving me that makes you cry, is it?"

"I hate leaving you—but——" She had stopped crying; her face was self-contemptuous and very hard; "I was crying because I'm a fool!"

Jacqueline's keen, blue eyes fell on the crushed letters in Gillian's hand.

"There was someone then, when you were in London. "I thought so always," she said shrewdly. "Oh, Gill, if Mr. Marchmont is coming between you and anyone else, let him go—stick to the man you care for!"

Gillian, who was always so gentle, caught her sharply by the arm.

"Hush!" she cried; "hush, Jacky! You kill me. I can't—stick to him—he doesn't want me."

Jacky sniffed.

"How do you know?" she asked, looking incredulously at the lovely, bent head, though it was too dark to see the copper light in the heavy brown hair; "I don't believe it."

"Oh, it's quite true! He did not give me any room to doubt it. He came often to see father. He loved me. I was"—she stopped as if the word choked her, and went on—"engaged to him. But father didn't know it—no one did. I came home, and he wrote to me; but he kept saying it was a secret, and I only minded because of you. I begged him to let me tell you, and he wrote," a slow crimson covered her set face, "that it was all done. He could not have me—for his wife." Afterward Jacky remembered the odd wording of that sentence. "I was to forget him. That's all, Jacky. I never heard from him again."

"Then he was a beast! The sooner you forget him the better."

Gillian laughed, and the sound of it was not good.

"He was all the earth and all of heaven to me," she said deliberately. "You may as well hear the truth while you're about it. Tomorrow I'm going to begin a new life, and forget him; you see, going to Mr. Marchmont had very little to do with my crying. Come on down to tea."

"What was his name?" Jacky Hamilton's eyes were curiously dark.

"His name? It doesn't matter; he has no name for me, any more," her sweet voice was dull. She held out the letters. "Burn them for me," she said piteously, and led the way downstairs.

Jacky shoved the letters into her pocket distastefully, and stood whistling a tune; she always whistled when she was angry.

"If ever I meet that man he shall pay for his hatefulness to my Gill," she thought, frowning. "I hate him, and when I hate people it isn't good for them."

She went down, whistling still, for her heart was very heavy.

As for the letters, it was months before she thought of them again; and then they wrung her heart long past tears.

CHAPTER II.

A GOLDEN CAGE.

Three months after Gillian Hamilton stood once more by a window, staring out into the chilly dusk. She was changed, as by a miracle, from the girl who had parted from her only sister in bitter tears. She was a fine lady now; but her eyes looked years older. Life at Hamilton Place with Mr. Marchmont was a very different thing from what it had been in her thoughts.

"I'm a slave; an expensive adjunct to a gorgeous house!" she thought. "I wish I were starving, and free. I can't see why on earth he adopted me. He doesn't like me. I wish there had not been that burglary at Lord Hollis.' It frightens me to think of burglars in this huge, lonely house."

She pushed back her veil impatiently.

Oh, Jacky had been right to keep out of Mr. Marchmont's sight. He was a bad man, cruel to the core, kind though he was. If only she had listened to Jacky!

To her surprise, no one in the county knew any more of him than she did. He was rich and appeared from space, that was all. But invitations were showered on them; and Gillian never imagined that the great reason of Mr. Marchmont's easy acceptance in county society was his much-talked-of kindness to Tom Hamilton's daughter. Mr. Marchmont knew, and smiled contentedly at his own cleverness.

Gillian started as he came into the room. He liked to find her at this hour seated in a gorgeous tea-gown, ready to receive visitors, a lovely sumptuous figure in the light of the silver lamps.

"I beg your pardon. I thought you were ready," Mr. Marchmont was standing in the doorway with an air of polite surprise. You are not going out, surely?"

Gillian glanced quietly down at her heavy velvet gown, her sealskin coat. Her picture hat suddenly weighed on her head like a discovered crime.

"Out?" she stammered. "Oh, no! I'm sorry, Mr. Marchmont; I was thinking and I forgot the time. Please pour out your tea. I will just take off my things."

"Please take the time to change your dress." He drew out his watch. "I can wait ten minutes." He crossed the room and rang the bell. "We can have fresh tea."

"I wish you would scold me, or let me have my tea as I am," she said with a lump in her throat.

"We are not coster-mongers, my dear Gillian," he said, with that neat, polished accent which was grating on her nerves. "I shall, of course, wait for you."

Gillian vanished, like a cowed dog, to reappear in an incredibly short time, the folds of her old-rose gown floating behind her, its lace collar cut to show her round, white throat encircled with the rows of pearls which Mr. Marchmont never liked to see her without after five in the afternoon. His fondness for jewels was a passion.

He looked at his adopted daughter as she poured the tea into the gold-lined Sevres cups, her smooth, white hands heavy with rings.

She was more than pretty as she sat there, the smooth waves of her dark hair full of copper lights, her lovely, chiseled face bent down a little as she looked at the teacups. Her delicate, dark eyebrows pleased him with their exquisite line, and her lashes, dark against her cheeks. She was more lovely than when he had first seen her, though it was a pity she did not smile oftener; few girls had such teeth.

"I almost wish I'd married her," he thought cynically. "Then I should not have to be so damnable careful about keeping my temper. She is more of a fool than I imagined; if she was only level-headed—we could make millions. Who could have thought that Tom Hamilton's daughter would be—conventional!" his upper lip quivered in a wondering sneer.

Gillian shrank a little under his eyes. If only he would be less punctiliously kind, more human, she could like him. And yet, she did not know. There were things about the house as well as the man himself that frightened her—small, inexplicable things that gave her a feeling of being a prisoner in a sumptuous jail.

"You seem languid. Was your drive too much for you?"

"My drive?" hastily. "No; oh, no!" How she hated those stately drives in the smoothly-rolling Victoria, while every drop of her young blood pined for exercise! Yet with Jacky to talk to, she could have loved them.

Mr. Marchmont had a way of sitting in silence, leaning back with closed eyes; she had soon learned that he did not want her to speak to him.

She took up the handkerchief she was embroidering for Jacky, and began to sew nervously.

Poor, little, brave Jacky! working hard at her indexing in London, with sometimes only bread and butter for dinner! If it were not for taking half that scanty bread and butter, Gillian would have turned her back on Mr. Marchmont and his money forever.

She looked at the untouched cakes on the tea-table—if only she could send them to Jacky! For it had been all a dream, that thought of sending Jacky presents; she never had a penny.

All her dresses were ordered for her. She could not even buy a stamp, and she sometimes wondered if those letters she laid on Marchmont's table to be stamped ever went to Jacky at all.

"You work very well," Marchmont said suddenly. "Let me see your monogram." The handkerchief was in his quick, dexterous hand almost before she knew it.

"It's a name, not a monogram," she flushed quietly—for, had she not picked her initials out of her best handkerchiefs to mark them over for Jacky?

"Jacqueline," read Mr. Marchmont; then he handed back the handkerchief. "She has fine linen for a girl with her income." His voice was quite as usual; but she saw he knew what she had done. She took her courage in both hands.

"I've so many," she pleaded, "and she has so few."

"She could have the same," he returned indifferently; "it is her own fault that she is poor."

"I know"—a little wildly—"you would have been good to both of us. But I'm so unhappy without Jacky. Could I have her here to stay, only for a little while, or might I go to her?"

Mr. Marchmont put his hand over his mouth; it was a way he had when he was displeased.

"Considering that I am quite aware of your sister's opinion of me," he said stiffly, "and why she refused my offer to adopt her, perhaps you can see why I have no desire for her society, any more than she has for mine. Kindly let that be final, my dear Gillian! In everything else, you know, I am only too pleased to give you your own way."

"Do you mean I am never to see Jacky any more?" She stood up, aghast.

"I mean I see no necessity," firmly, "for her coming here." Two girls would not suit his book at all now; one was boring enough, well as she was serving his purpose.

"Then let me go to her," her proud lips trembling.

"And live on her, and her forty pounds a year," he said slowly. "Do you realize what that would mean, Gillian?"

She shivered; she knew too well. Jacky might keep her head above water alone, with Gillian to keep—never. She was caught hard and fast in this gorgeous cage she had made for herself; a cage some instinct told her hid something hideous, wicked, ordinary as it looked.

"You see?" he said gently. "And if I were you, I should not imagine horrors about your sister. A girl with the brains I suppose her to have will never starve in London."

She flung up her head at the deadly significance his voice lent the words; staring at him in horror, her eyes blank, her lips white with sudden passion. He saw the first only, not the last, and felt he had dealt well with this fit of rebellion.

"If you want to please your sister," he continued affably, "you can send her that prune-colored gown that does not suit you; though it is properly a perquisite of your maid's."

"I will send her nothing of yours." Her voice was even dull. "But as for my maid, that gown does not concern her. She is going to leave me. That burglary the night we left Lord Hollis' has frightened her."

"Has she perhaps a diamond tiara?" Mr. Marchmont started angrily. "The robbery did not worry her any more than if it had happened in London. Our visit was over; we were at home, out of the way—thank goodness!—for there is nothing so thoroughly abominable as to be in a house at the time of a jewel robbery. Let the girl go at once. I won't have her shaking your nerves with penny-dreadful stories."

"Who do you think did it?" Gillian said nervously. "You don't think they'll come here, do you?"

"Tramps, who are certain to be caught," shortly. "The whole affair was ridiculous. They only stole a few two-penny half-penny rings."

"Because Lady Hollis was brave, and struggled and screamed——"

"A foolish, hysterical thing to do," he cut her short; "better lose all you have than risk your life like that. If your maid has nothing better to do than enlarge on such topics, the sooner she goes the better. You can get another maid."

For a moment she looked at him, her eyes no longer blank.

"I can get another maid," she repeated with a curious intonation. "I have heard of one, if her references are satisfactory to you."

"Settle that with Mrs. Gibbs," he returned shortly. He let everything to the smart, showy housekeeper, who scarcely took the trouble to hide her dislike of Gillian. "Only do it at once."

He rose with that manner which always seemed mocking, as well as deferential, to open the door for her as she passed out; but he did not look at her or he might have seen a new strength in her face.

"I will have a new maid," she said to herself as she went up the wide, polished stairs to her room; "someone Mr. Marchmont never saw. I must—I can't bear this any longer! If only I had not signed those papers giving him legal guardianship over me till I'm twenty-one, I would go away. But he would get me back again. And I have no money, anyhow. I can't go!"

She passed an unshuttered window, and stopped to close and bar it. The robbery of the house where they had been staying had shaken her nerves.

Lady Hollis had been at the point of death after a desperate struggle with a masked man, who had got but little, thanks to her courage. She was a kind woman, Lady Hollis; and Mr. Marchmont had not even seemed sorry for her.

"I wonder if he would be sorry for me," Gillian thought, with a little shiver. She did not care a straw for her own jewels, but the great house was curiously lonely at night, and her own rooms very isolated.

She wondered afresh why Marchmont had adopted her, as she stood in front of her glass taking off those pearls and laces for which she had sold her birthright and freedom. For her-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

USING THE FALL APPLES

By Violet Marsh



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IT is during the autumn season that the finest flavored apples are obtained for cooking and canning. The fall apples are also very juicy, and their tender, spicy skins will cook as soft as the rest of the apple.

The old saw, "An apple a day keeps the doctor away," is not without merit, for the apple, besides its nutritive value, possesses tonic and regulative properties that have a positive health-sustaining action. Raw or cooked it is especially valuable to be eaten with meat, fish, eggs, beans, peas, lentils or other nitrogenous foods. The apple can well take its place as a nourishing tonic, for among all the dishes made from fruits none other so well fills the need for something both refreshing and appetizing, or is so dependable as well made stewed apple sauce, or apples properly baked and pleasing to the eye as well as to the taste, or one of those jellied apple pies that melt in the mouth. There are also numerous other dishes wherein apples are used for little more than a flavoring, for they give a winy, pleasant taste that blends well with many other flavors.



SOUTHERN SWEETS.

I cannot too strongly urge the housewife to fill her empty jars with early apples, both whole and sliced, for you will have a product that possesses a fine texture, color and flavor not to be obtained from storage fruit. For drying purposes the later varieties are preferable as these have a higher content of sugar and less starch.

To Detect Spoilage in Canned Food

The time is not far off when we shall begin to use the canned foods with which we have filled our shelves and to wonder if they have "kept" as we intended they should. Since the method of cooking the food in the jars has come into use, most failures are caused by a defective seal, usually due to the covers not fitting the jars or having uneven surfaces that cause tipping. Rubbers that do not fit properly are also a source of defective sealing. The rubber that fits goes into place readily, but if it is a little small and must be stretched into place, the rubber will lose in thickness and elasticity and may cause an imperfect seal.

Very often spoilage is accompanied by the formation of much gas which is plainly visible through the glass jar, or which, if it occurs in tin, causes the ends of the can to bulge, or "swell." In other cases, however, there is no gas formed and the product may appear to be in good condition as far as the inspection of the closed container is concerned, but upon opening it may be found that the flavor is unduly sour, or disagreeable in some other way, so that the product cannot be safely used at all. Those types of spoilage in which there is formation of acid without gas or bubbles is called "flat-sour."



APPLE WHIPS.

When opening a jar it should require the application of some force to remove the top, for the sealing of the jar while the contents are boiling hot results in the formation of a partial vacuum, and if the seal remains perfect the pressure of the surrounding atmosphere holds the cover down. Similarly, the tin can should be flat or slightly drawn in at the ends when cool. Any canned food which has conspicuously softened or has become mushy to an extent not warranted by the cooking process to which it was subjected should not be eaten.

Autumn Apple Recipes

CANNED BAKED APPLES.—Wipe and core tart apples of uniform size. Make a syrup, using two measures of water to one and a half of sugar, and boil it fifteen minutes. Arrange a layer of apples closely together in an agate pan, and use sufficient syrup to come about half way up the sides. Bake in a moderately hot oven, basting frequently to prevent the apples from breaking. When done, carefully lift into sterilized jars, first a layer of apples and then enough syrup from the pan to fill all crevices. Repeat until jars are filled. If the syrup in the baking pan is insufficient to fill jars, finish with the plain syrup used boiling hot. It is well to estimate about how many jars the apples and syrup will fill so as to use the same amount of plain syrup in each jar. Partly seal, place in hot water bath and cook fifteen minutes after the water begins to boil. Seal and set in a dark, cool closet.

Apples may be pared and cored and stewed in a syrup until clear and transparent, and then canned as above described.

APPLE PIE FILLING.—Select firm sound apples. Take off a thin peeling, then cut into halves and core. Drop the apples into very cold slightly salted water to prevent tarnishing. Cover the peels and cores at once with cold water, cook twenty minutes and strain. While the peels are cooking remove the apples from the salted water and cut the halves in two, put into a preserving kettle with a small amount of water, cover closely, quickly bring to a boil and set back where they will steam cook while the syrup is being prepared. Take the strained juice, bring to a boil and add an equal amount of sugar and cook eight minutes. Pack the steamed apple closely into sterilized jars and when all are filled divide the syrup evenly between the jars, using a knife blade down the sides to make sure the syrup fills all vacancies. If the syrup is insufficient to fill the jars, finish with plain syrup. Using a syrup made from the peelings and cores adds a rich flavor. Cook 30 minutes in a hot water bath.

CANNED APPLE SAUCE.—Wipe and cut apples into slices without peeling or coring. Add water to just cover and cook rapidly until soft. Press through a wire strainer and add sugar to taste. Cook ten minutes, adding boiling water if too thick. Pour boiling hot into hot jars, and cook ten minutes in a hot water bath after the water begins to boil. Seal.

APPLE GLACE.—Select large red apples that are firm and tart, core and peel them about one-third of the way down from the stem end. Place the apples in an agate dish that can be closely covered. For eight apples make a syrup by boiling one and a quarter cup of sugar with two cups of water for five minutes, pour it over the apples, cover and bake in a fairly hot oven until tender but not broken, basting frequently. Remove the cover, sprinkle about a teaspoon of sugar over the peeled portion of each apple, increase the oven heat and bake uncovered until the tops have browned, basting occasionally.

JELLIED APPLES.—Into a stew-pan put one and a quarter cup of sugar, one slice of lemon, one-half teaspoon of cinnamon, one-fourth teaspoon of ginger and two cups of cold water, and simmer ten minutes. Add one rounding quart of tart apples, measured after they have been peeled, cored and cut into eighths. Simmer closely covered until tender, then carefully skim out the apple and place it in a serving dish. Add to the syrup one tablespoon of lemon juice, a very little of the grated rind and two tablespoons of granulated gelatine that has soaked in half-a-cup of cold water while the apples cooked. There should be about one pint of syrup, but if not, add hot water to make this quantity, remove the slice of lemon and pour over the apple. Set away to stiffen. Serve with whipped cream.

APPLE WHIP. Soak two level tablespoons of gelatine in five tablespoons of cold water twenty minutes and then beat it into two cups of hot apple sauce to which a little extra sweetening has been added. The apple sauce should be creamy and fairly thin. Beat the sauce and gelatine frequently until cool, then add one tablespoon of lemon juice, a little grated nutmeg and about three drops of extract of rose, beat and set away to stiffen. Before serving, fold in one cup of whipped cream. Sprinkle shredded cocoanut over the top that has been previously steamed until soft.

APPLE KUCHEN.—Scald two and one-half cups of milk and let it become lukewarm. Take one-half cup of the cooled milk in which to dissolve one yeast-cake, then return to the whole with one teaspoon of sugar. Beat in three and one-half cups of sifted flour until the mixing spoon will leave the batter clean. Let rise, taking care it does not fall in center, then add four whole eggs and the whites of two well beaten, one tablespoon of sugar, one teaspoon of salt and one-third of a cup of softened butter. Beat well and add flour until the consistency of a cake mixture. Cover and set in a warm place until double in bulk, cut down and spread thin in shallow tins. Cut apples into eighths, cover the cake uniformly with them, sprinkle with sugar and a little cinnamon and bake in a fairly quick oven.

APPLE AND CORN-MEAL PUDDING.—Pour boiling water over two cups of corn-meal until it is thoroughly wet. Stir in one-third cup of molasses, one-half teaspoon of cinnamon, one-fourth teaspoon of ginger, one even teaspoon of salt and half a teaspoon of soda dissolved in warm water. Thin out the mixture with warm water until it will pour from the dish. Cut three tart apples into eighths and remove the cores but do not peel. Put mixture and apples into a well-buttered pail in layers, cover tightly, set into boiling water on a holder that will keep it off the bottom of kettle and boil three hours. Do not allow the water to stop boiling as it will make soggy rings in the pudding. Serve with thin cream.



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APPLE CUSTARD.—Pare and core six or seven tart apples. Fill each cavity with sugar, add about one-eighth teaspoon of butter and half a teaspoon of lemon juice. Bake in a fairly hot oven. Beat the yolks of three eggs, add three tablespoons of sugar, a very little salt and beat again. Now add to the egg mixture two cups of scalding milk, stir and pour it over the baked apples and return to the oven to thicken which will take but a short time. Cool. Beat the whites of three eggs until foamy but not stiff, gradually add three tablespoons of sugar and beat until stiff. Spread over the apples, set the dish on a board in the oven to prevent further cooking of the custard, and cook the meringue about seven minutes in a moderate heat.

APPLE PIE.—Line a deep pie tin with good pastry which should hang over the edge one inch. Wash and wipe apples, cut into eighths without paring and core. Arrange the pieces of apple around the edge and then over the bottom of plate, heaping the plate considerably if a thick pie is desired. Mix one teaspoon of flour with one scant cup of sugar if the apples are juicy, add a few gratings of nutmeg and a little cinnamon. Pour over the apples and dot with bits of butter. Roll the top crust quite thin, set the pie plate onto it and crease the exact size of the outer edge and cut. Fold once and cut openings for the steam to escape. Place over the pie, moisten the edge with cold water, and turn the under crust over the top, gently pressing it into place. Place the pie in a hot oven, gradually reducing the heat to moderate, and bake one hour. Apple pies require long cooking and should be made thick.

VINEGAR FROM APPLE CORES AND PARINGS.—Put all the trimmings in a stone crock as they are made, covering with cold water and adding one cup of molasses to each gallon of water. Keep in a warm place covered with a cloth. When the desired amount is obtained, soften a yeast-cake with a little cold water, spread it on a slice of bread, then tie it in a piece of white cloth and place yeast side down in the crock. After fermentation ceases, strain and bottle.

October Recipes

OVEN-BROILED CHICKEN.—Split chicken down the back and clean. Have a good head of steam in your steamer kettle, and lay the chicken in the steamer and steam half an hour. Remove from steam, baste thoroughly with butter, sprinkle lightly with salt and dredge with flour. Lay in a large shallow baking tin and cook in a very hot oven until tender and brown. Turn frequently and baste with melted butter if necessary. Steaming prevents the thin layers of meat from drying, and the whole chicken will be juicier.

BREADED VEAL CUTLETS WITH SLICED TURNIP.—Trim the skin from the veal. Lightly beat an egg and add to it four tablespoons of milk and a pinch of salt. Roll the cutlets in fine dry bread-crumbs, then in the egg and again in the crumbs. Quickly brown in good cooking fat, turning from side to side, then set the frying-pan back, cover and cook slowly until tender. Cut new tender turnips into slices and boil until tender. Dip the slices into melted butter and set in a hot oven for five minutes.

LIVER SAUSAGE.—Select nine pounds of fresh pork with fat and lean quite evenly mixed. Cut into two-inch pieces, put into a baking dish without water, and bake two hours closely covered in a moderate oven. Drain from the fat while hot, then grind through the food chopper, using the fine cutter. Cut three pounds of fresh liver into strips and grind through the food chopper. Mix pork and liver with one-half cup of salt, two tablespoons of finely-sifted sage and one tablespoon of white pepper, and again grind it. Fill skin three-quarters full, boil one hour, hang to dry in a well-screened place, then smoke four days. For immediate use, the sausage meat is delicious made into flat cakes and fried brown in plenty of fat. Liver will not keep many hours off the ice, so there must be no delay in handling. After smoking, these sausages are cooked, and to serve need only to be heated in boiling water, or, better still, steamed hot.

BAKED ONIONS.—Peel and quarter ten good-size onions and arrange in deep baking dish. Dot with two tablespoons of butter or four tablespoons of very thick cream. Sprinkle with one scant tablespoon of sugar, one scant teaspoon of salt, one-eighth teaspoon of paprika, or a dash of cayenne pepper. Cover closely and cook in their own steam until soft and tender which will usually require about one and a half hour.

POTATOES WITH BACON.—Select medium-size potatoes. Cut off about an inch-thick slice from the top, and scoop out a cavity large enough to hold a slice of well-smoked breakfast bacon. Add a sprinkling of paprika, a little butter, and then replace the top, holding it in place with a toothpick through each side.

SOUTHERN SWEETS.—Scrub five good-size sweet potatoes and boil hard until soft. Peel and cut into lengthwise slices half an inch thick. Arrange in a well-buttered shallow pan, sprinkle with salt and half a cup of brown sugar. On each slice place a bit of butter, and over all squeeze the juice of half a lemon. Brown in a hot oven.

TOMATOES STUFFED WITH BAKED BEANS.—Cut a small slice from the stem end of the tomatoes and scoop out the soft part of center. Take baked beans with juice well cooked down, add a little scraped onion and fill the tomatoes. Top with fine bread-crumbs moistened with melted butter, sprinkle with paprika and bake in a hot oven.

RIPE CUCUMBER KETCHUP.—Pare the cucumbers, remove seeds and soft centers, and cut into two-inch pieces. To each quart of prepared cucumber add three-fourths cup of sliced onion, one stalk of tender celery and three green peppers. Put through the food chopper and cook until tender, using just enough boiling water to prevent catching on the bottom. Stir frequently. When done, add two cups of hot vinegar, one and a third cup of sugar, a little cayenne pepper and salt to taste. Cook to the right consistency and seal boiling hot in sterilized bottles.

MIXED PICKLES.—Carefully rinse one quart of small martinoes in cold water so not to bruise them. Peel one quart of small button onions, holding them under cold water. Rinse and drain until dry 160 small cucumbers. Separate one medium-size cauliflower into individual flowerets. One rounding quart of small green string beans, and one pint of small yellow butter beans. The beans should be young and entirely free from strings. The rind of half a medium-size watermelon pared and cut into small strips. Into a cheese-cloth bag put one rounding tablespoon of stick cinnamon broken into small pieces, one tablespoon of whole cloves, one tablespoon of white mustard seed, one-half tablespoon each of whole allspice, peppercorns, and whole mace, one teaspoon of celery seed, and one-fourth pound of scraped horseradish root. To allow for swelling, the bag should only be half full when tied. Dissolve three scant cups of salt in two quarts of boiling water and when cold add two quarts more of cold water. Put the prepared pickle into a stone crock and cover with the brine. Cover with an earthen plate held down with a stone, and if the brine does not come over the plate, add cold water. Let stand 48 hours, then drain, wash in cold water and return to crock. Slowly cook the bag of spice and one tablespoon of alum in two quarts of good vinegar about eight minutes, or until it can be skimmed, add two quarts of boiling water and pour at once over the pickles. Again cover with the weighted plate. In six weeks they are ready to use. Remove bag of spice when pickles are of the desired flavor. If a sweet pickle is desired, add two cups of sugar to the vinegar before it is boiled.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—One cup sugar, one-fourth cup butter, one egg, one-half cup sour milk, one-half teaspoon soda, one tablespoon Baker's cocoa sifted in one cup flour. Last of all, one-fourth cup boiling water, one teaspoon vanilla.

CHOCOLATE FILLING.—Into a double boiler put one square of plain Baker's chocolate, and as soon as it melts add one-half tablespoon of butter, one tablespoon of rich milk, one-half cup of light brown sugar, a small pinch of cinnamon, and a slice of orange rind about two inches square. Stir well and cook ten minutes, then remove orange rind and add one-third cup of chopped walnut meats. Spread on lightly buttered bread.

DOT CHOCOLATE FUDGE.—One twenty-five cent cake of Baker's chocolate, one cup confectioners' sugar, a pinch of salt, whites of two eggs beaten stiff, one cup chopped walnut meats, one teaspoon vanilla. Place chocolate in dish over a kettle of boiling water to melt. Mix sugar, eggs and salt together. Pour melted chocolate over this mixture; add walnut meats and vanilla. Pour into buttered plate and let stand over night.

COCOA RICE.—Bring one pint of milk to a boil in a double boiler. Add a pinch of salt and half-a-cup of brown rice. Cook until rice is soft, and then pour into a baking dish. Pour over the top, but do not stir in, one cup of cold milk to which has been added two tablespoons of sugar, and let it stand one hour. Stir together two tablespoons of Baker's cocoa and one tablespoon of sugar and add to it one-half cup of cold milk. When smooth, pour it over the rice and bake in a moderate oven about twenty-five minutes after it is heated through. Serve with milk or thin cream.

Cubby Bear's Hallowe'en

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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A LOUD knocking was heard on the door. Again and again it came. Mamma Bruin dropped her knitting and sprang from her chair to answer the knock, but before she had time to cross the room, the door burst open from without. In rushed Wollie Woodchuck, Squilly Porcupine and Racky Coon, pell-mell, tumbling over each other in their hurry.

A rush of chill air from the October night outside followed them.

"Whatever is the matter?" cried Mamma Bruin, for their faces wore a look of terror, and their eyes were staring wildly.

"Oh, such a dreadful monster!" panted Racky Coon. "It chased us everywhere, and we ran for your house as soon as we could."

"I shall not go home tonight," declared Wollie Woodchuck. "Nothing would tempt me to stay alone while that creature roams at large."

"It is a case for Policeman Bobb Catt—but who will have courage to go for him I do not know," said Squilly Porcupine, trying to smooth down his quills, which were bristling in all directions, from his fright.

"You are safe here," Mamma Bruin told them. "I will let nothing harm you. Now be calm, and tell me all about it."

"Well, then," began Wollie Woodchuck, "we were out there taking a walk this starry night. The farmer when he cut his corn, just left it standing in great bundles in his field. Strange he did not care enough about it to carry it into his barn! But since it was left there to waste, we thought we might as well have some. So that is where we were going."

"You will never tell the story if you are so slow about it," broke in Racky Coon. "We were crossing the pasture on our way to the cornfield, when, starting up from nowhere, it seemed, a frightful creature came toward us!" Racky shuddered, and Cubby Bear, who was listening, crept close to Mamma Bruin's side.

"*Such* a creature!" It was Dr. Squilly who took up the tale. "Nothing like it was ever seen before in the Pleasant Forest. It had a round, yellow head, great eyes, a three-cornered hole for a nose, and a monstrous mouth, stretched in an enormous grin!"

"*It was all a-fire inside!*" gurgled Wollie Woodchuck, glancing fearfully toward the door.

"Did you all three see it?" asked Mamma Bruin. "Sometimes when only *one* has a strange story to tell, it is only a dream, which seemed very real."

"Oh, this is no dream," Racky assured her. "We all three saw it plainly. Too plainly ever to doubt it. Its great eyes were blazing, and the fire shone through its nose, and its mouth, too. It had great ugly, uneven teeth——"

"Its grin was horrible," put in Squilly; and his quills, which he had smoothed down, began to rise again at the memory.

"This is strange, indeed!" said Mamma Bruin. "What was its body like?"

"We could not see its body, for it was all in shadow behind the fiery light that shone from its face," said Racky. "We turned and ran, and—now this is the strangest part of our story—*there, again, ahead of us*, we saw the same creature! How could it have been in both places, both before and behind us? I ask you that?"

"There must have been two of them," Mamma Bruin told him.

"Indeed, I should think the woods were full of them! This was Wollie's opinion. "For we darted this way and that, trying to run from them, and turn whichever way we would, soon we would see that blaze of light, and the glaring eyes and grin."

"If the thing was grinning, it couldn't have been meaning to harm you, could it?" asked little Cubby Bear.

"I think it was glad to be frightening us so," said Squilly.

"Strange, strange! I never heard the like of it!" mused Mamma Bruin, and old Grandma Bear, when the story was told to her, said the same.

"I am not afraid to go for Policeman Bobb Catt," said Mamma Bruin. "*Something* must be done! We cannot have our Pleasant Forest spoiled, and if such frightful creatures have come here, they must be driven out!"

"How brave you are!" exclaimed Wollie Woodchuck admiringly; and when she started out, they all went with her, finding comfort in her courage and strength.

"Please go to Bunny Rabbit's house first," begged Cubby Bear, "and see if he is all right. He is so timid, he would be frightened out of his wits if he saw the monster, alone!"

So to Bunny Rabbit's house, which was near by, they went.

They all crowded into the little house, and were just closing the door, when one of the Bunny Babies gave a shrill cry and hid his little face under Bunny Rabbit's arm!

"There, there, at the window!" cried Cubby Bear. "It is gone now, but oh, I saw it! A grinning face, all fiery, just as they told us!"



AGAIN, NEARER THIS TIME, THEY SAW THE FIERY FACE, GRINNING AT THEM FROM AROUND THE THICKET OF LOW HEMLOCKS.

"I will not stand this!" declared Mamma Bruin boldly. "I shall follow this creature to his lair, if need be, and I shall not wait to find Bob Catt. I am big enough, and strong enough, to settle this thing myself. Frightening Baby Bunnies, indeed! You may all follow me, if you like, but if not, I shall go alone."

"Oh, we will go, too," said Racky.

No one dared to be left behind, it seemed, and the Baby Bunnies were hastily packed into their little cart for the fearsome night ride.

Mamma Bruin strode valiantly in the lead while the others kept as close to her as they could.

"Where shall you go?" whispered Cubby Bear.

"I do not know," answered Mamma Bruin. "We are as likely to find what we seek in one place as another."

As the little procession moved along a broad path in the forest, Bunny Rabbit suddenly gave a startled shriek, and threw both his arms around the cartful of Bunny Babies.

"Over there!" cried Wollie Woodchuck, pointing. "And there is another! You see, there *were* two of them!"

For a few moments they all stood still, huddled together.

Again, nearer this time, they saw the fiery face, grinning at them from around a thicket of low hemlocks.

Mamma Bruin dropped on all-fours, and made a dash into the darkness.

"I missed it!" she said, scurrying wildly around the hemlocks. "I wish I could be on all sides of the thicket at once! It is in there somewhere, I am sure."

Cubby and Racky plucked up their courage.

"We will help you," they said, and took their places on guard.

Mamma Bruin bided her time, keeping a keen eye ready for any movement of the enemy.

Suddenly she gave a spring into the midst of the thicket.

An angry snarl from within showed that she had caught what she was after.

"Ah, ha! I have you," she growled. The boughs of the little hemlocks were shaken by the struggle which followed.

Cubby Bear and Racky Coon hurried to Mamma Bruin's aid. The timid ones watching drew nearer.

With startling suddenness, a round yellow object was seen to roll on the ground. A light flared up, then went out, followed by a thin trail of smoke.

Squilly Porcupine bent over to examine it.

"A pumpkin, a pumpkin!" he cried, in huge disgust. "We were scared of a pumpkin, with a light inside it."

"But I do not understand," said Wollie. "How could a pumpkin chase us everywhere, and look through Bunny Rabbit's window?"

"It could not. Someone had to carry it, of course," explained Squilly.

Just then Mamma Bruin backed slowly out of the hemlock thicket, dragging by the neck a long, struggling reddish form.

"It is only Foxy Reynard!" Cubby Bear shouted joyously.

"Foxy at his tricks again!" repeated Racky Coon.

Mamma Bruin gave Foxy a shake, and pulled him to his feet.

"Speak up, Foxy Reynard," she said, "and tell us all about your cruel joke. Where did you get your pumpkin face, all fire inside, to frighten babies with?"

But Foxy was sullen, and would make no answer. His red coat was rumpled, his fun was ended, and Mamma Bruin had not been gentle with him. She still held him by the shoulder with a grip like iron.

The Bunny Babies, in their little cart, were squealing with laughter. "Oh, the funny, funny pumpkin!" they said. "We were all goosies to be afraid!"

"Look out, there! Look out!" shouted Squilly Porcupine. The little animals scattered wildly, wondering what new danger was upon them.

Another pumpkin came skimming through the air, and a howl of pain broke from Foxy Reynard, for the big, flying yellow ball had hit him squarely on top of the head.

Mamma Bruin was so surprised at this, she let go her hold on her prisoner's shoulder, and staggered backward; while Foxy Reynard lost no time in seizing his chance for escape, and was off like a shot.

"The other pumpkin-face!" cried Cubby Bear in amazement. "*Where* did it come from?"

"I threw it!" called a voice from the darkness beyond the hemlock thicket; a thin, high voice, which they all knew to belong to Woozie Weasel. "I threw it, but I did not aim well, for I meant to hit someone beside Foxy Reynard with it. You were all so stupid you did not know that tonight is Hallowe'en, but Foxy and I knew it, and started out to see how we could celebrate. We found the children at the farm making what they called Jack-o'-Lanterns out of pumpkins. We watched them around the corner of the house. They put lights in all the pumpkin-faces, and they made a brave showing, I can tell you. Then the children left these two on the piazza while they went off down the road with some others, and while they were gone, Foxy and I took these two. We have had such a good time."

"Be off with you," warned Mamma Bruin, "or I shall give you such a shaking as I gave Foxy Reynard!"

"And you had best see to your friend," called Dr. Squilly Porcupine after him, "for you gave him a bad wallop on the head when you threw your pumpkin."

"See, the pumpkin is all broken to bits," said Cubby Bear, as he picked up a piece of it from the ground. "Where has the other one gone to?"

"Here it is," answered Wollie Woodchuck, speaking in a thick voice, for his mouth was full. He had been making good use of his time, and had eaten nearly half of Foxy Reynard's Jack-o'-Lantern.

"Have some!" he offered. "It is still good, even though it tastes a little of smoke."

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NOVEMBER COMFORT

Prominent among the many features that will add unusual interest to our coming Anniversary Number for November will be the illustrated narrative by Mr. Gannett, COMFORT'S founder and publisher, of the wonders that he saw and adventures that he encountered on his recent tour of central Europe by airplane. The following are some of the

Special Features for November

"Touring Europe by Airplane" Mr. Gannett tells of his airplane tour of England, war-scarred France, Switzerland, part of Germany, Belgium and Holland, and describes the international balloon race—profusely illustrated.

"Morena's Cause for Thanksgiving" A beautiful story with an optimistic uplift.

"The Forgotten Woman" Another thrilling romance by Alice L. Whitson portrays the tragic injustice of the double standard of morality.

"Thanksgiving Cooking" Good things for Thanksgiving and other seasonable recipes—also How to Can Chicken.

"Charades and Puzzles" To help entertain the family and guests Thanksgiving Day or Evening.

"Home-Made Christmas Gifts" The handywork of the giver is the most hearty token of Christmas remembrance between friends.

"Cubby Bear Leaves Home" Cubby Bear tires of home and sets out to seek adventure, but what he encounters is not to his liking.

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October, 1922.

Crumbs of Comfort

Love always lifts.
Try more than once.
A promise is a debt.
Praise loudly, blame softly.
God has plans for every life.
Lift the fallen and save the falling.
Do not make a pet of your stomach.
Honesty is greater than consistency.
Making up lost time cannot restore it.
A friend is one who helps us be our best.
Half-trying is the secret of many a failure.
What we have been makes us what we are.
A sharp temper can never be dulled by use.
Build your house with Love for the architect.
Righteousness is needed more than prosperity.
Shallow minds can hold the deepest prejudices.
We cannot hire a substitute in the battle of life.
The best argument for Christianity is a Christian.
If you would teach truth you must be true yourself.
Self-sacrifice lies at the door of all true usefulness.
A flood of words often denotes a drought of thought.
A great heart has no room for the memory of a wrong.

Most opinions are canned stuff and too few are home-grown.

The development of good habits is the best habit to acquire.

It is better to be blinded by love than to stumble with hate.

"Force of habit" is merely another way of saying "lack of will."

He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do any.

The shortest way to do many things is to do only one thing at a time.

In a tiny cottage the space for happiness is just as great as in a palace.

It is always easier to discuss the doings of others than to do our own duty.

Nature is the greatest of universities, endowed by God and free to all men.

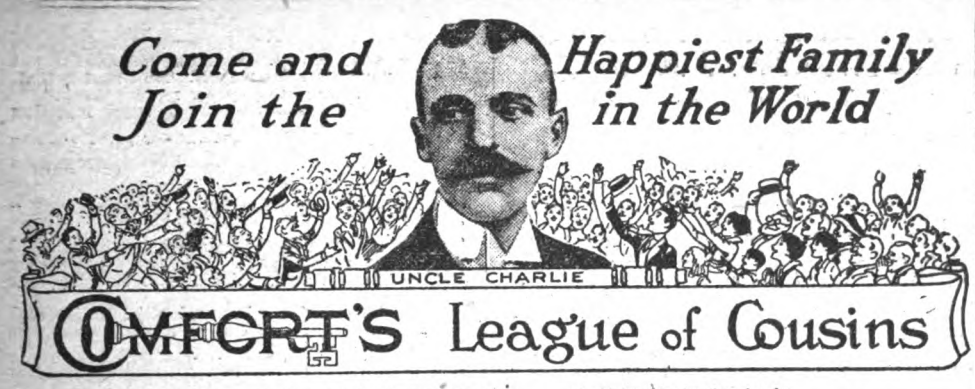
The courteous man uses discretion and the kindly man avoids giving offence.

Good habits are not made on birthdays; the workshop of character is everyday life.

Every noble life leaves the fiber of it interwoven forever in the warp of the world.

Many a man thinks a change of scene is wanted, when all he needs is a change of heart.

In making a budget of your earnings, leave a liberal allowance for the upkeep of your mind.



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE LISHA

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 55 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.
ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

IT'S the harvest time of the year again. As you perch up here on my knee we can look over millions of acres where the days of growth and greenness are over, and where summer's task has been brought to a splendid close, rightly celebrated by banners of leafy red and gold blazing in the sunlight. It's a great sight, isn't it? Beautiful enough to keep Billy quiet and to be enjoyed by even Cousin Gus Trick as he removes a powder puff from his eye and revels in the brilliant scene as much as clouds of scattered talcum will permit. For this is the season of the year's fruition; Nature dwells quiescent through still weeks of hazy, lazy sunlight, before winter comes to put a frosty seal of sleep upon her eyes and set her to dream through the white months of the apple blossoms and the spring rains that are again to be in the good and eternal circle of the seasons.

With Nature her harvest time is always sure, but she must work through her appointed round, have her months of growth and her days of rain and sun. I often think of how much of our own waiting, of how many of our unsolved and solving problems, we could bear patiently and confidently if we would remember this slow certainty our great earth mother uses in attaining results. Always there must be a seedtime, a period of growth and budding, before we can have a harvest of any sort—whether it be of the soil, of the mind or heart, or even of such slow-growing things as social progression and communal law.

Nothing, perhaps, moves more slowly than Humanity—that million-and-billion-seeded plant, but we know it moves. With our unaided eyes we cannot see the plan and movement by which the bare gray twig of the apple tree will, months later, give us bud, leaf, blossom and finally its full-fleshed fruit, but we know that the process is sure. So we should know that in man is planted something that will yet come to a full fruitage of world happiness. More than doubting ourselves, to doubt this would be to doubt the Great Planter and Harvester. Our fault is that we are always too ready to doubt; too ready to question every movement forward of the creative heart of man—to think the weeds too thick or the soil too poor for Humanity's tender leaf-buds of heart and spirit to spring forward. Yet in spite of cold doubt, critical storms, crowding weeds of world-evil and the thin seed-beds of weakness and unfaith, the plant of man's future pushes onward and upward. We need as much patience through the world's winter months as we need of rejoicing in the sun and rain which speeds all that is good. Today we stand in want of no better and unceasing prayer than "Increase our faith." With what we know of the growth wrought in the past ages and what we see being wrought today, there can be no greater blasphemy than that of the mocker of the unconquerable spirit of man, than that unfaith of him who is ready to sneer at the accomplishment, or hope of accomplishment, of aught beyond his sight and touch—or the taste of tongue.

There are many who are ready to question our own great system of government because to them its faults seem more evident than its future, its mistakes than its gains; who jeer at prohibition because it has not at once and in this generation made our land an abode of wingless angels; who make dark prophecies of further slaughter because we have so lately seen millions of men die at the hands of their fellow men. Yet our own government today gives a higher standard of individual happiness than has ever been seen in the world before; the mighty step forward of prohibition will not be turned to a backward footprint and has already marked a fine and astounding gain, and as for the black and old evil of war, there are rising up in every country remedies of reason—and the feelings and emotions more powerful than reason—which must yet bind this world-scourge and draw its blood-stained teeth.

But the fullness of all these gains at once and quickly? Most certainly no—as certainly as that I could not have eaten the Northern Spies I will soon be munching if I had craved them a few weeks after the orchards were white and pink. There must be hurts, delays, arrestments in Humanity's growth and our spiritual evolution. Think of the cataclysms registered in the past ages in that natural world so sturdily faithed and vaunted by our material-minded critics and scorners! Yet the old world survives, has twirled on, healed its wounds and is beautiful before us this autumn. And more than the world which contains him and which he contains, man himself is in truth a world of spiritual growth. As slowly as triumphantly he must overcome all evil, pass through his appointed round of seasons, and finally emerge to a fruitage and harvest worthy of the seed that was sown in him.

I feel with a certainty which is more than any knowledge, that under the asters and goldenrod spreading the fields this October, under the far stars of the clear autumn nights, under the fields of ripened grain and the full boughs of orchards, there dwells a Power which will yet make the spirit of man as serene and beautiful as the fall landscape and give us hearts as glad as the pageant of the red and yellow woods. Every harvest is a promise. Every spring is a prophecy. Let us love our world because Someone once loved it and made it beautiful for us. It will be better and more beautiful because we must and shall patiently and faithfully work to make it so. Though these perfect October days must give place to grayer months and the coming winter, with just as much certainty as we know that spring and another harvest will come again, let us cling to a belief in man's indwelling, overcoming spirit—whose progress can only be limited by our unfaith, and made slow by our weakness.

Here's wishing you a happy harvest time this year and happier ones to come! I would like to eat a big red apple with every one of you and help in the husking of every ear of corn that may stand on any of our Family fields so far from Brooklyn corner groceries. Billy is a wonder at a husking bee. I wish all of you could see him in operation and watch him blush behind his whiskers when he finds a red ear.

And now for the letters:

PARKSVILLE, R. R. 1, BOX 109, KY.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

I was just reading the cousins' letters and I am wondering if you will let me come in and talk just a little while. As I am the only child, grandchild and niece in my family, I get pretty lonesome sometimes. I will first tell you how I look: I have dark red curly hair which is eighteen or twenty inches long. Even if I am seventeen years old, I still wear it in curls down my back. I have dark brown eyes, eyelashes and eyebrows; very fair complexion with a whole heap of freckles; a big nose and a double chin—but not the kind of double chin fat women have. I am five feet, four inches tall, and weigh 115 pounds.

I live beside the L. & N. railroad which divides the bluegrass region from the knobs. When I want ferns, flowers or huckleberries, I don't have far to go after them. I went with four of my cousins (I have 144 cousins) to gather some huckleberries this morning. They had never seen any growing on the bushes. We got a great many, but I believe we got more chiggers than berries. My cousins said they would never go to the knobs again in summer.

Our house sets on a little hill. In front of the house, across the road or pike, there is a wheat field, and in the rear a pasture. Back of the pasture the forest sets in.

I am learning to sew and cook. I have made several garments. I have crocheted caps, scarfs, booties, yokes and lace. Mamma and I have embroidered a bedroom set and I am embroidering another by myself. I have baked pies, cakes, corn bread, biscuit and sweet potatoes; also light bread. The cost of five loaves of bread is 15½ cents, besides the work of baking it, which is easily done. I can cook a few other things, too.

I have 200 strawberry plants of my own and I tend papa's grapevines and fruit trees. I have thirty or forty raspberry vines I brought from the woods and set in the garden and I have sage, horseradish and rhubarb growing in the garden also.

Like Martha Buckle, I think that city folks believe themselves better than country people. I have some city cousins, and when they come out here they seem to think it an honor to them to know nothing about the country or farming, but when we visit them, they think we haven't any knowledge at all if we don't know about city ways before we get there. Most of them are even ashamed to be seen on the street with people from the country. I wonder if Uncle Lisha would speak to one of us if we should meet him in Brooklyn. Would you, Uncle? Martha, I guess your age to be eighteen or twenty. Am I right?

Don't you girls think it would be nice for each of us to have a COMFORT kodak album, so we could know each other better? I have a kodak and would like to receive pictures from all who cared to send them. Will try and return all, if I do not get too many. I wish the boys would not send any, as I would not return one of mine for theirs.

Who has my birthday—May 5th?

I have never owned a goat, but I believe I could make a pet of Billy; as I have owned three dogs, seven cats and one white rabbit. Also I have herded a hundred or two hogs for papa at different times and I made pets of them all—and most of them were wild when I got them. I don't mean I went to the forest and caught them like our grandfathers did, but most of the hogs came from big farms or ran out in the woods where they did not see many people, so they were just a bit wild. The dogs were given to me and the cats just came from I don't know where. So if you will send Billy out here I will make a pet of him, even if I have to part with my red hair and freckles to do it.

Now, Uncle Lisha, as soon as I see this in print I will send you one of my pictures. I will choose now, as I have been four days writing this letter—writing a few minutes each day.

Lovingly yours, RUTH MAE PRICE.

Ruth, I have given you a place of honor in our Read-Headed Division, Curly Section, Shade Three Index Number 12,197. We have a lot of red-headed cousins, Ruthie, and many of 'em (like you and Cousin Gus Trick) have to be rated in the Curly Section. However, you will be proud to know that so far you hold the record for length of curls in this section—the longest reported before your letter arrived being 16¼ inches from root to tip.

Like everybody else, I have often heard of Kentucky's famous crop of bluegrass, but I never knew before that your great state went in for the growing of knobs and chiggers. Of course the knobs, when one thinks of it, would be a profitable crop—as they could always be sold to the door factories. As for chiggers, I don't quite know what they are, but they sound nourishing and appetizing. From what you write, I judge they must grow on bushes like huckleberries, and that they produce most plentifully. Billy butted in to tell me *he* knew what chiggers were, but Bill knows so much and always takes so long in telling it, that I refused to listen to his description. Anyway, they must be a good crop or you would not bother to go out and gather them like huckleberries.

I really think, Ruth, that if you can make pets of wild pigs, you might even make some sort of a pet out of Billy—for Bill is wild enough at times, and also has a rather—well, I'll call it a good hearty appetite. I think it's your double chin which makes you such an animal tamer. If anybody could make a pet of Bill, it would have to be a red-headed girl with a double chin—or maybe a quadruple one would be better yet—for Billy has a firm, well-set jaw of his own, I assure you.

Ruth, I told Martha Buckle I did not agree with her, and I don't agree a bit more with your opinion of the opinions city folks hold. Some may be as city-conceited as you say these cousins of yours are, but on the average, city people thoroughly appreciate the qualities and abilities of land-dwellers. There are too many clever, hard-working country boys and girls coming to our cities every day, Ruth, and making good there, for city people to disregard the human product of the soil or rank it below its real worth and take any "clever than thou" attitude. You just come to Brooklyn, Ruth, and see if I won't be proud and delighted to walk down Flatbush Avenue with you and show you all the latest styles in knobs and chiggers.

FALMOUTH, MASS.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

I come again, this time to ask as a favor that you will publish this brief note of explanation which also gives my new address. In reply to my two letters in January and April issues of COMFORT and my "Missing Friend" notice in the June number, I have received a host of letters, but over 300 of them were either unsigned or did not give full name and address even though some of them contained questions and seemed to require an answer. If these Cousins will write again to my new address below, and give me their full names and addresses I will answer their letters. I would especially like to hear from "Miss Molly" of Jackson, Tenn., and "Alyce" of St. Louis, Mo. My full name is

JOHN JAY VINCENT WILCOX.
P. O. Box 221, Falmouth, Mass.

HECTOR, ARKANSAS.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA, BILLY AND ALL THE COUSINS:

Hello! Gee. I had to yell to let everybody know I'm here! I don't believe that cousin in China heard me, but let him sleep. All I ask is permission to come in and shake the mist off my curls. This is sure a wet day. I can hear the wind shriek through the towers of my castle. It makes me long for a mate.

My castle is situated away back in the Ozarks of Arkansas. It is a huge affair covering the top of one of these peaks. Sometimes I am almost afraid to stay here all by myself, with no one but Snow, my colored man. You see, I have never found a mate. Sometimes I can hear the screams of a cougar, away off in a canyon. Oh, how lonely it makes me! Sometimes I think I will climb to the top of the tallest tower in my castle and throw myself off. But when I get up there and look down on the rustling leaves and flowers, I just can't do it. If some of the cousins will write me a letter it might save my life. Ah, the day is getting gloomier and gloomier. If I had but a few letters to read and a few pictures of bright happy faces from the outside world, it might cheer me up.

Listen: I am going to let you in on the ground floor of a little secret. This is for ladies only. Now, girls, don't tell anybody—hold on, there is a horrid man listening!—but, girls, *I can cook*. I'll send a sample of my fudge to those who send me a letter and a photo. But don't forget the photo; I must have it to know what kind of candy to send.

Now a word to Uncle Lisha and Billy and I must be going: Uncle Lisha, I am in sympathy with you. I happen to know something of goats for I have a flock of the woolly rascals; but maybe your Billy is not one of these mountain goats. If you will come and live with me, Billy, I will give you the job of educating my goats and you may sleep in my library.

Now for a little description of myself: I am rather tall and slim and straight as a board. I have very dark curly hair, which is unruly, being long on top. It is determined to shade my dark brown eyes with a curl instead of letting my long black lashes do that. My mouth is generally open, showing uneven rows of white teeth—when I have anybody to talk to or laugh with.

I'll close, hoping to get a shower of letters soon.

Love to all. WILLIAM M. HURLEY.

William, if you will just wait a while before flinging yourself off that lofty tower among your flower beds, you can arrange to have a nice soft pile of pink and green letters for you to bury your curly head in six feet deep as you land after the drop. We are never going to let you die of gloom on the lonely top of a dark Ozark, with nobody whiter than Snow to lighten up your heart and hearth. It is truly a pitiful picture you draw, William, of your sad fate and your melancholy listening to the shrieks of Missouri wind and the screams of Ozarkian cougars. It does seem to me that you need a lot of cheering up, and, believe me, you are going to get it. Snow will have to go for your mail in an oxcart, and you will have to start manufacturing your fudge in the castle soap kettle. Business is going to commence soon on your Ozark summit, Willy, my boy, and the castle is going to hum from moated keep to battlemented towers. For your life is going to be saved and your slim and charming straight-as-a-board form will have to bend over a desk for many a day, answering the letters of blonde and brunette lifesavers. Our Family is never going to let any curly-headed member expire in the midst of gloom while there are any two-cent stamps to be bought.

DALTON, R. R. 1, OHIO.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

I wrote you all a letter some time ago, but I suppose it was Billy's meal time when the letter arrived. But please, Uncle Lisha, do not let him brake any teeth on this one, because, as I said in my other letter, I am a lonesome little girl and want to know if some of the cousins won't write to me I know perfectly well what a job I am undertaking and want to say this as a warning to those who do write—I will *try* to answer and I will answer all those who enclose a stamp. It may take a good while and I want you all to have patience, and lots of it, for I am going to business college and I am pretty busy most of the time and cannot neglect my studies But I will do my level best. Uncle, I know you are either laughing or feeling real sorry for me, but you have no idea how lonesome I am.

I am getting along fairly well with my work here and I like it. I started on May 23rd and have been working hard ever since and then the real work will begin when I get through and I am in an office—as I hope to be some day. Of all my studies I like typewriting the best. I am not very good at it yet, but I am getting better every day, for we have two or three speed tests each day and I make one or more words at each test. On account of the hot weather we commenced in summer at 7.45 and go right through until 12.45 when we are finished for the day.

I am a young girl, five feet, six and one-half inches tall, and have very fair complexion, with dark hair and blue eyes. I live in the country, over two miles east of Dalton, Ohio, and about seven miles from Massillon where I am attending school. Please don't think I walk it, now, for I absolutely do not. I could though, for if my education depended on my walking back and forth I would gladly hoof it.

My parents own two and a half acres of land and last year we raised over a hundred chickens. This year we raised three out of sixteen! Talk about *luck*, some lucky luck I call that. What do you think? Dad has been repairing our place—not just repairing it,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)



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To bring you prettier teeth

This offers you a ten-day test which will be a revelation to you. It will show you the way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth.

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That film holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

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Pepsodent brings two other effects which authority now deems essential. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva.

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Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube and watch these effects for a while. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Then judge the benefits by what you see and feel. You will be amazed.

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The Gods Arrive

By Maud Mary Brown

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PART II.

MARCIA'S eyes held the haunting ones of her visitor for a moment before the latter, bursting into a gale of gay laughter, took an impulsive step forward and gathered Marcia into her strong young arms.

"Aunt Marcia! You perfect dear! Did I frighten you? You fell hard for the melodrama stuff, which goes to prove that I'm an actress of parts. Texas papers please copy. Aunt Marcia, are you glad to see me? Because I'm frightfully glad to be here."

Speechless, Marcia held the girl back and looked at her. No wonder her eyes had seemed familiar. They were her own at eighteen. But Anita was not so beautiful as she had at first thought. Her humorous mouth was too wide for actual beauty and her nose tipped ever so slightly skyward; but it was an interesting and piquant face and Marcia, unconsciously yearning for the companionship of her own kin, loved it straightway.

"Anita Reece!" was all she was able to utter.

"That's me," replied Anita with ungrammatical airiness.

"Whatever possessed you! You deserve to be spanked. Why didn't you let me know you were coming? Imagine getting into New York with no one to meet you! Take off your hat, dear, and sit down and tell me all about it."

Anita held Marcia's hands in a tight and comforting grasp as they sat down to talk.

"Of course you know that dad died a long time ago?"

Marcia nodded.

"Grandmother went a year ago and granddaddy followed her in the winter. It left me all alone, you see. Granddaddy had always kept your Oldham's lawyer's address and after I got things straightened out, I came straight to New York. Mr. Seymour wrote me where to find you. You're all I have now, Aunt Mark."

If Marcia had not already warmed to the girl, she would have at that name. Nobody but her father had ever called her Mark.

"Oh, my dear, I am so glad to have you. Father always wanted you; did you know that?"

Anita had known that from discreet but nevertheless irate grandparents.

"I've come to stay, Aunt Mark, except for the business trips I suppose I'll have to take back to Texas. Grandfather left me all he had, and it's rather a lot. Aunt Mark, I want to get this off my thorax right now; I never blamed mother a bit for ducking. That ranch was the limit till we found oil and I got old enough to show 'em what was what. 'Course I got along because granddaddy sent me to the Coast to school, but mother must have nearly died of lonesomeness. That is that."

They talked till luncheon time when Anita remembered that she had left a taxicab waiting below and she went down to dismiss it.

In the afternoon a deluge of trunks and boxes overflowed the apartment. Anita regarded them a trifle dubiously.

"It looks as though we would have to get into larger quarters, Aunt Mark," she said.

"We can manage nicely for the present, dear," planned Marcia. "Later in the spring we are going out of town."

"You must remember, Aunt Marcia,"—Anita spoke shyly—"that I am on my own. Please tell Uncle Jim that."

That evening when Harkness came home he scanned Anita with amused eyes. "So you thought you would have a fling at New York," he bantered.

She nodded brightly. "Just naturally flopped right down on Aunt Mark like an airplane with a broken wing."

To Marcia's vast relief, she made no mention of the shock she had given her.

"I love it," Anita was saying stoutly. "Aunt Mark is fruity. Are you going to like me, Uncle Jim?"

"So far as I know," he smiled, "nobody has yet called me subnormal."

"I tried to get you, Jim, to tell you to be sure to come home to dinner. I wanted to celebrate."

"Did you, Marcia? I had to run out to Long Island on one of those tedious business trips."

"Your breath doesn't smell a bit tedious, Uncle Jim," teased Anita.

Harkness threw back his head and laughed. "So that's your number!" he said. "All right; I have it now and I fancy we'll be friends."

Inside of a week Anita knew her New York far better than did Marcia. Inside of a fortnight her shrewd eyes had observed every detail of the Harkness *menage*.

On the way home from a shopping expedition one day in the car which she had bought, Anita spoke regretfully of the frock which she had tried to induce Marcia to buy.

"It suited you," she fretted. "And when a dress suits you it's a crime not to get it. You really should jazz up your clothes a little, Aunt Mark."

"I can't afford it, Anita."

"Uncle Jim affords good clothes."

"That is different, my dear. That is business."

"That is fiddlesticks!" retorted Anita rudely. She stepped on the accelerator in her irritation and a block further on was halted by a policeman.

"Well, what's the matter?" she snapped into the face of the officer.

"Anita!" warned Marcia.

"You were going fifty, young lady; that's what's the matter," said the officer.

"I can't believe it. But what of it, anyway? Do you call that fast? Why, officer, our steers down in Texas run faster than that."

She was suddenly leaning forward, dimpling into his face. He held his official expression only a moment before his face relaxed into a grin.

"All right," he said, "I'll take your word for it. Only this isn't Texas, and if I let you off this time you'll have to look out in the future."

"Thank you. When I get within gun shot of your beat in the future," she promised gravely, "I'll pretend I'm following a hearse. Goodness, see the line we're holding up! I feel like a celebrity. Good by, officer."

"Anita!" protested Marcia as the latter saluted and moved sedately on.

"Yes, Aunt Mark? Shocked? Well, you're to blame for the whole episode—you and your I-can't-afford-its. At least you might let me buy that dress for you."

"We won't discuss that, please, Anita."

Anita drove a block in silence. Then, "If I ever happen to get married and my husband treats me like a shabby pair of slippers—comfortable, and good enough for domestic use, but not smart enough to show outside the house—I'll duck as mother did."

"We won't discuss that either, Anita."

"No," amended Anita, not heeding her aunt's air of dignity, "on second thought I won't duck; I'll make a noise like a wife; in other words, I'll raise Cain."

Her aunt sat in freezing silence.

"It won't get you anything to get so all over icy, Aunt Mark. You and I are all that are left of the Rands. I'm not trying to be impertinent, blessing, but I want desperately to see you happy, and you aren't going about it in the right way. You're far too young and innocent for this city. It's a good thing I came."

March had come in meekly and Marcia felt a yearning for the country, but Anita, drinking her fill of the city, begged for a reprieve and the family drifted on from day to day in town.

Marcia was increasingly thoughtful these days. For a time after Anita's arrival Harkness, attracted by her piquancy, had spent more time at home, but now his old habits had him by the throat.

"Business, business!" he exclaimed when Anita rallied him on his absence.

"Your chief must be a slave driver," Anita observed coolly.

In fact, the attitude of Mr. Palmer was puzzling Harkness not a little. He was not as cordial as formerly; there were now conferences to which he, Harkness, was not admitted. Recently, when he had mentioned beginning operations on his own mine, Mr. Palmer had abruptly changed the topic of conversation.

Harkness never dreamed that it was his own surrender to the city which had wrought the change in his chief and he was troubled and humiliated, for he knew that he had brought business to the firm, justifying its financial confidence.

Marcia's reflections too, were personal. Was she, as Anita so picturesquely stated, lying down on her job? In the old days men had stolen her father's patents. Now, in quite the modern fashion, she feared that a woman was stealing her husband. And she was supinely permitting it. She tried to flagellate her spirit to the fighting pitch, but she failed miserably. A wife fighting for her husband was to her a degrading sight.

One day in April Marcia received a letter from Mr. Seymour, her father's old lawyer, reminding her that her presence was required in Oldham at the opening of the sealed instructions regarding her father's bequests.

"I had entirely forgotten it," she remarked as she passed the letter over to Anita. "We have been married ten years, Anita. I wish," she added after a pause, "that I could go to Oldham without your uncle's knowledge. I dread opening up the old wound."

Anita comprehended her viewpoint with characteristic swiftness. "It's perfectly feasible," she said. "Don't you remember that Uncle Jim announced that he must go to Washington for a few days? You can slip up to Oldham while he is gone. You'll have to maneuver to keep the children quiet."

So it was settled. The next forenoon Anita drove her aunt to the Grand Central and later went down town and, bribing her way right and left with her smiles, she calmly walked into Harkness's office.

He looked tired, she thought, as he glanced up at her.

"Hel-*lo, Anita!*" He rose and pointed to a chair. "How did you find your way down here? Anything wrong at home?"

"Not one little thing, Uncle Jim. I'm bored, that's all; so I thought I would run down and ask you to take me to luncheon. They're having hash at home. If you'll be a lamb I'll drive you to your train afterwards."

He glanced nervously at his watch. "I'm deucedly sorry, Nita," he said, "but I've a date with some people. Business, you know."

"Oh, bother business!" pouted Anita. "Please, Uncle Jim."

She brightened at a sudden thought. "Why can't I join your party? I'm a business person myself. Please!"

He looked her over critically and she endured the scrutiny with a hopeful smile. She would, he decided, do credit to any man. Whatever there had been of the theatrical in her dress when she came, Marcia and her own good sense had restrained. She was the typical modern girl of wealth. It would not be a bad idea to show Palmer that he had such a one in the family.

"I believe I'll take you," he decided.

"Goody! Now, old dear, I'll go over in that corner and not speak to you till you're ready to go."

They met their party in the lobby of an uptown hotel—Mr. Palmer and a client and the inevitable Mrs. Archer. Harkness presented Anita with a little touch of pride.

"My wife's niece, from the free and untrameled state of Texas," he smiled.

"And not so free, at that," retorted Anita. "We've heard of the eighteenth amendment down there."

She had evoked a laugh and that gave her a running start. Her poise was perfect. She sensed a little of the exultation of battle as she looked into Mrs. Archer's hostile eyes.

The latter was furious and Anita knew it. She had come to regard Harkness as her personal property and she would make him pay dearly for bringing a woman so much younger and fresher than herself to this luncheon.

Mr. Palmer loved youth and insisted that Anita sit next to him and while Harkness was ordering he gave her his entire attention.

"I have never seen your aunt," he said presently.

"No? You've missed a lot. Aunt Marcia isn't keen for business. You must meet her soon. You will love her."

Mrs. Archer, who had been listening, turned to them with an ingenuous smile. "I have seen her," she said.

There was an unspoken insult in the older woman's voice and Anita throbbed under its sting. She turned to Mrs. Archer with eyes which she made adoring. Under the look Mrs. Archer flinched a trifle.

"Do pardon me if I stare," pleaded Anita, "but I really can't keep my eyes off you."

Mrs. Archer's suspicion melted under the flattering eyes.

"Uncle, isn't Mrs. Archer precisely like the pictures I showed you of grandmother?" Her young voice carried beyond their own table.

"She was such a dear. I lost her, you know. Please let me know you awfully well. I know you could take her place. Aunt Mark is sweet, but she is really too young quite to take granny's place with me."

A terrible silence enveloped the party when Anita's high voice had ceased. Of them all, she was the only serene one. Inwardly she was a-tremble, but no one could have guessed it.

"Granny had her face done over, too," she went straight on. "How grandfather teased her. It's wonderful what they can do nowadays. Not all the reconstruction work is being done in Belgium and France, is it?"

Mr. Palmer was past fifty and constitutionally dignified, but he giggled like an uncontrolled schoolboy. Harkness silently cursed himself for having been beguiled into bringing this young firebrand to the luncheon. However, he felt a sudden desire to grin at the face of Mrs. Archer who was convulsed with rage and mortification.

And Anita, having tossed her bomb, devoted herself to her excellent food with the guileless face of a child.

"We mustn't linger, Uncle Jim," she said, once her appetite was satisfied. "I am taking him to his train," she explained as she and Harkness rose. "I've had a topping time. Good by, Mrs. Archer. Don't forget me, will you? Good by, Mr. Palmer. I like you a lot," she added for his ear alone.

"Well," Harkness began as he seated himself in Anita's car, "you've succeeded in cooking our goose with Mrs. Archer. We'll never do business with her after that."

"You couldn't do business with that woman in a million years," returned Anita curtly. "She's doing business with you, Uncle Jim, and she is getting more out of you in luncheons and the like than you'll ever get back. If you can prove that she really has a cent to invest and that you've lost your chance at it because of me, I'll put money in your old mine myself. And that is that. By the way, I want to pay for my luncheon."

"You are in a frame of mind to enjoy insulting people, aren't you, Anita?"

"Well, after living with you for some time, I assume that you are poor. Aunt Mark never goes anywhere or has anything——"

"Anita——"

"And of course I infer that you can't afford——"

"Anita!"

"Then is it true that you are ashamed of her? I confess I've suspected it. I don't much wonder. Her clothes *are* a sight. I wish she would accept things from me."

They had reached the Pennsylvania station and Anita had brought her car to a stop when her uncle next spoke.

"Anita," he said, "I don't know who or what has put such outrageous notions in your head. Ashamed of your aunt? Why, she's the finest woman in the world!"

Anita winked drolly. "Don't try to put anything over on little Anita," she said. "Good by, Uncle Jim."

He got slowly out of the car and Anita waved to him till her eyes lost him in the crowd. "Take that to Washington with you," she said in his general direction before settling down to the wheel.

The next evening she met Marcia at the station and even her intrepid spirit was shaken at the sight of her aunt's face.

"What is it, Aunt Mark?" she asked when they were in the car.

"Anita, the money is mine after all."

"Why, of course! I suspected it, you poor little innocent. I get my sense of the theatrical from grandfather. I don't see why you should get so shell-shocked over a nice little thing like that."

"It isn't a little thing, Anita. That money has been piling up for ten years and there's a fearful lot of it."

Anita hooted at the fear.

"Father only meant to test us, but with his characteristic caution, he provided for the unexpected. Not even Mr. Seymour knew what was in that sealed envelope. There was a letter in it for me, Anita. A letter from the dead. He said that if anything happened to him before he altered his will that the ten years' wait would not hurt us. But it has hurt us; it has come too late."

"Too late for what, Aunt Mark?"

"To buy happiness. Father didn't reckon on that."

"Happiness has no for-sale tag on it," Anita replied wisely.

"At least I can help your uncle to fulfill his ambitions. I can give him money——"

"Aunt Mark, I'm going to drive you home through the park and deliver a lecture on the way. Don't tell Uncle Jim yet. Will it become public news?"

"I asked Mr. Seymour to keep it out of the papers," said Marcia dully.

"Good. Now for the lecture. Don't try to buy Uncle Jim, Aunt Mark. Make him desire you. You can, too. You don't realize how lovely you could be if you would give yourself some attention. You have let yourself drift into a humiliating position and it's your job to get out of it. You think that Uncle Jim has fallen for that aged vamp. Well, he hasn't. I know, for I have seen them together. However, there are plenty of others not so aged and not so obvious floating about, and no wife may sing 'The strife is o'er, the battle done' till she writes the cheque for the tombstone for her husband's grave."

Marcia smiled wanly.

"Now if you'll put yourself in my hands, Aunt Mark, I'll guarantee results."

Bewildered and a little frightened, Marcia promised.

"It's going to be difficult to stage the show with Uncle Jim hanging around," admitted Anita, "but we'll manage because we must."

During his three days' trip to Washington Anita's parting shafts pricked in Harkness's mind precisely as she had planned them to do. How could anyone think such an absurdity as Anita had voiced? Ashamed of his wife? Did Palmer perhaps, think it? And was that the reason for his recent coldness? Did Marcia think it? The thought was bitter.

Dear patient Marcia. He might have been selfish, but surely he was not capable of so despicable a thing as that.

Hereafter, he decided, the damnable business should come second to her. Palmer could do some of the tame cat business himself. He, Harkness, was a mining engineer and not a carpet knight and he'd tell 'em that. For two cents he'd go back West to stay.

Returning to New York, he reported at once to the office where he was ordered to start West that evening on consultation work which would require several weeks. On the whole he was glad. There were things he wanted to get straight in his mind. He had time for only a hasty trip up-town.

When he had finally left, Anita swung her aunt around in a mad dance. "Fate," she chanted, "is my most indulgent friend."

Nothing in Marcia's previous life approached the furious month which followed. There was a house to be found, and between hunting trips she was handed from hair dresser to masseuse to outfitter impartially.

"I won't wear those frocks," she rebelled at last. "Why, I'm thirty and the mother of two children!"

"You promised," reminded Anita.

"Madam will do well to rely on the young lady's taste," submitted the modiste.

In the end Anita had her way. They moved out to Long Island—to a lovely place with formal gardens and a glorious view of the Sound. In that environment some of Marcia's lost assurance was regained.

"If Uncle Jim gets snoopy about the place, you can tell him I rented it at a bargain," counseled Anita. "I did, too. I love you in that gray organdy, Aunt Mark. You make Mrs. Archer look like an ancestor."

The day was set for Harkness's return. He was glad that the family had moved to the country for, somehow, the city had grown intolerable to his mind.

He reached home at seven in the evening, gasping with dismay as he viewed the grounds through which his taxicab was passing.

Anita, glowing in a new dinner gown, was waiting for him in the hall.

"Hello, Uncle Jim," she said before he could speak. "It's a shame the car couldn't meet you. You're awfully late, you know. You'll barely have time to dress. We're entertaining at dinner in honor of your return. The Palmers are coming, and Mrs. Archer. She's a forgiving soul, isn't she? I had to urge her some. Aunt Mark was delayed and is dressing. Don't stop to speak to her now, there's a dear. Hurry!"

He took the stairs at a run. Not stop to speak to Marcia! He'd enjoy seeing anyone stop him!

"Marcia!" he called lustily, and was suddenly confronted by a white-capped maid.

"Madame is dressing," she said blandly.

"Oh, she is, is she?" blustered Harkness. "Which is her room?"

With one eye on the disappearing maid, he tapped impatiently at his wife's door.

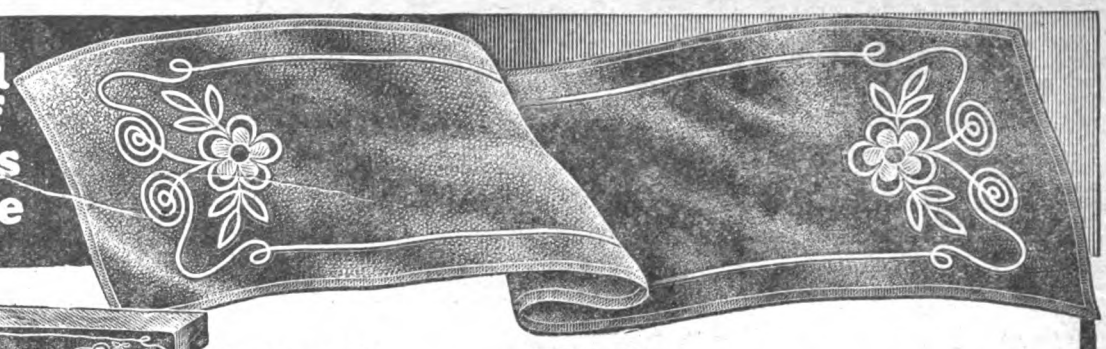
"Jim, is that you?" came a breathless voice. "You'll have to wait, dear."

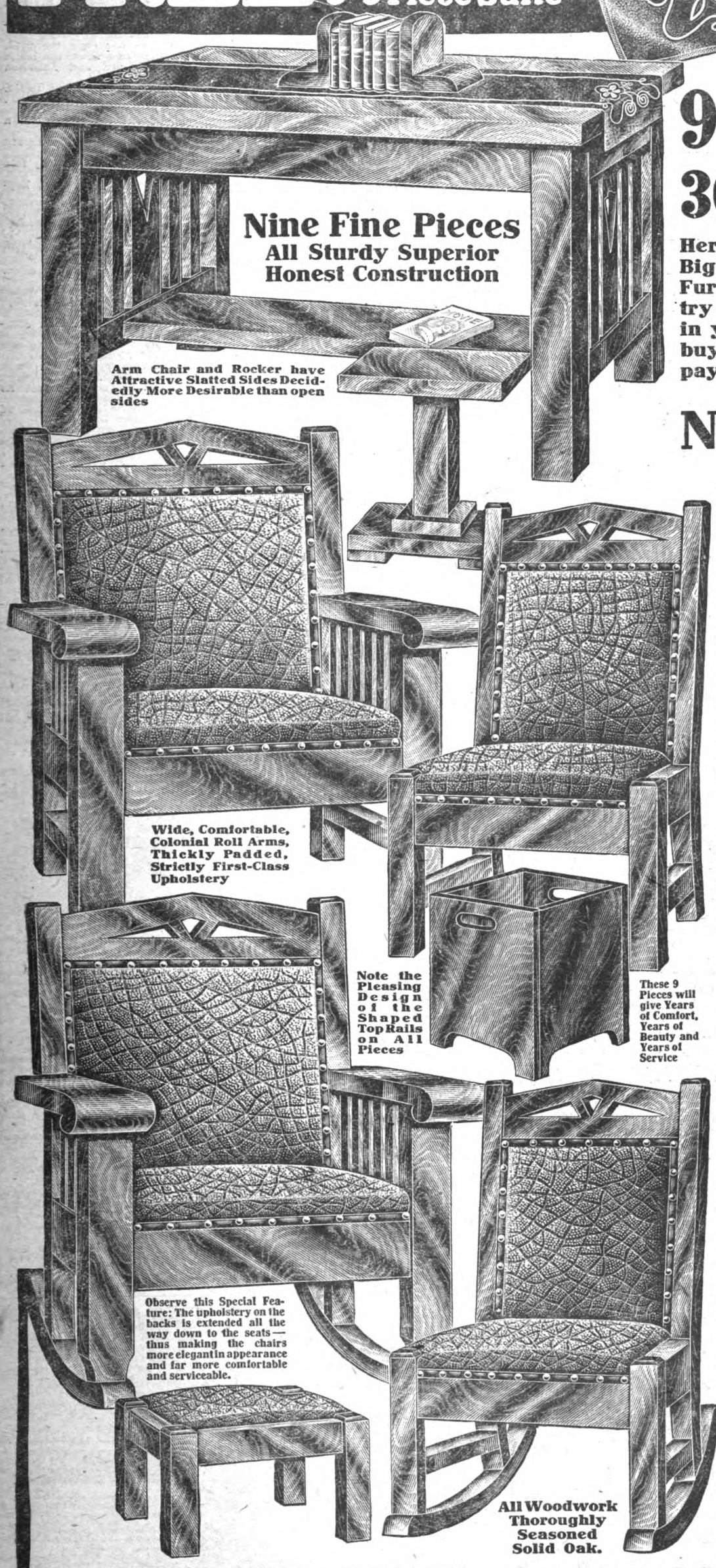
"I tell you I won't wait. What's the matter with you, Marcia?"

She cast one dismayed look into the pier glass. From shining hair to the tips of her silver slippers, she was perfect. Her smoke-blue brocade frock with its flashes of silver was so lovely on her slender body that a sob rose in her throat at the sight.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

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Judson's Auction

A Harvest Story

By Joseph F. Novak

See front cover illustration.

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DIANA Mannerly looked out over the autumning landscape. The leaves, brown and sear, raced and whirled across the cement road, and the lowering day portended early winter. Yet, there was nothing doleful in the prospect, for God had been good and the harvest plentiful.

Diana lived in a fashionable summer colony and the "Pines," their summer home, was their home, really for she and her father spent the winters in city hotels.

Because she was city-bred, the country had a fascination for her. She tried to get to the Pines as early in Spring as possible, and it was her joy to watch the farmers at their work and see their harvests develop. And there was something inexpressibly sweet to her in the way most of the farmers and their wives labored together for their common weal.

Yet, to be a successful farmer was not mere play, and that Diana knew, for the fact that many had failed was attested to in the placards that appeared along the roads announcing auction sales.

Diana had often wanted to attend an auction, and now, when she saw a flivver stop and a man nail one of these placards on a telegraph post down the road, she determined to attend that one, and so she sauntered out of the house and down to the road to see the date and place. It was, however, several weeks away, but noting another sign, she consulted that and found that on the morrow a sale would be held at the Judson farm.

Not knowing just where the Judson farm was, she decided to seek it out that afternoon.

She went to the garage and soon was off in her sedan, and presently arrived at the place.

A young woman with unsmiling eyes came to the fence.

"Did you want to see someone?" she queried.

"Is this the Judson farm?" Diana queried in reply. "I want to attend the auction tomorrow."

"This is the place," the young woman said.

Diana gazed around. "You have a pretty place. Why do you want to leave?"

"We don't, but we must. My God, tomorrow Tom and I will be beggars."

"Beggars?"

"Yes, we've been swindled out of everything," and then, as if it were a relief to her sore heart, she poured out the story.

"My husband wanted to buy a tractor, but we couldn't afford it and some sharks came and said that we could buy it on time. Tom signed the note all right and the tractor was sent, and we thought everything was all right until the company's representative came and demanded a payment. Tom looked at him like crazy and said that we had paid with a time note. But they said they had sold the tractor on payment to the fellows who sold it to us and that they had transferred the contract to us and we were to make the payments or else they would take the machine from us. We couldn't so they came and took the tractor away. We don't blame the tractor company; it wasn't their fault. Then those devils went and sold the note, and got a judgment on it, and then they came and levied on the place here and the few thousand dollars we had in the farm and the sale of our stock and crops will clean us out, and we're done."

"How dreadful! But didn't you fight it?"

"Yes, but what was the use? The judgment was rendered because they said the note had 'passed into innocent hands for value'—that means that someone bought it without knowing that there was a swindle back of it—and as they paid good money for it they were entitled to collect."

"And you are giving up everything?"

"Everything," the young woman replied, dully. "Tomorrow, if we were old people, we'd be ready for the poorhouse. As it is, all we have left is our health and each other."

Each other! Ah, how little all else mattered when they had "each other"! Diana thought.

"But what shall you do?" she persisted.

"We'll go and live with my folks, though they haven't got much. I'll be someone's hired girl and Tom will be a hired man until we can get a little money together again. Oh, we were so happy here. The crops came along so nice, and we expected such a good harvest. We worked together, Tom and I, buying things cheap or second-hand and making them do, planning to get along with them until we'd have the farm paid for—and this is our harvest," and she waved a despairing hand at their worldly goods ready for the sale.

Just outside the barn, in a neat row, stood all the farm machinery, all cleaned and repaired to make them as attractive as possible, but showing, nevertheless, that they had long been out of the factory. Against the barn were ranged rakes, hoes, pitchforks, spades, etc., while about the yard were improvised chicken-coops, in which the poultry was imprisoned.

Mrs. Judson invited her quasi-guest to the house.

"See what an auction means," she said.

She had lined up all her household goods to facilitate quick handling. All this, too, had been brightly rubbed and polished, and anything that had the slightest value was put up for sale, even poor little pictures and bric-a-brac (probably purchased at ten-cent stores) that, in their attempt to claim worth, were accordingly the more pitiable because of the bold front they tried to display.

A mist came to Diana's eyes.

"What is your entire debt?" she asked.

"About three thousand dollars, including everything. Our stuff won't bring much, but we're counting on the crops and the farm will pay off the biggest part."

"I'll come tomorrow," Diana said. "Possibly I may be able to bid for some things. Some of the—the chickens, perhaps, and maybe a—a few bushels of corn to feed to them," she said lamely, for what could she purchase at a sale like that?

The next morning was almost hot, one of those October days when it seems as if summer has returned to claim some forgotten trinket and it secured, she speeds away. The sun shone brilliantly, the fall flowers seemed to take a new lease on life, and the cattle strayed farther away from the cattle barns to graze on the brown turf.

Diana reached the Judson farm, just as the sale was about to commence. There were but few women there—women only attended when an auction held some worthwhile household goods, and poor Mrs. Judson's didn't amount to much.

She went to the house and was greeted by a sturdy young fellow with troubled eyes. There was an air of betrayed confidence about him, a look you might expect to see in a child who had been cheated out of something and doesn't know what to make of it, and it was the more touching because of his giant helplessness.

Diana asked for Mrs. Judson.

"She's upstairs, miss," he said. "Will you go up?"

Diana did so and found Mrs. Judson sitting in a chair gazing dully over the barnyard where the farmers were gathered in groups and knots, expressing not very flattering opinions of the stuff on display.

One chap in particular commented upon everything in a dried-out sort of way that seemed to immensely tickle his audience.

"Who's that old fellow?" Diana queried indignantly.

"The one who's knocking everything? Oh, don't mind him. That's old Samp (his name's Sampson), and all he does is hang round the railroad depot when he ain't got nothing else to do and find out things to tell or make 'em up when he ain't. He's a he-gossip, he is."

Diana listened to the man's dried-out manner of talking, but, quick to determine character, she found herself not blaming him as there was no venom in his chatter.

Suddenly there was an unusual stir in the yard, and Diana looked to see the cause of it.

The "cause" was the approach of a tall, big-bodied young fellow of perhaps twenty-six. Except for his carriage and the set of his exceptionally well-shaped head, he might have passed for a farmer for he was dressed in olive-drab whipcord coveralls. He had large, well-shaped hands that didn't look accustomed to handling anything in the manual line except it might be an automobile steering wheel. Across his breast a watch-chain was slung from which dangled a diamond-encrusted charm that threw off a thousand irridescences. He wore light oxfords and silk socks.

"Hello, boys," this individual cried, and then: "Well, Samp, I'm here as I promised." His voice was full and jovial, and his laugh seemed to break like a Fourth of July bomb and cheer everything within the radius of its hearing.

"How'd'ye come?" queried Samp.

"Oh, I walked over from Jim Howard's," the arrival responded. "I could have driven down but I wanted to wander through the ravine: the scenery is perfectly wonderful."

"Well, I'll be gol-danged if I kin see anything purty in that mess o' rock," old Samp responded, and then he went on confidentially:

"Listen, Mr. Lauriton. They's a fine hoss here whut you kin buy fur five dollars!"

"My Gawd!" he ejaculated, showing his white, even teeth. "A horse for five dollars? Judas priest! as Jim Howard would exclaim!" he finished.

"You'd better buy that hoss, Mr. Lauriton," Samp advised seriously, and then as the auctioneer arrived, the farmers gathered around and soon the sale was under way.

"Who is that man?" queried Diana of Mrs. Judson.

"Why, he's a young city man what visits with Jim Howard. He's very rich and went to college with Jim. Howard has a big place over towards Valley Grove."

The sale was now going on and Fellers was letting the small stuff go at a great rate. Ten-and fifteen-cent sales were common.

"Good heaven, Samp!" Mr. Lauriton exclaimed, and Diana heard him. "They sell junk that I throw out in the alley. When I get home I'm going to collect my riffraff and have an auction."

And now the sale was to go to the stock, and its quality is best summed up in Samp's description of it afterwards:

"Judson didn't have no great layout o' beasts, they was th' ornieriest bunch, but when they led out ol' Bob Tail Bess to sell her, th' whole thing was comin' to a joke, 'cause she had th' heaves an' was blind, but outside o' *that* she was all right."

Thus Samp described the cattle, and despite the fact that his humor was cruel, for it possessed a great deal of truth, he had summed up the situation pretty well.

Just then the aforesaid Bess was led out. She was not much larger than a pony and being buckskin she looked rather pretty when you didn't get the roll of her glassy blind eyes for that roll marked her for the devil's own. Of course, none of the farmers wanted her.

The listening Diana heard the aged Samp thus counsel Lauriton:

"Now, Mr. Lauriton, they's some hoss. If I's you and had your money, I'd buy her. She's got good wind an' I b'lieve you could make money on her. At a sale like this, where all th' farmers is purty well fed-up on hosses, they can't git much but you know a lot o' folks in your town an' could prob'bly sell her for a whole lot more'n you pay for her. Maybe you kin make a racer out o' her!"

They moved a little from under the porch, and Diana saw that the young city man seemed impressed.

"Is she gentle?" he asked of Mr. Fellows, the auctioneer.

"Gentle!" he yelled, "gentle? She's a lamb!"

He probably meant she was a wolf in sheep's clothing, to judge by the wicked glare in her eye.

"Trot her out, boy!" Lauriton commanded, and old Bess went around the ring.

Diana watched, interested, yet indignant. The farmers had formed a great circle. In the center, Fellers, the auctioneer, was standing, bellowing his head off in his good-natured, persuasive manner, his collar-band unbuttoned, and a long stick in his hand pointing to each man in the ring, trying to start a bid.

"Come on, boys! Start a bid! Who'll make it five?" And then as there was a dead quiet, though the farmers nudged one another, Fellers continued:

"Come on, boys! She's a good horse. 'Course she's a little blind, but she's good for field work. Why, if you shot her tonight and skinned her, her dog-gone carcass 'ud be worth five dollars!"

"Five dollars!" Lauriton yelled mischievously, and there was a yell of approval.

Fellers (whether he sensed the mischief on Lauriton's part or not), pointed his long stick at him and yelled: "Five! Five! Do I hear ten? Five, five, going, boys—look out!—I'm going to sell her!—going, going and she is—sold! To that gentleman there!"

"Great Scott!" Lauriton yelled. "I don't want her. I only wanted to start the bidding."

"You've got to take her," Mr. Fellers said. "You've bought her and she's yours and you've got to take her away. Never mind, though, I'll sell you a buggy and some harness to go with her."

"Mi-gawd! Wouldn't I flabbergast Jim if I came back in the glory of a horse and buggy!"

At the mention of a buggy, a little farmer piped up:

"Say, Mr. Lauriton, I bought a buggy for a dollar, but ye kin have it fer a dollar an' a half. Look at her," and he pointed to a buggy that was on its last legs.

"Bought!" exclaimed Lauriton. "Now, who's got some single harness to sell?"

"Here's some that I'll sell for eighty cents."

There was a roar then, and for the edification of the crowd, Lauriton began to clumsily harness up. The farmers good-naturedly helped him and they were having a picnic when——

Upstairs in the window, sat Mrs. Judson and Diana and it all passed in their view. Mrs. Judson sobbed bitterly.

"Oh, Miss Mannerly, that's just too terrible. It ain't enough that we're losing everything but to have them make fun of our things. I know Old Bess ain't much of a horse, but she earned her keep in the fields, and that buggy ain't much to look at but it gave me and Tom the only pleasure we ever got. It's like—like—lookin' into a grave an' laughin'—Oh, my God, my God!"

Diana's eyes dilated, and she sped down the stairs and out onto the porch. She looked like a wrathful saint with the sun shining down upon her hair that blew about her head like a halo.

The laughter ceased as she spoke with biting scorn.

"All this may be a great joke to some of you," she began stingingly, her eyes resting particularly upon Lauriton, "but do you realize what a heartache it is causing poor Mrs. Judson? You are making sport of their life's tragedy, and belittling, hurting and wounding them in cheapening those poor little possessions which, through association had become very dear to them. For shame, all of you! If you are men, why don't you treat this like a business proposition and not like a circus!"

Elroy Lauriton's face dyed red. "I—I—didn't know," he began guiltily.

"No, you didn't know! Common courtesy might have told you differently, but you are a city man and think you're mighty funny, no doubt. Do you realize that your uproarious laughter is nearly breaking the heart of the poor girl whose hopes for a harvest have turned out to be this?—and who, with her husband, must, tomorrow, face the world, penniless!"

"Mr. Fellers!" she continued. "Stop the sale! Whatever the debt is, I will pay it and take over the whole place."

Mr. Fellers looked undecided.

"You are in earnest, Miss. The sum is nearly three thousand dollars!"

"I've spent as much on a single dance," Diana blazed, not realizing what she was saying, "so I'll be responsible and I ask all who have purchased anything to cancel the purchase."

During the while, Lauriton had remained seated in the buggy, listlessly holding the reins in his hands and looking down. A tenseness fell upon the gathered men.

One of the chaps tried to break it with a "funny crack":

"Well, you goin' to turn back your purchase, Mr. Lauriton? Better put Bess through her paces afore you git beat out'n that noble animal," and he cut her as he spoke.

It was all that was needed to rouse the fiery Bess. She reared up, plunged forward and tore along like the devil, with Lauriton hanging on, for so suddenly had she started that he was utterly unprepared. Out of the yard Old Bess lit and tore down the road with the frenzy of the sightless. Over bump, boulder and rut she tore, wild, maddened by the sharp cut, and in a moment or two could not be seen for dust.

"Good heavens, he'll be killed, Miss Mannerly," shrieked Mrs. Judson.

Diana, in a moment, had seen Lauriton lose control of the wild mare. Then, like the impulsive girl she was, she flew to her machine, gave it the gas, and started down the razor-backed highway. Just as she had nearly overtaken the buggy, there was a crash, Diana saw Old Bess catapult into the ravine on one side, while the buggy upset and rolled down the other.

Diana stopped and looked down, and in among the brown, broken ferns she saw the smashed buggy, apparently atop Lauriton, for all she saw protruding from under the wreckage was a motionless right arm, upon the hand of which a brilliant diamond sparkled in the sunlight.

Without much ado, she grabbed hold of the bushes that grew on the side of the "razor-back" and slipped and stumbled to the bottom.

Fortunately the buggy was a light one, and with a tug she pushed it away enough to get Lauriton from under it.

She sat him up and gave him a shake. The effect was salutary. He let out a yell of pain, but immediately choked the next one, and a wicked smile came to his eyes.

"My arm's broken," he remarked calmly.

"Is that all?" she asked even as calmly. "Can you walk?"

"Perhaps, if you'll help me," he returned, and he placed his good arm about her and up the "razor-back" they went.

Diana looked at him severely, but there was only that wicked smile. But when she gazed at him covertly, she saw his features tortured with excruciating pain.

So she got him into the machine and took him to the doctor and when his arm was nicely comfortable, she took him home to Jim Howard's.

"You're coming to see me, I know," he whispered, as she was ready to drive off.

"I am—not," she replied.

"Yes, you are," he replied, arily. "I know it. I feel it in my heart."

"Really, why don't you set yourself up as a clairvoyant?" she retorted and she hurried away.

But she couldn't help smiling and she saw now that his was an irrepressible good-nature and that he couldn't help his teasing.

She was sure of it later, for when she and her father, together with Tom and Barbara Judson, went to the local bank to arrange for the new loan—for Tom was an honest chap and would not accept Diana's generous offer except as a loan—the banker told her that he could take the note from her and give her the cash as he had a party who was anxious to secure it.

Of course, Diana guessed who the "party" was.

They left and returned to the Judson farm. Diana helped Barbara straighten up the house and put everything into place, and they worked like busy bees until it was quite dark.

Then they sat out upon the porch and quietly talked, while the great harvest moon rose higher and higher in the sky and threw its effulgent light upon the fields of stacked corn. Tom's crops had been splendid ones—in fact, it was upon the crops that he placed his greatest hope for a good return at the auction.

"Well, we won't lose our harvest after all, will we, dearest?" he whispered, as he put his arm about Barbara and gathered her close.

Diana sat nearby, and she was thinking—thinking of a teasing cut-up.

Gradually there came to her ears the plod, plod, of a horse in the road and when the house was reached the horse stopped and Lauriton jumped from the buggy.

"Hello, folkses," he began, "I'm here again. Jim guaranteed that old Tink there wouldn't run if you hit him with a Big Bertha."

"Good reason why," Diana murmured, "if a Big Bertha hit him."

"Oh, properly squelched," he laughed. "I want to speak to you all, a moment, if I may. I called at your home, Miss Mannerly, and they told me you were here."

"Speak ahead, Mr. Lauriton," said Tom, happiness radiating from his voice.

"I want to apologize for that funny business yesterday. Somehow I will see the amusing side of things, but of course I should have found out the cause of the sale before I got "fresh". I didn't ask Jim and naturally supposed you just wanted to leave the neighborhood. Can't I buy that note from you, Miss Mannerly, and so show how genuinely sorry I am?"

"But I can't forego the happiness of doing something for Barbara and Tom, Mr. Lauriton."

"Well, then, can't we go—fifty-fifty?"

"I'll let you know—a bit later," Diana compromised.

During the following days Diana came to the Judson farm, and as often as she did Lauriton was sure to be there, for he lingered on through the lovely October month, since, one arm still being almost useless, he felt he might just as well stay on.

"Any decision yet?" he queried, at the close of a glorious bright blue October day.

"Yes, we'll share the pleasure," Diana said.

"That will be even better than having the whole note. I love to share things. I wish I could share my all with you. Could I, do you think—Diana?"

She had promised to take him to Jim's in her machine and they now went toward it.

She said not a word for a moment. A little sunset breeze crooned about them. Then she tried to look into his face, without blushing, without emotion. She could not.

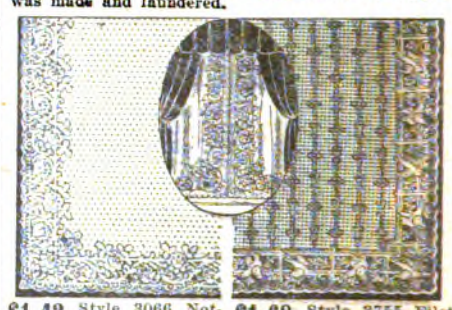
"You may if you wish, Elroy," she said, dreamily.

"Diana! Anybody looking? No, only Old Bess and she's blind! All right, here goes! I'm glad I didn't break both arms in that spill, otherwise I couldn't do this," and encircling her with his good arm, he drew her to his bosom.

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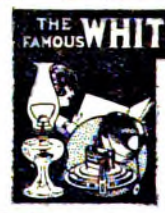
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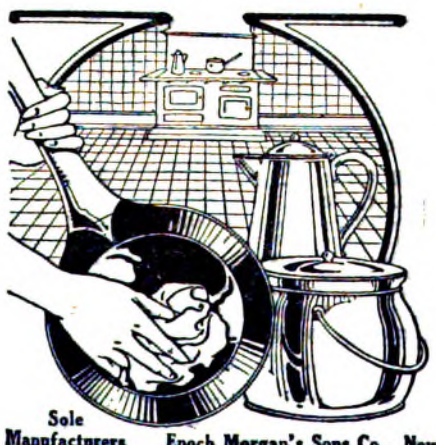
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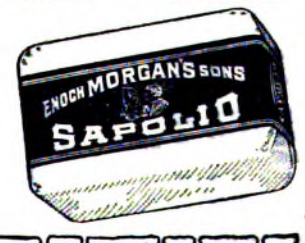


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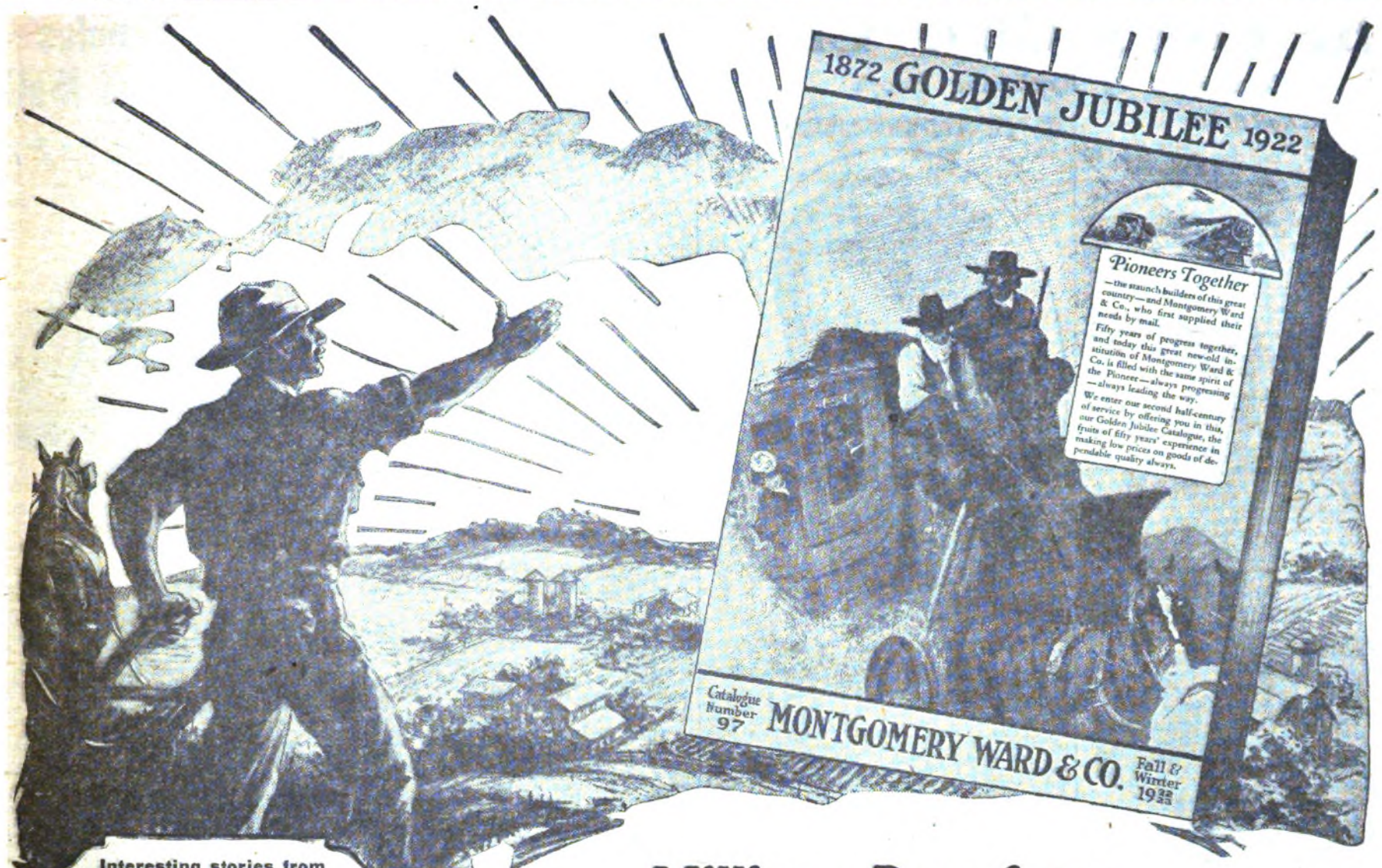
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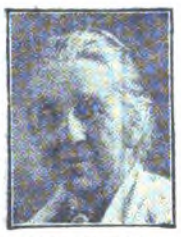
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William McCandless, Sloan, Iowa
A Customer Since 1872



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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Bad Nail Habits

I HOPE none of my girls have the very bad habit of biting their finger nails, yet I should not be surprised if here and there was some otherwise quite pretty girl who has let herself form this objectionable habit.

Don't do it, girls. It ruins otherwise lovely hands, it gives you an ugly grubby appearance, and besides, my dears, let me whisper that doctors consider it to denote a poorly disciplined mentality, which means that you have not learned to use your mind well as yet but are in the immature stage of young children who do not know how to direct their bodies properly.

Of course none of us want to seem mentally deficient to anybody, and assuredly none of us want ugly nails, so if any of us have begun to nibble away at finger nails in moments of nervousness, let's make up our minds to stop it at once.

The first thing needed is to give daily care to the nails, so that there will be no ragged bits of cuticle sticking up to invite the absentminded bite, and no rough edges to the nails which one attempts to smooth with the teeth.

Use your nail file every morning to smooth and shape the nail until it is like a polished surface, and use your orange-wood stick to keep the cuticle pushed down at the base of the nail, and your manicure scissors—nice thin curved ones, not too long—to carefully snip away any little hangnails. If the skin around the nail has become very roughened from your bad habits, you can use a bit of hand pumice very gently indeed to rub it smooth. At night rub vaseline into the flesh of the finger-tips, massaging it into the cuticle about the base of the nails. And when you arise in the morning, gently scrub the nails with a good nail brush, then rinse and dry, and rub in a tiny bit of nail cream or other soothing ointment. Just a tiny bit that the skin will at once absorb.



BITING NAILS IS AN UGLY HABIT.

If you will follow these directions, and keep your nails shaped, spotlessly clean, and rubbed gently with the palm of the hand until they are lightly polished, I am sure you will always remember not to bite and disfigure them.

If you need any help, in addition to this, ask your druggist to put you up a little quinine solution—which is quinine dissolved in alcohol; or a solution of bitter aloes, also dissolved in alcohol. Apply this to the nails with a brush, and I assure you at the first taste you will be willing to stop.

Answers to Questions

NEBRASKA GIRL.—I do not think it wise for you to exereise the joints which have been affected by inflammatory rheumatism. What has your physician told you to do? In my own experience, very hot applications to such joints has helped, if carried out daily without missing any day. The water was very hot, and steaming cloths wrung out and applied, being replaced with fresh ones continuously, for ten minutes or more. One of the big specialists here has his rheumatic patients spray their joints first with hot water and then with cold, then hot, then cold, etc. How are your tonsils and your teeth? Your physician has no doubt told you to see that these are in perfect condition. Look after your diet; eat simple healthful things, see that your bowels move freely daily, drink lots of water, and rest your inflamed joints. Get rid of that rheumatism as quickly as you possibly can; there is nothing that gives more trouble over a longer period. You ask for exercises for large bust and hips. If I were you I should avoid all exercise until my joints were in perfect condition, otherwise you may strain some ligaments and cause yourself endless trouble. Your weight for a height of five feet six and one-half inches should be about 143 pounds, depending upon the size of your bones; with small bones it could be less. Your waist should be ten inches smaller than hips and bust which should be alike in measurement. About 39 inches would be correct for a 29-inch waist, or 42 inches for a 32-inch waist.

R. R.—All your troubles, hair, complexion, sleeplessness, etc., come from the long continued condition of constipation. What has your physician told you to do? Follow his directions faithfully. You are 25 pounds overweight which shows conclusively that you eat too much and of the wrong foods. You say you only eat twice a day; then I am afraid at least one of those meals is too heavy. No doubt—or, rather, of course—wrong eating is at the bottom of your condition of constipation. Cut out at once all fat building foods, which means starchy foods and fat and sweet foods; this will eliminate candy, cake, pie gravy, potato, rice, fat meats, etc. Suppose you try the following diet for a time: At night soak six prunes in a glass of warm water. On rising in the morning drink a glass of water. Fifteen minutes later, drink the prune juice and eat the prunes, chewing every particle until it is liquid before swallowing. Before you rise, practice for ten minutes the exercise I will give you below. It will do you no harm to go without breakfast. Drink a glass of water every three-quarters of an hour until about an hour before midday dinner. For this, eat simple food, chewing it until liquid, drinking nothing with your meals or until an hour after. In fact it would be well to wait two hours. You must cut out coffee, tea, white bread. Suppose you eat some toasted biscuit without butter, a soft poached egg, or some bran bread with your egg. In addition a baked custard, or a baked apple if it agrees with you (cooked until it bursts its skin), or a piece of melon, or some grapes. You see, you must eat very simple food for a time. You could eat some spinach cooked quickly in very little water; or asparagus, or carrots well cooked. Don't eat turnips, cabbage, cauliflower, onions. For supper eat very little. If I were you I should only have some barley gruel and some toasted biscuit at night for some weeks. If raw apples agree with you, you could eat one following dinner, chewing it thoroughly. You must eat absolutely nothing between meals, but beginning an hour—or two hours—after a midday dinner, drink a glass of water, sipping it slowly, every three-quarters of an hour until an hour before your evening meal, which you should eat rather early. You will find you sleep better with very little food at night and eaten quite a while before retiring. If you can regulate your meal hours, I should say you should eat your noonday meal about 12 o'clock, and your evening meal about six. For your midday meal you can eat, as a change, a little roast or stewed chicken, chewing it thoroughly, along with spinach or carrots; then your simple dessert. Before beginning this diet, I should take an enema, though all doctors will warn you against the enema habit; it soon teaches the bowels to rely upon this artificial aid and they will not move of themselves; this is also true of cathartics themselves. Yet a teaspoonful of aromatic cascara at night before starting on this diet, and after you have taken an enema, will probably start you off right. Then cut out all cathartics. Exercise in the morning for fifteen minutes, and again before going to bed for another fifteen minutes. Take a walk during the day of at least half an hour, not until two hours after eating. You must throw off these toxic poisons by exercise, and you must see that no more are stored up, by being sparing in your eating and very careful in selecting your foods. Bathe the entire body daily, frictioning the surface to cause the skin to throw off its impurities through the pores. You ask for external applications to cure the conditions. My dear, there isn't anything external which would do you the least bit of good. Your whole trouble lies in what you have eaten, how much you have eaten, and in faulty habits of the body. You have probably not exercised enough, and you have let yourself grow to depend upon cathartics and enemas. Of course when you first began to be constipated then is when you should have regulated your diet and your habits at once, but you can't help that now, so all you can do is be a little more severe in your diet regulations. Surely it is worth while to deny yourself and be very careful for a month or six weeks, to see if you cannot overcome this condition which is ruining your health and your appearance. Your doctor will tell you not to wait for a bowel action but to fix a certain hour each morning and each evening and daily make the attempt, not straining but giving up twenty minutes or half an hour if necessary. If you can manage extra exercise periods during the day without any binding clothes, that will help you more than anything else except the change in your diet. Be sure the eggs eaten are soft so that they will digest easily; for a soft-boiled egg it should not boil longer than three and one-half minutes. A little broiled fish or baked fish is permissible instead of egg or chicken, or a small piece of broiled lamb or steak or mutton if not well done. Do not eat any fried food, any hot breads or indeed any white bread at all, nor any sweets. I expect this sounds strenuous but your condition is one which needs strenuous treatment. I have known of people who have overcome such a condition by first freeing the bowels, then eating prunes each morning as I have directed, and living on a quart or two quarts of milk daily, with no solid food whatever. That means nothing to eat except the milk, which in such case is taken a glass at a time, beginning an hour or two hours after your prunes, with each mouthful of milk "chewed" before swallowing, none of it drunk down quickly. If you wanted to try this, you should exercise for fifteen minutes in the morning, take your prunes and your water, then an hour later drink a glass of milk, say at 8.30. At 9.30 drink a half glass of water; at 10.30 another glass of milk; at 1 o'clock another glass, at 3 o'clock another glass, at 5 o'clock another glass. In between these glasses of milk drink a glass of water, so that you will have three glasses of water between 10.30 and 5 o'clock. Drink another glass of water at 6.30, and another at 7.30, but no more milk. Exercise for fifteen minutes before you go to bed. This is also a strenuous way to overcome the conditions you are facing, but you may wish to try it. Naturally you won't feel very energetic while you are taking this diet, and you will lose in weight, but of the latter you should be glad, for you need to lose twenty-five pounds at the very least. Remember if you take up this milk diet, you must eat no solid food with it, but stick to milk alone, with the exception of the prunes. Now for the exercise which will do you the most good:

To Overcome Constipation

Lying on your back, on the bed, in nightgown or loose underwear, raise the right leg at right angles with the body, without bending the knee, then let it down as slowly as possible. This exercise strains the muscles of the abdomen and it is those muscles which need to be exercised in your case. If you let the leg down quickly, there is no strain on the abdomen; you should let it down so slowly that you feel the strain and the drawing of the abdominal muscles. Practice ten or fifteen times then the same number with the left leg; then with both together. The body should lie flat on the back, arms along the sides; don't lift the head.

BLUE EYES.—It is a simple matter to have pretty nails. Soak the fingers of one hand in warm soapy water for a few minutes, then with the flat end of an orange-wood stick, which you can buy at your druggist for five or ten cents, gently push down the cuticle at the base of the nail. Skin which has grown up on the nail can be skillfully clipped off with a pair of manicure scissors, but not with ordinary scissors, after it has been gently loosened from the nail by a cuticle knife (also on sale at your druggist's), or with the orange-wood stick. Do not pry at it vigorously or dent the nail with your efforts; but the skin having been softened by its soaking in the warm soapy water, just work at it gently until it is loosened from the nail, then clip it very carefully with the scissors, being most careful not to cut the skin below the nail but only the hard rim which is on the nail. Before putting your hands in the warm water, file the nails into a shape which follows the rounded ends of the fingers, using a flexible steel nail file. Then after attending to the overlapped cuticle as above directed, clean the nails thoroughly with your orange-wood stick, never with any steel instrument, as that makes the nail thick and hard in time. Each morning, after scrubbing the nails thoroughly, clean them as thoroughly, and with the flat end of the orange-wood stick, push the cuticle very gently back at the base of the nail so that it will have no chance to grow up on it again. I think if I were you I should postpone treatment of my freckles until late fall. About the warts, they can be removed as a rule, by tying a thread tight around their base. After a little they turn black and drop off. Try one at a time, and whatever you do, do not pick at a wart, as it is likely to turn into something much more objectionable.

VI.—Your skin is sluggish, perhaps because of your illness. Massage it nightly, by dipping your fingers in a tiny bit of cold cream and with the forefinger of each hand rubbing the nose toward its bony ridge, also its full length with little circular motions. Massage the cheeks with light circular motions, and also with upward strokes. This massage should follow a thorough washing. Have you been using soap on the face, or only in the water? The latter is the proper way, and after the washing, be sure that you rinse the face many times, the final time being in cool water. Then follow with your massage. End the massage by a light slapping of the face, rapidly with the flat of each hand. Also take abdominal exercises, such as the one given to "R. R.," for you should stimulate all the eliminative functions. How about your diet, and your weight? Eat sensibly, and give your skin every chance. I think you will find the above treatment will put you right again.

BUD.—About the "streak of light hair" on the side of your head, you should be glad of it. Will it cheer you at all to know that I have a streak of white hair on one side of my head—a real lock—and that I wouldn't part with for anything? And when I have my hair dressed for any very smart gathering, the hairdresser takes a great deal of trouble to make that lock show. It is quite fashionable to have a lock of hair different from the rest of one's hair, so if I were you I would consider myself fortunate. You don't know how many people have envied me mine. I even know of one woman who bought a false lock of white hair, and wore it fastened in among her own locks, to create this fashionable effect. So your nose gets red in the morning when you wash your face? Your circulation is probably a little uneven, and it would be a good idea for you to take up some daily exercise, night and morning. Also treat your nose with consideration when you take that face bath—bathe it gently, but give the rest of the face a gentle rubbing—mayhap that will restore the balance. A red nose may come from several things, chief among them being a stomach which is not doing its best work or, rather, which is being given too much work to do. Be sure that your food is chewed until it is liquid before swallowing; that you eat sensible foods, not too many sweets; that you drink a great deal of water between meals but not at meals; and that you do not eat between meals.

Address all letters containing questions to
KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.



BRUSHING NAILS WITH QUININE SOLUTION.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

can have an orderly house all the time. I think there are other things to be considered sometimes and I certainly don't believe in having our homes just "so-so" at the expense of our health. There are some who think it is a crime for a woman to sit down and rest as long as there is a speck of dust anywhere or anything to do. But I think it is wrong for a woman not to rest an hour or so every day if she possibly can. Just hard work, such as keeping your house in perfect order, your children clean, plenty of good things cooked to eat, washing, ironing and sewing done in order, chickens taken care of, the many little deeds of charity we do, entertaining company that just happens in on you, are some of the things women have to do. One of the biggest tasks is taking care of the fruit and garden in the fall. If you are real healthy you may stand the life all right but if you don't have good health to begin with, what then? You won't last many years. Sisters, I know, by sad experience and now after fifteen years of married life and thinking I just must keep on working, I find that at the age of thirty-four, part of my work will have to go undone. I have lung trouble and at times I can do only the cooking for five and send my children to school. There will be a week or two at a time that I don't dare do the family washing and as I am living in the country I can't get anyone to do it for me and I have to depend on the men folks to do what has to be done and I can tell you we don't eat off a linen table-cloth as we used to. We eat off of white oilcloth. I am the only woman in the family; children are boys. They help me do lots of my work though. When my health became so bad that I couldn't do my work I cried my eyes almost out. I would cry until my head was hot and hurt all the time but I saw that would never do. My family couldn't be happy when I was so blue so I just made up my mind that if I couldn't do my work and be a help to my husband in that way, I could help in another. I could smile with my husband and children, and be cheerful, and how they appreciate it. They didn't care about the neat house and linen table-cloths; they'd much rather see me sitting down doing nothing but with a ready smile for each and every one. Of course when my neighbors come and find my house looking like a bachelor's hall, and I sitting out in the hammock, I suppose they go away and say, "that woman's good for nothing." But that is one of the trials I must bear. I try to smile and then smile some more. What's the use of grumbling? We should try to learn to not judge anyone by their work, and not to judge harshly at any time for we do not know the circumstances. I am living in a new neighborhood. Several have visited me and some of them came when my house was very dirty. I couldn't help it. All I could do was invite them in and treat them as nicely as I could. Perhaps they will judge my character by my home and never come again.

Don't you think if we would all live as God would have us live, with love for one another, overlooking each other's faults, and doing His will every day, that we would be much more contented? I am trying to live that way.

With love to everybody, your sister,
MRS. H. MOYER.

LAS CRUCES, N. MEX.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORTERS:

I don't like to tease but may I come in just once? I asked once before but wasn't admitted but I know Mrs. W. did the best there was to be done so I'm not going to let that worry me but here is one thing that does—never seeing a letter from this part of New Mexico. I wonder if *I'm* the only one so lucky as to have COMFORT? Well, others don't know what they are missing.

We have the dearest little valley here, not exactly "little" either but one naturally wants to speak of it as they would of anything dear to them. Its name is Masilla Valley, only it is pronounced Ma-see-a. Las Cruces means "The Crosses." Isn't it good that we can make something of nothing, and such pretty somethings too? Thanks to those who told about making different things of gunny sacks, because I've got "more gunny sacks" and didn't know what to do with them. Here is something I am making of a couple of them—cover for our speedster seat. Cut the sacks to fit the seat and embroider in yarn or silk or silk thread a basket of flowers or some design you like in cross-stitch. If you don't like to remove the tacks that are used to hold the leather binding in place, use carpet tacks, or tacks with large heads. Be sure and allow plenty of material so that enough can be turned under at the edge to make it firm. This makes a durable cover. I got the idea from a linen colored cover in a swell limousine. I couldn't say what the material was but it looked good. I have a dining table cover made of the fifty-pound flour sacks, another cut in half and sewed together, making a scarf for my buffet and one the same way for the fireplace mantle. Instead of joining the sacks with lace I used gingham. I'm using light tan as the wall paper in my dining-room has a tan background. In each corner I used gingham of pink, tan and yellow and made a cluster of apples and green for leaves and with black thread for the lines in the leaves and to applique the fruit onto the cloth. It is a very pretty set.

Good by.
BONNIE BLUE EYES.

BERGVILLE, MINN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I can't resist the temptation of writing to say "Amen" to Mrs. Mason's remarks. She certainly voiced my opinion to a detail, about dish washing and floor scrubbing. To see anyone wring a dish rag from soapy, greasy water and wipe the pan and kettles without rinsing either, in order to hurry through and get down on her knees and scrub the floors white, does not appeal to me either.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

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If your face and shoulders are troubled with pimples that become rashy at certain periods, get a box today of Stuart's Calcium Wafers



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A Forgotten Love

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

self, his offer had seemed a refuge; there was another reason beyond poverty that had kept her away from London.

"Jacky was right; there must have been some reason," she thought, "for he doesn't like me. And I——" with a shock she realized that she hated the man who gave her all she had, hated and feared him.

The sullen, hot loathing of him that had come to her tonight seemed to lie at her heart tangibly. It frightened her.

"Jacky," she cried, panting with desperate horror of a something evil that was slowly drawing nearer, threatening, obscure; "I must have Jacky, or something dreadful will happen to me!"

Wild with a causeless terror—for till tonight Marchmont had never openly refused her anything, or reminded her of her position—Gillian locked her door and began with shaking fingers to write to Jacky. At first the sentences were strung together incoherently; then as she settled to her task her brain steadied. She got up and hunted in the little old desk that had been her father's; among the papers untidily stowed there were two she wanted; she had often wondered how they had got there, what he had been doing with testimonials as to a maid's character, and signed, too, by a countess and a well-known beauty. But they would be useful now, whatever they had been.

They had been kept in their envelopes and were fresh and clean. Gillian put them carefully in with her letter to Jacky, that was full of such minute, strange instructions. When it was safely sealed she rang for her maid, who of all the household was the only one who really liked the desolate young mistress. She was not on good terms with the other servants, either, having been engaged by Gillian herself, not Mr. Marchmont, and she was to be trusted.

"Pierce, do you think you could post this for me? I have no stamps," she said quietly.

"Certainly, miss," the girl said cheerfully, seeing it was to the mistress' sister in London, to whom she had once before acted as postman.

"It's a pity she hasn't a nice, cheerful young man now. I've never found sisters so reliable!" she thought as she loyally posted the secret letter that was to strike the very joy of life from Jacqueline Hamilton's lips.

CHAPTER III.

"A DEVIL INCARNATE."

Tall, dark, masterful, Lesard leaned against the mantelpiece, his lean face somber, his gray, hawk's eyes full of fire. He was stirred to the uttermost depths, for all he was so quiet.

Opposite him was Jacqueline Hamilton, sitting on the edge of a table, her face hidden in her hands. The firelight turned her wavy hair to burning gold, and Lesard noted it as he looked at her bowed head.

"Do you love me as much as that?" he said.

His voice was as unlike him as his face, all its reckless gaiety gone.

Jacky nodded.

"I'm ashamed. Oh, I'm ashamed!" she whispered pitifully.

"Don't be—ashamed!" How slowly he was speaking. "Come here, sweetheart."

For there was half the length of the room between them.

"No!" Her head was lower than ever; he could hardly hear her.

"Come here!" It was an order now, more than an entreaty, and her hands dropped from her face as she straightened herself where she half-sat, half-leaned, against the table.

So slowly that she seemed to feel the floor cautiously for each step, she came to him; nearer, nearer; her eyes almost closed, her lips apart and piteous. When there was still a wide space between them, Lesard moved sharply toward her, with the strength and grace and litheness with which he did everything. He had to stoop to slip one arm around her waist, the other round her shoulders.

"Look up, sweetheart," he cried softly, his voice thrilling her to the core of her heart. "Don't be ashamed. That was nothing to say between you and me. Don't you know there is nothing that can't be said between us now? Look at me!"

He would not try to lift her face to his; she must look at him of her own accord, or not at all. The vague, intangible sweetness from her hair went to his head; the iron arms that held her so softly shook a little.

The girl looked up; her dark-blue eyes met the keen gray ones that were so near, doubtfully at first, then with a sudden flash of the spirit that had been so fearless—till tonight.

"You are not my master!" she flung her head back against his arm, and met his gaze rebelliously.

The man's eyes grew dark with love.

"I am—from tonight," he said slowly. "You love me; you've said so! It will be sweeter than being your own mistress, Jacky; you are very tired of being your own mistress. And you're not that any more—are you, if you love me?"

"Yes," she stammered over the answer, "yes, I am!"

Lesard laughed softly.

"Kiss me, sweetheart," he whispered, his face touching hers. "I tell you, you can't lead this life any longer. Do you think I don't know how tired you are—how you pinch, and save, and scrape to keep body and soul together? Come to me and rest; I'll take care of you."

His lips, very smooth through the fair mustache that was so striking on his dark, lean face, touched hers; surely, no man's kisses were ever like Lesard's, so sweet and quiek and tender!

The girl wavered; then she clung to him with a love that was like agony. Lesard's arms tightened around her as he felt hers go about his neck; the world was a dream to him; there was nothing in it but this fearless slip of a girl, who till tonight had defied him. As he kissed her time and again, her love was not more pure than his. Lesard—the adventurer, the money-lender, the man who was feared or despised as people knew him well or little—forgot his trade, forgot the secret burden that troubled his life, and kissed her as a man does a woman who rises from her prayers.

"Heart of my heart!" he said softly; and of her own accord Jacky lifted her lips to his once more.

"Have you been lonely?" she whispered. "I have, all my life. I've been alone in my mind till I knew you. I always felt like a child who can't find anyone to play with. Do you understand?"

"Understand? My God! yes." But how did this baby know these things, unless it were that she was soul of his soul already? For the first time he forgot his strength as he caught her to him.

Jackie gave a little stifled cry.

"Take care; don't drop me! I'm off my feet."

"Drop you!" the man answered with utter tenderness; "not I! Do you think you are so heavy?" As he spoke he lifted her with a hand on each side of her waist, lifted her without an effort, as a girl lifts a doll; for an instant he held her so, her face on a level with his; then he put her gently on her feet again.

"Sit down," he said with sudden compunction; "you're tired out! I've been a brute to you today, worrying you all the afternoon to make you say yes, instead of no. Why were you so hard to me? Did I—did I deserve it?"

"No!" she cried. "No, don't say such things. But you are all wrong. I can't marry you. It isn't as if I were alone in the world. I sent for you today to say good by."

Lesard did not answer; he knelt on the worn hearth-rug and began to make up the fire. The uncomfortable little room was cold.

"You can't say good by to me," he said coolly. "I won't have it. And how do you mean you're not alone in the world?"

Jacky looked at her watch nervously; in a few minutes the girl she lived with would come in; she dared not talk before her, and tomorrow she would be miles away.

"My sister," she said; "she needs me."

"But she is adopted by a rich man, you said. Do you mean she wants you to go and live with her? Because you can't—you're coming to live with me." He saw her mouth tighten.

"I can't marry you—not now!" she cried. "I'm frightened about Gill; she is so unhappy and she wants me. Listen!" She read him some—not all—of that dreadful, outspoken little letter.

Lesard, whom nothing ever jarred, gave an imperceptible start as he heard.

"Marchmont!" he said. "You never told me she was adopted by Paul Marchmont. I don't wonder she isn't—happy. Look here, Jacky; I won't have you going to Marchmont's house! I wouldn't let any woman go there, much less you!"

"You can't stop me. I've got to go," she returned quietly. "I'm not going to have Gillian wretched all day with that man and frightened all night for fear of robbers. She went to him just to let me have all the money we had, and I'm not going to be happy here while she is slowly dying. You don't know her; if a thing frets her, it seems to take her very life out of her. And I didn't read you all the letter, and I can't—I've got to go! I'm not afraid of burglars." She tried to laugh. If Lesard only knew just how she was going to Hamilton Place, how angry he would be!

"Burglars!" contemptuously. "I don't think many burglars will trouble Mr. Paul Marchmont. They wouldn't find it exactly profitable. If your sister knew a little more about her delightful guardian, she would dismiss that bugbear."

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing!" he said, with queer shortness. "But if you go to Marchmont's, I shall make flying visits to that neighborhood and see you——"

"You can't! I won't have it!" with sudden fright, for what should she do if he did come? It would ruin her plans.

"Well," he said, lighting a cigarette and taking no notice of her sudden start, "perhaps you are right! I won't have you skipping out after dark to meet any man, even me. And I don't fancy entering that brute's house. But you must promise to telegraph me the very instant you think you want me. Do you hear?" authoritatively.

"But why should I want you?"

"It's no house for any woman to live in—that is why! But I can't tell you; only if you're wise, you'll get your sister to leave him. Don't go, Jacky! Let her come here."

"How could she? She never has any money."

"Listen, Jacky!" Lesard was very earnest, his hard face very thoughtful. "I don't want you to go. It isn't safe. No, don't laugh! I don't mean any nonsense about burglars—I mean I don't want you to be in Marchmont's house; it's the man himself I'm afraid of. He is a devil incarnate—I can't tell you any more."

"Why not? If you know things about him, you ought to tell me."

Lesard turned away to hide the sudden tightening in the muscles of his face.

"I can't, Jacky!" and it seemed as if the words were torn out of him. "But I know, and you must never let out, even to your sister, that you know. If things are really as bad as you think they can be, don't wait for anything. Get out at once, both of you, and telegraph to me when you are safe in London. Don't go near the local office; it's never safe. And don't put any letters to me in Marchmont's post-bag—remember!"

"But I don't understand——" she began.

Lesard was at her side like a flash, and on one knee by her chair as he took her in his arms.

"No, and I dare not let you go! Jacky, if you love me, trust me, believe in me!" (Believe in Lesard! How his world would have laughed at the fool who should do it.) "Keep out of Marchmont's way; don't let him dislike you; and promise me to come back in a month—before, if you can. I shan't be happy for one hour while you are in Marchmont's house. And remember this always, that you're mine, all mine; that I'll take care of you; that you trust me, no matter what happens; that, if a tight place comes, I'm always at your back." (She little knew as she listened in wonder what it meant to have Lesard at your back—strong, unscrupulous, powerful.) "You're loyal enough; you may need to be loyal to me. Don't forget I warned you!"

She threw her arms around his neck, as if she felt something of the terror that was coming; as if a second sight warned her that it was not a short day's journey she was putting between herself and the love of her heart, but a wide world of doubt and despair.

"I'll have to go tomorrow!" she whispered sharply.

Lesard held her to him in an iron clasp. What could this child do against Paul Marchmont?

"Jacky," he began, "be careful not to——"

She pushed him frantically from her. The girl who shared the rooms was coming upstairs.

Jacky Hamilton went, after all, without the only warning that could have saved her heart from breaking.

CHAPTER IV.

MISS HAMILTON'S NEW MAID.

Mrs. Gibbs, black-haired, highly colored with the very best rouge, a fine-looking woman, too smartly dressed for her place, in spite of her orthodox black silk, stood in Mr. Marchmont's own sitting-room. She looked oddly perturbed, considering there was nothing in question but the engagement of a new maid for Miss Hamilton.

"Come down from London, has she?" Mr. Marchmont, reclining at his ease, was not the Marchmont Gillian knew. "What's she like, Polly?"

"Oh, a pale little slip, with red hair," carelessly. "Says Pierce"—who had left the very day after Gillian's conversation with Marchmont, shaking the dust off her feet—"told her of the place. But it's not that. It's these!" She held out two written recommendations. "However did she come by them?"

Marchmont took them, lifting his eyebrows in surprise.

"The Countess of Ernescliffe! Mrs.——" he ejaculated. Then he smiled.

"Don't look so rattled, Polly," he drawled as she sank on a sofa beside him, remarkably at ease for a housekeeper; "it's all right. I mentioned to Billy when I was talking about his last piece of d——d cleverness, that we wanted a good, smart lady's-maid for our charge; he's sent her. But don't say that you know the testimonials mean any more than their face! It isn't a good plan."

"Don't you suppose I know that?" she returned. "Of course, it's all right, since you told Billy! But before, I couldn't see how the girl got sent here."

"It's all right; yes! Didn't she say anything?"

"No, nor doesn't know anything, I believe!" rising. "I'm to take her, then?"

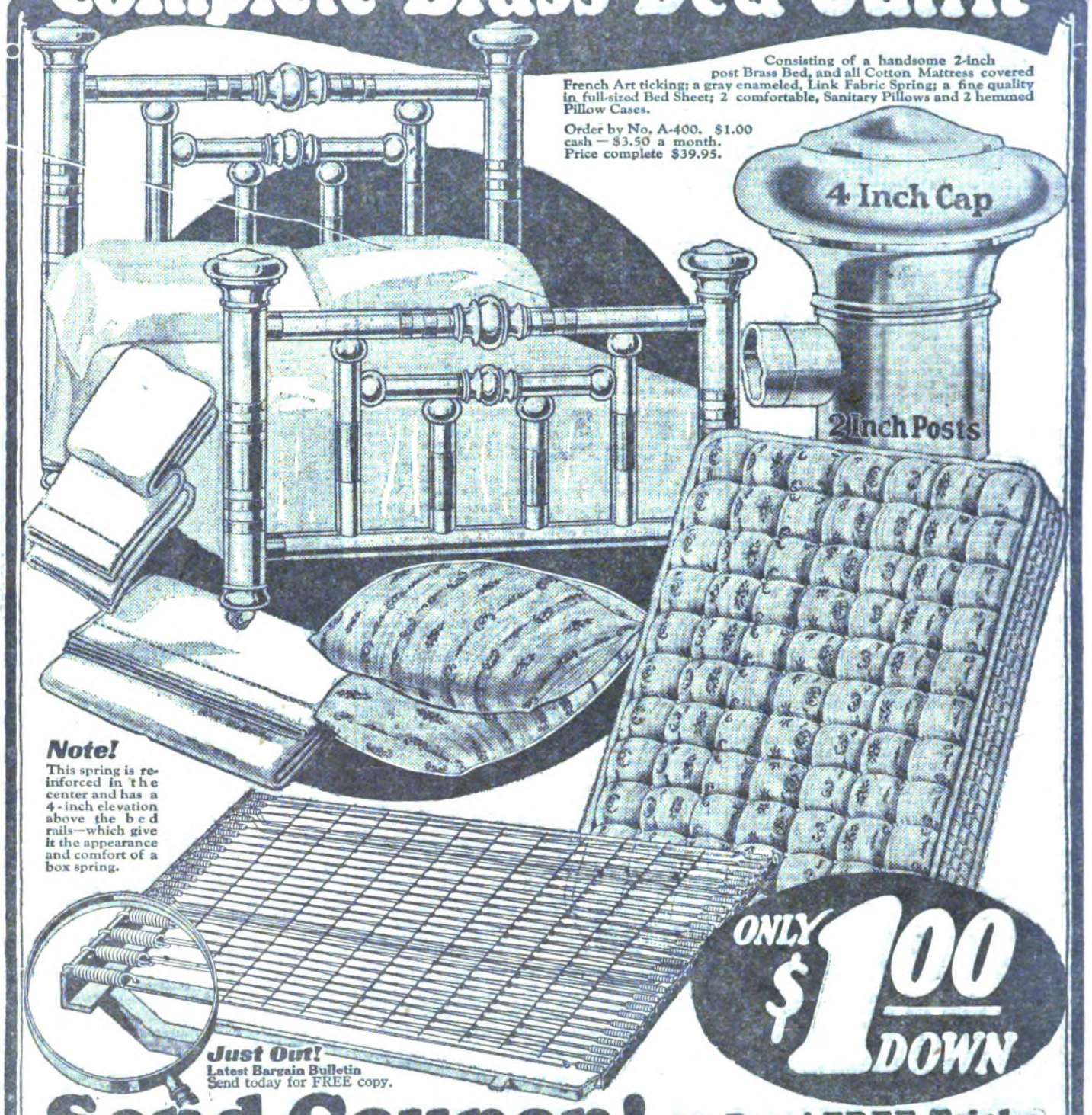
"Of course. You may as well keep an eye on her, though. If she seems too knowing, do the grand and send her packing."

Mrs. Gibbs nodded and rustled out, silk evidently from top to toe. The girl looked the sort who would keep to herself, and that suited the housekeeper; she did not want anyone in the house who would try to attract the attention of its master.

"The references are satisfactory," she said with

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 35.)

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Glandular Enlargements of Babies

IN taking this subject for our talk this month, we do so in answer to the many inquiries in regard to swollen glands of babies. We appreciate the fact that this is a large subject to discuss in this department, and also that we can only take up a few of the many kinds of glandular swellings, but hope to offer advice and suggestions that will be helpful and enable mothers to treat or procure treatment for their babies, if afflicted, soon enough to relieve a great deal of pain and suffering. A gland in the sense that we are used to the word is a name given to the various small organs of the body whose functions are to secrete or withdraw from the blood material to be used for other purposes, or excrete material that is injurious or of no use to the body.

An example of the secreting glands are the salivary glands, six in number, situated on each side of the mouth, and they secrete digestives that play an important part in the digestion of our food, especially the starchy foods.

If the salivary glands become irritated or inflamed, and this is often the case in teething, the saliva seems to be continually running out of the mouth.

In some diseases like mumps, which is a specific disease of one of the salivary glands, you often get inflammation of all the salivary glands, with a strong tendency to migrate to other glands of the body.

In blood-poisoning of fingers or hands you may get swelling and inflammation of the lymphatic glands or elbow and in under the arm, or if the blood-poisoning is in the feet or legs, you get swelling and inflammation of the lymphatic glands of the groin.

The explanation of this by those who have made special investigations is that the lymphatic glands, in trying to relieve the blood of the poison, become infected and therefore you get pain, swelling and inflammation in a part not very near the invasion of the infection. The point we wish to make here is this: you may get swelling, pain and inflammation in a gland when the gland itself is involved only in so far as it is trying to absorb a poison that is causing trouble in some other part of the body.

In pale, anemic babies you often see that practically all the lymphatic glands seem swollen or inflamed. This may be caused by some specific disease the baby has inherited from one or both parents, or may be caused by lack of proper food and oxygen.

A little care about the food to make it more nourishing, having the baby sleep out in the open air, a few drops of iron a day with cod-liver oil may build up the baby so it will become normal in every way.

The glands of the body, their functions and conditions in health and disease, is almost an endless subject and every investigation discloses some new interesting feature. In this talk we shall go into it far enough to impress upon the parents the fact that every swollen gland means something and must be looked after for the well-being of the baby.

One of the common glandular affections we shall take up is scrofula. This, as we understand it, is a peculiar general or constitutional condition where the lymphatic glands are in an irritable state, which renders them liable to become swollen and inflamed, and to have also lost the power of repair, the last condition manifesting itself by breaking down of glands and pus forming. The inflammation is of such a low grade that the swelling does not come to a point like a boil or carbuncle but has to be opened and cleaned out thoroughly. There are specific diseases that will cause scrofula, the most common causes are improper food, impaired nutrition, exposure to damp and cold for a long time, or attacks of measles, typhoid fever, or chronic malaria.

If a mother suspects that her baby is scrofulous, she should take it to a competent physician at once for examination.

The treatment is to open up the swollen inflamed glands as soon as you are positive pus is present, but the most important treatment is preventive and it simply means special care in diet, dress and the child's surroundings.

If the baby is nursing, the mother herself must be healthy and have plenty of good milk for baby, and if there is any doubt about this put the baby on modified milk. Special care as to dressing baby so that it will be warm enough, and to get it out in the open air all that is possible, sleep with open windows.

Very few appreciate the good that fresh air will do a baby, and it is unfortunate that the thing that is free to all, rich and poor alike, is used so little. If you are positive that it is getting plenty of nourishing food, that it is getting plenty of fresh air, that its dress is adapted to the season of the year and is warm enough to prevent its taking cold, then you may consider medicine.

The two things that offer the most help are iron and cod-liver oil, the amounts that you should give depend so much on the age and size of baby that it does not seem advisable to suggest dose.

If at any time you notice that your baby has a swollen gland or glands, get busy and find out the cause, and treat and remove it.

Do not be patient and wait, thinking the baby has something it will outgrow, as this is a foolish, vicious thing to do.

These glands have a function and something is preventing this function being carried out and we must come to their aid and relief.

Subject, next month, *Do Babies Inherit Diseases?*

Questions and Answers

BED-WETTING.—What can I do for my ten-year-old girl, who wets the bed every night? Have tried lots of remedies but they do not do any good.

MRS. M. E. L., Morton, Miss.

Bed-wetting is a most obstinate condition to relieve as we must first find cause and remove it in each individual case. Many of the most obstinate cases will yield to treatment when the urine is made clear and mild by some simple alkali like cream of tartar, teaspoonful in glass of water two or three times a day, or equal parts of vichy water and milk. If urine is concentrated, with odor of ammonia, give three-grain doses of Urotropin in one-half glass of water three times a day. Do not give Urotropin if urine is acid as this will acidify it. Have urine examined to see if it is acid. In some cases you get bed-wetting from reflex irritation of the bladder walls from pinworms in rectum. Enlarged, diseased tonsils and adenoids will often cause this condition, and an operation gives quick relief.

MORNING SICKNESS.—Will you please tell me if there can be anything done for morning sickness during pregnancy, as I vomit a great deal and feel weak, also have dull headaches?

MRS. E. L., Elamsville, Pa.

A.—Morning sickness is a sympathetic disturbance due to congestion of pelvic organs beyond the physiological limit, and for which it is to some extent a corrective. The treatment is to keep the bowels regular, avoid all excitement, sexual and otherwise, eat food easily digested, like stale wheat bread toasted, or liquids, milk, broths. An abdominal binder giving slight upward and inward pressure often gives relief.

CONSTIPATED BABY.—My three-year-old baby girl is constipated all the time; she eats most everything, but drinks a lot of fresh milk. She has bad breath, but aside from constipation is perfectly well.

MRS. V. P., Centralia, Wash.

A.—Give baby teaspoonful doses of milk of magnesia in her milk often enough to keep bowels regular. Give her graham crackers, molasses cookies, orange juice, plenty of water; all of these things are good for the relief of constipation.

RHEUMATISM.—I have had a lame wrist and thumb for four months but thought it would go away when baby came a month ago, as it did when my two-year-old boy was born. My physician calls it neuritis. Will you give cause and cure?

MRS. J. H., Philipsburg, Mont.

A.—We think you have a form of rheumatism, but cannot see how it has any connection with your pregnancy, but is caused by acid condition of blood. Would suggest that you take ten-grain doses of sodium salicylate, after meals, three times a day, drink plenty of water, avoid acids. Locally, should rub on Iodex, and apply some on cloth under bandage.

BABY SWEATS.—What can I do for my ten-months-old baby who sweats all the time night and day, has a rattling in chest and cough? He weighs twenty-five pounds, but has not gained in weight for two months. I am still nursing him. MRS. G. D., Rantoul, Ill.

A.—Continued sweating is not only weakening, but indicates that your baby has some serious condition that is causing it. Should wean him and put him on nourishing diet with a good deal of milk. Give him twenty drops of Syrup of Hydriodic Acid (Gardner's) in water after meals, three times a day. If you do not get improvement soon, take him to some physician and have a thorough examination made, especially of chest.

CONSTIPATED NURSING BABY.—My nursing baby, two months old, is badly constipated, and I have to give him physic all the time. He has gained three pounds since birth.

A.—Regulate baby's bowels by keeping your own regular. Try and do this with your diet, but if you cannot do it, take teaspoonful doses of Fluid Extract of Cascara Sagrada often enough to keep bowels freely open and you will find baby's bowels relieved.

SPASMODIC CROUP, HICCOUGHS.—My eighteen-months-old boy was feverish for two days and coughed some and on the night of the third day, about an hour after we put him to bed, we found him in convulsions, almost choking. We tried to get him to vomit and he turned black. We called in a physician but he died soon. What remedy should I have used when he was choking? What is the cause of croup and will my four-months-old baby have it? What is a reliable remedy for hiccoughs? MRS. L. M., Everett, Wash.

A.—I think your baby must have had membranous croup, laryngeal diphtheria, as the ordinary spasmodic croup always terminates favorably. This baby should have had a large dose of Antitoxin, inhalations of lime being slaked, small doses of Tincture of Ipecac and Tartar Emetic, stimulants, brandy in small doses, few drops repeated often. If these things give no relief, an operation, intubation until membrane is dissolved. This form of croup is caused by specific germ the same as in diphtheria. The most important thing to remember about the treatment of this case is the fact that this baby had been sick and feverish for two days without treatment. Hiccoughs in baby will usually respond to a little sugar and water, but the best treatment is to see that baby does not nurse too often, and and that it is digesting its food properly, and it will not have hiccoughs.

YELLOW SPOTS.—Can you tell me how to avoid yellow spots coming on my face when pregnant?

MRS. E. F. R., Luray, S. C.

A.—I should pay special attention to my digestion, especially to the bowels, taking a grain of calomel in divided doses two or three times a week.

MATERNITY CORSETS.—When my baby was born its hands and face were black for a month. Could this have been caused by maternity corsets?

MRS. A. I. R., Cedar Bend, Minn.

A.—No, absolutely not.

SCARLET FEVER.—My fourten-months-old baby had scarlet fever when he was four months old and it settled in his ear, and still discharges with bad odor. What can I do for him, and when should I wean him?

MRS. P. H. W., Erdwin, Texas.

A.—Wash out baby's ear with a saturated solution of boracic acid with rubber ear syringe, then drop two drops of twenty per cent. solution of Argyrol. You should wean a baby when eleven months old, as a rule.

CONSTIPATED BABY, ACID URINE, MALNUTRITION.—My four-months-old baby is badly constipated, kidneys do not act very often and he cries out at that time. My three-year-old girl has no appetite, sleeps with her eyes open, and has sores all over her body.

MRS. J. P., Livingston, Texas.

A.—If your baby is nursing, its bowels should be regulated by your own; that is, keep your bowels regular and baby's will be also. For the painful urination, you may have been eating lots of acids, and the baby's urine becomes acid; this would cause painful urination. Would suggest that you have baby examined by competent physician as circumcision may be needed. Your three-year-old girl is suffering with malnutrition and I would suggest three-drop doses of Tincture of Chloride of Iron, three times a day after meals, in water or syrup, nourishing diet, including milk, eggs, broths, and keep her out in the open air all you possibly can. Locally, should bathe sores with 'Dakins' solution.

ASTHMA.—My sixteen-months-old baby weighs 21 pounds and was very well until a few months ago when she took cold and has had a wheezing ever since, and if she takes a little cold it is almost impossible for her to breathe. Her cough is loose and she does not seem to suffer, only short breath.

MRS. J. L. M., St. Louis, Mo.

A.—Without much doubt your baby has asthma, and a change of climate would be advisable. A few drops of Adrenalin Chloride, given hypodermically, will relieve spasms, and baby should be taking small doses of Syrup of Hydriodic acid, in water, three times a day. A high, dry climate is most important and your physician can help you decide on location.



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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINTED FROM PAGE 14.)

But if I agree with Mrs. Mason I can't say the same for Texas Blue Bonnet. Of course circumstances alter cases but I think if there wasn't so much sympathy extended to the "poor unfortunates" there probably wouldn't be quite so many to need the sympathy. If a girl thinks she'll have the whole world at her back no matter what she does, she's not apt to care so much what happens to her. If every girl that has a child without a name to give it, was made to serve a sentence in the "Pen." there wouldn't be quite so many illegitimate waifs. They are the ones that need the pity if there's any such to spare. The girl has the law on her side, so there's no excuse for her not making the man come to time and then we will know what man to blame if we do feel like blaming him.

Sincerely, MRS. A. M. URNESS.

CLARKSBURG, R. R. 1, Box 26½, W. VA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for several years and think it a splendid magazine.

I am sending a picture of my little girl, taken when she was one year old. She is nearly four now. Her name is Edna Mary. She has a little sister, and she says she loves her better than anything else in the world. Both have blue eyes and Mary has curly hair.



EDNA MARY FLOYD.

How many of the sisters disapprove of girls marrying young? I do not. I was married when I was fifteen years old and I don't think I could have done better if I had waited until I was thirty. I shall not try to capture Bachelor Bill for I captured my Bachelor Bill over five years ago and I would not trade him for all the bachelors I ever saw.

I am five feet, eight inches tall, have dark hair and brown eyes and weigh one hundred and ten pounds. We have always lived on a farm and I like farm life.

Sincerely, MRS. W. B. FLOYD.

Mrs. Floyd.—Not all early marriages turn out as happily as yours has—with a good husband and a darling baby to call you up. For all she looks so sweet tempered, she can't fool us. We know that one day she got cross and bit a piece out of the transmitter. Maybe Central gave her the wrong number.—Ed.

CAPRON, VIRGINIA.

DEAR LETTER FRIENDS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for about fifteen years and enjoy the Sisters' Corner. The letters are interesting as well as instructive.

I have been married nine years to one of the best of men. We have two little boys. Our six months old baby died a year ago. It was so hard to give her up but I am trying to be resigned to God's will. We are trying to train our boys to love the right. They almost worship 'Daddy" and try to imitate him in many ways. Mothers, do you ever stop to think how important it is to have our children retain their confidence in us? As a rule they shape their lives by our example.

I wonder how many COMFORT families have family prayer services? No poem has more of moral beauty in it than Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night." The scattered family is reunited, there is the converse and the household joy about the fireplace, the common meal.

"The cherfu' supper done, wi' serious face
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha-Bible, once his father's pride.
He reads a portion with judicious care,
And 'Let us worship God,' he says with solemn air."

A scene like this will sweeten the family life, will create an atmosphere of piety, will bring God as a reality into the family life. Modern business life and modern enjoyments have so crowded into the oldtime family prayers that comparatively little is left. The home ought to be the center for creating moral and spiritual power. One ounce of home is worth a pound of school. Sometimes an heroic minded mother when the father is absent has carried on prayer services. Mothers of this kind cannot but leave an impress on the household life.

There, I didn't mean to preach a sermon. I would like to correspond with some of the sisters, especially those of California. MRS. W. A. RICKS.

ELLISVILLE, MISS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I saw a picture once entitled, "He who hesitates is lost," so if I keep this I'll never be numbered among the sisters and I so much wish to be one of you.

I live between two towns that are seven miles apart. One has a population of about thirteen thousand, the other three thousand. There are two car lines near us, one in front and the other in the back of the house.

Some of the sisters tell how they make pin money. I will tell you how I have made some. I have beautiful early spring bulbs and flowers and the town people come out and buy them from me. I try to sell flowers at a reasonable price. Last year I put out fifty pear limb cuttings and got sixteen of them to live. I was offered one dollar apiece for them but I could not take it as I am anxious to get an orchard started. One year we sold over forty dollars' worth of pears from two trees besides canning a great many quarts of them.

I have been married twelve years and have a dear, good husband and a boy ten years old and two girls, seven and two years of age.

I am a well wisher of COMFORT and its many readers. Sometimes my husband calls me KATRINKA.

WEST VIRGINIA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS AND READERS:

I've just read in COMFORT the letter from "An Old Maid Sister" and she expressed my idea of doing good to all people. She, many others and I have found that happiness and joy come to those who help others. If you want to feel blue, just sit down and think of yourself but if you want to be glad and of good spirit, get up and do something for someone. If you don't believe this, just try and see if I'm not telling you the the truth.

I would like to see the old familiar question of raising children discussed more fully. Not the little children but the big ones, in the 'teens. I am afraid that parents do not keep control over their children as long as they should. How many of you are true, good pals with your children? Most parents think when their children reach the 'teens they are old enough to take care of themselves but that is the time they are in need of the most care and protection. Sometimes you ask a father or mother where John or Betty is and what they are doing. "Oh, I don't know," is usually the answer. This does not come from all parents but from many. "Know where your children are and what they are doing" is a good slogan for parents to adopt. The parents are indirectly to blame for the wrong doing of the children of today, although many of them do not see it that way. Many times parents do something that is wrong but say, "Don't you do that, Johnnie." Parents should be a living example for their children. Children follow someone. How many fathers and mothers go to church and Sunday School with their children instead of sending them by themselves? Our community is about like the average I suppose. I am secretary of our Sunday School records and know whereof I speak, for the young people hold the "Banner of Attendance" most of the time.

I was twenty-one years old last December, and am the oldest of nine children, six of whom are living, ranging from four years up. We are all at home with Father and Mother on a farm of 56 acres. We have a nice six-room house and a good Christian home. There are many unfortunates in this world but we can do a world of good to them by kind words and good deeds given in time of need.

Wishing you one and all much happiness and joy,
BLUE BELL.

Blue Bell.—The letter from Texas Girl, elsewhere in this department, may explain why so many parents lose the confidence of their children. Think it over, mothers. Are you guilty? —Ed.

HUNTINGTON, ST. LOUIS AVE. AND DAVIS ST., W. VA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Where are all the West Virginia Sisters? I seldom see a letter from our state. Let me tell you a little about our city. It is one of the most beautiful cities in the state with the best equipped schools, both graded and high. There is also Marshall College with acres and acres of beautiful shaded lawns. It is also one of the most prosperous cities, with large manufacturing industries, theaters, library, parks, playgrounds, bathing beaches and one of the finest country clubs in this part of the country.

I am twenty-nine years old, five feet, five inches tall, brown hair, blue eyes and a fair skin. Am not going to tell my weight. Fatty, someone says. I can't help it. Have been married fourteen years and have three of the most beautiful children in the world, or, at least, I think so. Eva Vivian, thirteen; Ruth, eleven and Otis, five.

In cases of typhoid fever bathe the patient in cool water instead of warm, every two hours when fever is on, keep ice bag on head and keep feet warm. Feed nothing but liquids, such as rice water, orange juice. Beef tea made as follows is good: Take a piece of steak, place in self-sealed jar, without water and screw lid on tightly. Place in water over top of jar and boil four hours. It is very nourishing. Never take patient out of bed. In each stool place half of an antiseptic tablet and let set half an hour before emptying. This will kill all germs and prevent a spread of the disease. I helped care for two cases last summer. Consult a doctor about everything and follow his directions.

Sisters, I will tell you what to do when you think you must have some new furniture. Get paper and pencil and write down the number of pieces you must have. Then go over your old furniture and pick out the pieces you were going to give or throw away and, piece by piece, paint, varnish, cover or tear up and build over again. It will surprise you what it will save you. I will tell you what I did a few months ago. I thought I would just have to have some new furniture. I had an old cupboard with glass doors, that wasn't in use. My husband cut it down and made it over into a china closet and it looks fine. We also had six or eight dining-room chairs; we got new bottoms for them, burned the old varnish off, put on new and now we have practically new chairs. I had an old center table that I thought was impossible to do anything with. We cleaned off the old paint and put on a fresh coat and now it makes a most attractive table. An old dining-room table was cut down to a kitchen table, given several coats of paint, the top covered with oilcloth and now it looks fine. It is wonderful what you can do with a little ingenuity and varnish and some work.

I'd like to hear from the sisters.

MRS. RUBY ARTHUR.

WISHART, MO.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have read COMFORT ever since I was a small child and have received much benefit from it.

I am eighteen years old and have been married three and one-half years. Am five feet, two inches tall and have grey eyes, brown hair and a fair complexion.

What do the sisters do to entertain children on rainy days? I borrow children from my neighbors as I have none of my own and I make pictures for them, coloring them with crayons. We cut these up and make puzzles for them to put together. At home my sisters and I had a bead box and we amused ourselves stringing beads.

I believe in being a companion to your husband. I help mine in the fields and in return he helps me in the house. I often let my dishes go unwashed so as to be with him, as I get very lonely by myself. I am a stranger here.

With love to all of you, MRS. ERNEST REEVES.

BELLEVILLE, R. R. 4, ILL.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for five years. I am twenty-seven years old, and have been married twelve years. Weigh 275 pounds. I have one of the best of Johns, only that isn't his name.



HELEN K. NOVOSELEC.

I am sending you a picture of my baby, Helen K. Novoselec, now two years and a half old, but only eight months when this was taken. I would like to see her picture in COMFORT. We have lost two children. MRS. F. NOVOSELEC.

Mrs. Novoselec.—Baby Helen may be like the little girl of nursery rhyme fame in that she has a little curl right down the middle of her forehead, but I'm sure she could never be "horrid" no matter how she tried. She's too dear for that. —Ed.

YOUNGSTOWN, N. Y.

HELLO EVERYONE:

I have been an interested reader of the Sisters' Corner for so long that I presumed to think you might possibly like to hear from me.

As descriptions are in order I will tell you about myself. I am five feet, nine inches tall, have dark brown hair and eyes, dark complexion, weigh 142 pounds and was twenty years old the 29th of last April. I have a darling baby boy three months old and a dear husband.

I live near the Niagara River about one mile from historic Fort Niagara, and about twelve miles from Niagara Falls.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

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Famous Strong Men of the Past and Present

By John R. Blake

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HUMAN beings have always been greatly interested in marvelous feats of strength and physical endurance. Any man who could lift great weights, box or wrestle skillfully, run extraordinary distances, or short distances very swiftly, or who could strike a blow of phenomenal power with his fist, has always been sure of celebrity. The popular interest which is invariably displayed in boxing contests, wrestling matches, athletics and gymnastic feats of every sort, is the best illustration of the fact that in all ages and countries, and among all races of human kind, men who were able to do remarkable things in the way of physical strength and agility, have never lacked for admirers.

It has been claimed, and with some show of reason, that many of the records of our modern athletes would have astonished the heroes of old Olympia and the entire ancient athletic world; yet it is very much open to doubt whether the strongest of our strong men have equalled those of past times in demonstrations of sheer muscular strength.

The Bible story of Samson wrestling with a young lion and killing him instantly with his hands, and afterward tearing down the immense pillars of the Philistine temple of Dagon, comes first to mind. Then there was Milo, of Crotona, who, it is recorded, once ran a mile with a fully grown ox on his shoulders, and then killed the animal with a single blow of his mighty fist. He could break, by contracting the muscles of his forehead, a cord tied tightly around his head. According to writers of that period he lost his life while trying to tear asunder the trunk of a large tree; his hands being pinched in the wood, he was unable to withdraw them, and was devoured by wild animals of the forest.

Polydamas, of Thessalia, repeated Samson's feat and killed an enormous lion that had ravaged the valleys near Mount Olympus, using in performing the feat only his bare hands. King Darius the First, of Persia, called him to his court and opposed to him three of the strongest men of his army. Polydamas killed all three, one after another, with a single blow of his fist upon the jaw of each.

Ancient Rome had many strong men. The Emperor Caius Julius Verus Maximus was able to squeeze the hardest stone to pieces with his fingers. He was seven feet tall and the bracelet of one of the women of his court could almost be worn as a ring by him on one of his huge fingers. She, however, was an unusually small woman with a very tiny wrist.

Salvius, of Rome, could walk up a ladder carrying two hundred pounds fastened to his feet—one hundred to each foot. Athanatus, another Roman, could run around the arena carrying five hundred pounds fastened to his feet—two hundred and fifty pounds to each foot. Iccus could hold the most furious bull and tear out its horns almost as easily as the average person would pull up radishes.

Scanderberg, King of Albania, who lived in the Fifteenth Century, was a man of great stature, and the power of his arm was such that, during war times, he thought nothing of cutting two men in half with one mighty swing of his huge broad-sword. Francis, of Vivonne, Lord of Chasteigneraye, who lived at the court of Francis the First of France, could stop a bull, running at full speed, by seizing it by the horns. The Emperor Charlemagne, who stood nearly eight feet high, could hold at arm's length a knight in full armor.

Louis de Boufflers, who lived in the Sixteenth Century, could break a bar of iron with his hands. While standing upright, with no support whatever, four strong soldiers could not move him; he remained as firm as a rock. Sometimes he amused himself by taking on his shoulder his own horse fully harnessed, and with that heavy load he promenaded the public square, to the great delight of the inhabitants. At about the same period there lived a Spaniard named Piedro who could break the strongest handcuffs that could be put around his wrists. He folded his arms on his chest and ten men, pulling in different directions with ropes, could not unfold them.

The chronicles of the Sixteenth Century also tell of another remarkably strong man named Major Barsabas. One day he took up an anvil weighing 500 pounds and hid it under his capacious cloak. Often, to amuse his comrades, he went through the rifle drill with a cannon. One day, seeing a crowd looking at an enormous dancing bear, he offered to wrestle with the animal. The Major threw the bear down several times, and judging it unworthy of further struggle, slew the beast with his fist and then carried it away on his shoulders, amidst the cheers of the crowd. On another day, seeing several officers of his regiment surrounded by an angry crowd, he ran to them, knocking people down right and left as a child does a pack of cards. The crowd became angry and turned on him, whereupon he seized one of his assailants and used him vigorously as a club on the rest, who, greatly astonished at his display of strength, quickly withdrew.

Augustus the Second, Elector of Saxony, was a man of great strength. He could carry a man in his open hand. One night he quietly threw out of a window a person who paraded his palace wrapped in a white sheet and pretending to be a ghost. Augustus' son, the famous Maurice, Marechal de Saxe, who commanded the French at Fontenay, was also a marvel of physical strength. He could break with his hands the strongest horseshoe. One day while in London he had a quarrel with a dustman whom he seized by the head, and throwing him up into the air, let him drop right into the middle of his own dust-cart. The only opponent who ever succeeded in resisting him was M. Gauthier, an actor. Maurice tried with him to see who could turn down the other's wrist, and after a long struggle he won, but with great difficulty. The power of M. Gauthier's arm was far beyond the average, and with his fingers he could roll up silver plate almost as easily as anyone else would roll up paper.

Thomas Topham, born in London in 1710, occupies a large niche in the gallery of famous strong men. His feats of strength are as well verified and authenticated as those of Sandow, Rolandow and St. Cyr. He once lifted three casks filled with water and weighing a total of 1,836 pounds. He could bend a stout bar of iron by holding the two ends with his hands, placing the middle of the bar behind his neck, and bringing the two ends forward. He could also straighten the bar again, which is a much more difficult feat. He could easily lift two hogsheads of water; raise his horse over a turnpike gate; carry the heavy beam of a large house as a soldier would carry a rifle on his shoulder, and raise two hundred weights with his little fingers over his head. He broke a rope fastened to the ground that would sustain twenty hundred weight, and lifted an oak table six feet long with his teeth, with half a hundred weight hung at the extremity thereof. With one hand he raised a man who weighed twenty-seven stone off the ground and held him at arm's length. It is related of him that having been placed on special police duty at the entrance gate of a race course, he refused to allow a four-horse coach to go through, and when the driver whipped up his horses and attempted to pass, Topham took hold of the hind wheels of the coach and upset it and its occupants into the roadway.

At about the same time that Topham existed there lived another celebrated strong man by the name of Richard Joy. He was commonly known as "the Kentish Samson" and "the strong man of Kent," and, among other things, he could cope successfully with any large and powerful horse, lift a ton weight, and snap a rope that had borne thirty-five hundred weight without breaking, the last mentioned being far more extraordinary than Topham's similar feat. Joy was taken to court in the reign of William and Mary to exhibit his strength before the nobility and royalty.

Tom Johnson, who was the champion boxer of England in 1785, could lift a sack full of wheat with one hand and swing it around his head. The sailors of Constantinople have record of a Greek sailor who could bend an anchor with his hands only. The brothers Rousselle, nicknamed "Hercules du Nord," exhibited wonderful muscular power. The eldest could jump a considerable height with a weight of twenty-five pounds fastened to each foot, and a similar weight in each hand. Standing on a chair and bending himself backward he could lift from the ground with his teeth a weight of five hundred pounds. He could also lift on his shoulders a table with 1,800 pounds on it.

A Scotchman, said to be the last of the Stuarts, was possessed of such extraordinary strength that he was given the nickname of "Jemmy Strength," and his real name has been forgotten. Among other feats he could carry a cannon with its carriage, and had been known to lift a cartload of hay, weighing a ton and a half, upon his back. Many a time he picked up a donkey and, carrying it on his shoulders, walked through a toll-gate without paying toll. There was once a Scotchman named Gill on board the celebrated cruiser Alabama, who could lift a man at arm's length with one hand.

The strong men of comparatively recent times and of today have done, and are doing, some wonderful things, the lifting feats of Eugene Sandow and the modern "Hercules" being especially remarkable. Sandow began his career by going around Amsterdam wrecking weight-lifting machines by a strong pull at the handle. Afterward he made a lengthened tour with a theatrical show, exhibiting his powers as a wrestler and lifter of heavy weights. In his work on the stage he was accustomed to raise a dumb-bell of 150 pounds in his right hand and a hundred weight in his left; these were raised and lowered seven times. He then turned somersaults while holding a dumb-bell weighing 150 pounds. This was followed by raising a weight of ten stone above his head with one arm.

A "Roman Column" is a pole of burnished steel twelve feet in height, which was made fast to the stage by cords and guys. Halfway up are two stout cross-bars, six inches in length, and from the summit hang two steel chains ending in steel hooks. These fit into rings, which were affixed by straps to Sandow's legs, a little below the knees. With his feet upon the cross-bars and unsupported, except by the chains, he would bend the upper part of his body backward until his hands touched the stage. In this position he would raise a large iron dumb-bell weighing 150 pounds at arm's length above his head. Next he would lie upon the stage and lift a dumb-bell weighing 312 pounds, with two men seated upon it, making a total weight of 612 pounds.

Dr. Winship, of Boston, once lifted 2,500 pounds while in harness; and another American strong man, William B. Curtis, beat that record by a harness lift of 1 ton, 8 cwt., 3 quarters, 19 pounds.

Rolandow and Louis St. Cyr, the French-Canadian, made some astonishing records in weight-lifting and strength contests of every kind, but their records are not just now available to the writer.

About two decades ago, Harvard University had a student and athlete of whose wonderful performances many astonishing stories went the rounds. It was claimed that he was the strongest college or university student in the United States at that time, as tested by Dr. D. A. Sargent's famous methods.

His name was Arthur Lovering, and those who understand what the Sargent tests are, will readily appreciate Lovering's merits as a strong man. The following is the record of his performances on the strength-testing machine at Harvard: Strength of lungs, 37; push up, 40; strength of back, 410; pull up, 17; strength of legs, 665; strength of right forearm, 85; strength left forearm, 80; chest and upper arm, 383; total strength, 1,660.

The University of Virginia also had a powerful student, named "Sandow" Moore, at about the same time Lovering was at Harvard; and there are many other contemporary strong men who might be mentioned if space would permit. But, on the whole, it is a reasonable conjecture that, while the general average of physical strength among men may have advanced somewhat, as some statisticians claim, with the improved conditions of modern life, yet the individual performances of strong men of bygone ages have never been surpassed, and it is extremely doubtful if many of them, assuming that history reports them correctly, could be equaled by the very best of our living muscular men.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

Many sightseers visit Niagara Falls every year to see the great cataract, with its immense volume of water falling 160 feet over the straight and horseshoe shaped brinks and splashing on the rocks below forming myriads of rainbows of varied hues and colors sparkling in the spray, and then swiftly traveling and forming part of the great Whirlpool Rapids with its treacherous undercurrents sucking down most everything that touches its angry surface; then making its way more leisurely down past the village of Lewiston and still further winding and twisting its course, passing my home about six miles from Lewiston and emptying into Lake Ontario just a little way from my home. We can look from our windows and back porch and see where the river ends and the lake begins.

We have a lovely bungalow with a charming situation, especially in summer. It has seven rooms with pantry, bath and four roomy clothes-presses. It is finished in yellow pine upstairs (the bedrooms) and in oak downstairs. It has highly polished oak floors. Could any of the sisters tell me what is best to use on floors? Whether oil mop or dustless mop? Some say that oil is injurious to the high polish.

There are many helpful things in the Sisters' Corner, and Mrs. Wilkinson, I know must be a dear and lovely woman. I would very much like to know her.

I may call again to tell you about "Old Fort Niagara" and Lake Ontario with its numerous summer homes, amusement parks and delightful sunsets.

Will some of the Sisters' Corner readers please write to me? I haven't many correspondents and I would love to hear, especially from sisters living in California and the western states. I will endeavor to answer any who care to write to me.

Sincerest regards, dear people, from

MRS. LESLIE RIPSON.

CHALLIS, IDAHO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

For several months I have been a reader of COMFORT. My good neighbor takes the paper and we exchanged, but I find so much I'd like to cut out and file that I am sending you my own subscription for two years.

I have never noticed any letters from Idaho and she surely is a wonderful state and ought to have something to say so though writing is not my shining art, I'll express my opinion anyway.

I also read that article scoring Modern Dress and Modern Girls and I wish to say that it is the same everywhere. The girl of daring clothes and manners is the popular one and I have further noticed that they choose their husbands from all the men while the quiet girl takes what she can get or remains single. Daring clothes, paint, etc., surely win a good home and husband for a girl and further insures her a second husband whenever she desires one. There are exceptions of course.

In reply to Contented Wife, I have found home teaching is better than sending a child to school when they are too young. Teach sounds of letters first to insure good pronunciation. The long hours of school are too confining for a child, yet to be behind others of their age is not right either. I recommend home teaching from my own experience, being home taught to the third grade and am teaching my own little girl to third grade and at seven years of age she seems as far ahead as children taught in school.

Perhaps you might like to know a little of me personally. I am a blonde, five feet, six inches tall and weigh 178 pounds. We live on a cattle ranch, two miles from town, and have a lovely home. I have been a Mrs. nine years and am the happy mother of two little girls, seven and two and one-half years of age. I am interested in flowers, books and outdoor life as well as home and babies.

I should like to hear from the sisters.

MRS. ALEX KLUG.

TEXAS.

HELLO EVERYBODY:

May I come in for a chat? This is the third time I have tried.

I have come to give you mothers some advice. I am eighteen years young and will be a mother in a few months. "A lot of advice she can give mothers," I hear someone say. Just you wait! I know I loved my mother as well as any girl could and yet there was something missing. I always told my mother things that I thought she ought to know until I found out that she was telling one of her sisters, who lived about one hundred yards from us, everything that I told her. So I quit telling her anything and when I had something to confide to someone, I told a girl chum. When I was about to be married I asked her many things and she told me to find out the way she did, to let my husband tell me. If only mothers, and I will add fathers, would do their duty by their sons and daughters there would be fewer ruined boys and girls in the world.

TEXAS GIRL.

OHIO.

DEAR SISTERS:

I am coming to you for a bit of advice. I am about two thousand miles from my dear old mother, who lives in the sunny land of Texas, while I am up here in the cold northeast where we have winter six months of the year. Mother is nearly seventy years old and alone. She thinks it my place to go and live with her the remainder of her life. We have been apart off and on for the last twenty-five years, ever since my marriage. I cannot make my husband see it that way, although I took care of both his parents until they were laid to rest; still, he doesn't think I owe my mother that much.

Have any of you ever been placed in this position and how did you manage? I have many a sleepless night, thinking of mother alone. I want to do what is right by both husband and mother. Tell me, to whom do I owe the most? If the mothers read this, tell me what you would want your daughter to do in a like case. Husband won't hear to going down there. We have no family, just us two and both in good health. Mother has enough and more to live on. I am forty-five years old.

SISTER DAISY.

OSSINEKE, MICH.

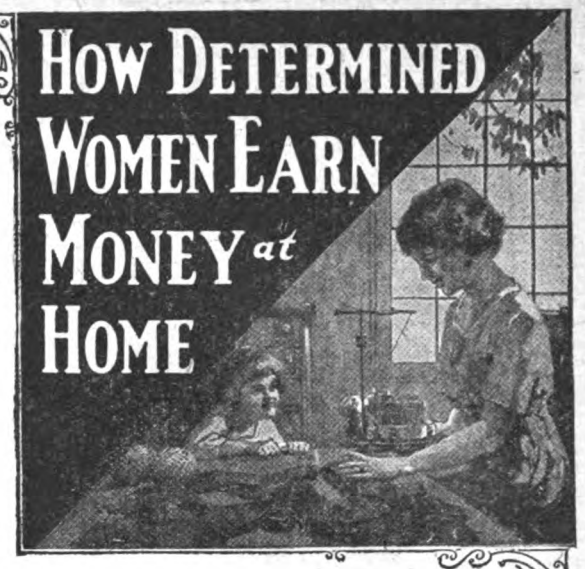
DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I am a newcomer and I hope to have a little place among the COMFORT sisters. I have been reading COMFORT for over a year and I think it a wonderful paper. The first thing I search for, when I get it, is the Sisters' Corner. And as I always found lots of friendship and help in it, I thought I would try to get in for a little chat, too.

I must tell you a few things about myself as they all do. I am a French bride. I married one of the best soldiers. I like America as my new country and am proud of it. We have been married over two years and we are a happy family for we have a dear baby boy, nine months old, named John Charles. If I see this letter printed in the dear old COMFORT, next time I write I'll send his picture. He is a dear, and we love him.

We live on a farm and have a home of our own. In France I was living in a big city, but I love the country life. Work in the garden is one thing I like,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)



By Eustine Erne

I think it would be a little difficult to explain exactly what first got me so interested in this matter of home occupation for men and women and led me to write this message.

Perhaps it was a deep-rooted recollection of childhood days when a crisis in the family fortunes made it desirable, yes, necessary, for Mother to earn some extra money. I never think of it without a feeling of regret that she could not have known about the Gearhart Knitter and Allwear Hosiery.

When I undertook to investigate and write about home knitting I did so with the understanding that I was to be allowed to present the facts as I found them, in my own way.

It makes me very happy to be able to say that in Gearhart Home Knitting there exists a pleasing, spare time, extra-money opportunity for most any woman who is determined to succeed.

I have seen with my own eyes letters from legions of women (men, too, for that matter) expressing thanks and gratification that they were able to earn money at home in the Gearhart way.

Some needed the extra money to pay pressing bills, to care for a sick husband, clothe the children or themselves, and others wanted a vacation, to refurnish the parlor, etc., almost as many reasons as there were women. But my point is that they got what they wanted, seeing in the opportunity Gearhart offers the solution of their difficulties or the fulfilment of their desires. The spare time which most women can profitably utilize in knitting Allwear Hosiery is the money-making formula which Gearhart will tell you about on request.

You simply make arrangements for one of the knitters, under an iron-clad, three-year contract which binds Gearhart to accept and pay for all the Standard Allwear Hosiery you can produce. After mastering the simple principles of operation you begin to knit in comfort and privacy. If you wish, no one need know how you are making your extra money. Then you make up a dozen or a hundred dozen pair of Standard Allwear Hosiery according to instructions (how much you do rests with yourself), you pack them up and send them to the Gearhart Company. Quickly comes a generous check for your work.

I earnestly believe that there is no home occupation for the average woman who wants additional practical income at once so profitable and fascinating as Gearhart Home Knitting, and so I say, "If you are a determined woman, really serious in your desire to devote your spare time to earning money, write the Gearhart Knitting Machine Co., for their Profit Guide Book, which explains everything, and free samples of knitting, Box W. H. O., Clearfield, Pa., today."



When we asked Miss Erne to write the above request for home workers we told her that we wanted to reflect the reputation of an old established house which for 36 years has manufactured what we know to be a truly wonderful machine, highly perfected, simple, and of absolutely guaranteed quality. In the simplicity of the above and absence of exaggeration Miss Erne has succeeded admirably.

(Signed) E. J. Gearhart Co.

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Grandfather's Ghost



by Mrs. S. Merwin

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MRS. Crawford sat before the open fireplace in her living-room, knitting. Her knitting needles gleamed and flashed in the firelight, and clicked an accompaniment to the winter sleet outside that snapped against the window panes.

Her low, wide old-fashioned house stood a little way outside of the town—trees around it, and a woodlot behind it. The town site and the country that stretched away on all sides had, in times gone by, belonged to her husband. Many times she had been offered large sums of money for the woodlot.

"Never while I live shall that lot be sold," was always the old lady's answer. "I need the wood for my fireplace."

For she belonged to that past where glow the firelight and the candlelight, and where live the fancies and superstitions that go with them.

Straight and tall she sat, and very sweet and romantic she looked in her black silk and white lace, with the firelight playing fantastically all over her. On a low stool beside her, with hands idly clasped and hanging listlessly before her, sat Lois, her granddaughter, looking pensively into the fire. Now and again a flame leaped up and brought out of the darkness that veiled her small figure a sweet, demure face, framed in soft brown hair. Presently Mrs. Crawford spoke, evidently continuing a conversation that had gone on before.

"If you marry Philip Gordon," she said firmly and with much determination, "it will be without my consent, and I shall have to disinherit you—and spend my last days in loneliness."

Lois made no answer, but continued to gaze into the fire. The big log burning there, the flames leaping out suddenly and then subsiding, racing back and forth, were telling her sweet things of the future if only Granny could be brought to revoke her stern ultimatum. For Lois and Philip had been quietly engaged for some time; and shrewd Granny had been excitedly suspecting it. Now she forbade it; and Granny's word had always been law to Lois.

"I've never told you before how your grandfather and Philip's quarreled over a piece of property. Both claimed it and Jacob Gordon got it. They never spoke to each other again, and your grandfather would never rest easy in his grave if I were to allow the money he left behind to go to any of that family."

"You ought not to be superstitious, Granny," Lois said gently.

"Superstitious or not," Granny retorted sharply, "I never dared to cross his wishes while he lived, and I would no more dare to do it now he is in his grave. His ghost would haunt me if I did—say what you will."

"But, Granny, it's foolish to attach any importance to an old, worn-out quarrel like that one. Philip wasn't to blame for it. And he hasn't the property now—nor the money it brought. He has to work for his living, the same as if his grandfather had never had any property."

"I won't risk your grandfather's vindication, all the same."

"You haven't any objection to Philip personally, have you, Granny?"

"No, but I've said all I have to say on the subject."

Then Philip came in. And the room seemed filled with the cold freshness that filled the outside world.

"Come out for a walk, Lois," he was saying, "the weather's cleared, and the footing isn't bad."

Lois, from her low stool by the fire, looked at him standing there in the middle of the large room, where he had just turned on a light. She was realizing what a fine, big fellow he was, and though not so very handsome in features, yet kindness and good will and joy of living shone from his face. Tears filled her eyes and a sob her throat because she must deny herself to him no less than because she must give him up. She rose and went up the broad stairs without saying a word. Philip, with puzzled, smiling eyes watched her as long as she was to be seen. Then he began talking to Mrs. Crawford. But Granny had fortified herself with coldness, and deigned not to look his way. So he was obliged to play jingling tunes on the old piano and whistle accompaniments to save himself from embarrassment.

When he and Lois were outside, he took her by the arm and guided her carefully over the icy pavements. "There's a little house I want you to see," he said as he turned a corner. "It's only just begun, but it'll be a regular little dovecot for you and me. We've got to be married by the time it's finished so we'll be sure to get it."

"We can't be married," Lois said mournfully.

"Who says so?" Philip turned to her quickly.

"She did?"

"Then we'll have to elope."

"Oh, no." Lois was so startled at that thought that Philip laughed.

"I'm going to have a raise—so the chief says, especially if I get married—so there's another reason."

"I couldn't leave Granny," Lois said wearily, and rested her cheek softly against his sleeve. Philip looked down at her tenderly, and then—only the stars were there to see—he put his arm around her and held her close.

"Granny says your grandfather and mine quarreled and never made up, and she's afraid of Grandfather's ghost if she lets us get married," Lois volunteered explanation.

"Afraid of his ghost, is she? Well, a ghost must be a creepy, uncanny sort of individual." Then after walking a few paces he continued: "We'll have to try and lay this one," he laughed.

He went on talking gaily of things that happened at the office where he worked, and then of their future together. Lois had neither the heart nor the courage to contradict him, nor the hope to agree with him, so she let him talk and only said, when they had again arrived at her door, "Aren't you coming in?"

"No. Granny's too icy. But I'll be around Saturday evening to take you to Marian Eastman's Hallowe'en party."

"I'm going early, right after lunch, to help Marian get ready," Lois informed him.

"Oh, all right, I'll see you there then."

Saturday evening was soon on hand. Lois and Marian had worked so hard, bringing old furniture, braided mats, ancient hangings and what not from garret and cellar—for this was to be one of "Ye Old Tymes"—that by the time they were dressed in the old-fashioned clothes they had found in their respective garrets, Lois was a little tired.

When the guests began to arrive, each new one was cause for merriment, and the effect was sufficiently unique to gratify the young hostess. The room flooded with soft candlelight, the fresh young faces looking out of ugly bonnets over faded silk or sprigged muslin, large hoop-skirts and fashions in vogue fifty or one hundred years ago. For extra diversion, Marian had ushered all the young men into the dining-room, and when all had arrived marched them in procession through the room where the girls were assembled. They came—dressed in old uniforms, in dignified black broadcloth, in coarse working clothes and heavy shoes that their grandfathers had worn while plowing the soil, grave or gay as befitted the costumes worn—amid peals of laughter from the girls. But to Lois' surprise Philip was not one of the procession.

As the evening rollicked away and he did not come, she was first disappointed and finally angry. Perhaps, she thought, he had been thinking over Granny's ultimatum and thought it best. But he had promised to come. She had been unhappy enough since she had seen him last, but now she was deeply hurt. If he could abandon her thus easily, he must have been deceiving her when he made pretentions of love to her—only playing with her love. Humiliation deepened her hurt when their friends made inquiries concerning his absence, for to them it must seem as if he were jilting her. And everything was made harder because she must needs hide her wounded feelings. She was dancing with the grandson of a farmer who was making much of his assumed awkwardness. "I thought Phil was going to be here tonight," he said. "He told me this afternoon he was; what's become of him?"

"I don't know where he is. I came early, just after lunch, to help Marian," was all the answer she could make.

A group of clergymen stood at one side, loudly proclaiming displeasure, to each other, at the dancing in their presence—much to the merriment of the dancers. A Quaker who had refused to deliver up his hat, and wore it ostentatiously throughout the evening, detached himself from the group and coming to Lois asked her, with many thees and thous, if she would sup with him. He, too, had seen Phil during the day and expected to meet him here this evening.

Then, when the young men, clergymen included, were seeking partners for the final dance, he came.

"Oh, Phil!" everybody chorused.

"Give an account of yourself," called one.

"Had important work on hand this evening," he sang out.

"You'll have to pay a fine for wearing citizen's clothes here tonight," said another who was dressed in an old policeman's uniform. Philip was dressed in his office suit.

"Anything you say," he answered laughing. And while he was meeting sallies from right and left, he was making his way straight as a beeline to where Lois stood.

"Come dance this with me, Lois," and he hurried her off, leaving no time or opportunity for words.

Half an hour later they were nearing Mrs. Crawford's house. The air was clear and sharp and Lois was so well muffled up as to give her an excuse for not talking. She wished to know why Philip had done as he did, but she did not wish him to know of her angry and hurt feelings, so she waited for him to explain. To explain did not seem to occur to him, however, and he only talked of the cold. He helped her carefully over the muddy places and asked if she were comfortable. As they came within sight of the house, Lois exclaimed, "What can Granny be doing up this time of night? There's a light!"

She hurried in, Philip following close. The light she had seen came from the fireplace where a single log burned slowly. Philip lighted a lamp and the room quietly stepped out of its gloom. There sat Granny, upright and stiff, in her chair by the fireplace, a heavy shawl over her shoulders. She looked straight at them without seeming to see them. Lois, frightened, hurried toward her and almost gasped, "Why, Granny, what is the matter?"

At the sound of Lois' voice, Mrs. Crawford relaxed and drew a long breath. "Children," she said, "I've seen a ghost."

"A ghost!" Philip nearly shouted.

Lois laughed, softly and reassuringly. She dropped on her knees beside her grandmother.

"You've been dreaming, Granny," she said soothingly.

"Dreaming! No!" the old lady cried. "I was as wide awake as I am this minute. It was your grandfather's ghost. Sit down, both of you, I must tell you."

At nine o'clock that evening she, having been alone since noon, decided to go and see a neighbor who was not well. She returned nearly an hour later, and coming into the room a chill passed over her. She lighted a candle, and there, beside the fire, sat Grandfather Crawford. He was dressed in his best black suit, the one they had buried him in, and his sealskin cap which she had not seen for years. His head was sunk deep into his collar and he made no sound, but she knew him instantly. Her knees gave way and she sank into her chair. Then he spoke in a hollow, muffled tone. "Martha," he said, "I've been in torment ever since I departed this world. And you're to blame."

Mrs. Crawford was unable to speak and the hollow voice went on: "I died hating Jacob Gordon and you've been keeping that hatred alive. In every way you could contrive, you've been keeping it alive."

Still she could not speak, and again the voice went on: "What's money or property to me now? What was it ever to me? You were to blame—you. All I want is peace, *peace*, PEACE." And the voice rose in a mournful wail like that of a lost soul.

"You've been keeping it from me. And now again, when it's in your power to give it to me, You're keeping it from me. My last chance—my last chance."

The wail died away and the arms tossed as if in agony. Mrs. Crawford made a supreme effort and spoke in a weak voice:

"What can I do to give you peace, John?"

"Stop hindering those children from getting married. It's the last thing. Woe is me if they don't get married."

He rose to his feet and seemed to be moving toward Mrs. Crawford, making no sound. This was more than she could bear and she closed her eyes. When she opened them again, the candle was out and the ghost was gone.

"If I hadn't known who he was at first, I should have known him when he blamed me for everything. It was always his way," Granny said after she had finished her story.

For a few moments there was silence then Granny went on: "Goodness knows you were always welcome to be married with only my own desires to consult. The sooner now the better."

"We were waiting for some carpenters to get a house built," said Philip soberly.

"Don't wait for anything," Granny said. "I couldn't bear to have your grandfather come again as he came tonight."

In less than a week Lois and Philip were married. Granny never stopped urging them to haste until she gave them her blessing. But they did not take the dove-cot; Granny begged them not to leave her. Lois was willing and Philip made no objections.

One evening after Philip had moved his belongings to the house, Lois, with a happy sense of wifehood was taking things out of the trunk and distributing them in closet and drawers. While Philip, proud of his position as a family man, sat by watching her.

"What are these?" Lois asked, holding up and spreading out a queer looking suit of black clothes. And reaching down brought up a sealskin cap.

"Those?" said Philip. "Oh, those are my grandfather's clothes. I sent for them to wear to that party."

"Why didn't you wear them?" Lois asked, looking at him wonderingly.

"I didn't want to appear before Granny in them."

Then a light broke on Lois' understanding.

"Oh, Philip," she cried, coming to him, "how could you frighten Granny so?"

"Well, you see, sweetheart, it was an extreme case, and I had to use extreme measures."

As for Granny, the appearance of her husband's ghost was a matter of triumph. She had always believed in ghosts, the young people's skepticism notwithstanding, and now she had positive proof of her belief.

The Gods Arrive

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

She wanted Jim to see her like that. She wanted to see the fire of desire leap into his eyes at beholding her.

"Wait!" she half-sobbed as Harkness rattled the door-knob.

She was thinking very fast. Anita had warned her not to buy her husband back, but was that not precisely what she was doing, using her body instead of her money as the price? Suddenly her brave plan dissolved before her eyes. It was cheap. It was pandering to the half gods when all her life she had kept fast hold of the gods.

"Wait, Jim!" she repeated.

She pulled frantically at the few hooks which held her gown, stepped out of it and flung it aside. From the closet she dragged sober stockings and slippers and the little mail-order taffeta of two seasons before. In an incredible short time she opened the door to admit her husband.

"You dear!" She was in his arms and he was straining her to his breast. "Don't talk to me of heaven; heaven is where you are, Marcia."

She was confused and strangely shy. "You'll have to hurry, Jim," she panted. "Guests are coming."

"Damn guests!"

"Jim! Jim, am I smart enough for your new friends?"

He looked her over, satisfaction in his eyes. "You suit me, sweet, down to the ground, and if it's anyone's else business, just let him speak to me about it. I'm not going to dress, though that lovely niece of ours will probably eat me alive. There's a motor in the drive now. They've come and I supose we'll have to go down, but let's not be too cordial and perhaps they will leave early."

They went smiling down the broad staircase, he enquiring for the first time about the splendor.

"It was Anita's idea; nothing else would satisfy her and I indulged her," explained Marcia.

Anita, impatient for the climax, was waiting for them at the foot of the stairs. She looked up and saw the two soberly-clad figures descending hand in hand and her eyes grew wild as she raised a despairing hand to her head.

"My word!" she moaned to an unheeding world. "Can you beat it?"

There was a sound at the door and she turned and walked toward an approaching guest.

"How do you do, Mrs. Archer?" she said, extending a penitent hand.

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Would you like to have a pleasant home occupation which would enable you to earn money in your spare time? An occupation that has proven successful for women and men, too, all over the country. An occupation at which others have earned all the way from $1.00 a week to $25.00 or even more a week, depending upon the time devoted to the work and the individual ability of the worker.

THE wife and mother of today carries a tremendous burden in trying to make both ends meet—to stretch out her husband's salary so as to pay the rent, the butcher, baker, insurance, heating and lighting bills, keep the children and herself looking respectable, and to enjoy an occasional little outing.

It is a very trying problem—and the wonder is where a woman ever gains the experience and patience to handle the finances of the home as efficiently and economically as she does.

Many women are searching for something to do at home through which they can earn money during spare minutes or a few idle hours. Something that they can pick up and lay down at will, yet be sure of getting a money return for the time they devote to the work. Such work must not be unduly laborious, or of a mental type, but must be work that can be easily handled and in line with her training and natural aptitude for making things to wear.

A great number of women have found this type of home work in knitting socks on the Auto Knitter. In fact, this year the Auto Knitter Company will pay for over a million pairs of socks made in American homes during spare time by women who own Auto Knitter Machines. And they will pay to these knitters in wages a total of more than $100,000 in payment for their work.

These socks, made by Auto Knitter home workers, are known and sold under the name of Old Tyme Wool Socks. They are retailed in the stores of over 9,000 dealers in the United States. They are advertised in national magazines and newspapers, and so popular have these socks become that the sales are increasing rapidly as well as the number of dealers handling them. The earnings of these home workers vary with the amount of time devoted to the work and the speed of the individual operator, but whether the amount earned be large or small, it is most welcome and helps to make the lives of these workers easier and happier.

Mrs. Ralph Curtis, Connecticut, recently wrote to us, saying:

"I really had no thought just then of selling to private customers, but my father travels on the trains a great deal so he asked me for a sample pair. In that first week he sold 22 pairs at $1.00 a pair, which made a nice little profit. I sent in my first 12 pairs to the A. K. Co. and all were accepted. But after the 22 pairs that my father sold the people around here and the railroad men kept me so busy that I didn't get time to send any more to the A. K. Co. for three months. In November, 1921, orders started coming in for ladies', men's and children's socks and stockings, and by January 31, 1922, we had made $130.00, besides making socks for the family. I also made my baby his woolen shirts for winter, a sweater and a cap; also such sweet little stockings. I made a lovely slip-on sweater for a railroad man and got well paid for it."

Auto Knitter spare time home workers are always sure of selling every pair of standard socks, because we give a five year contract to every owner of an Auto Knitter which definitely binds us to receive hosiery and pay a stated price for every dozen pairs made to our standard on the Auto Knitter and sent to us. As a matter of fact, out of the thousands of pairs of socks that are sent to us, less than 5% of the number received are rejected. Beside the price paid for the work, we also replace pound for pound the yarn used in the standard socks which you send to us under our work contract. This contract which we give, is absolutely binding on this company to receive for acceptance either large or small lots of standard socks from our workers, and to pay a fixed wage, which you know in advance, for them. Yet the workers themselves are not bound by this contract to us in any way whatsoever.

$536.56 Profit in 4½ Months

C. G. Begalke, Wisconsin, recently wrote us;

"Both I and my wife are happy to say that during the four and one-half months that we used the knitting machine, we did make 1080 pairs of men's socks, 250 pairs we sold to the company and 830 we sold to private customers at $1.00 to $1.50 a pair; my wife just went from house to house a couple of times and displayed some sample socks and after that people began to come to our house and order socks and sometimes we had to hustle and fill orders.

"And up to now the knitter is paid for and wool also and still have a net balance of $536.56 clear profit."

You will notice that while Mr. and Mrs. Begalke sent a small amount of their work to the company, they disposed of by far the larger amount to private trade and in this way their profits were exceptionally large.

All of the Amazing Truth Cannot Be Told

It is a fact that the amount of earnings reported to us by some of our workers with the Auto Knitters are surprisingly large. If we were to show you many of the letters written to us by Auto Knitter workers, you would hardly believe what you read with your own eyes. Large amounts are earned by many knitters, whom we prefer to class as *exceptional,* but a much larger number of workers earn more modest sums which they find worth while and helpful.

But, back of these gratifying spare-time earnings lies the simple fact that the people worked. If you want to keep your house in order you must work. If you want to make your own clothes you must work. If you want to earn money at *anything* you must work. Nothing ever does work of itself. And the Auto Knitter is no exception. The more time that you work at it, the more adept you become and naturally, the more socks you will produce. You could have an Auto Knitter in your home for a year, but if you didn't operate it, you wouldn't make one cent out of it. That's common sense, isn't it? The Auto Knitter is for *workers* and in the hands of such, it will answer every demand made upon it for reliability, speed and earning capacity.

And whether such people can turn out a dozen standard pairs of socks a week or ten or more dozen, we will gladly pay for every pair of standard socks that they send us.

How You Can Make Money at Home

Clearly and briefly, here is our proposition: The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company enters into a five year agreement to buy all of the standard socks you knit on the Auto Knitter and send in to them, paying a fixed, guaranteed price. Checks will be sent promptly for each lot, large or small. Replacement yarn is also sent you pound for pound for that used in the socks you send to us. Previous experience in hand-knitting is not necessary, as full directions for operating the machine are contained in the instruction book sent with every Auto Knitter. The Auto Knitter comes with a sock already started in it and its operation is not difficult, but, like your sewing machine, there is a right way and a wrong way to operate it, and your first sock may not be a perfect one, just as the first work you did on your sewing machine was not perfect. The fact that there are women and men all over the country who are making money at Auto Knitting, and who learned to use their machines without any assistance other than their instruction book, shows that the operation of the Auto Knitter can be accomplished by average women and men.

Write Today for FREE Information

If you are seeking some way to turn spare moments into money, then we would like to send you all of the facts about the Auto Knitter. We want you to know all about this new, pleasant occupation that can be conducted right in your own home as a means of earning dollars in spare hours. You do not place yourself under the slightest obligation by signing and mailing the coupon—or write a letter if you prefer. The full details which we send to you are absolutely free.

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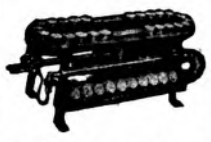
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Stella Rosevelt

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

ing in upon her mind, "it was something connected with this lovely stranger which had caused his own sadness during the last year."

A gentleman approached her just then, and, turning to Star, she said, with a smile:

"I must ask to be excused, as I have an engagement to dance now. I am sorry to leave you in the midst of our pleasant chat, but I will see you again before the evening is out."

Star, with an answering smile, said she "hoped they would meet again;" but, oh! how she longed to inquire about her brother. If she had but spoken just one word to tell her that he was well and happy.

Happy! The thought nearly made her cry out with pain.

He must be changed, indeed, if he could be that with Josephine Richards; and, loving him as she did, it was agony to contemplate it.

What if he himself were there among the gay throng, with the bride he had so lately wedded?

What if she were to meet them together?

For a moment, as this contingency presented itself to her, her brain reeled, and she felt as if her senses were forsaking her again; the next, she called all her pride to her aid.

She felt as if she could not bear to remain there—she longed to go away by herself until she could get a little more calm; and, seeing that Mr. Rosevelt and Ralph were deeply engaged in conversation, she slipped away unobserved to a small anteroom, which connected the drawing-room with the conservatory, and which she saw was at that moment empty.

Here she sat down in a chair near a large urn filled with flowers, which stood on one side of the door leading into the conservatory, and fell to musing sadly upon her broken hopes.

She had not been there long when she was aroused by hearing a gay laugh ring out close at hand. She started as if some viper had stung her.

She knew that sound but too well, and, looking up, she saw Josephine Richards, or Lady Carrol, as she believed her to be, standing almost beside her.

She was dressed all in white; she wore it almost constantly now, for she knew she looked lovelier in it than in anything else; everybody had told her that she had never been so beautiful as when she had stood beside Lord Carrol during that mock ceremony. There were great pearls in her hair and on her arms, and clusters of white lilacs on her bosom.

Star held her breath as she looked at her, thinking that she was wondrously fair, and that it was not strange that she should allure any one by her beauty; but she believed she was dressed thus because she was a bride.

How happy and bright she looked, too, with the vivid color in her cheeks, her eyes sparkling from the excitement of the moment, and with a light laugh just leaving her red lips!

Why should she not be happy, Star thought, bitterly, as the wife of one of the noblest men in England, and occupying one of the proudest positions in the land?

A heavy sigh involuntarily escaped her, and, hearing it, Josephine turned quickly to see whence it came.

"Stella Gladstone!" she exclaimed, and instantly all the color went out of her face, all the light from her eyes, the laughter from her lips, and she stood regarding the beautiful girl with lowering brow and angry eyes.

CHAPTER XLI.

REHEARSING THE PAST.

Star arose as she addressed her thus, and with the act all her pride arose as well.

"Yes," she said, speaking with cold politeness. "I suppose you are surprised; you did not expect to meet me here, Miss—Lady Carrol."

Josephine's face lighted at those last words, and a wicked gleam leaped into her black eyes.

"No, I did not," she returned, trying to call a happy smile to her false lips. "And—and—you have heard, then?" and, dropping her darkly-fringed lids as if in confusion, she played with some flowers which she held in her hands, and looked the modest bride to perfection at being addressed by the title she had so lately assumed.

"Yes, I have heard of—or at least I saw your marriage in a paper which was sent me recently," Star answered, trying hard to steady her voice, and resolving that the girl who hated her so should not suspect the torture she was enduring.

But Josephine did suspect it, and was determined not to let her go without wringing her heart with something of the agony which she had suffered.

Lord Carrol had dared to tell her, in the midst of her humiliation, that he loved Star, and she was bound to be revenged in some way for it.

She had sent her the Cheshire *Gazette*, even as Star had mistrusted, but she had not expected to get any such satisfaction as this out of it.

She had been down to the American Legation and found out where Mr. Rosevelt was stopping, and then had marked that paragraph and mailed that paper to Star, just to arouse her jealousy and show her that she had been a guest in Lord Carrol's home for a week.

It had never entered her head that she would only read the notice of that mock marriage, and believe it real, not observing that it was connected with the remainder of the article describing Lady Sherbrooke's ball.

But she now saw that such was the case. Star believed that she was really Lady Carrol; and she knew something of what she must be suffering on account of it, and with a sense of cruel exultation she resolved to give the wheels of the rack that she was on another vigorous turn.

She felt that the lovers would without doubt meet before long—perhaps that very evening, for she had seen his lordship there only a short time previous to this meeting, and she was assured he would waste no time in coming to an understanding with Star; but now, while she had her in her clutches, she would make the most of her opportunity.

"I presume it is something of a disappointment to you to find me here, and—situated just as—I am, when you so confidently expected to win his lordship," sneered Josephine. "You perceive that it is not always safe to be too trusting, and a young peer, even though he were traveling under an assumed name, and made love to a pretty, poverty-stricken girl, to while away an idle hour, could not be expected to marry her."

Star was very pale, but she was more than a match for the unfeeling girl in her proud beauty.

She stood like a tall and stately lily before her, and to all outward appearance she was no more moved by her scathing words than the snows on the peaks of lofty mountains are stirred by the fierce winds in the valley far below them.

Lord Carrol did not travel under an assumed name. I have discovered that Sir Archibald Sherbrooke and Lord Carrol, of Carrolton, are one and the same," Star replied, with cold dignity.

Josephine started, then remembering, said:

"Oh, of course; I forgot that both names were given in the notice of the marriage. But," she went on, taking an intense delight in the torture she was sure she was inflicting, although her fair victim gave no sign, "you have no idea how lovely Cheshire House is—that is where the dowager Lady Sherbrooke lives; and Carrolton is even more delightful, I am told. We intend to go there before very long; but London is very gay just now, though it is out of season, and we are having such nice times that we prefer to remain here for the present."

She glanced at Star angrily.

If she would but betray the least suffering, to show that she was wounded by this apparent triumph over her, she would have been content.

But she stood there, her graceful form proudly erect, her shining head thrown slightly back, her eyes fixed upon her face with an indifferent glance that galled her almost beyond endurance, while her manner was that of indulgent politeness, as if she were but listening, in a well-bred sort of way, to the babblings of a spoiled child.

"I suppose you have heard," she resumed, "that we came abroad to take possession of the estates of Sir Charles Thornton, whose death leaves mamma the nearest of kin, and therefore we shall all henceforth occupy a very high position in this country."

"Indeed?" Star responded, as if it were a matter of no moment to her. "I have heard of Sir Charles Thornton, but I did not know that you were 'nearest of kin' to him."

"Well, you know it now," Josephine retorted, sharply, beginning to lose her temper at Star's immobility; "and fortunately we can do exceedingly well without Uncle Jacob's money, which you so cunningly managed to wheedle him out of. We shall not return to America, for we can enjoy so much more here among the nobility, where, as I told you before, our position is so high, and mine particularly, you know, as—as Lady Carrol, is one to be rather envied."

This last, she thought, must be a dagger in the fair girl's breast, but she was wholly unprepared to have it turned against her own.

"May I take the liberty to ask Miss Richards what she means by the statements which she has made—to explain herself, if indeed that is possible," said a deep, stern voice just behind her.

Both girls started and turned instantly at the sound, and both uttered a cry—one of surprise, the other of dismay.

Lord Carrol himself stood in the doorway of the conservatory from which Josephine had entered, and through which he had passed on his way from another portion of the building back to the drawing-room.

He had seen Ralph Meredith and Mr. Rosevelt but a moment or two after Star slipped away. They told him that she was there, and he had instantly left them to seek her.

He had seen her standing there in the anteroom through the glass as he approached, and he recognized her instantly, although the sight had nearly unmanned him.

As he drew near, however, he heard Josephine's voice, sharp and scoffing, and addressing the strangest words to her.

He stood still and listened, perfectly aghast at what she was saying, until he comprehended the whole situation; and, when she made that last amazing assertion, he could endure no more, and entered to confront her.

Star, with one look into his white set face, and a glance of astonishment from his to Josephine, whose countenance, for once in her life, expressed blankest dismay, sank back pale and shivering into the chair from which she had risen when Miss Richards addressed her.

That young lady felt for the moment as if she would like the ground to open and swallow her forever from sight.

But the situation was a desperate one—so desperate that she did not care for anything; so, quickly rallying, she tossed her dark head and retorted with a light laugh:

"Miss Gladstone was just telling me, my lord, that she had heard of my marriage, and I was only carrying out the joke a little farther."

"I understand you," he said, briefly, but in accents of intense scorn.

Then, with a quick, eager step he came between her and Star, who, with her white hands folded helplessly in her lap, her face like purest marble, felt as if earth was again slipping forever out of her reach, for her senses were reeling.

With a stern, authoritative gesture he motioned Josephine away, and, reaching down, he took Star's hands in his.

"My darling," he said, in low, thrilling tones, "has she been torturing you to death? There is not one word of truth in what she has told you. Come with me, and let me explain everything to you."

A mocking laugh, which, however, was full of misery, rang through the room.

Lord Carrol looked back and saw Josephine, her face almost convulsed with pain and passion, passing out.

"Come," he murmured, gently turning again to Star.

He drew her unresisting hand within his arm, and led her through the conservatory out upon a covered porch at the rear.

He placed the fair girl in a chair in a secluded corner, and then knelt down before her.

He took her hands again and drew them to his breast, where she could feel the great heart-throbs which made his strong frame quiver like a tree struck by the woodman's ax.

"My darling," he said again, "I have seen Mr. Rosevelt, and he told me that you were here. I have been looking for you everywhere during the last fifteen minutes. Dearest, you will let me defend myself now, will you not? You will not turn away from me—you will not spoil both our lives by again driving me from you, believing me to be a 'traitor and coward'?"

Star shivered. Those words smote her with terrible pain; but her heart had been bounding with new hope since he had so sternly confronted Josephine Richards and proclaimed her assertion a lie.

She could not comprehend it, for she had read the notice of their marriage with her own eyes. Yet she instinctively trusted him, and it was so sweet, after all the miserable past, to have him there, looking so fondly down into her eyes, and calling her his darling in those dear, familiar tones.

"Archie—Archie!" she murmured, with a sob, "I know all about it—you were never a traitor or a coward. I know you never deceived me, and I alone am guilty of a great wrong to you."

With a low cry of joy he gathered her close in his arms, and laid her shining head upon his breast, calling her by every endearing name with which his heart was filled.

"You know all about it, my love? Who has told you?" he asked, surprised.

"Just one little sentence in a newspaper, which told me also that, when at the very moment I found you had been true, my life was to be a blank as long as I should live," Star said, with unsteady voice and quivering lips. "I read," she added, "the notice of your marriage with Miss Richards in the Cheshire *Gazette*. These two names, Archibald Sherbrooke and Lord Carrol, were printed there, and told me the whole story. I knew then how I had been deceived. But I cannot understand."

She broke off suddenly, and drew herself away from him, shivering and sick at heart again.

Surely that notice would never have been printed if he were not married, and she had no right to be thus in the arms of another woman's husband.

She knew that he neither loved nor respected Josephine from the way he had addressed her; he called her Miss Richards, too, but it was a puzzle she could not comprehend.

Lord Carrol read her thoughts, and saw by her white face how she was suffering, and he said, with infinite tenderness:

"My love, it was all a farce, a mock marriage planned by a wild and thoughtless girl, while I was chosen as one of the unfortunate victims and Miss Richards the other. Did you not read the description which followed that notice?"

"No; I read nothing but those horrible words, which told me of my own injustice, and that you and I would be parted forever. They burned themselves into my brain as if they had been branded there with a hot iron, and I cared to read no more."

"If you had," he returned, "you would have been undeceived; but I was very angry when I saw how the affair had been published, and if I could ascertain who wrote it up, I should be tempted to chastise the writer severely."

Star was weeping now; great, glad tears of joy chased each other over her cheeks, and she did not resist him when he drew her into his arms again, wiping with his own hands the glittering drops as they fell, while in low, tender tones he told her all about the strange events which had conspired to separate them for so long.

"Will you forgive me, Archie? I was very hard upon you, but I was nearly mad with my misery that night when I refused to listen to you," Star said, when the story was ended.

"Forgive you, my own? This moment compensates for everything," was the rapturous answer.

"I have been very foolish, Archie," Star whispered, "but, oh! I am very, very happy now. I was so utterly wretched this morning. I have been so wretched all day that it required all my courage to come here tonight; but I forced myself to do so because I did not wish Uncle Jacob to mistrust anything."

"And I hear that my modest little Star has become a great heiress; she is no longer the quiet, retiring little maid whom I was so proud and happy to have won that day when we went to Coney Island," Lord Carrol said, half regretfully.

She lifted her head from his breast and looked at him inquiringly, and he thought rather more searchingly than the occasion required.

"I mean," he explained, "that Mr. Meredith has told me that Mr. Rosevelt has adopted you as his heiress."

She drew a long breath, but merely returned, in an absent way:

"Yes."

"Mr. Meredith told me more, too, my darling," her lover resumed; "he was the one who lifted the burden of sadness, caused by your sentence of banishment, from my heart. I imagined, also, although his confidence did not extend quite so far as this, that he had been my unsuccessful rival, and that was why you confessed what you did to him regarding your affection for me."

"Did Mr. Meredith tell you that——" Star began, blushing crimson as she remembered what her confession had been.

"Yes, my beloved, and no hungry heart ever feasted upon sweeter words. They changed the whole future for me, and I was intending to start again for America in just three weeks, to search for the star of my life; the past has been very lonely and hopeless."

"Yes, indeed," Star returned, with a long sigh; "and yet," she added, looking up with a smile, "I am glad that I am not to come to you quite so empty-handed as you found me."

"You surely do not regret the promise that you made me then?" Lord Carrol questioned, reproachfully.

"No; for it proves that you won me for myself alone; but now that I know you are a peer of England, it is a comfort to feel that no one can point the finger of scorn at me and say that you have chosen beneath you."

He stopped her with a tender caress.

"No one should ever have said that to me with impunity, under any circumstances," he rejoined, gravely.

They talked a long time, and everything was explained—all the events of the past rehearsed, all Josephine's duplicity and hatred made known.

Another blissful half hour slipped unheeded by, and then he said:

"Come, dear; people will begin to wonder what has become of us, and besides, I want to introduce you to my mother and sister."

They were just entering the drawing-room when they met Lady Sherbrooke coming toward them, looking right and left for her son.

Her handsome face lighted as she saw him, and she quickened her steps, while she wondered at that new light in his eyes, at the bright and youthful expression on his face.

"Mother," Archibald Sherbrooke said, and there was a proud ring in his tone, "I want to introduce to you Miss Gladstone, a friend whom I met while I was in America."

Lady Sherbrooke shot a keen glance into that lovely, blushing face, and there came a look of surprise into her own, while for once she lost something of the graceful self-possession that was habitual to her as she greeted Star.

Her heart went forth to the young girl at once, and she experienced a shock akin to that which Vivien had felt when she met her.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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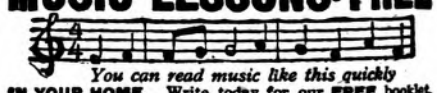
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Table Linen and Its Care

By Susan B. Dinsmore

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THE American merchant offers for sale besides the domestic linen several kinds of imported damask. That manufactured by the Irish is the most expensive and is generally considered the best made but it is closely followed by the Scotch linen and before the war a great deal of linen made in France, Austria or Belgium was sold in this country.

The value of linen is very largely determined by the bleaching to which it is subjected because bleaching takes from its weight. The best heavy damask is bleached by natural methods, as spreading it on the grass where the sun does the work. Other methods of bleaching are by spreading the linen on snow or by using chemicals which take from the fiber and strength of the fabric. It is very difficult for even the best experts to determine from the cloth the method by which it was bleached but the grass bleached cloth comes into the market about the middle of December, hence the winter is a desirable time in which to buy. Domestic or American made linen is very poor because the temperature in this country is unfavorable to its manufacture. This makes it impossible for American linen to compete with the imported except where inferior or cheap cloth is desired.

Cotton is often used to adulterate the less expensive linens. This causes the cloth to become fuzzy through wear and so is undesirable. One may easily detect cotton in linen by rolling it between the thumb and finger. Linen, which is heavier than cotton, wrinkles much more readily than cotton.

When selecting linen one should always be careful to get pure linen and choose by weight, not by fineness of the threads. The best fabrics are not those which are very fine but those which are firm with an elastic leathery appearance. Never choose a linen which is stiff and heavy with starch.

The durability of a cloth is also to some extent governed by the pattern and weave. Patterns having long, unbroken threads are very showy but not as durable as the cheaper and medium-sized patterns. Small and medium-sized patterns are less effective than the large showy ones but they are always in good taste and less expensive in the end.

In buying table linen have the exact size of the table and buy the same amount of cloth to drop at each end as will drop at the sides of the table. Material purchased by the yard is generally from fifty cents to a dollar a yard less in price than that which is purchased in pattern lengths. Two dozen napkins are generally considered necessary to each cloth and should always match the cloth.

The best linen soon loses its luster and beauty unless properly cared for but its richness can easily be retained to the last if one is careful in handling it. Age in no sense causes the beauty of linen to decrease. Fruit stains or other spots should be taken out by pouring boiling water through them as soon as possible after they are made. Do it before the spot is dry if possible. In laundering table linen one should be careful in handling cloths and also see that they are not boiled or rinsed with colored or badly soiled clothes as that tends to make them yellow or streaked.

Table-cloths should always be ironed lengthwise of the cloth and while very wet with a hot iron. Nothing, however, will yellow a cloth quicker than too hot an iron. Both napkins and table-cloths should be ironed dry on both sides before they are folded. Fold napkins in convenient sized squares. Cloths keep best when they are folded only once or twice, lengthwise, and then hung carefully over a rod in the linen closet. If the linen closet is too small for such an arrangement, the table-cloth may be rolled on a mailing tube or round stick. Fold the table-cloth and lay it away flat only when this is absolutely necessary as the folds tend to cut the fabric and shorten its period of service.

When the table-cloth begins to show a little wear where the edge or corners of the table come, cut a piece two inches wide off of one end and one side and hem again. This brings the hardest wear on another place in the cloth. When the table corners finally insist on poking through the cloth the least worn parts of the linen can be cut in squares and hemmed for picnic napkins or tray-cloths. Wrap linen in blue paper to prevent its turning yellow when not being used frequently.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

housekeepeing, cooking and sewing are the three things I can do best. That is, I try to do all I can to please my husband and he seems to be satisfied. Doesn't that mean I do it well?

As this is my first letter, I'll cut short to give somebody else a chance to talk, too. I would love to correspond with the dear "COMFORT sisters, I need friends so badly.

When I write again, I'll talk about my home and I also will tell you, like Mrs. Clark did, the most exciting thing that happened to me; that was on the boat coming across from France.

With love to all, MRS. OLGA COUTURE.

Welcome, little War Bride.—We are glad to have you with us.—Ed.

KANSAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for many years and although I haven't a very good education and cannot write well, perhaps Mrs. Wilkinson can read it as I wish to say a few words to Lena.

I, too, had the same trouble with my husband and for five years I was so miserable I even thought of suicide but I found a way through sorrow that has brought happiness and sunlight again. We were expecting a new life to live with us and my husband would allow me no help so I had to do all my work alone and was bitter at all the world. I could find no joy for I knew he would never love the baby. But God knew best and it never opened its eyes on this world. I saw he was so troubled over the loss and I studied and found my answer. I told him it was his fault for God did not intend that another should suffer as I had because of his terrible jealousy and I would endure it no longer. I would do my housework then I was free and could do as I pleased. I kept a book and when he left home I would write down where he went and how long he stayed and kept a list of my own comings and goings. One day I showed him the two lists and told him there was proof that he went twice as much as I did and I was not going to stand any more. He cried and asked my forgiveness and another chance and today people speak of our happiness and how much my husband thinks of the children (we have four) and of me.

Sisters, write and tell us how to make over things and some of your ideas. A HAPPY MOTHER.

IDAHO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have enjoyed the S. C. for some time and when I saw Wild Rose of Pennsylvania's question about American girls marrying foreigners, I thought I would tell of my experience. I also saw Mrs. J. M. Comer's remarks on the same subject and I believe she is prejudiced.

Nearly three years ago I married a "foreigner" eight months older than I am. He had been drafted during the war in spite of a treaty existing whereby the U. S. or his country could not force subjects of either country to serve in the other's army. He served two years, fighting our battles. Before the war was over he became a citizen of the United States. Don't you think I have more respect for him than some of our 100 per cent. Americans who got married in April and May, 1917, to keep out of the war? Both my brothers were in the war too, and they all want to forget it. I am an American. My ancestors have lived in the United States for over two hundred years.

My husband is good and kind to me and the only trouble is that his heart is bigger than his pocketbook. He is the only man I ever saw that just suited me and I have never regretted marrying him. I do not believe that a man or woman should marry someone they do not love. If a woman really enjoys the presence of and is sure she loves and respects the man she is to marry, I think she will be happy when married, whether he was born in this country or some other.

I do not understand what Wild Rose means by "working people and middle classes." In this country each is free and equal. Just because some few have creative and accumulative power to such an extent that they have become rich, are they any higher class than their grandfather who carried a dinner pail or their mother who did the family washing? The really great men of this country all had to struggle for existence during their early days.

I like to see the baby pictures in our corner. I have none of my own but I do love babies. Sisters who have babies, do not condemn the woman who has none. You cannot know how her heart aches for little ones. Because the Lord has blessed you and not her, be kind, not critical.

About the fallen women or girl, perhaps you do not know the circumstances. Anyway, if there were no fallen men and boys there would be no fallen women.

We are building a new house and if you would like to have me describe it when finished, I will. We live on a farm of eighty acres. I have lived in four states and each has its advantages.

With good will to all, A WESTERN WILD ROSE.

BRUNSWICK, NEB.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND ALL:

"One of that Sort's" letter plainly expresses the thoughts and lives of so many motherless girls in the world. And the letter by Corine J. Roberts was the kind of advice that tends to making the world better. Perhaps I should not give you my age as you may think that one so young could not possibly know, but I will soon be eighteen and have seen a few of your experiences, "one of that sort," among very dear friends. Am enclosing a poem of which I am very fond. It may be of interest to "Worried Mother" and possibly to others in the same circumstances.

A Plea for the Prodigal Girl

"I have read of the death of the martyrs;
The story of Peter and Paul,
The story of Luther and Calvin—
I respect and honor them all;
And also old Thomas and Stephen,
Honest and faithful men,
And I've read the sweet story of Jesus,
And expect to read it again.
I've read of the Good Samaritan,
Of charity's lesson begun,
And my heart goes out in great pity
To the wayward prodigal son.

"All are so glad to welcome him,
So quick to forget and forgive,
It makes no difference what he has done,
If he only comes back to live;
They have always prayed for the prodigal boy,
Since ever the world begun,
The joy, the glory, forgiveness,
Of the returning, wayward son,
But poets seem to forget to write
Of the saddest thing in the world—
They are not so eager to welcome back
The poor little prodigal girl.

"Just why she has turned out crooked—
She happened to find the 'right one,'
Who had the slick tongue of a Judas—
And that was your prodigal son.
Though the boy is upheld and forgiven,
It is common all over the world,
That you scornfully point out for gossip
The poor little prodigal girl.
There is nothing so truly pathetic
As the life of the maidens who fall,
And if you search down to the bottom
You will find man the cause of it all.

"But he is led back in society
And nursed with the tenderest care,
Held up to the world as a hero,
And mentioned in fervent prayer,
While she is cast out from her loved ones,
Out in the hard, cruel world,
And everyone points out and scorns her,
The poor little prodigal girl.
Now, as has been said quite often,
And we will repeat it again,
That 'the lowest of fallen women
Are better than some of the men.'"

There, don't you like that? I think it is merely a condensed form of the public sentiment in general if they would only admit it.

Very sincerely,
A COMFORT lover, GLADYS M. RICKERT.

KIEFER, OKL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I read my first letter to COMFORT in the May issue with a gone, weak-kneed sort of feeling for I didn't realize what a scorching flare my temper had produced until I saw it in cold print, and I rather expected a snip or two for making so bold as to exalt the "under dog," but as all the sisters have refrained from any mention of my letter, I'm taking courage to again give voice to my opinion on the jealous husband problem of Lena's.

I believe the solution to Lena's problem is the injection of "new thought" and "brain culture" into the mentality of that husband of hers. His case is a "disease" and not a "fault," Lena. I'm confident that if you could have an examination of your husband by a brain specialist, he'd tell you that a part of your husband's brain was undeveloped, that it had stopped growing in early childhood and still remained in the undeveloped state of a child's mind; therefore, he acts like a selfish, spoiled child, and is to be treated like one. By stimulating his mind gradually through suggestion you may start him to thinking along new lines, thereby causing his mind to grow and expand until he'd come to see how foolish, silly and childish he really was. It is just possible that his ill nature is inherited. His mother possibly bred that abnormal selfishness in him by her own actions and feelings before his birth. The way you say he acts sounds about the way a selfish woman would act at that time. In either case though I believe you can cure him by suggestion and adopting a motherly attitude toward him yourself. At the first opportunity you have to converse with someone in his presence, bring up the subject of jealousy in a casual manner and then remark that you *believe that jealousy is merely an acknowledgment on the part of the jealous person that they feel they are inferior or are lacking in something or some manner that other men possess to attract.* Then add that you are glad that you are not jealous natured, that you feel you can hold your own with anyone and that no one is your superior. That will give him food for thought perhaps. If space permitted I could give you a number of other suggestions but I don't want to "hog" the Corner but if my idea appeals enough to you that you care to write to me I will be glad to help you further.

And now to Kentucky Lassie's query regarding the sin of falsehood, it is my observation that one falsehood breeds or fathers a whole legion of little lies to back it up. And the more a fire is smothered the more the air about it is befouled with smoke. It is best, I believe, to give trouble all the chance it needs to burn itself up, then it is done with and the air is pure.

MRS. J. W. D.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)

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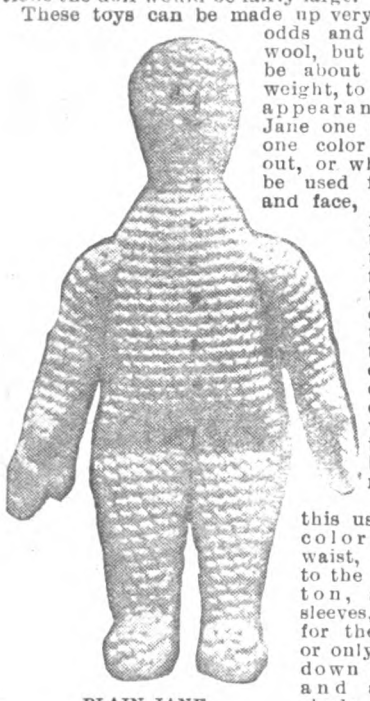
Children's Crocheted Playthings

AS children most always treasure an old doll much more than even a beautiful new one, and a mere rag doll, worn and tousled often holds the place of honor even in a family of really lovely dollies, one need not hesitate at all about offering a home-made one as a gift, even though small and of a simple sort, for it certainly will be loved by some little tot.

Of the home-made dolls which are described here, Plain Jane is of the simplest sort possible. She can be crocheted very quickly and will weather considerable wear and tear as she is so plain and substantial without any frills.

Germantown wool is the best weight, still Scotch can be used or even an 8-fold Germantown, but in this case in following these directions the doll would be fairly large.

These toys can be made up very nicely of odds and ends of wool, but it should be about the same weight, to be even in appearance. For Jane one could use one color throughout, or white could be used for hands and face, black for marking the features and the buttons, or a combination of two or even three colors could be worked into the body very nicely.



PLAIN JANE.

In doing this use a light color for the waist, say down to the fifth button, and the sleeves, a second for the balance, or only part way down the legs and a third shade for stockings, with black for shoes if necessary. For Plain Jane one will need about one skein of wool and a crochet hook which will make the work fairly close.

Beginning at crown of head make ch 6 sts, join in ring, ch 1.

1st round.—2 s c in each st.

2nd round.—1 s c in each s c.

3rd round.—1 s c in each of 2 sts., 2 s c in every 3rd st, repeat.

4th round.—Same as last only increase in the 4th sts.

In each of next 4 rounds make 1 s c in each s. c.

9th round.—Decrease by sk every 4th st.

10th round.—Decrease by sk every 3rd st.

11th round.—Skip only 2 s c in this round.

12th round.—2 s c in each st.

13th round—1 s c in each st.

14th round.—Increaae 1 s c in in every 4th st.

15th round.—Increase 1 s c in every 5th st.

16th round.—1 s c in each st.

Make 14 or more rounds according to the length of body wanted. Stuff the head and body unfil firm, then join the edges with single crochet, taking up the back loops of opposite stitches.

Legs.—Ch 16, join in ring.

1st and 2nd rounds.—1 s c in each st. Now decrease 2 sts, then 1 s c in each st for 2 rounds, decrease 2 sts in next, 1 s c in each st for 2 rounds, continue to work in this way until over 14 rounds. This finishes the leg.

For Instep.—1 s c in each next 3 sts, turn, ch 1, 3 s c in 3 sts just made, turn, 3 s c on last sts, 1 s c in each st down side of instep, top, around leg, down other side of instep tab across the front. (This is for foot.) Make 2 more rows of singles on 4th row, fasten across the bottom with sl st. Stuff and sew to body.

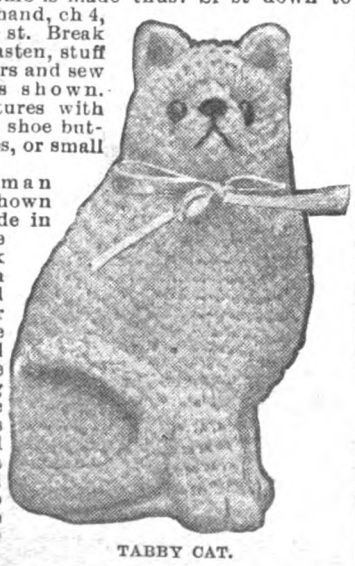
Arms.—Ch 16 and join with a sl st, 1 s c in each st for 2 rounds, then decrease 2 sts, next round 1 s c in each st. Repeat last 2 rounds three times.

11th round.—1 s c in each st.

12th round.—Increase 2 s c next 1 s c in each st repeat these 2 rounds once, then 1 s c in each st.

Fingers.—Lay two last rows of arm together and join by sl st through first 2 sts, ch 5, turn, 1 s c in each st, turn, fold together and join by sl st, ch 5, turn, 1 s c in each st of ch, 1 s c in each next sts on arm, ch 7, 1 s c in each st. 1 s c in next 2 sts of arm, ch 6, 1 s c in each st. The thumb is made thus: Sl st down to 2nd row of hand, ch 4, 1 s c in each st. Break wool and fasten, stuff all but fingers and sew to body as shown. Outline features with black using shoe buttons for eyes, or small beads.

A wild man such as is shown next is made in this same way of black or brown yarn and white for features. The hair and skirt is made by drawing a couple of strands of wool through a st, tying and clipping to present the appearance shown.



TABBY CAT.

A clown is another variation which may be made very easily of white or light wool. Make head and body as directed. Then beginning with a ch 16, turn, 15 s c, turn, 13 s c, turn, 11 s c, repeat, working in this way down to a point. Make 5 of these pieces. Edge white with red and other colors with a contrasting shade, sew a small bell to tip of each piece. Then join 2 to lower part of body, 2 on the sides instead of arms, and 1 on the head, point up for the clown's cap.

A Tabby Cat.

This pretty puss is worked in Afghan st, which is as follows: Ch 10, turn, draw 1 loop through each st, keeping all on the hook.



WILD MAN.

2nd row.—Draw wool through one loop, over and draw through 2 loops, repeat these 2 rows. Unless one is familiar with this stitch it will be better to practice a little before beginning to shape the cat. A skein of Germantown will be needed and a fairly long crochet hook. Afghan st is used throughout except for the bottom. Decreasing and increasing is done as follows: To decrease, draw wool through 3 loops instead of 2, and in taking up the loops for next row draw the wool through the 2 vertical loops. Increasing is done while taking up the loops, decreasing in working them off. Always decrease from left-hand side and increase from right-hand side. In counting sts always include both the first and last loops on the hook.

Make legs first by ch 12, turn, make 7 rows, repeat making 2 sections alike. Next begin at the bottom of the body with ch 30, work 6 rows.

7th row.—3 sts on body, then along the top of one leg section, increasing in 3rd and 10th sts, skip 2 sts on body, work on next 18 sts, then across 2nd leg, increasing twice, and finish with last 3 sts of body. In working back decrease at each corner where the legs are joined on.

8th row.—Decrease at back corner of the 1st leg and both corners of the 2nd leg.

9th row.—Take up loops as usual, work back leaving 18 on hook.

10th row.—Take up 9, work back to 16.

11th to 14th rows.—Take up 2 more sts in each row.

15th row.—Work all the way across, decreasing after every 4th st.

16th row.—Take up 18, and work back.



CROCHETED DOG.

17th row.—Take up 14 and work back.

18 to 20th rows.—Short rows, 2 less each time.

21st row.—Full row, decreasing after every 4th st except third time, then after only 2.

22nd row.—Decrease after 2 sts, then twice after 1 st each time, finish row.

23rd row.—Decrease after 2 sts, leave 3 on hook.

24th row.—Take up 15, and work all off.

25th row.—1 plain, decrease, 1 plain, decrease, leave 3 on hook.

26th row.—Take up 16, leave 5.

27th row.—Take up 13, work all off.

28th row.—Increase in 10th and 11th sts.

29th row.—Take up 18, leave rest.

30th row.—Take up 16, leave rest.

Next row take up 14, next only 12, then 18 and work all off.

34th row.—Take up all across, draw wool through 6 at once, 2 plain, decrease, 2 plain, decrease twice, 4 plain, decrease twice.

35th row.—4 plain, decrease, 4 plain, decrease.

36th row.—Decrease 3 times.

37th row.—Plain.

38th row.—Take up loops and draw the wool through all at once.

Ears.—6 sts, 3 rows, drawing all to a point.

Tail.—Ch 30, 2 rows, decreasing first st in each. Next row work off.

To finish—Sew up front, stuff legs and body full, then finish the bottom in this manner: Join wool at edge, ch 3,* wool over hook, insert hook from back side in vertical loop, draw wool through st, wool over and through 2 loops on hook, leaving 2, wool over and through next st, wool through 2 loops, wool through all 3 loops on hook. Repeat from * around. Break wool and draw up closely to make flat. In case this is too small, the sts of the 1st row were too short. Sew straight end of tail to center of back and catch the tail in place along its full length. Sew in ears. Punch nose in shape, use buttons for eyes and black sts for nose, mouth and claws.

Crocheted Dog

For this one will need a full skein of Germantown and a No. 5 bone crochet hook with long handle. The body is made first and of Afghan st. Begin with a ch 19, turn, take up 17 loops, work 5 rows on these.

6th row.—Begin loop work about head and shoulders. To do this insert the hook in first st, pass wool over forefinger of left hand, before drawing through as a sl st. Make 1 loop and sl st in each st in row, work back with single crochet, inserting hook under 3 threads to prevent drawing the loops out of place. In this row decrease 1 st and each end of row, after 2nd row of loops leave 4 sts at each end. In working back in singles after 2nd loop row, increase by making 2 sts in the 5th, 8th, 9th and 12th sts. After the 3rd loop row increase in 7th, 10th, 11th and 14 sts. After the 3rd and 4th rows increase in this way 4 times in each row. After 5 loop rows are complete, when working back with singles leave 5 sts at the end, turn and work loops until only 5 sts remain, turn and continue working 3 rows on these sts. This will leave 5 sts at each end of



CLIPS FOR THE CARRIAGE ROBE.

first 2 rows, and 4 sts at end of next row. In the first of these short rows increase 3 times. After all short rows are complete continue the rows all the way around the head portion, making one more loop row. Fasten off wool.

Begin in 7th st, working from the wrong side, take up 21 Afghan sts, and work 2 rows plain; in next 3 rows decrease (by drawing through 3 loops) twice in each row, 4 or 5 sts in from each end, 1 row plain, then a final row, drawing the wool through all the loops on the hook at once for the nose.

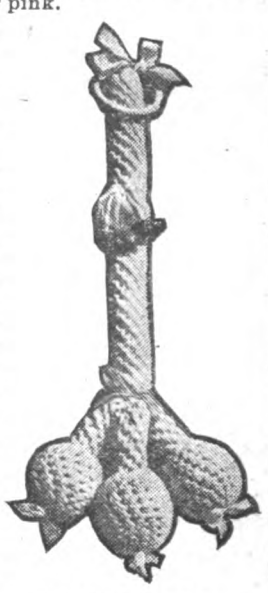
For the Legs.—The left-hind leg starts at the left end of the straight strip first worked. Take up 7 sts, 2 sts in the corner st 3 sts into the ch edge at right angle with the other, and 4 sts into a ch of 4 added to the end of under body section. Make 2nd row a short one by leaving 5 sts at the end.

In 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th rows decrease once in each row in the 12th st, counting from beginning. Work 8 rows in all, drawing the wool through all loops at once in the last row. Reverse these directions for the other leg. For the front legs, holding wrong side of work towards you, make 6 loop st along the straight end of the left shoulder section, work back in singles, increasing 1 in the last st. Work a 2nd loop row with 7 sts, work back in singles, then work across in Afghan st, making 4 sts upon an added ch. Work 6 rows in Afghan st

Woolen Rattle

This is crocheted of one color throughout or may be made up of several light colors or white banded with blue or pink.

One begins by working a ring of ch 3 sts, into work 4 d c, 3 s c and 3 s c down the side of the first double. Then continue working round and round with singles but only through the back loop of each stitch. Use cotton and fill as the work proceeds, making the handle about eight inches in length. For the balls in the bottom use small rubber ones, covering with single stitches to fit, finishing the top of each ball off with a tube of a couple of inches. Attach these to the bottom of the handle covering the joining with a narrow ribbon. The center of the ball is also finished with a small ribbon bow and a small bell, while at the top of the handle is placed a ribbon wound ring, tied in place with a bow. If one has them a group of bells may be placed on one side of the handle as shown. For these chain 3 inches, work in a bell with a s c, ch 3 inches, repeat, making a group of some five or six bells.



WOOLEN RATTLE.

and draw wool through all loops in the last row.

Reverse directions for other leg. Join the edges, sewing up each separately. The sections upon the added chains are joined together between both the fore and the hind legs. The straight edge where the work was begun is folded in halves and joined, also sew from the point of the nose straight down the breast, and the under body seam.

For the Tail.—Ch 9, work 8 Afghan sts on it for 3 rows, then 2 loop rows with 1 row of singles between. Sew into tubular shape and to body.

For the Ears.—Ch 6, work 4 loop sts.

1st row.—Increase 1 st at each end also in the next loop row or 8 sts in all. Make 6 rows of loops and fasten off.

Gifts for Baby

A useful gift for a new baby, and a dainty one as well, is a pair of clips to keep the carriage robe in place. For these a pair of clips for men's trousers used in bicycling, are covered on both sides by fulling on satin ribbon. Fasten at the ends securely and finish the center of the top with a full bow.

A Swinging Toy

This is one way of using a doll's head which has lost its wig. Stuff the back of the head out so that it will be well rounded, then cover with a little hood made of eider-down or any sort of soft material. Add a bell and a tiny bow beneath the chin and to the top of the hood a small ring, and a half yard of narrow white elastic fastened to another ring. As this little contrivance swings from the hood of baby's carriage it will prove both entertaining and interesting.



IT WILL AMUSE THE BABY.

Similar heads can be used for an Eskimo doll and in making a pair of reins for a toddler. For the latter use heavy white piping cord, placing the little bonnet dressed head at the point where the cords cross the chest in front.

Washable Doll

For this cute little home-made doll one will need a small rubber ball, two-inch wooden button molds, a couple of small pearl buttons and some small pieces of eider-down or flannel, a bit of lace for the cap and some ribbon.



WASHABLE DOLL.

First cover the button-molds after sewing on small buttons for eyes and indicating nose and mouth with a stitch or two on a small piece of white eider-down flannel or a bit of a white stocking. Place the flat sides of the molds together and cover smoothly. Next make two-inch rolls for the legs with one end flattened out for feet. Cut for material used for covering a small pair of trousers, slip over the legs and up over the rubber ball which should top them as it forms dolly's portly body. Attach the head securely and finish with a little Dutch lace bonnet. Cover body with a little plain dress, seamed up the back trimmed with a small white apron and ribbon as shown. Attach rolls of same material as dress for arms, and make and sew in place small bootees of a bit of white flannel or anything washable.

An Eskimo Doll

This really lovely little cuddle doll is as cute as can be, although our illustration only gives one but a faint idea of its appearance.

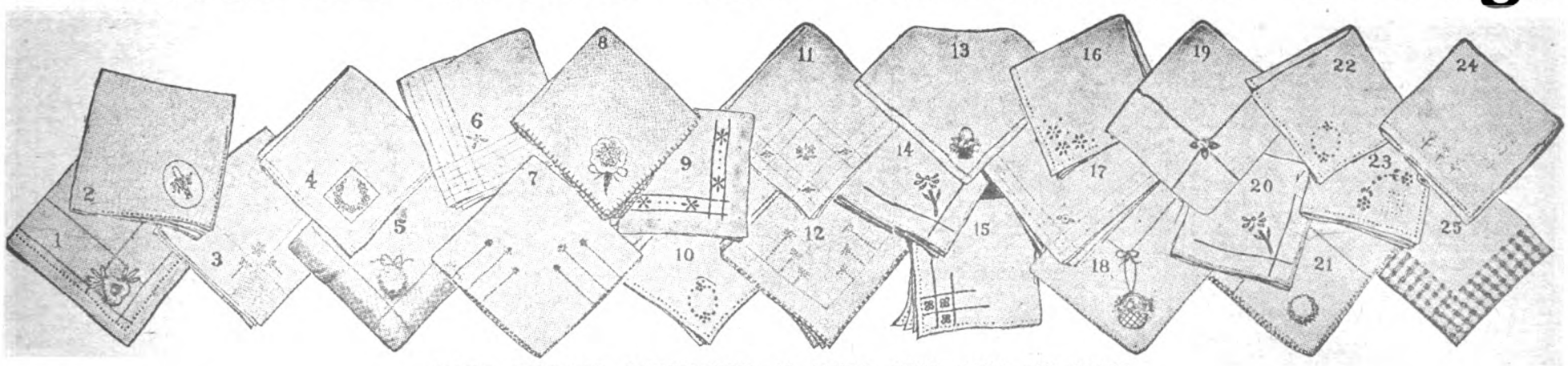
From white, pink or blue eider-down as material one would really secure the best result. First make the bonnet or hood, finishing this with the two ear-like pieces, which are made of triangles measuring three inches from base to tip and two inches across the base. Seam up the two sides and turn inside out, cut holes in the top of the hood, fit the ears in and sew securely in place.



LITTLE CUDDLE DOLL.

For the body cut a paper pattern measuring five inches across the bottom, seven inches up each side, slant these lines in a little, then cut out on right angles for two inches for arm pieces; leave these an inch and a half wide and cut in towards center, leaving opening here just wide enough to insert the dressed head. By the pattern cut two pieces of eider-down, seam up and turn inside out, stuff with cotton but not too closely as the doll should be soft rather than solid. Sew the head in place and cover, joining with a ribbon tied in front. Use narrow ribbon to tie the points at the bottom, which measure about one inch in from the corners. Also the arm pieces about through the center, fold here, and catch to the body as shown. The little bells down the front can be used or not, and complete this snug little Eskimo.

Drawn-in Work for Christmas Things



DAINTY HAND-MADE HANDKERCHIEFS OF COLORED LINEN, LAWN AND DIMITY.

Drawn-in Decorations

THE simpleness and fascination of the drawn in and drawn out" work, which started with the popularity of the gayly-colored novelty handkerchief, has grown until now it is seen on collar-and-cuff sets, scarfs, bags, pillows, tray and tea cloths.

This attractive sort of decoration offers one a splendid opportunity for utilizing all odds and ends of embroidery floss, which have such a surprising way of accumulating in one's work bag.

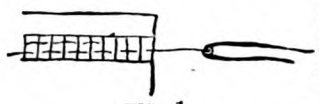


FIG. 1.

Any even or square woven material from which the threads may be easily drawn, whether of cotton, linen or wool, is suitable for this particular sort of work.

The idea is the drawing of threads arranged in borders, which give the impression of being woven in. The method, which needs little explanation, is illustrated in Fig. 1.

Draw out two threads, leaving one between, draw this thread out a little way and knot to the center of a thread of sewing silk, which is over twice the length of the space to be filled. Pull the silk in, then through the loop end slip a strand of the colored thread, hold in place until drawn in a little. The advantage of using silk is that it slips through easily and is not liable to break.

For wider lines of color, three or more threads may be drawn out.



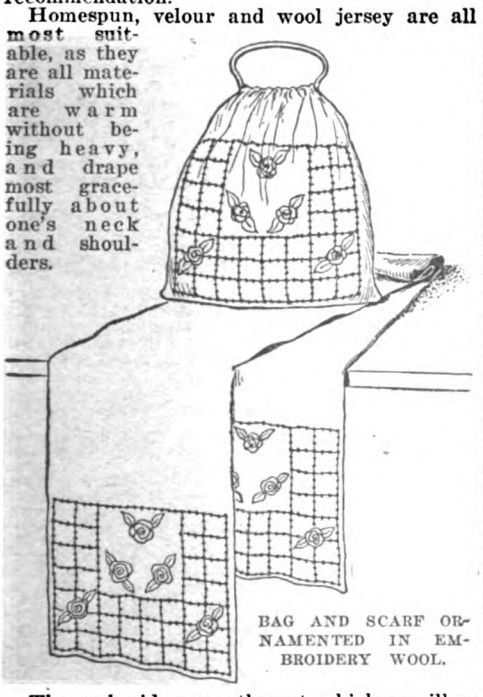
FIG. 2. LAZY-DAISY STITCH.

For dresser scarfs or pillows, rope or heavy floss may be used. For any article, first square the material and cut by a thread. If articles require a hem, decide on width and draw threads.

A Fall Scarf and Bag

The soft woolen scarfs which are now considered almost indispensable, are, fortunately, so becoming to almost everyone, they need no recommendation.

Homespun, velour and wool jersey are all most suitable, as they are all materials which are warm without being heavy, and drape most gracefully about one's neck and shoulders.



BAG AND SCARF ORNAMENTED IN EMBROIDERY WOOL.

The embroidery on the set which we illustrate is shown so clearly and is so very simple in character it can easily be carried out in any coloring preferred, although the grey jersey of the original, worked with jade green silk and wool mixture and livened with old blue roses showing just a touch of yellow to mark the centers, is a most effective combination.

For the trellis-like work use the snail's-trail stitch, and for the roses either the overlapping outline of the rambler or bullion roses as preferred. Roll the edges of the scarf and hem, above the facing of jersey which should finish both ends, to the depth of the embroidery.



FIG. 3. SNAIL TRAIL.

The scarf measures 18 inches by 60, and the bag 9 by 12 when finished.

Instead of snail trail the cross-barring may be of cable or chain stitch and if angora wool is used in preference for the roses, work them solidly.

In using this, as it is so soft and delicate, a short needleful only should be taken as it will not stand hard pulling, and the passing of it to and fro through the material mars its beauty.

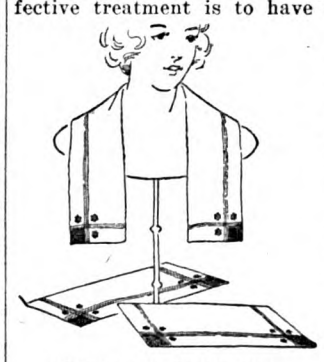
Fringe or tassels may be used on the scarf ends if preferred.

Collar-and-Cuff Set

It is the little things that count, and little touches of color may be easily added to a scarf, bag or collar as to one's handkerchiefs.

For the collar-and-cuff set shown in the this column one will need only a quarter yard of white voile, two yards of bias white binding and but a tiny bit of colored linen for the corners.

The drawn-in thread may either match the corners or be of a contrasting shade. An effective treatment is to have at least one of the threads black, using this also for the extra decorations which may be groups of French knots or lazy-daisy stitches.



COLLAR-AND-CUFF SET.

To secure true outlines a thread should first be drawn before cutting the collar and cuffs the size desired. Then allow for an inch or somewhat wider hem before drawing another thread.

After colors are drawn in, as shown in Fig. 1, turn all hems and hem down with fine cotton.

The colored linen corners are neatly felled in place, for this using thread as near the color of the linen as possible. If the linen has been washed to shrink, the voile should also be before combining the two.

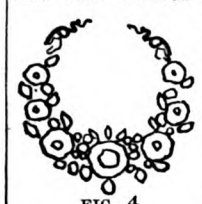


FIG. 4.

In the set shown the corners were pink; border, two black threads with pink between, and lazy-daisy designs, pink with black centers.

The fascination of this style of fancy work is liable to lead one into working out quaint color decorations on various household articles.

Even curtains have not escaped attention, and for certain rooms they are very pretty.

Coarse scrim lends itself naturally to this sort of work, gay borders of either wool or mercerized cotton perle being added very quickly.

However, as these hang between one and the light, the borders are much more effective if backed completely by the hem, instead of the border being worked inside of the hem as is usual.

Cross-stitch baskets or flower groups may also be added effectively to the lower curtain corners.

Handkerchief Suggestions

A dainty handkerchief folded in with a little note is always suitable for any gift time, and it will be even more valued and appreciated if it is a dainty hand-made one.

From a yard of handkerchief linen, linen lawn or the finest of cross-barred dimity one will get nine handkerchiefs. The novelty handkerchief of colors, though not new, still ranks high in popularity but, needless to say, only the choicest of material should be used and the workmanship must be exquisitely fine.

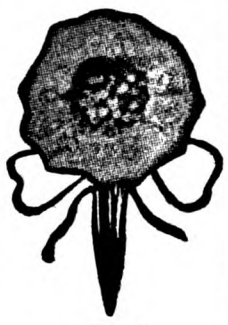


FIG. 5.

The note of color in handkerchiefs is not alone in the decorations but in the linens used, which may be of pink, blue, lavender, yellow, tan or whatever you choose. Natural pongee is especially suitable for gentlemen's handkerchiefs, but if more than the drawn-in borders are fancied, a monogram or initial only is in good taste.

All embroidery on handkerchiefs should be of delicate colors, carefully arranged. Use only fine embroidery cottons, and care must be taken to keep the wrong side of the work free from knots and crossed threads.



FIG. 6.

French knots, satin and lazy-daisy stitches, dots, rambler or bullion roses and cross-stitch are employed in working out the gay little flower-filled baskets or nosegay bouquets.

The illustrated suggestions for the various designs used on the handkerchiefs above are about a half size larger than the actual decorations should be. The colors suggested may be varied and arranged according to one's own fancy, the results being sure to please if harmonious colors are combined.

No. 1.—Hemstitched white linen, black drawn-in lines. Pink satin-stitch rose, outlined with black, green lazy-daisy leaves.

No. 2.—Green linen, raw edges, roll between thumb and finger of left hand, overcast or whip with diagonal stitches of black. Cross-stitch with a second row in the opposite direction, giving a border of tiny cross-stitches. Cross-stitch a black flower-filled basket on two-inch white oval, turn edges and fell down with the finest stitches.



FIG. 7.

No. 3.—White linen with two-inch hem, two drawn-in lines of blue, blue linen corners, one flower of six lazy-daisy stitches and two half flowers topping inch drawn-in lines (see Fig. 7), all in blue.

No. 4.—Rose linen, quarter-inch hem topped with black, white and black drawn-in lines, wreath shown in Fig. 4 worked on two-inch white linen square. Flowers in this are satin-stitch in pink, blue, yellow and lavender, with green lazy-daisy leaves. Turn edges and fell down.

No. 5.—Lilac linen, violet border, wreath size of Fig. 4 of French knots of blue, pink, yellow and green with blue outlined bows. Drawn-in lines violet, light blue, violet. Cut lilac linen nine inches square, cut violet into four strips three by ten and one-half inches, seam to one side, turn all edges and baste, making double hem.

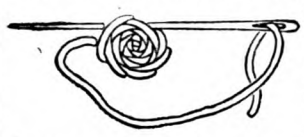


FIG. 8. RAMBLER ROSE.

Seam piece to second side, joining end to side of first strip. Repeat, fourth strip fitting over end of first. In this way the corners are perfectly square and even. Fell down very neatly.

No. 6.—Yellow linen, quarter-inch hem. Border of blue, brown, orange and tan, four drawn-in lines each way, a quarter inch apart.

No. 7.—Light terra-cotta linen edge rolled and cross-stitched as in No. 2, with brown. Three rambler roses, see Fig. 7, placed a half inch apart and the groups one and a half inches from the corner. Use green for these drawn-in lines and three lazy-daisy or solidly worked leaves, two roses, light yellow with center ones on each side French blue.

No. 8.—Light blue linen, rolled cross-stitched edge of yellow. Novel nosegay bouquet made with a frill of quarter-inch lace, with center closely filled with varied-hued French knots. Outline ribbon pink, stems green.

No. 9.—Pongee, inch and a half hem, wood-brown drawn-in lines three-quarters of an inch apart, four lazy-daisy flowers of lighter brown with yellow French knots between.

No. 10.—Grey linen, tiny hem topped with one drawn-in line of pink. Oblong wreath of two flowers in bullion-stitch, see directions at bottom of ?th column, with French knots between. Work in as many different light shades of color as possible.

No. 11.—Lemon yellow. An inch hem followed with two drawn-in lines, the first green, in five-eighths inch, an orange two and one-fourth inches from corner, a blue line, and then in five-eighths inch on both sides a terra-cotta line.

In the large square work decoration shown, Fig. 11, using colors run in.

In three smaller squares one flower only with green either side.

No. 12.—Ecru linen, rolled edge crossed with dark blue. Line of the same one and one-half in from edge, topped with three lazy-daisy flowers in three shades of blue, arranged as shown in Fig. 7.

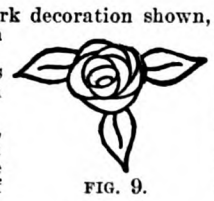


FIG. 9.

No. 13.—Grey-blue linen with basket decoration in corner. The basket is a bit of felled-on dark blue lawn, with handle of same shade in outline.

The basket is filled with tiny French-knot blossoms of all colors, blended in with green. The one-fourth inch hem is finished above with three shades of blue drawn-in threads.

No. 14.—Another white, or cross-barred dimity. Rolled, cross-stitched edge and daisy of canary yellow. Three drawn-in lines one and one-half inches in, of black, yellow and black.

No. 15.—French-blue linen with narrow hemstitch hem. Drawn-in corner lines of old rose, with delicate pink lazy-daisy flowers with yellow French-knot centers in the three small squares.

No. 16.—Rose linen, narrow hem, black, white and black drawn-in lines. Three white daisies with deep orange centers, and between and around the flowers French knots of various colors.

No. 17.—White linen with black drawn-in lines, and a corner decoration in the square of white outlined with black, similar to Fig. 11.

No. 18.—Another lilac linen with a drawn-in line of yellow two and one-half inches from the rolled edge which is cross-stitched with light blue. The hanging basket is of deep yellow outlined, topped with an Alice-blue bow.



FIG. 18.

The basket is filled to overflowing with buds, blossome and leaves of rainbow hues which are altogether charming.

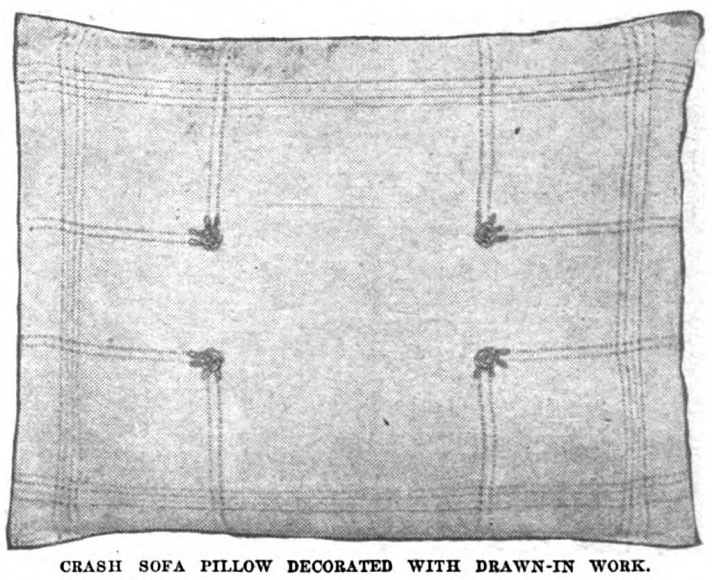
No. 19.—A plain design which though simple is most effective carried out in any coloring. Allow and top a two and one-half inch hem with black, add one rambler rose, any color backed by green leaves.

See Fig. 9, at the crossing of the lines as shown. No. 20, 21, 22 are very similar to designs already described.

No. 23.—Is a good suggestion for corner if one wishes to add an initial. The half wreath is of lazy-daisy stitch with French knots between.

No. 24.—Grass-green linen, one-fourth inch hem topped with one line bottle green, three white daisies with yellow centers, all the same height on two sides.

No. 25.—White dimity bordered with small checked zephyr gingham.



CRASH SOFA PILLOW DECORATED WITH DRAWN-IN WORK.

Crash Sofa Pillow

This durable cover is of natural shade of a coarse quality of crash.

Two and one-half inches in from the edges runs a border of three shades of old rose of mercerized rope embroidery cotton, one row of the darkest shade, then the lightest, followed by the second and third shades.

The two rows running in to form the squares are of the second and third shades. Finish the four points with bullion roses an inch in diameter, and built up so that they are solid and stand out, using the darkest shade for the centers working to lightest.

In making bullion roses use a coarse needle, filling centers with French knots. Begin the stitches, which are elongated French knots. Bring the needle up through the material and take a stitch one-fourth inch back, bringing the point out at the starting place. Twist the thread around the needle from 12 to 20 times according to length of stitches. Draw the needle through the twists, and take a stitch from the second point to the center of the roll, then back, making stitches overlap each other.

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The Radiophone in the Rural Districts

AT the present time there are a great many more radiophone receiving sets, in proportion to the population, in the large cities than there are in the rural districts. The great burst of enthusiasm which swept the country during the fall and winter of last year was confined to the larger cities and it is only during the last few months that this new and wonderful invention has secured a place in the rural homes.

Radio is now becoming a stable and established form of entertainment and the farmers and other rural residents are just beginning to realize the value of the radiophone to them. The spread of the radio field is almost like magic and although many of the smaller towns throughout the country have not yet had the advantage of hearing the radiophone and there are many who do not even believe that speech and music can be sent through the ether without the aid of connecting wires, it is simply a matter of a short time before more homes will be equipped with radio receivers than with telephones—if you are not on the telephone line you can't use a telephone, but you can have and use a radiophone receiver anywhere.

What a wonderful thing it is for the farmer's home to be equipped with a receiving set so that every evening the entire family may gather round and listen to the concerts from famous music halls. Noted speakers talk to them and famous opera singers sing to them just as if they were sitting in the auditorium with the rest of the audience. Services from famous churches are brought home on cold, rainy Sundays and even the magnificent organ and choir are filling the little country home with music such as never before gladdened the hearts of the old folks and filled the children with wonder.

The really wonderful thing about the radiophone concerts is the ease with which the operator may change his program. Radiophone concerts are sent out to please every taste and in a single evening it is possible to vary the program from a classical recital to a program of dance music or still again to some famous band giving a concert in a distant city.

The farmer is especially benefited by the radiophone by the produce reports which are sent out every evening. With these reports he may now keep tabs on the produce market and thus sell his produce to advantage. Many of our rural friends are ardent baseball fans and it is a source of joy to them to be able to have the scores come to them fresh from the fields instead of waiting for the papers which are often a day late in reaching these small towns. The radiophone really brings the best of everything directly to the home and makes the children content and helps the entire family pass the long winter evenings at home enjoying the amusements of the outside world.

The radiophone is not an expensive luxury. A good receiving set may be made at home by any man or boy at a very moderate cost. The homemade set will give very efficient results if properly made and at the same time will give the maker a good working knowledge of the radiophone. The parts may be purchased from any dealer and the actual building is simply a matter of following instructions.

We have continuous requests for plans for building a radio receiving set and we are now preparing a set of plans for making a receiver which is now being used by the author with very good results. These plans will be complete and easy to follow. Music and speech has been received from stations a distance of over a thousand miles with this set and with a careful study of the plans any of our readers should be able to obtain as good results as we have.

The Future of the Radiophone

Many radio enthusiasts are now contemplating what the future has in store for the radiophone. Persistent rumors are afloat that the large broadcasting stations will soon close and thousands of receivers be rendered useless. This rumor is without foundation and there is little need to worry, for even if this should happen there are many broadcasting stations operated by newspapers and department stores which will continue to broadcast as long as there is a demand for such programs.

It is the large stations now operated by the radio manufacturers which are supposed to be of doubtful duration, but a close analysis of the policies of these stations takes away all fear that they will close at such a time. The manufacturers are increasing their output daily and with a stock worth many millions of dollars to be sold it seems that it would be nothing short of financial suicide for these manufacturers to take away the cause for demand. Instead of closing the present stations there are many new and better stations now under constructions and the coming fall and winter bid fair to be the greatest season for radio yet experienced.

Regarding the present types of receivers, there seems to be little chance of any radical changes before the middle of the winter and possibly not then. Much has been accomplished in the receiving end of radio, but as yet nothing new has been offered on the market that will greatly affect the receivers used the past season. Radio-frequency amplification is still in an experimental stage and although there are a few of these types of amplifiers on the market it is advisable for the novice to stick to the more stable audio-frequency until more definite results have been obtained.

The much-talked-of Armstrong super-regenerative circuit is not in common use yet and it is not advisable for the radio amateur, unless a very advanced one, to spend time and money in experimenting on this circuit. There is little doubt that in the near future this circuit will revolutionize the radio receiver but it is as yet an experiment and the amateur is apt to find it a very expensive one.

The loop antenna is becoming more popular in sections which are near enough to the broadcasting stations to use this form of aerial. The loop is a far better type of antenna than the outside type but will not work efficiently over any great distance.

Technical Terms Used in Radio

FREQUENCY of an alternating current is the term employed to express the number of complete cycles taking place per second.

DAMPED OSCILLATIONS are those consisting of a series of alternating currents of gradually decreasing amplitude.

OHM is the unit of electrical resistance.

MICRO-FARAD is the term used to express the capacity of a condenser and is used extensively in radio work.

MICRO-HENRY is the unit of inductance of a tuning coil.

TUNING is the selection of a particular wave length. This is done by altering the capacity or induction.

SELECTIVITY is the ability of selecting any wave length to the exclusion of all other wave lengths.

TRANSFORMER is any device for transferring energy from one state to another. Thus we have power transformers, amplifying transformers, telephone transformers, etc.

Questions relating to the radiophone, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Radio Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, free, in the columns of this department.

Questions and Answers

Q.—What is the function of the filament in a vacuum tube? A. L., Mont.

A.—The filament is to ionize the path between the filament wire and the plate. This is accomplished by heating the filament under which condition it eminates ions which fly off and form an ionized path within the tube.

Q.—Will you kindly tell me whether W G Y, Schenectady, N. Y., sends his program on Eastern standard time or daylight saving time. F. D., Del.

A.—Schenectady sends on Eastern standard time.

Q.—What wave length does the Naval Air Station at Anacostia send? G. F. C., Md.

A.—Anacostia sends on a wave length of 425 meters.

Q.—Does it make any difference whether the aerial wire is bare or insulated? L. G., Tenn.

A.—No. The aerial may be either bare or insulated wire.

Q.—I sometimes hear Newark, N. J., and Pittsburg on the same point and cannot seem to get clear of one and keep the other. Can any arrangement be made to eliminate this condition? L. F. T., Pa.

A.—That is due to your tuner not being selective enough and I would suggest that you send a diagram of your hook-up and we will tell you how you may improve your set.

Q.—When I first had my set I was able to turn the dial and hear a peculiar whistle and by turning down the filament I could bring in the music plainly. Now I cannot get the whistle and only occasionally I am able to hear music faintly. Can you suggest what may be the trouble? M. H., Ohio.

A.—Either your storage battery is run down or your "B" battery is dead. Try charging the storage battery and if this doesn't remedy your trouble, put on a new "B" battery. It is possible that your detector tube has become "Hard" but it is more apt to be in your battery.

Q.—What station has the letters W J A L? C. E. D., Mass.

A.—W J A L is located at the Lafayette Hotel, Portland, Me.

Q.—Every night I receive the time signals from the station at Newark, N. J. Will you kindly tell me how to read them so I may set a watch by these signals. D. H. L., N. H.

A.—The time signals are relayed from the Arlington towers and are read as follows: At 11.55 until 11.55.29 a series of dots, the 30th second is omitted. From 11.55.31 until 11.55.55 a series of dots. Next five seconds omitted. The same proceedure takes place beginning at 11.56, 11.57, 11.58 and at 11.59. At the end of the 59th minute the last ten seconds are omitted instead of the last five and at 12 o'clock a long dash is sent. The object in sending this way is to allow ships at sea to read the chronometer and determine the error.

Q.—Which is the more expensive, building one's own set or buying a factory-made set? T. W., Mich.

A.—It is more expensive to buy a ready-made set and the experience and economy of building your own set makes it more desirable.

Q.—What are the call letters of the New Shepard Stores station in Boston?

A.—There are no call letters assigned to this station as yet although the station is giving some very good concerts in the afternoon and evenings.

Q.—Has an amateur who has a license to transmit a right to send phonograph music over his radio telephone? M. A., Ill.

A.—Absolutely not, and he is liable to get himself in serious trouble if he does.

Q.—Does the S. S. America send musical programs? W. T. R., Md.

A.—As near as we are able to ascertain, the S. S. America does not send any music at all but is used as a test station for "Ship to Shore" Radio telephone communication.

Q.—What company manufactures a loud speaker which is capable of producing sufficient volume to fill a large moving picture theater? P. F., Ind.

A.—There are two loud speakers which will work satisfactorily for this purpose. One is made by the Magnavax Company, of Oakland, Calif., and one by the Western Electric Co.

A NEW OIL LAMP FREE

Burns 94% Air

M. A. Johnson, 609 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill., the inventor of a wonderful new oil lamp that burns 94% air and beats gas or electricity, is offering to give one free to the first user in each locality who will help introduce it. Write him for particulars. Agents wanted.—Advertisement.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

but roofing it and has built a new porch (for me to read the cousins' letters as they come pouring in!) and is going to paint it. Now, Uncle, if it were your home, what would you paint it? I suppose you will say, "Paint, of course." All very true, but what I mean is—what color? We are having a little dispute about the color of the paint. Now do I make myself plain? You know some people say I am very hard to understand. I was just wondering what Uncle and the cousins will think about it. Now you have me all excited and made me strike the wrong key. Oh, well, you know women are all alike nowadays. They all get excited and flustered when they see a good-looking, happy-go-lucky gent tripping down the street. Some nearly brake their necks to see if he won't give them one fond look. Well, now, to be truthful, I'm not that way. I won't go into detail, or you would all draw a deep breath and say: No use wasting paper to write to her; she thinks she's an angel. Listen, folks, please don't get that idea in your heads because I'm no angel and don't pretend to be. I like to have a good time as well as anyone else, but you know, folks, there is a limit to everything.

So long, I am going to trot along now and do a little bookkeeping; then I am going to catch my bus and ride home. You may say good by to the Angelville pest. That is what they call the little burg I live in—Angelville. No kidding, I don't know why; but they commenced calling it that when I first moved there three or more years ago.

Sincerely, GENEVA DAYTON.

Geneva, I felt quite assured you were not an angel, even before you insisted upon so strangely denying any celestial attributes—for there were no pin-feathers in your envelope and I should have expected any angel to use a white wing plume and not an Underwood with which to write letters to an earthly uncle. Anyway, there is this to be considered: if you were a surenuf angel, Geneva, you would certainly be more lonesome than you are now—for angels are a rare race, even if they do have towns named after them.

I'm glad you are getting on with your work so well; but it did not seem from what you wrote that your speed records were anything remarkable. I'm a poor dub at a machine, but I can guarantee to make "one or more words" at any test. These test words of yours must be pretty long ones, Geneva. Even if they have sixteen syllables, I think you ought to be able to write more than one or two of them between 7.45 A. M. and the time you catch the bus for Angelville. See if you can't do better than this—even if you have to "brake" the machine. Are you quite certain this is the way that word is spelled, Geneva? I'm sure no angel would spell "break" like this, but maybe your fingers got crossed.

If you will take my advice, Gennie, you will paint your veranda a beautiful pale moon color. This makes it extra nice when you want to sit out of doors of a summer evening. If you need any clouds, you can use gray porch screens.

That's right; don't chase any "gents"—even good-looking ones—along the streets of Massillon. A happy-go-lucky gent pursued by a part angel would start considerable commotion and might even arouse the police. Let the "gents" do the chasing, Geneva, and if you should not happen to care for any of the chasers, why you can just spread your little sprouting wings and volplane back to Angelville.

INDEPENDENCE, MISSOURI.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

As part of our League rules is "Be kind to dumb animals," I want to remind all that there is a certain class of animals which stand in great need of some consideration. That is the jungle animals which are trained to perform tricks to amuse people who attend circuses, vaudeville shows, etc. I have been employed around circus tents and at quarters where wild animals are trained for the stage, and if the public could see some of the things I have seen, the business of exploiting wild animals as actors would die for lack of patronage, or the public would rise up in fury and demand that the law immediately stop the whole business. Believe me, a wild animal's brain cannot be made to comprehend what a trainer wants the creature to do until the flesh of the wretched, cowed captive has undergone countless cuts from whips. Do not be deceived by the claim that such animals can be trained by kindness. It just "can't be did." Every little trick you see an animal perform in public has been preceded by long suffering. It takes no "talent" to train a wild animal, anyone can do it—that is anyone who is possessed of patience and pitilessness. I hope to see the day when the importation and training of jungle animals in the United States will be forbidden by law. I have seen a-plenty of the cruelty of the methods used.

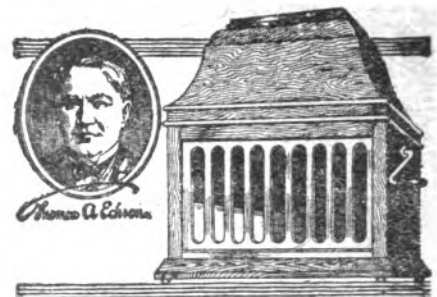
Good luck to you and all the cousins, Uncle Lisha, from

Your nephew, GOMER L. FORD.

I am glad, Gomer, to be able to give place to your earnest letter. I am proud of you as a nephew. When we watch the tricks, almost human in character, performed by wild animals in circus rings or on the stage, we give too little thought to the process by which this aptitude, so unnatural to animal instinct, has been developed. In fact, what makes the acts of the animals interesting or amusing to us is because they are so strangely surprising when being the performance of wild creatures. And this can only mean that difficult means have been used to obtain difficult results. The whip, which is almost always present in the trainer's hand during such an exhibit, should cause us to remember that it is the lash which has been the real trainer of these animal actors and has transformed them by long and painful treatment into frightened automatons, responding to a master's voice and exploited for an owner's pocket.

Certainly a wild jungle creature has as much right to decent treatment as any of the domestic animals protected by our laws and humane societies. Pain is pain—when extended to any living thing. Spurred by your letter, Gomer, I am going to refuse henceforward to attend any performance of which trained animals are a part, and I will remember to protest and line up as

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)



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Only $1.00 Down

KEEP the New Edison Amberola—Edison's great phonograph with the diamond stylus reproducer—and your choice of records, for only $1.00. Pay balance at rate of only a few cents a day. Hear it in your own home before you decide. Only $1.00 down. Seize this opportunity.

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Standard Tire Prices Slashed!

First time in history of the tire business you can get 12,000 miles for only $2.55. Actually 1-10 of a cent a mile! We fabricate these standard casings by a secret process that produces a remarkably rugged tread. Our customers call them ROUGH-ROAD tires. Cream of all makes, reconditioned and guaranteed.

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Sensational Cut Price Sale!

Size	1 Tire and 1 Tube	2 Tires and 2 Tubes	Size	1 Tire and 1 Tube	2 Tires and 2 Tubes
28x3	$ 6.15	$ 9.55	36x4	$14.40	$24.50
30x3	6.85	10.95	32x4 1-2	12.75	20.00
30x3 1-2	7.75	12.90	33x4 1-2	13.25	21.00
32x3 1-2	8.90	14.35	34x4 1-2	13.75	22.00
31x4	10.35	15.75	35x4 1-2	14.25	23.35
32x4	11.30	18.40	36x4 1-2	14.75	23.90
33x4	11.80	19.45	36x5	15.25	24.90
34x4	12.55	20.60	37x5	15.65	25.30

Free Examination! Remember, standard tube FREE with every tire. Orders shipped same day received. Send $2 deposit with each pair of tires ordered, balance C. O. D. *subject to examination* and approval. Money refunded if you're not satisfied! State if straight side or clincher. (All same price.) Cash with order, deduct 5 per cent as extra saving. *Order now*, while World's lowest price remains in effect. **Money Back Guarantee!**

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SEE THESE LOW PRICES

Sizes	Tires	Tubes	Sizes	Tires	Tubes
28x3	$4.95	$1.25	34x4	$8.15	$2.35
30x3	4.75	1.35	32x4½	8.95	2.50
30x3½	5.75	1.45	34x4½	9.15	2.85
32x3½	6.45	1.80	35x4½	9.25	2.75
31x4	7.45	1.75	36x4½	9.50	2.95
32x4	7.50	2.10	35x5	9.75	3.10
33x4	7.85	2.25	37x5	9.95	3.25

Remember, a reliner Free with each tire. When cash is sent with order 5 per cent discount allowed. Examine—judge for yourself. If not satisfied, return goods at our expense. Specify straight side, clincher, non-skid or plain wanted.

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AGENTS

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FORDS run 34 Miles on Gallon of Gasoline

Wonderful new carburetor. Guaranteed to reduce gasoline bills from one-half to one-third and increase power of motors from 30 to 50%. Start easy in coldest weather.

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Fits any car. Attach yourself. Fords make as high as 34 miles to gallon. Other cars show proportionate saving. Send make of car and take advantage of our special 30-day trial offer. **Agents Wanted.**

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Hundreds of big jobs now open paying from $150 to $500 a month. I have calls every day for Rahe trained men in electrical, mechanical, Auto and Tractor Work. Qualify in 8 weeks. Short time offer includes railroad fare, board and complete set of tools FREE. Offer withdrawn without notice. Write for big book and offer NOW, before it is too late.

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Here's your only opportunity to get this elegant **high grade thin model watch** with choice of **gold, silver, radium** or **fancy engraved dial** for only **$3.30 C. O. D.** Open face, stem wind and set. Adjusted. Fully tested. **Guaranteed perfect timekeeper.** A watch you'll be proud to own. **FREE** if you write at once—beautiful waldemar knife and chain with your order. **Send No Money.** Pay postman on arrival **only $3.30** and the watch, knife and chain are yours. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Order today sure.

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You can earn $15 to $50 a week writing show cards in your own home.—No canvassing.—A pleasant profitable profession easily and quickly learnt by our new simple graphic block system. Artistic ability not necessary.—We teach you how, and supply you with work.—Distance no object. Full particulars and booklet free.

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Learn at home by mail to mount birds, animals, tan skins. Be a taxidermist. Delightful art easily learned by men and women. Decorate home and den. Make big profits. Wonderful new art. Write Today for this wonderful *Free Book* and our amazing offer.

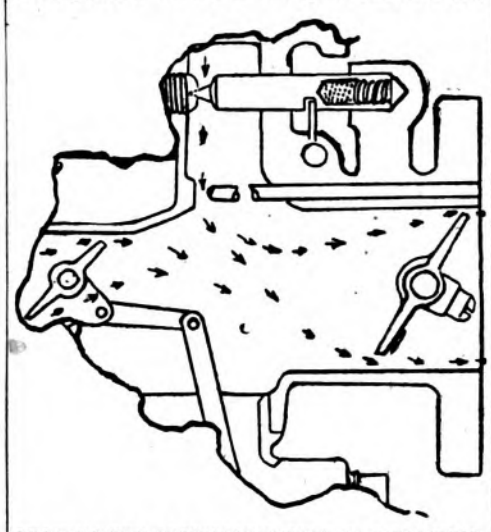
N. W. Sch. of Taxidermy 3047 Sherwood Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

Automobile and Gas Engine Helps

Questions relating to gasolene engines and automobiles, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Auto Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, free, in the columns of this department. Full name and address is required, but initials only will be printed. That we may intelligently diagnose your trouble please state the year in which your car was made.

Overcharged Battery

"HEY, your lights are burning," is a salute that I heard about a hundred times during my recent trip in the East. It would appear that the public has not yet come to realize that a storage battery can be overcharged. Had the expression come from people on the sidewalk, I would be apt to believe that the majority were not car owners and naturally were inexperienced as regards the electrical system on a car. However, drivers would switch their lights on and off as I approached and as I came within hailing distance would shout the above expression. The fact is that long charging causes the battery to become very hot and boils away the water, necessitating frequent refilling of the cells with distilled water. When touring it is not always convenient to obtain distilled water. Overcharging also creates the danger of buckling the battery plates and destroying the separators. For these reasons it is necessary that the charging rate into the battery be cut down considerably or eliminated entirely. One way of cutting down the charging rate is to burn the car lights. In this manner it will be appreciated that considerable current is consumed by the lights and that the battery receives but a minimum charge. Another practice used by many motorists is to run the electric starter for about a minute with the ignition switch turned off. The starter consumes considerable current and quickly exhausts the overcharged battery. However, in my opinion, this is not a practice worthy of strong recommendation.



SHOWING THE BUTTERFLY VALVES IN CARBURETOR.

Still another practice which I have used with the desired result is the short circuiting of the generator. Some generators have short circuiting clips while on others the pulling of an accessible fuse will do the trick. I found that a half day's run with the generator inoperative and the other half day's run with the generator charging kept my battery about normal. However, the danger lies in allowing the generator to remain inoperative too long so that the battery becomes discharged. Anyone who has kept close touch with the electrical system should have no trouble by shorting the generator as above related. Others of my acquaintance have left the car lights burning all night so as to reduce the battery. Regardless of the method used it should be kept in mind that touring has a tendency to overcharge the battery and steps must be taken to either partially drain the battery or prevent the full charge from going into it.

Helpful Pointers

Broken Fan Belt

Should the fan belt break beyond repair and another cannot be conveniently obtained, it is frequently possible to operate the car at a safe motor temperature if the engine hood be raised or removed and the car speed not reduced below 20 miles per hour. The movement of the car will drive the air around the radiator tubes and keep the water below the boiling point. Raising or removing the hood prevents any heat pockets and also permits cooling air to encircle the motor.

Spot Light

If properly used the spot light is a great help when driving at night, but when improperly used it becomes a nuisance to approaching drivers. When the spotlight is attached to the windshield bracket it should be focused so that the light rays strike the ground several feet in front of the right front wheel. The purpose of the light should be to permit the driver to know just how near he is to the right side of the road. It is the side on which he belongs and by keeping over there he should have no fear of oncoming traffic.

Back Firing

Everything being normal, back firing or popping back through the carburetor is caused by a lean mixture. A thin mixture is very slow in burning, so much so that there is a flame or fire in the cylinder when the intake valve opens to admit a fresh combustible mixture. The flame in the cylinder ignites this new gas and causes the pop back through the carburetor. If the carburetor has been set for economical operation on the road, popping back through the carburetor is apt to be experienced when the motor is first started. However, proper use of the choker when the motor is first started will correct this condition and after the motor has warmed up the choker should be moved back to the running position and if the mixture is not too lean no further popping back will be experienced.

Releasing Starter

The Bendix drive starting arrangement while very efficient, at times may cause trouble by the small pinions refusing to release from the flywheel tooth. One method that is many times successful in freeing the two gears is to engage the high gear and then rock the car back and forth.

Motor Speed

In the throat of the carburetor is a butterfly valve or, in other words, a door which is so connected as to be opened and closed by a lever on the steering wheel or steering post and usually also by a pedal located in the toe board. This pedal is termed the accelerator. Adjustment is usually provided so that the butterfly valve cannot fully close but permits just enough of the gasolene-air mixture to escape past to keep the motor running at an idling speed. As the throttle lever or accelerator is advanced it causes the butterfly valve to open and of course permits a larger volume of the gas to pass. It will readily be appreciated that a larger charge of gas causes a heavier explosion than a small charge. For the reason just given, it will be realized how the speed of the motor increases as the heavier charges of gas are admitted into the cylinders.

Gear Changing

When you must use considerable strength to change gears or if there is a clashing of gears when a shift is made, take a look at the clutch. Due to insufficient lubrication, clearance or some other cause, it will usually be found that the clutch does not fully release and that there is a drag which has the above effect on the transmission at the time of making a gear change.

Cord Tires

The air chamber of a cord tire is much larger than that in a fabric tire. When placing an order for a tire cover be sure to state whether it is to be used for a cord or fabric tire. Cord tires do not require as high an air pressure as do fabric tires. Owners who have been using fabric tires are apt to inflate the cord tires to the old high pressure. Obtain the recommended pressure at the time of purchasing the tire.

No Power

"Lots of pep on the level but she lays down cold on the hills," is a common way of expressing the thought that the car lacks power on the hills. If a combustible charge is taken into the cylinder, tightly compressed and fired on time, then the car should not quit on the hills unless, of course, the grade is too steep. One of the chief reasons for a car quitting on hills is failure of the valves to seat promptly. On the level when a high speed is hit up, the compression periods are short. However, on the grades when the motor is compelled to "pull on the traces," so to speak, the compression period is much longer and the leakage past the valves is very noticeable. Another cause for lack of power is worn piston rings. If it is found that the rings do not hold compression it is well to first determine that the cylinder bores are true. If not, the cylinders should be reground and oversize pistons and rings fitted. However, if the bores are true, proper installation of new rings should be sufficient to restore power. When it is found that all cylinders develop good compression and yet the car does not do well on grades, it will be well to try a trifle richer mixture.

Fuel Consumption

Drivers of cars that were built several years ago have probably found that the mileage received per gallon of fuel is low. This is due to there being a better grade of gas at the time these models were built and provision was not made for heating the air and manifolds. Operating conditions at present vary greatly from those of years ago and owners of the earlier models will do well to install an efficient present-day carburetor, also inquire at an accessory house for an attachment for heating the manifold.

Answers to Correspondents

ENGINE RUNS HOT.—What causes my 1918 model Ford to get hot when running? It keeps the water boiling continually. Have had it cleaned thoroughly, also timer adjusted, but it did not seem to help.
P. K., Littleton, W. Va.

A.—Make certain the rubber hose connections are not kinked so that the flow of water through them is not impeded. If you are certain that the water is circulating, look at the fan belt. It may be loose. Check the ignition for being late and be sure that you are obtaining a full advance on the spark. If the carburetor mixture is lean, try richening it a trifle. The oil line that conducts the oil to the front of the motor may be clogged, although it would appear to me that you would have experienced bearing trouble. By the expression, "so hot," I am assuming that the water boils, but if not kindly bear in mind that a motor temperature is not at the danger point until the water actually boils.

RACING ACCESSORIES FOR FORD.—Please answer the following questions concerning accessories to adapt a Ford for track work. (1) Do you approve of sixteen-valve racing head? (2) Crankshaft counterbalances? (3) Underslung parts? (4) Which are best for racing work, disk or wire wheels?
E. L. M., Bulls Gap, Tenn.

A.—A sixteen-valve arrangement for racing work is most satisfactory. A special counterbalanced crankshaft is also common practice for duty of this kind. The underslung effect is quite essential to prevent sliding, etc. Although I am not up to the minute on racing cars, it would be my suggestion that you obtain better gearing than 4 to 1 for the rear axle. I have seen advertisements issued by accessory houses showing gears around 2 to 1 ratio for racing duty. Wire wheels have so far proved to be the popular issue with racers, but disk wheels give less air resistance and are more efficient at racing speeds, according to results of recent tests.

GRINDS IN HIGH GEAR.—The differential of my "490" 1919 model Chevrolet makes a loud grinding sound in high gear. The pinion gear on drive shaft wore out and I put in new pinion gear. The other gears are all right. Could the axle or drive shaft be bent to cause the grind? J. A. F., Belton, Texas.

A.—While I cannot vouch for the alignment on your car I wish to state that several manufacturers do not make a practice of furnishing one gear alone. Were you to be in need of a drive pinion you would be compelled to purchase a new ring gear with it. This is due to the fact that the gears are mated to operate with each other silently. While the ring gear on your car may not show wear, it is just possible that the old pinion has altered the pitch somewhat and that the new pinion does not mesh satisfactorily with the old ring gear.

Everybody Was Right

The well-known elastic English language was stretched to the snapping point the other day when a class of students in a Detroit high school attempted to answer a quiz question, "What is gas?"

Out of some sixty answers, here are a few:

Stuff made from coal and widely used for lighting and heating.

Gas is a poison used in warfare. One kind is made of mustard and smarts and another kind called tear gas is made from the juice of onions to make you cry. There is also a laughing gas.

One student who thought it was too good an opportunity to miss wrote that gas was something generated in Washington and piped out over the country through the Congressional Record and the press.

Still another lad wrote that gas was the cause of most stomachaches.

Goodyear Raincoat Free

We will send a handsome Rainproofed, All-Weather Coat to one person in each locality who will show and recommend it to friends. Write today to The Goodyear Mfg. Co., 3168-R, Goodyear Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.—Advertisement.



2 TIRES FOR $9.95

FREE TUBE WITH EACH TIRE

Sensational Cut in Standard Tire Prices!

Two tires for less than the usual cost of one, and a free inner tube with each tire! *No double treads or sewed tires.* Our big volume means best tire values! Act now and cut your tire cost in two. Thousands of steady customers are getting full mileage out of these tires and you, too, can get **12,000 MILES**

You can see the mileage in our tires. Order and prove it—but order now! This is a special lot selected for record-breaking sale. Supply limited and going double quick.

Note the Bargain Prices on Two Tires of Same Size

Size	1 Tire	2 Tires	Size	1 Tire	2 Tires
28x3	$ 6.75	$ 9.95	32x4 1-2	$12.95	$20.95
30x3	6.95	10.95	33x4 1-2	13.45	21.65
30x3 1-2	7.95	12.95	34x4 1-2	13.95	22.35
32x3 1-2	9.25	14.95	35x4 1-2	14.45	23.95
31x4	10.45	16.75	36x4 1-2	14.65	24.45
32x4	11.85	17.85	36x4	14.95	25.45
33x4	12.35	18.75	35x5	15.45	25.95
34x4	12.85	19.70	37x5	15.95	26.50

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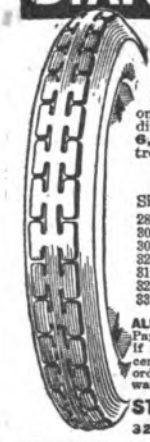
Tires	Tubes	Tires	Tubes
30x3 $7.25	$1.10	32x4½ $19.10	$1.75
30x3½ 8.95	1.30	34x4½ 20.75	1.85
32x3½ 11.50	1.35	35x4 21.95	1.90
31x4 12.75	1.40	36x4½ 24.20	2.00
32x4 13.95	1.45	33x5 26.50	2.15
33x4 14.88	1.50	35x5 27.50	2.25
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30x3	4.65	1.30	32x4½	8.75	2.40
30x3½	5.65	1.40	34x4½	9.00	2.50
32x3½	6.20	1.50	35x4½	9.15	2.60
31x4	7.00	1.60	36x4½	9.35	2.70
32x4	7.40	1.85	35x5	9.65	2.80
33x4	7.70	2.15	37x5	9.85	2.90

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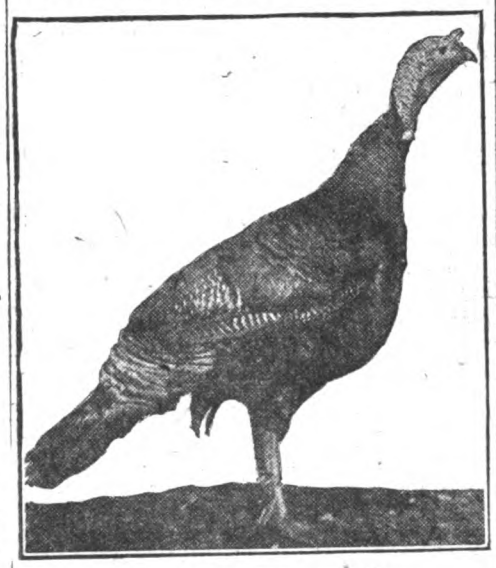


BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Making Turkeys Pay

YOUNG turkeys have been so difficult to raise during the last few years that the supply is deplorably short in the markets, and the prices correspondingly high, although the disease known as blackhead not being known or recognized by the average farmer. I receive many letters every month describing the symptoms of ailing turkeys, complaining of how young turkeys die off, and asking if I can tell the cause and give a remedy.

Few people realize, because the heads of the birds were not discolored, that nearly all these mysterious deaths were caused by blackhead. The name has caused people to consider it a disease affecting the head only, whereas it affects the head least, and frequently there is no trace of discoloration, even in the advanced stages of the disease.



CHAMPION BRONZE TURKEY.

Dr. Theobald Smith first ascertained that this disease, which is especially characterized by great sores in the liver and cæca, was caused by a microbe—Amœba Meleagridis. In explaining the character of the disease, he compared it to amœbic dysentery in the human subject—a disease which also attacks the large intestine and liver.

The amœba is a microscopic animal parasite capable of living within the tissues of the turkey, its host. It can grow and reproduce itself in large numbers, thereby causing irritations, destruction of the tissues and nearly always death of the invalid turkeys.

Chronic cases furnish a large variety of morbid cases, evidently caused by the inability of the tissues of the patient to overcome and reduce the irritating masses. The liver and cæcal sores are always present in recent cases, and disappear only in cases which have recovered.

The cæcum may exhibit but a minute sore, but the liver, except when nearly healed, always exhibits a large number of sores. When turkeys die after a long-continued illness, their heads, which are usually red in health, become more or less darkened. In acute cases they die so quickly, as to leave no impression as to a change of color in the head.

The majority of young poults die after a day or two of droopiness. Adults may droop longer and pass into chronic stages of the disease. Refusing to eat and standing apart are late symptoms. Starvation in chronic cases produces thinness.

When the disease in the cæcum is slight, it is doubtful if the affected birds have diarrhea, which is more or less present in other cases. In many of the older poults the droppings will be liquid, and stained orange yellow; this is the most characteristic symptom of all. Sometimes there are blackened blood clots in the droppings, indicating slight hemorrhages.

Experiments show that more than four-fifths of the young poults exposed in infected yards die before they are six weeks old. The disease has been mistakenly supposed to be one confined to older birds. It is notably a disease affecting young turkeys, but one from which the older keys do not escape. Of the one-fifth which do escape or survive an acute attack, at least ten to twenty per cent. may die, during the year, at almost any age. Examination of the organs is the only sure means of telling the cause of death.

The amœbæ are transmitted from diseased turkeys to others through the droppings, which contaminate the food with which they come in contact. It has been proved that the amœbæ may also be carried by ordinary fowl, and may be transmitted by them to turkeys in the same manner. So you see once again the importance of exercising strict cleanliness is impressed upon us country people.

About two years ago I gave our readers a summary of the work which had been conducted at the Rhode Island Experiment Station by Professor Hadley. The first point strongly emphasized was the necessity for reducing the amount of food usually given to young turkeys do not escape. Of the one-last fifteen years convinced him that the parasite which produces blackhead can only be developed in the intestines of a young bird when it has been weakened by indiscreet feeding which has clogged the bowels and rendered the tissues susceptible to attack, and that the only true method of fighting the disease is along the lines of prevention—in other words, keeping the bird's intestines in such a clean, healthy condition that the parasites have no chance to attack them. The second point is, that certain acids materially retard the growth of the parasite, so that in connection with reduced feed, sour milk is the most powerful agent in checking the development of the disease. Beyond which it is probable that beside the effect of the sour milk itself, the bacteria always present in sour milk is also beneficial to the tissues of the intestines. But Professor Hadley found that clabbered in the usual domestic way, or by any of the preparations usually sold for the purpose, does not contain sufficient acidity to be of value in fighting off the parasites. When they have once been introduced into the bird's intestines, he recommended the use of a foreign bacterium; but it is a very expensive remedy, and I believe really unnecessary, if you will take means to eradicate the sources of contagion at this season of the year, and so prevent the parasite from being in existence on your farm next spring, which would effectually prevent any chance of their being introduced into the young turkey's intestines.

As common chickens, as well as old turkeys, harbor the parasites which cause blackhead, and can be so little affected that they show no signs of ill health, though their droppings will spread the disease, it is plain that the first step in ridding the premises of the contagion is to keep turkeys and common fowls apart, and the turkeys in restricted quarters for at least some part of the year, so that it will be easy to purify and get them into good breeding condition before the mating season.

Making enclosures may seem a needless expense to most farmers, but I assure you, friend, it pays, for it makes it possible to safeguard against disease, regulate breeding, find all the eggs and control the setting period.

The wire around our enclosure was only four feet high. One wing of each bird was cut to prevent them flying over it. We utilized a piece of poor brush land which had good natural drainage, on which we made three enclosures of about half an acre each and one not quite so large to keep the toms in during the breeding season. A rough shelter of slabs and brush was made in each, under which perches made of sassafras poles were put up, none of them less than nine inches in circumference. This is one of the important items in fixing a place for turkeys. Being heavy, large-footed birds, they are uncomfortable, and positively suffer, if compelled to balance themselves on small perches.

Early in March half barrels were secreted among the brush in the yards so that the hens would become accustomed to their appearance and consider them safe hiding places for their eggs. About the middle of the month we commenced to keep a lookout for eggs in the half barrels and in stolen nests. When one is found it is purloined and a china egg put into its place; ditto when the second one is taken, but after that no more china eggs are dropped, as two always seemed to satisfy Mrs. Turkey, no matter how long she might go on laying. Unlike common hens, turkeys are not attracted to a nest by an egg. In fact, they retain so much of the wild nature that they will not adopt a nest that has been used by another bird; so never distribute nest eggs as decoys, but only as substitutes for those abstracted.

Now I am a strong believer in prevention rather than cure, and my advice is to take time by the forelock, and dose the birds right now. Then there will be less fear of contamination in the spring, when young birds are around. Young stock are not strong enough to withstand any strain on their vitality, and, what is more, all intestinal parasites seem to develop and mature more rapidly in young creatures than in mature stock. Young birds can be kept free if they are properly fed, unless they become contaminated by droppings from other birds. For this reason it is wisdom to purify the old birds that are strong enough to stand medicine; besides, it is easier to dose a few old birds than a lot of youngsters.

How to Condition Breeding Stock

All our stock, young and old, are given free range from about the fifteenth of June until the end of October. During that time the birds are all driven into one enclosure at night. The other three enclosures are then given a heavy top dressing of fresh lime to clean the ground and give it time to become thoroughly sweetened before they are used again. About October 15th the birds we intend to keep for breeding are confined at one end of the night enclosure by a temporary wire fence. For twelve hours they receive no food, then each one is given two tablespoonfuls of castor oil just before roosting time. The next morning, as soon as it begins to get light enough for the birds to move about, they are driven into one of the clean enclosures, where they are kept for about a month. As soon as it is quite light, and they have stopped fussing about being moved, they are given a light feed of dry grain, scratch feed, or oats and wheat mixed, and one teaspoonful of permanganate of potassium flakes are dissolved in a quart of water. After stirring thoroughly, three quarts of cold water are added, and the drinking vessels filled. They have this same mixture as a drink for the whole month, during which time they are given a mash once a week made by moistening ground corn and oats with castor oil. Besides which, they get a feed twice a day of scratch feed and mixed grain. At the end of the month they are moved into another clean yard and the yard they have been in is again dressed with fresh lime and closed up so the ground will have time to be freed from all contamination before it is used again in the spring.

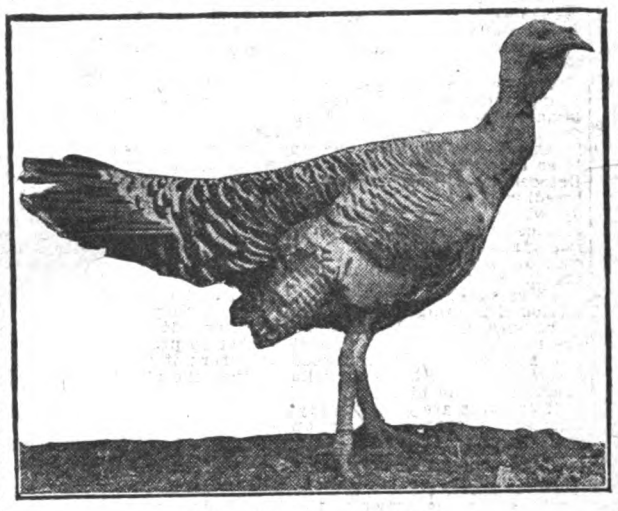
After the birds are moved into the clean yard, stop the weekly oil mash and permanganate of potassium, but add fifteen grains of asafetida to each quart of drinking water one day in every week until February. Once a week give a light feed of mash—about a quart for every ten birds, and mix a generous tablespoonful of powdered rue leaves into it.

February 1st, stop all dosing; increase the amount of oats, and gradually introduce a little animal food, such as commmercial beef scraps and bone meal or fresh, lean scraps from your butcher if you can get them.

From November, when the birds are moved into the second yard, they can be given free range if there is no other poultry running at large, though personally I prefer keeping them in one enclosure until March, when we put five hens and one tom into two of the enclosures which have not been used during the winter. Then about April 1st the toms are separated from the hens and confined in a small enclosure which is divided into two yards by a wire netting of one-inch mesh. The fine netting is used for this partition to prevent the toms from picking and injuring each other's wattles, as they would do if large-sized mesh was used.

As turkey hens stop laying and become broody, they are taken out of their own yard, kept in a small wire pen for about a week, to break them up, and then put into one of the yards with a tom. After about a week they can be returned to their own yard, and will soon commence to lay again. As soon as the flock is taken out of the winter enclosure and put into the breeding yard, the winter yard should be treated with fresh lime, and left to sweeten until wanted for brood coops and baby turks.

Necessary care and feed for young turkeys I will give in one of our spring numbers.



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Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

J. J. R.—As the hen seems to be well, and has made the same coughing noise for some months, I should not think it could be anything serious. But it might be a good idea to dip a wing feather in a mixture of turpentine and sweet oil, push it down the windpipe, give it one or two sharp turns, and pull out quickly. She may have gapeworms, which she may not be able to discharge by coughing. I have had no experience with the lice cure you name.

H. F.—This seems another case of overfeeding, like L. C. S., answer to which please read. Have your ducks a dry sleeping place and plenty of clean bedding? Ducks make their sleeping place so damp that their bedding must be changed often or they get rheumatism. Try rubbing their shanks with equal parts of turpentine and sweet oil.

L. E. E.—Stop the mash entirely. Get commercial scratch feed, or mix cracked corn and cracked oats. Feed your chickens night and morning with this mixture, and keep a hopper filled with mash always before them. For the early baby chicks, chop up a boiled egg, shell and all, mix with a cup of stale bread-crumbs and one chopped onion. Feed two tablespoonfuls to each ten chickens once a day for the first week. For the other four feeds during the day use commercial chick food. Give sour milk in a pan for them to drink. Of course, I suppose you know that they must have nothing of any kind to eat or drink for thirty-six hours after hatching.

L. S.—We have no catalogue of stock for sale.

E.B.—You don't tell me if the chickens are young or old, or how you feed, so it is almost impossible to form any idea of the cause of the trouble. If they are mature hens, I don't think that the trouble was overfeeding, ending in apoplexy. If so, cut down on feed, omitting corn entirely, and put magnesia in the drinking water every three days for a month.

D. L.—The hen is egg bound. Hold her with the vent over a small pail of hot water for a few minutes, then insert sweet oil into the vent, and pour about a teaspoonful down her throat.

L. C. S.—This was clearly a case of killing by kindness. Ducks that are on free range should only have two meals a day after they are three weeks old, and these should be a mixture of bran and ground oats.

G. G.—Worms are one of the most common troubles in the poultry family. When only present in small numbers they don't seem to injure the birds much but unfortunately, unless checked, they multiply very rapidly, and affect the bird's health very seriously. Make a coop with wire netting instead of boards for a floor. Put in a perch and elevate the coop on legs, so that the droppings will pass through the wire mesh, out of the birds' way. Put in birds which you think are affected, in this coop, a few at a time, keep them without food all day, and late in the evening administer one tablespoonful of castor oil. In the morning, give only a light feed, and drinking water with permanganate of potassium in it. For quantity, see latter part of this month's article, at the beginning of the department, and give your whole flock the oil mash and same treatment as recommended for turkeys, stopping all medicine at least six weeks before eggs are to be used for hatching.

A. B.—Well-bred birds of the Rhode Island variety are supposed to make good broilers, but I think White Wyandottes are slightly better, especially if the market calls for broilers of from one to one and a quarter pounds. Light Brahmas are not good for broilers, though excellent, when mature, for roasters. They have large frames, and naturally don't put on flesh until they are full grown.

O. B.—Please read the beginning of the department this month.

J. O. J.—I am afraid, from the description you give of the liver and the white spots on it, that the rooster has tuberculosis. Doctoring is of little avail when the disease gets headway. The only chance is to destroy any birds which look out of condition, and then make a desperate attempt to banish the germs from the premises. Scrape and scrub, and use plenty of fresh lime in the yard or on the land where the poultry is in the habit of congregating. Remember that fresh lime will injure the poultry, so the birds should be shut up for at least three days after its use. Like blackhead, the disease is spread through the droppings, so this month's article will give you some idea of the importance of keeping the land clean.

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October Garden Calendar

"WHEN the frost is on the pumpkin, and the corn is in the shock," we are all just human enough to want to enjoy the bracing autumn air and sunshine, take the old shotgun and hike off to some pond or river after the wily mallard or teal. Or is it rabbits hiding in the brush piles we are most interested in? Why, even the old doleful-faced hound knows it is fall, the time for hunting and real enjoyment.

But there are a lot of things to be done around the farm and garden, little things, perhaps, but things that are important and that cannot safely be put off until "sometime when we get around to 'em" in the future—that never comes.

The root crops, such as turnips, mangels and carrots, are ready to be dug, and the right time to do it is when the ground is fairly dry so that they will come out clean and free from dirt. Parsnips and salsify are not so important, as they are hardy fellows, but for convenience later on it is best to lift them now before the ground freezes solid. And, while we are speaking of digging the root crops, just a word about storage may be in order. Some rainy day, when we can't work outdoors, why not spend the time to advantage in the root-cellar? Whether it be in the cellar or built separate outside, it will need cleaning and perhaps a bit of repairing. Keep in mind that a clean and airy storeroom is the first big step toward successful winter storage of vegetables. Failure to remove all the old shriveled remnants of last year's hoard is sure to result in the smutting of any roots put in the same bins. Get rid of all the accumulated trash, see that ventilators are in good working order, that doors fit snugly (and are rat and mouse proof if possible). If these precautions are taken there will be little spoiling of any of the common root crops.

Cabbage, cauliflower and lettuce sown in September will be ready to transfer to cold frames toward the end of October. For those who have never made one, a cold frame is a simple construction of boards and glassed sash in which young plants are wintered over for early spring planting. Select a southern exposure; preferably one protected from the north and west by buildings. Using wide boards set on edge, form a frame wide enough to take the standard sash, the dimensions of which are five feet, nine inches by three feet and one-half inch. The frame may be made any length desired, but in multiples of three feet and one-half inch. Make the back 14 inches high, and the front six inches; this will give slope or "pitch" enough to shed rain and snow water, and will catch more winter sunlight. Place crossties or braces about six feet apart to give strength and stability. In extremely cold weather the glass should be covered with mats or old quilts, but under ordinary winter temperature the glass alone will give ample protection. Remove the snow after each heavy snowfall.

October is a good time to transplant lusty parsley plants to pots to be kept in the cellar or some other cool place for winter use; most housewives know how nice it is to have parsley always at hand for garneshing. Rhubarb and asparagus can also be set out this month, and early spring-blooming flowers should not be forgotten when a few bulbs set at this time will guarantee a fine display of color in the chilly, raw time that follows the melting of old Winter's snow.

Just one word more: Have the stoves been cleaned and made ready for use, and have the chimneys been freed of last year's soot? The time to do this necessary "chore" is now before cold weather sets in in real earnest. Not only is it necessary for efficient heating, but as a means of fire protection it should receive more attention than it usually gets, for fires in the country are more easily prevented than controlled once they break out. Just another place where "A stitch in time saves nine" holds true.

Preparing Bees for Winter

"Under normal conditions if bees have plenty of good stores and have been properly protected they will have required no special care during the earlier fall months unless it should have been necessary to stimulate brood rearing during September. Every beekeeper, however, should know what conditions are necessary for successful wintering, and he should see that they are provided, if he would have his efforts meet with success," says Prof. H. F. Wilson, apiarist of the Wisconsin College of Agriculture, who is the authority for the information we briefly summarize below.

To begin with, every colony should have a young queen less than one year old whose egg-laying period has not yet been reached. Then, if the bees show a tendency to stop brood rearing in the fall, stimulative feeding may be resorted to so that the queen may be kept laying well into October if the season is open and warm. The breeding of queens that not only produce a progeny which gather large crops of honey but that also continue egg laying late into the fall is an important question that has been but little discussed. During October plans should be made to provide plenty of good stores. At the same time the bees should be protected—the amount of protection depending upon whether or not they are to be wintered outdoors or in the cellar. If they are to be wintered outdoors it is best to provide two hive bodies for the brood chamber; if they are to be wintered in the cellar reduce the brood chamber to one hive body.

If the bees are given plenty of good stores and allowed to arrange their own brood nest, no special preparation of the hive is necessary, provided either that the bees are well packed or that the temperature of the bee cellar is kept near 50 degrees Fahrenheit. When the temperature outside the hive is between 45 and 50 degrees F. the bees move about in the hive more or less freely; and at 50 degrees F. and above, the cluster will spread itself out and the bees can regulate the ventilation according to their own needs. If the temperature is as low as 35 degrees F. moisture condenses on the cover and sides of the hive. Below 32 degrees F. this moisture forms ice whenever the warmth from the bees does not keep the temperature above the freezing point. Removing the cover and leaving the hive open at the top does not improve the condition of the bees, although condensation of moisture may not be in evidence. If the cellar temperature is in the neighborhood of 50 degrees F. it will do no harm to remove the cover, but below that point the cover should be tight in order to help conserve the warmth developed by the bees.

Removing the bottom boards or increasing the clustering space below is unnecessary except for constant temperatures of above 50 degrees F. For lower temperatures the smaller opening on the bottom board is best. Every cover should be tightly sealed and there should be sufficient stores in the hive at the beginning so that the bees will not need to be disturbed during the entire winter.

Packing Hives Outdoors

When bees are to be wintered outdoors, cases should be made and packing material provided well in advance of the time they are needed, in order that they will be on hand when cold weather sets in. Old open sheds are convenient places in which to pack the hives. No matter what method is used, windbreaks built so as to protect the hives from the north and west are essential to successful wintering, as they protect the hives from strong blizzards and drifting snows. Leaves make excellent packing material if they are raked while dry and stored in a dry place until needed.

The hives may be arranged in a variety of ways for packing. Where they set close together a great deal of work and packing material is saved, and warmth is considerably increased. Some of the best beekeepers pack as many as eight or 10 hives in one place. Occasionally single hives are packed, but this is not economical where there is more than one hive to be cared for.

A common practice among experienced apiarists in the North-Central States is to pack four hives in one case, using both straw and leaves for packing material. Four hives are set close together on a platform that is raised four inches above ground. They are then covered with tarred paper. Sides are next built around the four-hive group, allowing for a filling space of 10 inches on all sides. This space is then packed with leaves or straw. A layer of leaves or straw 12 inches thick is next placed on top on the group; over this is tacked tarred paper to make it shed water.

Some apiarists provide a two-inch slot in the side of the case for the bees to pass in and out of their winter quarters, but most experts agree that three or four holes three-fourths inch in diameter in the side of the case make a better entrance than a single slot.

Best Market Type of Hog

The large firms which run the great slaughter houses wish farmers to know that the market value of a hog depends upon the price for which his product can be sold. Consequently the hog which tops the market is the one which dresses a high proportion of the kind of pork which finds the most popular favor among consumers.

Over-finished, extremely lardy meat is too fat for the best trade. At the same time, thin, unfinished pork lacks the substance and maturity which is preferred. Moderate to good finish is most desirable and as a general thing will sell for the higher prices. Killing hogs should show smoothness, uniformity and fullness throughout. Heavy shoulders and shallow, narrow hams yield too great a proportion of bone and shank to suit the consumer. Low narrow backs cut out a pinched loin which produces a smaller amount of pork chops. Soft, wrinkled and seedy bellies never yield the trim, firm, attractive strips of bacon.

The best trade desires pork from good hogs which have been fattened at weights under 250 pounds. A 16-pound loin cuts chops weighing about one-half pound apiece. An eight- to nine-pound loin will yield four chops to the pound. Most families will pay more for a pound of pork containing four chops than for a pound containing only two. This naturally puts a premium on the lighter loins. The six- to 10-pound bacon strips carry a more popular portion of fat and lean than do the 14- to 20-pound bellies as cut from 300- to 350-pound hogs. The 10- to 14-pound hams are more nearly "family size" than is the 18- to 20-pound average.

At the packing centers pork is divided into fresh pork, four grades of smoked meat, dry salt pork, mess pork, etc., on the basis of quality and weight. These various classes are then diverted to the trade which will absorb them at the highest possible values. The hogs which produce the choice handyweight fresh cuts and the best quality of smoked meats naturally command the highest price on foot.

Sudden demand for light English sides or for lard and provisions naturally causes some variation in the kind of hog which tops the market. However, the smoothly-covered, well-finished butcher hog which weighs between 190 and 250 pounds is the one whose pork generally finds the broadest outlet at the best price and most profit.

The ideal farmer's hog must be a combination of good breeding, good feeding and good killing qualities. The coming fairs and shows will give every hog man an opportunity to see the various types and judge the best kind suited to his special needs. The most suitable type of hog should have length or "streteh" enough to be prolific; bone and size enough to feed economically; character enough to produce the more popular kinds and weights of pork.

Tanning Hides at Home

Though tanneries are equipped to make all the leather the country needs, and can make it better and cheaper than the farmer can himself, there are times when the producer of raw hides finds that the margin between the price received for the raw material and the price asked for finished leather is so great that home tanning becomes a practice worthy of serious attention. There are times when farmers in certain sections of the country can hardly give away the hides they have, yet leather in small pieces in these same localities costs $1.00 to $1.50 a pound! To help farmers meet such emergencies the United States Department of Agriculture has just issued Department Circular No. 230, "Home Tanning," which gives detailed directions for making leather for various purposes on the farm.

This circular contains explicit instructions for making bark-tanned sole and harness leather, chrome-tanned leather and alum-tanned lace leather on a small scale. It also contains valuable information relative to the usual practices, rates and methods of payment followed by tan-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34.)

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Jack-O-Lantern Winks

By Peggie Poe

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AWAY down South in Alabama, little Gingersnap, round and black, sat before the fire burning in the old grate. It was Hallowe'en night and somehow that fire made folks feel mighty comfortable and SAFE from THINGS out-of-doors where the wind was snapping the fig tree against the cabin and calling: W-O-O-O with every snap. Gingersnap's five little black pig-tails of hair bobbed about like they were afraid, and she was mighty glad that they were fastened on tight, because if they had been loose she was sure they would have been under the bed in the farthest, darkest corner, as Gingersnap felt like doing herself.

The old black cat came in and brought her speckled kitten and they sat down beside Gingersnap. The girl, the cat and the kitten sat there they did and watched the big coals gobble up the little coals, and then grandpappy ashes creep out of the smoke and snap up the red coals.

They listened to the fat yams (sweet potatoes) a sizzling in the old iron bake-pot under the hot ashes. Every so often the hair would stand up on the back of the black cat and little cold shivers would creep up and down Gingersnap's back.

All this time Gingersnap's Jack-O-Lantern sat on the little table by the window with light coming out of its fifteen snaggy teeth and two eyes. Gingersnap had made that Jack-O-Lantern herself and it had seemed a very friendly kind of a lantern out in the yard where Mister Sun was at work too, but now with a big candle in it and no light in the room and the BLACK shadows reaching into the tiniest corners and the wind acting so with the old fig tree. and old Mister Trouble with his pack sack of tears over his back, tramping down the Big Road and his dusty old brother Temptation, running up and down all the foot-paths to folks houses, it all made Gingersnap afraid of her own Jack-O-Lantern.

Just then her own comfortable Mammy Cleo came in and sat down in her squeaky hickory chair and asked Gingersnap why she didn't play with her Jack-O-Lantern.

"Oh! his face is too ugly," said Gingersnap.

"Pshaw! Honey, Jack-O-Lantern can't help that. Ever since that old witch woman made the first one, they have all looked ugly. She was so ugly herself that she made everything she looked ugly. That's why your mammy tells you to keep your face mighty sweet and smiling—'less you be like that old witch woman and turn so sour that folks won't like you.

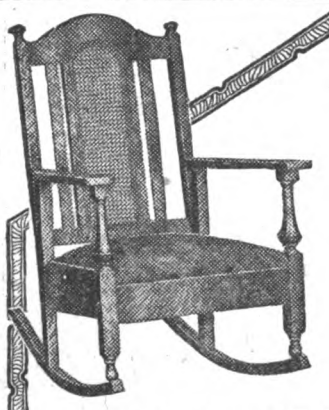
"Oh! tell me about the first Jack-O-Lantern?" begged Gingersnap folding her feet beneath her red calico dress.

"Well, it was a long time ago. Folks in Dixie land were living that peacefully, that they would pass the cake and coffee to plum strangers except to that old witch woman, living down there, behind the cane-field all alone with her black cat, and her old broom that she was always using to sweep dirt before folks doors. Now that old woman was real happy with her spiders and her cobwebs, until one day she passed the Big House and saw the pink-and-white baby lying in its crib, right then that old woman decided that she wanted a baby exactly like the one in the Big House. She isn't asking how a nice pink baby is going to live in her old dirty cabin filled with litter, but she is so satisfied with herself she sets out to find her a baby. 'Course folks ain't going to give her their babies. They 'sic-ed' their hounds on her, but that old woman ain't to be fooled out of her 'wants'. She takes her old cat and her broom and the money in an old stocking and goes to visit that old fortune telling woman who lives in the cane-brake over by the lake. Now that fortune teller laughs when the old witch woman says she wants a nice pink fat baby, but she thinks she had better get herself some of that money in the stocking so she fools that old witch woman a plenty—she gives her a powder in a mole skin and told her to go out in the cornfield and sprinkle the powder over a pumpkin vine and then to go on and mind her own business and everybody's business, like she always does, until she heard Jack Frost coming out of the North after his mess of greens like he does every year; then the witch woman was to go to that pumpkin vine and take whatever she found there to her cabin and keep it, it was sure to make her a very suitable baby. Now the old witch woman was so pleased to get the powder that she paid the fortune telling woman a pile of money out of that stocking and hurried away to the cornfield where she sprinkled that powder over a fine pumpkin vine then she hurried home mighty anxious to hear Jack Frost coming down the road, but of course she had to wait a while; so that old witch woman went about her business, but at last Mister Crow stopped to gossip with her and he told her he had heard that Jack Frost was coming.

"Well that old woman was so anxious to get to the cornfield, that she shut the door on her cat's tail and cut half of it off. You can tell that is so, by looking at the bob-tailed cat. After she had let the cat loose she hurried away with ashes over her face. When she got to the cornfield she went to the vine where she had sprinkled the powder and there she found a big yellow pumpkin. Of course she was kind of disappointed, hoping as she had been to find a nice pink baby, but the fortune teller had told her to take home whatever she found, so she took the pumpkin under her arm and put it in her bed. Every day she would sing songs to that pumpkin and kiss it, hoping it would turn into a nice pink baby.

"Now about the time of October when the birds come down from the North that old fortune telling woman played a joke on the witch woman. She watched one day, and when the witch woman was gone she slipped into her cabin, took a knife and made a face on that pumpkin. She made it ugly like the witch woman, with long teeth, big eyes, then she covered that pumpkin up in the bed and went home. When the witch woman got home she ran to her bed to see if that pumpkin had turned into a pink baby and there was the very pattern of herself. Now that old woman having paid out her good money made herself believe that she was real satisfied that she had something different from other folks, so she took that pumpkin under her arm and goes calling about the neighborhood It ain't very long until she finds out that its head is hollow and she puts a candle in it so folks will think it is real smart and bright, then she goes about visiting with her son, which she 'done' named Jack. Course it ain't long until folks was laughing at her and all the boys was making the pumpkins into heads to look like her son and they called them Jack-O-Lanterns. After a while that old witch woman gets real mad and left the cane-brake, no one heard where she went, but all the Jack-O-Lanterns to this very day are related to that son of hers," finished Mammy Cleo taking a fat yam out of the hot coals.

"Oh! isn't that funny," laughed Gingersnap looking at her own Jack-O-Lantern, and would you believe it that old Jack-O-Lantern looked right back at her and winked its eye, for "yes"



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SEND NO MONEY—Just choose the ring you want, A, B or C. Send your name, address and finger size. Your ring will come by return mail. (A)—Oval, artistically engraved with **Orange Blossoms.** (C)—Heavy Plain Narrow **Yellow Gold English Oval Ring.** (B)—Handsome, Square, Engraved **Bridal Wreath** design. Newest and most fashionable Rings. If you order rings A or B you can have your choice of **Yellow Gold** or the latest **White Platinum** finish. **Unconditional 10-Year Guarantee.** Pay postman $1.49 on arrival. Money back if not satisfied. **Act Quick!** Only limited number at this special price.

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130 New Transfer Patterns FREE



All The Latest Stylish Designs For Milady's Dress, Lingerie And Accessories, Children's Garments, Household Linen And Fancy Work, Also Hoops, Stiletto, Embroidery Cotton And Instruction Book.

COMFORT needleworkers will welcome this splendid new transfer outfit consisting of five large sheets of patterns, five skeins embroidery cotton, different colors: hoops, bone stiletto and book on embroidery stitches. This grand pattern assortment, which easily surpasses anything we ever offered before, includes more than **one hundred thirty** new stylish motifs for all kinds of wearing apparel, table linen, towels, handkerchiefs and many beautiful articles of fancy work for home decoration. They may be used singly and in innumerable combinations. There are designs for corset covers, petticoats, collars, borders and sprays for dresses, lingerie, etc., borders for braid, towels, etc., anchors, repeat scallops in five different sizes, two sizes of fancy scallops, fleur-de-lis, French knots, child's dress, Dutch figures, scarf end for Bulgarian work, rose design for pillow, corners for table covers, centerpieces, lunch cloths, handkerchiefs, etc., etc., 17-inch butterfly centerpiece, doilies, one complete 2¾-inch Old English alphabet, one complete 1½-inch initial block alphabet, one complete ½-inch initial script alphabet, and various other designs—over **one hundred thirty** in all.

The patterns may be **instantly** transferred to any material by simply rubbing with bowl of a spoon or by pressing with a hot iron. They can be used at least six times with satisfactory results.

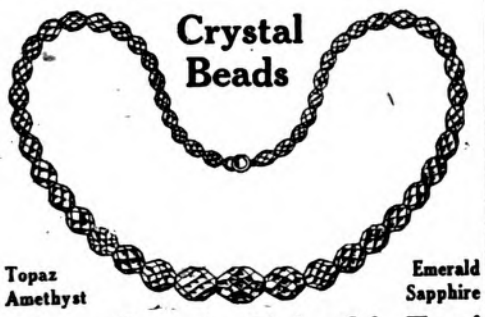
Remember—in **addition** to all these patterns, we also include free of charge, five skeins good embroidery cotton in different colors, hoops, bone stiletto and a book illustrating and describing all the principal embroidery stitches, making embroidery so simple that a child can do it.

We will make you a present of this big transfer outfit if you will accept the following offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this complete Transfer Outfit, exactly as described, free by mail postpaid. **Reward No. 9272.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Crystal Beads



Topaz Amethyst Emerald Sapphire

Given For A Club Of Two!

THESE Crystal Beads are the latest thing out and so beautiful are they we could not refrain from buying a quantity to give as club rewards to our young lady readers. The Necklace is 24 inches in length, with a strong, durable gold-plated clasp; the beads are graduated, the largest ones measuring ⅛x⅝ inches, and the smallest ⅝x¼ inches in size. They are real cut glass—not pressed glass—and their flashing prismatic colors are a delight to the eye.

For summer wear, with low-neck dresses, nothing could be more stylish than one of these handsome new necklaces and we are delighted to think that we are able to make this offer. Be sure to state color desired when ordering. You can have your choice of Topaz, Amethyst, Emerald and Sapphire.

Given To You! For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these handsome and stylish Crystal Bead Necklaces free by parcel post prepaid. **Please be sure to mention color wanted. Reward No. 1052.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Gate Top Mesh Purse

THIS is the new "Gate Top" mesh purse with a ten-inch wrist chain, handsome, stylish, and **perfectly safe for the carrying of money and other valuables.** A slight pull with the forefinger of each hand instantly opens the purse, a gentle pressure with thumb and finger closes it. Our illustration shows the purse closed. When open the top is as large as the bottom, or in other words, two inches in diameter. When closed it leaves an opening only three-fourths of an inch wide over which the brightly polished German silver cover snaps down tightly so that the contents of the purse cannot possibly become lost. This dainty purse is now extremely fashionable so we have purchased a quantity for the benefit of those of our lady and girl readers who like to be up-to-date in these little accessories. You can have one of them free by taking advantage of the following



Reward No. 7833

Club Offer. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this handsome and stylish Gate Top mesh purse free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Reward No. 7833.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24.)

much opposition as I can against such exhibits. Let all of our League do likewise. It is action in harmony with our rules and purposes. We are a Big Family and are a powerful one when we act together toward a common end. Let us strive in every way to give no pain to, and save from pain, every living creature which in its own way seeks for happiness. There are enough legetimate forms of amusement without making use of those inextricably connected with suffering for those who give us the amusement. Thanks again for your letter, Gomer.

SOUTH COULTON, N. Y.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

Hello, Uncle! It's raining cats and dogs and I wonder if I dare to venture out? Maybe I can borrow Tom Thumb's boots and then I'll be "write" over. Yes, Tom says I may but I must be very careful and not get them wet. There, Uncle, I've got that far and maybe Billy will let me get farther. Don't tell Billy, but I'm dreadfully afraid of him. And say, I know Bill is good looking and all that, but that's no excuse for him—he's too hard on the flappers. I believe once upon his time in the past he had an "affaire du cœur." Thanks, Uncle Lisha, for standing up for the flappers. You're a prophet and I'll try and make your prophecy come true to the best of my ability. It's wonderful to see such faith in youth.

Don't the boys and girls give interesting descriptions of their towns? Do you know, my secret wish is that some future day I may travel and see every town and city in the state and every state, too. I'd rather see the good old U. S. A. than Europe. So many tourists see nothing of America's beauties, instead they spend their time grubbing in ruins of Europe. "America for Americans"—that's me!

Shirley Mae Smith, if you see this, I want to tell you you've a position I'm interested in. Reporting! That's a magic word. Well' here's hoping you succeed and become a star reporter.

I notice all the cousins give their writeups, so I shall follow suit: My eyes are hazel brown, complexion fair, and my hair is gold brown. I'm about five feet three or four inches short. Now I'd like to have all the boys and girls write. Please do!

Sincerely, FLORENCE WOOD.

Step in, Florence, and put your boots to dry over in the corner by the gas radiator. The wetter the day, the better it is to have cheerful company and someone who does not talk about their rheumatism and the world going to the bowwows. I mention no names, of course.

Now that you have started on your travels and got so far as Brooklyn, I hope you will keep on with your itinerant ambitions and not stop until you have covered all of the little old U. S. A. and its forty-eight stars. You can send us back stories as you go. As for travelers, there are loads of tourists who crossed to Europe this past summer, Flo. And if they wanted to grub among ruins, in addition to its regular stock of century-aged relics, Europe was able to display some special new samples lately completed and added to her line. Besides digging into these ruins, our American tourists had to dig deeply into their jeans, you may be sure. Europe owes us a lot of money, and the more she can collect from us when we voyage over there, why the easier it will be for her to pay her debts. Hotel proprietors and shopkeepers across the pond are remembering this and have made tariffs accordingly. We are not the only high tariff country, you see!

Florence, it was a delicate matter, but to settle things I asked Bill about that "affaire du cœur" you suggested in your letter. And what do you think was the result? "Uncle Lisha," said he, "you know I always avoid dogs when possible. I have found them most undiscriminating. But I do remember an affair with a cur in Kansas City who once chased me three blocks before I got my second wind." Flo, sometimes I think that for all his erudite airs, Billy does not know so much as he would like to make folks believe. At any rate, this answer of his would seem to tell us that a mastery of French is not among his accomplishments. And we are no wiser than before, you see!

RUSHVILLE, R. R. 10, IND.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Here I am back again after failing to get my first letter in print. I'm really glad, Uncle, that you did not print my first letter. I'll tell you why: In the first place it was not a very sensible letter for a boy of my age, and in the second place I said things about the "fair sex" that I was sorry for after I mailed the letter.

I will describe myself as all the cousins do: I am five feet, eight inches tall; weight 140 pounds, eyes brown, light brown hair, light complexion and I am twenty years old.

We have been readers of good old COMFORT for several years, but were not taking it at the time Uncle Charlie died, and were surprised to hear later of his death.

I live on a farm of three hundred and eighty-some acres—I don't know just how many. It is an awful hilly farm—yellow clay hills. Most farms around here are pretty level except this one. Most of the soil in this part of the state is black and seems to raise pretty good crops—corn and wheat being the main ones. There is also a good deal of long green tobacco and watermelons raised down here. Most of the farmers raise a good deal of livestock, too; hogs being the principal one. There is a farmer a mile down the road from us who is feeding between six hundred and a thousand this summer.

Uncle, I wish you and the cousins could have been down to our centennial last week, celebrating Rushville's one hundreth birthday. I know you would have enjoyed yourself. One of our bakers baked a cake weighing five hundred pounds, which was cut to feed four thousand visitors. Some cake, wasn't it?

I have been picking raspberries today and have got about four thousand briars to pick out of my hands and arms, so I will close for this time, hoping to see this letter in print. I will send Billy a big piece of raspberry pie if he will pass this letter. I would like to receive letters from some of the cousins, boys and girls both. I will answer all I can.

Your nephew, GEORGE SAGER.

George, the girls will all be glad to see you join the repentance squad, even if they can never know the fearfully cruel knocks you handed out in your first letter. When you wrote before, you were probably grouchy after climbing about that "awfully hilly farm" and getting yellow clay all over your five feet, eight and your white buckskin low shoes. Why did you ever let 'em stick you with a sticky, hilly farm, George, old boy, when all the other acres around you are black and level? Can't you swap it off somehow? I remember cradling rye once on a sidehill farm, with the thermometer 96 in the shade—only there wasn't any shade where I was. About three o'clock in the afternoon, I would have been willing to have traded that farm for a 1906 model, self-stopping Ford or a one-eared blind mule. So I know something of your troubles, you see. Anyway, if your yellow clay is good and sticky, it will prevent your crops rolling off any of the hill fields. There's no hill without some small grain, as the proverb says.

I would have been delighted to have attended Rushville's birthday, George, and eaten pieces of cake number 4,001. But Billy, the demon calculator, sniffed at that cake story of yours. He said that a 500-pound cake, cut for 4,000 people, would only mean two ounces of cake apiece. I leave you to imagine what Billy would say, or *do*, if anybody offered him two ounces of cake all at one time! I would not want to be around just then; I am too tender-hearted. Bill likes his cake cut with a long-handled shovel or a hay-knife. This applies to raspberry pie, too, George, if you decide to send him on a carload or two after you have the briars picked out of your raspberry hooks and the yellow clay cleaned from your white buckskins. But take my advice and trade that farm the first chance you get.

ENERGY, TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND LEAGUE FOLKS:

Just an inconspicuous place in the western section of the League, please!

Isn't it strange how fickle are the fancies of human nature—or perhaps I should have said of some humans. I can remember the time, oh, some fifteen years or so ago, when I used to dream of growing up and owning a big candy store. Sure! Why not? An' every little boy an' girl would come and buy of me—and I would put just about ten times as much candy in their sacks as the store man down at the village did in mine!

Then, a few years later, when the teacher told me I had a real sweet voice for a child, and used to put me on the "program" to sing for the visitors on Friday afternoons, I began to dream of growing up and becoming a famous operatic star. But my career as a prima donna died a sudden and unannounced death one beautiful day, when I chanced to see and hear a group of Salvation Army girls on the streets of a neighboring city. So! I'd join the Salvation Army when I got old enough; that's what I'd do!

And there were other dreams—some of them fanciful and unpractical: such as being a poet (Eugene Field was playing a large part in my young life at that time); a trained nurse; but dad proceeded to put his foot down on that ambition, however; and last, but by no means least, I once aspired to the position of *a millionaire's wife!*

About the only thing I never dreamed of being—in fact, the vocation never did seem to "glimmer with glory" to me—was a schoolma'am; and yet that's precisely what I proceeded to turn out to be and what I am today. Although still young and good looking(?), I am not satisfied. I don't like the work. I wish I had a big cattle ranch 'way out west (with lots of cattle on it, of course), where I could hear the coyotes bark, I mean yelp, every night. Then, if I had a wild mustang pony (and knew how to ride him), and a good long lariat (and knew how to throw it), why I'd be right where I want to be! Of course I hope there would be a nice, good-looking young cowboy hidden away among the cactus somewhere, who'd come along sometime and maybe——well, I guess I'd just as well quit talking. It's nothing but another air castle, anyway, no doubt. I'll never be a cowgirl, nor an opera singer, nor a nurse—nor nothing much, maybe, but an "old maid school-teacher." But if I *do* change into something else, I'll come and tell you about it.

Good by. MARY A. ZSCHIESCHE.

I'm sure glad, Mary, that I have an Uncle's privilege to call you by your front name. If I didn't, I would have to wait until I had the hay fever before I would dare to address you with any hope of pronouncing your name straight.

As for "fickle fancies," the thoughts of youth are always long, long thoughts, Mary, as a poet has told us. Mounting over the distant hills of dream they go, little knowing during the happy flights of the flat dusty country that must surely be traveled in future years—sometimes over a hard road with the dream hills only fading farther and farther away in the distance of years. But this need not always be so, thanks be. For dreams have a way of coming true and air-castles often gain substantial foundations. Nothing was ever done without a dreamer in this world, and the most airy of dream castles is better than an empty corner lot—and brain!

But I'm sorry, Mary, that after you climbed so many hills of delightful fancy, you now have to plod along through what you think is unattractive country, so different from all the dream routes you had planned to travel. Yet no one who teaches need find her life empty or think her career wasted. Someone taught you, Mary, and you have it daily in your power to mould young lives and direct other youthful dreamers of dreams.

So if you never swing a lariat, astride of your cowgirl pony, or meet that good-looking cowboy among the cactus, you can still make for yourself days that "glimmer with glory" just the same. The best of light is that which shines from within. It is the art of happiest wisdom to live and not to be always looking forward to living. And sometimes, along the dustiest of roads, the most glimmery of dreams will come to meet us if we whistle as we go. Why, Mary, I used to think of myself as becoming a fat,

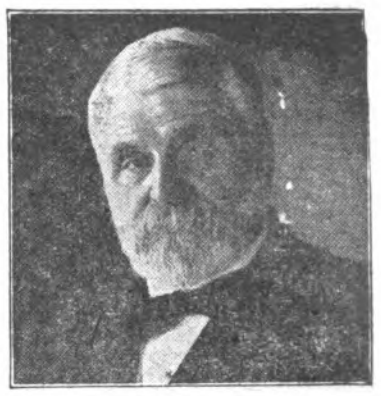
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 39.)

NOT MORE THAN ONE FREE TRIAL BOTTLE TO ANY FAMILY

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THERE is someone in every family who is constipated, bilious, dyspeptic. They need my Syrup Pepsin and will be better off for using it. It may be a woman, an old man, a tiny baby. Syrup Pepsin is as effective for grownups as it is safe for babies. Thousands of mothers can testify to that.

Perhaps you have reached the stage where you take pills every night and think there is nothing else for you to do. Don't believe it! No matter how chronically constipated or dyspeptic you are, Syrup Pepsin will regulate you. It is a combination of simple laxative herbs with pepsin that acts on the stomach and intestines, and in a short time trains the digestive organs to do their work naturally and without help.



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SEND FOR A FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

In spite of the fact that my Syrup Pepsin is on sale in every drug store, I want you to become acquainted with it at my expense, and then, if you find it as I claim, buy it of your nearest dealer at a price that will stand you about a cent a dose. One such bottle will last an average family many months. Just now send me your name and address in any way most convenient to yourself, by filling out the coupon below, by postal or letter. I have given many thousands of these bottles away and I know you will appreciate it as keenly as others have. Address me today.

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I want to try your Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Kindly send a free trial bottle to the address below, all charges prepaid.

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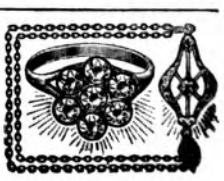
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If you combined the curative properties of every known "ready-made" cough remedy, you probably could not get as much real curative power as there is in this simple home-made cough syrup, which is easily prepared in a few minutes.

Get from any druggist 2½ ounces of Pinex, pour it into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with syrup, using either plain granulated sugar syrup, clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, as desired. The result is a full pint of really better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made for three times the money. Tastes pleasant and never spoils.

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Conducted by Cousin Marion

In writing this department always sign your true name and give your address; if not, your letter will receive no attention. Name will not be published.

MY wish this month is that the past summer has been as pleasant for everyone of my girls as it has for me. Mine has been not only pleasant, but profitable for you as well, for you have been in my mind and my every action has been for your benefit. If I did something good it was because it would enable me the better to point out the right to you. If I did something not so good it was because I had to know the wrong as well as the right in order to advise against it. Isn't that a wonderful alibi? However, to relieve your dear worried minds, I've been a most proper and circumspect old thing all the time, and you needn't blush for my behavior. Just look after your own.

SARAH, Indiana.—Some women enjoy being made unhappy, and you, Sarah, appear to be one of that kind. If your first marriage terminated in a divorce, why marry again when the chances are good that the second marriage would end the same way? He is too jealous to be a good husband and divorces are expensive things.

SILVER STAR, Mich.—Personally, I don't like halfway answers. They make me hopping mad. A straightforward "Yes" or "No" is much better. If you love him say so when he asks you. If you don't love him, tell him so. You should endeavor to be kind and tactful in the latter event, but firm. Then there can be no post-mortems.

CATHARINE, Pa.—As housekeeper for your father you may have to work hard but you are assured of a home and while unmarried there is always the chance that you will meet and marry a really worth-while man. Married to the young man who spends all his money and isn't settled in his habits, you'd have to work as hard, if not harder, than at home, with no chance of bettering yourself by marriage. Next time he speaks of marriage and the fact that he wants a home, tell him you will listen to him when he has made a definite start toward saving for a home, real saving, and not the kind that deposits money in the bank one day and draws it out the next. Banks should issue toddle tops instead of bank-books to those who have a Put-and-Take system of banking. I have to watch myself carefully in that respect so I know whereof I speak.

RHODA, Missouri.—It is much worse to be unhappy in your husband's home than in your father's, as I have explained to Catharine, elsewhere in this column, so wait a while longer and believe that something good will come to you. The man who wants to marry you is too suspicious to be a very good husband.

DIMPLE, Oklahoma.—If you are playing kissing games at a party you've just naturally got to kiss the boys. The moral is: Don't play kissing games.

BROWN ROSEBUD, New York.—I've been in New York and I never saw any brown rosebuds. Your sister's fiance doubtless looks upon you as a mere child and kissing you means no more to him that kissing your young brothers, as you say he does. Don't get the idea in your head that you are grown up. At fourteen you are too young to receive proposals and you should give the next letter to your father or mother and let them answer it. That ought to put a stop to future proposals.

C. B. VEHUL, Maine.—Just because a man "looks good" is no sign you'd be happy if you were married to him. In fact, I've noticed that the good-looking men are usually the most unsuccessful as husbands. I know there is something irresistible about a nice square chin, wavy hair and a general well-tailored appearance—old as I am, I fall for 'em strong—but for a husband give me one less ornamental and less selfish, though I can't really blame the handsome critters for being selfish. We women help make them that way.

WORRIED OF MISSOURI.—The young folks of today are as much of a problem to their fathers and mothers as the fathers and mothers were to their parents years ago, and, really, it is conditions and not people that have changed. Human nature is the same always. In future years the youngsters of today will be having difficulties with their children, though I am wondering "What Will the Limit Be?" You owe your aunt every respect and kindness in return for her love and care for you, and you are rather young to have a sweetheart, though there is no harm in being friendly with boys of your own age if you don't lose your head over them. If he is in the habit of accompanying you from church and entertainments he might as well call for you and take you there, and if you are with him Sunday afternoons, anyway, it is better that it should be at your own home. Include your aunt in your conversation and pleasures and carefully defer to her wishes. She may understand better then.

BOBBY, Okla.—My dear, it is not only improper but highly imprudent as well as dangerous, when returning from a dance (or anywhere else) to allow your escort to stop the car while he hugs and kisses you. However, if he does it at all it should be while the car is stopped. Not only is it more satisfactory that way but there is less danger of bumping into other osculating couples and getting broken mudguards and noses and windshields. It is much safer to refrain from love-making under such conditions and I am glad that it has never happened to you. Take care that it doesn't. (2) Bloomers or kickers, especially designed for women and girls, shouldn't be considered disgraceful when worn on appropriate occasions and a hike and picnic seems to be the time to wear them, but if knickers are not worn in Shamrock, then you were likely to be talked about. But there's lots worse things you might have done.

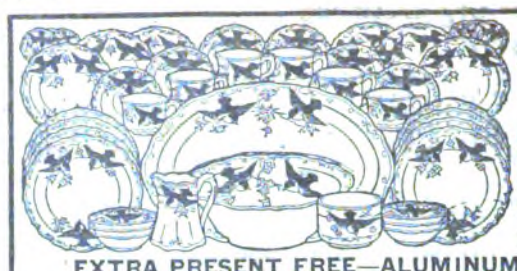
PETER'S DUTCH GIRL, Missouri.—Your name is most appropriate. You are likely to be in Dutch unless you devote more time to your studies and less to boys and dances. Letters like yours, and I receive a great many of them, make me feel like spanking the writers.

BETSY, Pa.—If he does not believe the untruthful stories told about you, he will continue to call as before. You don't want a half faith, I am sure, so unless he can show complete faith in you, you are better off without him. He is too young for you, anyway.

JOLLY GIRL, Ohio.—A pumpkin show must be a most romantic place. Fancy meeting your fate at one. If only there were pumpkin shows in Maine I'd never been an old maid. Won't you invite me to the next one? I think you should obey your mother. If she says you are too young for sweethearts then you are. She knows more about the date of your birth than you or I can ever know.

RUTH, Texas.—If you had meant very much to him he would have waited for you instead of consoling himself so easily with another girl, don't you think?

MAE R., Tennessee.—No, I don't think it would be right for you to marry a boy who drinks whiskey. The selfish thing! Go to high school instead.



FREE
HANDSOME 42-PC. BLUE BIRD FULL SIZE DINNER SET
NO MONEY NEEDED. WE PAY FREIGHT.
SELL ONLY 10 BOXES OF SOAP,
each box containing 7 cakes fine Toilet Soap and with every box, give as premiums to each purchaser all of the following articles; a Pound of Baking Powder, Bottle Perfume, Box Talcum Powder, 6 Teaspoons, Pair Shears and Package Needles, and this artistically decorated Dinner Set is Yours. Many other equally attractive offers and hundreds of useful Premiums or large Cash Commission for your spare time.

EXTRA PRESENT FREE—ALUMINUM SET
As an inducement we give a 5-Piece Full-Size Aluminum Kitchen Set, consisting of Sauce Pan, Pudding Pan, Fry Pan, Sugar Shaker, and Measuring Cup FREE of cost in addition to the Dinner Set, if you order promptly. You advance no money. We trust you. You risk nothing. WRITE TODAY for our BIG FREE CATALOG and full information for taking orders.



THE PERRY G. MASON CO., 694 Culvert & 5th St., Cincinnati, O. Founded 1897.

LILLIE N., Texas.—There could be no harm in sending a birthday card to a boy friend on his birthday. I try to keep a record of the birthdates of my friends and send a card to each on their respective birthdays. I'm always glad when people remember mine provided they don't remember my age. Even when they say I don't look to be th— er, as old as I am, it hurts just the same.

GRAY EYES, St. Louis, Mo.—Your father knows men better than you do and if he objects to your boy friend kissing you, then don't let him do it any more. Fathers and mothers usually know best.

STAR, Jefferson City.—If you want to make him more conceited than he already is (if such a thing be possible) then ask him for his photograph. If I were you I wouldn't "go with him" and, thirdly, I don't think he loves you.

TROUBLED GIRLIE, N. C.—If I were in your place I'd arrange matters so my mother could meet the man in question and then abide by her opinion of him. Because the Matron said he was "worthless" doesn't necessarily make it so. Still, I can understand why a woman in charge of so many girls would use rather strong adjectives at times. Hers is a great responsibility and she doubtless feels it is better to be severe than sorry.

WALTER, S. C.—Don't depend upon your friend to "speak a good word" for you with your sweetheart. Do it yourself. You remember what happened when Miles Standish sent John Alden on such a mission to the fair Priscilla, don't you? He learned, to his sorrow, that "If you want a thing well done, you must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others. Apply it to your case. Do your own love-making. Your friend may be better looking than you are.

MRS. G. M. D., N. Mexico.—It would be better not to correspond with your ex-sweetheart though you should answer his letter. Explain kindly but firmly that you do not think it would be fair to your husband to keep up a correspondence with him and that you love your husband too much to wish to do so anyway. He had his chance and deliberately let it slip—irretrievably.

BROWN EYES, Nebraska.—Go to him in person and ask for your letters and photograph, or ask your father or mother to get them for you. In the future don't write anything that you wouldn't be willing for the world to read. This applies to everyone.

HOPELESS STRANGER, Arkansas.—Men aren't such helpless things as you imagine them to be. If he wanted to know you he would find someone to introduce him. Men possess initiative enough when they really want anything.

PEGGY, Wisc.—Shake, Peggy, I hate like the dickens to wear a hat, too, and I burn frightfully. Ask K. Booth about removing tan, but why bother with it until next winter? Have a good time this summer and let the tan take care of itself.

TROUBLED BLUE EYES, Mo.—Always, always, I've said, keep away from married men. These "handsome guys" are dangerous.

A. B., Ore.—If he persists in being cool toward you with no better reason than given in your letter, let him persist. You should manifest no concern.

I "gotta" go feed my Thanksgiving turkey now. Dieting didn't get a husband for me so 'm going to eat anything and everything I want whenever I want to. I'm not so very fat, anyway.

Hoping you are the same,
COUSIN MARION.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

LOUISIANA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

My letter is to one and all and especially to Lena who has the jealous husband. This is a hard case but, as Mrs. Mullikin said, "love and kindness rule the whole world." It does not seem possible that anyone could read "Hearthroken's" letter and not profit by it.

I believe that misunderstanding has caused more heartaches than anything else. I have been married thirty-four years to as good a man as there is, I think, but we have had our troubles too. Jealousy was not the cause unless he was jealous of the children. He told me I cared more for them than I did for him and I did neglect him for them. He had cross and pouty spells that lasted most of the time. I decided he had ceased to care for me or never did. So matters went from bad to worse, and we both thought of a separation. One day he was taken very sick and I thought his days were numbered. I sat by him day and night. If I left him for a little spell he begged for me. No one could quiet him but me. Right then I awoke to the fact that I had neglected him. In my grief I cried to God to spare him. Seven years have passed and now he always comes first in my thoughts and the children second. All our children are married and in homes of their own but we are still young in our love for one another. Lena, if you love him as I love my husband you surely can sacrifice much by being silent. Let him know by your words and actions that he means the most to you and that you love him the best of anyone. He surely will be ashamed and if this does no good I would tell him I would go away until he could trust me but you will always love him and always be hoping he will come for you.

I most heartily agree with Texas Blue Bonnet about the downtrodden girl and the way the man is upheld who pulled her down.

Mrs. R. V. Long, when your boys disagree, separate them for a while. Do not let them play together. They will get tired alone.

I would like to receive letters from sisters in Arkansas.

ELIZABETH.

MICHIGAN.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have often seen inquiries as to how to bring up children and have wanted to write. In the first place, insist upon obedience. Don't sit and rock and tell a child what to do and still keep on rocking, never looking to see if they do what you tell them or not. But see that they do it. Never say "No" immediately when they ask you to go some place or for something but consider a while and see if it is expedient for them to do so. If so, let them. If you can't let them, say no and let no amount of teasing change your mind.

Now I am not an old maid who really knows what she would do; in fact, having brought up six children to manhood and womanhood, I really think I have had experience. If possible send them to bed happy. Take any other time in the twenty-four hours to find fault with them, but have a pleasant story to read to them or tell them at bedtime after they have repeated the bedtime prayer of "Now I lay me down to sleep." Try always to make them happy. Let them remember a happy childhood if it is possible. MRS. H. J. D.

LYNCHBURG, 1303 FORT AVE., VA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I am a brunette of twenty-three years. My mother and father died when I was very young. I was married at the age of seventeen but have never regretted it. We have a little boy, five years of age, who is the sunshine of our home.

I wish to say to the mothers of small children that I do not approve of public work and leaving your little ones in care of someone else. I think if we do all we can to help save at home and try to do our duty to our loved ones there, as our Heavenly Father would have us do it, our reward in heaven would be much more to us than all the money we could earn. I do my sewing, washing, ironing, quilt making, soap making, housecleaning and cooking, so you see that is the way we can save money even if we don't earn it some other way. In case we should be obliged to leave our children we should leave them in the best of care.

I enjoy reading the sisters' letters and looking at so many baby pictures.

With love and best wishes to all,
MRS. JAMES DUDLEY.

AINSWORTH, NEB.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I've tried before to get a chair in your happy bunch but you didn't even look at me, and I am writing again.

I want to tell you how I made over an old room that was nearly beyond repair. You may not like my color scheme but I do. First I cleaned the room thoroughly and as the paper was broken and of several different kinds, I papered it in a deep yellow, with cream colored ceiling. The floor, woodwork and built-in cornerpiece was painted a French yellow which is a mixture between brown and yellow. After the paint was dry I moved my white enamel bedroom set in there. I had a small green and yellow bedroom rug, six by nine, that I used. At the windows I hung cream-colored curtains with big yellow roses. When I started this I was discouraged as the floor was very bad and the walls were worse, but I'm proud of it now.

As I am a young housekeeper I haven't any useful hints to offer as others have but I have made use of many that the sisters have sent to dear old COMFORT. I know Mrs. Wilkinson will read it and maybe she will fix her bedroom on the same plan.

MOLLY-O.

Molly-O.—Your sunshine room must be lovely but I'm a blonde and I'd look positively bilious in such a room, but the brunette sisters will welcome the suggestion.—Ed.

SOMEWHERE IN ARIZONA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have often thought I would like to write to COMFORT but never had anything to write about but in the March COMFORT I saw the long-looked-for Sisters' pin was really ready for us so I am ordering one right now. Would like the blue if you have plenty of them. I have another excuse for writing to you. It was requested that the sisters write of the worst fright or most thrilling experience they ever had and I sure had one. My husband and I live on a homestead in a canyon up in the mountains. It is three miles to the nearest neighbor but we have plenty of company, all kinds of wild animals and snakes. It is quite an interesting place if you are not a fraid cat. We don't have cyclones but we do have terrible sand storms and wind but we pay no attention to them, except to growl about them. Sometimes we wake with a start to hear a tub clattering over the yard but we soon go to sleep again. Pretty soon the wind changes and starts the tub in the other direction or a bucket takes a trip around the house. My husband says, "What do you mean by leaving those tubs and buckets loose in the yard?" I say, "Well, we have to have some excitement," and we are asleep again.

It is the poor, skinny range cattle that make things interesting for us sometimes. Since you don't live in Arizona, maybe you would like to know what a range cow is. They run in the pastures and on the ranges and raise their calves. If they are wild and poor and have a young calf they will raise you if you get in their path. That was what I did. My husband was away three months one winter. My niece, Jane, was staying with me and we had a lot of trouble keeping the range cattle out of our pasture. Jane, the three dogs and myself kept them chased out pretty well. But we finally got a poor, long horned one cornered. Jane went up the mountain a little way to head her off there. I was on the flat with a big club in my hand. The cow was about four hundred feet from me when I set the dogs on her. She started up the pasture but only went a few steps when she stopped and faced me. I began to look for a place of safety. My husband had told me to get behind a big mesquite bush if a wild or mad cow ever got after me. There was a mesquite near by so I soon got behind it and the cow started for that bush. She was a mad beast with the dogs on her heels and she kept coming right for me and I saw my finish. She just waded through the tough sticky bush right after me. I couldn't run, I was too frightened, and anyway she would get me before I could reach the fence. I stepped to one side as she went through the bush but to my relief the dogs were entertaining her and she looked neither to the right nor the left but went straight ahead. I think the dogs ran her out for I never saw the wretch again. Jane came down off her perch and said, "Why didn't you hit her with that club when she went by?" I said, "Not much, let her go while the going is good." It took me a few days to get over the fright. Jane and I had lots of fun and experience that winter. We would try anything once. No fear in us.

I wonder if any of the sisters have their union suits shrink or get too short in the waist? My last ones did and were very uncomfortable. I cut them in two at the waist-line. Then I took crochet cotton and crocheted a single stitch around the top half. I made four more double crochet and dropped a stitch here and there so it wouldn't be too large. I broke the thread and did the same on the lower half and joined them together. I had then a four-inch belt on my union suit and it was neat and comfortable. Sometimes I put new feet onto old stocking legs and crochet them together and there is no seam.

I am not going to leave my address with Mrs. Wilkinson as this is housecleaning time and no time to answer letters.

SUNNY ARIZONA.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

To remove label from pillow-slip or any piece of goods that is to be used before being washed, place a wet cloth on the wrong side and put a hot iron on it for a few minutes. Or hold over steam of teakettle and label will come off.

If tongue is burned by hot food of any kind, put butter in mouth and let it melt on burned place. This gives relief and prevents soreness.—MRS. ALICE J. Russell, East Sumner, Maine.

I have a wire basket hanging in my kitchen and I fold and lay in it all clean wrapping paper and bags. Many times they come in handy.

Scald and drain your dishes instead of wiping. This not only saves time but is more sanitary.

In my sewing-room there is a wall-pocket to hold each child's patterns. I never have to search for one.

Give each child a private place to keep its treasures.

Teach children never to say unkind words to poor children.—MRS. FLOSSIE MILLER, Benton, Ill.

Dust dry sulphur in stockings when going in deep grass or garden and the chiggers will not bother you.

To keep moths from woolen or furs, dust well with borax when folding away for the summer. Put in papers or boxes and cover tightly.

When spool of thread runs out on sewing machine, tie end of a full spool to it as soon as it leaves the spool. This saves threading machine again.—ELORA BLAETTNER, Wyaconda, Mo.

When the pattern has become worn from linoleum, paint it, giving it two coats of paint. It looks and wears well.

Use blankets, after they are much worn, for quilts. Cover with flour sacks, dyed. They make light-weight quilts and are easily laundered.—MRS. MARY DUNCAN, Jordan, Mont.

To remove mildew, make a paste of soft soap, one tablespoon powdered starch, juice of one lemon and salt.—SUNNY, Medicine Lodge, Kans.

When in need of a substitute for elastic for little girl's bloomers, etc., take an old inner tube that cannot be used any more and split lengthways. Cut rubber width desired and use same as elastic.—MRS. V. M. DEWERSE, Sperry, Okla.

Equal parts of gasolene and ammonia will remove stains from clothing. Keep away from fire.—MRS. ROBERT B. CROSBY, Salkehatchie, S. C.

To clean and shine nickel trimmings on stove, make a paste of Bon Ami and ammonia and rub with a cloth. Dampen a cloth in vinegar or coal oil and rub the body of the stove, doing this when stove is practically cold. This is easier than polishing and doesn't rub off so easily.—MRS. J. A. POISAL, Liberty, Mo.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 33.)

"MARY'S SECRET"

7 miles from Lincoln Center, just off the main road, lives Mary. Mary seemed to have no young friends. She was lonesome. At the village parties, although she danced well, she was a wall flower. The boys merely said, "Where does she get her dresses?" In fact, Mary had worn the same, old fashioned party dress for three winters.

The HARVEST FESTIVAL was in full swing, when there appeared at the door, a delightful vision in a gown of Pink Crepe Georgette with Silver Tissue trimmings. It was Mary. Not the old Mary but a modern Mary. Her gown was just the right tint to harmonize beautifully with her eyes, her hair and her complexion. The lines were just right to show her well proportioned figure to the best advantage.

Rest assured, Mary was a wall flower, no longer. Her program was rapidly filled and a number of the boys had marked for the extras.

After that, Mary was lonesome no more. She had changed overnight. She always seemed to have a different dress for every occasion and her company was much sought.

One day, the sceret came out. "Why," said she, "it was simple. I found that I was out of date. I learned that although I lived on a farm, it was not necessary to be dressed out of date. I took up the wonderful Franklin Institute system of Dress Designing, Dress Making and Coat Making, learning the lessons, which are fascinating, during my spare moments. Those three delightful dresses cost less than one formerly cost. I am now making an afternoon dress for mother."

What Mary did, you can do, too. Over 13,000 women and girls have learned designing and making at their own home, during moments they would have wasted. Sign and mail the following coupon, at once—today. This two cent stamp will make you better dressed than ever at one-third the cost.

— — — — FRANKLIN INSTITUTE — — — —
Dep't J 655, Rochester, N. Y.

Send me free sample lessons and full information regarding your Dress Designing, Dressmaking Course.

Name .....

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Send Birthday Greetings To Your Friends!

12 Beautifully Engraved Colored Birthday Cards **FREE**

REMEMBER your friends on their birthdays with these handsome, refined greeting cards, a card for each month of the year, each card with an envelope to match, twelve cards and twelve envelopes in all, put up in a nicely decorated birthday box. They vary in size from 3 1-2 to 4 inches by 4 1-2 inches and are **steel engraved** with different floral designs emblematic of the months, including Poppies, Violets, Forget-me-nots, Roses, Iris, Wild Rose, Bachelor Buttons, etc., all beautifully tinted in the **natural colors** of the flowers. The verses are in Shaded Old English and Script and convey to the recipient some tender birthday sentiment and message of good will. The finest of cardboard, known as "kid finish wedding stock," is used for these cards and the envelopes also are of the highest quality in keeping with the cards.

Remember these are nothing like the ordinary birthday "post cards" but the best steel-engraved cards made, the same that are used by people of the very highest social standing. They are cards that you will be proud to send and your friends will be proud to receive and they will cherish them for years as souvenirs of a happy birthday anniversary.

We will send you this fine birthday box containing twelve beautiful birthday greeting cards, with envelopes to match, exactly as described above, if you will accept the following special offer.

Given To You! For only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50c, we will send you this box of twelve steel-engraved, colored birthday greeting cards with envelopes, free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8691.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Eveready Flashlight



THIS is the "Eveready" Daylo, 6½ inches long, 1½ inches in diameter, equipped with a powerful battery that will last for many weeks. It is always ready for use—a simple movement of the finger turns the light on or off as desired. In the night it shows the way around the house without fuss or bother—it lights up the darkest rooms, attics or basements. It can be used in the shed or barn, around hay, powder or gasolene without the slightest danger of fire. Outdoors, neither wind nor rain can put it out. When riding or walking after dark, it throws a brilliant light far in advance, showing up every object long before you reach it. This flashlight is so useful you should not think of getting along without one. Safe, convenient, always ready when you want it, it is **the best insurance against fire and accident in the world.**

CLUB OFFER. We will send you this Eveready Flashlight complete with battery, all ready for business, for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. **Reward No. 7984.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

E. R., Jinks, Ky.—When and how fruit is served depends upon the meal of which it forms a part. At breakfast, it is the usual custom to serve fruit as the first portion of the repast. Grapefruit has perhaps the most popularity as a breakfast-starter in America. A half of the fruit should be placed before each guest—the fruit having previously been prepared with a sharp knife so that all segments are loosened from the skin so that they may be eaten with a spoon. Sugar is best not served on the fruit, but offered separately so that individual tastes may be pleased. Some hardy breakfasters prefer their fruit unsweetened. Oranges may be served in the same manner as grapefruit, or may be sliced in thin slices and served with powdered sugar—offered separately, as before. Apples, bananas, plums, peaches, etc., are best served whole, to be eaten and sweetened as preferred. Grapefruit may sometimes be served as the first course of a luncheon, or this or any of the other fruits mentioned may make the concluding course of a summer midday meal. At dinner, fruit is properly the last-comer. It may even take the place of a sweet course and serve as a dessert, or it may accompany cheese and coffee in the European manner of finishing off the principal meal of the day. We would all be happier and healthier if fruit, in its various forms and preparations, could be more generally substituted for the pastry and heavily-sweetened desserts too often served at the end of a full meal. (2) You may smile a word of 'Thanks" to any guest who compliments you upon the quality of the dinner you have served. No more formal expression is needed.

SUNSHINE, Colorado.—A gentleman tips his hat as a part of his bow of greeting to any lady. Your answering bow is the only necessary acknowledgment of this customary form. (2) As in greeting, a gentleman also tips his hat when leaving a lady whom he has met, or with whom he has been conversing in a car or other place. As stated in your first answer, your own bow is a correct response and the only one needed.

A BRIDE-TO-BE, Pennsylvania.—Wedding announcements are sent out as coming from the bride's parents. They are quite properly mailed to any of the groom's friends and relatives whom he may list—even though any or all of these are unknown to yourself or your parents. Any stationer from whom you may order your announcements will show you samples of the usual form used in wedding announcements. You have COMFORT's best wishes for your future happiness.

BOBBY, Ossipee, N. H.—On no occasion does a gentleman "take" a lady's arm in the same manner that custom has decreed she should take his. In crossing a street or in any crowded place, a gentleman may place his hand upon the arm of a lady with him, to lead or direct her, but he does not properly "take" her arm in the manner your question denotes. Modern custom uses little linking of arms, and woman walks independently as she has begun to do in so many ways—actually and metaphorically. We hope this settles your argument.

UNDECIDED, Summerfield, Ill.—Yes; a girl of sixteen may attend dances when accompanied by her mother. Have your "joyous good time" and let your friends be as critical as they like. If your mother approves and acts as your chaperon, there is no ground for criticism. We agree with you about the "unsightly" dances—and we call them ungraceful, too.

TEXAS BLUE BONNET.—It makes absolutely no difference who speaks first when a boy or girl who know each other meet on the street or any other place. (2) A girl "takes" a boy's arm, he never takes hers, although he may, upon occasion, grasp her arm lightly in order to offer lead or direction in a crowded or difficult situation. See above reply to Bobby, Ossipee, N. H.

LILY, Arkansas.—Most assuredly the right sort of boys will not think less of you, nor avoid you because your family may not have a generous share of this world's goods. You are right in knowing it is what you are and not what you have which sets the true standard. Those who accept any other standard of merit establish their own in so doing. Be honest yourself, keep your self-respect and you will be worthy of the respect and admiration of those whose respect and attentions are really valuable and enduring.

M. L., Ravendale, Wash.—Although there would be nothing very incorrect in your kissing your fiance farewell as you stepped on a train to leave town, yet it might be just as well to have this intimate "good by" beforehand and not in so public a place.

E. S., Bristol, S. D.—We think you should ask this girl frankly to tell you what has suddenly set her parents against you. She must know, and if she loves you and is interested in clearing up the difficulty she ought to be able to tell you what part of your conduct has proved objectionable to her family and how you should act in the future to remove this prejudice. Let her understand that you seriously care for her and that the situation troubles you. If you wish, you may ask her to marry you—but you should plan to make any engagement outlast her school term, so that she may properly finish her education. It may be that this girl's parents do not regard your attentions seriously and think you are wasting their daughter's time and interfering with her classes. A frank and manly statement on your part, both to her and to them, may clear up the whole situation. At any rate, you would have known that you acted correctly and honestly. Go ahead and speak your piece. We wish you luck.

OUR STUDENTS SAY

First Hawaiian Conservatory of Music.
Chas. P. Holland,
Dear Sir:—
I received my Guitar in good condition and am now on my ninth lesson. I am having no trouble at all, and must say that I am more than pleased with the course and the simplicity of it. Any person who will just half try will sure succeed. I have never studied music of any kind. Consequently did not know one note from another and thus far I have committed all my lessons to memory. I am in a way handicapped by the loss of the index finger of the right hand, but by little practice I found no great difficulty in playing or picking the different changes: so I say any person who has all of their fingers, with a little practice, should experience little or no difficulty by your wonderful method. I will be pleased to recommend your course to my friends.
Very respectfully,
B. R. South.

Koester School,
314 So. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.,
First Hawaiian Conservatory of Music, Inc.
I shall certainly be very glad to recommend your course whenever the chance is mine to do so. Mr. W. R. Johnson has not phoned me yet, and if he does not phone in a day or so, will write him. Am sending a letter to Miss Helen Slavik today which I think may help to secure her enrollment, and I shall be glad at any time to write a personal letter to anyone whom you may suggest.
Your former student,
W. L. Walker.

Your favorite instrument given away FREE with first lesson. Special courses under Famous Teachers. Learn to play Violin, Tenor Banjo, or Ukelele.

You Can Play the Hawaiian Guitar
Just Like the Hawaiians!
Because Our Native Hawaiian Instructors Will Help You

Our method of teaching is so simple, plain and easy that you begin on a piece with your first lesson. **In half an hour you can play it.**



ONLY 4 MOTIONS We have reduced the necessary motions you learn to only four and you acquire these in a few minutes. Then it is **only a matter of little practice** to acquire the weird, fascinating tremolos, staccatos, slurs and other effects that make this instrument so delightful. The Hawaiian Guitar plays any kind of music, both the melody and the accompaniment.

FREE Just think of it. 52 lessons on this wonderful guitar. You get a beautiful large sized genuine Hawaiian Guitar absolutely free as soon as you enroll for the lessons. All the necessary picks, the steel playing bar and **52 pieces of music are included without cost to you.**

Special Arrangements for Lessons if You Have Your Own Guitar

Play *Any* Music

In half an hour after you get the free Hawaiian Guitar and the first lesson, you can play Hawaiian Melodies.

In a very short time after a little practice you can play any kind of music as well as Hawaiian, both the melody and accompaniment.

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I am interested in the HAWAIIAN GUITAR. Please send complete information, special price offer, etc., etc.
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Print name and address clearly. (C.O.M.-10)

MRS. I. McD., Shickshinny, Penn.—A girl should thank any boy who courteously picks up and returns any article she has dropped. (2) When a boy and girl meet it makes no difference who is the first to speak.

A. M., Pueblo, Colo.—When your boy caller presents his box of candy, you should thank him, open it, and pass it around to those present. Older persons and your girl friends who might be of the party would be favored first with the sweets, but if only other boys were present, it would be most correct for you to offer the box first to your caller who had given it. You can empty the candy into a dish or *bonboniere* before offering it, if you wish, but this is not necessary as most modern candy boxes are attractive enough in themselves as containers and the contents well arranged.

MIKE, Freetown, Ind.—If a young man is introduced to a considerable group of persons at once, it is not necessary that he should shake hands and greet each of the group individually. He may acknowledge the introduction by a bow and smile given as generally as possible. (2) Should a young man be presented to a group of girls, it is well if he can bow and greet each one individually, unless the introduction is most hastily and informally made by the one responsible. Introductions nowadays mostly lapse into a simple announcing of names so that handles may be given for conversation, and this would be most particularly true of any group introduction when any other course would be slow, appear stilted, and result in holding up the party, so to speak. As a general rule, the acknowledgment of introductions, as in the case of invitations, is best governed by the circumstances and manner of the making.

A. M., Athens, Ga.—A birthday cake is always brought in with the candles lighted, to give it as festive an appearance as possible. These candles are generally blown out, with considerable fun and form, by the recipient of the natal honors. Necessarily this is done before the cake is cut and served. (2) Because the guests bring their presents to a birthday party, it would rather interfere with greetings and the duties of the host or hostess, if the gifts were opened at the time of arrival. It is best, however, that they should be opened and viewed before the party breaks up, and any appropriate time may be taken for this, depending upon the amusement program of the party. Generally speaking, immediately after the serving of refreshments would be a suitable moment for this pleasant part of the program to begin.

E. C. C., Cookeville, Tenn.—While there is a decided difference in having a young man swear at you or only having him only tell you how he has sworn at another girl, yet we think you were correct in being offended at his having used such language before you. Or rather we might say that it would almost seem best for you to remain permanently offended with any boy who would use such language in a boy-and-girl quarrel. He may not lack sense—as this other girl told him, but he certainly lacks control of his temper and has not even the elements of good manners. Yet some girls will love boys of this sort and are willing to take chances of being sworn at—so if it is you that he swears at next time, why, remember we warned you. (2) This boy should keep his arm from the back of the seat while sitting with you in church. Tell him this, if necessary.

SALLY FROM CALIFORNIA.—A girl need not rise when a boy is introduced to her. (2) You would not need to write any long or formal letter to your political friend should he win out in the next election. It would be pleasant and suitable to say: "Please take my sincere congratulations on your well-deserved success. The news pleased me so much." You could send this or any other message by wire, if you prefer. Promptness is worth much in congratulatory matters.

DON'T KNOW, Oklahoma.—It is not good manners, strictly speaking, for a boy to squeeze a girl's hand while dancing with her—but if the girl admits to being "very fond of him," she is certainly giving him some excuse for the liberty. Hand-squeezing might well be called a "sign of love," but you must remember during the squeezing that many boys hang out plenty of signs which do not mean just what they say. However, it is you who must read these signs and not us. If he is "a nice boy," as you say, the signs ought to be nice, too. Anyway we hope so for your sake.

Missing Relatives and Friends

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT reopens the "Missing Relatives' and Friends' column.

To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will secure only one new yearly subscriber to COMFORT at 50c. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column by securing only one new subscription at 50c. If a longer notice is required send one 50c subscription for each additional seven words.

Wanted: To know the whereabouts of Cora or Stanley Ishmael; last heard of, was at Leedy, Okla. George Van Every, Port Angeles, Wash.

Anybody knowing the whereabouts of R. Russell Fowler will be conferring a favor by writing his heart-broken mother, Mrs. M. M. Fowler, Lawrenceburg, R. R. 2, Tenn.

Wanted: Information of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wilderman, in Canada or U. S. Must get word to them. Write their cousin, Mrs. Verner Olson, Chamberlain, S. Dak.

Harry A. Elmer's father is dead; write to mother, Betsey A. Elmer, Geneseo, Kans.

IMPORTED SLEEPING DOLL WITH HAIR FREE
ALSO DOLL'S FURNITURE



Beautiful Doll, real hair, bisque head, eyes that open and close, movable arms and legs, handsome hat, dress, shoes and stockings that take off. We give Sleeping Doll and Set Doll's Furniture for selling 25 packages Colored Postcards at 10 cents a package. Write for them.
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GIVEN MOVING PICTURE MACHINE
Fine moving picture machine with supply of films. Easy to operate, by oil or electricity. Free for selling only 12 boxes of Mentho-Nova. Sell at 25c a box, return the $3 and receive this dandy premium. Satisfaction guaranteed. Order now. Hundreds of other premiums and big Cash Commission.
U. S. SUPPLY CO., Dept. D-46, Greenville, Pa.



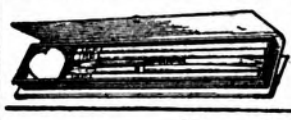
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This special sweet toned Violin given for selling two lots of 20 pictures at 10c each. Order pictures today. This real dazzling Gem Set Ring also given as extra present for promptness.



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Set with long oval stone about one inch long and 1-4 inch wide. Stone mounted in all manner of colors, giving a combination beautiful in the extreme. Shank of rose gold trimmings and settings. To make friends and introduce our Magazine and Ring Bargains send 15c for a 9-months' subscription and this Ring, your size, will be sent FREE.
M. Murphy, Secy., 615 W. 43d St., Dept. 7-A, New York.

FREE LEVER ACTION RIFLE AND 500 BUCK SHOTS



This dandy 31-inch lever action rifle is yours Postpaid for selling only 20 packages fancy Post Cards at 15 cents. IT'S EASY. Extra Prize for promptness.
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JEWELERS make a big profit on rings. When you pay the jeweler's price for a wedding ring, the chances are you get a ring that, so far as appearance and wearing qualities go, is no better than the one offered here. We buy direct from the manufacturer and add no profit—that's how we do it. This ring is the new popular narrow band style, made of **12-Karat Gold**, and we absolutely guarantee it **for 10 years.** As a matter of fact, it should last a lifetime. And please remember that it is a man's ring, as well as a woman's. This style is correct for both sexes and all ages. It can be had in all sizes from four to ten.

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If you want a handsome wedding ring—one that is absolutely right in quality and style and that you will have all your life—this is your opportunity to get it without a cent of expense. We are now giving these rings as a COMFORT premium and we shall send you one free and postpaid if you will accept the following special

Given To You! For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this guaranteed 12-Karat Gold Wedding Ring free by parcel post prepaid. **Please be sure to mention size wanted. Reward No. 8933.**

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Send Only Three Subscriptions For This Cut Glass Sugar and Creamer—Or Two Subscriptions For The Pickle Dish Or Spoon Tray!



WE want to ask our women readers—did you ever see or hear of a more remarkable offer?

Just think of the small number of subscriptions required to earn any one or all of these beautiful cut glass pieces.

And it is **real** cut glass—of good weight and thickness—clear, brilliant, crystal glass, exquisitely hand cut in a new and beautiful design. Each piece is full size with the same handsome floral pattern that twines completely around the outside in graceful curves, while on the bottom of each piece is a heavily cut, many-pointed star. The rim of both sugar and creamer is deeply notched.

Do you wonder how we can make this offer? A certain factory, realizing that we shall probably use thousands of these sets, has made us an unusually low price. That's the whole story. And the result is we can give you your choice of this rich genuine cut glass absolutely free in return for the easiest half hour's work you ever did

We Prepay Charges And Positively Guarantee Safe Delivery

Any or all of these pieces can be safely mailed by parcel post. We pay all postage and guarantee safe delivery to your home. If by chance a piece should become broken (something that rarely happens) we will replace it **free of charge.**

We know that every woman that receives one or more of these rich cut glass pieces will be amazed and delighted with the bargain she has obtained. It is easily the greatest value in a premium that we have ever been able to offer. We will give you your choice of the Sugar and Creamer, or the Pickle Dish, or the Spoon Tray absolutely free on the terms of the following special

Club Offers. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you the Sugar and Creamer by prepaid insured parcel post. **(Reward No. 8883).** Or for two one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you your choice of **either** the Pickle Dish **(Reward No. 9402),** or the Spoon Tray **(Reward No. 9412).** Or we will send you the complete set of all four pieces free and prepaid for a club of seven one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each. **(Reward No. 7457).**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



"Tom Laughs at Strikes"

"For two years, Jane and I had been engaged. However, we held off 'the happy day' until I received my expected promotion and increased salary at the works.

"Just then business became poor, and it became necessary to close the factory and instead of a promotion, I was LAID OFF.

"I then determined to get a permanent well paid position. So I learned a trade. Jane and I then started to prepare for the wedding, when suddenly I was called out on strike.

"For four months I had been idle and my bank account had again become practically exhausted, when one day, I read a very interesting advertisement of the Franklin Institute, telling how easy it was to get U. S. Government positions. I immediately took up their system of training and last week received my appointment as Railway Mail Clerk.

"This is a steady job, at last. Strikes or layoffs are unknown in this service. I get $1600 the first year, and steady, sure raise until within five years I will draw $2300 a year.

"The day after getting my appointment, Jane and I decided on the 12th of next month, as we will now have nothing more to upset our plans. We have the Franklin Institute to thank."

What Tom did, you also can do. Hundreds of young men have taken up the Franklin Institute courses and have been successful. You cannot afford to go on without knowing fully regarding these courses. Just fill in the coupon and mail it today—at once.

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Send me list of U. S. Government jobs now obtainable and tell me how I can get quick appointment at from $1400 to $2300 a year.

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You can have this Beautiful, Doll. She has closing eyes, movable arms and legs, turning head, real hair. Dressed as you see her in this picture. Dress can be taken off and put on. She also wears socks and baby bonnet. We will send her free, all charges paid, for selling only 12 pcks of Perfumed Sachet at 10c per pck.

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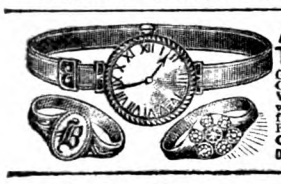
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ALL THIS FREE Gold-plated Signet Ring, Cluster Stone Ring, Im. Watch, Ribbon Wrist Strap with fancy slide, all free for selling 12 pkgs. Colored Post cards at 10c. a pckge.
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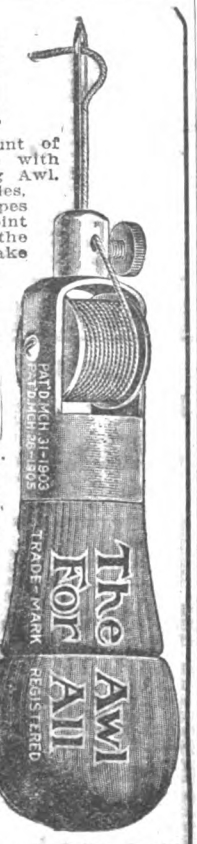
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Write for 50 sets AMERICAN CHRISTMAS SEALS. Sell for 10c. a set. When sold, send us $3.00 and keep $2.00.
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SILK REMNANTS, LARGEST Packages yet offered. Square of Stamped Satin free with every package. MFRS. AGENCY, X, Portland, Maine **20c**

MONEY $ For Wise Men. Key for stamp. E. Kerste, Box 289, Ottawa, Ill.

Every Farmer Needs This Perfect Sewing Awl



IT is amazing—the amount of work that can be done with this practical Hand Sewing Awl. Anyone can use it. The needles, which come in different shapes and sizes, are diamond point and will cut through the thickest leather. They make a lockstitch just like a sewing machine. This Awl can be used to mend harnesses, saddles, pulley belts, gun-cases, suit cases, grain bags, carpets, rugs, tents, awnings, sails, canvas of all kinds, shoes, gloves—in fact almost anything made of heavy material. It is also used to sew up wire cuts and other wounds on horses and cattle.

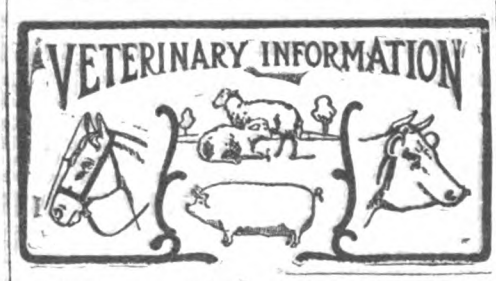
It is made entirely of steel and hard wood and with care will last a lifetime. There is nothing to get out of order. All parts are interchangeable, so if one part gets lost or broken you do not have to throw the awl away as we can supply the additional parts at small cost.

With this Awl comes a complete assortment of needles, both straight and curved, which are contained within the hollow handle, also a good supply of waxed thread. We can supply you with additional spools of waxed thread at a low price. Or you can use any kind of thread you prefer.

We will make you a present of this Lock Stitch Sewing Awl if you will accept the following offer.

Our Free Offer Send us only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each and we will send you this Lock Stitch Sewing Awl, complete with extra needles and thread, all ready for business, free, by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 1122.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

Tobacco for Worms

WE have been asked whether tobacco mixed with salt is of any real value as a preventive or destroyer of intestinal worms in lambs and sheep. The evidence on this subject is somewhat conflicting, but we consider it safe and correct to state that a mixture of one part of powdered tobacco leaves and two parts of salt kept constantly before the sheep tends to lessen worm infestation. We think, however, that more good will be done by allowing free access at all times to the Wisconsin "lick" for sheep, composed of salt, 280 parts; dried sulphate of iron, 16 parts; powdered wood charcoal, 12 parts, and flowers of sulphur, eight parts. The better way to give tobacco as a worm destroyer, as recently proposed, is to add it to the bluestone solution which has, of recent years, proved so deadly to stomach worms. The new formula is as follows: Dissolve eight ounces of pure sulphate of copper in two gallons of hot water, then stir in a tea made of eight ounces of snuff or finely-powdered tobacco leaves steeped in half a gallon or more of hot water overnight. Strain the mixture and then add enough water to make five gallons. The doses are the same as for the original one per cent. solution of bluestone, viz., one and one-half ounces for a lamb, and from that dose up, according to age and size of animal, with three and one-half ounces as the dose for an adult sheep. The medicine is given after withholding feed for 24 hours, unless in the case of very weak lambs, and should be repeated in 10 days and again once or twice during the season.

Tobacco, in California experiments, has also proved effective for the expulsion of roundworms from poultry. Finely powdered and added to dry mash in the proportion of one pound of tobacco to 50 pounds of mash and fed daily for two or three weeks it gives good results. A single dose of one pound of tobacco dust in dry mash for each 100 birds also proved effective. The experiments indicate that it can be safely fed daily in the proportion of one pound of tobacco to 50 pounds of mash, from the time the chicks are 70 days old, and for periods of 3 days, with an interval of 20 to 30 days. Oil of chenopodium also proved effective for expelling these parasites when mixed with moist mash and used at the rate of one teaspoonful for each 12 birds.

BRONCHITIS.—I have a collie dog, ten months old, that had a distemper which left her with a rattling in her throat. She coughs as though she were choked.
J. W. D.

A.—You will find glyco-heroin effective for this form of chronic bronchitis following distemper. It may be bought at any up-to-date drug store and the dose is one teaspoonful as often as seems to be necessary. If you cannot buy the medicine mentioned, give any simple cough syrup suitable for a child. The druggist can supply that.

HARD MILKER.—Last year I bought a cow that had just had her second calf. She is quite a hard milker, especially in her back teats and it takes all my strength and the milk flows in a small stream. What is the cause, and cure if any?
MRS. F. N.

A.—The openings in the teats are abnormally small or may be partially obstructed by warty growths which a veterinarian could remove with a special instrument. He might also dilate or stretch the ducts by means of a dilator of glove-stretcher pattern which is introduced several times daily and opened wider and wider daily until the milk flows freely when the teats are manipulated in the usual way at milking time. Teat plugs or dilators may also be whittled out of a piece of flattened lead pipe and tied in the teats between milking times. Such instruments may be bought of any dealer in veterinary supplies or of a mail-order house. In obstinate cases the veterinarian cuts down through the obstruction or stricture in four different directions, with a teat slitter or bistoury. Then some milk should frequently be stripped out during the healing process.

STRONG MILK.—I wish to know regarding the milk we have in the hot weather during the last half of July and in August. I have had trouble for a number of years and have sold different cows thinking they may have been the cause, but it is the same thing over again with other cows. The trouble is this: The milk has a rank odor, is very offensive and butter churned from this cream tastes much as the milk smells, not being fit for use. The cream seems like clabbered cream, even on sweet milk, and as soon as cream is lifted, or milk stirred in, the odor leaves to some extent. I have washed all vessels, first with cold water, then with hot, also use soda in hot water at times, then rinse with cool water. I have tried different ways of keeping the milk but the results are the same; have lifted the lids on crocks that air might circulate and it is not quite so bad; have changed pastures, thinking it might be something eaten by them. It comes about the same time every year and it isn't always the hottest weather when we have the trouble.
A. B.

A.—Bacteria germs are the probable cause of the abnormal condition of the milk and cream, but it is also possible that the warm milk is absorbing taints in the stable or elsewhere. In hot weather, cows standing in a pond, creek or stagnant water, or wading or lying in mud or filth may acquire bacteria which contaminate their milk. It will be necessary to immerse all milk utensils in boiling water containing a washing powder or an ounce of hypochlorite of soda per gallon. Do not wipe the utensils after washing but simply dry them in the sun. So far as possible, keep the cows away from ponds and other watering place and see that the drinking water and that used for washing the utensils is pure. The milk should be cooled and aired as quickly as possible after milking. Ice might help. You might try skimming the new milk with a hand separator.

FITS.—Please tell me what is the matter with my dog. When I unchain him he will run and bark and when he gets hot he will fall over on his side and kick as if he were dying. He is eight months old and a good hunter. He is all right when chained. Is there a cure?
L. C. T.

A.—Excitement induces the fits or convulsions. It would be better to let the dog have plenty of exercise instead of keeping him closely chained. Run an overhead smooth wire from one tree or post to another one at a distance. Put a large light ring on the wire and into it snap a hook from a light chain running to the dog's neck-strap. This will allow him to run back and forward the length of the wire. As worms often induce fits, treat the dog for them as follows: Withhold food for 24 hours, then give one dram of fluid extract of male shield fern and 20 grains of powdered areca nut in one tablespoonful of simple syrup for every 25 pounds of body weight. Repeat the treatment in four or five days. Burn the droppings.

MANGE OF CAT.—I have a cat, eight years old. He has sores on his head, back and front legs, the hair coming out where the sores have been. What will cure him?
M. M. H.

A.—The skin disease described may be a form of eczema but is much more likely true parasitic mange. Clip the hair from the affected parts and wash the skin clean with green soap and hot water, removing all scabs and scales. When dry, rub in some compound sulphur which, with the soap, you can buy at the drug store. Repeat the application as often as found necessary. Put a cap of strong cloth on the cat's head to protect it against scratching. Feed milk that is 12 hours old and skim it before feeding. Make cat live outdoors as much as possible and forage for a living. Kerosene rubbed into affected skin sometimes proves effective. Only treat a small part at one time.

BLOOD IN MILK.—The first time my cow freshened she gave bloody milk out of one of her back teats; at the second freshening she gave bloody milk out of the teat. There seem to be little bunches in her udder.

A.—As there are lumps in the udder, you should have the cow tested with tuberculin for tuberculosis is sometimes the cause of that condition. If the disease is present the milk is dangerous for use and the cow should be disposed of in the manner suggested by veterinarian who applies the test. Growths in the teat, not due to tuberculosis, often bleed from irritation at milking time but that does not unfit the milk for the feeding of a calf. The growths may be removed when at or very close to the opening of the teat but not when high up. If the cow is not tuberculous and has not had garget her milk may soon clear up, but it would be well to have her tested. Indeed, every dairy cow should be tested with tuberculin to make sure that her milk is safe for use.

AILING COW.—I have a cow six years old that freshened last January and now has lost the use of her hind parts and gives very little milk. Please tell me what to do.
MRS. E. J. A.

A.—If you mean that the cow has gone down paralyzed and cannot stand when raised it is quite unlikely that treatment will succeed. A cow may become paralyzed from lightning shock, from semi-starvation, from prolonged constipation or from any chronic disease causing weakness, emaciation and affecting the brain or spinal cord. In some supposed cases of paralysis examination shows that fracture of a bone is the cause. We cannot assign the exact cause in this case without making a personal examination. Therefore it would be well to employ the local graduate veterinarian if the value of the cow warrants going to that expense.

COUGHING MULE.—I have a mule four years old, and when working she has a hacking cough and seems thick winded. I feed fodder corn and oats.
WILLIAM.

A.—If you notice when standing behind the mule that there is a double bellows-like or heaving motion of the flanks and if she also passes gas from the rectum when she coughs, heaves is the cause. That disease is incurable when confirmed but the distress may be relieved by mixing in each feed a teaspoonful of a mixture of equal quantities, by weight, of powdered stramonium leaves and chlorid of ammonia. Let her live on grass in summer and in winter feed oat straw or oat sheaves and corn stover instead of sheaves. Also feed oats and bran in summer and winter if she has to work. Wet all feed with lime-water. Have her teeth attended to by a veterinarian.

FITS.—I have a young dog that has spells of running and barking as though he were mad. Some days they come on him, and he can't run, he just works his feet as if he were running. He seems to suffer.
E. E. C.

A.—Intestinal worms probably cause the fits. To destroy them withhold feed for 24 hours and then give the dog, for every 25 pounds of body weight, one dram of oil of male shield fern and 20 grains of powdered areca nut in a tablespoonful of simple syrup and repeat the treatment in four or five days. Burn the droppings.

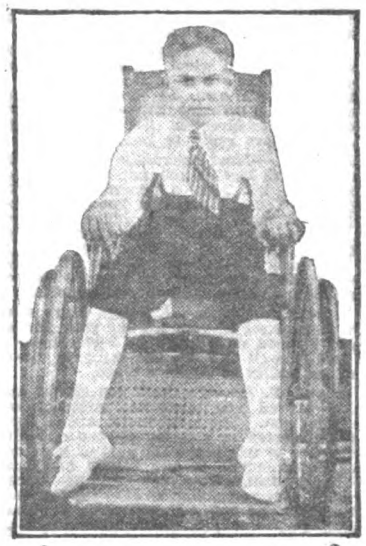
Three Wheel Chairs in September

653 Is COMFORT'S Total to Date

It is gratifying to note such a substantial gain in the results of our Wheel-Chair Department as compared with those reported for the previous month; it indicates that we are again getting into the swing of our usual fall pace.

The three September wheel chairs go to Miss Bertha Amelia Adair, Minden, Nebr., 170; George Orendorff, Grant, Okla., 114; Mrs. Zonie T. Peacher, 2709 Tampa St., Tampa, Florida, 75. The figures following their respective names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by these recipients or by their friends for them.

Miss Bertha Amelia Adair, age 20, has been a cripple all her life, due to dropsy of the brain.



HERMAN ROGERS ENJOYING HIS WHEEL CHAIR.

She cannot walk and has no use of her right hand. She has a wonderful memory and spends most of her time in reading, as she is unable to sew or do any kind of work. She suffers severely from nervousness and her friends express their belief that "the comfort of this wheel chair will benefit her health by enabling her to get out of doors."

George Orendorff, age 10, for three years has been afflicted with a very distressing form of rheumatism which has so crippled him that for the past ten months he has not been able to walk.

Mrs. Zonie T. Peacher, age 50, mother of eleven children, has been a long time confined to her bed by milk leg following childbirth. Her friend writes that Mrs. Peacher is a great sufferer and that this wheel chair will mean some sunshine in her dreary life.

You will be interested in the two pictures of Herman Rogers and Amy Belle Singer reproduced here and in the letters of thanks which accompany them.

My good friends, I hope you will continue to push forward the noble work of our Wheel-Chair Club.

Sincerely yours,
W. H. GANNETT,
Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 150 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 50 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscriptions, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

COMFORT Wheel Chair a Great Help to Crippled Boy and to Those Who Have the Care of Him

Cave City, Ark.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

We have received the wheel chair for Herman Rogers and are truly thankful to you and our many friends for kindness in helping us to obtain it. I enclose a picture of Herman enjoying his wheel chair which is a great help to him and to those who have to wait on him.

Sincerely your friend,
Mrs. John C. Rogers.

Certainly Does Enjoy Her COMFORT Wheel Chair

Union Bridge, Md.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

Enclosed you will find my picture which I should be pleased to have you print in COMFORT. I wish to express my gratitude to you and to ex-



AMY BELLE SINGER ENJOYS HER WHEEL CHAIR.

tend my sincere thanks to all those who did their part in helping me to get my wheel chair. I certainly do enjoy my COMFORT Wheel Chair.

Sincerely yours,
Amy Belle Singer.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dollar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions or amount of cash sent.

Mrs. C. B. Orendorff, Okla., for Geo. P. Orendorff, 114 subs; Mrs. James Albert Matheny, Nebr., for Bertha Adair, 50 subs and $8.00; Florida Pratt, Mo., for Mrs. J. P. Kerrs, 48 subs; Mrs. Mary Atchley, Colo., for Lillian Atchley, 36; Mrs. M. C. Peacher, Fla., for Mrs. Zonie Peacher, 25; Mrs. D. H. Edwards, Texas, for Mrs. Mary Everett, 13; Louise Jane Martin, Ga., for Jessie Lee Martin, 13; Mrs. Alice Johnson, Kans., for Mary Hazel, 22; Mrs. M. L. Johnson, Kans., for Mrs. M. A. Hazel, 12; Mrs. Rufus S. Nix, Ala., for Edith Jones, 10; Mr. Horace Mann, Ga., for own, 7; Miss Alice Fuller, Ark., for Fannie Selph, 8; Jessie Thompson, Texas, for Mrs. Mary Everett, 10; Mrs. Herman Olson, N. Dak., for Ruth Williams, 6; a friend and well wisher, R. I., for general, $20.00 cash; Mrs. Edward Baron, Ohio, for general, $2.00; Charlotte E. Daly, N. Y., for Charlotte Laupher, $1.00; Mrs. Nick Fromes, Wisc., for general, $1.00; Mrs. Willie Prather, Ga., for general, $1.00.



The Family Doctor

The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be taken to your local doctor.

Address, The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

MISS A. T., Commerce, Texas.—Your "bad breath" can be benefited by having your teeth cleaned and washing out the mouth with Dobell's solution several times a day. Of course you must regulate the bowels and avoid sweets of all kinds or any foods that seem to disagree with you.

MRS. W. R. C., Dubuque, Iowa.—The "shoulder pains" are of neuralgic origin. Apply Sloan's liniment to the parts, and take a five-grain tablet of salicylate of sodium after meals. Avoid sweets of all kinds and keep the bowels open.

MISS E. M. A., Morehead, N. C.—Your condition may be a pigmentation due to heredity. Apply to the brown spot once, in one or two weeks, white precipitate ointment. This ointment must not be used too often as it is poisonous and may cause salivation.

MRS. R. C. L., Norris, South Dak.—You have inflammation of the bladder. You better consult your family physician and have him wash out the bladder with a teaspoonful of saturated solution of permanganate of potassium dissolved in a pint of hot water. Have the bladder irrigated every day. Take also, after meals, a five-grain tablet of urotropin. You must also drink plenty of good spring water, or rain water. Your husband's headache does not come from the hemorrhoidal condition, but rather both conditions come from a congested liver. Have him take a teaspoonful of phosphate of sodium, well diluted, before his meals. He should also avoid sweets of all kinds, including pastries. He should also drink plenty of water, as suggested in your case.

MRS. S. G. V., Ripon, Calif.—You should have an examination. You may have intra-uterine granulations which need to be curetted and gotten rid of in this way. You might, at the same time, take a tablespoonful of Basham's mixture, well diluted, after meals as a tonic. The condition of the mouth is also due to a run-down condition. Touch the "mucous spots" with an alum-stick and rinse the mouth out with Dobell's solution three or four times a day.

MR. A. E. A., Monroe, Pa.—Ulcers on the inside of the mouth are due to some infection. Touch them with an alum stick and rinse the mouth out with Dobell's solution. Have your teeth cleaned and use good tooth-paste to keep them clean.

MISS N. C., Fairfax, Ga.—For your asthma, avoid the use of snuff in any form. Take, internally, respirazone in teaspoonful doses three times a day after meals. Your teeth have nothing directly to do with the asthmatic condition.

MRS. O. P. L., Adams, North Dak.—For "poison ivy," the best-known remedy is fluid extract of grandelia robusta. Use it diluted—about one teaspoonful of the drug to four ounces of water.

MRS. I. R., Mt. Vernon, Ky.—Chronic colitis can only be relieved by the use of high-up saline enemas. You should also keep the bowels free by the use of teaspoonful doses of fluid extract of cascara sagrada at night. Diet must be confined to pasteurized milk. Avoid sweets.

MRS. J. A. C., Myrtle Creek, Ark.—You should take, for your kidney and bladder condition, a five-grain tablet of urotropin after meals. The baby should have some lime-water added to his diet—about a teaspoonful three times a day—to make bone and build him up.

MISS N. T., Westernport, Md.—Probably some good tonic would prick up your appetite and, indirectly, cause you to put on flesh. Try Basham's mixture, in tablespoonful doses well diluted after meals.

MRS. L. B., Irvington, Ill.—Take one-sixtieth grain of strychnia sulph. after meals.



350 SHOT AIR RIFLE FREE

Automatic Repeater, with lever action. Shoots 350 times without reloading. A powerful, accurate air rifle—guaranteed to give satisfaction. Beautiful walnut finished stock, nickel plated one-piece barrel and sides—31½ inches long. Send name and we will send you 12 art pictures to dispose of on special 25c offer. Remit the $3 you collect and we will send you this 350-shot Air Rifle. This is a wonderful offer.

C. M. THOMAS, 337 W. Madison Street, 10 D 5, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.

Complete Crochet Outfit Given



THIS offer is for the woman and girl who "loves her crocheting" and insists upon having the best of everything to work with. In this outfit we give you any desired quantity of Dexter Cordonnette "Silko" crochet and tatting cotton, and three of the highest grade crochet needles. There is no better crochet and tatting cotton than Dexter "Silko"—a fact already known to thousands of our women readers. It is made of the best Sea Island cotton with a twist that makes it lie flat, is highly mercerized and actually improves with washing. It is smooth to the fingers and will not kink. With Dexter "Silko," crocheting is more easily done—and the finished pieces are far more beautiful and useful than if made with cheaper grade cotton. Dexter "Silko" for crocheting comes in all the popular colors—white, ecru, pink, rose pink, light blue, delph blue, king blue, sapphire and sea green, and in sizes 3, 10, 30, 50 and 70. The tatting cotton comes in the same colors and of the size always used for this work.

The three steel crochet needles are the finest made, 5 inches long, nickel plated, perfectly formed and balanced, with flattened finger hold, and a nickel cap that slips on over the end, protecting it when not in use. This cap also prevents the sharp point from doing any damage when carried in the pocket, handbag or work basket. We give you three different sizes of needles—8, 10 and 12.

We believe that our crochet workers will appreciate this offer, as it means a considerable saving to be able to secure such an outfit as this without expense. We will send you this complete outfit, also additional quantities of the crochet and tatting cotton free upon the terms of the following special offers.

Offer No. 8563. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you the three crochet needles, one ball of Dexter "Silko" crochet cotton and three balls of Dexter "Silko" tatting cotton free by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to give color and size wanted. Reward No. 8563.

Offer No. 8251. We will furnish you with extra balls of the crochet cotton at the rate of two balls for one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, sent by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to give color and size wanted. Reward No. 8251.

Offer No. 8261. We will furnish you with extra balls of the tatting cotton at the rate of four balls for one one-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, sent by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to mention color wanted. Reward No. 8261.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

See The Wonders Of War Through The Pan-Chro Scope



FEW of us will ever travel to Europe and there, with our own eyes, view the actual scenes of the mightiest conflict in history. But you can see them through the Pan-Chro Scope, which is almost as good. The Pan-Chro Scope is a new invention—something like the stereoscope—fitted with twin-stereo lens of wonderful magnifying power. With this Scope we send you 48 different War Views, taken with the camera. You place the View in the Scope, and immediately you find yourself face to face with an astonishingly life-like scene that resembles a section of a moving-picture film. First you are aboard an American warship—next you are looking into a trench "somewhere in France," then you are among the barbed wire entanglements in "No Man's Land," again you are watching house-to-house fighting in a captured French town, and many other scenes of **actual warfare** just as interesting and exciting—48 of them in all. The different views take you direct to Belgium, France or wherever the place may be and show you the scenes almost as plainly as though you were there yourself. This Pan-Chro Scope and Views is one of the most wonderful souvenirs of the great war yet produced. Everybody is fascinated with it—men, women, boys and girls alike. We have but a few left—but you can feel sure of getting one if your order is mailed **at once.**

CLUB OFFER. We will send you this Pan-Chro Scope with **48** all different War Views free and prepaid for three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. **Reward No. 8833.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort's Home Lawyer



Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from our eminent legal adviser on all questions of law except divorce matters.

Address Home Lawyer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

L. R., Kansas.—We do not think that marriages between first cousins are prohibited by the laws of Colorado.

MRS. M. V. W., North Carolina.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that upon the death of an unmarried man, leaving no will, and leaving no descendant and no parent, his real estate would be inherited by his collateral relatives capable of inheriting, whether of the paternal or maternal line, the inheritance going to such of the collateral relatives being of the blood of the first purchaser, but where the person last seized is the first purchaser, or the blood of such purchaser is extinct, collateral relatives of the half blood shall inherit equally with those of the whole blood and the degree of relationship shall be computed according to the rules of the common law.

MRS. H. W. F., California.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if the property of the man who died was subject to a mortgage, the holder of the mortgage could enforce his lien against the property covered by the mortgage before there would be any distribution of the estate among the heirs.

MRS. J. B., Georgia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving widow and children not exceeding five in number, the widow would share in the estate equally with the children, but if the shares exceed five in number the surviving widow takes one-fifth. We think the widow's share in the estate as well as any other property she may own would be liable for her debts, except that, of course, she would be entitled to the exemptions from execution, as provided by law.

MRS. S. T. B., Louisiana.—Upon your statements, we think you should have an examination of the records made in order to determine whether your father transferred the property you mention to the company you mention, and in order to determine just where the title to this property now stands and in order to determine whether the statute of limitations has run against any right you may have in the property.

X. X. X., South Carolina.—We can form no opinion as to whether your husband has a vested interest in fee in the property you mention without an examination of the instrument through which he received his title, but if he has absolute title to the property, we think he can sell same if he so desires, and that he can, by will, disinherit any or all of his children.

J. A. S., Pennsylvania.—If the man you mention continues to threaten you without any justification, we think you should make a complaint against him before some justice of the peace or local magistrate.

E. W., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that it will be necessary for you to obtain the consent of your local authorities before opening up the street for the purpose of fixing your drain.

MRS. E. S., Alabama.—We do not think you can now recover any part of the estate left your ancestor in England if your ancestors have neglected to prosecute their claim to same for a period of one hundred years.

MRS. I. J. P., Pennsylvania.—We do not think the amount involved would justify you in going to the expense of a litigation against the Company in Illinois employed by you to repair the burner to your flatiron.

C. W. G., Pennsylvania.—We think that if there is no provision in your divorce decree providing for the support of your children by the wife from whom you procured a divorce, and if there is no court order in existence providing for the method of their support, your former wife would have no claim upon you for their support, if they refused to live in a suitable home provided for them by you.

MRS. B. N. M., Indiana.—We think that if the man you mention circulated a malicious slander, without justification, against the young woman you mention, he would be liable for damages in the proper slander action brought for the recovery of same.

E. B., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that your father had a legal right to sell his real estate and that the signature of his children to the deed was not necessary for the conveyance of good title to the property; we think it would have been necessary for your mother to have survived your father to have acquired any vested interest in the property if the property stood in your father's name.

F. W., Kentucky.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that any person of sound mind, not being under twenty-one years of age, may by will dispose of his or her real or personal property, provided the will is legally drawn and executed, and provided the testator is not under undue influence at the time of making the will, but in the case you submit, if as you state, the contest has been decided by the court and the will upheld, we think that your only chance of defeating the will would be through an appeal to a higher court, provided the facts as shown by the evidence on the trial would justify the expense of such an appeal.

MRS. M. P., Alabama.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the wife's title to real estate, owned by her and standing in her name, is not affected by her husband's death, but would remain as before her property; we think such property as the husband may himself own would descend or be distributed as his estate in a manner depending upon whether he left a will, and if he left no will, depending upon who was left to inherit from him.

MRS. L. A., Arkansas.—We do not think you can now recover any part of your grandfather's estate if you have failed to prosecute your claim for a period of forty-one years.

MRS. C. F., Wisconsin.—We do not think that the failure to join hands at the time of the performance of a marriage ceremony would invalidate the marriage.

MRS. C. F., Ohio.—We think the holder of the mortgage you mention has a legal right to foreclose same upon the default of any payment as provided in said mortgage.

H. W., Pennsylvania.—We do not think that the laws of Alabama, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Georgia, Kentucky, Maine, Massachusetts, New Mexico, New York, North Carolina, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Texas or Washington prohibit marriages between first cousins. (2) We think the consent of parents is necessary for the marriage of females under 18 years of age in the above named states except Kentucky and Rhode Island where such consent should be procured if the female is under 21 years of age.

MRS. M. E. B., West Virginia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of your husband, leaving no will and leaving children surviving him, you would be entitled to dower of a one-third interest for life in his real estate, and one-third of his personal estate, absolutely, after payment of debts and expenses. (2) We do not think your children by a former marriage will have any interest in your husband's estate, unless some provision is made for them by will. (3) We think the widows of Civil War veterans who fought on the Union side are entitled to a pension from the U. S. Government upon the death of the husband, provided the proper application is made for such pension.

Genuine Aspirin

BAYER

SAY "BAYER" when you buy Aspirin

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer porudct prescribed by physicians over twenty-two years and proved safe by millions for colds, headache, toothache, earache, neuralgia, lumbago, rheumatism, neuritis, and for pain in general. Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30.)

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

To remove grease stains from wash fabric, apply lard and rub well. Wash in cold water and soap and then boil if white. If colored, keep rinsing in hot water until removed.—MRS. L. L. BARNHOUSE, Kingsport, Tenn.

Cut burlap sacks into carpet rags and have them woven. They make a nice rug. Can be colored and woven hit or miss.—MRS. LOTTIE WAGAMAN, Odon, Ind.

One part of carbolic acid and twenty parts of water will remove iodine stains. Soak a few minutes and rinse in clear water.

Buttermilk will take out ink stains. Let soak several days, then wash as usual. May not come out first washing.—MRS. GEO. WHITING, Shelley, Idaho.

Requests

Would be very glad to receive flower seeds.—MISS F. L. BLANTON, Canton, Ga.

The following wish copies of COMFORT. Write before sending the paper.

Miss Ellen Blankenship, Stanford, R. R. 4, Ky., March, 1919.

Miss E. Johnson, Minneapolis, 2515 Lyndale Ave., North, Minn., Jan., 1922.

Mary Schneider, Lamar, R. R. 6, Box 80, Mo., August, 1921.

Mrs. Alma McWilliams, Skene, Miss., Feb., 1922.

Mrs. B. G. Burns, Imperial, R. R. 1, Calif., March, 1922.

Mrs. Eva Butler, Edgar, Montana, July and August, 1920.

H. M. Penuel, Cantonment, R. R. 1, Fla., Jan. 1922.

Miss L. Donnelly, Charleston, 61 Amherst St., S. C., August, 1921.

Miss S. J. Culver, Hinagar, Ala., would like reading matter. Old and lonely, and likes to read.

Song: "The Irish Jubilee."—MOODY RIPPLE, Youngstown, 103 Wesley Ave., Ohio.

Song containing the following words:

"There is an isle, a bonnie, bonnie isle,
Stands proudly out to sea,
And dearer far is that green isle
Than all the world to me."

MRS. H. McLEAN, Petaluma, R. R. 3, Box 17A, Cal.

Will the sisters kindly send me pieces of gingham, five by five inches.—MRS. ADDIE JONES, Hepler, R. R. 2, Kans.

Song: "The Texas Ranger."—MISS ILON LESLEY, Damascus, Ark.

Would like to procure book, "Vitalogy," by Prof. Woods. Write first.—IDA B. THORN, Whitesboro, Tex.

To correspond with sisters living in Las Animas, Colo., also Arkansas and Oklahoma, telling of climate.—MISS MARY E. LEMACKS, Ridgeville, S. Car.

To hear from someone who has the books, "Tess of the Storm Country," and "The Secret of the Storm Country."—LOIS NORMAN, Fort Mill, S. C.

Will someone send the number of COMFORT that contained two pages of quilt patterns?—MRS. PRESTON HAGAN, New Haven, Ky.

Can anyone tell me about my brother, Pvt. Pank Kirk, Co. B, 9th Inf., 2nd Div. He was killed in action at Blanc-Mont, Champagne, France, Oct. 9, 1918. Will return favor any way I can.—MRS. L. A. RICE, Felton, R. R. 2, Ga.

I would like the words to the following songs: "The Irish Jubilee," and "The Man Who Stole the Klondike from Alaska."—MRS. H. C. KEEMS, Mason, Nevada.

Remedies

KIDNEY AND BLADDER TROUBLE.—Put four teaspoons each of horsetail grass and kidneywort into a pint of water and boil down to one-half pint. Drink one-half cupful at night just before retiring.

STOMACH TONIC.—For bloating, gas, heartburn. Heal all, one teaspoon; wild sage, three teaspoons; golden seal, two teaspoons; stone root, three teaspoons; colic root, twelve teaspoons; strawberry leaves, six teaspoons; fennel seed, six teaspoons. Mix well together and steep eight teaspoons of the mixture in a quart of boiling water for one hour. Strain and sweeten and take two tablespoons twice a day, after meals.—MRS. A. CROWLEY, Eureka, Box 550, Calif.

RINGWORM.—Make a strong solution of tobacco leaves and apply to affected part until it entirely disappears.

SORE THROAT.—One and one-half teaspoons powderd alum and one gill of water. Use as a gargle every hour.

HEARTBURN.—One dram bicarbonate soda, one-half ounce powdered rhubarb, two drams spirits peppermint and four ounces of water. Dose: one tablespoon after meals.—MRS. O. G. L., Maine.

HEALTH BREAD.—For constipation. Two cups whole wheat flour, two cups of bran, one and one-half cups of sweet milk, one-half cup of cooking molasses, one-half teaspoon soda, one teaspoon salt. Bake in two loaves. Cut each loaf in twelve pieces and eat one piece each meal.—MRS. E. W. H., Creswell, Ore.

Sisters' Circle Pin Free!



EVERY COMFORT Sister should wear this beautiful Sisters' Circle Brooch Pin—the one and only official Sisters' "badge" of membership, uniting in one grand Circle of friendship and love the thousands of COMFORT Sisters living in all parts of the world. It is the size of a 25-cent piece, gold finished, and the front is inlaid with handsome cloisonne enamel in two colors—your choice of red or blue—with the words "COMFORT Sisters" deeply embossed, as shown in the illustration.

If you are a COMFORT Sister, send us only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50c and we will send you a Sisters' Circle Pin free and prepaid. Or, if you prefer, you may send 50c to pay for a one-year renewal (not your own), and we will send you the Pin free. Be sure to mention color wanted. **Reward No. 8671.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Reader Takes Newer Form of Iron—Feels Years Younger

"Six weeks ago I saw a special offer in the paper telling how thousands of people grow old in looks and energy long before they are really old in years, because, as examinations by physicians have shown, an enormous number of people do not have enough iron in their blood. I have been taking the newer form of iron known as Nuxated Iron for two weeks: the results are simply astounding. The roses have come back in my lips and cheeks, and I can conscientiously say that I feel ten years younger."

The above is a typically hypothetical case showing the results that have been achieved by a great many people since we started this "satisfaction or money back" offer on Nuxated Iron. We will make you the same guarantee. If, after taking the two weeks' treatment of Nuxated Iron, you do not feel and look years younger, we will promptly refund your money. For sale by all druggists.

PRICES SMASHED $3.00 DOWN



10 Days FREE Trial World's best makes—Underwood, Remington, Oliver—at big saving. Every machine fully rebuilt to look and work like new. Guaranteed for 10 years. Send no money—big Free Catalog shows how to save money on type writers. Easy terms. Write today.

INTERNATIONAL TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE
177 N. State St. Dept. 109, Chicago

BOYS EARN THIS DANDY .22. RIFLE EASY!



Shoots 22 longs or shorts. Automatic shell ejector, walnut stock, blue steel barrel. A wonderful rifle for shooting small game or target practice. You can easily and quickly earn this dandy Hamilton. Write today. David Blair, Dept. R-S, Springfield, Ohio

New Signet Ring FREE!

Heavy gold filled. Warranted 3 years, copied from solid gold design. To make friends and introduce our Magazine and Ring Bargains send 15c for a 9-months' subscription and this Ring, your size engraved with single initial, will be sent FREE, postpaid. M. Murphy, Secy., 615 W. 43d Street, 4-A, New York.



31-Piece Dinner Set

THIS splendid set of dishes is full size for family use and consists of **6 Plates, 6 Cups, 6 Saucers, 6 Cereal or Fruit Dishes, 6 Individual Butters** and large **Meat Platter** all handsomely decorated with clusters of **purple wood violets** surrounded with rich green foliage and bordered with **lovely tracings of gold.** Our illustration gives you no idea of the real beauty of these dishes. This is by far the handsomest, daintiest dinner set we have ever offered and we are positive that it will **more than please** every woman who secures one of them on the terms of our very liberal offer. No matter where you live **(if it is not outside the United States),** we will ship you this set by express direct from the pottery in Ohio. You are to pay the express charges, but they will be but a fraction of what this set would cost you at retail.

Given To You! For a club of only ten one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome 31-piece Violet Decorated Dinner Set carefully packed to prevent breakage, charges collect. **Reward No. 76610.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

HIGH GRADE KNIFE $1.00

Introduction Offer—Full size knife with any design wanted mailed for $1.00. For 25c. extra your name and address put on knife. This does not obligate you to act as agent. Size 3¼ inches.



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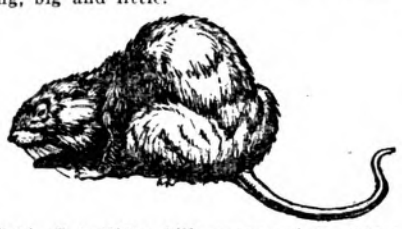
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NOVELTY CUTLERY CO.
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KILL THEM ALL

Every Rat and Mouse easliy destroyed by New Discovery Not a Poison

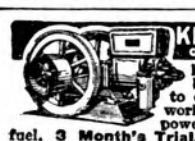
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Hick's Rat Killer kills every rat or mouse on your place. Most wonderful of all, it does not harm anything but rats, mice, gophers, and other rodents. It is harmless to children, pets, poultry and all kinds of stock. It can be spread anywhere and will kill only rats and mice. This death bringing disease rapidly spreads and quickly destroys all the rats and mice. There is no smell or odor for they run outside for water and die away from the building.

A Trial Costs You Nothing

Mr. Hick is offering everyone troubled with these pests the chance to get rid of them at no cost to themselves. He will send two large double strength, one dollar bottles for the price of one. You keep one for yourself; the other you sell to your neighbor at one dollar, thus getting your own free. Send $1.00 today (currency, money order, check, etc.) to Chas. M. Hick & Co., Dept. 105, 1018 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. If you prefer, send no money, just your name and address, and pay postman $1.00 and postage on delivery. If after 30 days' trial you are not absolutely satsified, write Mr. Hick and your money will be refunded.

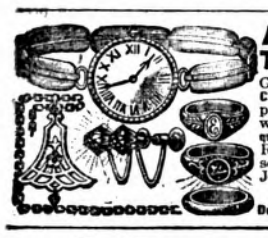


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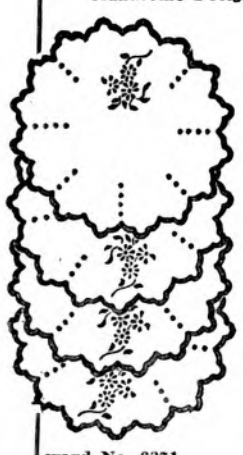
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Handsome Design—Easy To Work



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The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27.)

neries making a business of tanning small lots of hides for farmers. It is the custom among some tanners to tan hides for farmers on a "50-50" basis—that is, the farmer sends in a hide and gets back one-half of it made up into leather, usually paying the shipping charges both ways. A list of tanneries that will tan one or more hides for farmers may be obtained from the Bureau of Chemistry, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

In addition to this new circular, the department now has ready for distribution bulletins on every step in the handling of hides from the skinning of the animal to the care of the leather in the finished article, such as harness, belts, boots and shoes. Farmers' Bulletin No. 1055, "Country Hides and Skins; Skinning, Curing and Marketing," has recently been revised and reprinted for the third time. It tells how to perform these operations in the most efficient manner. In Farmers' Bulletin No. 1183, "The Care of Leather," also revised and reprinted, directions are given for making leather last longer. Any, or all, of these bulletins, including the new circular, may be obtained free by writing the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Sweet Potato Seed Selection Important

Perhaps the most important factor in successful sweet potato production, next to the selection of a variety suited to the locality, is the selectfon of seed stock, but it is a sadly neglected practice. While field selection of seed corn is quite generally followed throughout the South, selection of sweet potato seed at digging time in the field is a very rare practice. It is a practice, however, which must come into general use if the Southern producer of this valuable crop ever expects to maintain profitable production. As in corn, the individual plant, or hill, forms the basis of selection. The seed should be saved from fields free from disease, and preferably from land on which sweet potatoes have not been grown formerly. A disease-free crop can be best obtained by planting disease-free cuttings on new land.

An ideal hill from which seed should be saved would have the following characteristics: freedom from black rot, stem rot and scurf; high production of marketable-size potatoes; trueness to variety type. In saving seed from such hills, it is best to dig by hand; in this way the hills can readily be kept separate, and each judged separately. Test each hill by splitting the stems, discarding those whose stems are streaked with black inside. This method is being followed by the Mississippi Agricultural Experiment Station, as well as by truck farmers who find it practicable even where large acreages are to be planted. It is certain that if the potato growers expect to produce large yields of the type of potatoes demanded on the market, they will have to adopt the method of hill selection.

As a regular practice for systematic seed selection, a small patch of potatoes should be planted each year, grown from vines only, and in a location where potatoes have not been grown for at least four years previous. From this planting potatoes from the best hills only should be saved, handling very carefully at digging time to avoid bruising, and placed in well-ventilated crates for storage through the winter. These crates should be plainly marked so that they will not be mixed or confused with the field run crop. In judging a hill for its production of marketable-size potatoes refer to the tables of U. S. Market Grades obtainable upon request from the Federal Department.

Another Serious Insect Pest

The rapid spread of the pea moth in the pea-canning regions of Wisconsin is causing grave apprehension on the part of both farmers and canning companies, as well as others engaged in the production of dried peas. In fact the spread has been so rapid as to threaten the future of peas as a commercial crop. Already the acreage is being reduced. In 1909 there were 78,000 acres of dried peas grown; in 1919 this had decreased to 66,000 acres; in 1921 it had dropped still lower to 56,000 acres!

At present the pea moth is confined to the northeastern counties of Wisconsin, and it is hoped that its sprad throughout the state and to adjoining states will be prevented. Actual counts made showed that from 10 to 50 out of every 100 pods examined were injured by the pea moth larvæ.

For some time it was feared that little could be done to combat this serious pest, but now entomologists feel confident that it may be checked if pea growers will only cooperate in following the preventive measures outlined. None of the spray mixtures has much effect on the moth or larva, and as yet no successful trap has been devised. The most effective method of control yet attempted is to allow neither the adults nor larvæ food or shelter. The following methods of control recommended by Prof. C. L. Fluke, of the Wisconsin College of Agriculture, have proved satisfactory in extensive tests:

1. Select the best early maturing varieties of peas.
2. Plant as early as possible in the spring.
3. Thrash the peas as soon as possible after harvesting.
4. Burn every bit of straw after thrashing.
5. Bury the larvæ by deep fall plowing.
6. Never plant peas twice in succession in the same or even in adjoining fields. Rotate the crop.

New Lime-Sulphur Formula

A simpler method of making lime-sulphur for spraying trees has been worked out by Prof. G. C. Starcher, formerly at the Virginia Agricultural College, but now at the Alabama Agricultural College.

In the new formula hydrated lime is used instead of rock lime, and boiling water furnishes the heat. Results are the same, and there is much less of the objectionable sediment that caused difficulty in using the old sort of spray.

To make lime-sulphur in the new way, use 10 pounds of hydrated lime, eight pounds of sulphur, eight gallons of boiling water. Mix the lime and sulphur dry and sift through a piece of ordinary window screen having 16 meshes to the square inch. When mixed and sifted, add the boiling water and stir for five minutes. Then add the remainder of the eight gallons of boiling water, mixing or stirring as the water is added. Strain the mixture into the sprayer tank, and dilute with cold water to make 50 gallons.

Unlike in the old plan, no heat is used under the vessel in which the material is made. This new solution is what might well be called "boiled lime-sulphur"—which has not been boiled at all, however. But according to Prof. Starcher and others who have tried it, it surely does the work, and is a lot easier to make. Before making his important discovery known, Prof. Starcher experimented with it and used it extensively for a period of five years.

How Tuberculosis Spreads

In an attempt to discover the true reasons for the spread of tuberculosis among dairy stock, the United States Department of Agriculture recently conducted a thorough and careful investigation. Here are the chief reasons found. How many of the twelve causes of the spread of tuberculosis summed up below do *you* violate?

1. Unrestricted range or common pasture.
2. Common drinking pool or trough.
3. Introduction into herd of untested cattle.
4. Nosing of cattle at fence lines.
5. Close, foul housing in unventilated stables.
6. Milk of infected animals fed to calves and hogs.
7. Trading of untested animals.
9. Dead animals eaten by dogs or hogs.
9. Breachy stock and poor fences.
10. Breeding to a common bull.
11. Serving cows outside the herd.
12. Conditions unfavorable to health, as drafty dark barns and underfeeding.

Crowing Christmas Trees

The idea of growing Christmas trees on a commercial scale for market is by no means new, but with the rapid diminishing of the "wild" trees and the steady increase in price due to this cause, the production of these necessary Christmas ornaments that mean so much to the hearts of our little ones should receive more than passing consideration from farmers who are situated in regions where these trees will grow well and profitably.

European farmers have been producing groves of Christmas trees for years, thereby making a comfortable income. In this country hundreds of farmers are already growing them, and the idea is steadily spreading, for there is considerable profit in supplying trees of the right size and kind for the winter market. Trees four to five years old sell for around a dollar. They require but little care after planting if they are given a good start. Perhaps the commonest cause of failure in transplanting young evergreens is the failure to keep the roots covered and well watered during the planting process. This is due to the fact that all of the evergreens have a resinous sap; this congeals quickly on exposure to air, and once congealed the trees soon die. If the roots are kept well watered, and if the planting job is done quickly, using plenty water throughout and following the operation, there is no reason why transplanting should not be successful, however.

The commonest and most desirable tree to plant for the purpose is the Norway spruce. This tree does best if planted in rows three feet apart and three feet apart in rows. Cultivate the trees every week or ten days the first season. In three years the trees will grow to a height of from two to five feet, depending on the soil, moisture and climatic conditions. They will then be ready for sale. In cutting or digging take alternate trees; those left will bring a better price the next year, as they will grow rapidly.

Poison Baits for Farm Pests

Farm pests can usually be controlled if the remedy is applied before they get "out of hand." Delayed action kills little but time, but prompt attention will keep their numbers from passing the danger mark. Keep the following list of poisons at hand for ready reference and use it at the first signs of trouble.

GRASSHOPPERS.—Bran, 25 pounds; white arsenate or Paris green, 1 pound; salt, 1 pound; banana oil (amyl acetate), 12 teaspoonfuls; water, 10 quarts, or sufficient to make a stiff mash. Broadcast in infested fields in the early morning or evening. This amount will cover five acres. Instead of banana oil, six whole oranges, run through the meat chopper, may be used successfully. (Use also for cut-worms.)

ARMY-WORMS.—When feeding in growing crops use a mash consisting of bran, 50 pounds; Paris reen, 1 pound; vinegar, 1 quart; cheap molasses, 2 quarts; water sufficient to make a crumbly mash. Broadcast in the evening where worms are doing damage.

When worms are traveling, check by throwing furrows toward them; dig post holes in the furrows and kill worms by burning with kerosene.

PLANT LICE.—Spray affected plants with a solution of 1½ teaspoonfuls of nicotine sulphate, or "Black Leaf 40," in warm soapy water. (Use also for leaf hoppers.)

FLIES.—Mix 20 quarts water to which has been added 1 teaspoonful arsenate of lead paste or 1½ of powder and 2 quarts of molasses. Select fence posts or tree trunks somewhat removed from farm buildings and spray or paint liberally with the mixture. Flies will be attracted to the poison and killed.

The common barn flies and horse flies cannot be poisoned, as they are blood feeders, but they can be kept from annoying stock by spraying twice a day with a solution of 1 gallon kerosene, 3 ounces of powdered naphthalin and 1 pound laundry soap, dissolved in hot rain water and diluted to 4 gallons. The various commercial coal tar dips and sprays are good also, but it is imperative that they be used strictly as directed by the manufacturer.

ANTS.—Large black ants, or carpenter ants, are attracted by sweets. They can best be poisoned by placing a mixture of 1 part of tartar emetic and 20 parts of extracted honey in some out-of-the-way place in the infested pantry. This poison not only kills the grown ants but destroys the ant larvæ in the nests also. Keep out of the reach of children and pets.

Ant hills in yards and lawns may be removed by burying small bottles of carbon bisulphide. Use large-mouthed bottles such as those that vaseline comes in. Place 1 ounce of bisulphide in each bottle. Tie cheese-cloth or fine wire screen over the top to permit gas to escape but exclude the dirt. Shove a pitchfork handle into the loose dirt of the hill and drop in a bottle right side up. Tamp dirt down securely. The fumes of the buried poison will do the rest.

FIELD MICE, GROUND SQUIRRELS AND GOPHERS.—Dissolve 1 ounce of strychnia sulphate in 1 pint of boiling water. Add 1 pint of molasses and 6 drops of oil of anise. Soak grain in mixture for 24 hours, dry well, then place where vermin are doing damage. Keep out of reach of chickens by putting poisoned grains in mouths of burrows or under shingles or boards placed near runways.

FOR EATING INSECTS IN GENERAL.—Use arsenate of lead poison as a spray or in the form indicated for grasshoppers.

FOR SUCKING INSECTS IN GENERAL.—Use nico-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 42.)

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31x4 Clincher	12.80	1.45	35x4 1-2	21.90	2.30
31x4 Str. Side	13.45	1.45	36x4 1-2	23.55	2.35
32x4	13.98	1.45	33x5	25.85	2.50
33x4	14.95	1.55	35x5	26.95	2.60
34x4	15.85	1.65	37x5	28.05	2.75

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BEADWORK is all the rage again. And here is a wonderful yet simple **Bead Loom** with which any woman or girl can take up this fascinating work at home and easily make the handsomest bags, chains, necklaces, purses, bracelets, belts, collars and cuffs, dress trimmings, shirtwaist sets, slippers, watch cases, fob chains, card cases, pocketbooks,—in fact there is no limit to the number and variety of exquisitely colored bead work articles that can be woven on this Loom.

Anybody can use the **"Kanibas" Bead Loom**—it is very easy to understand as everything is fully explained in the instruction book sent with the outfit.

Everything you need to work with is included free with the Loom, so you can begin making the articles at once.

In the outfit you will receive one **"Kanibas" Bead Loom**, five packages of **beads** in assorted colors of black, white, blue, green, pink, etc., one dozen special **bead needles** (very long and slender with an unusually long eye), one spool of specially prepared **waxed bead thread**, and a **44-page instruction book** containing more than seventy-five photographs and designs of popular bead work, together with easy, detailed instructions on just what color of beads to use and how to work them.

This book shows how to make different styles of bags, chains, necklaces, purses, belts, collars and cuffs, shirtwaist sets, slippers, watch cases, fob chains, card cases, pocketbooks, dress trimmings, any letter in the alphabet, any numeral, etc., etc.,—giving full directions for all designs. The popular secret order emblems can be worked with great effect in beads for fob chains, bracelets, card cases, etc., and this book illustrates designs for Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Knights of Columbus, Elks, Royal Arcanum, also Christian Endeavor, Epworth League and others.

Any woman or girl will be delighted with this practical Loom Outfit because she can make so many pretty things not only for her own use but to give away as presents and to sell. While the beads themselves cost but little, the finished work brings a high price so that there are big profits in the business, if one desires to sell the articles after they are made.

Special Club Offer. For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you the "Kanibas" Bead Loom and Outfit free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 8234.**

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New Colonial Design



THIS hand-Silver Salt and Pepper Set is the last word in style and service. The new "Colonial" is without doubt one of the most fashionable designs ever introduced. And the set will give years of service because both Salt and Pepper are heavily quadruple silver plated. They are three inches in height, of good weight and on account of their broad bases cannot easily be overturned, thus spilling salt and pepper on the tablecloth.

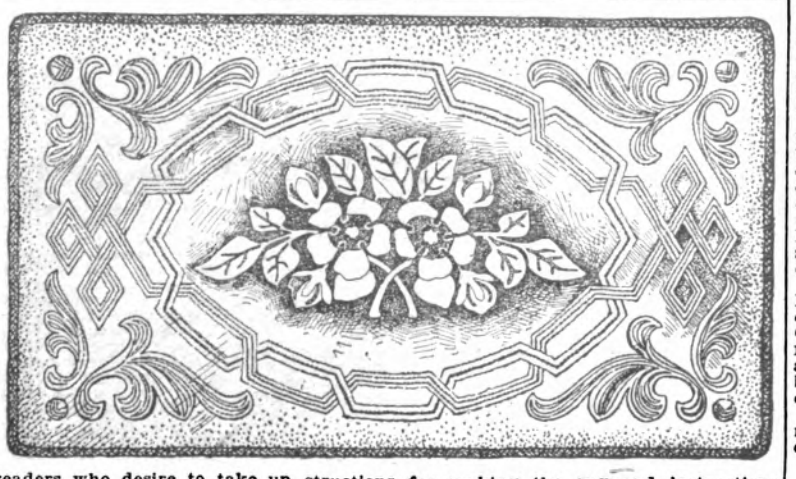
Solid Sterling Silver Sets are being made in this same popular pattern. As a matter of fact, it is difficult to distinguish the above set from one made of sterling silver.

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To start you buying from us we send this great combination package, all postpaid, for only 12 cents. It contains Fancy Stone Set Ring, 1 Cameo Scarf Pin, 1 package Handsome Silk Remnants, 1 silvered Thimble, 2 Gilt Collar Buttons, 1 Bird Whistle, Pocket Telegraph, Felt Pennant, 2 Gold-Plate Beauty Pins and Watch Charm, all sent postpaid for only 12 cents, 3 lots 30c. Address HOME CIRCLE COMPANY, P. O. Box 1152, NEW YORK.



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"Are you going to the movies tonight?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the girl, "I'm going to 'The Devil.'"

A Forgotten Love

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

her very best fine-lady manner, sailing into her private sanctum, where the new maid stood waiting. "You can stay now, if you like. Have you brought your box?"

"It is at the station. I can stay, certainly," the girl spoke very nicely—as a lady speaks—but Mrs. Gibbs did not notice.

"You can have your meals in your sewing-room," she said; "one of the under housemaids can take them up."

"Thank you, madam," the last word came with an effort, as if it were an afterthought.

"Do you want these references?" Mrs. Gibbs asked suddenly, looking full at her.

"No—yes—I don't think so!" she stammered. "Just as you please."

The housekeeper laughed.

"Better keep them," she handed them to her; "such references aren't picked up every day. Don't look so frightened, child; I'm not going to ask you any questions. Come with me to Miss Hamilton."

She led the girl through many passages, upstairs into a wing cut out from the rest of the house by red baize doors.

"All this flat is Miss Hamilton's," she remarked. "She is a lucky girl, if ever there was one! It might have been fitted up for a princess. Just wait here—I'll find out if she'll see you."

The girl stood obediently in the wide stone passage that was thickly carpeted with dull velvet pile, its cold, stone walls hidden with tapestry. At the sound of the voice that bade Mrs. Gibbs come in, she started, and locked her hands hard. How languid it was—how flat!"

"I have engaged a new maid for you, Miss Hamilton. Will you see her?"

It was a wet, desolate day, and Gillian sat trying to read, her mind one turmoil of anxiety.

"What! Already?" Her voice was full of blank dismay; she dropped her book as she turned to face the housekeeper. "I won't keep her if I do not like her," she said haughtily, recovering herself.

"Just as you like, Miss Hamilton," smoothly; "you can settle that with Mr. Marchmont."

Gillian, with a deadly tremor, knew that, for some reason or other this maid and no other was to succeed Pierce. But she hated Mrs. Gibbs and she would show nothing before her.

"What is her name?" she asked indifferently, stooping to pick up her book.

"Mary James," shortly, and at the words Gillian's face turned scarlet. But the housekeeper did not see.

"I'll send her in," she said, not too civilly. "I hope she'll be better than that Pierce. Do you want me to wait?"

"No, thank you!" It took all Gillian's might to speak carelessly. "I dare say she will do quite well."

She stood leaning against the mantlepiece as Mrs. Gibbs loftily motioned the girl to go in. The new maid closed the door behind her and stood waiting, her fingers on her lips.

For an instant the two stood looking at each other, both silent and strange-eyed.

"I am Mary James, madam," the maid said loudly: "I trust I can suit you," she pointed vigorously to the door behind her as she spoke.

"I—I think so." Gillian's voice was hoarse, broken.

She passed quickly out and down the passage to the baize doors. There was no one there; she caught the sound of Mrs. Gibbs' high-heeled shoes tapping calmly down the front staircase. Then she flew back and locked the door, just in time, for the new maid had her arms round her, laughing and crying.

"Jacky! Jacky!" Gillian whispered, clinging to her. "You don't know how frightened I was! I never thought of Gibbs engaging you. I thought you'd ask for me. When she said she had a maid, I was sure I was lost."

"I thought it was the best way." Jacky, oddly pale under a thick, black lace veil, was staring hard at her sister. "What's the matter with you?" she said. "I should hardly know you—you're so thin; you look so tall!"

"I don't know. Only I don't like this house. I haven't any real reason, but I'm frightened in it," in a nervous whisper.

"Isn't he kind to you?" fiercely, remembering those words about "a devil incarnate."

"Yes—in his way. But—I don't know why—I'm sure," her voice very low, very cautious, "he isn't what he seems to be. I don't think any one in this house, except the under servants, are what they look. I think they are all here for a purpose, and that I'm part of a plan, without knowing it."

"What do you mean?" Jacky pulled off her demure black toque and thick veil, and Gillian started.

"What have you done to your hair?" she cried under her breath. "It's red!"

"Just a little henna," composedly. "And do you like my complexion? Mrs. Rays' Face Bleach! I think I have just the skin for a red-haired girl!"

"Why," Gillian stared at her, "why did you do it?"

"Because Mr. Marchmont never saw me," returned the new maid calmly, "is no reason for thinking other people wouldn't recognize me. We're only twenty miles from the old place; suppose someone from the village were to see me! Miss Jacqueline Hamilton's career would be short when Mr. Marchmont heard of it. Don't I look awful?"

Gillian sat down, weakly.

"You do!" she said, with a laugh that was full of tears. "I never should have known you. I would have passed you in the street. Are you sure you can get it off?" anxiously.

"Oh, easily! You don't think my old neighbors would know me?" surveying her white face and dull-red hair with approval in a glass.

"I know they wouldn't. But—oh, I ought not to have done it! I was a selfish beast to bring you here."

"Nonsense!" promptly. "It's a lark. And I needn't have anything to do with the other servants. Your housekeeper says I'm to have my meals alone."

"You'll never see the other servants," Gillian returned, "or else we couldn't manage. That was one reason why Pierce left. She said she was too lonely."

"Gill, where do I sleep? And do maids wear caps and aprons? I've bought a black satin dress."

"You sleep here." Gillian opened a door into an adjoining room. "You and I are alone in this part of the house. Your sewing-room opens out of your bedroom with a door on the outer hall. No, you don't wear a cap. Just plain white collars and cuffs."

"I'll take my things off," she said, gazing about the neat room made ready for her. "Someone might come. Do you have to go down to tea with Mr. Marchmont?"

"I don't today. He isn't well; he didn't come to lunch. They will bring my tea when I ring. You must be starving."

Jacky nodded, adjusting the scrupulously plain black satin gown that made her look so slight and smart.

"Four pounds, this cost," she said. "I got it where the shop girls at the grand shops get theirs. It took all my money, except a second-class ticket down. But I dared not come in blue serge."

Gillian looked at her; truly no one would have recognized the old Jacky Hamilton. The neat, red hair, brushed smoothly back, was not like the rippling waves and rings of burned gold that had been her greatest beauty; the dead-white skin told no tales of the peach color beneath.

"How do you get your hair like that?"

"Vaseline. There's only one thing wrong about me, Gill—my eyes! I daren't look up; they are so deadly blue with this hair. See?"

Gillian nodded. Jacky with her eyes cast down was an ordinary red-haired girl; looking you in the face she had an uncanny, artificial beauty that would have made her fortune on the stage.

"Never look at Mr. Marchmont," the elder girl cried in a sudden tremor of fear. "Promise me! And oh! do be careful. Keep out of everyone's way. I ought never, never to have brought you here!"

"You didn't; I came! Was that a knock?"

"At the sewing-room door. Your tea. Go and take it from the maid!" Gillian prompted breathlessly. "When she's gone I'll ring for mine, and we'll have it together. We can today."

The new maid was no fool, if she had red hair. She used the cup and plate sent up for her so that the china would tell no tales, and having an excellent appetite dispatched her own tea as well as a share of Gillian's.

"Now tell me," she said, "what you mean about this house? Why are you frightened?"

"The night before I wrote to you," said Gillian slowly, "I let Pierce go out. I was going to bed, and I hadn't anything to read, so I went downstairs for a book, in my dressing-gown. I thought Mr. Marchmont had gone to bed. It was only good luck that made me go quietly by the smoking-room door."

"Well?"

"It was half-open," said Gillian, with a curious glance at her sister. "Inside sat Mr. Marchmont, the housekeeper and the butler, playing cards and smoking."

"What!" cried Jacky, staggered. "He must have a taste for low company."

"I don't think it was low company—at least, I think he isn't any better than they are. I think he is just an impostor, who for some reason wanted to get into county society."

Jacky whistled.

"That's why he adopted you, then," she mused. "Tom Hamilton's daughter could open all the doors when she was adopted by a rich man, though the doors were shut pretty hard to her when she was just a poor, friendless girl. I think we'll get out—at once! I don't like the look of things." Her eyes were half-closed, as though she were seeing something very far away.

Was that what Lesard had meant when he said Marchmont's was no house for any woman? She would have repeated those words to Gillian, but she remembered in time that it was Lesard's confidence she would be betraying. She wondered a little how he knew about Marchmont.

"Go?" Gillian's voice broke in on her abstraction. "We can't go! I signed those papers making him my legal guardian till I'm twenty-one. He could bring me back, whether I liked or no."

"Why did you?" said Jacky, very low.

"I don't know," desperately; "I think he made me. It seemed all right then."

"It doesn't matter," recovering herself. "We can run away. He'll never find us."

"He'd find us anywhere," earnestly. "I don't know why, but I feel as if I were in the center of a great, fine spider's web, and could never get away from the threads. I believe Mr. Marchmont has eyes everywhere, like the spider."

"You're nervous," the new maid said wonderingly. "You'll forget it when we're gone."

"How far do you think we should get—walking?" despairingly. "Perhaps five miles, before we were caught, for he won't let me go; I know it. You've spent all your money; I haven't any. If we even got to London, it would do no good."

"My room is paid for," Jacky said, "but"—her face fell—"I won't have any more money till the first of March. We can go then."

"Do you think we can keep up this farce for a month?" staring listlessly at the fire.

"Yes," stoutly. "But you must get into the way of calling me James. Ladies' maids never have any Christian names. And I'm going to get on the right side of Mrs. Gibbs, you see if I don't."

"That horrible woman! Oh, you can't!"

The new maid's lips straightened into a hard line.

"You'll see," she remarked coolly. "Look here, where did you get those references you sent me from the Countess of Ernescliffe and Mrs. Powers? Because Mrs. Gibbs jumped like anything when she saw them, and forgot her grand airs altogether. I'm afraid she has seen Lady Ernescliffe's writing and knew the note was a sham. If she hadn't gone out of the room that minute I should have been found out. Did you write them?"

"Me?" cried Gillian. "No, I found them! They were in that old desk of father's. I don't know where he ever got them."

"Father's!" Jacky stood staring. "That's queer!" she ejaculated. "But the thing's served our turn. I don't believe I should ever have been engaged without them. They simply worked a miracle."

"Grand ladies' recommendations generally do," Gillian returned.

"Yes," Jacky said dryly. Somehow, she was quite sure that there was some underlying reason for the effect of her references on Mrs. Gibbs; but she said no more. Gillian was nervous enough already, and Jacqueline remembered, uncomfortably, that her father had been a friend of Mr. Marchmont.

"Pray the saints those letters haven't just got us into a trap!" she thought devoutly as she helped Gillian to dress for dinner.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not relating to the special departments elsewhere in the paper, will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address but we will print only initials if so requested.

E. L. W., Kenton, Ky.—Marriage between first cousins is forbidden by law in all states except Alabama, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, District of Columbia, Georgia, Kentucky, Maine, Massachusetts, New Mexico, New York, North Carolina, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Texas, Virginia and Washington. There is no prohibition concerning the marriage of second and third cousins.

MRS. O. E. F., Texas.—We do not like to be too skeptical, but we must tell you that because you have read in the newspaper that two and a half millions of gold are buried somewhere in the Arkansas Ozarks is no reason at all for believing such a treasure really exists. We fear this is the sort of story enterprising journalists like to unearth and print with more or less elaboration for the sake of entertaining their readers. So we warn you not to plan to spend any of these Spanish dollars before you have them dug up. (2) Old Spanish gold coins would have a bullion value according to their degree of fineness. Any U. S. Assay office, should you come into possession of this mythic hoard, would be glad to aid you in converting your ancient gold into new crisp Treasury notes. (3) Any treasure found upon leased land would naturally become the property of the owner of the land and not of the lessee—provided, of course, that no valid claimants appeared for the money or other property.

W. L. A., Gassaway, W. Va.—There are over seven million acres of vacant public lands in the state of Colorado, and some of these many acres are not far, as Western distances go, from Delta, the town you mention. You should write to the Register of the U. S. Land Office, Montrose, Colorado, for further information. Montrose is some thirty miles from Delta, and on the same line of railroad. (2) States having considerable vacant public land still open for settlement are: Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, Utah, Washington and Wyoming.

A COMFORT SUBSCRIBER, Fond du Lac, Wisc.—Authors' manuscripts should best be typed, double spaced, on ordinary typewriter paper of the usual size (8½ by 11). It is well to leave a margin of at least an inch—for any necessary corrections—and four to six spaces can be considered as constituting the ordinary indention for paragraphs, etc. All pages should be carefully numbered at the top, and the author's name and address should be placed on the first page, in the upper right-hand corner. (2) In typing the title of a poem or story, it is customary to capitalize only the important words—that is, articles, prepositions and connectives (unless one of these begins the title) are not given a capital letter. For instance, here would be correct typing of a pair of titles: The True Tale of the Cruise of the Nancy Lee. Three Men of a Far Country and a Fair Sky. Leave as many spaces as you prefer between your title and your first line. We think three spaces make a suitable interval, although four or five would not be too many. You should leave at least a two-inch margin at the top of the page and at least a one-inch at the bottom.

MRS. R. I. L., Great Divide, Colo.—The phrase, "Pennsylvania Dutch," refers to descendants of Hollanders who settled rather thickly in that state at one time in its history. The words in no way mean Germans, or those of German descent. Some of the richest and best-managed farms in the Keystone State are owned by "Pennsylvania Dutch," whose thrift and industry would appeal greatly, we think, to that famous Philadelphian, Ben Franklin.

MRS. H. W. H., Wolf Point, Mo.—We are sorry to have to tell you that opals such as the one your husband found in this coal mine have but little value as a precious stone. If this stone is of any marketable worth at all, your jeweler should be able to tell you where you can have it sold, or cut and polished for your own use. We recommend the latter course, as the stone would not command much of a price, in any event.

MRS. E. T., Dickson, Tenn.—Mrs. Margaret Sanger, well known for her advocacy of birth control, is the editor of the "Birth Control Review," which is issued from 104 Fifth Avenue, New York City. You can address Mrs. Sanger, care of that publication, from which you can also secure the other data you wish concerning theories advocated by Mrs. Sanger.

L. J., Hardin, Mont.—Your two dinners, to be prepared from five varieties of canned food each, do not constitute such a difficult problem, and many appetizing combinations are possible. Our own suggestion would be as follows:

DINNER NUMBER ONE.

Canned Breast of Boiled Chicken
Canned Sweet Potatoes
Pickled Tomatoes Canned String Beans
Canned Strawberries

DINNER NUMBER TWO.

Canned Fried Ham with Milk Gravy
Canned Mashed Turnips
Pickled Cauliflower Canned Sweet Corn
Canned Pineapple

It seems to us that, with the proper "fixins," the dinners above would be fit to set before any king, although we fear that what few kings there are left in the world have appetites and digestions too poor to appreciate such good fare as your canning club will be able to offer its lucky members.

MRS. R. E. S., Newport, R. I.—Surely there are "trained fleas;" these lively and too-intelligent insects have long done duty in various side-show exhibits and in other places. Any one who has ever experienced the tricks that can be done by the untrained insect will well understand the capabilities of a robust adult flea when properly educated. Your friend is not mistaken, and the cultured flea exists, both in moving pictures and in reality. These exhibits are rarer, however, than in the days of the old "dime museum," where trained fleas almost always formed part of the program.

H. D. DeC., Missouri.—You should apply to the U. S. Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C., for particulars concerning the requirements for the position of railway mail clerk, and for information concerning the dates of future examinations.

Miss Mildred Clark, Harrisburg, Ark., is desirous of obtaining some old-fashioned home-woven blue-and-white bedspreads. Will COMFORT readers having these for sale please write to Miss Clark direct?

I. M. E., Spring Hill, W. Va.—The area of the Argentine Republic is over a million square miles, and the country contains some eight and a half million inhabitants. The population, then, is about twice as dense as that of Canada. In the last two decades, Argentina has received a great flow of immigrants—from Italy in particular. Beunos Ayres, the capital of the country and the principal port, is a beautiful and most modern city of cosmopolitan growth and aspect. It is well situated on the River Plata, about 180 miles from the sea. The city has a population of 1,637,000, making it a little smaller than our own city of Philadelphia. A great portion of the Argentine consists of two great unbroken plains—the southern of which is arid and sandy, while the one to the north is able to boast plains of magnificent pastures, fine timber lands and numerous rivers. The River Plata itself is one of the greatest rivers of the western hemisphere, and can be ascended by steamer for over 2,000 miles. The climate of the Argentine is good, but of considerable variety because of the size and natural features of the Republic. In the north, the temperature ranges higher than in the south. The climate of Beunos Ayres may be likened to that of cities of southern Europe, although much dampness prevails in the Argentine capital, caused by winds which reach the city after blowing over salt marshes. You would not be able to get a "ranch on the seashore" in the Argentine, nor would such a location be suitable for ranching operations. You should situate yourself inland on some of the productive lands of the northern plains. The Republic has a shore-line of 854 miles, but practically all of this is low and sandy, without good harbors. For further particulars regarding favorable opportunities and inducements for setlement in the Aregentine, write to our U. S. Consul at Beunos Ayres, and to the Argentine-American Chamber of Commerce, 64 Broad Street, New York City.

M. D., Clanton, Ala.—More important in editors' eyes than the paper stories are written upon is the actual construction of the manuscript. This part of it we are sure you will be able to do better after you have completed your high school course. At present your letter shows you lack experience in spelling and punctuation which would cause any work you might submit to be regarded with disfavor.

Poems Requested

The following poems have been requested by readers of COMFORT and sent for publication.

The Village Choir

(A Parody on "The Charge of the Light Brigade.")

Half a bar, half a bar,
Half a bar onward!
Into an awful ditch,
Choir and precentor hitch,
Into a mess of pitch,
That led the Old Hundred.
Trebles to right of them,
Tenors to left of them,
Bases in front of them
Bellowed and thundered.
Oh, that precentor's look
When the sopranos took
Their own time and book
From the Old Hundred.

Screech all the trebles here,
Boggled the tenors there,
Raising the parson's hair,
While his mind wandered;
Theirs not to reason why
This psalm was pitched too high;
Theirs but to gasp and cry
Out the Old Hundred.
Tenors to right of them,
Tenors to left of them,
Bases in front of them
Bellowed and thundered.
Stormed they with shout and yell,
Not wise they rang, nor well,
Drowning the sexton's bell,
While the church wondered.

Dire the precentor's glare,
Flashed his pitchfork in air,
Sounding the fresh keys to bear
Out the Old Hundred,
Swiftly he turned his back,
Reached he his hat from rack,
Then from the screaming pack
Himself he sundered.
Tenors to right of him,
Trebles to left of him,
Discords behind him
Bellowed and thundered.
Oh, the wind howls they wrought;
Right to the end they fought!
Some tune they sang, but not,
Not the Old Hundred.

A Saloon Bar

A bar to heaven, a door to hell,
Whoever named it named it well.
A bar to manliness and wealth,
A door to want and broken health;
A bar to honor, pride and fame,
A door to sin and grief and shame;
A bar to hope, a bar to prayer,
A door to darkness and despair;
A bar to honored useful life,
A door to brawling, senseless strife;
A bar to all that's true and brave,
A door to every drunkard's grave;
A bar to joys that home imparts,
A door to tears and aching hearts;
A bar to heaven, a door to hell,
Whoever named it named it well.

—*Author unknown.*

Sent in by Miss Ada Armantrout.

Two Pictures

BY ANNIE D. GREEN (MARION DOUGLAS).

An old farmhouse with meadows wide,
And sweet with clover on each side;
A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out
The door with woodbine wreathed about,
And wished his one thought all day:
"Oh, if I could but fly away
From this dull spot the world to see.
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

Amid the city's constant din,
A man who round the world has been,
Who, 'mid the tumult and the throng,
Is thinking, thinking all day long:
"Oh, could I only tread once more
The field-path to the farmhouse door,
The old green meadow could I see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

Sent in by "Constant Reader."

All Things Bright and Beautiful

BY CECIL FRANCIS ALEXANDER.

"All things bright and beautiful,
All things great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,—
The Lord God made them all.

"Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,—
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

"The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
God made them, high or lowly,
And order'd their estate.

"The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The morning, and the sunset
That lighteth up the sky.

"The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water
We gather every day;

"He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who hath made all things well.'

Sent in by R. L. D.

Locked in the Breast

BY THOMAS F. PORTER.

Whatever heart longings to me are denied,
How many bright prospects of mine turned aside,
It will not be in me to grieve or complain,
If I in the humor can calmly remain,
That, when day is o'er and I go home to rest,
A grudge against no one is locked in my breast.

In everyday life we are always beset
With trials and crosses that vex us and fret;
When in anger we speak words cutting and hard,
Because at the time we were quite off our guard,
But ne'er may there be when the sun seeks the west
A grudge against anyone locked in my breast.

We intend to do right and then we do wrong,
This is true of the weak, often true of the strong,
But of all the errors we thoughtlessly make,
May we never forget this sound view to take,
Should there be a feud there may be an inquest
To follow a grudge locked up long in the breast.

A grudge in one night will gnaw, fester and grow,
But to what proportions the morrows will show,
For days and for months it may many annoy,
Or the peace of a life forever destroy.
Heaven pity the mortal who, when he would rest,
Has a grudge against someone locked in his breast.

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Reward No. 76610.

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Reward No. 7796 Pure white with a fine smooth finish, this handsome Comb, Brush and Mirror Set equals in appearance the finest French Ivory. Heavy beveled French glass mirror. Comb has both coarse and fine teeth, brush has the finest stiff bristles. Can be cleaned with soap and water just like French Ivory. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.



Reward No. 75110.

Reward No. 75110 This Lady's Wrist Watch is the stylish octagon shape, only 5-16 of an inch thick and one inch in diameter, with high-grade, jeweled Swiss movement, pure white dial with Arabic numerals. Bracelet is of fine black silk ribbon with rolled gold catch and slide. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for ten one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.



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Some Queer Submarines

By C. L. Chapman

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SUBMARINE navigation, so far as recorded in history, was conceived during the famous siege of Syracuse in 212 B. C. Trained divers were employed, but they were unable to remain under water more than a few minutes. Centuries lapsed before we hear of anyone attempting to build a boat that would be invisible to an enemy.

M. Delpeuch states that some English ships were destroyed in 1372 by fire carried under water. In 1620 Cornelius van Drebble, a Dutch natural philosopher, worked along this idea, constructing several boats which he made watertight by greased leather stretched over the hull. By 1727 no less than fourteen types of submarines had been patented in England alone.

It was left to a young American, David Bushnell, to invent the first practical submarine, which he did in 1771, when a freshman at Yale. In principle it was essentially the same as the "water bugs" that prowl the seas today in search of prey. This may sound far-fetched, but it is a fact vouched for several years ago by Commander Barber of the United States Navy. "It seems to have been the most perfect thing of the kind," said the commander, "that has ever been constructed before or since the time of Bushnell."

As late as 1905; the noted constructor of the British navy, Sir William White, said: "It cannot be claimed that any new principle of design has been discovered or applied since Bushnell. He showed the way to all his successors in the particulars of bouyancy, stability and control of the depth reached by submarines. Although alternative methods have been introduced and practically tested, in the end Bushnell's plans have in substance been found the best."

Not only did Bushnell invent the submarine boat but the submarine mine as well. His professors laughed at his contention that gunpowder could be exploded under water. They even ridiculed him for advancing such a theory. But the student took his professors and other learned gentleman out into New Haven harbor, where he produced such an explosion.

Soon after the opening of the Revolutionary war Admiral Lord Howe began a blockade of New York Harbor. The colonists were perturbed—and with cause. They realized that England controlled the situation for the time being at least, and that if the hostile fleet could be destroyed the war would be ended—then and there. But how to destroy the fleet was a question. The colonies had no ships that would bring victory in battle with those of Lord Howe.

The thoughts of some patriots turned to David Bushnell and his submarine mine. Granting that it was a wonderful invention, how, they asked could it be placed under a ship? Bushnell readily gave them an answer: By means of a submarine boat. He had invented just such a craft for just such a purpose.

The name bestowed upon the queer looking craft was "Turtle." Instead of the whalelike lines that characterize these latter-day sea fighters, Bushnell's submarine was shaped something like a "clam," its longest distance being placed vertically. This so as to accommodate a single operator in sitting posture.

The Turtle was submerged by letting water into a tank, raised by allowing the water to drain from this same reservoir. The motive power was furnished by a wooded propeller placed in front, which the operator turned by means of a crank. It gave the boat a maximum speed of two miles an hour.

Foxfire wood, which emitted a phosphorescent light and at the same time did not exhaust any oxygen so precious to the operator, was the means of illumination. An ordinary rudder steered the vessel. Bushnell provided an air chamber in which the operator could remain for half an hour, and practical methods for gauging the depths and retaining the stability of his craft.

Bushnell completed his studies at Yale in 1775, but previous to that year the Turtle had made several successful voyages. One of the patriots, Israel Putnam, learning of this sent for Bushnell and his submarine boat. After a brief conference, during which the young inventor explained the workings of his craft, The Eagle, flagship of the British fleet, was picked as the first victim of Bushnell's genius.

Bushnell was never a strong youth. While other boys of his home colony played games and improved their physique, he spent his time indoors, mapping out the many ideas that raced through his imaginative mind. So when the opportunity arose for him to demonstrate the practicability of his great scheme he confessed his inability to navigate the Turtle himself, because of insufficient strength.

So that his submarine was entrusted to another, one Ezra Lee, who propelled the Turtle to where the British flagship lay off Staten Island. Bushnell had made it possible for whoever navigated his boat to detach the torpedo, which was held in place by a cable, and fasten it by a screw to the hull of the ship to be destroyed. Having done this the Turtle was to leave. Within the torpedo was a time clock set for thirty minutes. After that time the explosion was to occur.

But at the point of the hull of the Eagle where Lee had planned to attach the torpedo a sheath of copper prevented him from screwing his weapon of destruction. Lee did his best to overcome this difficulty but he worked in vain and failed to sink the British man-o'-war.

This was a great disappointment to Bushnell's friends. The name of the Turtle became a name to be laughed at and ridiculed. Bushnell, discouraged and sick at heart, the result of years of hard work vanished in a day, disappeared from his old haunts.

A quarter of a century elapsed before the submarine was again taken at all seriously. Napoleon Bonaparte, with all the powers leauged against him, had one great ambition—an invasion of England. The first step in this direction was to get rid of the English navy.

In the midst of his deliberations, Robert Fulton appeared. And to demonstrate his boat gave an exhibition in the harbor of Brest. His craft was a development of Bushnell's idea, and showed improvement over the latter.

Fulton's boat was called the "Nautilus" and had the form of a cigar. It was made of wood sheated with copper and hooped with iron. It was twenty-one feet and four inches in length. With three companions Fulton sailed his craft five hundred feet while twenty-five feet beneath the surface of the water. On one occasion the four men remained below four hours. Napoleon was greatly impressed with the action of Fulton's boat. A shallop was placed at the disposal of Fulton by the French admiralty for his experiments and became a mass of debris after the Nautilus had attacked her. Every experiment was successful, and Fulton was ordered to set sail against the British fleet, just off Brest. But the English had been forewarned and ran away. The ships of the British absented themselves from the coast of France, and though Fulton watched and waited, he received no opportunity to prove the value of his invention.

Napoleon, angry, dismissed him from the service, realizing later that he had committed a grievous error—throwing away his great chance of crushing England and saving his empire.

Even while the American was carrying on these experiments in the harbor of Brest, the English had invited him to London.

On the rejection of his plans by Napoleon, Fulton forthwith made the trip across the channel, where William Pitt received him with open arms.

The intention in England was not to develop the submarine but to suppress it, they not wanting it to fall into the hands of the enemy. Accordingly they offered Fulton a fortune to forget his invention and return to America. This offer was refused and Fulton returned to America and turned his genius on his steamboat.

At Kiel, in 1850, the submarine again came into prominence, but no success attended the venture.

In 1863 McClintock and Howgate constructed a semi-submarine hand-propelled boat for the purpose of attack on the federal fleet but it sank four times, each time drowning the entire crew of eight men.

But after Fulton the greatest advance in submarine construction was made by the confederates in our Civil War. They combined the uses of steam and electricity. This "David," as submarines were then called was about sixty feet long and manned by nine men, eight of whom worked the screw-shaft by hand, while the ninth acted as pilot. On the night of February 17, 1863, this little craft went out to attack the Housatonic, a Federal ship anchored in Charleston Harbor, exploding a hundred pounds of powder under the keel of the ship. The Housatonic fairly jumped out of the water and then lurched heavily to the bottom. During the confusion of rescuing the survivors the David apparently escaped, for she could not be found. This was the first case of a submarine destroying an enemy. After the war when divers went down to the wrecked ship, they found the David wedged into the very hole she had made, evidently sucked in by the rush of water. The effect of the David's torpedo proved that the submarine was worthy of respect.

The "Whale," recently on exhibition in the Brooklyn navy yard, was built in 1864, and by strange coincidence, one of her constructors bore the same name as the first inventor of a submarine—Bushnell. His full name was C. S. Bushnell. In conjunction with Augustus Rice he built the boat at Halstead, N. J. She is about twenty-nine feet long and has a depth of nine feet. Her sides are made of twelve-inch boiler plate.

The craft of today is practically of the same design of a century ago. There is increased efficiency and wider range of action, because we now possess materials of construction, which are lighter and stronger and which can be better manipulated. The modern submarine is a maze of machinery. It lives in the dark, striking without an instant's warning like an adder.

In the struggle for naval supremacy, the inventive genius of the American, the practical experience of the English, the application of the Russian, the exact science of the French, and the profound thought of the Germans are being constantly put to the test. The desire and passion for military strength is so great upon the part of all powers, that there is no hesitancy upon the part of any, to copy from the other any plan or process which makes for increased military efficiency or wider field of action.

Naval experts of the nations early realized that the submarine had to be reckoned with. In its present state of efficiency, it is the most powerful weapon of offence and defence, and its value has long bene recognized by the best known students of naval warfare.

It was many years ago that Jules Verne wrote of the adventures of captain Nemo and his fabled submarine, the Nautilus. People accepted the adventures as good reading—nothing more. But now it is known that Verne, dreaming his unbelievable vision, was even then pointing a prophetic finger to the most dangerous engine of war in the history of the world.

Letitia's One Adventure

By Nellie R. Donnel

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LETITIA Otis stepped up to the post-office window with misgiving in her heart. What was the use of asking for any mail. She never received any letters. "No one cares at all," she said to herself, but habit was strong, so she asked just as she had been doing for years: "Any letters, Mr. Gadsden?"

"Yes, Miss Letitia, one letter," and he laughed as he added: "Wouldn't be s'prised if 'twas a love letter. Looks like a man's handwrite."

Letitia said not a word, but went out with the letter clutched tightly in her hand. "Who could it be from?" she wondered as she hurried home. She could hardly wait until she reached the flower-bordered path she and Tabby called home. The path led to a small cottage. Once inside the door she closed it tight, and with hands that trembled tore open the letter and read:

"My Dear, Dearest Letitia: Am sending the garments you picked out by parcel post registered, so you will be sure to receive them. Put them on and meet me at the Old Stone church tomorrow (Wednesday) night. Do not fail to come.

"With lots of love,

"ROBERT."

She read the words with astonishment. Must be some mistake somewhere. It sounded as if from a lover, so it couldn't be for her. She looked at the envelope again to make sure. No, there it was in black and white: Miss Letitia Otis, Perrysburg, Ohio. It certainly was strange. She had no lovers, and who could Robert be, anyway? It must be an elopement.

A sudden quick knock roused her, and she went to the door. There stood the delivery boy with a big box under his arm.

"Please sign here, to show you received the parcel," said he, pointing to the line where she should place her signature.

"Yes, but——" began Letitia, intending to explain.

"I'm in a dreadful hurry, ma'am. And before Letitia knew it she had signed her name and the boy was gone.

She looked at the address on the box. That was the same as it was on the letter. "That's queer," she thought.

"Well, there won't be any harm in opening it, anyway," she said to Tabby, who had curled up in the rocker for a nap.

So she cut the strings and lifted the lid, and there laid the loveliest pink blouse. Underneath that she found a hat and a veil and a pretty jacket suit of navy blue.

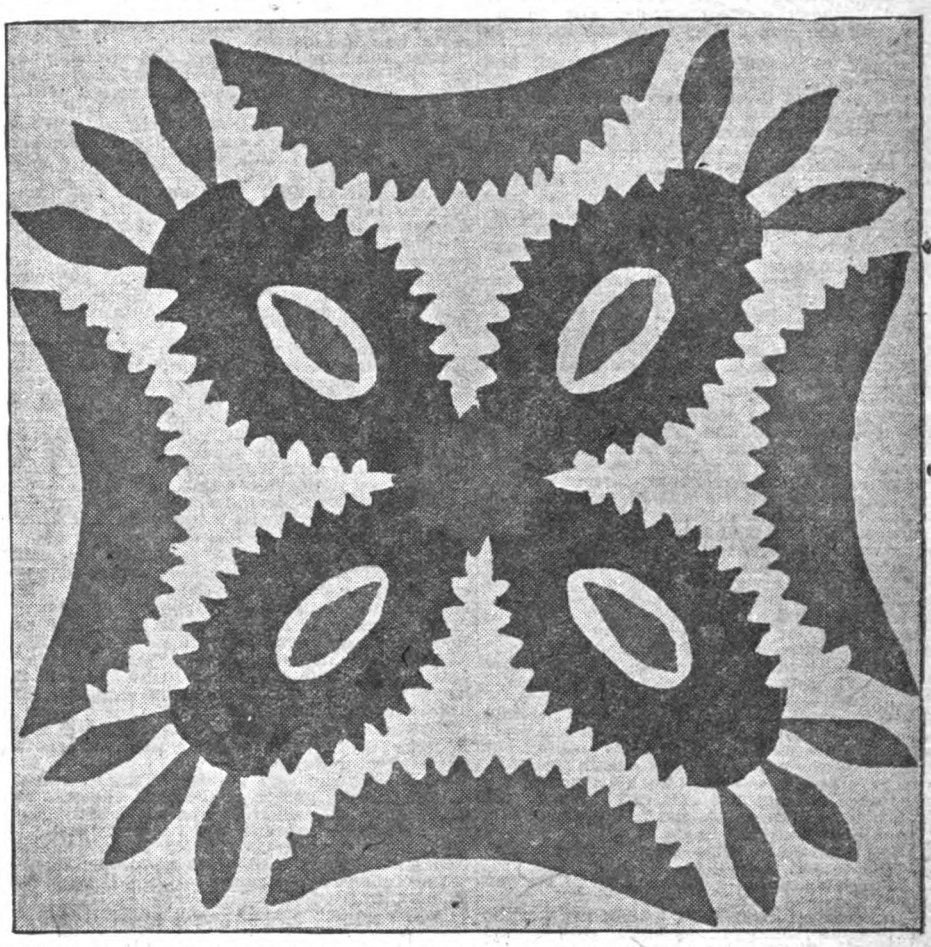
"They are lovely," said Letitia, "but I wouldn't dare." Then, after thinking a little: "And why should I not? They were sent to me."

"No, I can't," and she cried with disappointment. It seemed that her life had been full of disappointments. She had had her girlish dreams long ago, and her life must always be empty, just as it was now. Letitia never owned to any one but herself that she would soon be forty-two. Her prince came when she was eighteen, but Father and Mother were ailing and needed her, so she had said, "No." Now all were gone and she was left alone.

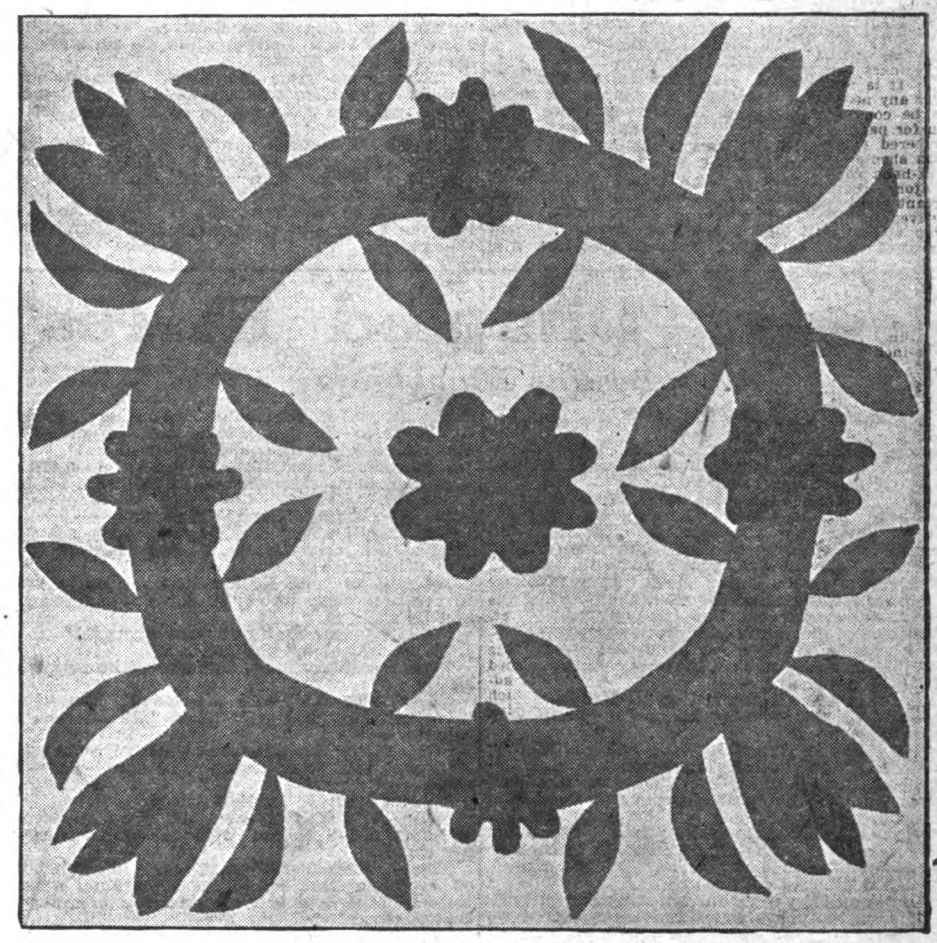
"Oh, if I could only go. Just to see how it is to get away from home once. I believe I *will*. It must be some young things who hardly know their own minds. As for me, I'll get out of it some way. Now if I can only wear these clothes."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38.)

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Letitia's One Adventure

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37.)

So she tried on the waist, and, joy of joys, it fitted. The skirt seemed a trifle short, to her notion, but she forgot that when she looked in the glass.

"I'm not so terribly homely, after all, and clothes *do* make a difference." She took the garments off and laid them lovingly back in the box. She could hardly wait until the next evening for her wonderful adventure, now that she had really decided to go; yet when the time arrived she found her heart all a-flutter.

She nervously fastened the last clasp, adjusted the veil, and after putting Tabby on the back porch with extra rations, hurried down the street. She was fearful of meeting someone, so she went down a back street to the old Stone church, the trysting place named in the letter.

She had not long to wait. Someone was coming around the corner of the church. The moon shone dim, so all Letitia could see was a large, burly form. She changed her mind all of a sudden and started to run but didn't get far until she felt the pressure of arms around her and a voice in her ear.

"Oh, Letitia, dear, you're not going to back out, are you? I was afraid you wouldn't come. You're a dear," and then a hug that left her horrified and speechless. She hadn't counted on this, and could only pray that the veil hid the mortification and embarrassment she felt. Oh, to be at home now. What a fool she was to come. But she had borrowed plumes and must wear them now. What would he say if he knew? It was too much to expect anyone to forgive a joke of this sort. But she couldn't tell now, there would be an easier way out after a while. But he seemed not to notice her and went on:

"I left the car down the road a ways and came on foot the rest of the way so no one would suspicion. Did you have a hard time getting away?"

"N-no," faltered Letitia, afraid to trust her voice above a whisper. Who was at home to care anyway? No one but Tabby.

"Here we are," said he, and he helped her into a big roadster that stood by the side of the road. Soon they were on their way, with nothing but the drone of the motor to drown their thoughts. Where to? Letitia wondered but dare not ask.

Only once did his arm steal around her, and Letitia uttered a groan as she felt the pressure.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"N-nothing," said Letitia so low that he had to bend to hear her. Then:

"I love you dear with all my heart. Do you love me?"

"N-no, I mean I don't know," whispered Letitia.

"Don't know? Yes you do, you're only excited running away like this, and no wonder."

Letitia was terribly afraid he was going to kiss her, and he did, right through veil and all. Oh, when would he discover his mistake and what would he say? It was comfortable to have someone who cared take care of you, but——

"Letitia, you're crying," said he. "You're not sorry you came? Oh, don't say that!"

"Y—n-no," mumbled Letitia.

"Never mind, when you have rested you will feel much better. I engaged a room at the hotel for you. Father and I have lived there ever since Mother died. I will take you there."

Letitia felt miserable, but concluded she might as well make the best of it now. They were coming to the lights of the city and she stole a glance at him. She saw he was a manly looking fellow, perhaps twenty-two, and her heart smote her. If she only had a son like him how proud she would be. It wasn't right to fool him this way and she crouched in her corner of the seat, as if to hide.

"Letitia, kiss me just once before we get there."

"I—I can't," sobbed Letitia.

"And why can't you?" he asked, beginning to feel a trifle irritated and wondering what on earth was the matter.

She could bear it no longer, and throwing back her veil she cried out: "Don't you see? I'm a fraud. Oh, if I only hadn't come. I wish I was back home."

It was his turn to look astonished. "H-holy smoke, who are you? I thought you were Letitia."

"I am Letitia, Letitia Otis." Then the whole pitiful story came out. "Oh, I see it is all a terrible mistake now. But my life has always been so lonely. I am sorry I came, but when I received the letter and found that the clothes fitted me I decided to come because, well just because——" and the tears started anew.

But he felt no anger, only pity for her, when she had finished, and he said: "That's all right. You were a good sport, anyway. I'll make it all right with the girl."

"I thought there was a girl in it," said Letitia. Then, wishing to justify herself, she added: "But how did it happen to be addressed to me? The letter and the box, both of them were. No one else of that name lives in Perrysburg."

"Well, she is just visiting there at the Andrews," said he. "Her name is Letitia Otis, too. Her father doesn't object to me but thinks we are both too young. So we planned to elope. But come in and stay for the night, anyway, and we will talk it over in the morning." And Letitia accepted because there was no other way out.

In the morning she was up bright and early, and, thinking to escape without seeing him, she was hurrying out when Robert saw her. "Just step into the sitting-room a minute," said he.

There was an older man in the room who Robert introduced as his father. But before he had finished his father said: "Why, if it isn't Letitia," and before she knew it he had both her hands in his own. Letitia blushed crimson. How brazen he would think her.

"Where have you been all these years?" asked Robert's father. "And where did you get acquainted with Robert?"

So Robert had said nothing about it, and she cast a grateful glance at the boy, who was now standing by the window. But she said: "Oh, it is all a terrible mistake, and I must be going."

"I asked for you at the old place," went on Robert's father, too eager to notice her answer. "They said you had gone away. No one seemed to know where."

"After father died, I went to Perrysburg to take care of Aunt Lizzie. I have lived there ever since. There was no one back home that needed me. But I must be going," and the tears started to trickle down her cheeks.

"You are going, but not back there. You are coming to live with me," said Robert's father. You will forgive me, won't you?" he asked.

"There is nothing to forgive. It is all the other way," began Letitia, while the tears started anew down her cheeks.

"This is no time for tears," said Robert's father. "We have wasted enough time already. The courthouse will soon be open. Come, let us hurry."

And as they passed out, Robert, who had been forgotten by them, muttered: "Well, if this isn't the limit. Elope with a girl and have father walk away with her right under my nose." Then he laughed as he added: "It isn't every one who has the chance to choose his own stepmother, though."

Peggy "Dimpled Knees"

By Ray Humphreys

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THE pretty blonde looked up into his eyes bashfully when he asked her if she was going home his way.

One glance and she nodded.

He helped her into the sporty roadster and the next minute they had wheeled into the line of traffic and were headed out Santa Fe Boulevard at a smart clip.

She looked at his clever shoes. They matched his brown overcoat, and the coat, she told herself, was the same adorable shade as his eyes.

Ordinarily she didn't ride with strangers.

But when a stranger—a handsome stranger—drives up to the curb in a blue-gray chummy and swings open the door——

"The cars are all jammed up at Norwich Avenue—and if you're going home I'll gladly give you a lift."

"But I live in Avondale," she had smiled.

"So do I," he promptly answered.

And the next minute—well, she was admiring his shoes and thinking of his eyes and wondering what the girls would say if they could see her.

"Seems," he broke the silence finally, "that I've met you somewhere before; weren't in Paris during the scrap, were you?"

The girl blushed a little.

"You know," he went on, watching her curiously, "I seem to place you there—over there—we might have met, you know, at a hut dance, or——"

"Yes," and she struggled up to the occasion, "I was over there in Red Cross work, but——"

"I knew it," he exclaimed, "I remember you—I was with the 134th Infantry,—1st lieutenant—and—you, you don't happen to remember me, do you?"

"Not exactly," said she, remembering that the only officer she ever met was Patrolman O'Shay, who sent her a box of candy now and then and took her to the Bijou every Saturday night.

"Well," said the stranger, "my name is Rogers—Mansfield Rogers, Jr.!"

It took her breath away.

Mansfield Rogers, Jr.! She was riding home with the only son of the greatest governor the state had ever known,—the richest, the mightiest, the proudest, the—— She wondered if her name would be in the society column next morning.

"Oh," she stammered, "I'm glad to meet you!"

"Same to you," he smiled, "and your name?"

"Peggy," she said, "Peggy Williams!"

She felt him give her a quick glance.

"Pretty name—that," he murmured, and she looked sharply at him but his face was straight. He was watching a traffic officer ahead.

They worried their way through the congested zone.

Up past the square they spun, and out the long drive that led to Avondale—where the mightiest of the mighty mansioned.

"You must have been away somewheres," she broke the silence, nodding at the grips that occupied the back seat of the chummy.

"Yes," he smiled, "just back from Europe—oh, no, I didn't come all the way in the car. I picked this boat up in Hoboken and I've driven her through—classy, isn't she?"

"Yes," said the girl.

"And so you,"—he turned and looked her square in the eyes—"are Peggy Williams! The girl who made 'Dimpled Knees' famous! Aren't you appearing in films any more?"

"Oh, yes—but I'm resting now, you see!"

"I saw you in 'Dimpled Knees,'" he glowed, enthusiastically. "I didn't know you then. I—I—my, but that was a wonderful piece of acting you did there—I hand it to you."

She crimsoned properly.

"Oh," she said, tossing her blonde head, "that wasn't so much—I've done better—and, really, 'Dimpled Knees'——"

"I suppose," he offered, "that it was rather chilly for you in that hotel lobby where you had to appear in—in that abbreviated costume—that scene from which the plot got its name!"

Again she blushed furiously, and she tugged at her tight skirt, conscious that she was a bit embarrassed.

"Well, 'Dimpled Knees,'" he began——

"Oh, Mr. Rogers," she begged, "let's not talk shop all the time—really, I hear so much of it that it bores me!"

He said no more for a minute, while he tried to see how close he could shave a coal wagon, and then:

"Didn't I hear that you were engaged?"

"Why, why—oh," she faltered.

"Just another rumor, I suppose," he suggested kindly.

"Yes," she said, and glanced at him coyly, "I'm not engaged—yet; there are rumors, of course——"

"Of course," he answered gallantly, "but I'm glad that you're not engaged, because—well—because——"

"Because why?" laughed the girl.

"Oh—I'll tell you some day," he answered, while a million dollars' worth of pink rushed to her cheeks.

They had reached the park now and the heights of Avondale were before them. Around a bend they whizzed and she clutched the brown-overcoated arm.

"There's my—our—house,"—she pointed it out to him—"up there in the trees; just drive to the gate here, please, Mr. Rogers, and let me out there."

He didn't answer. He seemed lost in thought and she wondered if he had heard her—but he stopped at the gate.

"I thank you," she said simply, as he helped her from the car, "and some time we may meet again,—Mansfield!"

He smiled, and took her extended hand. It was soft and he squeezed it just a bit.

"Good by," she said.

"I'll never forget you—Peggy," he said.

She walked away and up the drive. Rogers threw his car into gear and shot away in a cloud of gasolene vapor. Around the curve he whirled and suddenly clamped on the brakes. Hastily he jumped from his car and ran back toward the gate, crouching behind a huge rock.

The girl, like a queen, stood on the great steps of the house and glanced back toward the road, then, deliberately, she walked to a side door and entered. It seemed as if the sun had gone down.

Rogers waited a moment. He counted ten and then ten more and then, jauntily, he came out from behind the rock and went through the gate and swung up the path. He mounted the steps confidently.

He touched the knob. It turned. He walked in. Cautiously he stood for a second and then bounded into the spacious library.

A vision in fluffy skirts, with jet black hair, and with a huge solitaire sparkling on the third finger of her left hand confronted him, and then, delightedly.

"Why, Mansfield! when did you come——"

"Just got in, Peggy, but say—when did you get that new kitchen mechanic?"

"Why don't those grand opera stars accumulate more money?"

"Their expenses are heavy."

"Eh?"

"I've seen one wearing a milkmaid's costume that must have cost two thousand bones."

Dichman.—"What brand of cigars do you like best?"

Spongeleigh.—"The brand you have in your pocket."—*Answers.*

Earn Your Choice Of These Splendid Rewards All Given Free For Small Clubs To Comfort



Reward No. 7557



Reward No. 8621.



Reward No. 7944.



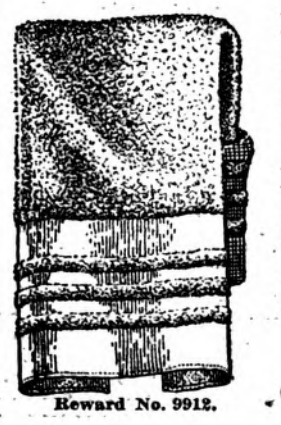
Reward No. 9882.



Reward No. 9982.



Reward No. 9952.



Reward No. 9912.

Reward No. 7557 The "Leonard Earl" Gent's Watch, thin model, nickel-silver case, 12 size, open face, antique bow and flat crown. Guaranteed American-made movement, stem wind, pull-out, pendent set, white dial, Arabic numerals. Looks like a $25.00 watch and will keep just as good time. Sent to you free and prepaid for seven one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.



Reward No. 8214.

Reward No. 8621 Peggy is the name of this cute, lovable Doll. She is nearly one foot tall and wears a pretty dress with sash. A New York manufacturer in order to keep his help busy during the dull season sold us these Dolls at a greatly reduced price. We are, therefore, able to send you "Peggy" free and prepaid for only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50c.

Reward No. 8214 New style Hand Bag 6½x4¾ inches in size, made of genuine leather, color black. It has two large pockets, mirror pocket with mirror and special money pocket which fastens tightly together. Sent to you free and prepaid for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.



Reward No. 9093.

Reward No. 7944 Premo Camera made by the Eastman Kodak Company, adapted for either snapshots or time exposures, uses the regulation roll film cartridge, can be loaded in broad daylight, takes a picture 1¼x1¾ inch size. Not a toy but a real Camera. So simple that a child can use it, yet it produces fine pictures. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.

Reward No. 9093 Just what every woman wants—a three-piece Scissors Set in a handsome leatherette case. Set consists of one pair of six-inch scissors, one pair of five-inch scissors and one pair of four-inch scissors, made of the best steel, highly tempered and handsomely nickel plated. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.



Reward No. 7638

Reward No. 7638 Beautiful Ivory Clock for sleeping-room, living-room or desk, 3½ inches high with a 3¾-inch base, American movement, fully guaranteed. This makes a splendid boudoir clock as it matches the different French ivory toilet articles possessed by most every woman. Sent to you, free and prepaid for eight one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.

Reward No 9882 Fifty-four inch Pearl Necklace—full opera length—made all of pearls of uniform size, of perfect finish and luster, equal in appearance to some necklaces sold at a high price. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.



Reward No. 1142.

Reward No 1142 Latest style Crystal Bead Necklace, 30 inches in length, made of brilliant crystal cut beads, alternating with seed beads, with long oval and round bead ornamentations and tassel. You can have your choice of Topaz, Amethyst, Emerald and Sapphire. Be sure to mention color wanted. Given to you, free and prepaid, for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.

Reward No. 9982 A good grade Toilet Set that pleases every woman. We have given away thousands of them. Set is finished in the new popular "Malachite" green, brush has silverine shield on the back. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.



Reward No. 1152.

Reward No. 1152 The latest Vanity Case, handsomely embossed, silver finished, thin model and very light weight, weighing only two ounces. Inside the case is a fine little mirror and two dainty powder puffs. All the rage of the big cities. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.

Reward No. 9952 A handsome Jewel Box of oxidized silver which never tarnishes. Illustration shows the beautiful design which is heavily embossed. It is silk lined and of just the right size for small articles of jewelry trinkets, etc., that every woman loves to count among her treasures. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.



Reward N. 8124

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Reward No. 9912 A pair of Turkish Towels, 16x32 inches in size, of good weight, well made and finished. Just the right towel for everyday use in the home. Some families send for a dozen pairs at a time. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.



Reward No. 7756.

Reward No. 7756 Good quality Scrim Curtains, each side piece measuring 2½ feet in width, and full length. Valance is 14 inches wide and 2½ feet long, the insertion is a three-inch band of filet lace. You can have your choice of white or ecru. Sent to you free and prepaid for six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each.

Address All Orders

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29.)

prosperous stock-broker, and never fancied that I would turn out to be the Happiest Uncle at the head of the Biggest Family in the world. And I wouldn't be a-broker now for all the stocks and bonds in Wall Street. No; not if J. P. Morgan himself offered them to me on a platter of Sub Treasury bullion. So you see, Mary, sometimes the dreams we never dreamed are the ones that can come true and be the best of all.

Be sure to write us again, Mary, when you get your lariat and pony, and tell us if you met a body comin' through the cactus.

SOMEWHERE IN VIRGINIA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA, BILLY AND EVERYBODY:

Hello! Will you let a Virginia reader into your Happy Family? There now, never mind, Billy has been kind enough to get up and give me his seat right next to Uncle Lisha. Wasn't he nice? As you have been so kind as to let me in, I am going to tell you where I live, 'way back up in the big, lovely cool mountains. Do I get lonesome? No; you're wrong there; not a bit of it. For the birds keep me company and then I have to work, as I raise chickens, lots of 'em—White Leghorns. There now, I have got off and am telling you about chickens when I should have been telling you about the mountains. I live near a summer resort, and you can stand on top of the mountain above our house and see seven other mountains without moving. And, my, Billy, I am anxious for you to come down and stay for a few weeks so we can fish for those wonderful mountain trout. My, but they're good. Um, um!

I would like to hear from doctor cousins, unmarried, between the ages of 18 and 80. I am leaving my address with Uncle Lisha.

I guess you are all wishing I would take off this sunbonnet and these miserable glasses so you could see who has been giving you so much nonsense. My, my; aren't you fooled. Goodness, Billy, what a face you are making! You see only a big, round, ugly face, topped with dark brown hair and blue eyes. Oh, I know what you are all laughing at—my big mouth. Isn't it large? Looks like a railroad tunnel, doesn't it, Bill? And what a nose! It's almost a broomstick. I know I've done wrong to take my bonnet off. Now I am going to let you guess how much I weigh, but please don't ask Uncle Lisha. He would say "a ton," as I have been sitting on his lap so long.

Now, Billy, if you do not eat this up, I'll send you a lovely bunch of my pansies, or a big piece of candy. Which do you wish? I mostly have more burns than candy, though.

So now I'll run back to Virginia and my mountain home and feed my chickens. By, by, everybody! With a kiss for Uncle Lisha and a special big hug for Billy, I leave you all. SUNSHINE AND SMILES.

You were as light on my knee as the wing-feathers of a veery, Cousin Sunshine, and I would have been glad to have had you sit there longer, you may be sure. I'm glad you find the birds such good company—not only the woodsy sort that St. Francis loved, but also the more domesticated variety that give us the raw material for omelets and "ham and." Leghorns may not sing so well as the wood thrushes of your "big, cool, lovely mountains," but they are mighty satisfying warblers so far as filling the egg-basket goes. I don't know what we would ever do for fried egg sandwiches if it were not for the noble Leghorn and the eight-hour days they are willing to put in turning out fried eggs. Fortunately, with all the present-day spirit of organization in labor circles, the hard-working hen has not yet gone on strike or demanded shorter nest hours and a higher corn scale. But I think this may happen any time, if a lively young Leghorn laborite should start about the country, making speeches in every henhouse and organizing Leghorn Locals.

I don't see why you consider those stationary mountains of yours so wonderful, Sunshine. Why I've seen lots more than seven peaks that stand "without moving." What I would really think remarkable would be a mountain that would come when it was called, or that you could push aside when it got in the way of a sunset.

Why this desire to hear only from doctor cousins, Sunshine? Your letter doesn't sound a bit ill and I, as a layman, should consider all your symptoms were most favorable. However, I hope there will be steen thousand of our young and handsome pills and sawbones who will send you prescriptions. I'll give them your address, S & S.

Oh, by the way, I must tell you that Billy does not like to be hugged—not that he's bashful about it, but he says he always gets hair in his mouth and once he got a hatpin in his right eye. He has been hug-shy ever since.

POPLAR BLUFF, R. R. 2, BOX 212, MO.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

We have been taking COMFORT ever since I can remember, and I sure enjoy reading the letters from the cousins.

Uncle, I would like the words of a song:

"She went to a tailor shop and dressed up as a man,
And then unto the sea captain and asked to hire as a hand:
'Your arms they are too slender, your fingers are too small,
Your cheeks they are too rosy to face the cannon balls.'"

If any of the cousins will send me this song I will return the favor if possible.

I am a farm boy and like farm life fine. I have no use for the city. I am between the ages of 18 and 22 and will leave you to guess my age.

I would like to receive letters from any of the cousins and will try to answer as many as possible. Well, Uncle, please keep this letter from Billy as it is my first and I don't see many letters from Missouri.

With love to all,
Your nephew, MONROE R. DAVIS.

That's a remarkable and fetching song of which you send us one verse, Monroe. Like you, I would be glad to know the further adventures of this she-sailor and the tender-hearted captain who refused to accept such a fair addition to his crew. For fear that there may be a delay in your receiving more words of your sea-song, Monroe, I'm giving you a second verse myself, written with a last line that may, or may not, be approved by that talcum-teaser, Cousin Gus Trick of Muncy, Pa. Get your mouth-organ, for here goes:

Cried she, "Oh, Mr. Captain, I pray you change your mind!
My heart it will be broken, if I am left behind;
My arms you may think slender, but they are long and tough,
And if my cheeks are rosy, I'll buy a powder puff."

Now if some song-writing cousin will contribute a third verse, I'll furnish a rollicking chorus and you'll have a complete song, almost as good as new.

I agree with you, Monroe; the country is the stuff and I have no use for the city—but the darn city keeps hanging around and I don't know how to get rid of the blame thing. It is so noisy, too, and eats so much. If I could get it to turn its back for a minute and shut at least one of its six million pair of eyes, I believe I would just light out for good and leave the old city to look out for itself. Who knows?—I might land in Missouri, up among the Ozarks, with three peach trees in my front yard and a cunning little mule and a bright-eyed, bob-tailed Ford in the barn. How is the outlook for Uncles about Poplar Bluff, Monroe? If it's good, I might settle there instead of going further up in the hills.

CORNING, OHIO.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Howdy, one and all! Will you let an Ohio breeze in for a little while? Sh, don't anyone sneeze and awaken Billy.

I'll begin by a description of myself, for I always read the descriptions before I read the rest of the letters. So here goes: I am five feet, four inches, in my stocking feet, gray eyes, auburn hair (not red, mind), and I will soon be seventeen. We have taken COMFORT in our family for over thirty years and I think it is a jim dandy.

I have just finished high school this spring. How many of the other cousins who graduated this spring are going to college? I hope every one, because it's a wonderful thing to have a college education. I intend to go this fall to the Ohio University. Many say: Of what use is a college education to a girl when she usually marries before she is through college? A college education is a good thing to have even if one is married. It is just as necessary for the girl who expects to get married as for the girl who expects to earn her own living for many years. To make good citizens we must be educated, and the better educated we are, the better citizens we make. There may come a time, too, when the girl who marries may be left alone and will have to earn her own living. Then her college education will surely help her out. I say for all who can possibly afford: Go to college, and while there have your good time, but *work*—for you will never have that part of your life over again. And to those who have their high school days yet to come, I say: Work; have a good time, but don't neglect your studies. When you are through your school days you will realize then, and not until then, what your school and classes really meant to you.

Uncle Lisha, let me thank you for what you said about flappers. There are many girls who are classed as flappers who have no idea what a flapper, a real flapper, is. Billy condemns the rouge many American girls use on their faces. So do I; but while I condemn the rouge, I do not forget the hair oil so many American boys use on their hair to make it look like patent leather. Some rave about the modern dances. I'll bet when our grandmothers first danced the waltz, their grandmothers shook their heads, and said: "My, my, what are the girls of today coming to! Now in my day——" etc. Talking just as most do at the present time.

When a farmer goes out into his orchard and notices a rotten apple lying on the ground, he does not go to his friends and neighbors and tell them that all his apples are rotten. He goes on and looks for better ones. Why can't we look for the good, sensible American girls? There are plenty of them—just as many and more, too, as ever was in this old world, only we never hear of them. One always hears of the bad before one hears the good.

I thought I saw Billy's ears move, so I think I'll take my departure. I would like to hear from all cousins between the ages of 16 and 25 who care to write. I'll try to answer as many as possible.

Your niece, MARY WEAVER.

Of course, there are a lot of good, sensible American girls, Mary; and when I read your letter through, I said to myself: "Here's one of 'em!"

Not everyone—either boy or girl—makes good use of a college course, as you know. What is carried out of a university gate is largely governed by what was taken in. Today our universities, with the benefits of years and endowments, are able to offer remarkable and diversified opportunities to ambitious students. To the don't care and good-time-seeking matriculator there are just as many, or more, chances for anything but profit in the manifold college activities—the manifoldness of which are an evil of latter-day university life and a product of the age and size of our big institutions—too largely populated and organized. Just how many of the new opportunities, and which ones, will be grasped and made use of, depends wholly upon the student and the brain, character and ambition brought with him through the university portal. If he or she comes to college, accustomed and ready to work, knowing the value of the education to be gained and that it can only be best acquired in the few young and malleable years, then can be taken into life at the end of the course something of lifetime worth and more than four years of a leisured "good time" and tastes for luxury and amusements that neither brains nor hands are able to gratify once outside of college days into the hard outside world.

You should gain much from your coming college course, Mary, because you have not dropped "work" from your vocabulary, or are ready to let it be blotted out by the words "good time." Specked apples will almost always rot (to use your simile), and rotten ones are useless and wasted; but the clean red-cheeked fruit is always ready and marketable, as it deserves. Yes; there are loads of first-grade fruit on well-loaded boughs of American girl orchards, Mary,—for eyes that are not focussed to only see the spoilt or spoiling specimens.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for October

"Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these you have done it unto Me."

Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Every month brings to me many letters which disregard this simple and necessary rule. Appeals unaccompanied by the references required will be destroyed.

Mrs. Dan Pierson, Clifton, Ohio. Bedridden for five years with paralysis, this shut-in asks for postcards and other reading matter. Give her this shower of cheer and cure for loneliness. Mrs. Virgie Mills, Tomahawk, Ky. With a husband unable to work, this poor woman asks that second-hand clothing or money be sent her. Mrs. Tessie Martin, Stella, Va. This mother has six girls, the oldest being only ten years of age. She asks for second-hand clothing to aid the struggle in her burdened home. Catherine Fraisure, Lulu, R. R., 2, Box 31, Fla. This poor shut-in is a woman of 71 who has not walked for the past five years. She asks for second-hand clothing or any other aid. Minnie D. Freeman, Peebles, Box 223, Ohio. A crippled woman who has been a shut-in for forty-nine years. Well recommended. Give her a shower of dimes and cheer. Mrs. A. Terhunen, Palmer, Box 55, Mich. This mother of a large family is crippled and unable to work. Asks for second-hand clothing and financial aid. J. A. Mills, Wampee, R. R. 1, Box 25, S. C. Helpless from tuberculosis of the spine, this poor sufferer has a mother of seventy as his only care and support. Help this worthy case.

What of a harvest time that always means only a gathering of dark hours and of pain? Think of being shut in this and every autumn from the changing leaves and bright frosty mornings! Any help given can be but a lightening of heavy burdens that these shut-in sufferers must bear, not today and tomorrow, but season after season. From whatever your harvest of cheer or cash may be this fall, give to these whose names are listed and who are unable to even come to glean for themselves.

Lovingly,

Uncle Lisha

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

How to become a Member

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

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Two cubic feet of water, which weigh 125 pounds, by falling six feet per second, produce one horse-power of energy. Falling water in early days was used to turn water-wheels to operate chiefly flour mills. Now the falling water is guided by concrete penstocks to turbines, which whirl electric generators, and the horse-power thus developed in electric current is transmitted hundreds of miles over copper wires to cities and towns to operate manufacturing plants and street railways and to furnish light and heat. These are known as hydro-electric plants. It was the introduction of the turbine water-wheel about 1835 that started the utilization of the flow of streams for mechanical purposes. But not until the alternating current system for the transmission of electrical energy was introduced in the early nineties, and the discovery of electrical transmission of power over long distances, did the development of water power become one of the great factors in industrial life.

In the recent Super-Power Report submitted to President Harding by Secretary of the Interior Fall, the North Atlantic coast region was thoroughly covered, because of the enormous industrial activity in this district extending from the coast approximately 150 miles inland and embracing parts of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, New York, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland and all of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island and New Jersey. This area is two per cent. of the nation, contains 22 per cent. of the population of the United States, and supports 96,000 industrial plants, 315 electric utilities, and 18 steam railroads. The total coal saved annually through hydro-electric power under conditions reasonably expected to develop by 1930 will be 50,000,000 tons.

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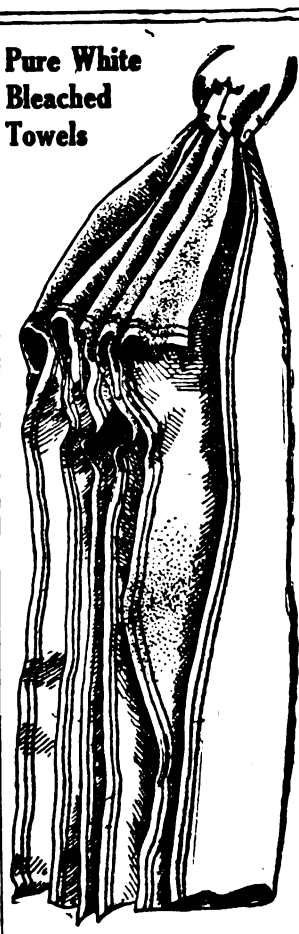


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Club Offer For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you one pair (2) of these ready-made Towels free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 1028. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



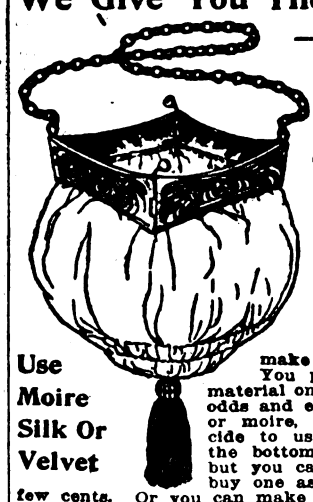
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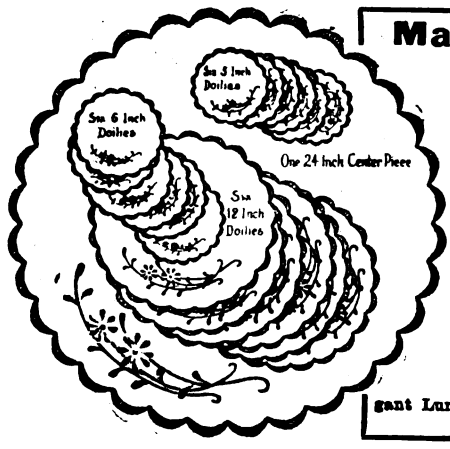
Use Moire Silk Or Velvet

The bag-top offered you here is seven inches wide, made of handsome oxidized metal with a very deeply embossed floral design. It is the "gate-top" style—that is, each side opens out in the middle so that it really has four sides as shown in the illustration. It is also perforated along the edge with small holes to take the stitches necessary for attaching the bag. The chain is fourteen inches long.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome and stylish Bag-Top free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 9692.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Make This Handsome 19-Piece Luncheon Set
We Will Give You The Patterns



ONE 24-inch Centerpiece, six 12-inch Doilies, six 6-inch Doilies and six 5-inch Doilies of the simple yet elegant design shown in our illustration. They can be made of the usual white material, such as linen, Butcher cloth, etc., worked in shades to match dishes used in serving, or of colored material to match decorations in the room, with the flowers embroidered in orange, with brown centers, green leaves and stems. Use buttonhole stitch for the borders, all-over embroidery or satin stitch for the flowers, outline stitch for the stems, and either satin or lazy daisy stitch for the leaves.

Special Offer. For only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you the transfer patterns for this elegant Luncheon Set free by mail postpaid. Reward No. 8381.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Whose Little Girl Wants ME? I Am The Cutest, Sweetest Baby Doll In Toyland and You Can Have Me FREE!



YES, this beautiful curly-haired doll is **free** to any little girl and on such **liberal terms** that we expect to give away **thousands** of them during the next few months. Don't think she is so small as she **looks** in the picture for she stands nearly **a foot high.** She has a **strong, durable, stuffed body,** and an indestructible head. You can make her **stand up, sit down in a chair** and assume all sorts of **natural positions.** Her beautiful brown hair hangs in **luxuriant curls,** her eos are **blue as the sky,** she has on a pretty lace trimmed dress with sash, and taken altogether she is certainly the **cutest** and **sweetest baby doll** in all toyland. **Fathers and Mothers**—just look at this beautiful doll as she sits **smiling** with arms outstretched waiting for someone to pick her up, **hug** her, **kiss** her **and take her out to play.** Don't you think your little girl would just love to have her for her own? We will send her to you **free,** packed in a strong box so she cannot possibly get broken, if you will accept the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For a club of two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome Doll, exactly as described, free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9872.**

3-Piece Silver Set Given



MADE of "crushed" silver—the very latest idea. Sugar, Creamer and Tray are full standard size. The Tray is quadruple silver plated and both Sugar and Creamer are quadruple silver plated outside and gold lined inside. A very useful set and a beautiful ornament for the dining table or sideboard.

CLUB OFFER. We will send you this Crushed Silver Set free and prepaid for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. **Reward No. 7904.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Make Your Own Wireless Telephone

This Free Book Tells How

WIRELESS telephone receiving sets are comparatively easy to make. The man or boy with any mechanical ability whatever should be able to construct his own receiving apparatus by following the instructions in this book. The different parts that go to make up Radio receivers may now be purchased in almost any hardware or general store. Many of the parts can be made at home. This book shows you how to assemble them so as to make a receiving set which if purchased outright would cost many times what you pay for the component parts. It tells how to make not only one, but several different styles of receivers. It illustrates and describes every step of the process and the instructions are easy to understand because technical terms are avoided wherever possible.

Written by twenty Radio experts, this book is, for its size, one of the most authoritative yet published. It is 7½x5½ inches in size, contains one hundred pages and ninety illustrations and diagrams. Also in the back of the book is the official application blank of the Radio League of America and full instructions as to you becoming a member and receiving a membership certificate and button. We will send you a copy of this book if you will accept the following special offer.

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you this book telling you how to make your own Wireless Telephone, free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8701.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



18-Inch Center — 12-Inch Doily

Both Stamped On Good Material

THEY are stamped on the best linen-finished cotton cloth all ready for embroidering. The simple yet elegant designs may be easily worked, using solid embroidery, French knots or eyelets for the basket, solid embroidery or satin stitch for the sprays and flowers and buttonhole stitch for the scalloped borders. Remember, we give you BOTH Centerpiece and Doily on this offer.

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you this 18-inch Centerpiece and 12-inch Doily free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8361.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

What A Joyful Surprise For Some Little Girl In Your Home!

Won't She Fairly Dance With Glee When You Give Her This Big, Beautiful Sleeping Doll And Carriage—All For Her Very Own!



OF course she will—no girl could **help** being delighted with this big, beautiful dolly which is even **more** beautiful and lifelike than she appears in the illustration. She is sixteen inches tall and jointed in such a manner that her arms, hands, legs and feet will **stay in any position you place them.** Her dark brown hair falls in bewitching curls, she has **real teeth,** her eyes are as blue as the sky and she opens and shuts them and goes to sleep like a real baby whenever you want her to. And she is always smiling and showing her pretty white teeth in a truly lifelike manner.

As shown in our illustration, she wears a very becoming hat trimmed with a large ribbon bow and a dress of the very latest style, with cute short sleeves, handsome figured lace and button trimmed waist and short skirt and she has on real stockings and slippers with silveroid buckles. You can undress and dress this doll as often as you please and you can take off her stockings and slippers and put them on again just as you do your own.

Her Arms Hands Legs And Feet Will Stay In Any Position You Place Them

You Can Take Dolly To Ride In Her Carriage

YES, we are also going to give you this fine doll carriage which is plenty large enough to hold dolly comfortably. It is two feet high, almost a foot wide, made entirely of metal and leatherette—in fact is just like a real baby carriage in everything except size. It is finely finished and lacquered a rich glossy black. What fun it will be to take dolly to ride in her carriage out in the yard and up and down the street. Other girls may have dolls—but how many of them have a **real doll carriage?** You will be the envy of all the other girls in your neighborhood when they see you with this beautiful doll and carriage too.

She Opens And Closes Her Eyes, Has Real Teeth, Curly Hair And A Pretty Dress With Hat, Real Stockings And Slippers With Buckles

For A Club Of Eight!

FATHERS and mothers—don't you think your little girl would just love to have this doll and carriage for her very own? Of course she would—and you should take advantage of this offer at once.

You can surely find eight neighbors who will be glad to subscribe to COMFORT at the present low rate of 50c a year. Send us their names and addresses and the money ($4.00 in all), and we will send you this beautiful sleeping doll and doll carriage exactly as above described, each packed in a strong box, free by parcel post. **Remember there will be no expense to you whatever.** Your mail-carrier will deliver the doll and carriage right to your door without charge. Start your club today and please mention **Reward No. 7648.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

SELF-FILLING Fountain Pen

For A Club Of Three



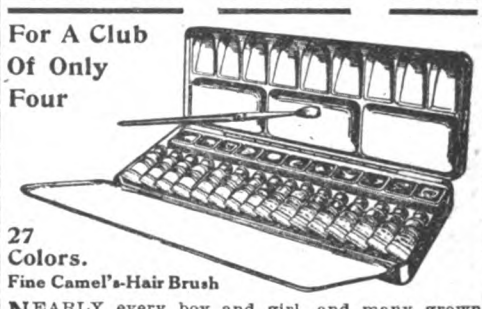
HERE is a fountain pen that we can positively guarantee. Perhaps you have had some experience with fountain pens which never **would** write well and continually leaked ink all over your fingers. If so you will certainly appreciate this opportunity to secure a fountain pen that has none of these defects. Our illustration is of course greatly reduced in size. The pen offered you here is 6½ inches long, made entirely of hard rubber, finely finished, and the pen point is genuine 14-K gold. The feeding device is perfect, permitting a uniform flow of ink and **it will not leak.** Also please notice that this is a **self-filling** pen. You can fill this fountain pen **in less than 10 seconds** by pressing down the spring on the side, then placing the pen point in a bottle of ink, after which you release the spring and the pen is instantly filled with ink to its full capacity. If given proper care this pen should last anybody for years. If you will accept the following special offer we will send you one of these self-filling fountain pens with a positive guarantee that if it fails to prove satisfactory in any way you may return it to us and we will replace it with a new pen **free of charge.**

Club Offer. For a club of only three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed self-filling fountain pen free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8873.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Artist's Paint Box

For A Club Of Only Four



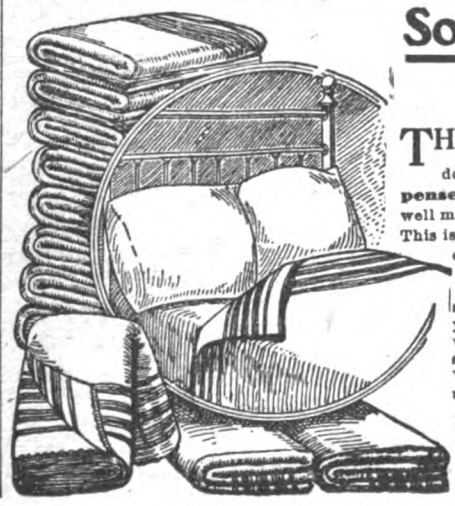
27 Colors.

Fine Camel's-Hair Brush

NEARLY every boy and girl, and many grown people too, like to paint pictures of flowers, animal life, bits of scenery, etc. To get the best results, however, you need a good set of colors like the one shown here. The box is 8½ inches long, 3½ inches wide, made of black enameled metal. It contains **eleven** regular colors in pans and **sixteen** moist colors in tubes, including Light Red, Yellow, Light Yellow, Violet, Ultramarine, Green, Light Green, Cobalt Blue, Prussian Blue, Carmine, Warm Sepia, Vermilion, Black, White, Yellow Ochre and Orange. There is also a good quality camel's-hair brush five inches long. Anyone who has a talent for drawing or painting should have one of these outfits because it is of good quality throughout and we know it will give the greatest satisfaction. You can have this Paint Box complete as described upon the terms of the following special offer:

Given To You! For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this fine Artist's Paint Box free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 7994.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Soft Warm Bed Blankets

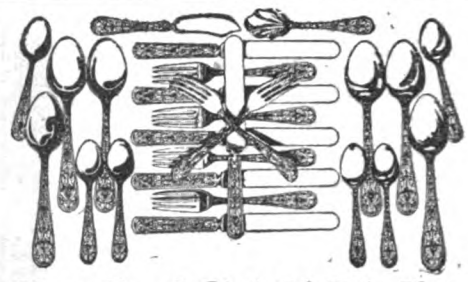
Sent Prepaid For A Club Of Eight

THIS IS an offer which no good housewife can afford to overlook. It is your opportunity to secure as many large double bed blankets as you may need **without a cent of expense.** They are 45 inches wide, six feet in length extremely well made and finely finished. The color is gray with white border. This is in reality one of the best bargains in a premium we have ever offered due to the fact that we buy these blankets in large quantities direct from the mill at a specially low price and therefore are enabled to offer them for a very small club of subscriptions. When you think of this big warm blanket on your bed or lying on a closet shelf ready for use when wanted, we believe that you will want to start a club at once for the sake of securing one or more of them free of all cost to you. We will gladly send you one or more of these splendid blankets upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For a club of only eight one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these fine double bed blankets free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Reward No. 7578.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

26-Piece Table Set

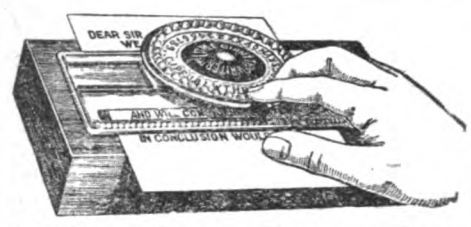


Given For A Club Of Only Five

WE have made many offers of table-ware, but this is the first time we have been able to offer **a complete set of 26 Pieces** in return for so small a club. And please don't think that because we **are** giving this set on such liberal terms that it is plated on a brass base and consequently will change color and have that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. On the contrary, it has a **white metal base;** therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will not show signs of wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration, there are 26 pieces in this set—**6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, Sugar Shell and Butter Knife.** Each piece is **full regulation size** for family use, the handles are handsomely **embossed** and the blades of the knives and the bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and **bright polished.** It is only because we buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a reward for so few subscriptions. It is by far **the greatest value** we have offered and **we guarantee every set sent out for a period of five years.** We will send this 26-Piece Table Set exactly as illustrated and described to any address upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For a club of five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this 26-Piece Table Set free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 7625.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Little Giant Typewriter

A REAL machine that writes very distinctly. Has every letter in the alphabet, all the numerals from 1 to 10 and punctuation marks. Uses any size letter paper up to 5 inches wide. For correspondence, making out invoices, statements, addressing envelopes, etc., this machine will do the work well. It is very easy to operate, in fact, a child can write on it after a little practice.

Given To You! For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Typewriter **free and prepaid. Reward No. 8853.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



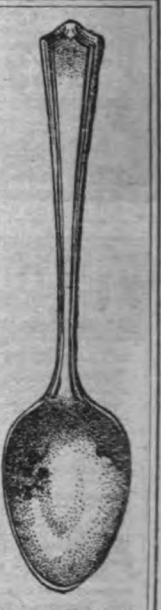
Shaggy Teddy Bear

EVERY little boy and girl wants a Teddy Bear and here is an opportunity for every father or mother who reads COMFORT to get one without expense. "Teddy" is a plump, shaggy fellow, 10 inches tall, made of brown plush, carefully stitched and finished, and his head and legs are jointed in such a manner that you can place him in almost any position. He will stand up, sit down, stand on his head, walk on all fours, in fact he gets himself into all kinds of positions, so comical and lifelike that **it makes the children scream with delight just to look at him.** Teddy is so well made that he cannot easily become broken, and with ordinary care should last for years. We will send you Teddy free if you will accept the following special offer:

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Teddy Bear free and prepaid. **Reward No. 9992.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Six Roger's Silver Teaspoons



Reward No. 8074

For A Club Of Four

NO woman ever has too many teaspoons—especially the **"Rogers'"** kind—so here is an offer that will surely interest thousands of our women readers. For a few subscriptions to COMFORT secured among your friends we will send you this handsome set free. They are the famous **1881 Rogers' A1** brand, guaranteed a **full standard** silver plate upon an 18 per cent. **nickel base.** Each spoon is six inches in length with highly polished handle and bowl. Please notice the beautiful design — the new "Salem." Its very simplicity appeals to every person of good taste. You will have to see the spoons themselves in order to fully appreciate this latest fashionable pattern as our illustration does not do it justice.

We will give you this set of six Rogers' silver teaspoons on the terms of the following club offer. Remember—they are the **genuine 1881 Rogers' A1 brand**—the Rogers' trademark is stamped on each and every spoon. This protects you fully, furthermore each spoon is absolutely **warranted for ten years.**

Given To You! For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this set of six Rogers' Silver Teaspoons free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 8074.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

BLUSTEIN



Pays highest NEW YORK PRICES for FURS

Trappers and Collectors

—you can't afford to take chances with your furs—be careful where you ship. Get more money by shipping to BLUSTEIN in New York—the gateway to the fur markets of the world.

Why We Can Pay More Than Others

We pay more for furs than others because of our great New York and foreign markets. We charge no commission—saving you another 5 or 10%. If requested, we will hold furs separate and quote you our best prices. If not satisfactory, we return your furs at our expense. Send at once for latest Price List and Shipping Tags. We will place your name on our mailing list so you can keep posted on the great New York fur market. Write now—our prices will surprise you.

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LURIT

Send 25c

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Lurit is guaranteed to INCREASE YOUR CATCH or your money refunded. We will also send you—FREE a large Skunk Hunting Picture (in 6 colors) "The Unwelcome Surprise," our Trappers Guide and the LATEST PRICE LISTS.

Lurit Advertises Itself

A friend of mine used your Lurit and told me it was the best he ever tried.
A. H. KAUFFO, Taft, Oregon.

Joe Rosch told me he catches twice as many animals by using your Lurit.
WM. DAVIS, Bradford, Ky.

I have tried your Lurit and it has worked O. K. So accompanying this letter is a package of furs which I caught with it.
JESSE BORGE, Swanson, Mass.

You will get full value for Furs when you ship to us. We are Direct Buyers. No charge for selling your Furs. Address
UNITED STATES FUR COMPANY,
Dept. C. M., 206 N. Main St.,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Free "TRAPPERS TREASURE BOOKS"



Get Ready NOW!
BIG SEASON
HERSKOVITS NEW BOOKS of "TREASURES" will help you
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Tells you everything; WHEN, WHERE, HOW to TRAP & GRADE furs. Better traps & trapping supplies for less money, Fur price lists, market news, shipping tags. 35 years of Square Dealing and $2,500,000.00 Capital stand behind every transaction with HERSKOVITS.
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TRAPPERS Lose Millions

Stop This Big Loss

Write Abraham Fur Co. for Free instruction and advice which will enable you to vastly increase your income from the trap line. We want to show you how to buy Trappers' Supplies at bargain prices. We operate the Largest Supply Dept. of any fur house in the World—if you buy supplies from anyone before getting our *"Proposition on Supplies"* you will be the loser. Write us for inside secrets on how to get full value for your furs—valuable information Free for the asking.
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Get more for furs



Highest market prices—highest possible grading—quicker returns. No commission, spot cash. 20 years in business. Write for Rogers' Dependable Market Report and Price List.

ROGERS FUR CO.
405 N. Main St., St. Louis, Mo.

Forty-Mile Trap-Line

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CHAPTER II.

WHEN Tubs left Lon to set a trap-line around the mountain, he did so feeling highly elated that his trapping partner should place so much confidence in his ability thus early in the season. He proceeded several hundred yards, dividing his attention between watching for set locations and wishing some opportunity would come along whereby he might demonstrate his skill as a woodsman, and prowess with the gun.

A quarter of a mile from the starting place, Tubs reached a point of a ridge dividing two ravines. Here was a conglomeration of fallen trees—a windfall—and a sentinel snag was visible at a distance. "That's just the kind of place Lon said to prospect for sets," mused Tubs to himself, aloud, thus having readily acquired the trapper's habit. He bore off toward the point and inspected the snag which, as the trapper had surmised, was hollow to its top. The cyclone that had struck the point years before had broken the tree off and the stump had rotted out in the center. Tubs took his belt axe and soon had a hole through, and after rounding it up placed the venison bait in the back of the hole and set a trap in the entrance. While making this set he was pleased to find abundant fur signs around the windfall and in the way of claw marks on the logs, tracks in rotten wood dust and bunches of fur that had caught on projections of bark. He was not sure about the animals that made these signs, but later when the place was described to Lon, he was assured that nothing but the valuable marten could have made them.

Several hundreds yards farther Tubs made a cubby pen set on the bank of a small mountain brook where raccoon tracks were numerous. The location also seemed like a general crossing place for fisher and other fur bearers, so Tubs placed a lot of confidence in this set and spent considerable pains to place the trap without disturbing the surroundings.

The deer-head drag was now seemingly getting heavier all the time, and Tubs often glanced back as if he expected to find it caught fast to a small log. So when the trapper came to a patch of the finest blueberries he had seen, it was the most natural thing in the world to stop and start feeding his face, using both hands to pick the luscious fruit. For once he forgot about being in the woods and on the alert for a chance to prove himself a Nimrod. He was making a most systematic clean-up of the berry patch, with the juice smeared from ear to ear and his rifle stood up against a tree several yards back. In fact, he had actually eaten a clear trail a couple of yards wide through the bushes, and only when reaching the scattered bushes on the outer edge of the patch did he stop, blink his eyes hard and then drop a handful of berries he had spent five minutes in collecting; simply because he discovered another berry picker not twenty-five feet away in the thick bushes. When Tubs suddenly halted, a loud "woof" issued from the bushes and a huge black bear reared up on its hind feet, head and massive forepaws in plain sight. While Tubs did not know it, the wind had been blowing from the bear in his direction, and the animal had been so intent on eating, it was hard to tell which was the more surprised when each discovered the other.

Tubs gasped and great beads of sweat popped out on his forehead and perhaps it was weakness more than bravery that caused him to hold his ground. The bear began to growl and smack his chops menacingly. Tubs by a great mental effort recalled that his gun was standing against a tree about forty feet away. Now that seconds might mean the difference between life and death, he could not for his life remember whether there was a cartridge in the barrel or not.

Without calculating on how many jumps it would take to carry him to the gun, and trying to calm his nerves so he could work the lever smoothly without danger of "jamming" a cartridge, the delay had got on the bear's nerves, evidently. Tubs noted with extreme satisfaction that she began to turn her head from side to side, uneasy like; and soon the trapper and the bear were backing away from each other cautious enough until Tubs stumbled over a log and fell crashing through the bushes.

This fall gave the bear a fright and she proceeded to put miles between her bearship and the now thoroughly frightened Tubs. The young trapper could almost feel the bear's claws and teeth when he fell into the bushes, and was positive he heard the fierce animal growl with rage and come tearing toward him. With wild motions he floundered toward his gun, part of the time on hands and knees, as he would stumble over a stone or ride down a small bush, never stopping to look back. Time was too precious! Finally he grabbed the gun, worked the lever and threw the only cartridge in it out onto the ground. Then he drew up and aimed hastily at a fast-disappearing and panic-stricken bear, perhaps now two hundred yards away. Of course, the gun snapped on an empty chamber, and soon Tubs discovered his error and filled the magazine with cartridges; then collecting his senses, he realized that his big opportunity to prove himself to his Pard had come and was gone.

Now it was that Tubs made the record run of his young life, a run which made his school days' cross-country sprintings look like child's play. Tubs didn't know bears, and that one genuinely scared will run forty miles without halting. But luck was with the trapper. The bear had at once taken to a large swamp or bog, and Tubs, thinking she would go right through, circled around to station himself on a hillside overlooking a sort of valley a hundred yards across. He knew enough to take to the side where the wind would favor him. Tubs had exercised considerable presence of mind and utilized his hearsay knowledge of bear hunting methods, by aiming for such a strategic point. He had not waited long before the bear came out of the swamp, and flitted across a narrow opening, headed straight toward him.

Fortunately Tubs had cut across to the right spot, perhaps accidentally, and the bear had followed its custom by circling around in the bog to confuse anything that might be on its trail. Now it was evidently making tracks for another state.

Tubs waited, gun cocked and nerves surprisingly quiet. It was now getting dusk and he felt some concern about the light being bright enough to outline the gun-sights. Suddenly the bear appeared right before him, and turned diagonally across an open space, affording a shot at thirty yards. Then Tubs proceeded to empty his gun, taking calm and deliberate aim with the last cartridge just as the bear disappeared into some bushes. Tubs knew at least one of the former shots had hit the bear, having noticed it flinch, but he could not tell what effect the last shot may have had. Nor did he feel inclined to go investigating into the bushes where the wounded bear was last seen.

Tubs reloaded his gun and sat down to await his partner, who he knew would come on hearing the shots. He had not waited long before hearing a whistle on the opposite hillside, and Lon came running up, out of breath and demanding the reason for the shooting. In a few minutes Tubs had related all the details of the bear incident, and Lon agreed that the bear must have been hit, and proposed they camp on the spot and take up the trail at daylight the next morning. They sat quiet for some time and, not hearing any noise such as a wounded bear would make, decided the bear had either been killed or wandered on out of hearing.

Before it was really dark, Lon had constructed a lean-to and floored it with balsam boughs. Now the boys built a fire in front of the camp and fastened a couple of pieces of venison on spits near the fire to broil. They enjoyed a hearty repast of fresh meat and lay for some time on the comfortable bough bed listening to the barking of foxes on distant hills and the cry of loons in a nearby lake. Soon they dropped off to sleep.

The next morning the first thing the boys did was to inspect the bear trail. Tubs was the first to find the bear lying "dead as a door nail" only about twenty feet into the bushes. The bullet had struck just back of the shoulder and ranged forward, shattering the bones of the opposite shoulder.

"The best kind of shot," exclaimed Lon, adding, "I couldn't have done better myself. My! His coat is thick for this season of the year. It will sure come in handy for making a warm robe to sleep on."

It was all the boys could do to turn over the carcass to skin it out, and the hide made a good back-load for Lon; while Tubs struggled under the weight of some of the best portions of the meat which would compare favorably with the venison for eating purposes. That night the meat froze and for the next week the boys enjoyed excellent roasts of bear meat.

"We just have time enough to set a line of traps near camp this afternoon," Lon said, pushing back from the camp table at noon, after their hard trip bringing the trophies of the bear killing. "Back of camp is a balsam swamp. Suppose you set about a dozen rabbit snares, using that spool of brass wire in my kit. We'll need a lot of bait in setting out our trap-lines and rabbit is hard to beat for fisher and lynx, if any of the latter animals are in these woods. Better take your little .22 pill-slinger along; you'll have the chance to shoot several rabbits and maybe some partridges. Birds will go well for a change from bear meat and venison. One thing sure, we'll have a variety of fresh meat in camp all the time. Now while you do this, I'm going to run a little mink line down the stream; I'll set the traps blind, mostly, in trails and burrows."

As instructed, Tubs prepared to build snares the rest of the day, and John followed his schedule of establishing the first mink line. Most country boys are familiar with this small, dark-furred and sly fur bearer which is so eagerly sought after by the trapper because of the fine quality of the fur. They range along the banks of streams and lakes and are most numerous in spring-watered localities. Their food consists of frogs, crawfish, trout, birds, rabbits, squirrels and other rodents. Muskrat meat is a good bait for them, but it is doubtful whether the mink makes a habit of attacking full-grown rats. A large muskrat will weigh more than a mink, and put up a fair fight.

The mink were now following the edge of the water, wading up the middle of tiny rivulets, and shallow springs, perhaps looking for crawfish or frogs. They dived into every hole on their route and seemingly went out of their way to take in stone piles, drift debris and old muskrat burrows. All these places Lon noted on his ramble down the stream with a pack of traps, and the load was lightened at frequent intervals. The traps were usually set in the edge of the water, so there would be no human scent to warn the keen-nosed animal. When setting on dry land, Lon kept his buckskin gloves on and stepped on stones or logs. Sometimes he even went to the pains to lay bark down to stand on, and removed it after the set was made. The traps were stiff No. 1's for the open sets and No. 1½ under-springs for the burrows and other sets in narrow places. Lon placed traps on all the narrow shelves along the banks, and in other places where he knew mink would invariably go each trip. Every trapper knows the mink covers the same route about once a week and follows it as closely as a woodsman sticks to his trail. This is a trait worth knowing. It takes the speculating out of mink trapping.

Like most successful trappers, Lon was quiet while in the woods, and he was often rewarded by seeing animals in their natural haunts, thereby learning much about their habits. This trip, he had been making out of dead sticks a cubby pen against a tree standing within a few feet of the stream. For a hundred yards or more he had followed mink and 'coon tracks, without finding a desirable place for a set. Now the tracks led to a rock bluff which came perpendicularly down to the water's edge. The water was too deep for a set, even next to the bank, and as fur bearers might either take to the water or walk into the woods around the bluff at this point, Lon knew this was just the place he should guard with a cubby pen set. Later he would bait the pen with fresh fish, which would make the set attractive to mink, raccoon, fisher, marten or lynx. Now as he had no fish, he placed a small piece of venison in the back of the pen, covering it over with leaves so as not to attract the bluejays and other pests. Fur bearers locate bait mostly by smell and a small piece of fresh meat would induce the first passing mink to investigate.

The trapper had just stepped back to view the set with satisfaction when a movement on the point of a ridge a hundred feet away caught his eye. Instinctively he grabbed his gun and was just in time to get a hasty bead on a red fox which was leisurely trotting down to the stream, perhaps to take a drink of water. At the crack of the gun, Lon saw the fox tumble over, and he mentally reckoned that the pelt would be as good as ten dollars and the gun had the credit of the first fur of the season.

At this moment a rustle in the tree by the cubby pen attracted attention and Lon backed away and sat down to await developments. Soon a bright-eyed marten came in sight and finally spiraled down the trunk to the cubby. Out of curiosity, Lon sat quiet, gun in readiness in case the animal should run; but, as the trapper anticipated, the little marten saw the newly-made pen, smelled the venison and could not resist the temptation to investigate. There was a snap and the trap proved only a little ways behind the gun in fur getting. Lon mercifully dispatched the marten with a club and reset the trap; then he went over and picked up the fox. It was prime and fairly dark for the season. Lon skinned the fox and hung the carcass up to the lower branches of a balsam to attract fisher and such animals. With this rare good luck, the afternoon soon passed by and the last trap was set in time for the trapper to reach camp before dark.

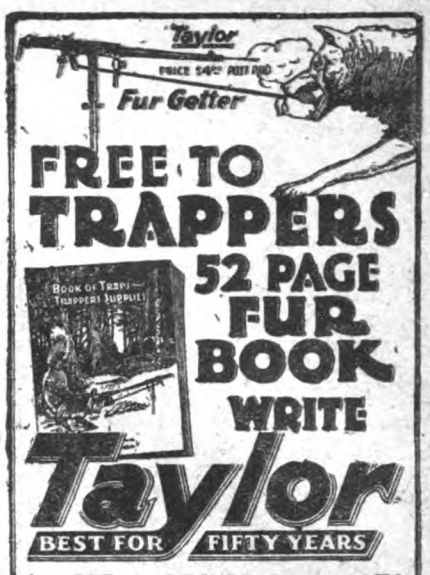
Tubs was frying venison steak when Lon came in and threw down two valuable pelts thus early in the season.

"How's this for trapping? A bear skin, one fox and one marten in one day. Why, I never heard of such good luck before. Tomorrow we set the big line, the first lap of the big circle. It'll be a three days' trip to go over, requiring two over-night camps. We'll take in Seward Mountain, Twin Lakes, Wolf Pond and a half-dozen big balsam swamps. You can work one end, and I'll take the other, or we'll both go together, or maybe run separate lines. Anyway, that's a forty-mile line, and the way fur signs look to me, and if our luck holds out, we're going to make some catches, old boy!" all to which Tubs listened with full confidence in his partner's predictions. But he little dreamed of the adventures in store for him on the Forty-Mile trap-line.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A beaver colony on the east fork of the Hood River in Oregon recently felled a tree 18 inches in diameter across a power line of the Pacific Power & Light Company, plunging the entire countryside into darkness.—*Dearborn Independent.*

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Protect the Muskrat

UP until a few years ago there was a general prejudice against muskrats among farmers whose bottom lands they inhabited. The farmer's chief complaint was that they burrowed under his fields and occasionally nibbled his crop, thus causing him losses.

And seldom stopping to consider that the muskrat pelts would more than pay for the trifling annoyance the animals caused, the farmers often set about to exterminate them.

For every case where it is shown that the muskrat attacked crops on lands near marshes, there is another which shows that he left crops entirely alone, even though they were near at hand.

It has taken the American farmer a number of years to realize just what a money-making asset the possession of muskrat marshes on his lands is to him. Time was when he either ignored muskrats (save for the sport of catching them) or actually drove them out while subject to the belief that they were pests.

Now the more astute American farmer looks on the presence of muskrats in his bottom lands just as he regards the cornfields of the higher slopes—as a crop.

He encourages them to breed, protects them during the mating season, traps them only when the law permits and makes every effort to promote their growth as a crop—not for any purely humanitarian motive, but because muskrat farming pays—and pays well.

It is no unusual thing for a farmer to trap 50 muskrats in an acre or two of useless marshlands.

To the man in the country who, up to this time, has been indifferent to the muskrat's existence, the animal's new status should be of interest, especially since fashion has taken up the "rat" and the market for his pelt is broader than ever.

But as a final word of caution—*don't trap out of season—don't violate game laws*—regard the muskrat as a crop that should be guarded and protected, and it will return you big profits.

The "Why" of Fur Conservation

In the struggle for existence, only the fit survive, and man has proved himself the fittest of animals. If man sets out to exterminate a certain animal, the chances are against the animal, as witness the extinction of the great auk and the American bison.

But man is wise enough to protect those animals that are of real value to him. This is the reason for livestock on the farm. Now fur-bearers are one form of livestock, but are distinct from other farm animals because they are wild and confined to no boundaries.

Why conserve the fur crop? First, because it is extremely valuable to the man or boy of the country. Second, because conservation increases its value by increasing the number of animals and the harvest. Third, because lack of conservation means an actual loss to the very man who wants to make the most money out of trapping.

Game laws are more for your protection than for the protection of the animals, because by protecting the animals during certain periods they protect your own wealth and help put more money in your pocket at trapping time. But game laws are not an absolute insurance of conservation. Because of their general nature, adapted to several districts at one time, they often permit trapping during the breeding season—the time when trapping is most detrimental.

The trapper should be his own legislator. By using a little business sense you will see that to harm the fur supply is like throwing away money that actually belongs to you. One female pelt taken during the breeding perid may mean six good pelts lost forever. There is everything to say in favor of conservation and nothing against it from the trapper's standpoint. The fur supply is a natural resource that can be developed to much greater proportions and hence become a source of bigger income for you.

The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34.)

tine sulphate spray mentioned above for plant lice and leaf hoppers.

Observe the following cautions in using poison baits of any sort: 1. Measure amounts carefully; do not guess. 2. Mix ingredients carefully as directed. 3. Scatter bran mash broadcast; do not place in piles. 4. For best results scatter in early morning or late evening. 5. Wash barrels or buckets immediately after using—(the calf may lick them clean if you don't). 6. Keep poison in any form out of the reach of young children, for they cannot be expected to respect a poison label. 7. Do not scatter poisoned grain where it will be found and eaten by *chickens* or *wild birds*. The latter are helping control the "bugs" free of charge, and richly deserve protection.

Home Tanning Mole and Squirrel

Tanning pelts at home is really a comparatively simple matter for anyone who is willing to follow exactly a few simple rules in skinning and handling, and who will regard care as essential to success. Unless this is fully understood at the start, both the furs and time will be wasted.

Home tanning naturally falls under the following heads: (1) Skinning; (2) Stretching; (3) Scraping; (4) Salting; (5) Washing, and (6) Oiling. With only slight differences, which we will try to point out as we go on, the suggestions given below will apply not only to moles and squirrels but to any other small animals.

To skin small animals, only a single cut is needed, and that is made with a sharp knife along the inside of the hind legs up to and passing under the root of the tail. The tail bone is then pulled out and the skin is gradually drawn back over the body, for all the world like taking off a sock. To prevent tearing circle the eyes, ears, nostrils and mouth with the point of the knife before the skin is drawn over the head. The skin will now be turned inside or flesh-side out; leave it thus. Skins removed in this manner are known as "cased" skins, as contrasted with "open" skins, or those which are split up the belly and spread flat to cure. For home use either manner of skinning may be employed as a matter of personal preference.

Stretching and drying is done by placing cased skins on a stretching board which fits inside and keeps them stretched smooth. These boards are usually made out of pieces of shingle for the smaller animals; they are about eight inches long and two inches wide for moles, and for squirrels about 12 inches by three. The sides taper somewhat and the head end is rounded. For those who have never seen a stretching board, its shape may be compared to that or a tiny ironing board familiar to everybody. When skins have been placed on stretching boards, hang them up in a moderately warm place where there is a free circulation of air.

Scraping is seldom necessary with a mole skin, nor are they thick or tough enough to stand much scraping. Squirrel skins should have the excess fat removed, for which purpose an old blunt knife is the best tool. Here is one place where slow and careful work is necessary, for rough handling and deep and careless scraping will tear the skin or pull the fur "through by the roots."

Salting is done in either of two ways: Usually a mixture of equal parts of saltpeter and alum is rubbed into the slightly oily skin, using all that will be taken up or will adhere because of the moisture present. The other is to apply with a small brush all of a saturated saltpeter-alum solution that will be taken up; this is more frequently used for hides that are dried out. Either will do the work. Leave for several days until the mixture has thoroughly worked into the skin.

Wash skins in rain water to remove all salt and alum. Do not be afraid to use plenty of "elbow grease," but rub and squeeze and rinse just like you would do with dirty clothes. Dry slowly in a cool, shady place to prevent shrinking, hardening and cracking.

Oiling is usually done by repeatedly painting the flesh side of the skin, and continuing until no more oil will be taken up, rubbing in thoroughly after each application. Neat's-foot oil serves best for this purpose, but castor oil may be used with good results. For applying, use a small paint-brush with stiff bristles or an old tooth-brush. Mole skins will need but little oil; squirrel skins considerable. Knead and stretch to make skins pliable. Keep oil off fur side. Remove excess oil by covering skin with bran, allowing it to soak up oil, then repeating until no more oil is taken up.

Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from the eminent specialists and experts of our Agricultural Staff on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying.

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Questions and Answers

SHRUBS FOR THE LAWN.—Will you please tell me what shrubs I should plant for ornamental purposes in my yard; ones that will grow in this part of the country. I have been told that it is against the law to plant the barberry. Is this true? Are evergreens hard to grow? MRS. J. V., Michigan.

A.—The varieties of shrubs from which you can safely choose for beautifying your yard are very large in the part of Michigan where you live. Perhaps the best possible way for you to choose those that will always be a pleasure for you to look at is to go to some park in one of your larger cities, Grand Rapids, for instance. There you will find shrubs of all kinds and descriptions. Perhaps they will bear small tags or wooden markers telling their names. If not, you can usually learn same from the gardener in charge. If you are a bird lover it is well to keep in mind the fact that many shrubs not only bloom beautifully in the spring but bear berries in the fall which are a veritable "hoard of plenty" for innumerable song-birds. Nor are these same birds so likely to make inroads on the cherries or currants or grapes if other berries are provided. The Japanese honeysuckle is one of the best of these; weeping mulberry, which is really a small tree, is another. As to the barberry, you can plant the Japanese or "single berry" variety if you desire; the common or native barberry is prohibited by law, as it harbors one stage of wheat rust. Evergreens are not difficult to grow if you choose those that are suited to your locality. The main thing is to get them started. One mistake that is commonly made is to expose the roots to the air and sunlight while they are being planted, and to fail to saturate the roots and the surrounding ground thoroughly during and after planting. If planting is done quickly and according to these directions, seeing that the soil is tamped securely afterwards, they should grow nicely. They are, however, almost impossible to grow in the grimy, smoke-laden air of our larger industrial cities, but as you live in the country you should succeed.

DESTROYING GOPHERS.—Please tell me how to exterminate pocket gophers. I have tried trapping them but with little success. I have heard that there is a liquid used for this purpose by putting on cotton and inserting it in the gophers' holes.

M. G., Brainerd, Miss.

A.—The liquid is bisulphid of carbon which is used to saturate cotton batting to be inserted deeply in the holes. The holes must then be stopped to hold in the gas. Bisulphid of carbon is very inflammable, so handle it where there is no open light or fire. If you could devise a plan of conducting the fumes from an automobile exhaust into the gopher burrows that would poison them as it does woodchucks.

HOLSTEIN OR FRIESIAN.—I keep Holstein cows and know that their right name is Holstein-Friesian. Is it right to call them Friesians as some folks do, or is this another breed of cows? A. B. W. Vermont.

A.—In the United States the correct name for the breed commonly referred to as Holstein is Holstein-Friesian. In Great Britain the same breed, or at any rate cows descended from the same stock in Holland, are called "Friesians," and the British herd book of the breed is known as the Friesian herd book. There seems to be some reason to favor the British name, as the breed was originated in the portion of Netherlands called Friesia. Holstein, in northwest Germany, does not rank with the former as a cow-producing country, nor did it play an important part in the origin of this great breed.

The Piano on the Farm

IN the cities, where there are chances to hear music daily, the piano is considered necessary in every home where it can possibly be afforded. If the piano is so important in the cities, it should be even more important on the farms, where life is apt to be monotonous. The farm people, old and young, usually appreciate music; and the old folks, especially, like to hear played their favorite songs that they learned in the long ago. The young folks like to hear the new hits, and want to try them out on their own instruments. They want to learn to play the piano, as is the fashion in the cities, and there is nothing wrong in the desire, for the farm folks work hard and deserve everything that can make them pleased and happy.

There is hardly anything between work and play that gives so much pleasure as music. The boys delight in baseball, but like music, too, and the girls simply must have it in one form or another. The piano is now no doubt the most popular musical instrument, having almost entirely replaced the reed organ which was once very much in style. The phonograph is also a popular musical instrument, and a very good one, but the piano gives the young a chance to study music and develop their musical talents. Everybody is proud of his own achievements, and as soon as the young student has learned to play a few songs, he finds the study easier and more interesting. I know girls who, after learning several songs, keep on playing and practicing entire evenings, and no one can deny that they derive pleasure from the exercises.

Often the old folks feel like singing, too, and if there is a piano in the house, one of the daughters can then sit down at the instrument and play the tunes, sacred or otherwise, thus making singing easier, and leading the faltering voices on through hours of sweet enjoyment. In many farm homes nowadays the wife is a good musician herself, and then she can do the playing, and can also teach the children. Moreover, she can make some extra money by giving music lessons to those in the neighborhood who are desiring a teacher.

Learning to play the piano is not so difficult as some may think. Of course, a few lessons from one who knows how are necessary to give the student a start, but after that he can proceed for himself by practicing when he has the time. Practice does the most. I am acquainted with a young violinist who has already won laurels for his art, and he says that the trouble with most musicians is that they do not practice enough. He often plays his violin a while in the morning before he gets out of bed. Lessons can be taken from a teacher in town or from a friend in the neighborhood. Now when almost every farmer has a car, getting to town at least several times a week is not difficult, and only half an hour or an hour is necessary for each lesson. I know farm girls who have learned to play the piano well after taking only ten lessons. They can play all the new hits, and are very popular wherever there are listeners and a piano. As sheet music is cheap, anybody can afford to get the best pieces.

The piano will provide good entertainment when there is company in the home, or when there is a house party. It can also furnish the music for the lady's sewing society, the young people's society and the Sunday school class, which so often meet in the homes on the farms. And every girl likes to entertain, with music on the piano, the admiring youth who comes to see her.

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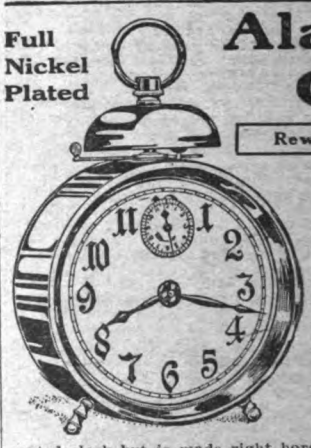
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We Start You without a Dollar. Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes—Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., Dept. 131, St. Louis.

Agents: Sell full line of guaranteed hosiery for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. All styles, colors and finest line of silk hose. Often take orders for dozen pairs in one family. Permanent customers and repeat orders make you steady income. Write for sample outfit. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 419, Dayton, Ohio.

Greatest Sensation! Eleven-piece soap and toilet set, selling like blazes for $1.75 with $1.00 dressmaker's shears free to each customer; other unique plans all repeaters. 100% profit. E. M. Davis Co., Dept. 505, Chicago.

Agents—$15 a day—Easy, quick Sales—Free Auto—Big weekly Bonus—$1.50 premium Free to every customer. Simply show our Beautiful, 7 piece, Solid Aluminum Handle Cutlery Set. Appeals instantly. We deliver and collect. Pay daily. New Era Mfg. Co., 803 Madison St., Dept. 32-D, Chicago.

$5 to $15 Daily Easy—Your pay in advance—introducing New Style Guaranteed Hosiery. Must wear or replaced free. No capital or experience required. Just show samples, write orders. We Deliver and Collect. Elegant outfit furnished. All colors and grades including silks and heathers. Mac-O-Chee Mills Co., Desk 5410, Cincinnati, O.

300% Profit: Easy Seller. Kleanrite. Washes Clothes Without Rubbing. Samples Free. Bestever Prod. Co., 1945-W Irving Park, Chicago.

Sell Minitmend For Tires And Tubes—cost 2c. repair: surpasses vulcanizing, saves 500%. Every auto and accessory dealer buys. Profits amazing. Shaw made $21 first day. Hart $155 first week. Particulars and free sample. The Colonial Rubber Co., Dept. 96, Philadelphia, Pa.

Large Shirt Manufacturer wants Agents to sell complete line of shirts direct to wearer. Exclusive patterns. Big values. Free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

Agents! A sale in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks and General Yard Goods. Quick sales! Big profits! Large book of nearly 1000 handsome fabric samples furnished to agents. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. 24X, 573 Broadway, New York.

No Dull Times Selling Food—people must eat. Federal distributors make big money; $3,000 yearly and up; No capital or experience needed; guaranteed sales; unsold goods may be returned. Your name on packages builds your own business. Free Samples to customers. Exclusive territory. Ask Now. Federal Pure Food Co., Dept. 51, Chicago.

Make $50 to $75 weekly selling our complete line guaranteed hosiery and silk knitted neckties. Whole or spare time. Samples Free. Pennsylvania Hosiery Mills, 20 So 17th St., Phila., Pa.

Sells like hot cakes. New ironing wax pad and asbestos iron rest. Clamps board. Perfumes clothes. Working outfit 10c. Yankee Manufacturers, 380 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Agents. Sell Wolverine Laundry Soap, 150 other household necessities. Big line. Big Profits. Quick repeaters. Free Instruction. Exclusive territory. Write quick. Wolverine Soap Co., Dept. O, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Sell the latest nationally approved cooking utensil, the Squire Broilet. Sells on sight. Convenient to carry and show. $90 profit weekly easy for live agents. Get full details from A. G. Squire Mfg. Corp., 280 Madison Ave., N.Y.

Something Different! "Improved Miller Waterproof Washday Apron" sells on sight every housewife. Sample 60c postpaid. Particulars free. Miller Mfg. Co., Cleveland, O.

$10-$20 Daily Easy. Household brush set. Sensational seller. Permanent, dignified work, men or women. Capital unnecessary. Write today. Lucas Brush Co., Dept. 2, Denver, Colo.

$100,000.00 concern Wants agents to take orders for Gabardine Gas Mask Raincoats. Biggest selling coat in America today. Wonderful value. Big profit—in advance. Two sales means big days wages. Only sample of cloth necessary—furnished free. We deliver and collect. Write today for exclusive territory and selling outfit. Dept. 601, Lewis Raincoat Company, Cleveland.

Write For Our Free Catalogue and worthwhile selling proposition. Community Mills, 13 E. 17th St., Agency Dept., New York.

Agents—Make $20 daily introducing finest silk hosiery. We deliver, collect. Commission paid daily. Experience, capital not necessary. Myladys Hosiery, 414 Madison Ave., New York.

Agents—$36.00 spare time, $65.00 full time. Tea, coffee, cocoa, extracts, pure foods, soaps, toilet preparations, household necessities, 240 all new. Get free case offer. Act quick for exclusive territory. Dept. 5, E. C. Harley Company, Dayton, Ohio.

Agents—6,000,000 Fords need our 25c "Greater Grip" Guaranteed 5,000 mile fabric fan belt. Teuscher & Son, St. Louis, Mo.

Big Money and fast sales, selling White K. Laundry Tablets under our new premium plan. No money required. Send for free premium offer and sample. L. A. Knight Co., 119 Market St., St. Louis, Mo.

Book Agents—Big commissions. Whirlwind seller. Unbeatable easy money maker. Wonderful sales plan. No delivery, collecting or investment. Free outfit. Strong canvass. Science Publishing Company, 1145 Rand McNally Building, Chicago.

Agents—$6 to $12 a day. Take orders for Aluminum handle Cutlery Set. Brand new. We deliver and collect. Pay you daily. Sample to workers. Jennings Mfg. Co., Dept. 1723, Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED

Everybody uses Extracts. Sell Duo Double Strength Extracts. Complete line necessities. Write today. Duo Co., Dept. E 41, Attica, N.Y.

Wonderful Seller. 96c profit every dollar sales. Deliver on spot. License unnecessary. Sample Free. Mission Bead Factory C, 2421 Smith St., Detroit, Mich.

A Business of Your Own—Make sparkling glass name plates, numbers, checkerboards, medallions, signs; big illustrated book Free. E. Palmer, 504, Wooster, O.

Risk a postal and learn how to start profitable business without capital or experience. $60 weekly easy. Silvering mirrors, refinishing tableware, reflectors, plating. Complete outfit furnished. International Laboratories, Dept. D6, 309 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Agents—Make big money taking orders for Insyde Tyres. Positively prevent punctures and blowouts. Double tire mileage, any tire, old or new. Old worn out casings give 3 to 5 thousand miles more service. Use over and over again. Low priced. Big demand. One customer brings four others. Big money saver. Write for terms. American Accessories Co., B-620 Cincinnati, O.

Agents Opportunity! Joy-Jel "jells" all fresh, canned, dried fruit juices, summer or winter. Joy-Jel Company, St. Joseph, Mo.

Agents. Biggest money taking orders for newest style written guaranteed hosiery. Complete line men, women, childrens, including silks. No competition. Not sold in stores. Written guarantee with each pair. You display samples and write order. We deliver and collect. Pay you daily in advance. No experience necessary. Spare time satisfactory. Write for samples. Jennings Mfg. Co., Dept. 823, Dayton, Ohio.

Agents the Christensen Double Cone Mop Wringer rubs, scrubs, mops clean. Sold by H. K. Christensen Mfg. Co., Ft. Atkinson, Wis.

Ambitious men, write today for attractive proposition, selling subscriptions to America's most popular automobile and sportsman's magazines. Quick sales. Big profits. Pleasant work. Digest Pub. Co., 9525 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

Agents—New Invention. Harper's Ten-Use brush set and fibre broom. It sweeps, washes and dries upstairs windows, scrubs and mops floors and does 5 other things. Big profits; easy seller. Free trial offer. Harper Brush Works, Dept. 61, Fairfield, Iowa

Agents: Big profits, no competition. Make $5.00 to $15 daily selling our beautiful Scripture Text Calendars. Agents now selling from 10,000 to 50,000 yearly. Write now. Messenger Pub. Co., Dept. 102, 314 W. Superior St., Chicago, Ill.

We Want Men And Women Who Are Desirous of Making $25.00 to $200.00 Per Week. Mitchell's Magic Marvel Washing Compound washes clothes spotlessly clean in ten to fifteen minutes. One hundred other uses in every home. Nature's mightiest cleanser. Contains no lye, lime, acid or wax. Free Samples make sales easy. Enormous repeat orders—300% profit. Exclusive territory. We guarantee sale of every package. Two other "sight sellers" and sure repeaters give our agents the fastest selling line in the country. No capital or experience required. Baker, Ohio, made $600 last month. You can do as well. Send for Free Sample and proof. L. Mitchell & Co., Desk 66, 1302-1314 E. 61st, Chicago, Ill.

Agents—We want men and women to represent us in your territory, taking orders for Liberty Guaranteed Raincoats. Brand new. Latest styles. Made in our own factory. No capital needed. We pay $6 a day taking orders. Pay you every day. Big opportunity for some one who will act quickly. Liberty Mfg. Co., 320 Liberty Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.

General Agents. Something new. Whirlwind seller. "Repeat" washing powder. Washes clothes without rubbing. Women throw away washboards. Big profits. Exclusive territory. Write today free package. Kittredge Co., 2 Putnam St., Tunkhannock, Pa.

Agents, Something new. First popular priced Fire Extinguisher ever made. Every home, garage or car owner needs one. Demand enormous. Over 10,000 ordered by our Territory Salesmen. No experience needed. All you do is take orders. We deliver and collect. Pay you daily. Write for sample. Thurston Mfg. Co., 417 Foe St., Dayton, Ohio.

Agents: Reversible Raincoat. Not sold in stores. Two coats in one. Something brand new. Saves price of expensive Overcoat. Guaranteed waterproof or money back. You take orders. We ship and collect. Pay you daily. Emil Thor made $84 in one week. No experience necessary. No capital required. Sample furnished. Parker Mfg. Co., 817 Rue St., Dayton, Ohio.

People Must Eat—Big profits introducing Mother Hubbard Foods. Goods worth $150 free. Sales guaranteed. Send for free outfit. Inthout Company, 556U Congress, Chicago.

Agents—Best seller; Jem Rubber Repair for tires and tubes; supersedes vulcanization at a saving of over 800 per cent.; put it on cold, it vulcanizes itself in two minutes, and is guaranteed to last the life of the tire or tube; sells to every auto owner and accessory dealer. For particulars how to make big money and free sample, address Amazon Rubber Co., Philadelphia, Pa., Dept. 508

Big Money and Fast Sales. Every owner buys Gold Initials for his auto. You charge $1.50; make $1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 64, East Orange, N. J.

Agents—Very latest toilet articles, perfumes and novelties. Fast sellers. Sure repeaters. Big profits. Free sample case. Lee-Jackson Co., Avondale 1, Cincinnati, Ohio

Agents—Beautiful Complete New Line Combination Toilet Article Sets—Magnificent Display Boxes—sells instantly now until Xmas. Tremendous Profits—Exclusive Territory. Foster Reid Factories, B2001 Mango, Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED

Be successful Agent! Free sample outfit—worth $2.25. "Quality" beauty preparations. Make big money. Extensive line. Established 50 years. Lynas Co., 200 Logansport, Ind.

Agents—Six new fast selling necessities, big demand, unique selling plan, makes dollar an hour, credit given, samples free. Consolidated Portrait Co., Desk H, Chicago.

Agents. Sell rich looking 36x68 imported Rugs, $1 each; Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 days, profit $57; you can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid, $1.39. E. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

Make $5000 every year—$2000 in spare time. Share profits besides. Show "Weather Monarch" Raincoats and Waterproofed Overcoats. Ask about "Duol Coats" (No. 999). Free raincoat for you. Associated Raincoat Agents Inc., C 444 North Wells, Chicago.

Wanted Energetic men and women to solicit orders on commission basis for individual printed stationery. A high class proposition. Great profit possibilities. No experience or capital necessary. Write Hoosier Paper Co., 46 Third St., Marion, Ind.

$100 weekly. 350% profit. New, easy seller. Big repeater. Free samples get customers. Crew manager's harvest. Hansen Mfg. Co., P. 220 W. Ontario St., Chicago.

Agents—Steady income large manufacturer of handkerchiefs and dress goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Whole or spare time. Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 60 Main St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sell guaranteed coal saving devices. Save half coal. Expensive coal makes tremendous demand. 100% profit. A. H. Dalot, 204 N. 5th St., Phila., Pa.

Agents—Jolly Molly dresses are quick sellers—good repeaters. Every woman wants one or more. Complete line now ready. No capital required—no experience necessary. Commissions advanced. Domestic Products Co., 524 Davies Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.

Agents—Make a Dollar an Hour. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 452-B, Amsterdam, N.Y.

Men's Shirts. Easy to sell. Big demand everywhere. Make $15.00 daily. Undersell stores. Complete line. Free Samples to workers. Chicago Shirt Co., 9 So. Clinton, Factory 202, Chicago.

Make $25 to $50 Week representing Clows' Famous Philadelphia Hosiery, direct from mill—for men, women, children. Every pair guaranteed. Prices that win. Free book "How to Start" tells the story. George Clows Company, Desk 14, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gold Sign Letters for stores and office windows. Photo Pillow Tops, Portraits, Frames, Sheet Pictures, Medalions, Waterproof Aprons, Novelties. Samples, catalogue free. Thirty days credit. Jas. C. Bailey Co., Desk H10-, Chicago, Ill.

MICH. FARM LANDS FOR SALE

Land Seekers! Opportunity awaits you near hustling city in Lower Mich. 20, 40, 80 acre tracts only $10 to $50 down. Bal. long time. Investigate. Write today for big Free booklet. Swigart Land Co., C-1246 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Chicago.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

$6-$18 a dozen decorating pillow tops at home; pleasant work; experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 104, LaGrange, Ind.

Be Gown Designers. $35 week. Learn while earning. Sample Lessons Free. Franklin Institute, Dept. J501, Rochester, N. Y.

Ladies Wanted everywhere. Easy spare time homework. Particulars free. Eller Company, 27 Warren St., New York.

Ladies—Earn Money Crocheting, Tatting, making aprons and caps. Material furnished. Patterns and plans 35c. Send remittance now. Returned if desired. Kenwood Pattern Co., 6238 So. Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.

U. S. Government positions for women. $100 month. List positions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. J9, Rochester, N. Y.

At Once; 5 bright, capable ladies to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. $40 to $75 a week. R. R. fare paid. Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 82, Omaha, Nebr.

Earnest, refined women wanted to introduce Priscilla Fabrics, Hosiery, Underwear, etc. Easy, pleasant work. Good pay. Samples, instructions furnished. Write Fitzcharles Co., 404 Fitzcharles Bldg., Trenton, N. J.

Women—Girls, over 15. Learn Millinery Designing—Making in your home. Big Fall demand. $125 month. Sample Free. Franklin Institute, Dept. J800, Rochester, N. Y.

Ladies—$10 to $50 weekly selling sanitary specialty used by women; whole or part time; dignified work; no experience; free particulars. American Rubber Products Co., C 608 5th Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Earn While You Learn to become a nurse, the best paying profession for women. One and two year courses. Burnside Hospital, Chicago, Ill.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Genuine Imported Oriental Indestructible Pearl Necklace, 24 in. $4.00; Im. Carved Ivory Bead Necklace, 30 and 35 inches, $2.75. Great values. Chas. C. Johns, Maritime Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

Patents—Write for free Guide Book, and Evidence of Conception Blank. Send model or sketch and description for free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest References. Prompt Service. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 641 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Inventors—Desiring to secure patent should write for our book, "How To Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for opinion of its patentable nature. Randolph & Co., Dept. 112, Washington, D. C.

Patents Promptly procured. Moderate Fees. Best References. Send Sketch or Model. George P. Kimmel, Master of Patent Law, 27-M, Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Patents Secured. Prompt service. Avoid dangerous delays. Send for our "Record of Invention" form and Free Book telling How to obtain a Patent. Send sketch or model for examination. Preliminary advice without charge. Highest references. Write Today. J. L. Jackson & Co., 230 Ouray Bldg., Washington, D. C.

MALE HELP WANTED

All men, women, boys, girls, 16 to 60, willing to accept Government Positions, $117-$200, traveling or stationary, write, Mr. Ozment, 104, St. Louis, immediately.

Be a Railway Traffic Inspector! $110 to $250 monthly, expenses paid after 3 months' spare-time study. Splendid opportunities. Position guaranteed or money refunded. Write for Free Booklet G-65. Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

Government needs Railway Mail Clerks, $133 to $192 month. Write for free specimen questions. Columbus Institute, A-2 Columbus, O.

Firemen, Brakemen, Baggagemen, Sleeping car, train porters (colored). $140-$200. Experience unnecessary. 828 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

Wanted-Men-Boys. $35 week. Become Automobile experts. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. J 410, Rochester, N.Y.

Firemen, Brakemen, for railroads nearest their homes—everywhere, beginners $150, later $250 monthly. (Which position). Railway Association, Desk M-17, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MAIL ORDER BUSINESS

$30 A Week, Evening—I made it, mail order business. Booklet for stamp, sample 25c. I trust you for $3.00. A. C. Scott, Cohoes, N. Y.

FARMS FOR SALE

Want to hear from owner having farm for sale; give particulars and lowest price. John J. Black, Comfort St., Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin.

INVENTIONS

Inventions wanted on cash or royalty basis. Patented or unpatented. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 91 St. Louis, Missouri.

POULTRY

Baby Chicks; 9c up. 25,000 every week. 12 Pure breeds. Catalog free. Booth Hatchery, Clinton, Mo.

HELP WANTED

Government Clerical Positions Open to men, Women, Girls 18, over, Postoffice, Railway Mail, Departmental. Other Positions. Good salary. Experience unnecessary. Examination soon. Full particulars Free. Write Columbia School Civil Service, 464 Pope Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Men, women, over 18, desiring Govt. positions, write immediately Chicago Civil Service College, Dept. K, Kesner Bldg., Chicago.

U. S. Government wants help. Men-women, over 17. $92-$190 month. Common education. List positions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. J12, Rochester, N. Y.

STORY WRITERS WANTED

Authors:—Stories, poems, photo plays etc. are wanted for publication. Submit Mss. Literary Bureau, C4, Hannibal, Mo.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Photoplay Ideas Wanted By 48 Companies. $25-$500 paid. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Producers League, 311, St. Louis.

STAMPING NAMES

Stamp Names on key checks. Make $19 per 100. Send 25c for sample and inst. Either Sex. C. Keytag Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

DOGS

Dog Owners, amateur or professional. Here is your opportunity. New book "Care of Dogs" free, contains helpful instructive information on feeding, training, diseases. Every dog owner needs it. Book mailed free with a 3 months' trial subscription to Sportsman's Digest—America's popular illustrated Dog and Hunting Magazine. Send 25c today (coin or stamps). Sportsman's Digest Publishing Co., 525 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES

Wanted—Men and women ambitious to make money writing Stories and Movie Plays. Send for wonderful Free Book that tells how. Address Authors' Press, Dept. 31, Auburn, N.Y.

Big Money in Writing photoplays, stories, poems, songs. Send today for Free copy Writer's Bulletin, full of helpful advice how to write, where to sell. Edward's, Publisher, 609 Butler Building, Cincinnati.

PHOTO FINISHING

Special Trial Offer. Your next Kodak film developed 5c. Prints 3c each. Moser & Son, 2122 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, O.

Better Pictures—Your kodak film developed 4c—prints 4c each. Remember—Satisfaction or money back. Cameron Photo Co., C-3418 Burch Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Kodak Prints: 3c, postcards 5c, development 5c. "Quality and service." Altine Photo Co., Dept. A, 1982 Kinney, Cincinnati, O.

Special Trial Offer: Any size Kodak film developed for 5c; prints 2c each. Over-night service. Expert work. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 228 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

World's Finest kodak photo new art style. Entirely different, never seen before. Roll dev. 5c, prints 2c each. Malden Art Co., 5 Cin., O.

Films developed 5c—prints 3c each. All prints glazed. Photo Shop, Dept. C, Station D, Cincinnati, O.

HELP—MALE & FEMALE

Earn $25 Weekly, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Press Syndicate, 451, St. Louis, Mo.

Government Positions Are Fine: $1400, $1600, $1800 at start, up to $2300 and $2600. Exams everywhere. Write Today for full information. Patterson Civil Service School, Box K, Rochester, N. Y

Get A Business College Course At home. Prepare to earn $100 to $200 month. Successful Graduates everywhere. Graduates placed in good positions. Details free. Brown's Home Study School, 22A, Peoria, Illinois.

MISCELLANEOUS

Remnant Store, 1510 Vine St., Cincinnati, O. Greatest Dry Goods Bargains on Earth. Agents and Storekeepers supplied.

Ladies Self-threading Needles save time & Eyesight. 10c silver brings them. L. P. Miller, Box 1250, City Hall Station, New York.

Trapping Methods, deadfalls, box traps, snares. Big blueprint list free. Wee-Sho-U Co., 41-M, West Market, Detroit, Mich.

Don't buy a Bicycle Motor Attachment until you get our catalogue and prices. Shaw Mfg. Co., Dept. 3, Galesburg, Kansas.

Switches made from combings. The new way. Write me. Mrs. E. Vandervoort, Davenport, Iowa.

Hemstitching and Picoting Attachment works on all sewing machines, easily adjusted. Price $2.00 with instructions. Ladies Art Sales Co., Box 71-G, Hamtramck, Mich.

Hundred Hounds Cheap. C. O. D. Trial. Photos. Write. Kaskaskee Kennels, Herrick, Ills.

SALESMEN WANTED

Only One Policy A Day Means $130 Per month profit; same on renewals. Policy pays $5,000 Death; $25 weekly benefit for injury or sickness. Premium $10 yearly. Full or spare time. Easy seller. Write quick for territory. Underwriters, Dept. F36, Newark, N.J.

Easy to sell Groceries, Paints, Automobile Oils, Roofing, Stock Food to consumers from samples, no capital or experience necessary, steady, profitable work. Commissions advanced. Satisfaction guaranteed; 50 years in business. Write for full particulars. Loverin & Browne Co., Wholesale Grocers, 1761 So. State St., Chicago, Ill.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

$35.00 Profit Nightly. Small capital starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used, endorsed by Govt. institutions. Cat. free. Atlas Moving Picture, 471 Morton Bldg., Chicago.

MUSIC

Twenty popular songs, all different, words, music complete, postpaid $1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. Longs Music Shop, San Bernardino, Calif.

Join our Sheet Music Club and receive latest popular music of all publishers. $1.00 Year Plan. Write today for details. Sheet Music Club, Suite 709, 1545 Broadway, N. Y.

ENTERTAINMENTS

Plays, Speakers, dialogues, and Entertainments, catalogues free. Address Dept. A, Ames Pub. Co., Clyde, O.

AUTOMOBILES

Automobile Mechanics, Owners, Garagemen, Repairmen, send for free copy American Popular Motor Magazine. Contains helpful instructive information on overhauling, ignition wiring, carburetors, batteries, etc. Automobile Digest 525 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

FARM LANDS

Productive Lands. Crop Payment or easy terms—along the Northern Pacific Ry., in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. Free literature. Say what state interests you. H. W. Byerly, 14 Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

The Start of Spiritualism

It was in 1848 that Hydeville, a small town in Wayne County, New York, sent out the startling message that one of its respected residents, J. D. Fox, as well as his wife and daughters Kate and Margaret had established communication with the world beyond this life by means of raps, table tipping and similar manifestations.

The tale of the solution of a murder mystery through the instrumentality of spirits conjured up by the Fox family became a topic of excited discussion in an apparently small circle immediately after the story had been told for the first time.

But spiritualism as a cult did not gain a foothold until the two Fox sisters moved to Rochester and the intense agitation over their performances spread the movement all over the world in a few years.

Of course, years before "animism" and "animal magic" the outgrowth of the teachings of Mesmer, had gained considerable ground, but it was due to the Fox sisters' assertion that anyone could talk to the spirits if only certain rules were observed, that the propaganda met with its phenomenal success.

A Pretty Soft Job

WANTED—The three best looking babies in New Orleans. Must be over ten months and under three years old. Apply in person at ladies' lunch room, New Orleans Railway and Light Company, No. 421 Baronne street, Saturday 10.30 a. m. Good salary to right babies. Nothing to do but look pleasant.—*New Orleans Item.*

Or Just Above Reproach

Perhaps the proper length for a skirt would be just beneath notice.

—*Rochester Times-Union*

Good Bye Gray Hair!

Science Shows How Any Man or Woman Can Now Quickly Restore Hair to Its Own, Original Color

GRAY hair is simply hair without color! Science has discovered that if a certain natural process in the root were not affected by worry or by advancing age, the hair would never become gray, but retain its natural color throughout life.

A remarkable new discovery now makes it possible for the original color of the hair to be restored quickly and easily through a simple, natural process. Hair acquires its color (blond, black, brown, auburn, etc.) from the presence of coloring matter of pigment in tiny cells found at the root of the hair. This coloring matter is given off at the tip of the papilla, enters the root, and is dissolved in tiny corpuscles in the middle layer of the hair. The process is known as pigmentation. (See diagram).



How Hair Loses Its Color

As long as the process of pigmentation continues, the hair remains black or brown or whatever the original color happened to be. But as soon as this process is affected by advancing age, or by shock, worry, or illness, the pigment supply lessens or fails—and no coloring is sent up into the hair.

The result is that the hair becomes streaked with gray. This gray does not indicate a change in color. It indicates an absence of color. The hair has simply blanched.

How New Discovery Restores Natural Color

Tru-Tone, the marvelous new scientific discovery, quickly restores the true, original color to gray hair—to hair that has blanched. It is not an ordinary dye, or stain, or tint. It is pleasant to use—none of the muss and trouble of ordinary color restorers.

It makes no difference whether your hair was black, brown, blond or auburn—Tru-Tone works equally well, making your hair appear the same as it was before it had even a trace of gray in it. It makes no difference how gray your hair is—Tru-Tone will restore it and no one need know you are banishing your gray hair if you don't want them to.

Read What These Delighted Users Say

"I am ready to 'boost' Tru-Tone for it has restored my hair to its natural color, and I have good faith in it."
Mrs. E. W. Harris, 1042 Lake Avenue, Pueblo, Col.

"I find my hair has grown thicker with the use of Tru-Tone, and while there are still a few gray hairs left, the color is a beautiful light brown, just as it was years ago. I am delighted."
Miss Lillian F. Schoellhorn, 2903 Allen Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

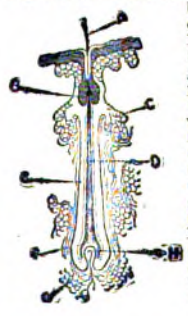
"Your treatments of Tru-Tone to my hair did wonders."
Mrs. H. Witty, 702 N. Minnesota Ave., St. Peter, Minn.

"I received your Tru-Tone, and think it is a wonderful restorer. My hair was almost all gray and I think that I got your remedy just in time for my hair. Now my hair is almost its natural color. I shall recommend it to all my friends." *Mrs. O. D. Moddy, 414 So. 5th Street, Columbia, Mo.*

Wonderful for Thin, Falling Hair

It was only after extensive research and experiment that Tru-Tone was discovered. It is just a clear, pure liquid—almost colorless. It contains tonic properties that stimulate the natural growth of the hair. Tru-Tone, therefore, not only restores the natural color to your hair but makes it thick, glossy and beautiful at the same time. You can use it with absolute confidence, knowing that it cannot possibly discolor the hair or harm it in any way.

Why Gray Hair Is Simply Hair Without Color



The hair shaft (A) springs from a tube-like-depression in the scalp called a follicle (E). The bulb (F) rests on a tiny tip of tissue called the papilla (H). The color of the hair is due to a pigment given off at the tip of this papilla. When sickness, worry or shock interferes with this pigment supply the hair blanches. To restore it to its natural color the pigment supply must be restored through a natural process. In the diagram B is the root, C the oil gland, D the root sheath, and G the fat cells. Study the diagram and you will see for yourself why gray hair is simply hair without color.

This Bank Guarantee Protects You

To protect every user of Tru-Tone we have placed a deposit of $10,000.00 in the Producers and Consumers Bank of Philadelphia. This guarantee insures the return to you of your money if, after a fair test of Tru-Tone, you are not delighted with the result. Tru-Tone simply has to do what we say it will, or it costs you nothing.

Surely you are not going to miss this wonderful opportunity to restore the true, original color to your hair. Think of having once again the beautiful, lustrous hair you had years ago—when you put it up for the first time! Think of restoring the true color to your hair!

Send No Money

Nothing can so thoroughly convince you of the wonderful power of Tru-Tone in restoring the hair to its natural color as trying it. That is why we are making this very special introductory offer.

If you will fill in the coupon and mail it to us at once, we will send you a full-sized bottle of Tru-Tone in plain sealed package—no marking to indicate contents. No need to send any money. And don't send a sample of your hair. Tru-Tone acts alike on all hair; it restores it to its own natural color. Just mail the coupon—but do it NOW before you forget.

ONLY $1.45

Send No Money

When the postman delivers Tru-Tone to your door, give him only $1.45 (plus postage) in full payment. This is a special introductory price—Tru-Tone ordinarily sells for $3.00. If after a fair test you are not delighted with results, simply return what is left and your money will be refunded at once.

Clip the coupon and mail it now, before you forget. Bear in mind that this is a free-proof offer; the test of Tru-Tone need cost nothing if you are not absolutely delighted. Act NOW! Domino House, Dept. T-3410, 269 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Send No Money

Domino House, Dept. T-3410
269 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

You may send me a $3.00 bottle of your Tru-Tone. I will pay the postman only $1.45 (plus postage). Although I am benefiting by the special introductory cut price, I am purchasing the first bottle with the absolute guaranteed privilege of returning it after a fair trial and you agree to refund my money if I am not delighted with the results in every way. I am to be the sole judge.

Name .....

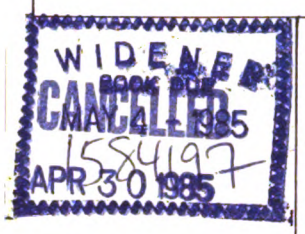
Address .....

City ..... State .....

If you wish, you may send money with coupon and save postage.

(Price outside U. S. $1.60, cash with order.)

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